

**The
Ancestors and Descendants
of
William Henry Venable**

By
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1954

For the
CHILDREN
GRANDCHILDREN
GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
and
GREAT-GREAT GRANDCHILDREN
of
WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE
and
MARY ANN PALMER VATER VENABLE

Foreword

Apparently one does not get interested in ancestors until well on the way to ancestor status oneself. I vividly remember as a little girl how annoyed I was when my Uncle Russell Venable (then compiling *Genealogical Notes*) would point out physical or temperamental characteristics in me and say "That's Great Aunt Soandso!" or "Now you look like Great Uncle Whatshisname!" I resented it deeply at the time: I wanted me to be me! I know now I never had a chance. The modern theory of environment is fine, but one never quite escapes from one's ancestors.

In this book I have attempted to gather together Venable history, facts and legends, biographies and dates, customs and traditions. I am aware that the collection is incomplete. Probably such an attempt is never complete. Each of us has associations and recollections shared by no one else, each remembers a person, a place, or an event differently.

The children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great-great grandchildren of William Henry Venable and Mary Ann Palmer Vater Venable share a common heritage. My purpose has been to add to the knowledge of that heritage, to tell of the lives and activities of our forebears, and to make the present generation of Venables known to each other and to their descendants.

HBB

Acknowledgments

No genealogical and reminiscent collection such as I have attempted in this volume could possibly be accomplished without the assistance of relatives. I have, however inadequately, thanked many of them personally or by letter, but I should like to acknowledge again my many indebtednesses.

In writing of William Henry Venable's early years, I have quoted extensively, both directly and indirectly, from my Grandfather Venable's *A Buckeye Boyhood*. His poems, in the several editions, have been of immense help in establishing personal and family associations, as well as more prosaic dates and places.

My mother, Harriet Venable Brady, wrote a series of articles which only thinly disguised Venable and Brady family lives, ideals, customs, and traditions, and I have borrowed heavily from these articles. Harriet mounted for many years in an album family photographs taken as far back as the 1860's. These have identified persons, places, and dates in relation to each other. Remembered conversations with my mother have made distant relatives people rather than just names.

Without the cooperation of my Venable uncles I should have been stopped before I started.

To Mayo Venable my debt is particularly great. A visit to him in March 1954, when he told me snatches of Venable history, and allowed me to bring back to Cincinnati the Venable-Tuckerman History he had written for his children and grandchildren, was the inspiration and the genesis of an undertaking which, like Topsy, jes' growed. I should have floundered hopelessly without the guidance of his narrative, nor would this volume be complete without Mayo's own memoir.

Bryant Venable in Cincinnati was the only uncle whom I could consult face to face. In addition to allowing me to use the memoir he had written for his children, as well as to consult Venable material, including the old blank book containing William Henry Venable's nonsense verse and Christmas poems for his children, he has patiently straightened me out on all sorts of questions from "What is a monkey bucket?" to "Was the Robert Bulla who married Consuelo the same Robert Bulla who married Eva?"

Emerson Venable sent me a most complete synopsis of his own life and furnished much valuable and otherwise unavailable information on the later life and literary work of William Henry Venable, including a complete list of his published works. His accurate and detailed biography of Mary Venable and newspaper clippings concerning her, filled out my inadequate knowledge of her early life and her musical career. By way of lagniappe, Emerson presented me with a copy of the beautiful 1912 edition of *June on the Miami*.

Russell Venable's big, worn ledger of *Genealogical Notes* collected by him in 1911-1912, which he presented to his nephew Emerson Venable and which Emerson has lent to me, is the basis for practically all of the information on the Venable - Baird and Palmer - Vater families. It contains also memoranda by William Henry Venable, letters to him from his sisters and others, reminiscences of Mary

Vater Venable of her parents, and sketches of and by other Vater or Venable connections. Russell's reluctant modesty on his own life and military career has made it necessary for me to piece together information from various sources and my own recollections. I fear there are errors and omissions.

My cousins, understandably, are too busy living their lives to bother writing about them at length. However, I have heard from all of them, directly or indirectly. My particular thanks are due Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh. Without his previous research the chapters on the early Venables would have been inaccurate and very brief indeed. Donald MacDonald of New York has been most kind in sending me valuable information on the Vater-Crall-MacDonald families.

A number of people other than relatives have been generous in assisting me in the gathering of material. I must thank Miss Marie Dickoré of Cincinnati, Mrs. William Mason Phillips and Mrs. Edward French Herrick of Lebanon, Miss Perle Maria Riley of Ridgeville, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gross and Miss Edith Williams of Carlisle, and Mrs. Elizabeth Baird Irwin of Portland, Oregon. Miss Margaret Miller of Cincinnati read the manuscript. Her critical judgment has been invaluable.

Finally, I must thank my husband Allen Brown. He has accompanied me on trips seeking Venable data, listened critically and patiently as I read and re-read the manuscript, corrected proof with me, and his interest has encouraged me in my self-imposed task. He has had to live for eight months with not just one Venable descendant but with the whole lot of them!

HBB

Table of Contents

The Venables of Normandy and England	1
The Venables in America	5
The Venable - Wallis Family	7
The Venable - Borradail Family	9
The Venable - Crossham Family	11
The Venable - Baird Family	16
The Vater - Palmer Family	31
The Venable - Vater Family	51
Mary Venable	84
The Venable - Brady Family	86
The Venable - Tuckerman Family	122
The Venable - Spellmire Family	144
The Venable - Cameron Family	177
The Venable - Tuckerman Family	185
The Venable - Moore Family	193
Various Venabilia	203
The Venable Line of Descent	207

I

The Ancestors And Descendants Of William Henry Venable

The Venable (S) Of Normandy And England

The origin of the family of Venables (the final "s" was dropped by most of those who emigrated to America from England) is shrouded in the mists of the past, and what information remains to this generation is doubtless a combination of fact and fancy. The Venables family probably originated in Brittany (Normandy), for the first Venables of whom there is record is Gilbert Venables, supposed to have come to England with the Norman William the Conqueror in 1066, and to have been by him created Lord and Baron of Kinderton sometime prior to 1086. William Mayo Venable of Pittsburgh notes that families with the name Venables still live in Normandy. He notes also that some have said the family originated in Wales, and that the name is of Welsh origin. Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh states that this does not conflict with the theory of their coming from Normandy with the Conqueror, since "the Celtic people of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany opposed and hated the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of England. Many of their chiefs, deposed by the Anglo-Saxons, would be sympathizers with the Duke of Normandy. Some probably were exiles in Brittany. Commerce and travel between Wales and Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, had taken place for centuries. The Penns considered themselves a Welsh family."

The device on the shield of the Gilbert Venables family was a horse-man spearing a wild boar. The Venable motto is VENABULUM VINCIT — *The Spearman Conquers*. The literal translation of the Latin noun venabulum is hunting spear. A family legend relates that the reason for the name and motto is that a soldier in the army of the Conqueror, while on a hunting expedition with his leader, saved William's life by hurling a spear at a wild boar just about to attack William. The story is picturesque but unsubstantiated.

General Robert Venables

The first Venables who can be historically documented is Robert Venables, born in England about 1612, and said to be the eighteenth in direct descent from Gilbert Venables, Lord and Baron of Kinderton. In his *Genealogical Notes* compiled in 1911-1912, Russell Vernon Venable has transcribed from the Chetham Society Publications, Manchester 1872, Volume 83, *Some account of General Robert Venables, etc., by Lee P. Townshend, Esquire, with Pedigree of General Robert Venables*, a copy of which pedigree follows:

1. Gilbert Venables, Lord and Baron of Kinderton, temps William the Conqueror.
2. ---- Venables, son of Gilbert Venables, Baron of Kinderton.
3. Hugh Venables, son of the above.

4. Hugh Venables, son of Gilbert Venables, Baron of Kinderton.
5. William Venables, Baron of Kinderton.
6. Sir Roger Venables, Baron of Kinderton.
7. Sir William Venables, married Margery, daughter of Thomas Dutton, 1254.
8. Sir Hugh Venables, married Agnes, daughter of Randal Vernon.
9. Hugh Venables, married Katherine, daughter of Richard Langton.
10. Richard Venables, third son of Hugh Venables, married daughter and heiress of Hamon Fytton, Lord of Bollin; had issue.
11. John Venables, married Katherine, daughter and heir to Robert Morley, and relict of William Stanley, of Stretton.
12. Thomas Venables purchased land and manor of Antrobus.
13. Robert Venables, married Elizabeth, daughter of P. Warburton of Arley.
14. Piers Venables, married Isabell, daughter of Thomas Legh of West Hall.
15. Robert Venables, married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Coldenstock of Whitley.
16. George Venables of Crewe, third son of Robert Venables of Antrobus, married Jane, daughter of Thickness, a younger son of Thickness of Butterly.
17. Robert Venables of Crewe married -----, daughter of Richard Symcock, County Salop, and had issue, Thomas.
18. Robert Venables re-purchased the lordship and manor of Antrobus and Wincham, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Rudyard of Rudyard County, Staffordshire, and had issue : Thomas, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lee of Darnhill; Robert; John; Peter; and Frances, who married Thomas Lee of Darnhill.

Robert Venables, of Antrobus and Wincham, was the eighteenth in direct descent from Gilbert Venables, Lord and Baron of Kinderton in the time of William the Conqueror. General Robert Venables married first, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Rudyard of Rudyard County, by whom he had the above issue, and second, Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Lee of Darnhill, and daughter of Samuel Aldersly.

General Robert Venables died in 1687, having settled his estates on his grandson, Robert Lee, second son of Thomas Lee of Darnhill and the General's daughter Frances Venables Lee.

Thomas Lee, son of General Venables' second wife Elizabeth and her husband Thomas Lee of Darnhill, married Frances, General Venables' daughter by his first wife Elizabeth Rudyard. Thomas Venables, son of General Venables and his first wife Elizabeth Rudyard, married Elizabeth Lee, eldest daughter of General Venables' second wife Elizabeth Lee and her husband Thomas Lee of Darnhill.

Once one gets into these genealogical investigations, all sorts of interesting side issues turn up, as for instance the inter-relationship of the Venables - Legh (later spelled Lee) families, concerning which Emerson Venable writes :

"Agnes de Legh married first, Richard de Lymme, second, William de Hawardyn, and

third, William Venables, second son of William Venables, Baron of Kinderton, who was fifth in succession from Gilbert Venables, created Baron of Kinderton by William the Conqueror some time prior to 1086. According to the Pedigree of General Robert Venables, William Venables, Baron of Kinderton, was the General's ancestor. Agnes de Legh and William Venables had a son John, who took his mother's name of Legh. So the Lees of Darnhill are really Venables after all and direct descendants of this William, We are cousins half a dozen times. I did not transcribe all of the ancestry of Thomas Lee of Darnhill, but it is as impressive and probably as reliable as the Gilbert Venables - General Robert Venables one. IF Thomas Venable, Esquire, can be established either as the son of General Robert, or his grandson through Thomas Venables, and IF we can find the connection across the river from Philadelphia to New Jersey, then the Legh (Lee) pedigree has just as much bearing as the Venables one.

"Probably you noted that at least one Venable marriage took place in Christ Church, Philadelphia (Sara Venable to William Jenkins, 1787) while the Venables were living in New Jersey. This makes me think that we shall find a connection."

Emerson Venable gives the following account of General Robert Venables' career:

"In 1654, Oliver Cromwell sent William Penn (father of the William Penn who received a grant of land from James III) and Robert Venables to attack the Spanish at Hispaniola, the expedition sailing from Ports-mouth on December 27, 1654. Penn was to be in charge of the naval operations, Venables of the land forces. Penn and Venables disagreed about methods and commands. One Edw. Winslow of the New England 1620 settlement, returned to England in 1646 to act as agent for the Colony. On December 19, 1654, he took a commission at 1000 pounds per annum to accompany the Penn - Venables expedition of which Thomas Gage was Chaplain. On March 16, 1655, Gage wrote to Winslow : 'I told you how easily that sore was cured between Venables and Penn, whose demeanor mutually toward each other at sea was sweet and hopeful, but the last of these two gentlemen is too apt to to be taken with such conceits, but I trust all will be well; onely I feare that going hence without our stores, some occasion will arise of disturbance between the land and sea forces. The Lord God prevent it, in much mercy. I onely speak my feares, but shall endeavour against it with all my might.' Edw. Winslow died at sea ; Robert Venables, the General, was named in his will written before he sailed.

"Penn arrived at Barbados on January 29, 1655. Troops which had been recruited in New York and New England increased the forces from 5000 to 9000 men, besides two troops of horse. One of my maternal ancestors of the Colgrove family served in this expedition. Because of disagreements between Admiral *Penn* and General Venables the forces which had sailed on March 30, 1655 from Barbados failed to conquer Hispaniola, and the Spanish remained in control of what is now Haiti and the Dominican Republic. However, on their return to England, they did capture the island of Jamaica, still held by the British.

"In London a Council of State held on September 20, 1655, sentenced both

Penn and Venables to the Tower for their failure. The imprisonment did not last long for either; Penn was released on October 25 with the loss of his commission as Admiral, and Venables on October 30. Both men were later restored to their positions of influence, recovered their confiscated property, and died rich.

"Thomas Venables, son of General Venables and his first wife Elizabeth Rudyard, was an aide to his father in this campaign. It is possible that he came to America, to New England or Long Island, in the course of preparations and recruiting for the West Indian venture. This Thomas Venables married Elizabeth Lee, daughter of Thomas Lee of Darnhill. We have no record of their children. His younger sister Frances married Elizabeth Lee's oldest brother Thomas Lee. They had three children : Nathaniel, Thomas and Robert. General Robert Venables made his grandson, Robert Lee, his heir, which would indicate that his own son Thomas Venables had either died before his father or been disowned by him. If Thomas Venables was twenty years old at the time of the Hispaniola-Jamaica expedition, in which he was aide to his father, he could have been born about 1635.

"Thomas Venables, the son of General Venables, was first cousin to Thomas Rudyard, who defended William Penn the Quaker when he was imprisoned. Rudyard was also the Surveyor General for East Jersey, which was settled before West Jersey and Pennsylvania, as well as one of the large landowners in the West Jersey-Pennsylvania settlements. In 1682 he purchased several grants of land from Penn, totaling more than 5000 acres. In fact, he is the first recorded purchaser from William Penn. He spent a great deal of time in the New World, dying in Barbados in 1693. All of this to show that the Venables, Lees, Rudyards and Penns were all tied in together in exploitation of lands in Pennsylvania and Jersey, and that the first three family names were quite tangled also in family relationships. Frances Venables, who died in 1666, daughter of General Venables, wife of Thomas Lee of Darnhill, and mother of Robert Lee who inherited the General's property in England, owned estates in Jersey, as proven by the New Jersey records."

II The Venables In America

Russell V. Venable in *Genealogical Notes* mentions two brothers, William and Abraham, or Abram, reputed to be sons of General Robert Venables and to have come to this country on the Quaker William Penn's ship "Friends' Adventure" in 1682, agreeing before landing to drop the final "s" from their name.

Until the genealogical researches of Emerson Venable, this branch of the family was assumed to have been descended from the above mentioned William Venable. However, in 1954, Emerson Venable writes: "The William Venable and the Abram Venable reputed to have come with Penn cannot have been sons of old General Robert Venables. Abram Venable landed at New Kent County, Virginia, in 1682. He married Elizabeth Lewis. Many of the Virginia Venables can trace their descent from him."

William Venable had married in England Elizabeth Warrenton, or Warrington, and the *Bucks County, (Pa.) History* relates that he came from Chathill, County of Stafford, with his wife and two daughters, Joyce and Frances, settling about 1683 at Falls Township near the present town of Bristol, Pennsylvania. He died shortly thereafter, leaving no sons. Emerson Venable writes: "Undoubtedly this William Venable had some connection with the General's family, but the connection must have been on the other side of the water, or William might have been a son of Thomas Venables (son of General Venables and his first wife Elizabeth Rudyard) and Elizabeth Lee. I have been trying to get records, but so far have no evidence of any Venables with Penn at this time. So I think they may have come to East Jersey with Thomas Rudyard and the Lee family interests. I expect ultimately to locate the ship lists covering both East and West Jersey and Pennsylvania, and from these to pin down Thomas and William and other Venables as to time of arrival. The records in the War Office in London on the Penn-Venables expedition would be a wonderful place to search, if we can ever get over there. Some of these records were destroyed in World War II, but they are surprisingly complete. If Thomas Venables, son of the General, came as part of a military assignment, he would not appear on the records of any private vessel."

There has long been a tradition that this branch of the Venable family is related to Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution. William Henry Venable mentioned this to Russell Vernon Venable when the latter was compiling his *Genealogical Notes*. Joyce Venable, daughter of the William Venable who settled at Falls Township in 1683, married first, John Hutchinson, and second, Eben Morris, which second marriage is documented. Eben Morris was an ancestor of Robert Morris.

Since Emerson Venable rules out William Venable of Falls Township as a direct ancestor, the relationship to Robert Morris is as "kinfolk" only, and is as yet unclear.

It seems appropriate to insert here William Mayo Venable's advice to his grandchildren: "If my grandchildren are descended from General Robert Venables, which is not unlikely, they are of the twelfth or thirteenth generation from him, and that would require 4096 ancestors at the time of Oliver Cromwell, if there were no

intermarriages. If you do not care for the General as an ancestor, you can console yourself with the other 4095! You all belong to the human family, and it is a very old family, and very much mixed up!"

Thomas Venable, Esquire

Emerson Venable has established that: "There is a tomb in Christ Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, whose inscription reads Thomas Venable, Esquire. This Thomas Venable may have been the son of General Robert Venables, since he apparently had enough position that his name is followed by 'Esquire'. The date of death is given as 1731. If he was General Venables' son, born perhaps about 1635, he would have been 95 to 100 years old in 1731. This is possible, of course. The wife who is buried beside him is Rebecca McClure, who could have been his second wife. (His first, if this Thomas is the General's son, was Elizabeth Lee.) Thomas Venable and Rebecca McClure were married in Christ Church, Philadelphia, but the date is uncertain.

"I have just written (July 1954) to Mr. W. W. Montgomery, Librarian of Christ Church, for information on Venables, Wallises, McClures, Borradails. He wrote me that 'there are a great many entries of some of these names in our records'. So perhaps we shall be able to establish Thomas Venable, Esquire, either as the son of General Robert Venables, or as his grandson through Thomas Venables who married Elizabeth Lee of Darnhill. The fact that Sara Venable, daughter of Thomas Venable, Jr. and Esther Borradail Venable, married William Jenkins in Christ Church, makes me think we shall find a family connection.

Thomas Venable Of New Jersey

"Immediately across the river from Thomas Venable, Esquire, we find Thomas Venable, who married Sara Wallis at Burlington, New Jersey, on January 10, 1729, which marriage is recorded in the New Jersey records of marriages. He cannot be the one who died in 1731, and could only be his son. I think I will ultimately be able to establish the relationship, but I have concentrated on the New Jersey records thus far, and have not gone deeply into the Pennsylvania ones. This New Jersey Thomas Venable, who married Sara Wallis, is the first American Venable from whom this branch of the family can prove descent."

III The Venable - Wallis Family

Thomas Venable ca. 1709 —Jan. 26, 1778	m. (1729) Sara Wallis ca. 1709— ?
1. Thomas Venable, Jr. Feb. 1731— 1744	m. (1756) Esther Borradail Oct. 24, 1735—ca. 1820
2. Philip Venable	m. Mary Borradail, sister of Esther Borradail
3. Isaac Venable	
4. Ann Venable	m. — Causaboon
5. Sara Venable	m. — Collins
6. Mary Venable	m. Holmes
7. Joseph Venable	m. (1779) Susanna Jenkins

Thomas Venable, who *may* have been the son of Thomas Venable, Esquire, who may have been the son of General Robert Venables, was born probably about 1709. On January 10, 1729, he married at Burlington, New Jersey, Sara Wallis, daughter of Philip Wallis, who was the son of Thomas Wallis. Thomas Wallis was settled on Pennsauken Creek in New Jersey, opposite the present site of Philadelphia, before 1685, and had a mother and a brother, Robert, living in Philadelphia. The wills of Thomas Wallis and his son Philip Wallis are in existence, as well as other records.

Thomas Venable died January 26, 1778, and a transcript of the abstract of his will has been copied by Emerson Venable:

Thomas Venable — 1778, January 26. Evesham. Will.

To wife Sara the stock, goods, and 5 pounds yearly to be paid by son Joseph. To each of the sons and daughters of my son Thomas (deceased) 10 pounds each to be paid out of the bill owed by son Philip. To Philip the rest of the bill. To son Isaac 10 pounds. To daughter Ann Causaboon 10 pounds to her or her daughter Dorothy. Granddaughters Esther and Elizabeth Collins, daughters of my daughter Sara Collins, 3 dollars each. Mary Holmes daughter 5 pounds. Son Joseph, all lands. Joseph Executor.

Thomas Venable and Sara Wallis Venable had seven children : Thomas, the eldest, married Esther Borradail; Philip married Esther's sister, Mary Borradail; there is no record of Isaac; Ann married ---- Causaboon; Sara married ---- Collins; Mary married ---- Holmes; and Joseph married Susanna Jenkins.

Thomas Venable, Esquire, the probable father of Thomas Venable of New Jersey, was doubtless an Episcopalian, since it is unlikely he would have been both married and buried in Christ Episcopal Church in Philadelphia had he not been. The Venable-Wallis family may have continued as members of the Episcopal Church — at any rate, they were not members of the Society of Friends, for their names do not appear in any of the Quaker Meeting records, and when Susanna Jenkins married

Joseph Venable in 1779, she was disowned by the Quakers for "marrying out," indicating that she was a Quaker and he was not.

Emerson Venable writes: "It was the discovery of the will of Philip Venable (son of Thomas and Sara Wallis Venable) which gave me my first lead to the New Jersey Venables. Philip had married Mary Borradail, sister of his brother Thomas's wife, Esther Borradail. It was Philip who owned the mill on the banks of the Rancocas Creek, as is shown by his own will, proved October 18, 1787, in which he left his lands to his three sons, Thomas, Joseph, and Isaac, and 'the thirty acres including the mill and pond' to his three daughters, Rebecca, Esther, and Ann. The will of Thomas Venable of 1778 notes that Philip owed his father a considerable sum of money on account, and directs that Philip pay to the children of his deceased son Thomas, who died in 1774, ten pounds each, with Philip to have the rest of the amount due. This arrangement I presume to be because father Thomas either gave his son Philip the mill, or by loan enabled him to buy or build it. I have not been able to find out anything more about the mill, although this is one of the points I am concentrating on in the New Jersey investigations."

A footnote to the Wallis Family, furnished by Emerson Venable, is of considerable current interest : "Wallis Warfield Simpson, 'the woman I love' for whom Edward VIII abdicated the throne of England, is a descendant of the New Jersey Wallis Family of which family Sara Wallis married Thomas Venable, our first (as yet) authenticated American ancestor. Edward, Duke of Windsor, during World War II was appointed Governor of Jamaica, which we Venable - Penn - Wallis gang conquered for him back in 1655!" (Suggested conversational opening : "Oh, yes, didn't you know? We're related to the Duke of Windsor — by marriage!" I've tried it, since I got Emerson's letter. It is a guaranteed gasp-getter! — HBB)

IV The Venable - Borradail Family

Thomas Venable, Jr.

Feb. 1731– 1774

1. Arthur Venable
1757— 1793

2. Samuel Venable
1759— 1763

3. Thomas Venable
1761— 1763

4. William Venable

1764 — ca. 1839

5. Sara (Sallie) Venable
1766 —

6. Elizabeth Venable
1769 —

7. Thomas Venable
1771—

8. John Venable
1773 —

m. (1756) Esther Borradail

Oct. 24, 1735 — ca. 1820

m. (1783) Rebecca Shinn

m. (1788) Rebecca Crossham

Apr. 20, 1770 — ca. 1835

m. (1787) William Jenkins at
Christ Church, Philadelphia

m. (1790) John Holland

Thomas Venable, Jr., the first son of Thomas Venable and Sara Wallis Venable, was born in February 1731. On August 2, 1756, he married Esther Borradail, sister of his brother Philip's wife, whose family can be traced back two generations from Esther. In 1766, ten years after their marriage, and nine after the birth of their first child, Thomas and Esther Borradail Venable joined the Society of Friends. Their children were doubtless brought up in the Quaker faith, but only the two girls appear to have continued as Quakers.

Arthur Venable, born 1757, the eldest son, married Rebecca Shinn in 1783; William, born 1764, married Rebecca Crossham in 1788. Both were disowned by the Quakers for "marrying out." Thomas Venable, born 1771, was disowned in 1791, and John, born 1773, in 1796. While there is no proof, they may, like their brothers, have "married out" and been disowned because of it. Sara Venable, born 1766, married William Jenkins at Christ Church in 1787. So she, too, "married out", and was disowned in 1789, though she was re-admitted in 1800. Elizabeth, born in 1769, seems to have been the only child to remain a Quaker. She married John Holland in 1790, having transferred from Evesham Monthly Meeting to Horsham Monthly Meeting in 1787.

Thomas Venable, born in 1731, died in 1774, pre-deceasing his father Thomas Venable, Sr., by four years. His wife, Esther Borradail Venable, was appointed administratrix of his estate, which was inventoried at 342 pounds. After his death, she became housekeeper to "good old Ephraim Matlack," who when he died in 1778,

left in his will 20 pounds to Esther, and, naming each of her six then-living children, left them 5 pounds apiece.

On July 21, 1870, William Henry Venable of *Cincinnati*, prepared a memorandum, transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*, of Venable family history, as remembered by himself and as told him by his father, William Venable, then still living at Carlisle, Ohio. Of his paternal ancestry, he wrote : "My great grandfather (Emerson Venable has established him as Thomas Venable, 1731-1774) was an Englishman, probably descended from Admiral (General) Venables, mentioned in history in *connection* with Admiral Penn. My grandfather, William Venable, was born in New Jersey. He had two brothers, Arthur who was older than himself and John who was younger, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Sallie."

(Samuel Venable, born 1759, and Thomas Venable, born 1761, second and third children of Thomas Venable and Esther Borradail Venable, both died in 1763. The seventh child, born 1771, and also named Thomas Venable, lived at least until 1791, for he was in that year disowned by the Quakers. It is probable that William Henry Venable's father, William Venable, who was born in 1798, did not know of these three Venable - Borradail children, — hence William Henry Venable *mentions* only Arthur, John, Elizabeth and Sallie as brothers and sisters of his grand-father. — HBB)

V The Venable -- Crossham Family

William Venable 1764 – ca. 1839	m. (1788) Rebecca Crossham Apr. 20, 1770 — ca. 1835
1. John Venable	
2. Mary Ann Venable	m. Isaac Peacock m.
3. Arthur Venable	
4. Charles Venable	
5. William Venable Feb. 18, 1798 — Feb. 1, 1871	Hannah Baird Dec. 30, 1803 — July 7, 1875
6. Maria Venable	m. — Benbow, brother of Rachel's husband
7. Joseph Venable	m. Elizabeth 1823 — Jan. 29, 1865
8. Rachel Venable	m. — Benbow, brother of Maria's husband
9. Thomas Venable	m. Name unknown

William Venable, the fourth son of Thomas Venable and Esther Borradail Venable, was born in New Jersey in 1764. His father Thomas Venable had died ten years after his birth, in 1774, and he may have inherited a part of the 342 pound estate. In 1778, he inherited ten pounds under the will of his grandfather, Thomas Venable, being one of the recipients of the ten pounds his uncle Philip Venable was directed to pay to each of the children of his deceased brother Thomas. In 1778, he inherited five pounds under the will of Ephraim Matlack, whose house-keeper had been his mother, Esther Borradail Venable.

On February 12, 1788, William Venable married Rebecca Crossham at Moorestown, New Jersey. Rebecca was born April 20, 1770, presumably of English descent. That she was not a Quaker is proven by the fact that William, her husband, was disowned by the Quakers in 1788 for "marrying out."

William Henry Venable, in his memorandum of July 21, 1870, writes : "My grandfather (William Venable 1764 - ca. 1839) was a miller and owned a mill on a branch of the Rancocas Creek, a tributary of the Delaware. My father's (William Venable 1798-1871) earliest recollection is of a mill wheel turning round and round." The statement concerning ownership of the Rancocas Creek mill does not appear to be correct. Thomas Venable, grandfather of the first William Venable, had either given the mill to his son Philip, or enabled him to buy or build it, and Philip in his own will left the mill to his three daughters. No mention of a mill is made in the inventoried estate of Thomas Venable, Jr. (1731-1774). William Venable, William Henry Venable's grandfather, may have worked in his Uncle Philip's mill. Whatever he did in New Jersey, it does not seem to have been successful enough to keep him there, for in 1816, when he was fifty-two, he migrated with his family and his widowed mother,

Esther Borradaile Venable, then eighty-two, from New Jersey to Ohio, settling at the village of Carlisle, about two miles from Franklin and fifteen miles southwest of Dayton.

William Venable and Rebecca Crossham Venable had eight children, all of whom apparently accompanied their parents to Ohio. All that is known of these children is what was recalled by William Henry Venable and his sister Sarah Newell Venable (Lundy), children of the fifth Venable - Crossham child, William Venable (1798-1871), who married Hannah Baird.

Of his father's family, William Henry Venable wrote in his memorandum of July 21, 1870: "All my uncles had, I believe, a turn for mechanics. Several of them were skillful musicians. My father had neither the mechanical skill nor the musical abilities of his brothers. All seem to have been somewhat wild and adventurous. No one of them became rich. My Uncle John was a blacksmith. I remember Uncle Thomas as gallant, gay, and handsome. Arthur and Joseph were easy and indolent. The whole family took their Quakerism lightly, or cast it quite off. All were Democrats except my father."

(Concerning the Quakerism mentioned by William Henry Venable: His grandfather, William Venable, had been disowned by the Quakers in 1788 for marrying Rebecca Crossham. The Venable - Crossham children may have been brought up according to the main Quaker doctrines, but so far as is known, none of the family were members of a Meeting of the Society of Friends. — HBB) Apparently in 1905, William Henry Venable became interested in learning more of his father's family, for in *Genealogical Notes*, there is transcribed the following letter from Newell Venable Lundy to her brother :

San Gabriel, California Sunday night
January 8th, 1905

My dear brother:

I am truly sorry that I cannot help you out any on the family record, but I think you must know all that I do. Got your letter day before yesterday and took it over to Hannie (the younger Venable sister, Hannah Venable Sutton) yesterday, to find out whether she could suggest any-thing helpful, but she could not. Bertie said "Tell Uncle Henry to let sleeping dogs lie." She is an inveterate joker! ("Bertie" was Bertha Sutton, daughter of Hannah Venable Sutton.)

I only remember seeing our grandfathers, each, once, and the recollections are vague, and both times they frightened me. If you were here, I would tell you just what happened and how they looked, but it would not interest the public. Mother used to say that grandfather Venable was "too light-minded for a man of his age"! from which I conclude that he was cheerful and optimistic. She also told of her father, Grandfather Baird, sending for a neighbor to come and see him die, which he seems to have done in great faith and peace. The neighbor, old Jinny Keever, had told him that "a Universalist couldn't die that way," so I think he was a strong character, though rather stern.

Father's brothers I remember a little : Uncle Charles seems to me to have been rather a "happy-go-lucky," Uncle Tom was handsome and bright, but his wife I remember as rather a dashing, reckless woman, and he became intemperate, but he was very bright and cheerful. Uncle Arthur you remember, a quiet inoffensive sort, very much a Democrat. Father was the best of them all — and his mother's favorite. "Mother always had a piece of pie put away for Bill," the other boys said.

Of the sisters, Rachel, Maria, and Mary Ann, the first two named married brothers named Benbow. They lived and died in Indiana, I think, and I never saw them. Mary Ann married Isaac Peacock, a good man, I think. They left a nice family. Cousin Rachel Pollock (now dead) was their daughter, and lived for a time with father and mother, after-wards with the father and mother of the late J. I. Smith of Clinton County, Ohio.

Lovingly
Sister Newell

What must have been a similar appeal for information to his sister Hannah Venable Sutton elicited the following letter from her, also transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*. The pertinent dates she inclosed are given in their appropriate places.

Alhambra, California
February 2, 1906

Dear brother:

Enclosed find Family Record as copied from the old Family Bible. I did not have your family, but have long wanted it so I wish you would send it to me. I have not even the date of death of our grandparents, let alone their birth, and I would so much like to have all the information that could be obtained. We have a new town between us and Los Angeles, called Bairdstown. I wonder if they are any kin to us. I think I will stop some time and ask. There are also some Venables down by Downey who are related distantly to "the man who wrote a history of the United States" (W. H. V.) but I have never met them.

This is a lovely day, only too warm. They are picking oranges across the street, hundreds of boxes of navels. I wish you had a box.

Hannie

In the summer of 1954, Henrietta Brady Brown, inspired by the successful genealogical researches of Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh, made an exhaustive search in an effort to establish the date of death and place of burial of William Venable, his wife Rebecca Crossham Venable and his mother Esther Borradaile Venable. She wrote for advice on procedure to Miss Marie Dickore of Cincinnati, who has made early Ohio history her major interest and who had known the Venable family. Miss Dickore's letter quoted from Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio*, published in 1847. This contains a long article on William Henry Venable but has no information on his grandfather William Venable. Miss Dickore noted that "the village of Carlisle is not

mentioned. Perhaps it was not on the map in 1836, but in 1845 when Howe travelled through Ohio compiling data for his history he might have missed the name." She suggested consulting records in the Warren County Court House and in the library at Glendower Museum, both in Lebanon.

An application for information to the Court House was unproductive. Their death records do not go back beyond 1861.

Glendower, a stately home built in 1836 on a hilltop just outside Lebanon on State Route 48, was presented to the State of Ohio in 1945 by the Warren County Historical Society. Restored as a State Memorial by the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, it is furnished with original pieces from Warren County homes and is the repository of much valuable information concerning the County. (The portrait of William Henry Venable, painted by Charles Jouett about 1870, which hangs in a room off the central hallway was presented to Glendower by Bryant Venable.)

Mrs. William Mason Phillips, Curator of Glendower, replied to a letter of inquiry thus :

"Concerning burials of the Venable family in Warren County, I find the dates of death of William Venable (1798-1871) and of Cynthia and John Q. Venable. All are buried in the old Baptist cemetery in Clear Creek Township (State Route 48, near 73). In the Kirby cemetery (State Route 48, north of Lebanon) is buried Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Venable. In the Wayne County census of 1840, we have William Venable and Arthur Venable. This census gives only the head of the family.

"The 1850 census gives names, where born, age, but we do not have our complete index of this and I find no Venables. This would be too late for the William Venable and his wife and his mother you are hunting. We do not yet have all the cemetery inscriptions but hope to complete them before too long. We have completed those in the Springboro area (near Carlisle) but did not find Venables. These inscriptions are taken from markers and many of those were lost long before the task was undertaken."

Mrs. Edward French Herrick, who was substituting for Mrs. Phillips on the occasion of a visit to Glendower in July 1954, suggested that Miss Perle Maria Riley of Ridgeville had known William Henry Venable and might be of help. A correspondence with Miss Riley and a call on her at the delightful Riley homestead of Ridgeland Farm was productive of much Venable - Baird information which will be found following the chapter on the Bairds and that on William Henry Venable, but she could furnish no lead on the death dates of the first Ohio Venables.

One unexplored source remained. Allen and Henrietta drove to Carlisle, Ohio, where the New Jersey Venables had settled in 1816. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gross, both life-long residents of the town, remembered the Venable name and that William Henry Venable had delivered an address at the Carlisle Centennial in 1912. They suggested that Miss Edith Williams might be of help. The Williams family were among the first Carlisle settlers, and Miss Williams' knowledge of early history is comprehensive. She was most gracious. She remembered the Venables and the Bairds, and through her, contact was established with Elizabeth Baird Irwin, granddaughter of Elizabeth Baird

Baird and Andrew Baird. Miss Williams was particularly familiar with the early Carlisle burying ground adjoining the Tennant Presbyterian Church, and stated that no Venables are buried there.

So the dates of death and the burial places of William Venable, Rebecca Crossham Venable, and Esther Borradail Venable can only be guessed at on the basis of evidence in Sarah Newell Venable Lundy's letter and the further evidence of the 1840 census. Mrs. Lundy, born in 1833, vaguely remembered her paternal grandfather. His name does not appear in the 1840 census, therefore he must have died prior to 1840. She makes no mention of her paternal grandmother, so Rebecca Crossham Venable must have pre-deceased her husband William. It is unlikely that Esther Borradail Venable, who was eighty-two when she reached Ohio in 1816, would have lived beyond 1820-1825. Nor is it surprising that dates unknown to Sarah Newell Venable Lundy, Hannah Venable Sutton, and William Henry Venable in 1905 could not be found fifty years later in 1954. It must be concluded that these first Ohio Venables were either buried on their own land and the burial site long since lost, or buried in a cemetery and their grave markers obliterated or broken before the task of recording them was begun.

VI THE VENABLE --- BAIRD FAMILY

William Venable

Feb. 18, 1798 — Feb. 1, 1871

1. John Quincy Venable

Mar. 29, 1829 — Aug. 24, 1848

2. Sarah Newell Venable

Sept. 14, 1833 — Feb. 13, 1912

3. William Henry Venable

Apr. 29, 1836 — July 6, 1920

4. Cynthia Jane Venable

Mar. 4, 1839 — Aug. 28, 1848

5. Hannah Ann Venable

Jan. 19, 1843 — ca. 1910

m. Hannah Baird

Dec. 30, 1802 — July 7, 1875

m. James Lundy

Jan. 12, 1836 — May 28, 1909

m. Mary Ann Palmer Vater

Sept. 5, 1837 — Oct. 26, 1921

m. Charles Y. Sutton

ca. 1840 — ca. 1915

WILLIAM VENABLE

"William Venable was born in Chester Township, Burlington County, New Jersey, the fourth son and fifth child of the nine children of William Venable and Rebecca Crossham Venable. My father's boyish ambition was to study *navigation* and become a seaman. This ambition was heightened by the influence of an old sailor, one Hiram Douty, who used to spin yarns and sing sea songs for him when a small child. My father states that when a very small lad he went to Philadelphia with his father. 'He was so simple' as to wander about among the ships looking for Douty, who he thought must be somewhere there. My grandfather had a cousin who had been super-cargo on a West Indian merchant vessel, Captain Burdsal by name, from whom he had a present of a bamboo cane from the Isle of Pines, Cuba. This relic my father inherited from his father, and it is now mine."

The above memorandum was prepared by William Henry Venable July 21, 1870, and transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*.

The bamboo cane was left by W. H. Venable to his eldest son and namesake, William Mayo Venable, and has by William Mayo Venable been presented to his eldest son and his grandfather Venable's namesake, William Henry Venable, now (1954) residing in Pittsburgh, who is thus the fifth generation of William Venables to own the cane.

In 1816, William Venable, then eighteen years old, migrated with his father's family from New Jersey to Ohio, settling at Carlisle, about two miles from Franklin and fifteen miles southwest of Dayton. It is also seven or eight miles from Jacksonburg, Ohio, where about 1812 the family of Bedent Baird had settled. At Jacksonburg on October 1, 1826, William Venable married Hannah, the eldest daughter of Bedent Baird and Sarah Britton Baird at the home of her parents.

The memorandum of July 21, 1870, continues :

"My father took to books. He became a very good mathematician but never

studied the languages. His disposition is romantic. He has been a great reader, especially of novels, newspapers, and religious and political works. He was an ardent Whig, and afterwards a rank Abolitionist. He delights in argument, has a keen relish for wit, loves nature with an intense love, and is of a poetic temperament. In early life, he taught school. He was examined for a certificate in the first class that was ever examined in Warren County, at Lebanon, by Howard Dunlevy, Phineas Ross, and John M. Houston."

The following memorials to his parents were written by William Henry Venable and transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*. The memorial on his father was published in the newspaper *Star of the West* in February 1871.

WILLIAM VENABLE, In Memoriam

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bond of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set."

— *William Cullen Bryant*

William Venable was born in Chester Township, Burlington County, New Jersey, on the 18th of February, 1798. He died at the village of Carlisle, Warren County, Ohio, on the 1st of February, 1871, having nearly completed his seventy-third year. He was the fourth son and fifth child of a family of nine children. His boyish ambition was to learn navigation and go to sea.

Possessed of a natural taste for reading and study, he acquired, without much aid from teachers, a good general education, excelling in mathematics. Reluctantly abandoning the hope of becoming a seaman, he emigrated with his father's family to Ohio, where in early manhood he engaged in the business of school teaching. A certificate of qualifications was granted him at Lebanon, at the first formal examination of teachers ever held in Warren County. He taught for several years, in different parts of Warren and Butler Counties with eminent success. On the first of October, 1826, he married Miss Hannah Baird, at the home of her parents, near Jacksonburg, Ohio. Having purchased a small place on the Little Miami River, a few miles below Waynesville, he built a log house upon it, which the young couple presently occupied. Here they resided for a number of years, and here four of their five children were born (John Quincy, Sarah Newell, William Henry, and Cynthia Jane). Mr. Venable's time was divided between farming, surveying and teaching. In the year 1842 he bought a small farm in the vicinity of Ridgeville, Ohio, to which he removed. In the peaceful employments of the farm, and the simple duties of a rural citizen, he lived without change of residence until the date of his removal to Carlisle, in April 1869. Two of his children died in the summer of 1848, John, aged nineteen and Cynthia, aged about nine.

The deceased was a man of unpretending character, quiet demeanor, and plain habits. His temperament was equable, and his disposition mild and cheerful, though deeply tinged with melancholy. He was industrious, frugal, temperate, pure of speech and upright of purpose. He had little desire for worldly possessions and made correspondingly little effort to obtain them. He often said that all he wished of property was enough to support his family in comfort and to school his children. Regarding intellectual rather than material gain as the chief source of happiness, he could not comprehend why any man should choose to devote his mind to a struggle for money and land. Unsuspicious and open-handed, and averse to chaffering, he seldom made what is called a good bargain. Nothing so much excited his indignation and disgust as deception and trickery in business transactions. He was very hospitable and his door was always opened to the belated traveller, weary emigrant, or wandering beggar.

In society, and among strangers, he was reserved almost to aloofness, but he was an excellent listener and a keen critic of persons and opinions. He was not deceived by meretricious show, and seemed by instinct to know the genuine from the spurious in character. Among his familiar acquaintances he conversed with freedom and vivacity, often surprising even those who were most intimate with him by the extent of his knowledge and the clearness of his thought and the earnest eloquence of his language. He delighted in argument, and nothing pleased him better than to meet an opponent who put him to a severe controversial test. He was devoted to his political principles, which he advocated with zeal. He cast his first presidential ballot for John Quincy Adams, and after-wards voted for every Whig and Republican candidate for chief executive down to Grant, excepting only General Zachary Taylor. Vigilant and locally influential in every political campaign, he was never noisy or officious at the polls and never willing to further the interests of his *party* by questionable means. It sickened his heart to see a good cause represented by a self-seeking demagogue. He was among the early agitators of the Slavery question, and for years bore the name Abolitionist in a community which regarded that name as a brand of political infamy. In religion, he was by birthright an Orthodox Quaker, but having investigated the doctrines of Universalism, he found them to be in accordance with his reason, and so conformable to his benevolent nature, that he adopted them, and became their enthusiastic defender. As years passed on, the roots of his faith grew deeper and deeper. His belief in immortality, in the changeless love of God, and in the final holiness and happiness of all men, was fully established. No ripple of doubt or fear disturbed the serenity of his last years, and days. He came to realize the enjoyment of ever-lasting life in this world, and to him, the passing from mortality to immortality was neither unexpected nor alarming. It was but going higher up.

Mr. Venable always maintained the habit of reading. Books were his solace to the last. He was familiar with the best in English literature, especially in whatever relates to human nature and life. He frequently amused himself by reading standard fiction, being particularly fond of the novels of Dickens. He made diligent use of newspapers and magazines. Living in a period rich in events, he kept well abreast of the times, recordin^s in his mind an epitome of valuable history. He gave much

attention to the progress of civilization, as indicated by the rise of *institutions* and the operation of reforms.

A sketch of his character would be defective in which no mention was made of his taste of the picturesque and beautiful, and his great love of nature. His powers of observation were extraordinary and proved to him a source of perpetual pleasure. He had, happily, that fine poetic eye which discovers rare charms in familiar objects and which asks no aid of conventionality to teach it what to admire. He saw the loveliness of wayside weeds. The woods, the fields, the rivers and the hills were dear to him, and seemed dearer as he grew older. It was a custom with him to take long walks, enjoying himself by meditation and sight. Often might he be seen returning from a ramble bearing in his hand some green bough that pleased his fancy, some cluster of sweet wildflowers, or branch of shining berries to decorate his walls or to give to a favorite child of his acquaintance, for he liked children and gave them much attention often buying books for them and delighting them by his pleasant talk. One of his last acts was to beckon a grandchild to his bedside and kiss her.

Like a child himself in purity and simplicity, he left the earth without an earthly stain. His last sickness, a fever, was brief, and he expired without pain, tranquilly, at the close of the first day of the month of his nativity. On his pallid face one could see no line wrought by corroding passions or sordid pursuits, no shadow of regret, no sad suggestion of duty unfulfilled. His son and daughters were privileged to be present during the last illness and at the passing away of their father. It was a circumstance peculiarly affecting that Mrs. Venable, who for forty-five years had been the constant companion of her husband, could not be with him in his last days, being herself dangerously sick.

Funeral services were conducted at the residence of the deceased by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Cincinnati, who read a beautiful collect for the death of old men, and preached a consolatory sermon on "Immortality."

Additional services were held at the Universalist Church of Ridgeville participated in by William Gregg of Springboro, Rev. Mr. Smith of Franklin, and the church choir of Ridgeville. The burial took place at the old Baptist graveyard above Ridgeville. There, in a grave dug through a sod of evergreen myrtle, the mortal part of William Venable was laid beside the dust of his two children gone before. Around the sacred spot his kindred, friends, and old neighbors stood mournfully and a last prayer was solemnly pronounced.

— * —

There is a photograph of William Venable taken when he was probably in his late sixties. The hair is combed from the back of the head forward to the brow, the eyes are deep-set, the nose long and rather pointed, and the short upper lip is clean shaven, as is the chin, though he wears side whiskers of the type known as "burnsides." This photograph always hung over the work table of his son, William Henry Venable, in the study at Diana. In the memorandum of his daughter-in-law, Mary Venter Venable, the original framed photograph of his grand-father was left to William Mayo Venable, in whose possession it now (1954) is.

Hannah Baird Venable

Hannah Baird Venable, the mother of the poet W. H. Venable, from whom he inherited his incessantly active temperament, his habits of accuracy, his satiric sense of humor, and his faculty of expressing thought in figurative forms, especially metaphor and simile, was the true counterpart of her husband, to whom she was in all respects a model wife, an equal comrade, a sympathetic and appreciative partner in affairs of business and economy and in the commerce and exchange of values intellectual and moral. Though herself a reader of considerable range, she fell into the pleasant habit, as she was wont to say, of "looking up to William" for current knowledge of the world's doings as she looked up at the clock for the hour and minute of the day. In her youth she was distinguished for beauty, and though time and trouble wore lines of sadness in her face, she never lost her charm of personal grace and her vivacity of spirit. Her devotion to her children amounted to an intense passion of maternal love and solicitude.

Hannah Baird was born on December 30, 1802, in Schoharie County, New York. While yet a small girl, she removed with her parents to the West about 1812, coming over the mountains in a Conestoga wagon and down the Ohio in a family boat to Cincinnati. She used to relate to her children that as soon as the boat was moored at the water's edge, she sprang ashore and took her first delight on Ohio soil by filling her apron with buckeyes, hundreds of which lay scattered along the gravelly sands of the river's margin. Thus it may be said the New York maiden took seizin of the new Buckeye State, in which she was destined to be married, raise a family, and spend the greater part of her useful, exemplary and influential life. Mrs. Venable died July 7, 1875, in her seventy-third year, in Worthington, Minnesota, near which village she was buried under the wildflowers of the prairie.

Harriet preserved a photograph of her grandmother Hannah Baird Venable. Seventy-three when she died, the face reflects the years of hardship and pioneering and is that of an old, old woman.

VENABLE — BAIRD DESCENDANTS

The following information on the descendants of William Venable and Hannah Baird Venable was obtained, unless otherwise noted, from *Genealogical Notes*.

1. *John Quincy Venable* was born in Wayne Township near Waynesville, Ohio, March 29, 1829. His younger brother W. H. Venable in *A Buckeye Boyhood* refers frequently to his elder brother John. He died at the age of nineteen on August 24, 1848, four days before the death of his sister Cynthia Jane.

Venable — Lundy

2. *Sarah Newell Venable* was born on September 14, 1833, in Wayne Township near Waynesville, Ohio. She was married at the Cincinnati home on Clark Street of her younger brother W. H. Venable on October 27, 1864, by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, to James Lundy, who was born on January 12, 1836, at Clinton County, Ohio. The Lundy family, together with the Sutton family, and Hannah Baird Venable,

removed in 1872 from Ohio to Minnesota. They seem to have preceded the Sutton family: to California, for Ernest Venable Sutton in *A Life Worth Living* write that "relatives in California urged us to come there." In California the Lundys settled first at San Gabriel and later at Alhambra. James Lundy engaged in farming all his life. A letter from Newell Venable Lundy giving details of family history, will be found at the end of the Venable Crossham chapter. James Lundy died on May 28, 1909, at San Gabriel His wife Newell survived him by almost three years, dying in Alhambra California, on February 13, 1912. A letter from her brother W. H. Venable to his daughter-in-law Florence, wife of Russell V. Venable, refers to the, death thus : "I have very sorrowful news from Alhambra, California. A telegram from Walter Lundy (the son) received yesterday, overwhelmed me with the sad tidings that my Sister Newell died on the night of February 13. You and Russell know from what I say in *A Buckeye Boy hood* how dear her memory is to me. Although her death was no unexpected and though she was in her seventy-ninth year, I find it im possible to reconcile myself to my loss."

Sarah Newell Venable Lundy and James Lundy had three children

I. Henry Irving Lundy, born October 7, 1865, died February 1885

II. Horace Charles Lundy, born January 7, 1868, died February 15 1883.

III. Walter James Lundy, born June 29, 1872, at Carlisle, Ohio. He became a stenographer and in 1912 was still in that business. So far as is known there are no surviving members of the Venable - Lundy family

Venable — Vater

3. William Henry Venable. Full information on William Henry Venable and his wife, Mary Ann Palmer Vater Venable, will be found in the chapter on the Venable - Vater family.

4. *Cynthia Jane Venable* was born on March 1, 1839, in Wayne Town ship, near Waynesville, Ohio, and died at about nine years old near: Ridgeville, Ohio, on August 28, 1848, four days after the death of he: brother John. Her death remained a lasting grief to her brother, William Henry Venable, whose childhood playmate she was. He dedicated poem to her, and he refers to her frequently in *A Buckeye Boyhood*.

Venable — Sutton

5. *Hannah Ann Venable* was born on January 19, 1843, at the newly purchased home of her parents near Ridgeville, Ohio, the youngest o the five children. She was the first to marry, and an old newspaper clipping in the possession (1911) of W. H. Venable reports "Married: SUTTON — VENABLE. On the morning of the 15th of August, 1861, by the Rev. S. F. Van Cleve of Franklin, Ohio, at Pleasant Cottage, near Ridgeville, the bride's residence, Mr. Charles Y. Sutton of Greenwich Huron County, Ohio, to Miss Hannie Ann Venable. `May their life be a long honeymoon of, bliss, reaching through flowery pathways up to Gods perfect heaven!'"

The Prohibition Party was founded in 1868, and found enthusiastic adherents in the Sutton family and the Lundy family. In June, 1871, the Suttons joined and

became financial backers of the National Temperance Colony, better known as the Miller-Hummiston Colony, who on April 15, 1872, journeyed from Ohio to take up a government grant in Nobles County, Minnesota, at the town of Worthington. There Charles Sutton owned a flour mill and a grain elevator and prospered until a plague of locusts in 1874 ruined him financially. Bankrupt and with only such possessions as could be carried in a wagon, the Sutton family emigrated again, crossing the Minnesota border to virgin land in Dakota Territory. Near what was later the small town of Oakwood, South Dakota, the death of the youngest child forced a halt, and for a number of years they lived in a "dug-out house," three sides of which were earth, the fourth, of wood, fronting on a lake. Hannah Venable Sutton's brother from Cincinnati, W. H. Venable, with his daughters, Mary and Harriet, visited the Suttons while they lived here, the girls marvelling at the primitive living conditions but finding them very romantic. W. H. Venable had previously visited the Suttons in Worthington, Minnesota, probably at the time of his mother's death.

The eldest Sutton son, Ernest Venable Sutton, was early on his own. When he settled in Huron, S. D., he arranged for his father to come to that town as a railway freight clerk at \$40 per month. When Charles Sutton became the railway ticket agent, with a salary of \$60 per month, he sent for his family to join him. The elder Sutton was an organizer in 1884 for lodges of the Woodmen of America. In 1890, when the family of Ernest V. Sutton went to California, the elder Suttons and their family probably accompanied them, eventually settling in Alhambra. Hannah Venable Sutton died here, sometime after 1906. As an old man, Charles Sutton, her husband, came east, probably in the early Teens, and included a visit to the W. H. Venable family in his travels. The date of his death appears to be unobtainable.

Harriet Venable Brady preserved a photograph of her aunt Hannah Venable Sutton as a young and pretty woman, her hair in a becoming chignon.

Hannah Venable Sutton and Charles Y. Sutton had eleven children, the two eldest of whom, Ernest Venable Sutton and Evangeline (Eva) N. Sutton, were well acquainted with their Venable cousins at Diana.

Sutton— (1) Zook (2) Coombs

I. Ernest Venable Sutton was born on July 1, 1862, at Carlisle, Ohio, the eldest son of the family. In his eighties he wrote a book on his early adventurous life called *A Life Worth Living*, from which the following information was obtained:

Ernie was nearly eleven when he emigrated with his family from Ohio to Worthington, Minnesota, where life was comparatively prosperous, and he was thirteen or fourteen when they went further west to Oakwood, Dakota Territory. Here he and his brothers lived the rough hard life of pioneers, fishing, shooting and trapping game for the family larder. Here also began his acquaintance with the American Indians, an interest which was to be a vital one all his life. By 1878 he was on his own — a stage driver on the Oakwood stage, and at seventeen, a wage-earner and a man. After two years as a stagecoach driver, he worked for a farmer for a year or more, then went to the town of Volga where he learned to set type and was employed

shortly after as a journeyman printer on the *Huronite* in Huron.

Of 1883 or 1884 he writes: "I visited the home of my uncle (W. H. Venable) in Cincinnati. It was my first real vacation and the home of my uncle and aunt was a delightful place to spend it." (He was then about twenty-three, and there is an old photograph of him, his curly dark hair slicked carefully over his right eye, and a humorous twist to his mouth.) "I had grown up in the West, where social life was different and the proprieties and little courtesies were not considered too important. I was not particularly rude, but neither was I Sir Walter Raleigh. I smoked, chewed tobacco, and swore, but did try to keep from it in my aunt's presence."

Returning to Dakota, Ernie married on July 18, 1886, Edith M. Zook, by whom he had two children, Agnes E. Sutton and Charles Zook Sutton. Remaining in Sioux Falls until 1890, where he opened a small printing company, he was advised to seek a milder climate, and accordingly his family, probably accompanied by the elder Suttons and their family, went west again, arriving in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day, 1890.

Years of hard work in many kinds of jobs followed. His wife, Edith, died on January 26, 1904. A year and a half later, in July, 1905, he married a friend of his daughter's, Florence Coombs, eighteen years his junior. By 1906 he was well established in business, with a paper box factory. He went up to San Francisco immediately after the earthquake to offer employment in his factory to any unemployed, but he secured no one who wished to leave San Francisco for Los Angeles: "San Franciscans were loyal to their home town in spite of adversity." At this time he met his cousin, Russell Vernon Venable, who was then stationed at the Presidio with the Twenty-second Infantry.

Business boomed, and in 1912-13 Ernie was working so hard and such long hours that he had a breakdown. Following the doctor's orders to be careful, he "became little more than a walking and breathing entity ... from brooding over my condition." Early in 1914 he was invited to join a party exploring the possibility of making a road up Mt. Whitney. Mindful of his doctor's orders, he bought an altimeter, which he consulted frequently, lest he go further than the 5000 feet set as his limit. One day a friend borrowed the altimeter and left the party for a day. During his absence, other members of the party told Ernie that they had reached nearly 10,000 feet. "I realized what had happened and that I was still alive. The worry about my condition vanished forever, and I returned home a changed and better man." He continues: "With the lessening of financial worries, there always seems to come a desire to pluck a few 'horse feathers.' I was no exception. I joined a Country Club, tried to play golf, and followed the general routine. . . . In 1917, I was too old for active service, but I was given a position with the Department of Justice which took me to every cantonment in the United States."

The inflation of 1929 and the stock market break, reduced somewhat the estate Ernest and Florence had built up, but they were always in comfortable circumstances. They made two automobile trips back to Ohio together, in the early Thirties and in the summer of 1938, and Ernie returned alone by train in the fall of 1948. In 1949 Bryant and Gertrude Venable visited the Suttons at their home in South Pasadena, California.

Ernest Venable Sutton died October 5, 1950, in his eighty-eighth year. His widow, Florence Coombs Sutton, still (1954) lives in the old home at 1625 Oak Street, South Pasadena, California.

Three children were born to Ernest and Florence Sutton : a daughter Happy, married to Richard McCurdy, president of the Shell Chemical Corporation, and two sons, Robert and Ernest, Jr., known as Joe to the family. Henrietta and Allen Brown met Happy and her children in the summer of 1952, and Evelyn Venable Mohr knew the boys in her first days in California.

A letter from Ernest V. Sutton to his cousin Harriet, and one from him to his cousin Bryant, will be found following the chapters on each.

Sutton — Bulla

II. Evangeline N. Sutton, usually called Eva, the second child of Hannah Venable Sutton and Charles Sutton, was born in Carlisle, Ohio, on January 2, 1863. She shared the travels and hardships of her family, and as a very young woman taught school in Dakota Territory, later emigrating with her family to California. There she met Robert N. Bulla, whose wife, Consuelo Phonetta Longley Bulla, had recently died. On August 4, 1890, Eva Sutton and Robert N. Bulla were married. Bulla took an active part in state politics and was a member of the California legislature. There are two pictures of Eva Sutton, one as a young girl, her hair drawn back Alice in Wonderland style, wearing a plaid dress, and another of her as a young woman, and a very handsome one.

Three children were born to Eva Sutton Bulla and Robert N. Bulla : Vivien O. Bulla, born November 12, 1891, Lorie Bulla, born August 24, 1893, and Robert N. Bulla, Jr., who died at birth on November 2, 1897.

Ernest V. Sutton refers to his sister Eva in his letter to his cousin Harriet and Mrs. W. H. Venable mentions her in her letter to Harriet.

The Bairds

The Bedent Baird family, as outlined in the sketch on Hannah Baird Venable, came over the mountains from Schoharie County, New York, in a Conestoga wagon, down the Ohio River in a "family boat" to Cincinnati, and settled about 1812 at Jacksonburg, Ohio, some thirty miles north of Cincinnati. Jacksonburg is seven or eight miles from Carlisle, where the William Venable family had settled in 1816. At the Baird home in Jacksonburg, Hannah Baird, the eldest daughter, married William Venable on October 1, 1826.

Sometime after 1826 and before 1842, the Bairds moved from Jacksonburg to the vicinity of Ridgeville, for in *A Buckeye Boyhood* W. H. Venable relates that the William Venable family stopped overnight on their way from the log cabin home near Waynesville to the newly purchased Hurten Proud place near Ridgeville at the home of their Grandmother Baird, at that time "a widow with three grown sons and two daughters." He describes the home as:

"a spacious typical mansion of the early period when Ohio was not yet out of the backwoods. The old homestead was a commodious structure of hewn logs,

consisting of two sections, each a story and a half high, separated and also joined by a paved open rectangular sheltered from sun and rain by a clapboard roof. At either end of the `double cabin` was a huge chimney on the outside of the house. The eastern wing served as a kitchen, dining room, general workshop and dormitory; the western ground floor room was a kind of parlour and sanctuary for Sunday retirement, and for the reception of company dressed in their `Sunday-go-to-meeting` clothes, though occasionally one might venture into the ever neat room on a week day to read a proper book, or write an important letter.

"At the end of the kitchen-dining room wing was a great fireplace, with its iron crane and brass andirons. Above the chimney piece, resting on wooden brackets, was a long musket, and on the opposite wall hung shot pouches and powder horns in ornamental array. This room contained the spinning wheel, still in active use, and a cobbler's bench, while in the parlour was an ancient Dutch clock which pointed the days, hours, minutes and seconds, and on the walls were several garishly coloured engravings."

In the memorandum of W. H. Venable of July 21, 1870, he wrote thus of his Baird ancestry :

"My great-grandfather on my mother's side was a Scotchman, named Baird, a Presbyterian. He married to a Layton (?), an Englishwoman. Their son, my grandfather Bedent Baird, married Sarah Britton, whose father was Dutch, and whose mother, named Frederick, was probably German. My grandfather Baird was a great reader, particularly of the Scriptures. He departed essentially from the tenets of his severe ancestors, and became quite liberal in religion and politics, espousing Universalism and Whiggery. My mother, Hannah Baird, was born December 20, 1802, on Schoharie Creek, near the village of Charleston, N. Y., the eldest of a family of twelve children, of whom two died in infancy, and seven are yet living. The children's names are Hannah, Melinda, John, Britton, Newell, Elizabeth, Joseph, Bedent, Jane and William. (Melinda, John, Newell, and the two who died in infancy were dead at the time this record was made by W. H. Venable in 1870.) My aunts and uncles were marked by strong characteristics, both agreeable and disagreeable. They are all industrious and thrifty. They have strong convictions, strong prejudices, violent antipathies, intense family pride. They are honest, truthful, faithful attendants upon the sick, etc."

Baird Descendants

The following information on the descendants of Bedent Baird and Sarah Britton Baird was obtained, unless otherwise noted, from *Genealogical Notes*:

Baird — Venable

1. *Hannah Baird*

m. William Venable

Dec. 30, 1802 — July 7, 1875 Feb. 18, 1798 — Feb. 1, 1871

Full information on Hannah Baird and William Venable will be found at the beginning of this chapter.

2. *Melinda Baird*, probably died young, no record.

Baird — Staley

3. *John Baird*

m. Mary Staley

Nov. 8, 1808 —

John Baird and his wife Mary had six children. He early removed to Indiana, buying a farm in Jay County, where his six children were born:

I. *Sarah Baird* married, no further information.

II. *Mary Baird*, the second daughter, must have been born around 1835-1840. She did not marry. She lived for a number of years in the household of her cousin, W. H. Venable, after Mr. and Mrs. Venable had purchased Diana, and the children called her "Auntie" or "Auntie Baird." Mayo and Harriet refer to Auntie in their memoirs. When the children were grown, she returned to the family homestead in Jay County, Indiana.

III. *William Baird* married and had two sons. There is no further record. With his brother Curtis he homesteaded in Kansas.

IV. *Elias Baird*, no record

V. *Curtis Baird*, with his brother William, homesteaded in Kansas. Bryant Venable remembers Curtis : "Curt was a big, genial chap, a sewing machine salesman, I believe, and also something of a magician. He visited us once at Diana. To my astonishment he swallowed his knife, fork and spoon, and his cup and saucer. Later we found them on the piano in the parlor, a floor above the dining room."

VI. *John Baird*, named for his father, was born on his father's farm in Jay County on June 13, 1850, and died there on March 12, 1911. He was a practicing physician at Albany, Indiana, for many years and a member of the State Legislature in 1903. He married Amelia Jane Walss in 1875 and by her had two sons, John Walter Baird, born October 18, 1876, and Morris Britton Baird, born January 3, 1879. (Morris Britton Baird, commonly called Brit, occasionally visited Diana, and appears in a family group photograph taken on the summer porch in 1900. Of Walter, there is no record.) John Baird married again in 1892 to Mary McGarvey, but there were no children of this marriage. Mayo Venable writes: "I knew him (John Baird) very well, and was very fond of him. When I knew him best, he was a practicing physician in Indiana. I spent a night with him there once in a log cabin. He later moved to the town of Muncie, Indiana."

Baird — ?

4. *Britton Baird* was born about 1810 at Schoharie Creek, New York, and died on his farm in Jay County, Indiana, about January 1879. He was a blacksmith and had a son, Milton Baird, and possibly two or three other children. In *A Buckeye Boyhood*, W. H. Venable writes of his Baird uncles: "Two of them (John and Britton) moved to Indiana to grow up with the country, coming back to Ohio on annual visits, bringing with them such commodities as hoop-poles, venison, swamp cranberries, and alas, 'the shaking ague' which no amount of quinine could cure. They had interesting stories to tell of pioneer struggle and hard-ship when game was abundant in the woods and where also half-breed Indians still lingered."

Baird — Brown

5. *Newell Baird* married John Brown, a well-to-do Quaker, and had three children. No further information.

Baird — Baird

6. *Elizabeth Baird* married Andrew Baird, distant kin to her, his third wife, and had a daughter Hannah and a son Cornelius. Hannah married Charles Long. Cornelius married Rachel A. Hendrickson in 1872, and second, Sarah Harrison in 1900. By his first wife Rachel he had four children, Bertha Ellen Baird, born in 1873, Elizabeth Baird born 1875, Edna Winters Baird born 1878, and Fred Hendrickson Baird born 1882. (Fred Baird also appears in the family group photograph taken on the summer porch at Diana in 1900.)

Baird — Tapscott

7. *Joseph Baird* was born about 1820-1822, and married Eleanor Tapscott. There were no children. He made a visit to Diana in 1892, and Mayo in his memoir describes his conversation with his great uncle Joseph.

Baird — Maltby (?)

8. *Bedent Baird* married Margaret Maltby (?) and had three children, Wallace, Julius and Myra.

Baird — Powell

9. *Jane Baird* married Jonathan Powell and had a daughter, Viola Powell. This family lived in Urbana, Illinois.

William Baird of Ridgeville

William Baird was born probably about 1827, for Bryant Venable says he was only nine years older than his nephew W. H. Venable. He died March 26, 1899, and is buried in the Lebanon cemetery. He was the tenth child and fourth son of Bedent Baird and Sarah Britton Baird, and easily the most picturesque and colorful of the Baird children. During the Civil War he served as sergeant major in one of the Ohio regiments, several times declining to become a commissioned officer. In later years, on one of the visits he made to Diana, Mayo asked his great-uncle Bill why he had declined the promotion. Bill's answer was that "he didn't think it would be fair to the other boys!"

Bryant writes of him:

"William Baird of Ridgeville, brother of my father's mother, looked like Mark Twain and might have given that worthy a postgraduate course in the fine art of profanity. Even father admitted that 'Bill was no Puritan.' An ancient man in the days of my earliest recollection, Uncle Bill appeared among us annually in the spring season. His gray hair was worn Buffalo Bill style, curling over his shoulders. I never saw him in any other costume than the uniform of the G. A. R. He drank to the despair of all respectable people and was never without his meerschaum pipe. This was of

gargantuan proportions and so powerful that none but the most leather-lunged devotee of Lady Nicotine would have dared to kindle its votive fire.

"My father loved him. So did my mother, though I fear that she was somewhat ashamed of him and much afraid for the family reputation whenever he put in his appearance. His stories! Oh, his stories! I have only to go to Ridgeville and hunt out the sons of the men of Uncle Bill's generation to receive belated shocks from his irreverence. He has long since joined the silent majority, but in that part of Warren County which was his stamping ground he still lives on in a sort of legendary existence."

Harriet wrote:

"Everyone said he was the wittiest man they ever knew, and the most profane. He didn't mean anything by it, it was just a bad habit he had formed during the Civil War. He said it was the only language soldiers and mules understood. Everyone loved him, and when he was in a company, everyone wanted to hear what Uncle Bill was saying. His sweetheart had died while he was marching through Georgia with Sherman, and he never married."

In *A Life Worth Living*, by Ernest Venable Sutton, his grandnephew, he is described thus:

"Uncle William was a well-informed man, but he did smoke, drink whiskey, gamble and swear, which were not accomplishments valued in our family. Everybody liked him, even mother, though she said he was 'the black sheep' of the family.

"Sometime in 1870 or 1871, a man visited our house to see Uncle Bill. He had published one book and was now writing another, describing experiences in the West. Uncle Bill had known him in Virginia City and also in San Francisco. They sat all day long on our back porch, drinking beer, smoking and spinning yarns. At night they went to Franklin, a village two miles away. Mother did not like the way they carried on, and once I heard her call them 'rowdies.' But they only laughed at this. I was forbidden to go out on the porch while they were there, lest I acquire their vocabulary. When the visit came to an end, and the guest had departed, mother sat in her rocking chair and after a sigh said 'Thank goodness that awful man has gone. I hope Sam never comes here again.'

"After *Roughing It* was published, and had become the most popular book of the day, Uncle Bill received an autographed copy and often read it to me, so I did not altogether escape the corrupting influence of Sam. Sometimes Uncle Bill would say 'I told Sam that story!' Our guest was Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain."

(While the search for the death dates of the earliest Ohio Venables detailed in the chapter on the Venable-Crossham family was unsuccessful, it did put me in touch with Mrs. Elizabeth Baird Irwin, who now lives at 1501 N. E. 15th Avenue, Portland, Oregon, and Miss Perle Maria Riley of Ridgeville. Both of these ladies contributed important information on the Baird family. —

HBB)

Mrs. Irwin wrote on August 19, 1954:

"The founder of the Baird family in America was Lt. John Baird of Ayr, Scotland. He was active in the Pennsylvania settlement as early as 1758. He married Catherine McLean of Chester County, Pa. There is a tradition that the father of this John Baird held a commission in the British Army and took part in an expedition against Canada. He later returned to Scotland where John, the American immigrant, was born.

"In 1895 or thereabouts, Emerson Venable visited my aunt Hannah Baird (Long) in Carlisle. I was eighteen and teaching in the village. I went back to Cincinnati with Emerson at that time and made a short visit, meeting all the Venable family except Hattie, who was married and living elsewhere. Later my brother Fred visited Russell. Fred entered West Point in 1901. He died July 14, 1937 in Columbus and is buried in Arlington Cemetery. My sister Bertha (Mrs. John Stevenson) died in 1916. I am living with my younger sister Edna (Mrs. Jesse McCord) here in Portland. Aunt Hannah Baird Long is now deceased. Her oldest daughter, Mrs. Grace Long Craig, lives in Dayton, Ohio. Russell visited my sister Bertha on their farm near Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1902, I think it was. We were quite fond of Russell, and both Edna and I send our kindest regards to him. I once called on Evelyn Venable Mohr in behalf of a Miss Mary Baird who lived in Los Angeles and was then in her nineties. My Aunt Hannah had asked me to look her up. She was a relative of W. H. Venable."

(The Mary Baird to whom Mrs. Irwin refers, if she was in her nineties in the 1930's, must have been the daughter of John Baird, and the spinster cousin of William Henry Venable, who was "Auntie Baird" to the Venable children at Diana during their childhood. — HBB)

"After becoming a widow, I went back to teaching, my last twenty-five years here in Portland. I retired in 1945, so you see I am quite elderly. My daughter Ruth lives in Long Beach, California, where I used to visit every summer.

"Edith Williams of Carlisle, who gave you my address, and I were classmates there. She is a very charming lady, and since my brother's death we have corresponded regularly. She is always bringing people together.

"I should love to hear from you again. I beg your pardon for being so wordy, but it is a Baird trait!"

In September 1954, Miss Riley wrote :

"Near the site of the graves of William Venable, John Q. Venable and Cynthia Venable in the Clear Creek cemetery is a stone inscribed 'Bedent Baird, died May 26, 1837' and another along side inscribed 'Sarah, wife of Bedent Baird, died April 10, 1858.' Bedent and Sarah Baird were the maternal grandparents of William Henry Venable. William Baird, Civil War veteran, is buried in the Lebanon cemetery, the date on the marker being March 26,

1899. He was a brother of Hannah Baird Venable. Our family knew him well. He was a bachelor and lived with the Lupton family. Mrs. Lupton was a Keever.

"Years ago, there was a Baird family who lived in Lytle, Ohio. One of the granddaughters lived in Springboro, but later moved to Chicago. Elizabeth Baird (Irwin) lived at Carlisle. I remember her quite well and was very fond of her"

VII The Vater — Palmer Family

Thomas Vater May 12, 1805—Sept. 5, 1852	m. Eleanor Palmer Dec. 21, 1804—June 16, 1896
1. Thomas John Vater Sept. 24, 1827—ca. 1917	m. (1) Name Unknown (2) Ann Brooks Dark Jan. 27, 1827—ca. 1912-1917
2. Eleanor Rachel Vater 1829, died in infancy	
3. Elizabeth Margaret Vater Sept. 30, 1830—Apr. 16, 1912	m. Elias Longley Aug. 29, 1823 —Jan. 12, 1899
4. Harriet Ann Vater June 9, 1836—Oct. 16, 1896	m. (1) James Moore (2) Leander Howard Crall April 14, 1835—1915
5. Mary Ann Palmer Vater Sept. 5, 1837—Oct. 26, 1921	m. William Henry Venable April 29, 1836—July 6, 1920
6. Eleanor Vater 1841, died in infancy	
7. William Edward Vater 1842, died in infancy	
8. Septimus Vater Aug. 20, 1845 — Sept. 11, 1923	m. Aramantha Charlotte Vawter Sept. 25, 1841—Feb. 26, 1938

The Vaters

John Vater, the first of the name of whom there is record, was of French and German extraction. His ancestors had been seated near Liverpool, England, for several generations. He was married twice, having two children by his first wife, whose name and ancestry is unknown. One of these children was Thomas Vater. The sex and name of the other is unknown. He had children also by his second wife, of whom nothing is known.

Thomas Vater

Thomas Vater, son of John Vater of Liverpool, was born on May 12, 1805, near Liverpool. His mother died at his birth, and his father later remarried. The boy was unable to live in harmony with his step-mother and at the age of twelve ran away from home. When he returned, he learned that his father had died, and his effects had been disposed of. Thomas managed to buy a gun that had belonged to his father, which he treasured as a keepsake all his life.

The young man learned the carpenter trade, becoming an expert sash-maker. While doing some work for Mr. Daniel Thomas Palmer of London, he

became acquainted with that gentleman's daughter, Eleanor Palmer, whom he married on April 3, 1826. Three of their children were born in London, Thomas John Vater on September 24, 1827, Eleanor Rachel Vater, who died shortly after birth in 1829, and Elizabeth Margaret Vater, on September 30, 1830.

Thomas Vater was an idealist, given to radical reform ideas. He became a member of a republican organization in London and assistant editor of its newspaper after the editor had been arrested for treason. His activities on this paper made necessary his flight from England which he accomplished in 1832, his ship leaving the wharf as the officers sent to arrest him came in sight.

After a voyage of six weeks, he landed in New York City. Finding business conditions there unsatisfactory, he went on to New Orleans where he prospered. Hearing no news of his wife, for whom he had sent while in New York, Thomas Vater returned thither in search of her passing her at sea, the two ships coming within sight of each other on their respective voyages. He returned at once to New Orleans where his wife and children, Thomas and Margaret, awaited him. While in New Orleans, the entire family had yellow fever.

Leaving the city, probably in 1835, where they had passed through so much sickness, the Vaters went up the Mississippi River to St. Louis and thence up the Illinois to Tazewell County, Illinois, where Thomas purchased a farm. Here, near Peoria, were born Harriet Ann Vater June 9, 1836, Mary Ann Palmer Vater, September 5, 1837, and two other children, both of whom died in infancy, Eleanor born in 1841, and William Edward born in 1842. A number of years were passed in this region, in farming, in keeping store, and a considerable period in operating a grist mill built by the head of the family. Thomas also practiced his trade of house-building in addition to his duties as a farmer, a storekeeper and a miller.

The interest in new ideas in government and in economic experiment which had caused Thomas Vater to come to America remained unabated. He still kept in touch with his old associates, and finally decided to join one of the many experimental settlements then being tried in Ohio. In 1844 he set out with his family for the Prairie Home Community near Liberty, Ohio, eight miles southwest of Dayton, which was organized according to the teachings of Robert Owen. This being a failure, he made two other attempts at communal living: at Clermont Phalanx a Fourier community about fourteen miles from Cincinnati, above New Richmond on the Ohio River, and at Utopia, also on the river just above the present site of Dam 34 at Chilo. All these settlements having failed Thomas joined no more.

Between these unfortunate ventures, the family stopped in Cincinnati where at last they settled, and established a store on Sixth Street. Septimus Vater, the last and youngest of the family, was born in Cincinnati on August 20, 1845. Thomas Vater, in addition to keeping the store also engaged in

house building.

In 1849, Thomas, leaving his family in Cincinnati, went to California settling at Sacramento where he was very successful until the great flood of the Sacramento River destroyed all his property. He returned to Cincinnati in 1851 and arranged to build a hotel on the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Panama, for the convenience of travelers to California from the East and Middle West. He took into partnership a man named Helwick. Much of the material for the hotel was assembled in Cincinnati, floated down the Mississippi River, and had then to be transported over-land across the Isthmus. While accompanying his materials across the Isthmus, Thomas Vater took sick and died on September 5, 1852. His partner, Helwick, stole the entire outfit, sold it, and decamped with the proceeds. Nothing further was ever known of him, nor did Thomas Vater's widow ever receive any word or any compensation from him.

A photograph of Thomas Vater, which might have been made when he was in his late thirties or early forties, shows a full face, strong jaw, and hair worn rather long. The eyes look out straightforwardly.

There is a story in the family concerning the death of Thomas Vater and the experience of his wife. One version was told to Henrietta Brady by her Grandmother Venable, daughter of Thomas and Eleanor Vater, in response to a request for "something to write a story about for the Woodward High School paper, the Oracle." Titled at Harriet Venable Brady's suggestion "Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of," it was published in 1915, as follows:

"My mother, Eleanor Palmer Vater, was an unimaginative, clear-minded woman who believed not at all in the supernatural. One night she was awakened from a sound sleep with a feeling that she was not alone in the room. She opened her eyes, and lay looking up into the face of her husband, Thomas, who was standing at the bedside. Astonished, for she believed him in Panama, she asked 'Thomas, is it really you? When did you return?' He made no reply but continued to gaze earnestly at her. She grew rather frightened and said 'Thomas, Thomas, why don't you speak?' Still he said nothing, but turned and passed into the room beyond where the children slept. She followed him, now fully awake and much disquieted. When she entered the adjoining room, he was not there.

"So sure was my mother that her husband had been in the room, that she roused my brother John, at that time twenty-five years old, and together they searched for him. But the key was turned in the lock, the windows bolted, and no trace of him could be found, indoors or out. Finally she came to the conclusion that she had had a very vivid dream.

"Two months later, a letter arrived from the United States Consul in Panama, stating that Thomas Vater had been stricken with a malignant fever on the Isthmus and had died at one o'clock in the morning on September 5, 1852. Inclosed with the letter was a daguerreotype of my mother in her wedding dress. My mother's dream had made such an impression on her that

she had never forgotten the date of its occurrence. As she read the contents of the letter, she realized that the date and hour of her husband's death was the date and hour of her own vision."

An account given by Bryant Venable differs in details:

"Thomas, reaching the gold fields, labored in the mountains. From time to time, returning Forty-Niners brought back letters informing Eleanor that he had `struck it rich.' With one of these letters came a nugget of virgin gold, about the size of a walnut, and a small bottle of gold dust. Eleanor Vater gave them to my mother, Mary Vater Venable, from whose hands they passed into mine." Concerning the psychic experience :

"Eleanor wrote down her experience, giving the date of her visitation, June 5, 1850. (This would seem to be in error, since the date of Thomas Vater's death, according to the statements of his children, was September 5, 1852. -- HBB) The letter from the Consul at Panama informed her that on the evening of June 5, Thomas Vater had come to his death at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown. Although Vater was reported to be possessed of a large amount of gold, no property was ever found."

Mayo Venable's version of the same experience is as follows:

"One night during the year 1852, Eleanor Palmer Vater heard her husband's voice calling `Eleanor! Eleanor!' She answered, arose and opened the door, but found nobody. Then she awoke her daughter Margaret, and asked if she had not heard her father calling. Margaret had heard nothing."

The Palmers

The first Palmer of whom there is record is Daniel Thomas Palmer, of London, England. His family, though long established in England, was of Swiss ancestry. Daniel Thomas Palmer married Christine Jatselke, a native of Stockholm, Sweden, "of gentle birth, high social rank, and considerable wealth." The Palmers had five children: Eleanor Palmer, who married Thomas Vater, Daniel, William, and Cecilia Palmer, of whom no records are available, and Charles Palmer.

Palmer — Chase

Charles Palmer came to America, probably after his sister Eleanor. His wife, Bryant Venable remembers, was named Mary Ann, and Bryant remembers his great uncle Charles as a "ruddy-faced Englishman, with a long white beard." For a time the Palmers lived in Walnut Hills, and Charles was a bookkeeper for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. They had one daughter, Marian, whom Mayo Venable remembers as a "beautiful and charming girl." She married Harry Chase, remembered by Mayo as "a small boy's ideal — always full of cheerfulness and fun," and for a time the Palmer and Chase families lived in California, Ohio, just below the present site of Coney Island. Here Bryant Venable spent a weekend when he was six or seven (1880). He remembers being put to bed in a cold, upstairs room, reached by stairs built

on the outside of the house, and that Harry Chase, Marian's husband, came in to start the fire in a small, pot-bellied stove named by the manufacturer "The Little Giant." Genially, he assured Bryant "Now we'll make the little giant red in the face," building up the fire until the stove glowed with heat.

Harry Chase later practiced medicine in Newport, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, and died in an epidemic of typhoid in 1897. Bryant was at his bedside.

Marian Palmer Chase and Harry Chase had two daughters, Mildred Chase and Ada Chase. After the death of the father, the widow and her daughters moved to California, settling in Los Angeles. Mildred Chase married a Dr. Cooke, and with him established a dietetics sanitarium which she still continues (1954), her husband having died. Ada Chase was for many years a teacher of art in the Los Angeles public schools. Bryant and Gertrude Venable visited both on their trip to California in 1949.

Eleanor Palmer Vater

Eleanor Palmer was born in London on December 31, 1804. Though educated less liberally than her brothers, Eleanor Palmer would not permit herself to fall behind in intelligence. She took a lively interest in public affairs, and like Thomas Vater, entertained radical ideas about government and economics. On April 3, 1826, she married Thomas Vater in London, and here three children, Thomas, Eleanor Rachel, who died in infancy, and Margaret were born.

When Thomas was forced to flee England in 1832, she was left with Thomas, nearly five, and Margaret, two, to follow him, alone and unprotected across the Atlantic, a then formidable voyage. Arriving in New York, she found she must continue the lonely voyage to New Orleans. The ship on which she sailed went ashore on one of the Florida keys, and when at last she reached her destination, she found that her uneasy husband had returned to New York in search of her.

Thus began her life of hardship and adventure, meeting almost daily with new problems, entirely foreign to her city training. An anecdote is told of how she labored to make a garden beside her house in Illinois, "like her neighbors," working up the virgin soil with a spade, not knowing that it had to be plowed.

Her husband's death in 1852 left her very near penniless, all the resources of the family having gone into the Panama hotel enterprise, but with characteristic courage, ability, and energy, she administered the affairs of her family, insuring to her children that education and culture which she regarded as their birthright.

In 1853, a year after Thomas's death, Eleanor Palmer Vater left Cincinnati with her young children, Thomas John, Mary Ann Palmer, and Septimus for Indianapolis, where the family lived for about ten years. Margaret and Harriet had married. She returned again to Cincinnati about

1864, after which she gave up housekeeping and lived with her children, all of them being then established in homes of their own. Her last years were spent at the home of her daughter, Harriet Vater Crall (Mrs. Leander Howard Crall) in New York City, where she died on June 16, 1896, at the age of ninety-two.

A portrait of Eleanor Palmer Vater hung for many years in the bed-room of her daughter, Mary Ann Palmer Vater Venable, at Diana. Evidently painted when she was comparatively young, the face was framed in a frilly lace cap. The Venable children all have photographic copies of the portrait, the original being left by Mary Vater Venable to her daughter, Una Venable Tuckerman. A later photograph, preserved by Harriet Venable Brady, pictures Eleanor Palmer Vater at perhaps seventy or more, somewhat stout, with her hair parted in the middle and drawn tightly down on both sides of a rather stern face.

Mayo Venable, son of Mary Ann Palmer Vater Venable, and grand-son of Eleanor Palmer Vater, recalls :

"Grandmother Vater was the only grandparent I ever saw. She must have been over seventy-two when I was old enough to remember her. She always had knitting in her hands, and she wore spectacles to see her work, and she used to push her spectacles down on the tip of her nose and look over them when she wished to see anything at a distance, for there were no bi-focals in those days. To me, that made her seem very severe, but I know now that she was trying to understand and not to judge me. Grandmother had a snuff box and occasionally took a pinch of snuff. This seemed very strange to me, for I never saw anyone else take snuff. Victoria of England was born while my grandmother was a girl in London, and Eleanor Palmer Vater, in spite of her republican beliefs, always cherished a fondness for the Princess, and later for the Queen."

Bryant Venable, also a *grandson* of Eleanor Palmer Vater, writes of her thus :

"I remember little of my Grandmother Vater, but I still think of her as my early childhood knew her, resolute, almost austere, but gentle and kind. She had been left a widow with a brood of little ones when Thomas Vater died on the Isthmus of Panama. The fortune he was supposed to have acquired during the Gold Rush Days disappeared with his partner, concerning whom no information was ever forthcoming. But Grandmother supported her children, with her needle, I believe. She even acquired some property. I remember as a very small boy being taken by her and my mother in a one-horse buggy to inspect two houses she owned on a hill in the Little Miami Valley in Cincinnati. One of these stood on a lot so near the brink of the cliff that its foundations were in danger of being undermined by the spring floods. She had it removed and erected on another lot some two hundred feet further from the river."

Vater — Palmer Descendants

Concerning the descendants of Thomas Vater and Eleanor Palmer Vater :
Vater — Dark

1. *Thomas John Vater* was born in London, England, on February 24, 1827. "Until about seventeen years old, without schooling or social intercourse, he struggled alone with his father for a stunted living. After the abandonment in 1844 of the mill and farm near Peoria, Thomas had improved opportunities, of which he made diligent use, devoting all his spare time from work, which he early learned, to music and English, accomplishing so much that in 1853 he was a frequent and sometimes regular contributor to the various city papers of Indianapolis, where the family had moved.

"Being employed for several years in the city schools, he became actively engaged in advancing their interests. He was twice elected a member of the House of Representatives of the Indiana legislature, serving two sessions with credit, and was, through his life, interested in any move to benefit the people and improve conditions.

"In 1842, at the age of fifteen, he was unfortunately married. After divorce, he married on December 25, 1856, Mrs. Ann Brooks Dark, a strong, conscientious and worthy woman with two children, Charles Edward Dark and Rose Ella Dark, considered and treated as joint children. Mrs. Ann Brooks Dark was born in Walnut Hills in Cincinnati on January 27, 1827. Her parents died when she was very young, and she was reared by a first class farmer, a prominent member of the Methodist Church, bringing her much into the company of the more cultured persons of the time. At the age of eighteen she left this home to learn the trade of dress-making. She became engaged to an Englishman, who proved unworthy. The engagement was cancelled, and she shortly after inconsiderately married John Dark, an Englishman, disappointed as she was in a former attachment. The Darks separated in 1852, having one child and another coming. She married in 1856 Thomas J. Vater, with whom she is living (1912), both being eighty-four and a half years old."

Bryant Venable remembers his Uncle Thomas Vater, and visited him in Indianapolis about 1917, when he was over ninety. His wife had died and his step-daughter, Rosa Ella Dark, was caring for her stepfather. Thomas John Vater must have died sometime after 1917. The exact date seems to be unobtainable, since contact with this branch of the Vater family has long been lost.

Mayo Venable also remembers his Uncle Thomas; he writes:

"I never saw any of Uncle Thomas's family except himself, but I remember him very well. He was a carpenter by trade, and he built a combination stable, barn, and laundry for my father when I was a small boy. (Bryant places the date at 1878.) He educated himself and contributed to the newspapers, taught for several years, and was twice elected to the Indiana Legislature."

Thomas John Vater and Ann Brooks Dark Vater had four children:

I. *Minora Josephine Vater*, the first child, was born in Indianapolis on February 8, 1858. "She went to the Indianapolis schools and attended the Normal School at Terre Haute, teaching thereafter in the Lafayette, Indiana, public schools for several years. In 1886, she married Charles Boicourt."

II. *Frank Freeheart Vater* was born December 24, 1859, at Indianapolis, Indiana. "He received public school advantages, but while a young man entered the employ of the Atlas Engine Works. He engaged in business in Minneapolis, later moving to Chicago, where after years of perseverance, he succeeded in organizing and establishing the Power Plant Specialty Company. He was married on October 13, 1886, at Greenville, Ohio, to Ella M. Shade and had three children, Carl Vater, born in 1888, who died in infancy; Margaret Vater, born in 1892 ; and Donald Freehart Vater, born in 1901." Their grandfather, Thomas J. Vater, notes that the two living children are (1912) "bright, and vigorous, leading in their school work."

III. *Leola Belle Vater* was born in Indianapolis on January 12, 1863. "She had a common school education, including high school and normal school, and successfully taught in the grades before her marriage to Edwin Hill on June 29, 1887. To this union were born two children, Harold Hill and Frances Hill."

IV. *Harry Hopewell Vater* was born in Indianapolis on April 7, 1886. "He had a common school education and served in the office of the Atlas Engine Works, and in the insurance office of his half-brother, Charles Dark. He engaged in business in Chicago for a time, after which he went to Mexico in the employ of the owners of a rubber plantation. This enterprise failing to compensate him properly for his services, he entered the employ of the Guggenheim Smelting Company. In 1911, he was residing in Mexico City. He was married in New York City in 1904 to Marie Kiser of France. There are no children."

2. *Eleanor Rachel Vater*, a daughter, born in London in 1829, died there in infancy.

Vater — Longley

3. *Elizabeth Margaret Vater* was born on September 30, 1830, in London, England. "Margaret inherited the hatred of injustice possessed by her parents, and much of her life was spent in efforts to better the condition of the masses. Her education was necessarily very limited. She attended school for probably two years.

"Margaret Vater married (probably about 1846) Elias Longley, who was born August 29, 1823, at Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, the son of the Rev. Abner Hixon Longley by his first wife, Mary Stevenson.

"When the first Woman's Suffrage Society was organized in Cincinnati, Margaret became a member and took an active part in propaganda work. In

speaking of her public work, she said 'While I had previously written some for publication, had it not been for my husband, who I felt over-estimated my ability, I should never have attempted to speak in public.' She was also actively interested in prohibition and similar movements, which she regarded as beneficial to the moral or economic welfare of the people."

In the early 1880's the Longleys opened a school of phonography (shorthand) in Cincinnati, based on a system invented by Elias Longley. Margaret was an expert, both at shorthand and at typing. (Mayo Venable mentions attending this school in the summer of 1883 or 1884.)

"In 1885 the Longleys moved to California. Mrs. Longley attended the first People's Party Convention in Los Angeles, and being on the Platform Committee, proposed the Woman's Suffrage plank, which was adopted by the Convention, and which she lived to see become law in her state years afterward.

"Mrs. Longley went with her husband as delegate to the State People's Party Convention in Sacramento, California, and while she was absent serving on a committee, she was elected Vice President. This position she accepted reluctantly, performing her duties with credit. Some years later she identified herself with the Socialist Party in California, became an ardent propagandist, and achieved prominence in that organization." She died on April 16, 1912, at South Pasadena, California, at the age of eighty-three. Her husband had predeceased her, dying on January 12, 1899, at seventy-six.

There is a photograph of Margaret Vater Langley, seated, with voluminous skirts, wearing a cape, a bonnet tied under her chin with a large bow, and a muff hiding her hands. She looks about forty or forty-five years old.

Margaret Vater Longley and Elias Longley had four children.

I. *Consuelo Phonetta Longley*, the first child, was born in Cincinnati on February 21, 1848. "She was a delicate child, with a tendency to consumption, inherited from her father. In an effort to arrest the disease, the Longleys moved to California in 1885. Consuelo married Robert N. Bulla, with whom she lived until her death in the late 1880's. Having no children, they adopted a baby girl, whom they named Daisy Bulla. Consuelo's going was a great loss to her mother, who still (1912) cannot be reconciled." Mayo Venable remembers Consuelo as "very wonderful and lovely" in the days when the Longleys lived near the Venables in Cincinnati. After the death of his wife, Consuelo, Robert N. Bulla was married a second time to Eva Sutton.

II. *Eleanor Longley* was born about 1852 and died in infancy.

III. *Leo Longley*, the third child, was born on May 21, 1859, at Ludlow, Kentucky. "He attended Chickering Institute and later the common schools of Cincinnati, the family having moved from Ludlow to the city. When he was fifteen years old, he went through the American Manual of Phonography. This being before Elias Longley's advanced books were completed, Leo then studied the Graham System. In 1878 he attended the Normal School at Lebanon, Ohio,

where he completed his schooling, and as soon as competent began reporting in shorthand. On May 26, 1880, he married Miss Ada Jackson. The Leo Longleys had no children of their own, and adopted a daughter whom they named Myra Longley. For some time Leo was an official reporter in the Cincinnati Law Courts, until he decided to follow his father, brother and sister to California. For a time he reported for himself, but soon entered the Los Angeles Courts as an official stenographer. Unlike his parents and grandparents, he was never much interested in political affairs."

IV. *Frank Howard Longley*, the fourth child, was born in Loveland, Ohio, on July 15, 1868. "When he was old enough, he entered the public schools of Cincinnati. When Howard was fourteen, his father's illness made it necessary for him to leave school. With but little assistance, he went through the American Manual of Phonography. He then entered upon a reporter's profession, and in his spare time perfected himself by studying his father's more advanced books. He followed his profession in Cincinnati until failing health made it necessary for him to go to California. He engaged there in reporting, and after a time became one of the official reporters in the Los Angeles Courts. He died on March 5, 1899, unmarried."

Vater — Crall

Harriet Ann Vater (Moore) June 9, 1836 — Oct. 16, 1896	m. Leander Howard Crall April 14, 1835 — 1915
I. Howard Elmer Crall July 18, 1867—Jan. 1923	
II. Walter Egbert Crall Mar. 29, 1872 —June 26, 1872	
III. Hattie Mabel Crall Oct. 14, 1874 —Jan. 10, 1938	m. Frederic West MacDonald Nov. 14, 1870 — Oct. 28, 1948
1. Donald MacDonald Jan. 31, 1908 —	m. Pauline Guye April 7, 1906
a. Jean Lalene MacDonald Sept. 14, 1938 —	
b. Gordon Crall MacDonald Dec. 2, 1939 —	
2. Howard Graeme MacDonald Sept. 23, 1909 —	m. Frances Townsend Jan. 10, 1908—
a. Marcia MacDonald Sept. 27, 1932 —	
b. Stuart Graeme MacDonald Dec. 14, 1934 —	
c. Wendy MacDonald May 30, 1941 —	

4. *Harriet Ann Vater*, the fourth child and second daughter of Thomas Vater and Eleanor Palmer Vater, was born on June 9, 1836, on a farm near Peoria in Tazewell County, Illinois, the first Vater child to be born an American citizen. The events of her early life are related in the account of her parents. She was eight years old when in 1844 the family set out from Peoria, then a settlement of twelve houses, travelling by prairie schooner through the virgin forests and unbroken prairies to the Liberty, Ohio, Prairie Home Community. Life at Clermont Phalanx, Utopia, and Cincinnati followed, and shortly after her father's death in 1852, at seventeen, she married James Moore of Cincinnati. Their one child died in infancy.

Some four years later, the Moores removed to Davenport, Iowa, whither his parents had preceded them. Here Moore died, and Harriet Ann, a widow at twenty-two, returned to Indianapolis where her mother was living with the three younger children. Harriet became a teacher in the State Institute for the Blind in Indianapolis. While the Crall Genealogy makes no mention of it, it is possible that she and her future husband, Leander Howard Crall, met at the Lebanon Normal School in Ohio, where her sister *Mary Ann* Palmer Vater and her future husband, William Henry Venable, also met. On May 23, 1864,

Harriet Ann Vater (Moore) and Leander Howard Crall were married at the Cincinnati home of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Venable.

Leander Howard Crall, son of the Reverend David Crall and Mary Haff Crall, was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on April 14, 1835. His boyhood was spent in Westminster, Ohio, and in Indiana. He was in the United States Treasury Department under Salmon P. Chase from 1861 to 1864. Returning to Cincinnati, he was one of a group of men (another being his brother-in-law, Elias Longley, husband of Margaret Vater Longley) who established the *Cincinnati Daily Chronicle*, which news-paper later absorbed the *Cincinnati Times*. Leander Howard Crall may be said to have originated the newspaper special representative business. In 1895 his business was incorporated with himself as president. In the early Eighties, Mr. Crall became interested in genealogy, and in 1908, *The Ancestry of Leander Howard Crall*, compiled by Frank Allanben, was published by the Grafton Press of New York. The handsomely bound volume, illustrated with photographs and coats of arms in colors, contains a series of monographs of the Crall ancestral families — English, Dutch, and German. Mr. Crall's grandsons, Donald MacDonald and Howard Graeme MacDonald, both have copies of the book.

Sometime after their marriage, the Cralls purchased and built on a lot of the old Longworth vineyards on Tusculum Hill, Cincinnati, not far from the home of the William Henry Venable's, built in 1875. Mr. Crall's business took him frequently to Washington and New York, and in 1873 the family made New York their permanent home. Harriet Venable Brady (named for her Aunt Harriet Crall) recalled visiting the Cralls when she was quite a young girl, and they were living in a hotel. Mayo Venable in his memoir says : "My Aunt Hattie, as we called Harriet Ann Vater Crall, lived near us when I was a child, but only for a short time, for I was quite young when they moved to New York. However, we knew her husband and her children well, and were often their guests as well as their hosts." Mrs. Crall loved the Cincinnati property "Willow Wild," and it was not sold until after her death in 1896, her nephew Bryant Venable being entrusted with its maintenance and management.

In New York, Harriet Vater Crall took an active part in the missionary, charitable, and benevolent work of her church. She was a member of Sorosis, on the Board of St. Luke's Home for Aged Gentlewomen, a founder of the Harlem Philharmonic Society, the Harlem Y. M. C. A., and kindred organizations for the betterment of social conditions.

Eleanor Palmer Vater had returned from Indianapolis to Cincinnati about 1864. After the Cralls moved to New York, she made her home with them for many years, and it was Harriet's "greatest happiness to watch over her aged mother with untiring devotion." Harriet Ann Vater (Moore) Crall died in New York City on October 16, 1896, at the age of sixty-one, four months after the death of her mother.

After his wife's death, Mr. Crall made his home with his son and daughter, Howard Elmer Crall and Hattie Mabel Crall. After the marriage in 1900 of Mabel to Frederic West MacDonald, the Crall and MacDonald families continued to live together. In 1915, having survived his wife by nearly twenty years, Leander Howard Crall died in New York City at the age of eighty.

In *The Ancestry of Leander Howard Crall* is a photographic reproduction of a daguerreotype of Harriet Vater Crall, made in 1860, when she was twenty-four. The softly curling hair is loosely caught, and the eyes are like the eyes of her daughter Mabel. Another photograph, taken when she must have been in her fifties, shows her as a handsome, beautifully-gowned woman, with carefully dressed hair and a pleasant expression in the eyes and mouth. The frontispiece of *The Ancestry of Leander Howard Crall* is a striking photograph of Mr. Crall, in a Prince Albert coat, seated, white-haired and white-bearded.

Harriet Ann Vater (Moore) Crall and Leander Howard Crall had three children:

I. Howard Elmer Crall, the first child and first son, was born on July 18, 1867, in Washington, D. C. He was frequently in Cincinnati in his childhood and young manhood, and later on business of the L. H. Crall Company of which he was a Director and Treasurer of the Company. He was a graduate of Yale University, Class of 1890. Elmer's avocation for many years was his association with the famous New York National Guard Seventh Regiment. His cousin, Harriet Venable Brady, preserved a clipping from the *Cincinnati Times-Star* of January 1919:

"Howard Elmer Crall, for more than twenty-eight years identified with the activities of the New York Seventh Regiment, new and old, has been commissioned Colonel. He enlisted as a private in Company G, Seventh Infantry, New York Guard, on January 9, 1891, and made his way up from Lance Corporal to Lieutenant to Captain. He was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel on October 11, 1917. From 1917 to 1919, he served on the staff of Governor Whitman of New York. Mr. Crall was a member of the Seventh Regiment Bisley Team in 1905 and 1906 when he broke the world's record as a marksman, and the Regimental Team won the international trophy from the Queen's Westminster Volunteer Regiment of England."

After the death of Leander Howard Crall in 1915, Elmer continued to make his home with his sister Mabel Crall MacDonald and her husband and children at 16 West 76th Street in New York, joining them in the summers at Loon Lake in the Adirondacks. With his partner, Robert Kenworthy, he also continued the business of the L. H. Crall Company until his death. He was a member of the Yale Club, the Army and Navy, the New York Athletic, and other clubs, and a vestryman of Holy Trinity Church. He never married.

Howard Elmer Crall died suddenly of a heart attack while on a Florida vacation in January 1923, at the age of fifty-six.

After her cousin's death, Harriet Venable Brady, nearest to him in age,

wrote "An Appreciation of Colonel Crall" which was published in the *Cincinnati Times-Star*:

"A man with that fine instinctive feeling that marks the gentleman and friend, endowed with a natural reserve of manner that gave him an unconscious power in shaping the thought and destiny of many whose privilege it was to know him — a power that comes only with that sense of justice that never in daily contact permitted the execution of the letter of the law at the expense of the spirit which permeated his every thought — his life was distinguished by unselfishness, a liberal giving of self, and the measure of his substance was so apportioned that it was not the traditional rule of ten percent, but share and share alike. A man of whom it might be said he lived that those about him might live."

There are several photographs of Elmer Crall in Harriet's album, — as a young man, and in later years. The last picture is of Elmer in his uniform as Colonel of the Seventh Regiment, and pictures a truly distinguished officer and gentleman.

II. *Walter Egbert Crall*, the second son and second child of Harriet Vater Crall and Leander Howard Crall, was born in Cincinnati at "Willow Wild" on March 29, 1872, and died on June 26, 1872.

III. *Hattie Mabel Crall*, the third child and only daughter of Harriet Vater Crall and Leander Howard Crall, was born on October 14, 1874, in New York City. She was educated at a private school in New York. As with her brother Elmer, the ties of kinship with her Cincinnati Venable cousins were always close. Mayo Venable, in speaking of Mabel, says "She was as dear to me as a sister." Nearest to her in age was Bryant Venable, and they were childhood playmates when the Cralls were in Cincinnati. Mabel was a bridesmaid to Gertrude Spellmire when Bryant and Gertrude were married in 1899, and she came out to Cincinnati on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary to attend the wedding of Bryant's daughter Elizabeth to Harold Liddle.

On December 11, 1900, Mabel married Frederic West MacDonald. Through his father, John MacDonald, Fred was descended from Colonel Lewis Walker MacDonald, who came to this country from Scotland in 1727, and was said to have served under Lord Jeffrey Amherst at Crown Point and Ft. Ticonderoga. His maternal ancestry is traced back to Benjamin West (1738-1820), the American painter who became President of England's Royal Academy.

Fred and Mabel MacDonald had a long and happy marriage of thirty-eight years. After Mabel's death in 1938, Fred married in May 1942 Lucy Hatch, a mutual friend of the MacDonalds. He died on October 28, 1948. Lucy Hatch MacDonald makes her home in New York City.

Mabel and Fred MacDonald maintained the family home at 16 West 76th Street until after the death of Elmer Crall in 1923. Thereafter, the MacDonalds bought an apartment at 72nd Street and Park Avenue. The

summer place at Loon Lake was not sold until the 1940's.

Like her mother, Mabel was actively interested in church and philanthropic work, and her workbasket of sewing for worthy charities was never far from her side. Holy Trinity Church in Harlem, of which the family had been members for years, was finally engulfed by Negro Harlem, and the family became members of the St. Bartholomew Church on Park Avenue.

Hattie Mabel Crall MacDonald died in New York City on January 10, 1938, at the age of sixty-four.

There is a photograph of Mabel as a bridesmaid to Gertrude Spellmire Venable in 1899, and a studio portrait of her in later years. She was a very pretty woman, gentle of voice and manner.

Hattie Mabel Crall MacDonald and Frederic West MacDonald had two children:

1. *Donald MacDonald*, the first child and first son of Mabel Crall MacDonald and Frederic West MacDonald, was born in New York City on January 31, 1908. His elementary education was at the Browning School in New York and his college preparatory training was at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut. He matriculated at Yale University and was graduated with a B. A. in the class of 1929. He continued to Yale Law School, getting his law degree in 1932. He was admitted to the New York Bar in 1933

On June 15, 1932, at St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, Donald was married to Pauline Guye, the daughter of Clara Louise Scheyer Guye and Charles Henry Guye. Mrs. Guye's maternal grandparents, named Heren, came to the region of Akron, Ohio, from Alsace, near the German border. Mr. Guye's father had been the Swiss Consul in St. Louis, Missouri, appointed during the Lincoln administration, and Mr. Guye was born in St. Louis. He returned with his family to Neuchatel as a child, and came back to New York City at about the age of twenty. Pauline, born in New York City on April 7, 1906, was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guye. Her sister Charlotte, born in 1899, who married Lamotte Cohu, died during the influenza epidemic in 1920.

Donald MacDonald entered the Air Corps as a private in May following Pearl Harbor, and was discharged in the fall of 1946 with the rank of Captain. He spent the entire period of active war either attending or teaching at various Army schools as an Intelligence Officer, finally being transferred to Military Government. He then attended the Japanese Language School at Harvard, and was eventually assigned to Korea, where he spent ten months. He was first a Legal Officer in the Korean capital of Seoul, and later Legal Officer and Enemy Alien Property Custodian in the southwest and central provinces.

In the summer of 1954, in quest of Vater - Crall - MacDonald information, Henrietta Brady Brown wrote to Donald, whom she had last seen shortly before his marriage, at which time she had also met, and was charmed with, Polly. A brisk correspondence has ensued. In reply to her letter, Don wrote: "I had thought merely to fill out your questionnaire and return it with

a 'so nice to hear from you again' note, but I find this procedure completely inadequate. *The Genealogy of Leander Howard Crall* needs more comment than I could give it in a quick P. S. It is full of Venable - Vater information and some VV photographs. As to its Crall information, I seem to sense a lack of proof at the time of crossing the ocean, and therefore wonder if the European stuff is really tied in or involves a fair amount of wishful thinking. I'll send you my copy. Please return.

"We have a trunkful of old photos and tintypes, locally known as the 'rogue's gallery,' which includes unknown gents with beards. I can send you, too, the MacDonald family tree, collected by my grandfather, John MacD., and something on both Grae's wife and mine.

"Did Emerson (Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh) mention to you his fascinating idea of an outline of U. S. history from the biographies of relatives participating therein, with only just enough general historical material to tie it together?"

"Give my best to various other cousins I wot not of!"

In the course of the summer, Don was as good as his word. He went through what he describes as his "10 by 12 inch attic" and sent to Henrietta the material on which these Vater - Crall - MacDonald sketches are based. The "bearded gents" were by-passed by Henrietta, who had plenty of that ilk to worry about in the photograph album kept by her mother, Harriet.

Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh has probably seen Donald MacDonald more recently than any other of the Venable cousins. He writes: "Don is a delightful fellow. I visited him on two occasions, at his home and at his office. He is right about much of the across the water material being far from the issue, but there is good source material in the Crall Genealogy."

Donald MacDonald and Pauline Guye MacDonald have two children, both born in New York City: Jean Lalene MacDonald on September 14, 1938, and Gordon Crall MacDonald on December 2, 1939. Jean is at present (1954) attending Dana Hall Preparatory School, and Gordon is at Hotchkiss. The Donald MacDonald family make their home at 1095 Park Avenue, and Donald's law office is at 40 Wall Street.

2. *Howard Graeme MacDonald*, the second child and second son of Mabel Crall MacDonald and Frederic West MacDonald, was born in New York City on September 23, 1909. He was educated in private schools in New York, at Hotchkiss School in Connecticut, and at Lehigh University.

On December 8, 1930, he married Frances Townsend, born in New York City on January 10, 1908. She is the daughter of Frances Simpson Townsend and Edward Perry Townsend, retired Vice President of the Chase Bank. After their marriage, Grae and Fran lived in New York City and in the suburban town of Rye. Their three children were born in New York City: Marcia MacDonald on September 27, 1932, Stuart Graeme MacDonald on December 14, 1934, and Wendy MacDonald on May 20, 1941. Marcia has just been

graduated (June 1954) from Cornell University, Phi Beta Kappa, Stuart attends Cornell, and Wendy, as her Uncle Donald writes, is "still at the little red school house."

Graeme MacDonald entered the Air Corps as a Lieutenant in June following Pearl Harbor, and was discharged in the fall of 1945 with the rank of Major. He served as Interceptor Control Officer across most of Africa, in Corsica, and finally in Florence. His brother writes: "He was decorated for his work in this field, being the most efficient control officer of the American forces in the Mediterranean area."

The Graeme MacDonald family now make their home in Weston, Vermont. In response to an inquiry concerning his present activities, Graeme writes: "I might be described as a manufacturer of plastic giftware." His offices are in South Londonderry, Vermont, a short distance from Weston.

Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh has had comparatively recent contact with Graeme. He writes: "I visited Grae in Vermont and did some work for him on a plastic problem. Grae lent me the Crall Genealogy. Some day I want to cross check it for Pennsylvania, Long Island, and New York connections of Regis' family and the Tuckerman family. You may find entries which may have some bearing on the Bradys and their early Pennsylvania connections. Grae and Frances are charming people and the family is beautifully situated in Vermont."

Vater — Venable

5. *Mary Ann Palmer Vater*, the fourth daughter and fifth child, was born in Tazewell County, near Peoria, Illinois, on September 5, 1837. A full account of her life will be found in the sketch of the Venable - Vater family.

6. *Eleanor Vater*, the fifth daughter, was born near Peoria, Illinois, in 1841. She died in infancy.

7. *William Edward Vater*, the second son, was born near Peoria, Illinois, in 1842. He died in infancy.

Vater — Vawter

8. *Septimus Vater*, the third son and eighth and last child, was born in Cincinnati on August 20, 1845. "While still a child, he found himself thrust into a struggle for a living. He may be said to have begun his career as a wage earner when his father died in 1852, Septimus being then seven years old. With the family, he removed to Indianapolis in 1853, and after his eighteenth year, he was entirely self-supporting. He attended the public common and high schools in Indianapolis as regularly as his finances would permit until 1865, when a court decision (Jenner Case) closed the public schools. Thenceforth, except for one short term, he went to school no more, attaining his further education at home and at business. He was employed for a time as a clerk in Perrine's Book Store in Indianapolis, after which he became an apprentice and mastered the printer's trade, working for the *Daily Sentinel*.

Later, he learned the art of telegraphy while employed as a bookkeeper for the Western Union Company in Indianapolis.

"In 1863, Mr. Vater returned to Indianapolis from Cincinnati and was employed by the *Daily Times*. The following year he moved to Lafayette, Indiana, to accept a position on the *Daily Courier* of that city, and the family has since lived in Lafayette. As part owner of the *Daily Journal*, of which he became half owner on January 1, 1869, and later as owner of the *Call* which he changed from a morning paper to an evening paper, Mr. Vater became well known for his exceptional abilities in the news-paper business. Having established and disposed of both papers, he with-drew from journalism in 1896.

"In 1898, Mr. Vater became assistant cashier and director of the Perrine National Bank, and later secretary of the Indiana Trust Com^pany. On the consolidation of the Trust Company with the Lafayette Loan and Trust, he became treasurer of the latter company. In 1909, he resigned as treasurer to engage in similar business on his own account.

"On October 16, 1866, Septimus Vater married Aramantha Charlotte Vawter, the daughter of Williamson Dunn Vawter and Mary Crowder Vawter. She was born in Vernon, Indiana, on September 25, 1841. She received a good education at the Vernon Academy and at Oxford College in Oxford, Ohio. At different times she taught school in Indiana. She was a member of a number of organizations in Lafayette in which she occupied important offices. Septimus and Aramantha Vater, with their family, were active members of the First Presbyterian Church in Lafayette."

After the death of Septimus Vater on September 11, 1923, his widow and her daughter Agnes Eugenie Vater removed to California from Lafayette, establishing themselves in Santa Monica. They returned East for a visit in the late Twenties or early Thirties. At that time "Aunt Mattie" was an old lady, but a vigorous one, and determined to see and do all there was to see and do. Armantha Vawter Vater died in Santa Monica on February 26, 1938, in her ninety-seventh year.

Harriet Venable Brady preserved a reproduced photograph of her Uncle "Sep." The face is in profile, with a trimly cut moustache and white hair. Under the photograph is a bold signature in large letters "S. Vater." There is also a photograph of Aunt Mattie as a young matron, wearing an elaborate passementerie-embroidered dress with huge; puffed sleeves, with her hair in a Psyche knot on the top of her head. A photograph made in California in 1934 was taken on her ninety-third' birthday, and several later snapshots show her as an old, old lady.

Septimus Vater and Aramantha Vawter Vater had three children:

I. *A child*, date and sex unknown, died in infancy.

II. *Williamson Dunn Vater* was born on May 17, 1868, at Lafayette, Indiana. He was graduated from Lafayette grade school, Purdue University,

and Princeton Theological Seminary, in addition to studying privately. For a year or two he was associated with his father on the *Evening Call*. Ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1899, he held several; pastoral posts, in 1912 being the pastor of the North Covenant Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. "Rev. Mr. Vater has always been successful in his work, harmonizing and uniting whatever discordant elements he found." On November 29, 1898, he married at Logansport, Indiana, Grace Ann Barker, born in 1873. She died childless and he married in 1908 in St. Louis Elizabeth Brey, born in 1883. Williamson Dunn Vater died in the late Twenties. His widow Elizabeth Brey Vater survives (1954).

III. *Agnes Eugenie Vater* was born in Lafayette, Indiana, on **June; 27**, 1872. She was educated in the common schools of Lafayette and at Purdue University. She lived in Lafayette all her younger life, except for a period of two years which she spent in Attica, Indiana, with her brother, and several extended visits to California. A large part of the year 1900 was spent travelling with her parents in Europe and Asia Minor, writing for the *Evening Call*. She was interested (1912) in literary and educational matters.

After 1912, "Genie" Vater was for some years librarian at the Purdue University Library. She removed with her mother after her father's death to Santa Monica, California, and for the rest of her mother's life attended her with care and devotion.

After her mother's death in 1938, Genie made a trip East in the summer of 1941, visiting the Cincinnati Vater - Venable relatives. Returning to Santa Monica, she lived there until her death on December 24, 1951, after a long and incapacitating illness. Her brother Will had died many years before. In her will, she directed that the residue of her estate, after pro-vision for specific gifts, be divided between the Venable cousins who survived her. Mary and Harriet had died. Mayo, Bryant, Emerson, Una and Russell shared the bequest.

Information on the antecedents and lives of Thomas Vater and Eleanor Palmer Vater is from statements of their children Thomas John Vater, Margaret Vater Longley, and Mary Vater Venable, transcribed in *Genealogy Notes*, and from further facts in *The Ancestry of Leander Howard Crall*.

Information on the Vater - Dark Family is from a manuscript written by Thomas John Vater and transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*.

Information on the Vater - Longley Family is from a manuscript prepared by Margaret Vater Longley before her death in 1912 and transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*. So far as is known, there are no living descendants of Margaret Vater Longley and Elias Longley.

Information on the Vater - Crall Family and the Crall - MacDonald Family is from *The Ancestry of Leander Howard Crall*, supplemented by additional facts from Donald MacDonald, from memoirs of the Venable family, and from personal recollections of H. B. B. Donald MacDonald has

been most generous in assisting in the preparation of the sketch on the MacDonald - Guye Family, as was Graeme MacDonald with that of the MacDonald - Townsend Family.

Information on the Vater - Vawter Family up to 1912 is from a letter quoting Septimus Vater written by A. Eugenie Vater and transcribed in *Genealogical Notes*. Later Vater - Vawter information is from members of the Venable family and from personal recollections of H. B. B.

VIII
THE VENABLE — VATER FAMILY

William Henry Venable April 29, 1836 — July 6, 1920	m. Mary Ann Palmer Vater Sept. 5, 1837 — October 26, 1921
1. Mary Venable May 18, 1866 — May 31, 1926	
2. Harriet Venable July 24, 1868 — May 26, 1951	m. Mifflin Brodhead Brady July 26, 1868 — Dec. 8, 1940
3. William Mayo Venable Feb. 14, 1871 —	m. Jessie Genevieve Tuckerman Dec. 25, 1869 — Feb. 12, 1915
4. Bryant Venable July 7, 1873 —	m. Gertrude May Spellmire May 19, 1874 —
5. Emerson Venable Dec. 22, 1875—	m. Dolores Cameron Nov. 29, 1889 — March 13, 1930
6. Una Venable Sept. 14, 1877 —	m. Louis Bryant Tuckerman Sept. 6, 1879 —
7. Russell Vernon Venable Aug. 9, 1880 —	m. Florence Moore
8. Victor Hinkle Venable March 15, 1882 — June 6, 1883	

William Henry Venable

William Henry Venable, fourth child of William Venable and his wife Hannah Baird Venable, was born a few miles from Waynesville, Warren County, Ohio, on April 29, 1836. Describing his birthplace years later in *A Buckeye Boyhood*, published in 1911, he wrote:

"(I) was born within the walls of a veritable log-house, the timbers of which (my) father, assisted by accommodating neighbors, had hewn from straight trees felled in the near forest, and had raised to their place in the rude structure with hand-spike and steadying shoulder.

"Dimly pictured in the light of fading recollection is that rustic dwelling, a structure so simple, so sylvan, and so directly appropriated from nature, that it might well have been described in the phrase of Emerson, as 'a quotation from the forest.' Through its narrow windows could be seen on every side the surrounding woods mysteriously beautiful and solemn. A mile or two eastward of the cleared and cultivated acres near the dwelling, the prolific land, thickly overgrown with towering trees and luxuriant undershrubs, sloped steeply down to a pleasant river, the Little Miami, murmuring sleepily along its flat shore whereon mud-turtles sunned themselves in hot weather, and where the patient sand-hill crane used to stand motionless on his long stilt-legs, watching for unwary minnows swimming in the pebbly shallows.

"Within a few paces of the doorway there lay an open field of grass

billowing to the summer breeze like a miniature green sea. To wade out into this fragrant deep of verdure far enough to reach a tempting shoal where grew on slender stalks a prize of pendulous meadow lilies of deep orange color with dark purple spots inside, was an adventure no less daring than delightful to the five-year old lad who received his first impressions of life and nature in and near the sequestered cottage which was the home of his early childhood."

William Henry's father, William, was a great admirer of William Henry Harrison, and he had decreed in advance that the expected child, if a boy, should be named for the hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe. When the boy was four, he was taken to hear an electioneering "stump-speech" delivered by General Harrison at Lebanon, Ohio. After the speech, the amiable nominee patted his small namesake on the head, and, tradition says, presented him with a Tippecanoe medal, on one side of which was the portrait of Harrison, and on the other the semblance of a Buckeye log cabin. Young William's early nickname was "Tip."

In 1842, when William Henry was six, on a "cold and gusty November day, the family removed to another residence situated on a newly purchased tract lying a few miles farther West." (This was Ridgeville, Ohio, a hamlet about seven miles north of Lebanon, Ohio, within a short distance of what was, with the coming of the Little Miami Railroad, "Venable Station.") "Two or three wagons were sufficient to convey the farm implements and household goods, and one of the vehicles afforded cramped space on top of its other lading for Tip's mother, his two sisters (Newell and Cynthia) and himself to snuggle between a rolled up feather bed and a bundle of blankets and pillows." After staying over-night at their Baird grandmother's, in her "spacious, typical log-mansion of the early period when Ohio was not yet out of the backwoods," the family reached their new home.

The following description is from *A Buckeye Boyhood* slightly paraphrased for brevity:

The new home consisted of two main compartments on the ground floor, one used as a general sitting room for the family and as a sleeping room for the parents and their daughters, Newell and little Cynthia; while the other served as kitchen. Above, in the spacious but low garret, John (the eldest son) and Tip had their quarters. Doors at the front and at the rear and a few small windows let in the sunlight. This scanty accommodation sufficed the family for two or three years, and then an addition was built, more than doubling the original size of the structure. Not far from the back door was an outdoor bake-oven, under a low wooden shed, nearby was the ash-hopper for leaching ashes preparatory to soap-making. Further on was a miniature brick building with a tight-fitting oaken doors but no windows, only an aperture near the top of its rear wall. On one of its sides an expert arrangement of black bricks set into the red wall made the initials "H.P.," for the place had been purchased from old Hurten Proud. This was the smoke house, and here the gammons and

shoulders of pork were hung to cure by smoke from a smouldering fire of hickory sticks and corn cobs. Elsewhere on the place was a barn, built by his father (William) of a more modern type than the inadequate shelter of the original houses of the settlement, and near it the hen roost, and the sheep fold, and the pens where the swine were fed corn on the cob, or summoned, grunting, to the slop trough, and the sties where were segregated the old sows and their squealing piglets.

Near the dwelling house was a garden plot for vegetables and flowers, which under the loving care of his mother and sisters was rapidly stocked with decorative trees and shrubs, — snowball, lilac, burning bush while over the porch climbing roses, "The Seven Sisters" and "The Baltimore Belle," grew so luxuriantly that in later years the homestead came to be known as "Rose Cottage."

North of the house and garden plot was a young orchard, planted with a variety of fruit trees, — apple, cherry, and peach — purchased from the Shaker community at Union Village, near Lebanon. The apple trees supplied cider and apple butter and a maple grove contributed maple sugar. A spring-fed brook wandered through the farm from west to east, passing within a hundred feet of the front door, then past Throckmorton's stone spring-house, across the Minktown Road, through the "Big Woods" where it joined Newman's Run, finally several miles further, flowing into the Little Miami River.

Family life in the house gathered around the two fireplaces, that in the kitchen and that in the front room. For several years, boiling, frying, and baking were done on the glowing coals of the hearth, or in pots and kettles suspended on pothooks from the swinging crane. The advent of a cast iron cooking stove after several years from a foundry in Dayton caused quite a stir and its installation was witnessed by congratulating neighbors. The deep wide fireplace in the sitting room had a broad hearth of smooth-surfaced flagstones on a bed of sand. In the wall at the right of the chimney was a square niche called the "stockhole," a familiar though now forgotten feature of many a rural home, which served as a receptacle for any small article in frequent demand, — a spool, a ball of yarn, a thimble, a candle snuffer, or a bottle of ink. Just below the stockhole hung a turkey wing with which to brush ashes from the hearth, and opposite was a homemade broom. For lighting the fire a tinder-box, with its flint and steel, was sometimes used, though Lucifer matches were just coming into common use and could be purchased at the little store for twenty-five cents a hundred. Candles were in general use, made at home, but there were also brown earthenware lamps for light. (Bryant mentions in his reminiscences that one was for many years on the mantelpiece at Diana. — HBB)

Tip, born in the country, grew into the habitudes of those around him, learning

"To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow,

And be a farmer boy."

Like most lads, he inherited the obligation (more or less shirked as a matter of self-preservation) to do innumerable chores, — weed the garden, gather the eggs, bring in firewood, gather sheaves, stow hay in the mow, drive the cows home from pasture, and assist in a hundred minor tasks demanded by the exacting economics of the farm. As he grew older, he gradually worked upward to the rank of "half-hand," sharing in the set and regular tasks of adults. Harvest time meant taking the cereal grains to Hinchman's Mill, near Oregonia, not far from Fort Ancient, where it was ground or exchanged for a proportional return of flour or meal, which the housewife transmuted into loaves, corn pone, Indian pudding, and buckwheat cakes.

He assisted at the butchering of hogs, albeit a little unhappy at what seemed to him merciless slaughter, but distressing as were the revolting details, it did not deter him from partaking of a delicate spare-rib or a well-seasoned tenderloin. He went along with his father, his brother John, and his Uncle Joe (Baird) while the flock of sheep were led to Clear Creek, there to have their fleece washed before being sheared. He was often sent to the village smithy to have a horse shod, or a plowshare sharpened, and doubtless he went on errands to the village store, where was kept on hand a large stock of those articles most needed by the average family: hats and caps, boots and shoes, hardware and queens-ware, groceries and notions. Sugar and tea, needles and calico, were paid for in butter at ten cents a pound and eggs at six cents a dozen, or in other salable commodities brought directly from the farm.

But chores did not absorb all of Tip's time, there was much to do for a young boy in southwestern Ohio in the 1840's, — hunting, for instance. Small game still abounded ; wild geese, turkeys, and ducks were not uncommon; the red fox was frequently seen, and opossums, polecats, minks and weasels were so numerous that hen roosts had to be warily protected. There was raccoon hunting by night, and Tip and his older brother John trudged all day through the Big Woods, hunting squirrel and rabbits, and unconsciously schooling themselves in woodcraft. From John, his senior by seven years, Tip learned much of nature lore, seeking out the wild flowers : spring beauties, anemones, violets, adder tongue, columbine, colombo, hoarhound, Solomon's Seal, Indian turnip, boneset; and wild fruits : grape and gooseberries, haws black and red, and best of all, Mayberry trees bearing delicate fruit; and in the fall there were hickory nuts and walnuts and butternuts to be gathered.

The Little Miami Railroad was built through to Xenia from Cincinnati in 1845, and when it was announced that a through passenger train would make its trial run, the whole family went to the station at Corwin to see the "Iron Horse," or as many country people called it, the "Bullgine." Tip was a lad of nine, and his sensations as the Bullgine came shrieking and puffing along the track to the station were made up of astonishment, admiration, and a touch of fear. He was sorry the passing show was so brief, and he went home practicing

vocally the art of imitating the ch', ch', ch' of the steam escape and the yell of the locomotive whistle.

Then there were games with other children, enjoyed out of doors on the playgrounds of the school and the town: "More in the Saw Mill," "Shinny on your Own Side," "Three Corner Cat," and "Town Ball," the last a simple form of what has developed into the national game of base-ball. In the winter time there were snowball fights, and the Mexican War was the inspiration for drilling and war games. Indoors, "by early candle light," there were less strenuous amusements, the most frequent of which was the Spelling Match. Next in popularity was a semi-literary entertainment called the "School Exhibition," the participants in which delighted their parents and friends by declaiming "pieces," reading "compositions" and dramatic scenes. Country Singing Schools were occasionally organized in the Ridgeville neighborhood, holding evening sessions in winter at the homes of the more enthusiastic members. Certain vocal groups, traveling from village to village, sometimes gave choral concerts, the only music heard other than the hymn singing of the church. The wandering elocutionist had early begun to practice his fascinating art, creating an interest in amateur theatricals. Among those who caught the dramatic fever was Tip's brother John, who, with Tip at rehearsals as audience, property man, and prompter, presented a scene from "Pizarro" before an audience in the Ridgeville school.

It was the habit of Tip's father to read aloud just after the supper dishes were cleared away until bed time in the sitting room where the family gathered around the hearth to hear the contents of some new or old favorite book. Never did Tip forget the December day when first the story of *Oliver Twist* came into the house, -- a volume bound in blue pasteboards, like a larger spelling book. The father opened the novel and sat down with the leisurely look of one beginning a holiday, the mother composed herself for knitting a long stocking, and the children quit their games. Books were early a part of the lives of all the children: little Hannah not yet "out three years old" possessed tattered classics: *Mother Goose*, *Timothy Dump*, and *Dame Wiggins of Lee*, while little Cynthia at seven or eight was able to read, with some disdain for its wishy-washiness, Mrs. Sigourney's *Pictorial Reader*, a book which was jealously treasured by the boy all his life as a memento of his dearest comrade, whose death in the summer of 1848 was an infinite loss and inconsolable grief to him.

The first book read by Tip of his free will happened to belong to his brother John and bore the comprehensive title *A Journal Comprising an Account of the Loss of the Brig, Commerce, upon the Western Coast of Africa, August 28, 1815, Also of the Slavery and Sufferings of the Author and part of the Crew, upon the Desert of Zahara, in the Years 1815, 1816, 1817; with an account of the Manners, Customs, and Habits of the Wandering Arabs. By Archibald Robbins!* Any book considered by the father fit to come into the house was suitable reading for who-ever had a craving for it. While no particular book was

withheld from, or forced upon, any of the children, some books of a prudential, moral, or religious quality were, if not prescribed, at least recommended by the mother. One of these was *The Immortal Mentor, or Man's Unerring Guide to a Healthy, Wealthy and Happy Life*, by the Reverend Mr. Weems, whose *Life of Washington* related for the first time the immortal tale of the cherry tree and the little hatchet. Another book, of lighter purpose, was often quoted by Tip's mother, who relished its pungent satire. This now forgotten English fiction was *Thinks-I-to-Myself: a Serio-Ludrico, Tragico-Comico Tale*. Among the text books brought by Tip's father over the mountains from his early home in New Jersey was *A Treatise on Surveying and Trigonometry*, published in 1815 by the Quaker Mathematician John Gummere of the West-town Boarding School, West-town, Pa.

Tip's own reading, and it was wide, had an appreciable influence on shaping his notion of things in general. In his dusky garret in the old farm house, from a large pine case, he pulled out, on a memorable rainy April day, Cowper's *Works*, and Thomson's *The Seasons*, and first made discovery of the sweet taste of poetry. Here, too, he read for the first time in his life a complete play of Shakespeare, — *The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice*, an experience which aroused in him a profound consciousness of the power that resides in great works of poetical genius, especially in Shakespeare.

Tip's first school, a two mile walk from the house, was a surviving specimen of pioneer architecture. It had no windows to speak of, its heavy deal door swung on strap hinges and was fastened by a padlock, the floor was of uneven puncheons and the scanty furniture was a few rude desks and rough benches. This was soon pulled down, and a new brick schoolhouse erected a quarter of a mile east of the village. The kit of educational tools in the 1840's included a slate and slate pencils, a Speller, a Reader, and an Arithmetic. The art of penmanship was stressed, and though steel pens were coming into fashion, they cost as much as twenty-five cents; therefore the classic goose-quill, its nib fashioned by a pocket knife, was used to write in the copybook made by stitching several sheets of foolscap between improvised covers of brown paper. Tip's teachers were many and of varied personality (he tells about them at length in *A Buckeye Boyhood*). For a brief period the poet Coates Kinney, only ten years his senior and later to become an intimate of W. H. Venable, had charge of the school, and under his kindly compulsion Tip committed to memory many passages from leading British and American authors. Always the young lad's formal education was supplemented and enriched by the cultural atmosphere and precepts of his own home.

At seventeen he taught at Sugar Grove, in a school house made entirely of logs. It had waxed paper for windows, desks were of rough boards, and benches logs split in two with pegs for legs. The stove was made of rocks and iron and the older boys had to cut wood in the forest to keep the fire burning in winter. (A section of the window frame is preserved in the Dolores Cameron

Venable Collection of the Ohio Historical and Archaeological Library in Columbus, Ohio. — HBB)

Having reached the limits of learning in the Ridgeville country school, William Henry Venable, eager for higher education, sought collegiate training at the South-Western State Normal School at Lebanon, Ohio, not far from Ridgeville, and here, as a student and a teacher for six years (1855-60), he acquired academic knowledge and began the historical investigations which later established his reputation as a foremost authority on the literary annals of the Ohio Valley. At the Normal School in Lebanon, too, he met the girl who was in 1861 to become his wife, Mary Ann Palmer Vater.

Though never a graduate of a college, William Henry Venable received honorary degrees from three institutions: from DePauw in 1864 an honorary Master of Arts Degree; from Ohio University at Athens in 1886 a Doctor of Laws; and from the University of Cincinnati in 1917 its highest award, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. He was an early and always active member of numerous educational and literary organizations, including the Literary Club of Cincinnati and the Authors' Club, London.

In the winter and spring of 1857-1858, accompanied by a friend and fellow student, William Henry Venable took a six month rambling trip through Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana by stagecoach, river steamer, horseback, train, and on foot. A record of this trip written for the *Ohio Archaeological Quarterly*, Vol. 11, No. 4, called "Down South Before the War" was also the subject of one of his most popular lectures before Teachers' Institutes. In the course of their travels the young men saw both sides of the institution of slavery, the master with his mansion and broad cotton fields, and the slaves whose unpaid labor supported the economic system. In Mississippi, visiting at the home of a wealthy planter, young Venable was asked by one of the Virginia-born slaves if he were related to "Judge Venable of Virginia, a mighty nice man." It is probable that the Virginia Judge Venable was a descendant of Abram Venable who landed in Kent County, Virginia, in 1682.

In New Orleans the young men enjoyed the delights of the southern metropolis, the theatre and French opera, the famous St. Charles Hotel, the Vieux Carré, and pursuing a steamboat acquaintance, were present at a slave auction. The inflamed condition of the public mind in regard to slavery made it somewhat dangerous for them to talk to colored people or let it be known that they were from the North. They were warned, both by blacks and whites, that young fellows strolling about, asking queer questions, were subjects of suspicion, and were shown by a Yankee schoolmaster about to take flight for his native New England, a tree from which, not long before, the masked Vigilance Committee had hanged four men suspected of being Abolitionists.

In May of 1858, returning by way of St. Louis, they passed through Mattoon, Illinois, where on the previous day speakers had addressed a vast multitude on the political issues growing out of the pending Lincoln-Douglas

Debates. In November 1860 William Henry Venable cast his first vote, one of 1,866,000 ballots, for Abraham Lincoln.

After six years of experience at Lebanon, young William Henry Venable was called to the principalship of the Jennings Academy at Vernon, Indiana, which he conducted for about a year. During his residence in Indiana (the only year of his eighty-five which he lived outside the State of Ohio), he took an active part in educational affairs and was one of the editors of the Indiana School Journal.

On December 30, 1861, William Henry Venable married Mary Ann Palmer Vater at the home of her mother in Indianapolis, Indiana. Further information on the event is given in the account of Mary Vater Venable.

William Henry Venable and his bride returned to Cincinnati in the fall of 1862, where he had received, and accepted, an offer to become a teacher at the Chickering Institute, a private academy for boys established in 1855, and in 1862 located in its own building at 170 George Street, between Smith and John Streets. To be near the school, they lived in the west end of the city on Clark Street, and here were born their first two children, Mary on May 18, 1866, and Harriet on July 24, 1868.

Sometime between 1868 and 1871 the family moved from the basin of the city to Columbia, an early settlement, and an eastern suburban community not then in the city limits. Here was born the first son, William Mayo, on February 14, 1871, and the second son, Bryant, on July 7 1873.

Nicholas Longworth, at the time one of the richest men in the city owned vast tracts of land in the eastern part of Hamilton County. The hills above the village of Columbia were a great vineyard, for the cultivation of which he had employed German immigrants. Among these German-born immigrants was Wendel (or Wendlyn, as Bryant gives it) Jung, later employed by W. H. Venable as "hired man," and the father of Frances Jung ("Fanny") for so many years a part of the life of the Venable household. Certain varieties of grapes were planted in certain areas, and from the name of the grape came the name of the houses and properties purchased from Longworth after he gave up the vineyards and the wine-making and bottling business. The Isabella grape, for instance, gave the name "Isabella Ridge" to the Harcourt house, and from the Diana grape came the name "Diana" for the property purchased by W. H. Venable from Mr. Longworth around 1874-1875. The house, built on the hillside overlooking the Ohio River, was about a mile from the village of Columbia, and not quite finished when the growing family moved into it in the summer of 1875. Here were born the four other Venable children: Emerson, December 22, 1875; Una, September 14, 1877; Russell Vernon, August 9, 1880; and the last child, Victor Hinkle, March 15, 1882. All lived to maturity except Victor, who died on June 6, 1883.

The house and surrounding acreage are very fully described by Mayo and by Bryant. It was also thus described by Coates Kinney, the literary friend and contemporary of W. H. Venable:

"Mr. Venable has a poet's house and a poet's wife, — a talented woman who appreciates him and inspires him with her loving admiration. Leaving the station, climbing up the hill street into a wood, passing down through a glen, winding about and again climbing by stone steps up gentle slopes, across plank bridges, and you come to the poet's home, a commodious country house almost on top of the hill, looking down over all the landscape of slopes and glens and ravines and woods that you have just come through."

Mr. Venable's association with the Chickering Institute continued for twenty-four years, the first twenty of which, according to his son Mayo, were probably the happiest years of his life. It was during this period that his literary reputation was firmly established. In 1881 the owner and founder of the academy, John Boutelle Chickering, became ill. On his deathbed (also according to Mayo) he asked William Henry Venable to continue the school, and this he promised to do, becoming proprietor and Principal in 1881. He found, however, that he had assumed the financial obligations of a school whose income had so fallen off that it was not self-supporting. The neighborhood in which the school was located had originally been residential, but prosperous families had been gradually moving to the hill suburbs and surrounding properties were deteriorating rapidly, making the location unsuitable for such an academy. In 1886 the school was discontinued and the interest disposed of, leaving Mr. Venable greatly impoverished by the cost of its maintenance.

After a serious illness, caused in part by overwork and anxiety, he devoted the next three years to the completion of long delayed literary undertakings and to lecturing in many towns and cities in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and West Virginia. His services as a public speaker were in constant demand, the most popular of his lectures during this period being the addresses entitled "Down South Before the War" and "The Coming Man," and the celebrated dramatic impersonation, "Tom Tad, or the Humor and Pathos of Boy Life." From 1889 to 1900 he was engaged in public educational work in Cincinnati, where in addition to his farsighted constructive labors as head of the department of English, first in Hughes High School and later in Walnut Hills High School, he exercised a far-reaching influence on educational ideals and methods through the publication of a volume of pedagogical essays entitled *Let Him First Be a Man*; and of a series of text books on English poetry which for more than twenty years were an inspiring aid to teachers in thousands of American schools.

In 1900, at the age of sixty-four, W. H. Venable retired from active professional life, devoting his energies exclusively thereafter to literature. Teaching was his profession and from it, prior to 1900, most of his income, never large, had been derived. He did a great deal of editorial work with which his name was but little, if at all, associated, (as for instance the trade publication *The Watch Dial* on which both Mayo and Harriet assisted), and a number of literary commissions on specific subjects. From the time of his

retirement his literary work became his main interest, to which all other interests were more and more subordinated as he advanced in years. His own small and uncertain income was supplemented by contributions from his four sons, which, greatly aided by the economical management of the place by his wife, kept the household going until his death. At one particularly hard time, that part of the property on which stood the barns was sold for a nominal sum to R. K. LeBlond, who had purchased "Cherry Summit" (on which he later built) across the road, and wished to protect his view of the river. What Mr. LeBlond later re-sold it for is anyone's guess, for in the 1930's the location became fashionable and expensive.

On April 26, 1912, three days before his seventy-sixth birthday, William Henry Venable was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Ohio Valley Historical Association at the Business Men's Club. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* reported next morning:

"Not the least notable of the developments of the evening was the fact that of the hundred or more men present . . . the greater part had received much of their early instruction and inspiration from Professor Venable, whose remarkable career they had come to celebrate. They were unanimous in designating Professor Venable as one of the finest and most noble characters the Ohio Valley has produced. His poems, his precepts, his historical researches, his ever fresh enthusiasm which made him a fountain head of inspiration for thousands of young men, were spoken of at length and in detail by the distinguished men who responded to the call of the Toastmaster, Charles Theodore Greve, himself a historian of Cincinnati.

"Superintendent Dyer of the Cincinnati schools told of the boyhood days of Professor Venable in Warren County, the original home of both men. Rev. Charles Frederick Goss spoke of Professor Venable as a man who radiated goodness and purity throughout life, from whom thousands of men had drawn much of their incentive and inspiration.

"When introduced by W. H. Mackoy, Professor Venable thanked those present for the honor they had come to pay him and said:

" 'Mr. Toastmaster, whether here, surrounded by personal friends and acquaintances, or at home in the social solitude of my library, when I recall the names of such men as W. D. Gallagher and Henry Howe, Robert Clarke and Rufus King and James D. Cox, Manning F. Force and Julius Dexter, who gave so large a measure of their genius, energy and enthusiasm to the promotion of our local institutions and the production and preservation of historical literature, my heart is full of thankful emotion. I am brought to realize how much the success of today must depend on the toil of yesterday.'

"A distinguished list of guests honored Professor Venable and congratulatory and laudatory messages were read from guests unable to be present, including William Dean Howells, James Whitcomb Riley, Madison Cawein, and Everard Jack Appleton."

In the summer of 1914 W. H. Venable was the principal speaker at the Centennial Celebration of the village of Ridgeville, his boyhood home. The following is from the *Miamisburg* (Ohio) *Star*:

"There was a large and delightful assembly at Ridgeville last Saturday drawn by the Centennial Celebration and Home Coming of the little village. All things worked together to make the occasion, which comes but once a century, a success. The day was perfect. Hundreds came in carriages and automobiles from neighboring farms and towns ... to visit the home of their earlier days. The meeting was at the village church and in the afternoon after the formal exercises were concluded, it was estimated that 500 persons were at one time exchanging friendly greetings in the well-shaded church yard.

"Everybody praised the dinner. It was served on long tables under a tent and large as was the company, all were comfortably seated. The varied and well-cooked viands came from the homes of the village and a prosperous farming community, and it is not too much to say that since the day when the pioneers ate venison and bear meat a more sumptuous banquet was never served than the one at the Ridgeville Centennial in 1914. It could not have been surpassed in the palaces of princes.

". . . Professor William Henry Venable of Cincinnati had been invited to deliver the principal address. The distinguished author and literateur was a school boy in the Ridgeville school district. In the morning he came up in the cars with his son Emerson and was taken from Venable Station in an automobile to the village where he had attended school, first in a rude log schoolhouse and afterward in a new one of brick. The last book he has printed, *A Buckeye Boyhood*, describes scenes and incidents in his life as a farmer's boy in and about Ridgeville.

"Professor Venable, who has delivered more than one centennial oration in Ohio towns, on this occasion did not deliver a prepared address but delighted his old friends by narrating incidents of long ago. He read two or three of his familiar poems, inspired by scenes and recollections of his boyhood: "Riley's Woods" and "The Tunes Dan Harrison used to Play." He concluded by reading one of his more recent poems "Is Yonder the Place?" a poem in which he endeavored to express something of the mood that comes over a person who after many years' absence returns to the dimly remembered homestead where his early life was spent."

At the Commencement Exercises of the University of Cincinnati in June 1917, he was awarded, as elsewhere noted, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Both he and Mrs. Venable followed with absorption the events of the war, convinced that in 1917 the United States had entered the war on the righteous side. W. H. Venable had been a young man at the time of the Civil War and had lived through Reconstruction days. He told his daughter Harriet that he greatly desired to live to see victory and the re-building of Europe after the holocaust.

He did live to see victory in 1918, and for nearly two years thereafter, dying on July 6, 1920, at Diana, in his eighty-fifth year. Simplicity such as had characterized his life marked the funeral services conducted by his long-time intimate friend, the Reverend George A. Thayer of the Unitarian Church, before the fireplace in the library of the home where he had performed his literary labors since 1875. Three sons, William Mayo, Bryant, and Emerson (Russell was on the West Coast at Ft. Lewis, Washington) and a son-in-law, Harriet's husband, M. B. Brady, were the pallbearers. He is buried in the Venable lot of Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

His will left all his property to his wife, Mary Vater Venable, and attached thereto was a memorandum signed by him, appointing his son Emerson Venable his literary executor.

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The first photograph of W. H. Venable must have been taken in the Sixties, at about the same time as the first one of his wife, for it shows a young man, his dark hair worn long to his shoulders, with a luxuriant moustache. In 1886 there is one of a similar pose, but the hair is now short, though the moustache remains.

In 1904 a photograph shows him seated on the edge of his work table in the study at Diana, right hand in pocket, while behind him on the wall may be seen the framed photograph of his father, William Venable. Another photograph, doubtless taken at the same time, is in a standing pose, before his work table, holding in his right hand a manuscript.

The last professionally made photograph was taken in 1910. The poet is seated, hands folded in his lap, wearing a winged collar and knotted tie, spectacles, and the moustache. No picture shows him clean shaven. A newspaper glossy print in 1913 commemorates the meeting in Cincinnati of W. H. Venable and James Whitcomb Riley, shortly before Riley's death.

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Bryant Venable, in *A Salesman's Symphony*, wrote of his father and of James Whitcomb Riley.

W. H. Venable — The Weaver Of Dreams

"My earliest memories of my father center in the library with its venerable bookcases crowded from floor to ceiling with ancient tomes. A bay window opened upon a vista of rolling hills and wooded ravines. The fireplace was the focal center of the opposite wall. On the black mantel above it stood the crude clay lamp that had held the tallow dips by which, as a boy, he had read his Shakespeare in the log cabin of his childhood.

"The bust of the Bard of Avon occupied the center of this mantel and over it hung a portrait of the immortal Will, whose eyes followed the little boy that was myself with terrifying scrutiny, no matter how ingeniously the child tried to escape their serene inquisition. I wondered whether God himself was really so all-seeing as Shakespeare. Well do I remember the terror that filled my heart

when I chanced to hear father remark to a visitor: 'Shakespeare says —' What Shakespeare said I never stopped to learn in my fright at discovering that he was at least becoming vocal.

"On the chimney breast, midway between the portrait and the bust, in Old English script, was a line from Chaucer 'ON BOKES FOR TO REDE I ME DELYTE.' In the center of this room, a sanctum of silence in a household echoing with the talk and laughter of children, stood a writing table at which the poet spent practically all his waking hours that were exempt from his busy life as a teacher. Here he wrote text books, historical reference books, essays, criticism, biography, memorabilia, romance and poetry.

"To this study came many visitors who, like himself, 'followed the gleam' with Tennyson, and found their greatest satisfaction in the acquisition of treasures of the mind and of the imagination. Some of them I remember very well: William David Gallagher, 'first poet of the West'; the Piatts, Don, John James and Sarah; Addison Peale Russell, author of *Library Notes*; Alexander McGuffey, compiler of the famous *Readers*; James Lane Allen, whose *Kentucky Cardinal* won him national renown; John Uri Lloyd, of *Stringtown on the Pike*; Coates Kinney, who thought in *Mists of Fire* and sang to the accompaniment of *Rain on the Roof*.

"Scarcely less familiar were those other men and women of letters, represented in the bulging files of correspondence that occupied much of the poet's time: Longfellow, Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, Henry Howe, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Edmond Clarence Stedman, William J. Rolfe, A. R. Spofford, R. W. Alger, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), and Edith Thomas shared cabinet space with Presidents Garfield, Hayes, Harrison, and McKinley.

"From distant Samoa, Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson (who had been my mother's maid of honor at her wedding) kept my mother in familiar touch with the island household, and told of the labors of her son Lloyd Osbourne, and her husband Robert Louis Stevenson, co-authors of *The Wreckers* and *Ebb Tide*. She reported, too, the shifting tides of her husband's battle with the deadly bacillus tuberculosis.

"The room was a rendezvous for artists, most intimate of whom was Henry Farny, the famed Indian painter who drew 'comics' for the children while he talked shop with his host. And there was Charles T. Webber, the portrait painter, pal of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. Some-times Tom Lindsay dropped in, carrying his easel and paint box to or from the neighboring woods.

"The art of wood carving was represented by Ben Pitman who shared with his brother Isaac Pitman the distinction of introducing to two continents the practical system of shorthand which bears their name. Colleague of William and Henry Fry, both as a teacher and as practitioner of his art, Ben Pitman often accompanied them on their visits. The beautiful walnut table at which I write was carved by them. A 'goodly company' indeed were they who climbed

the wooded hill to the house where the poet dwelt.

"Drawing his life stream from Quaker stock, my father was the most religious man I ever knew yet no man ever heard from his lips a single sentence that affirmed his belief in any creed, or took from his conversations a 'doubtful hint' that might 'confuse melodious days.' He spoke the requiem at the graveside of a statesman, and at the funeral of an atheist neighbor's young daughter, and shared with a Roman Catholic priest the solemn duty of consigning to rest the weary body of the man of all work who had served him with affectionate devotion for forty years.

"But though he was so nearly all things to all men, he was essentially a poet and his wisdom was most profound in those things that were most simple. Scholarship was indeed his. Books were his companions. He knew books as a lover knows the sweetness of his love.

"He knew every hill and dell, every bosky marsh, teeming with microscopic life, every forest grove where the first adder tongues lifted their saucy faces from the mellow earth. He knew where every bird had his nest and at the singing of the catbird literally would he fling

 `Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth,
 Shakespeare, too, for what are
 all the songs of bards worth
When my mimus Carolensis, that's
 his Latin name,
When my catbird gay, commences
Song's hilarious rhapsody
Just to please himself and me!"

"To him the vine-embowered half acre that was the playground of his children was Fairyland and by this name we knew it until the last tree had returned its substance to the earth from which it sprung. A crystal spring, bubbling from its rocky bed, was more dear to him than the kitchen garden that supplied his table.

"The long summer evenings belonged to the children, his own and those of his neighbors. His slender digits capped with orange yellow cornucopias of flaunting creepers, the poet became a `Scoomfoozle' whose blighting touch turned to livid green every luckless child they touched. When the Scoomfoozle had done his fateful work, the children thronged to the porch to listen, open-eyed, to the marvellous tales that thrilled to the starlit night. Sometimes he summoned Milton to his aid, to people the lawn with the fabulous creatures of Comus. We did not guess that the words came from a book, so naturally they flowed in rhythmic beauty. Again we travelled in the train of Spencer's *Faery Queen*, or gamboled with Puck and Oberon in the moonlight that fell athwart the perfumed whiteness of the fringe bush.

"Best of all we loved the stories he spun of the gossamer threads of his own imagination, wondrous tales as beautiful as the dewy spider-webs that

hung from the honeysuckle vine and the climbing rose bush. As the shadows lengthen and memories of things that have been become more precious than hope of things still to be, I think of him thus — the weaver of dreams."

James Whitcomb Riley

"The friendship between my father and James Whitcomb Riley began in an upstairs bedroom in the LeClerc Hotel, at Vevay, Indiana, whither father had gone by steamboat to deliver a series of lectures. An unprepossessing country lad called to get acquainted.

" 'Are you the man who wrote *The Tunes Dan Harrison Used to Play?*' The older man acknowledged his responsibility.

" 'My name is Riley, Jim Riley. I walked from Greenfield to meet you. Thought maybe you would look over some of my stuff and tell me what you think of it. I do a lot of scribbling for our local paper and sometimes I have a feeling there may be something in it.'

"Bashfully he drew some clippings from his pocket and submitted them for comment. The friendship thus begun ripened into life-long affection and the pride of the older man in the career of his protégé was almost paternal. In the course of years, my father became less and less conscious of the difference between Riley's age and mine. We were both his 'boys'!

"I have a photograph of Mr. Riley, taken after he had suffered his first stroke. He is supported on one side by his cane and on the other by my father's arm. When the morning paper announced the death of the beloved Hoosier I hurried to anticipate its arrival at my father's house, to spare him the shock for which he was unprepared. I was too late! He met me at the door. 'I have sad news for you, my son. Your friend Jim Riley died last night.'

"I was thankful that he could lighten the burden of his grief for the loss of one of his sons by sharing it with another."

Books By William Henry Venable

June On The Miami And Other Poems. Robert W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati, 1871. Second edition, Robert Clarke 85 Co., Cincinnati, 1877.

A School History of The United States. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati, 1872.

The School Stage. A collection of juvenile acting plays. Illustrated by Farny. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati, 1873.

The Amateur Actor. A collection of plays for home and school. Illustrated by Farny. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati, 1874.

Dramas and Dramatic Scenes. Illustrated by Farny. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., 1874.

The Teacher's Dream. Illustrated by Farny. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1881.

Melodies of The Heart, Songs of Freedom and Faith, and Other Poems.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1885.

Footprints of the Pioneers In The Ohio Valley. A Centennial Sketch. Illustrated. Ohio Valley Press, Cincinnati, 1888.

The Teacher's Dream and Other Poems. Illustrated. Limited edition published by the author, Cincinnati, 1889.

Beginnings of Literary Culture In The Ohio Valley. Historical and Biographical Sketches. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1891.

John Hancock, Educator. A Memoir, with Selections from His Writings. C. R. Ruggles & Co., Cincinnati, 1892.

Let Him First Be A Man And Other Essays Chiefly Relating To Education And Culture. Lee Shepard, Boston, 1893. Ohio Teachers' Edition, 1894.

The Last Flight. Verse. Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, 1894.

Poems Of William Haines Lytle. Edited with Memoir. With portrait. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, 1894.

Tales From Ohio History. The Laning Printing Co., Norwalk, O., 1896.

Selections From The Poems Of Robert Burns. American Book Co., New York, 1898.

Selections From The Poems of Lord Byron. American Book Co., New York, 1898.

Selections From The Poems of William Wadsworth. American Book Co., New York, 1898.

Santa Claus And The Black Cat; or, Who Is Your Master? A Christmas Story. Illustrated. Limited edition published by William Mayo Venable, Cincinnati, 1898.

A Dream Of Empire, or, The House Of Blennerhasset. A Novel. Dodd, Mead Co., New York, 1901.

Tom Tad. A novel of boy-life. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1902.

Ohio Literary Men And Women. A historical sketch prepared for the Ohio Centennial Celebration at Chillicothe, O., May 20, 1903. Published by the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, Columbus, 1903.

Saga Of The Oak And Other Poems. With portrait. Dodd, Mead Co., New York, 1904.

Cincinnati: A Civic Ode. Read in McMicken Hall, University of Cincinnati, on the evening of University Alumni Day, November 22, 1907. Limited edition published by the University.

Floridan Sonnets. With portrait. Richard G. Badger, Boston, 1909.

A Buckeye Boyhood. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, 1911.

June On The Miami: An Idyll. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, 1912.

A History Of Christ Church, Cincinnati. Cincinnati, 1917. Privately printed.

Unpublished Manuscripts: At the time of his death in 1920, W. H. Venable left an incompletely revised edition of *Beginnings Of Literary Culture In The Ohio*

Valley, and a manuscript volume of essays and addresses entitled *The Utility of the Ideal*.

The Poems of William Henry Venable. Edited by Emerson Venable. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1925.

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William Mayo Venable writes of *June on the Miami*: "It is the one I personally enjoy the most. This poem was written before I was born in 1871, and I was familiar with it before he made any emendations or additions, which he did in later editions. Perhaps he had not then reached the fullness of his literary powers, but I do not find any charm added by the later emendations and additions, which slightly modify the original conception. I have a copy of the first edition, in which Father pasted his photograph, many years ago."

The Teacher's Dream was illustrated by Henry F. Farny, the artist friend of W. H. Venable, and prominent as an Indian painter, with black and white drawings. In 1950, Mrs. W. T. Semple, daughter of Charles P. Taft, whose home on Pike Street in Cincinnati is now (1954) the Taft Museum, gave to Henrietta Brady Brown, daughter of Harriet Venable Brady, a water color picture called "The Hill Behind the School House," which had hung in Mrs. Taft's sitting room in the Pike Street house. It is described in the Taft Collection catalogue as "Farny, H. F. — A highroad in winter with boys sledding down from the school-house, and other buildings at a bend in the road in the distance, toward the foreground." The canvas is 16 by 27 inches, and signed in the bottom right corner. It is obviously the identical scene used in the drawing for *The Teacher's Dream* without the figure of the schoolmaster in the foreground. When Henrietta brought it home, Harriet recognized it immediately, and went to the bookcase and turned to the illustration in the book. There is no date on the picture, so whether it was painted after the illustrations were made for the book, or whether it was used in black and white for the book, cannot be determined. It is (1954) in the possession of Henrietta Brady Brown.

William Mayo Venable was the publisher of *Santa Claus* and the *Black Cat*, and he refers to his publishing venture in his memoir. In 1901, as part of a Venable family celebration, there was produced at Diana on Christmas Eve an amateur play based on this story. There is a photograph of Henrietta, aged nearly two, costumed as the *Black Cat*, clutching a pink parasol which she had received as a Christmas gift, and from which no exigencies of the drama could separate her.

William Mayo Venable writes of *Tom Tad*: "Tom Tad lectures were first delivered for fun at Chickering Institute before 1882. Later, the same character was used in public lectures at Teachers' Institutes around this part of the country."

Cincinnati: A Civic Ode was read for his father by his son Emerson Venable, a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, on the University Alumni

Day evening.

Floridian Sonnets, published in 1909, were written after the visit to which Mayo refers of the elder Venables to Mayo and Jessie Venable in Miami in 1908.

A Buckeye Boyhood was largely autobiographical, and includes sketches of the early years of W. H. Venable.

The photograph of the Miami in the 1912 edition of *June on the Miami* was made by M. B. Brady. It shows a rowboat pulled up on the near shore of the peaceful river, with heavily wooded trees on the opposite bank. It is, as Emerson Venable writes, "a beautiful book."

A History of Christ Church, Cincinnati, was the last writing commission undertaken by W. H. Venable, and the last published work.

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Miss Perle Maria Riley of Ridgeland Farm, Ridgeville, has been most kind in permitting the inclusion in this chapter of a letter from her, and of excerpts from a paper on William Henry Venable prepared by her. Some of the details she recounts have appeared in no other biographical sketch.

August 1954

My dear Mrs. Brown:

I am very happy to help you in any way I can with information about your grandfather, for I always enjoyed and admired him greatly. I re-member him so well, and have several snapshots taken when Ridgeville celebrated its Centennial in August 1914. He was always in demand as a speaker when any public meeting was held. At one time your mother came up with him when she was a young lady and I was a little girl. (I am seventy-seven years old now.) At another time Mary Venable accompanied him, and Emerson was with him at the Ridgeville Centennial, as well as Marion Crosley, a brother of Powell Crosley, Sr. Marian Crosley was a minister in the Universalist Church at Ridgeville. Bryant came up also.

My elder sister Blanche Riley Miller and I are the last of the family for whom Riley Woods is named. Our father's older brother, William Hadden Riley, and your grandfather were boyhood pals. Both were in the Normal School at Lebanon, and both contracted typhoid in the fall of 1859. My uncle died but your grandfather recovered. My uncle began to keep a diary when he was thirteen, and many of these facts I have gleaned from his diary. My uncle was Professor of Mathematics and your grandfather Professor of History at the Normal School. Both had expected to become Universalist ministers until they attended a meeting at Oxford, Ohio, where Professor Alfred Holbrook, the originator of the National Normal university, persuaded them to become teachers. At the time of my uncle's death, Professor Holbrook visited the Riley home-stead and said that he admired both of these young men greatly and that

he had never seen as mature minds as theirs in men so young.

Yes, there was a Universalist Church in Ridgeville. It is still there, but is now called a Community Church. It is in good repair and used by the community for gatherings. The Ridgeville Centennial was held there. This church was built where stood the first schoolhouse your grandfather attended, built of logs, with a puncheon floor. Your grand-father joined the Universalist Church here at Ridgeville in October 1857, his name being the second one on the list of members in that year. We have a list of those contributing when the church was built in April 1845, and William Venable, your great grandfather, gave \$10, the amount many of them gave at that time.

Several times in my uncle's diary he refers to the fact that he and your grandfather attended the Quaker Meeting at Waynesville, going either on horseback or in the carriage with my grandfather and his family. This Friends' Church in Waynesville is still standing and in excellent condition. My sister and I attended meeting there a month ago.

I have referred to the first log schoolhouse. Later a schoolhouse was built just east of the village. Your grandfather refers to it in his poem "Ruined Castles":

"Hard by the edge of Riley's wood
The schoolhouse newly builded stood."

Continuing, he says :

"A careless boy I sported here
With one I counted friend most dear."

This friend was my uncle. In the last stanza he writes:

"My friend has journeyed on
And I alone beneath the autumn sky
Scarce wish him at my side today ;
For sad, if living, would he be
To talk about the past with me
And what we used to do and say."

My sister and I attended school in the "newly builded schoolhouse," but that was torn down and a more modern one built in its place. This one still stands, but has not been used for school purposes for many years, as the schools are now centralized at Springboro.

I remember "Rose Cottage," the Venable home, quite well. The original house was torn down and another is standing in its place. A brick building nearby is still standing. Since it is a small structure, I would suppose it likely it was used in the curing and smoking of meat for the family use.

The old D. L. & C. railroad ran along the western boundary of the farm, and we still own the woods that adjoined it on the west side. Many years ago when the railroad did a flourishing business, the train would stop at the crossing of the Ridgeville and Waynesville roads to take passengers north to Dayton and midway places and south to Cincinnati and places between. The

railroad asked my father if they might not name this stop for our woods, but he said no, call it Venable Station, which they did as long as this means of travel existed.

When I was writing my paper about William Henry Venable, I visited the old Ridgeville burying ground about a mile north of our home, known as the Clear Creek Baptist Cemetery. Years ago there was a Baptist Church there, in fact, it was the first church built in Warren County. Yesterday I visited it again. I am sorry to tell you that it, like all these old burying grounds, is in a terrible condition. I had no trouble finding the marble slab which marks the grave of "William Venable, born February 18, 1798, died February 1, 1871." Another stone marks the grave of "John Quincy, son of William and Hannah Venable, died August 24, 1848, aged 19 yrs., 4 mos., and 25 days," and a third the grave of "Cynthia, dau. of William and Hannah Venable. died August 28, 1848, aged 9 yrs., 5 mos., and 9 days." I remember my father telling me that both cholera and diphtheria were prevalent at the time these lives were lost.

(Here Miss Riley wrote of the Bairds, quoted at the end of the chapter on the Venable-Baird family.)

I have read *A Buckeye Boyhood* over and over, as I am familiar with all the places to which Mr. Venable refers and in that way it means so much. I hope sincerely that I have been able to contribute to your knowledge of the Venables. It has been a great pleasure to write to you these things I remember. We would be happy to have you call sometime.

Trusting that we may see you on Route 48 seven miles north of Lebanon at a turn in the road before you enter Ridgeville, in an old fashioned farmhouse on the east side of the road, I am,

Very sincerely

Perle Maria Riley

Miss Riley prepared for the December 1941 meeting of the Warren County Historical Society a paper on "William Henry Venable As I Knew Him" which she later gave before other organizations. Copies of it are in the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society libraries in Cincinnati and Columbus. In quoting from Miss Riley's paper, biographical material already incorporated elsewhere has been omitted.

"In telling you of one of Warren County's most illustrious sons, I could not refrain from making it personal. . . . My first remembrance of William Henry Venable is when as a little girl he lifted me on his knee on one of his visits to our home and in a kindly way, so characteristic of him, made me feel at ease and that we were friends. I am greatly pleased to relate some things of the boyhood and life of this gentleman of the old type of Ridgeville.

"The children of William Venable and of Jacob Riley, my grandfather, trudged together to the log schoolhouse. Fast friends they were, for there was a daughter in each family (Newell Venable Lundy and Mary Riley McEwen) who were life-long friends, and the sons, William Henry Venable and William

Hadden Riley, were inseparable until my uncle's death of typhoid in 1859, when both were in Lebanon. Professor Venable also contracted the disease, but recovered. Always during Professor Venable's many visits to our home in later years, he spoke of my uncle William. His poem, published originally as 'Ruined Castles,' is a record of and tribute to their friendship.

"The William Venable family moved from the Red Oak schoolhouse neighborhood east of Route 42 near the Little Miami River to a farm east of Ridgeville which adjoined the farm of Hannah Baird Venable's parents. At seventeen, William Henry Venable was granted a certificate and decided to teach school to further his education. In November 1854 he taught in the Sugar Grove school about a mile east of his home for a salary of sixty cents a day. The following spring he taught at the Salem school between Ridgeville and Springboro. In 1855, he attended the Teachers' Institute at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and when the Southwestern State Normal School was opened at the old Lebanon Academy on September 17, 1855, he and my uncle William Hadden Riley were among the first to enroll. He attended three years, teaching part of the time at Liberty school east of Lebanon, and also at Carlisle, Ohio.

"When Fort Sumter was fired upon in April 1861, he was selected by the students to fix the American flag above the cupola of the old Academy. He offered himself as a volunteer to the Union Army but was rejected on account of undersize and feeble health, as he had just recovered from typhoid fever. . . . Mr. Venable had a delicate constitution and was of small stature, but active in body and alert in mind. His was a heavy brow with deepset, kindly, ever-understanding gray eyes. . . . Those of you who have seen him are conscious of the contrast between the physical frailty of the man and the imposing grandeur of his works. . . . His presence was ever-soothing, and one felt that touch of harmony which pervades the sanctuary of nature. To reveal to unseeing eyes some loveliness of nature or of character by the power of fitly chosen words; to interpret some obscure period of human history; to illuminate some darkened mind; to guide some wandering and wayward soul to a higher level of being were the passions of his spirit."

The Poems of William Henry Venable

It has been interesting, in reading again the poems of William Henry Venable, to group together those in which the poet refers to members of his family, or events closely associated with his life. The number on the left, before each title, is the page number in the Dodd, Mead & Company 1925 edition of his Poems, edited by Emerson Venable.

34 ***The Old Homestead***, originally published in the 1872 edition of "June on the Miami" as "The Homestead," poetically describes the author's early home in Ridgeville.

166 ***Is Yonder The Place?*** also describes the poet's early home, re-visited after many years.

46 ***Cynthia*** was originally published in the 1872 edition of "June on the

Miami," and titled "To My Sister in Heaven" -- C. J. V. Obit August 27, 1848. Cynthia Jane Venable was the author's younger sister who died in her ninth year. The poem touchingly describes their play together, and her brother's sorrow at her death.

49 ***Beauty and Tears*** describes the poet's gift of roses to his ill young sister, who weeps at his offering because "They look so pretty that they make me cry."

58 ***Hinchman's Mill*** — The poet visits again the "long abandoned mill" he knew in his childhood, and sees in memory the miller "short and stout" and himself as a small boy.

A Gentle Man was the poet's father, William Venable, who died on February 1, 1871.

66 ***A Boy's Heaven*** was written of the poet's son, Bryant, dreaming of "Airy harps and twilight beams/ Angel loves and story books."

67 ***Fairyland*** is a poetic description of the bower in the ravine at the foot of the Venable property called Fairyland by the children.

69 ***Inviolata*** was originally published as "The Sacred Snow" in the 1885 edition of "Melodies of the Heart". The poet and his son Mayo walk in the winter woods, and the boy says "I do not like to spoil/ The beauty of the snow."

70 ***Posy*** was originally published in the 1885 edition of "Melodies of the Heart" as "Flora's Favorite." The poem begins "Hattie is the first to seek/ March rime in the woodland bleak." Hattie was Harriet, the poet's second daughter. In the 1925 edition of the Poems, the name has been changed to "Laura."

72 ***The Readers*** — The "Ten year old maiden" was Mary Venable, the poet's eldest daughter. Hattie and Mayo are directly named and "the dream-eyed baby" was Bryant Venable, then aged three.

73 ***Wag*** was the pet dog of the family at Diana. Bryant Venable, in his memoir, refers to the gravestone for Wag, carved by Wendlyn. "Auntie" was Mary Baird, the spinster cousin of W. H. Venable, who came to live with the Venables when they moved to Diana in 1875.

76 ***Donatello*** — In the original version, published in the 1885 "Melodies of the Heart," the second line is given as "Mary's cat." In the Poems, it has been changed to "Roving cat." Mary was the poet's eldest daughter.

78 ***An India Shawl*** was presented to the poet by Mr. Joseph Longworth, son of the Nicholas Longworth from whom Diana was purchased. By the poet, the shawl was given to his wife, who left it to her daughter, Mary. After Mary's death, it passed into the possession of Una Venable Tuckerman.

79 ***The School Girl*** — The phrase "She studies music, I opine" in the seventh stanza identifies the school girl as Mary Venable, the poet's eldest daughter.

98 ***The Concord Seer*** concerns the recent death of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose last name the poet gave to his third son Emerson Venable.

104 ***Victor*** — Victor Hinkle Venable, the eighth and last-born child of W. H. Venable and Mary Vater Venable, lived less than fifteen months, and his death

was a deep and lasting sorrow to his parents, as evidenced also in the later written poem:

106 **Unreconciled.**

146 **Anniversary** was written by the poet upon the occasion of the sixtieth birthday of his wife, Mary Vater Venable.

160 **The Volunteer**, written on August 1, 1898, while addressed to a single soldier son, must have been meant for all the three Venable sons who served in the Spanish American War: Mayo, Emerson, and Russell.

163 **William Baird Of Ridgeville** delightfully and affectionately describes "Uncle Bill Baird," the poet's uncle, a Civil War Veteran. (He is also described by Mayo, Bryant, Harriet, and Ernest Venable Sutton.)

169 **To Addison Peale Russell**, on his eightieth birthday, is dedicated to the poet's friend and literary contemporary. The first name of the poet's son Russell Vernon Venable was given him in honor of A. P. Russell.

185 **An Old Spanish Bugle** must have been suggested by Russell Vernon Venable's Spanish American War bugle, which hung for many years in the poet's study at Diana.

220 **To Her** is of course to the poet's wife, Mary Vater Venable. It is one of the "Floridian Sonnets" and is used as the dedication in the collected *Poems*.

The following poems are not included in *The Poems of William Henry Venable*, but are contained in earlier published collections:

Ruined Castles describes the "newly-built schoolhouse," the poet's early dreams, and is a tribute to his boyhood companion William Hadden Riley. It appears in the 1872 edition of "June on the Miami" and in the 1889 edition of "The Teacher's Dream," titled "The Old Schoolhouse."

Let's Shake. Impromptu, in the collection "Saga of the Oak," follows the poem titled "William Baird of Ridgeville", so the William referred to in it may be the poet's uncle William Baird. The death of Victor Hinkle Venable is again mentioned : "He was only a baby, scarce two Aprils old."

Give Me Love is inscribed to Rev. A. D. Mayo, a Unitarian minister of Cincinnati, greatly admired by the poet, whose last name Mayo, together with his own first name, he gave to his first son, William Mayo Venable.

The People's President, written to commemorate the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, is inscribed to the poet's uncle, William Baird, Civil War soldier.

The Salutatorium appears in the 1889 edition of "The Teacher's Dream." The facing photograph is of Harriet, in her graduation gown of 1887, which makes it clear that the poet is saluting his second daughter, Harriet Venable.

In the 1880's, W. H. Venable composed for Bryant, Emerson, and Una Christmas verses which will be found in the chapter on each. He also, from time to time, wrote for his own amusement and that of his children, nonsense verses. Those following are still preserved in his own hand-writing in a worn exercise book in the possession (1954) of Bryant Venable.

The Noble Scavenger

There was a noble scavenger,
He rode upon his cart;
He made some garbage poetry
And learned the same by heart.
And in the moonshine of the night,
And sunshine of the noon,
He sang with all his mighty might,
And made a garbage tune.

Thus sang the noble scavenger:
"I live on beer and cheese,
On Limburg cheese and sloppy beer,
And other foods like these;
Upon my garbage cart I ride,
As proud as any king,
For me all people turn aside
Such odors do I bring.

I have a scrawny, frowsy wife,
A dirty ragged boy,
A freckled, funny, little girl,
Who are my joyful joy:
They feast on apple cores and bran
And on potato peel,
They buy these victuals when they can,
And when they can't, they steal.

A noble scavenger am I,
I live on beer and cheese
Along the alleys hear me cry:
'Bring out your garbage here!'
I dump my cart in Bucktown fill
And then go home to see
Old Lize, and little Lize and Bill, —
My blessed fam-i-lee!"

The Bumble Bee

Mesaw a humble bumble bee
Enfeasting on a pumpkin flower,
Methought that me would look and see

The busy way that he, that he,
Improves the shining hour.

Meshut him in the pumpkin bloom
Meheard him sing and buzz within,
Mesaïd, O bumble bee, thy doom
Will be to hum and boom and boom
And glad me with thy din.

But soon meheard a sudden wail
Meheard myself to sadly sing,
For through that pumpkin blossom pale,
Mefelt him stick his fiery tail,
Alas! Mefelt him sting!

The Frogs

Two frogs sat in the sun,
Beside a stagnant pool,
And one was very wise, and one
Was said to be a fool.

The wise one rolled his eyes,
And slowly thus he spoke:
"Remember, brother I am wise,
And listen when I croak."

The other said, "I do;
But what's the consequence?
I cannot understand, for you
Forget that I've no sense."

The wise frog and the fool
Blinked at the King of day;
Then dived into the stagnant pool
And sadly swam away.

In The 'Tater Patch

Down in the airy 'tater patch
When 'tater bugs were few,
I tried to sing a silly snatch
And catch the morning dew.

I stood among the 'tater vines
And thought of other scenes,
Like shirts a-drying on the lines,
And rows of corn and beans.

The sun was up, the moon was down,
The happy rooster crew;
My hat was all without a crown
My feet without a shoe.

I thought of silent ages past,
I dreamed of love's decay,
Of sailors on the giddy mast,
And stacks of musty hay.

The 'tater vines were full of bloom
The 'tater bugs did crawl.
I meditated on the tomb
And heard the heifer bawl.

Ambition, like a flying crow
Athwart my skyey soul
Went soaring, soaring, soaring so
I let my song out roll.

And this my song I sang and sang
As other poets do.
When 'tater bugs were fair and young
And 'taters small and new.

And ever more I do adore
The taste of pease so green
With early 'taters less or more,
Together stewed, I we'en.

MARY ANN PALMER VATER VENABLE

Mary Ann Palmer Vater, the fourth daughter and fifth child of Thomas Vater and Eleanor Palmer Vater, was born in Tazewell County, near Peoria, Illinois, on September 5, 1837, five years after the family had come to the United States from London and probably a year and a half or two years since Thomas had moved his family up the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers from their first home in New Orleans. The family lived near Peoria for seven years, after

which they were members of the social experiment communities of Prairie Home, Clermont Phalanx, and Utopia, all in Ohio. In 1849 Thomas Vater went to California, returning briefly to Cincinnati in 1851 to collect the materials for his proposed hotel in Panama. He died there on September 5, 1852, when Mary Ann was fifteen. The fatherless family remained in Cincinnati until 1853, when the household consisting of the mother, Eleanor Palmer Vater, Mary Ann Palmer Vater, and Septimus Vater moved to Indianapolis. (The two older daughters had married: Margaret to Elias Longley and Harriet Ann to James Moore.) Mary Ann returned to Ohio in the later Fifties to attend the Normal School at Lebanon, and here she met her future husband, William Henry Venable. As soon as she was qualified to teach (at sixteen, according to her son Bryant Venable) she did so, in Indiana, and probably did so until she was married in Indianapolis on December 30, 1861, to William Henry Venable, when she was twenty-four and he was twenty-five.

Her eldest son, William Mayo Venable, writes :

"I never heard her speak of Peoria, and I am sure that her childhood there was not happy, that is, she had no permanent associations in her mind with that place itself. The family could not have been very happy, since Eleanor Vater, born in 1841, and William Edward Vater, born in 1842, both died there in infancy. Neither do I think she had any affection for the communities with which her father experimented after he left Peoria. She was only eleven or twelve when her father left for California, and fifteen when he died in Panama, and her personal associations with him were comparatively slight in comparison with her older sister Margaret, who shared all his political enthusiasms and went farther than he in condemnation of certain features of the existing social order.

"Nor did the circumstances of the family after Thomas Vater died present a particularly promising aspect for worldly success; but all the Vaters were cheerful by nature and I do not suggest that Mother was unhappy, or downcast about her lot, although her early years must have been accompanied by much anxiety as well as full of hard work. She was very competent and remained so throughout her entire life. Her sister Harriet was her dearest companion, and Harriet's early widowhood must have been hard also on Mary."

Mary Ann Palmer Vater's wedding dress was worn by her own daughter, Harriet Venable, at her wedding in 1895, and was described as "a handsome creation of pearl white silk, the bodice draped in embroidered white chiffon and duchesse lace, with pearl trimmings and puffed elbow-length sleeves." (There is a photograph of Harriet in the dress.) Doubtless it was much the same in 1861 as in 1895, for fashions did not change quickly in those days. In a memorandum made before her death, Mary Vater Venable left to her daughter Mary Venable "the cameo brooch I wore on my wedding day." Harriet preserved the wedding cards of her parents, — in ink, in a flowing Spencerian hand, is written "Mr. and Mrs. W. Hal Venable."

The bride and groom returned to Cincinnati in the fall of 1862, to their first home on Clark Street in the West End, where Mary and Harriet were born. Mayo and Bryant were born in Columbia, and the rest of the Venable children, Emerson, Una, Russell and Victor Hinkle, the eighth and last child, were born at Diana.

Mary Vater Venable's pet name was "Mellie," a childhood pronunciation of Mary. The sister to whom she was closest both in age and affection was Harriet, little more than a year older than she. When Harriet Vater Moore married Leander Howard Crall on May 23, 1864, the ceremony took place at the Cincinnati home of her sister Mary and her brother-in-law William Henry Venable. When the Venables bought Diana in 1875, the Cralls had purchased "Willow Wild" further down the road where Tusculum Avenue makes a wide turn, and the Venable-Crall households were on intimate terms until the Cralls moved to New York City in 1873. (More detailed information on the Crall-MacDonald families is given in the account of the Vater-Crall family.) As is indicated in the memoirs of Mayo and Bryant, and the sketches of Harriet, it was their mother, Mary Vater Venable, who assumed the practical burdens of the growing household. It was she who dealt with business matters and stretched the always inadequate income; who managed the house and gave directions to the hired man as to what was to be planted in the vegetable garden; who kept the children quiet so that her poet-husband might work undisturbed; who administered justice and instructed the children. Her daughter Harriet once said to her own daughter Henrietta : "We loved Father, — but we knew that without Mother the household would not have held together. She used to remind us frequently of the man with the bundle of sticks. Together the sticks were unbreakable, one at a time they were easily broken. After I had been away from home I used sometimes to chafe at Mother's instructions on what I considered minor things, or considered myself capable of handling. As I grew older, I realized that her physical energy and active mind did not have enough scope. There was too little money and our home was too inaccessible and isolated for it to be easy for her to take the leading part she had the capacity to take among the Cincinnati women of her own generation. She had a good deal of her parents' reformer instinct, and her sense of social justice was highly developed. We were much closer when I was a grown woman with a household of my own than we had been when I was younger."

Bryant Venable recalls his mother thus:

"Mother was an extraordinary personality in every respect. She possessed a brilliant intellect and a fine, discriminating sense of imponderable values. Her critical sense was keen and her capacity to appreciate the subtleties of literature and art was extraordinary. As a child she had been almost a prodigy, winning a state teacher's life certificate in Indiana at the age of sixteen. She was a teacher for many years, both before and after her

marriage. She was a good Latin scholar and equally proficient in mathematics. There can be no doubt that my father's career was made possible largely by her ambition for him and her determination to make it possible, regardless of apparently insuperable material considerations.

"Intellectually she was self reliant. She could not accept any vicarious Savior or fall back upon miracles to account for material or spiritual phenomena that passed mental understanding. But she had measureless respect for the opinions and beliefs of others. When her children came under the emotional influences of religious revivals it was mother who encouraged us to emulate the Christian example, but guided us from the perils of committing ourselves to theological dogmas that more mature judgment might be incapable of believing. She impressed on us the supreme authority of conscience but reminded us that conscience-integrity includes intellectual honesty.

"Mother's indomitable will, her courage, her determination, her in-flexible sense of responsibility and justice, must have come direct from her mother, Eleanor Palmer Vater. If the narrative of my early life, or my mature years, for that matter, depicts Mother chiefly in lines as unbending as her spirit, it is because this spirit was the cement that held us together during the most difficult times and made possible the beauty and the music and the charm that were bodied forth visibly and vocally by my father. She was the *sine qua non* of our existence.

"After father died Mother knew that her work was finished. Her children were established in lives of their own. Not one of them had brought shame or deep disappointment to her, though not one had won the distinction for which her loving heart had hoped. She was weary of the burdens of four score and four years, but happy in the love and devotion of those whom she had borne. A plaster cast of little Victor's head, his tiny hand, his baby foot, had been kept sacredly in the drawer of her bureau through the long years since his sudden taking away. She bade my sister Mary place them in a china bowl and cover them with water. The white plaster disintegrated. Mother was ready for the release that came to her so quickly thereafter.

"I cannot forget that final revelation of my mother's character. The strength of will that fortified her to reduce to its elements the last material emblem of her earthly love."

The marriage of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable was a long and happy one of nearly *fifty-nine* years, forty-five of which were passed at Diana. There were many activities in which Mrs. Venable participated. Harriet mentions the neighborhood dramatic group, the Sans Souci. She was one of the charter members of the Cincinnati Woman's Club, and always identified herself with movements for political and social betterment. Her husband traveled about the Midwest on his lecture tours, and both made a number of pleasant journeys: to Mammoth Cave with Dr. and Mrs. Binkard (he was a

teacher at Chickering) and to the Binkard farm on the Alleghany River. They were in New York several times, guests of the Cralls at their home in the city, at the seashore, and later at their summer home at Loon Lake in the Adirondacks.

The parents kept in touch with the children who left Cincinnati; visiting Mayo in Boston before he was married, and after his marriage in New Orleans, Louisville, Florida, and Pittsburgh. Her mother visited Una Venable Tuckerman in Lincoln, Nebraska, probably around 1914-1915. His parents probably did not visit Russell, not surprising, since he was usually stationed quite a distance from Cincinnati, but Florence, Russell's wife, was a great favorite of her father-in-law, and kept up a regular correspondence with him for many years. Mention is made elsewhere of certain Army leaves spent at Diana by the Russell Venables.

In Cincinnati, in the early 1900's, Diana was the scene of holiday family gatherings until the growing families of children's children taxed the strength of the elder Venables, — thereafter, while the grandchildren were young, holidays were celebrated at the home of Harriet and Mifflin Brady or of Bryant and Gertrude Venable. Mary Venable, though she maintained residence in town, was often at Diana on weekends, and usually in the summer vacation, and Emerson made his home with his parents until his marriage in 1912. In the spring of 1920, to be near his parents, Emerson, Dolores, and Evelyn lived across the road from Diana in a house on what was then B. H. Kroger property. After William Henry Venable's death, the second floor of Diana was made into an apartment for the Emerson Venable family, while Mrs. Venable retained her quarters on the first and basement floors.

William Henry Venable died on July 6, 1920. His wife met the loss of her husband with the fortitude that had always characterized her. Her granddaughter Henrietta Brady remembers being met at the door of Diana, after his death, by her grandmother, whose words were "He no longer suffers, — there is no need for tears."

Mary Vater Venable lived only fourteen months after the death of her husband, dying at Diana on October 26, 1921, a month after her eighty-fourth birthday. She is buried beside her husband in the Venable lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

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There are a number of photographs of Mary Vater Venable. The earliest one was taken (in Cincinnati) shortly after her marriage in the Sixties, for the face is young and unlined. The next, in time, is a seated pose, hair parted and drawn tightly down on each side. On her head a bonnet, with a few flowers in front, is tied primly under her chin in a large bow, and she clasps in lace-mitted hands her young daughter Mary on her lap. In 1870, there is a photograph looking startlingly like that of her daughter Una at the same age, her hair worn with a long curl over her left shoulder, and at her throat the

cameo she wore on her wedding day. In one much like it, taken in 1872, the hair is gathered into a netted chignon, and again the cameo is worn. In 1887, her hair is worn on top of her head, and she wears a flowing white fichu under a high collar, and wide puffed sleeves.

The most formal photograph was taken in 1906. In this, Mrs. Venable's hair is dressed high on her head, and her face is lined. The bodice of her gown has a "bertha" of dark lace over a lighter lining, and a high tight boned collar topped with ruching encircles her neck. A later picture made probably in 1910, when her husband's last formal photographs were made, is of Mrs. Venable seated in the Victorian walnut "parlour" arm chair, in an elaborate "dressing sacque" before the fireplace in the library at Diana.

In addition to the professionally done photographs, Mrs. Venable also appears through the years in family group pictures taken by Harriet's husband, M. B. Brady, whose hobby was photography.

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Since Mary Vater Venable had died intestate, Bryant Venable was appointed by the Probate Court to administer her estate. In the pro-rata distribution, each child received one or two shares of stock, while Emerson, by agreement with the rest, received the house at Diana. Mrs. Venable had left verbal instructions as to how she wished certain treasured possessions to be distributed, as well as the following memorandum :

Memorandum of Gifts to My Children — Mary V. Venable

To Mayo: The triple-doored mahogany bookcase; the sword which his great-uncle William Baird of Ridgeville picked up on the battlefield of Monterey; the framed portrait of his grandfather William Venable; the Lindsay painting "Sunrise in the Alleghanies" ; and the Farny drawing No. 1.

To Bryant: The library table carved for his father by William Fry; the Lindsay painting in the shadow box at the right; and the Farny drawing No. 2.

To Emerson: The memorial cabinet; the Library table green-covered; the album of photographs mounted by Mary; Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" and his framed portrait; the desk-bookcase and the books it contains, and the Farny drawing No. 6.

To Russell: The two pioneer lamps; the two Reed paintings, "A Quail on her Nest" and "A Nook in California"; the river scene painted by Earhart; and the Farny drawing No. 4.

To Mary: The India shawl; the silk shawl my father gave me; the cameo brooch I wore on my wedding day; and her father's "Globe Ideal Cabinet File."

(The India Shawl is the one mentioned in W. H. V.'s poem "The India Shawl." The silk shawl, after the death of Mary Venable, came into the possession of her sister Harriet Venable Brady. A note dated January 1934 addressed to her daughter says : "This China silk shawl was brought from San Francisco, where my grandfather Vater made a fortune during the Gold Rush

of 1849-1850 building houses for adventurers, to my mother, Mary Vater Venable, then living with her mother in Indianapolis. It is the only real heirloom I have; and I wish it to become the property of my eldest daughter, Henrietta Margaret Brady, his oldest Venable great-grandchild."

A further note, dated 1944, seven years before Harriet's death, adds "I hope the shawl will be kept in the possession of one of the family, eventually going to Vernon's, Ginevra's or Florence's daughter.")

To Harriet: My opera glasses; the tapestry-covered couch and chairs; the Reed painting of "Fruit on a Vermont Porch"; the Lindsay painting in the shadow box to the left; and the Farny drawing No. 3.

(The walnut tapestry-covered furniture was until 1940 in the Brady home on Tusculum Avenue. In the Thirties, Henrietta re-covered all the pieces in grospoint of an old fashioned pattern and they are now in the home of Henrietta and Allen Brown.)

To Una: My watch; her grandmother Eleanor Palmer Vater's portrait in oil; and her mahogany set of drawers; the ornamental pottery basket; the Lindsay painting of a "Boat on a Forest Stream" ; and the Farny drawing No. 5.

All things given me by my children are to return to the giver unless otherwise given away by me.

The death of Mary Vater Venable broke the bond which had held together as a unit the family of William Henry Venable and herself. The bundle of sticks she liked to use as an example was loosened, and thereafter each child, (the youngest of whom was forty-one, the eldest fifty-five) became increasingly absorbed in his own profession, interests, or family. Mayo was in Pittsburgh, Una in Washington, Russell wherever his army service took him. Mary's death in 1926 was the first among the seven adult Venable children. Emerson moved in 1934 to California. Harriet and Bryant remained in Cincinnati. The Venable children saw each other infrequently as the years went by, but they shared a common heritage, as Bryant wrote to his sister Harriet in 1947:

"We were never blessed (or cursed) with much money, but few children were richer than we. Our heritage has not been dissipated or lost. We still have it, and we have each other."

With the exception of Mary Venable, all the Venable children had married and had children of their own, thirteen grandchildren of William Henry Venable and Mary Ann Palmer Vater Venable. All these Venable cousins knew one another at one time in their childhood or adult life, and to each other are persons rather than names in a genealogical chart. These thirteen first cousins have now (1954) twenty-six living children, great grandchildren of William Henry and Mary Vater Venable. One wonders how many of these second cousins are acquainted with each other, or ever will be.

The following pages are an attempt to tell the story of the lives of Mary, Harriet, Mayo, Bryant, Emerson, Una, and Russell Venable, and of their children, their grandchildren and, to date, their one great grandchild.

IX

Mary Venable

1. Mary Venable

May 18, 1866 — May 31, 1926

Mary Venable

Mary Venable, the first child of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born in the earliest Cincinnati Venable home on Clark Street in the West End on May 18, 1866. The picture of her mother, previously mentioned, holding in her lap her first-born daughter, is the earliest photograph of Mary. Several years after, Mary was photo-graphed alone, a little girl, wide-eyed, her hair secured by a narrow ribbon and falling in curls from either side of a center part.. She wears a dark dress, high button shoes and white stockings, and is proudly clasping a doll.

Mary was nine when the family moved from their second home in Columbia to the hilltop home of Diana in 1875. Her early education was at the Twenty-Fourth District School. There is a charming photo-graph of her as a school girl, posed against a pastoral background. A white pinafore covers her dark dress whose skirts nearly touch the top of her high shoes. In her left hand she carries books, in her right a bag, and on her head perches a small-brimmed sailor hat trimmed with a few feathers at the back. When the time came for high school, she was sent with her sister Harriet to the Bartholomew English and Classical School on East Third Street near Lawrence. Because she was pursuing musical and artistic studies simultaneously, which soon became her paramount interest, she was not a graduate of Bartholomew's. For a time she taught French at the Chickering Institute.

She had early manifested talent in art and music, and was a pupil at the Cincinnati Art Academy, where she studied drawing, and wood-carving under the direction of Ben Pitman, and later under Henry L. Fry. Independently, she took up china painting, which was of the highest quality. Mention is made of it in the chapter on Harriet. Her wood-carving was outstanding also, and many examples of her versatility are still in the possession of her brothers and sisters, or their children.

However, her real interest was music, which she had studied from an early age, taking lessons from George Schneider, Adolph Carapé, and Henry L. Andres from 1880 until 1888, when she enrolled as a pupil in the Cincinnati College of Music on Elm Street, next to the Music Hall. Here she studied pianoforte, organ playing and theory under several teachers. Receiving her certificate as an organist in 1890, she established the Tusculum Music School which she conducted as proprietor and principal for eight years, giving instruction in piano and organ playing, singing, and the theory of music. Meanwhile she continued her own studies at the College of Music, under Albino Gorno for the piano, and for work in choral conducting, under Frank L.

Van Der Stucken, at that time Dean and Director of the College of Music and Conductor of the Cincinnati May Festivals. In 1900 she was awarded a certificate as pianist, with distinction, and the Springer Gold Medal. During 1900-1901, she was teacher of piano playing and history of music at Oxford (Ohio) College, and the following scholastic year Director of Music at the Vincennes (Indiana) University.

Returning to Cincinnati in 1902, Mary Venable became a member of the Faculty of the Cincinnati College of Music as teacher of piano and of the theory of music. She also organized, and for seven years conducted, the Normal Department for the training of teachers. The association with the College continued for twenty-four years, until her death in 1926.

A major operation in Mary's girlhood left her in delicate health always. To conserve her strength, and to spare herself the long trip from Tusculum Hill to the College of Music, she lived downtown for many years, first at the Hotel Sterling on Mound Street, and then at the Burnet House on Vine below Fourth Street. When this gracious old hotel, which had entertained Abraham Lincoln, was torn down to make way for the Union Central Annex, she moved to the Grand Hotel on Fourth and Central Avenues, just above the Big Four Station. The newly built railroad Union Terminal doomed the old station, and with it the Grand Hotel. Mary established herself at the Broadway, an apartment hotel on Fourth and Broadway, and had lived there only a month or two before her death. But always she spent as much time as possible at Diana, for she was particularly close to her mother.

Although best known as a teacher, she extended her reputation through writings and lectures. In addition to articles in *The Etude*, *The Musician*, and *The Musical Courier* (of which she was an associate editor from 1902 to 1926) she wrote *The Interpretation of Piano Music* (1913), a text book which presented for the first time the technique of artistic piano playing and the psychology of music. It was well received by the musical world and endorsed by such outstanding pianists as Vladimir de Pachmann, Harold Bauer, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Ernest Hutcheson, Frank Damrosch, and Arthur Foote. Her lectures included "The Magic Pedal: The Soul of the Pianoforte," which was first delivered at Vincennes University, and which was repeated in 1909 before the National Music Teachers' Association at Columbus, Ohio; and "The Awakening and Development of Musical Ability," which was delivered before the New York State Music Teachers' Association at Saratoga, New York, in 1914.

In spite of ill health, Mary had an endless ability to do the work she loved. Instruction was given free to poor pupils who showed talent and interest in music. Nor was the instruction confined to music. To her promising pupils, she became guide, philosopher and friend, teaching much more than music. Her interests were wide and her active participation in musical and civic organizations of which she was a member

X
The Venable - Brady Family

2. Harriet Venable July 24, 1868 — May 26, 1951	m. Mifflin Brodhead Brady July 26, 1868 — Dec. 8, 1940
I. Henrietta Margaret Brady Feb. 21, 1899 —	m. Allen Abe Brown Oct. 29, 1898 —
II. Marna Venable Brady Aug. 16, 1903 —	

Harriet Venable Brady

Harriet Venable, the second child and second daughter of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born on Clark Street in the West End of Cincinnati on July 24, 1868. Of that period of her life she had little recollection. She did remember living on Morris Place in the suburban village of Columbia before the family moved to Diana, Her remembrance of the move verifies that of Bryant as to the time, for so many preparations were made that in the confusion no one remembered her seventh birthday.

Years later, Harriet wrote vignettes of the life at Diana, redolent of the time and place:

"At Diana in my youth, Sunday evening supper was always a sort of meeting place for our friends. Everybody was welcome at these informal feasts, except one admirer of my sister Una's, a youth who came frequently and invariably stayed until he had to be asked to tea. And always, he was ostentatiously on a diet and refused even to sample the choice desserts which Auntie loved to make; a procedure which she took as a personal insult and was wont to mutter when notified he would stay `Drat that Frank! Is *he* here again! "

"On the Sweet Civilities:

"It is rather the fashion of the day, particularly among the young, to scoff at ceremony and jeer at respect, but older folk know that a degree of formality is a great help for every-day happiness. It oils the bearings of the car of life, a Packard glides the more smoothly and a Tin Lizzie rattles the less for a judicious dose of lubrication. I find it so easy to love and so hard not to believe the nice person who says pleasant things about me and mine. The sweet civilities of life are so much easier to swallow than the bitter truths.

"Years ago, my sister Mary and I used to take a long street car ride to spend the day with friends in a distant suburb. Mother always sent her compliments or regards to the mother of our youthful hostesses, and our formal message of courtesy was always delivered and a similar one received in return before we felt free to enjoy the day's simple pleasures. And I recall one time when we were invited to a party at the home of a comparative newcomer in the neighborhood. Our mother was unwilling for us to go, because she had

not yet called on the mother of the small celebrant: My daughters and their friends who have never known such restraint as this would laugh it to scorn. But sometimes I wonder if it is not possible that the old-fashioned idea that parents had certain responsibilities toward their children other than financial ones was less absurd than it seems to the rising generation."

Of imaginative play at Diana, Harriet wrote "On the Form of Things Unknown :

"One of the fearful joys of my childhood was known as The Boomeo Boy. This was a sheeted figure, supernaturally tall, on its head a battered hat and shaggy locks, its face a yellow and brown mask with revolting fangs protruding from the orifice of its grinning mouth, its hands encased in knobby white cotton gloves clutching dreadfully at the empty air. This creature first appeared at a Halloween party, disappearing with an unearthly screech as the lights were turned up. The following spring he occasionally invaded the nursery or the evening play on the lawn, causing so much hysterical excitement that mother exorcised his spirit and forbade him ever to return. And the children were called to witness that the monster was only a shawl and a curtain pole on which was fastened a false face, some ravelled hemp, and an old tattered hat, the whole manipulated by big brother Mayo and made according to the directions in *Harper's Young People's Magazine*.

"A dark stairway led down to the basement floor in our house, where the rail ended in a newel post topped with a large ball of wood. To our juvenile minds there was something uncanny about that post because it happened that we had an Aunt Newell, father's sister, and we never understood why the end of the baluster should be named for her. How-ever, we accepted the stationary relative as one of the family, named it affectionately the Aunt Newel Post and used to dress it up in sun bonnet, cap, and apron, chalking a cheerful face on the shiny surface of the ball-head. Then one summer evening, we were dismayed to find that Aunt Newel had been spirited away and her place taken by the odious Boomeo Boy! We edged downstairs close to the wall and ran fast from the treacherous last step to the haven of the lighted dining room. Next day, our kindly Aunt was back again, but periodically, the awful Boomeo Boy banished her and took her place, a fearful changeling, at the foot of the dark stairs. No one could ever be sure that he was not lurking there, scheming unguessed atrocities : none of us would venture down-stairs alone at night.

"Another creature, half monster, half human, often joined in our play on the broad front lawn of summer evenings. This was the Scoomfoozle, a straggly-haired wild man who lay in wait for the unwary, apparently asleep behind the shrubbery. His peculiarly dreadful attribute was the ability to turn one green by the mere touch of his scarlet fingers, and when one was green, he had to stay in Scoomie's lair until rescued. On each digit of both hands Scoomfoozle wore the inverted bell of the trumpet creeper blossom, and he made sudden raids twisting his arms and legs in amazing contortions, while

the assembled children fled, screaming, to the porch which was home. Mother did not approve of this game, either. She found it hard to get us settled for sleep after an evening with Scoomie, and the baby always had to be taken into bed with her for a while and snuggled.

"Then there was that infrequent visitor known as Miss Mary Ann Vanzibu. An old chest in the attic supplied her with poke bonnet, green kid gloves, a gray Quaker dress with kerchief, and an ancient fringed parasol. In this disguising raiment Miss Mary Ann Vanzibu arrived no one knew whence — and departed no one knew whither. She seemed to be an old friend of the family and knew details of our most private affairs. But her visits were a welcome break in the routine, not the less because she always brought a paper bag of peppermints, and chatted in a volatile manner with mother and the children. Presently, they would be sent on some trumped-up errand to the distant barn, and when they returned, Miss Mary Ann Vanzibu had departed, leaving behind some cryptic message, such as 'A man was riding and yet he walked. How could this be?' One child solved the riddle satisfactorily to himself by deciding that the man was accompanied by his dog, and that 'Yet' was the dog's name !

"On rainy days, the youngsters used to gather in our big playroom and pretend they were the four little people (from Edward Lear's *Non-sense Rhymes*, whose names were Violet, Slingsley, Guy and Lionel, voyaging about to see the world, and taking with them an elderly Quanglewangle to cook the meals. The Quanglewangle, come to life, was a piece of root found in the woods, fantastically twisted with a bulbous head-shaped enlargement at one end on which Nature had indicated grotesque features. Its place of residence, when not voyaging with the children, was on the mantelpiece in the Boys' Room. The children loved the monstrosity and included it in their games.

"One day a young caller was invited to join the crew in the clothes basket which was the trusty ship, on the nursery rug which was the briny waves. He did not like his environment, nor the Quanglewangle who accompanied them. He saw no waves, but only a shabby rug, and he wanted his Mamma, to whom his querulous complaint was 'Mamma, isn't a rug just a rug?'

"Yes, to those of his literal-mindedness, a rug must always be a rug, a basket a basket. Facts are the important thing in life — statistics, manual training, technical education! Life is real, life is earnest! Away with Fairyland and the realms of fancy!

"Thus the Gradgrinds of materialism. But the progress of the race comes from the thoughts of the imaginative. The youth who sees the unseen becomes the man whose vision unveils the wonders of art and science. The solitary dreamer who listens to the music of the spheres may wake to render aloud its harmony for all to hear. The world could ill spare the child who dwells in the Never Never Land of Make Believe."

Amateur theatricals were always one of the standbys for amusement at

Diana, and were the subject of Harriet's essay "On the Dramatic Urge:

"At Diana, we children were always getting up plays, original sometimes, but usually adapted from our favorite story books — *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Jason and the Golden Fleece*, *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, *Robin Hood*. In the early days, we found it much easier to make up our own text than to memorize that of more mature playwrights. I recall one tragedy of such swift and bloodthirsty action that the entire dramatis personae were killed off in the progress of the first act. But as this was too brief to constitute an evening's entertainment, a second act was added in *which* all the dead characters reappeared in sheets and pillow cases as disembodied spirits, and the play went merrily on.

"Mary and I collaborated on a play in honor of the anniversary of our parents' marriage. It was a dramatic situation in which a bride and groom, cruelly separated, were reunited amid much rejoicing. The scene opened with the young wife sewing, weeping, and hoping for the return of her husband. Sure enough, he returned, to pour into her lap a glittering treasure of jewels found while cast away on a desert island from which he had only just been rescued. That the jewels were glass beads and red buttons did not make them any the less real. 'Dear husband,' said the young wife, 'I, too, have worked and prayed for our future happiness, and I have prepared a glad surprise for you whilst you were toiling. Behold *my* jewels!' She opened a closet door and out tumbled the three youngest children, to be gathered into the embrace of their wandering father! That the dénouement called forth a degree of hilarity from our elders we fondly attributed to our great humor!

"Mother and father found relaxation and social contact in a literary and dramatic club called the San Souci. Once a month during the winter, this club presented a play, often a classic to which we small fry were sometimes taken and from which we received our first impression of dramatic art. How well I remember sitting with other excited youngsters on the floor before the sliding doors of a front parlour, which opened upon my vision of *The Merchant of Venice* and my mother, beautiful if not historically correct, in her wedding dress of pearly taffeta (concealed in the courtroom scene by a gorgeous red velvet robe from Beck, the costumer's). I have dimmer recollections of being diked out in my Sunday best white frock and blue ribbons, my flowing ringlets but lately released from the muslin strips in which they had been rolled all day to ensure a natural curl, and representing an almost speechless Little Eva, who quite forgot her lines in watching the amazing antics of a Topsy whom we could hardly believe was Nan Rogers, our neighbor across the road.

"The Sans Souci Club lived up to its carefree name for many years. As our generation approached the age when we, too, felt the call of the stage, we also formed a club, The Shady Sunflower Club, which alternated its dances with the production of plays. We were too modest, or perhaps too lazy or too undirected, to attempt those Shakespearian plays which high school students

nowadays produce with such astounding virtuosity (Emerson's daughter Evelyn starred in two), but we memorized and presented many of the forty minute farces whose yellow-backed texts were to be found in dusty pigeon-holes in the basement of the Robert Clarke Bookstore, downtown. We became adept at devising stage settings which were adequate, we ransacked old trunks for discarded clothes, draperies, upholstery material, or anything that could be made into costumes; burnt cork was invaluable for the villain's eye-brows and moustache, while rouge (which no respectable lady would confess to using on ordinary occasions) was permissible behind the gas footlights.

"In those simple times, the fame of any dramatic club soon spread abroad, and our offerings were in popular demand, each repeated several times for some church or charity. Once, we even travelled by train and wagonette to distant Longview Hospital, there to present our entertainment for the patients.

"Enlarging experience of the real stage led our boys to get up minstrel shows, which were given at the Town Hall, on Eastern Avenue. We girls took part in Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, or posed as Sappho or Cleopatra or Martha Washington in tableaux. Or we helped drill the very little folk for a Tom Thumb Wedding, a picturesque pageant of perennial vogue and flattering financial returns."

Harriet wrote thus of Christmas at Diana :

"Uncle Howard Crall and Aunt Harriet and Elmer and Mabel some-times came to Diana for Christmas with the Venables. Once, they gave Russell a brass bugle, — mother made him go half a mile away to practice on it! That year they brought me a dresser set, — two painted china perfume bottles and a powder box, but mother said I was too young to use powder, so it was put in the spare room for company. I used to slip in and 'take the shine off my nose,' but not without feeling very guilty.

"We gave father handkerchiefs, or velvet ear muffs, and maybe a moustache cup, or a silver-headed cane, or a quilted satin dress shirt protector. For mother there was a length of black silk for a dress, a lace fichu, a crocheted fascinator, an embroidered throw, or tissue paper mats representing water lilies to put under the parlour lamps.

"The prettiest tree we ever had was a small oak sapling with its warm brown leaves still on. Father had dragged it in from 'Yellow Oaks' (the hill opposite toward Stanley Avenue, later bought and built on by B. H. Kroger, the founder of the grocery chain) and we trimmed it with wax candles, and strings of pop-corn and cranberries, and candy baskets cut from gilt and silver paper, and gilded walnut shells with trinkets inside, and glass and silver ornaments that were kept from year to year."

Harriet went to the public school in Columbia, a long walk from Diana, and later, with her sister Mary, to the Bartholomew English and Classical School at Third and Lawrence Streets in the city, from which she was graduated in June 1887.

From a newspaper clipping:

"These fifteen beautiful young women clad in snowy robes and seated on a dais behind a perfect barricade of fragrant blooms at their feet were a lovely sight to see. The programmes were artistic leaflets in embossed covers, fastened by white satin ribbons and printed in dull red."

Harriet gave the valedictory, a poem entitled "A Fair Pilgrim to Academe." There is a copy, handwritten, with a charming pen and ink sketch cover, inscribed to "Mifflin B. Brady, with sincere congratulations and best wishes of his friend, Harriet E. Venable, July 26, (his birthday, hence the congratulations) 1887."

The "E" was for Edith. Harriet had been given no middle name, so she adopted Edith from the Saxon Edith of Scott's *The Talisman*. That phase must have lasted some time, as some of her wedding silver was engraved **HEV**. I remember her telling me that in those years she detested her name Harriet -- because there was a big, fat Negro woman also, named Harriet, with whom in some way she came in contact, and that her mother had permitted her to take the name Edith on condition she stuck to it.

After graduation from Bartholomew's she went for a short time to the University of Cincinnati. But finances were always pressing in the Venable family, particularly in those years, and there were younger children to be educated. So she prepared herself as best she could for teaching, and did teach at the Old Highlands School on Eastern Avenue, and in Linwood, and for several years in Circleville, Ohio, about two hours by automobile now, but in those days many hours and a roundabout train route from Cincinnati. Those must have been hard years, ---long distances and never quite enough money. Her first teaching job paid her \$40 a month, less than \$400 a year, and from this she paid her own expenses and contributed to the family finances.

Mifflin Brodhead Brady was the sixth generation in direct descent from Hugh Brady (1709-1783) who in 1732 emigrated to the Falls of the Delaware from County Cork, Ireland, removing later to the Scotch-Irish Conventer community near Condoquinet Creek, Pennsylvania. Captain Sam (1734-1811), Hugh's son, was in the French and Indian Wars under Braddock; Captain John (1735-1779), another son, participated in Bousquet's expedition west of the Ohio and fought with Washington at Brandywine, being killed by Indians in 1779. Captain John's family of thirteen children included "Young" Captain Sam of the Rangers (1756-1795), celebrated *Indian* fighter and Revolutionary soldier; James (1757-1788), whose red hair was scalped by the Indians in 1778; John (1761-1809), great-great grandfather of Mifflin, who was with his father and brother at Brandywine; and General Hugh Brady (1768-1851), Colonel of the 22nd Foot in 1812, for whom Ft. Brady near the Soo Locks is named.

Mifflin's grandfather, Jasper Ewing Brady (1787-1871), learned the

trade of hatter, taught school, and studied law, representing his district in Congress where he sat next to Abraham Lincoln.

Mifflin's father, Lt. Col. George Keyports Brady, volunteered with the Pennsylvania Duquesne Grays at the beginning of the Civil War, serving with the regular army until imprisoned in Libby Prison in 1864. After the war, he made the Army his career, being stationed at western Army posts, and in Alaska, where his son George Morton Brady, who died within a year of his birth in 1871, was the first white child born of American parents in Alaska after the purchase of the territory from Russia.

Mifflin, a red-headed Brady, had been sent by his father to Cincinnati for his education when he was fourteen. He lived with an Uncle on Baymiller Street, and entered Chickering Institute, from which he was graduated in 1885, while W. H. Venable was still the owner and principal. His speech was the first on the program at the Commencement Exercises: "Personal Recollections of Life at Western Army Posts," and there is an invitation addressed to Miss Hattie Venable, as well as the handwritten original speech, describing a life very foreign to the settled life (to that time) of the young Venables in Cincinnati.

He matriculated in the Medical College of Ohio, later part of the University of Cincinnati, that fall, and was graduated from Medical School in 1890. Then only twenty-two, he was in Medical School for an additional year, since he was too young to be admitted to practice. The next year, he interned at the Old Cincinnati General Hospital at Twelfth Street and the Canal, and then entered private practice in the East End. He was boarding at Diana and was studying for his medical degree at the same time that Mary Venable was studying for her musical degree.

Just when Harriet and Mifflin became engaged to be married I do not know, but they were engaged while she was teaching in Circleville and he was establishing himself in practice. His engagement gift, a silver Navajo bracelet, she wore in lieu of a ring for several years. On his seventieth birthday, in 1938, Harriet wrote to Mifflin: "The love of almost my lifetime comes to you on this seventieth birthday; for nearly forty years it has been the ever-deepening love of a wife, but before that I knew you as a school boy, as a medical student, as a young practitioner making his way and hoping to make enough to feel safe to marry. So we have known each other for fifty-six years (since 1882) and have loved each other most of that time."

In a little red leather-bound book, Harriet kept the clippings from the Cincinnati papers on her wedding which took place on the evening of December 19, 1895. Following is a synthesis of the articles which appeared in the Cincinnati papers:

"A beautiful wedding and one which has been exciting the interest of a large circle of friends for some time past took place last evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable, on Tusculum Heights. The bride was their second

daughter, Miss Harriet E. Venable, and the groom was Dr. Mifflin Brodhead Brady, a popular physician of the East End, and only son of Colonel and Mrs. George Keyports Brady of Chicago. Promptly at seven forty-five, the bridal party appeared and the ceremony was performed by Dr. George A. Thayer, of the Unitarian Church, in the presence of a few near relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. The decorations that graced the end of the long drawing room where the bridal party stood were particularly unique and picturesque in their loveliness. A long curtain of white lace had around it a deep border of natural oak leaves, while the center of the curtain was adorned with an artistic arrangement of sprays of pressed ferns which had been gathered by Mrs. Venable last summer during her visit to the Adirondacks. The apartments were otherwise profusely decorated with roses, potted plants and evergreens.

"The bride, on her father's arm, was a beautiful picture. She carried lilies of the valley and wore her mother's wedding gown, a handsome creation of pearl white silk, the bodice draped in embroidered white chiffon and duchesse lace, with pearl trimmings. The puffed elbow sleeves and the long filmy veil were charmingly becoming. Her maid of honor and only attendant was her sister, Miss Mary Venable, wearing a gown of pale green satin trimmed with pearls, while in her hair she wore a green aigrette. The groom's best man was Dr. Albert H. Freiberg, his classmate at Medical College and long time friend. At eight-thirty a reception was held for 160 invited guests, and a sumptuous wedding collation was served by Johnson.

"The display of handsome toilettes was noticeable : Mrs. Venable was beautifully gowned in black crepe de chine with handsome jewelled front; Mrs. Brady, the groom's mother, wore black silk with lavender trimmings, while the Colonel looked very imposing in his full regimental uniform. Miss Una Venable was very pretty in pink silk." Gertrude Spellmire, in 1899 to become Mrs. Bryant Venable, was present, as were of course all the brothers and many Cincinnatians prominent at the time.

The accounts of the society editors, whose style has changed little in sixty years, was always less interesting than the story of the adventures of the bridegroom and his best man before the ceremony. In those days, the mode of transportation was the Pennsylvania train to Delta Station, thence up to Diana by the long, steep hill of Taylor (now Stanley) Avenue on foot. For the occasion, Mifflin had ordered a carriage from the livery stable on Eastern Avenue. This was waiting for the groom and groomsman, and they were to arrive in style. Unfortunately for their plans, Dr. Thayer, the officiating clergyman, arrived by train, saw the carriage, assumed it was for him, thanked the bridegroom for his thoughtfulness, and drove off, to the speechless consternation of Dr. Brady and Dr. Freiberg. December 19, 1895, was one of those warm, muggy evenings Cincinnati always seems to have in December. No other carriage was available at that late hour, so there remained nothing for the two young men to do but

walk up the hill, all done up in their wedding finery, arriving breathless, dripping, and late. As Mifflin told the story, he was seated, coat off, panting for breath, while Dr. Freiberg fanned him vigorously with a towel, when Dr. Thayer entered the room, and his words were: "There seems to be some-ah-confusion as to whether or not the bridegroom has arrived. Oh, there you are!"

In the same red leather book, in Mifflin's handwriting, is a list of wedding presents. Mary Venable, in addition to her musical abilities, was also unusually artistic and skilfull in the painting of china. Her gift was a dozen each of dinner plates, breakfast plates, dessert plates, ice cream plates, and demitasses, all elaborately decorated by her on Limoges china. Almost all of these are still unbroken, they were never used for any but the most important social functions in the Brady family, and are now in the possession of Marna and Henrietta. There were many small pieces of silver and cut glass, — berry spoons seem to have been a popular item, and there were several carafes for which the younger generation probably does not even know the use.

Mayo Venable, in addition to a Japanese screen, gave a watercolour by Farny of the head of an Uncpapa Sioux Indian brave, "Scorched Lightning." Mr. Farny sent as a companion piece the head of a Sioux woman, "Sleeping Waters." These were prized possessions in every house the Bradys lived in, and are now in the living room of Henrietta Brady Brown. Bryant gave his sister a Lindsay oil painting called "In the Pennsylvania Woods," Una a photograph entitled "Maerchen," and Russell a "photograph in a gold frame." Of neither of these last two do I have any recollection, and only the faintest of Emerson's gift, an iron banquet lamp. Gertrude Spellmire sent a carving set, and from the Society of Internes of the Cincinnati General Hospital, Dr. and Mrs. Arch I. Carson, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Landis, Dr. Albert Freiberg, and Dr. Henry Wald Bettman, came a silver after-dinner coffee service, which I still have.

Mifflin's mother gave the bride a check for \$100, no mean sum in those days. What she bought with this, in the light of present day prices, is well nigh incredible : a set of green and gold Haviland china — (\$32.60) — this remained the "best china" all my youth, and there are still a few pieces left unbroken; a dozen quadruple plate silver knives (\$13), forks (\$9), dessert forks (\$7.50), and half a dozen soup spoons (\$3.50) which must have been excellent plate, for they were in daily use for many years. Only during the early 1930's did Harriet occasionally receive for Christmas or birthday gifts, sterling flat silver, and never did she have a complete set without which the modern bride considers house-keeping, to say nothing of entertaining, impossible. The rest of the \$100 went for a Persian rug at \$17, and a large vase at \$5.

From her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Howard Crall, and Elmer and Mabel Crall, came a check for \$50, which was spent on the beginning of a library, -- an entire set of Dickens for \$5, Scott \$3.95, Thackeray \$4.25, Goethe \$2, Carlyle \$5.50; three volumes of Hawthorne for 60c, not apiece but for the three, Jane Eyre for 20c, Les Miserables 65c, Coleridge's and

Shelley's poems for 65c each. (When the house on Tusculum Avenue was broken up after Mifflin's death in 1940, the entire collection of books, two or three thousand shelved on one large wall, floor to ceiling, except those few given away, or taken by Harriet and the girls, was sold for \$50 to a second hand book store.)

Harriet and Mifflin boarded in Columbia for several years; their first home was on The Terrace, probably about 1898, and here Henrietta was born February 21, 1899, and Marna, August 16, 1903. In 1904 came the move to Morris Place and Taylor (Stanley) Avenues, and in 1910 to the house at 322 Tusculum Avenue which was to be home for thirty years. Since Mifflin's office was always in the residence, Harriet was always in active contact with his medical practice, answering the door to patients, talking to them over the telephone, reassuring them as they waited for the doctor on an emergency call, accommodating meals and household routine to the exigencies of a general practitioner's life. Harriet always felt it was her part of the marriage to see to it that Mifflin had a comfortable and well-run home.

She never wanted to live in the East End, a suburb which even in the early days of her marriage was on the down-grade, but here Mifflin was established in practice and she felt that she could not insist on reestablishment in another suburb. Transportation was not easy: until his first car about 1909, the doctor made all his calls on foot and the physical area a general practitioner could cover was much more restricted than now. With the coming of the automobile, both Marna and Henrietta visited friends and attended functions all over the city. Distance meant nothing. But Harriet never drove, and her social life was largely in Tusculum, except for a brief period when she was a member of the Cincinnati Woman's Club. In the early Teens, she was active in the newly established Woman's City Club in town, and later in the Lecture Club which also met in the city. During the First World War, she took a leading part in the sewing division of the Surgical Dressings Committee, and after the United States entered the war, in the Red Cross. But she never was a club woman with a capital C.

Perhaps the most satisfying time of her life was in the late Twenties and early Thirties. Her parents, to whom she had given devoted care and service, had died. Henrietta and Marna were educated -and established in their own careers and lives, Mifflin's professional life was busy and time-engrossing. Her life-long Linwood friend, Loretto Heekin LeBlond, who now lived across the road from the old Venable homestead on what was "Cherry Summit" but had been re-named "Broadview Manor," was the patroness of the Catholic Woman's Club which published a monthly magazine for its members. How it came about I have forgotten, but Harriet became a monthly contributor to this magazine, writing essays and stories on anything that pleased her, creating for the purpose a mythical "Sparrow Family" whose lives, play, memories, holidays, ideas, were thinly veiled and only slightly fictionalized accounts of a

combination of the Venable-Brady customs, traditions, and people. For these articles she received \$20 an issue, certainly not much, but never did an author labor so happily and so devotedly. Reminiscences of Diana used earlier and direct quotations from Harriet on other subjects are from these essays, of which Marna and Henrietta have bound copies.

Years before, her girlhood "best friend" Helen Drake (Reed), with whom she maintained a correspondence until shortly before her death, once said to her: "You like to play with your mind, don't you, Hattie?" She did, and "her play with her mind" during these years was very satisfying to her. Incidentally, the play paid off to the extent of some-thing over \$2000 in a ten year period.

An ethmoid sinus operation in 1927 alleviated, but did not cure a dizziness from which she suffered for many years, and which made her uncertain of her balance. Perhaps it would be exaggerating to say that she was a semi-invalid for the last twenty-four years of her life, but physically completely well she was not.

During these years, as indeed during all the years since 1882, Mifflin was devotion itself to her. For him, she was the only woman in the world. One of the last Christmases before his death, a gift of money to her was inclosed in an envelope marked "Interest on the best investment I ever made — December 19, 1895"; and she was fond of recalling that he had said to her frequently "The more I see of other men's wives, the better I like my own." I think Mifflin always knew that he would probably pre-decease Harriet, and he made all possible provision for her care and comfort. The house, as well as what small estate he had inherited from his mother, were both in her name. His only estate was insurance, less than \$1000 in a current checking account, and about \$4000 in unpaid bills, of which perhaps a fifth was collected. The usual response to an approach for payment was "But Dr. Brady *never* sent me a bill!" He was one of that fast-disappearing species, the general practitioner more interested in his patients' well-being than in pecuniary rewards.

Mifflin took his place in the life of Cincinnati, as member and later President of the Cincinnati Board of Health over a period of twenty-five years, consultant on the Contagious Staff of the General Hospital, Lieu-tenant in the Home Guards in 1917-18 during the police and firemen strike, and Examining Physician for many years of the Probate Court. His varied interests included the Milk Commission, the East End "Y", the Boys' Clubs, The Society of Ex-Internes of the Hospital of which he seems to have been permanent president, Masonic work, and for relaxation, and substituting for the vacations he never took, fishing for skipjacks (catfish) on the Ohio River.

His death, after a brief illness, on December 8, 1940, he met fearlessly, stoically, and while he was still useful to the world.

His daughters early learned that his sometimes gruff manner was a bluff, and that he was the kindest and most indulgent of parents. His nieces and nephews, to whom he was "Uncle Doc," knew that there was always chewing

gum in his pockets, frowned on by their mothers but available from "Uncle Doc." To his patients he was doctor and father confessor, and who shall say that his common sense wisdom was less effective than psychoanalysis at \$25 a half hour?

With Mifflin's death, the Tusculum Avenue house was no longer "home" to Harriet. She readily agreed to the proposal that she join Henrietta and Allen in a larger apartment at The Phelps. In ten days, she had disposed of, by gift, all the furnishings and possessions of the house except those she kept for her own use, and on December 19, 1940, the forty-fifth anniversary of her marriage, came to the apartment which was to be her home for ten and a half years, across Lytle Park from the buildings where she had attended the Bartholomew School fifty-five years before. It was a drastic change in her way of life — that she adjusted to it so well was because she really believed and practiced what she had written in her Mrs. Sparrow article:

" 'Youth and crabbed age cannot live together.' So I try not to be crabbed, and over-critical, and to understand if I cannot fully accept, standards so different from those inflexible regulations of the past. And to just such extent as I am able to control the instinctive desire of experience to advise inexperience, am I rewarded by receiving from my children a frankness of self-expression and an inclusion in their interests which make our relationship a close and happy one. If they do not give the kind of deference and unquestioning obedience which the old-fashioned parent used to demand, they do give what is more in accord with the spirit of the times — love, confidence and fraternal good will."

During the Second World War, Mrs. W. T. Semple financed, and Harriet made, more than two hundred dresses and skirts for little girls which were sent to a nursery school for evacuated children in Ascot, England. She took part in, without dominating, social gatherings of the friends of Henrietta and Allen, and of Marna when she was in Cincinnati. She was immensely proud of Marna's career in the Marine Corps, regretting only that Mifflin could not know how ably Marna was carrying on the military tradition of the Bradys, and she lived to see Marna established as Dean of Women at the University of Florida.

As Harriet grew older, she left the apartment infrequently, but she never lost touch with and interest in what was going on in the world. In April, 1946, she wrote a letter to Allen to be given him after her death in which she said "Your kindness and courtesy to me during the years I have lived with you and Henrietta have been constant, and greatly appreciated. Few old women receive so much affectionate attention as you and my dear daughter have shown me, and such consideration. My years with you have been happy, and not lonely." Her chief concern was "not to be a burden to those who love me."

Harriet Venable Brady died on May 26, 1951, two months before her eighty-third birthday, and is buried beside her husband, Mifflin Brodhead Brady, on the Brady lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

Letter to **Harriet Venable Brady** from her mother **Mary Vater Venable**

Diana, Mt. Tusculum

August 2, 1913

My dear little girl:

Your lunch yesterday was a beautiful occasion. You had not invited five hundred, like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to her Anti-Suffragette Ball, but you had enough; and your dress was not silver-spangled silk over silver gauze, but it was suitable, becoming, lovely, and its wearer was quite the queen of the occasion as was fitting. And your house decorations were charming. The low-fluttering butterflies was really a master stroke of artfully decorative design. Everything went off charmingly, everybody was delighted. Some were made happy whose opportunities are rare. Some, not many: and they were made comfortable and at ease. You have learned the art of making folks comfortable. It is, in fact, to feel comfortable and at ease yourself with a friendly solicitude that everybody else shall feel so, — the friendliness apparent, the solicitude unseen, but adjusting conditions continually.

So many speak of Henrietta's helpfulness and her fast approaching young-womanhood; of Marna, out having a good time. "She always has a good time" said Yungbluth (the keeper of a livery stable which had carriages for hire) after the children, with my consent and on his invitation, had piled into the carriage.

The Book Club has done much for Tusculum women. They compare favorably with the rank and file of women anywhere. Any reader of good books finds herself at once exalted. You recall Eva's (Eva Sutton Bulla) experience at the capital of California when Robert took her with him for the first time. "I was dreadfully scared at the thought of meeting the wives of all the noted representatives and senators. But pretty soon I found they were scared of me." She had the real thing — inherited and cherished in the dug-out home experience, and the real thing carries.

I am glad Tusculum has so gentle, so sweet, so kindly, and so capable a leader, who carries them up and they find they want to go up. There is no struggling or pulling-back or envy. Everyone is happy in having a leader who leads without anyone thinking anything about it, except that they want to follow.

I couldn't well say this over the phone and when you come up I can't be a piggy and take you off by yourself. So this outpouring.

Your loving mother

Harriet Venable Brady from her brother **Bryant Venable**

July 8, 1947

Dear Sister Harriet:

What a wonderful little sister you are! Your birthday letter belies the

reports of your infirmities and fills me with amazement at your vigor of mind, your keen insight into the agony of the world, and that incorrigible "Venerable humor" which links Heinie Myers' saloon with the fate of the British Empire. Are we homesick for the yesterdays? Well, haven't we a right to be? Did we not live the best years of our lives in the best period of human history? It seems to me that we have "seen all of it" as Browning yearned to see "over the ball of it." The Victorian Age was the flowering age of civilization and we were of it. With Tennyson, we in our youth, glimpsed the "glory of the world and all the splendor that shall be." Yet even Tennyson, through the eyes of King Arthur, saw God in His ways with nature, but not in His ways with men. "The old order changeth, giving place to the new." We belong to the old order.

I sometimes smile at the simplicity of those old Hebrews who tried to reconcile their own experience with the world and their hope for rational faith in the goodness of the Creator. He knew that He had made a sad mess of humanity and sensibly decided to wipe it out with the Deluge. But, man-like, He compromised with Noah. Result, the same old story over again. Now it appears that Noah himself has undertaken the job. He is getting ready to blast the whole nasty mess with atom bombs! Perhaps that might be the answer, if he does a complete job and does not make the mistake of sparing a chosen few.

But this is rank pessimism and I am determined to be an optimist. If we can't be happy in the new order, at least you have proved that we can derive some unadulterated pleasure from re-living the days of our childhood, gathering Indian relics in the Miami Bottoms and sipping that nectar of ambrosia, — mineral water! The mere mention of it fills me with nostalgia, children of today prefer cocktails.

Mayo apparently is in rather complete agreement with us about such things. His birthday letter to me begins with advice for me to get the Harcourt boys to go swimming with me below the covered bridge at the end of the Union Levee. It is only an hour's walk down Scholl's Lane, past Andy Shrimper's saloon, and a mile through dust knee deep! Maybe an hour and a half, to be on the safe side. If Emerson and Pummy (Russell) go along, you will have to take plenty of time because they can't walk very fast. Also, look out for the Linwood Gang — though they are not as bad fighters as the Cottage Hill boys.

Such recollections are good for the soul. I find myself prone to indulge in them as temporary "blotters-outters" of the more sophisticated present scene.

I guess we owe a debt to old John B. Peaslee who insisted on having school children read and commit to memory those "gems" recited from the platform on Friday afternoons. Father delighted in making innocent little me recite the tale of "The Noble Scavenger," to the horror of Miss Brown and the delight of Mr. Yowell (the principal).

And in the course of our development Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*

succeeded the Memory Gems. We owe a debt to Palgrave, too. You could not do a wiser thing than you are doing — refreshing your memory of *The Golden Treasury* and repeating deathless verses as you woo "Gentle Sleep."

We were never blessed (or cursed) with much money, but few children were richer than we. Our heritage has not been dissipated or lost. We still have it and we have one another.

The historical Museum at Lebanon has again asked for the oil portrait of father. I have about decided to give it to them without waiting to bequeath it at my death. In a measure it is a visual reminder of every-thing that pertains to the "old order." I know it "by heart." And you, my dear, dear sister, are a very large part of it.

Bryant

Harriet Venable Brady from her brother **Bryant Venable**

July 22, 1947

Dearest Harriet:

Birthday greetings from a Neanderthal man! Although you are said to have walked the earth erect before I emerged from the primal slime we both belong to the same geological period which was somewhat after the ice age.

Birthdays in them days were the real thing, with cake and float, served with islands of fluffle sauce dancing on the top. They were the days of monkey buckets now long extinct, of coal oil lamps that smoked and stank, crockery washbasins in which the water frizz solid over night. Yet I have a longer recollection of summers that sizzled, to the delight of pompous bumble bees whose venomous barbs assailed my bare feet. But there was always Fanny with a raw onion waiting to be sliced and poulticed to my wounds. The same Fanny whose magic conjured up the aforesaid coconut cakes and float. She is still extant, the last of her genus -- we shall never see her like again. Evolution, invented in our youth, is running backward. Even birthdays are not what they used to be, and probably never were.

I say this advisedly. In the olden time, we used birthdays as observation posts from which we gazed into the future and we counted the years until we should grow up. Now birthdays present a foreshortened view ahead, while the hinterland stretches into a measureless distance.

So, my dear sister, I advise you to observe your natal day in *retro* rather than in *pro*. Let down your golden hair again and attire your girlish beauty in the royal robes of make-believe. If the illusion fades too quickly, call upon the resources of beauty within your richly stored memory. Even England grows old and passes. But Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning and Dickens are forever young, like you and me.

Gertrude joins me in love and congratulations.

Your devoted brother Bryant

(I asked Bryant to define "fluffle sauce" and "monkey buckets." His reply: "Tin buckets of varying sizes were much more common in my youth than now. One day, Fanny held up before me a two-quart tin bucket, and seeing my face distortedly reflected in the bottom, I exclaimed 'monkey'! Thenceforth, a two-quart tin bucket was a monkey bucket! A monkey bucket was indispensable in the making of fluffle sauce. I re-member sitting on the floor in the old dining room, measuring with great exactitude and stirring earnestly a variety of imaginary ingredients, while opposite me, admiring my skill as a woman should, sat Mabel Crall." — HBB)

Harriet Venable Brady from her brother **Bryant Venable**

February 25, 1948

Dear Sister Harriet:

We have read Ernie's book aloud in the evenings since its arrival. We still have a few pages to go until I can lend the book to you. I warn you, however, that it is rather "strong meat" in some places. Ernie resented Mayo's suggestions that these vulgar passages might be toned down without detriment to the interest of the tale or to the validity of the picture of the Wild West as Ernie knew it. But you never knew Ernie to take advice contrary to his own inclinations, a fact that he himself has demonstrated in numerous accounts of experiences in which he did not show up in a very creditable manner. One of the charming aspects of his book is his complete frankness, often at his own expense.

In reply to a letter from me, praising his book without endorsing all of its coarseness, he addresses me as the Reverend B. V., right on the envelope ! On the inside, he lambasts me as a Puritan almost as bad as Mayo and suggests that he will put me up at the YMCA where I shall not have my morals subjected to indecent exposure, if, as, and when I decide to accept his invitation to visit him and Florence (Sutton) in California. He says his book is selling like hot cakes (mainly to his wide circle of acquaintances who keep him busy at the book stores, auto-graphing their purchases). Evidently he is having the time of his life. But he has never forgiven Mother for her efforts to civilize him when he visited us at Diana about 65 years ago.

Mayo's opus on *Interpretation of Spectra* has just come from the press of a first class publisher, priced at \$6 per. Of course, it will not enjoy the popularity of Ernie's "thriller," but Mayo's satisfaction in having lived to see it in print means more to him than any royalties. After all, Hattie, Mayo has always been the finest, most upright, most unselfish and hardest worker in our entire family. If his sense of humor has been somewhat less keen than that of his less brainy younger brother, his contribution to every worth-while interest puts mine to shame and I rather glory in my shame.

The simultaneous appearance of his book and of Ernie's volume, together with the newspaper publicity attending Emerson's gift to the University, make me feel like a deserter from the family tradition. Mother used to impress upon me my responsibility for carrying on where Father left off — 'wearing his mantle,' as she expressed it. Until I was more than 60 years old I suffered a "guilt complex" and a sense of frustration for having failed to live my father's life over again. Then I suddenly awoke to the realization that my job was to live my own life without attempting to improve upon his. Since making this discovery, without the help of any psychiatrist, I somehow think I have done a better job and I have been much happier.

If I have not "published" I have at least written enough to fill a shelf of volumes, and I have had a lot of fun doing it. My memoirs in prose find appreciative readers in my son and my grandson who considers his Boppa "tops." But beyond question the finest things I have done are the fairy tales for Vernon's appreciative and not excessively stupid little girls. Whether by the irony of fate or by the grace of God, I have inherited only the silly trimming of our father's "mantle."

This is a terribly egocentric letter, but you will understand it better than anyone else could possibly do. You, too, have your share of the artist strain of the Venable blood and what you do write is the "genuine article." "Lytle Park," for example. Father himself never wrote a more sensitive poem than that. I reckon you have had your share of "frustrations" too, but like a true soldier you never squealed about them. I always feel perfectly "safe" with you, knowing that you are one of the "women who understand" and I am not always the easiest subject to see through. Both of us may well say, with poor old frustrated and unhappy Coates Kinney :

"Call it Vanity or call it Art
Striving for utterance,
I seem to feel
A very Sinai thundering in my heart
To make the multitude in worship kneel."

Let her thunder, for all I care.

I am satisfied to have been a penny-a-liner, hawking beer and coffins in the market place, while my Pegasus groaned under his burden, and your Muse was as mute and inglorious as even Gray's Elegy could wish. Just between us two, we know that my Pegasus and your Muse are our own, and they are pleasant companions in their captivity. No critics can throw stones at them, anyhow. I love you.

Your brother Bryant

Harriet Venable Brady from her cousin **Ernest Venable Sutton**

December 22, 1949
South Pasadena, Calif.

My dear Hattie:

Your Christmas card came this morning, and while we have observed the usual custom and sent you one, it struck me that, after all, just sending a card is hardly the proper manner in which to greet you, especially at this season. I presume you are in some the same condition that I am, that is, don't do more than is actually necessary.

You speak of Gertrude's and Bryant's visit with us being a sort of highlight in their lives. Well, it certainly was in ours, and I have wondered since, how come we have let so many years pass without becoming better acquainted.

Today I was looking through an old scrapbook in which I found several sketches of yours made at the time your father, Mary and yourself made that visit at our home in Oakwood; I also found a note in a diary I kept at the time where your father, just as he was getting on the train at Volga, gave me \$10 to help out the family larder. No one will ever know how welcome this gift was, although at the time I knew he needed the money almost as much as we did. Among the sketches was one of Preston's sheep corral; another was of the old stone mill. They certainly brought back memories.

After all life is quite a thing, and as we grow older memories return with increased vividness. Many times I have re-lived the days when I was visiting at Tusculum and you were going with Brady, using me at the time, although I did not realize it, as a comealong. It is a pleasure to look back on those days when your mother used to take me in the up-stairs parlor and lecture me on various subjects. Do you remember the morning when Fanny found my pocketbook under the pillow and I put up such a bluff, while at the same time so pleased that it had been found? Also, do you remember when your folks lived in the city, and Aunt Melly had bought a lot of scrap wood from a wrecked steamboat called the "Diamond Jo" and I was hired to cut this wood up to burn in the fireplace? You sat on the foot of the stairs and Mary sat on the top step and watched the clock to see that I didn't work overtime. We had come down to your home to spend Christmas and I was taken downtown by mother to buy presents with the money thus earned.

Eva (his sister) was a little girl at the time and had a red flannel cloak trimmed with white cotton or wool, and she fell into a ditch beside the road and ruined it. This was the year before you moved to Tusculum, I think, but am not sure, — at least, it was just before we left for Minnesota.

Well, after all, we have both lived through a wonderful development of our country, and can look back on lives that were pleasant and worth while. Somehow Bryant and the other boys seem like another generation, yet Bryant seems more like your father than any of them. He has sent us a sort of book called "Salesman's Follies" or some such title that sounds exactly like your father's writing. Mayo seems one apart from the rest, and while he has many of the Venable traits he is so damned smart that it is difficult to know what to say

in writing him. Russell is a brother to be proud of, but aside from seeing him in San Francisco in 1906 and twice since I have not had much chance to cultivate him. However, both he and his wife seem awfully nice.

This is a sort of rambling reminiscence but through it all is the memory of you and Mary when we were children and that is something to look back on. Henrietta and Allen seem like pleasant memories although I saw them only once when we were east. If you ever see Fanny tell her I remember her as one of the family.

My thinking apparatus is not in the best of condition but I hope when this spell is over to be normal again. Well, here is to your good health, you family's good health, and may you live long and prosper.

Ernie

Henrietta Brady Brown

I was born February 21, 1899, in a house on The Terrace, now no longer existent, on the river side of the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks opposite and below the corner of Tusculum and Eastern Avenues in the East End of Cincinnati. It was certainly not a swanky address at which to be born, and my recollections of it are vague, since I was only "half past five" when we moved from there. I remember that one walked down wooden steps from Eastern Avenue, across the tracks, and back from a paved sidewalk to the large frame house. Of the house itself I recall little, and of our life there not much.

My Grandfather Brady had died in Chicago a month before I was born, and my Grandmother Brady, whom Marna and I called "Nammie," had come to live with us. Her room at the back of the house faced the Ohio River and the Kentucky hills. I have a very vivid recollection, as a small child, of sitting on her lap during a violent thunderstorm, while she pointed out to me the beauty of the lightning and reassured me about the thunder-claps. Whether she was consciously immunizing me against fear of electrical storms I do not know — I have never been afraid of them.

The river was only a block or so away. I was sometimes taken to its banks to throw stones into the muddy waters, and our way led past a cluster of shanty-boat dwellers leading what seemed to me delightfully carefree days. The City Water Works had yet to be built. Raw river water was alive with germs, particularly typhoid, a disease now almost unknown around here, and all the drinking water had to be boiled, after being allowed to stand so the mud would sink to the bottom. Each faucet had a soapstone filter on it, which had to be cleaned frequently of the accumulated mud and slime. Water for washing clothes was drawn on Sunday and sat in big tubs to settle before the Monday washing. Lighting was by gas, — our home on Tusculum Avenue in 1910 was the first to be wired (through the old gas pipes) for electricity. All my life I shall remember the smell like that of no other of the Welsbach gas mantels as they

were burned for the first time.

I have an early memory of my first contact with national affairs. President Theodore Roosevelt was passing through Cincinnati sometime before 1904, and his special train was routed over the Pennsylvania tracks in front of our house. I was taken to the edge of the tracks to wave frantically as the train went by, and, so I remember or so I was told, the President waved back.

I was never much of a player with dolls. "Sutie-ma-die" was my first, named for Dad's first doll. The rag doll which accompanied me to bed for years was "Mother Muggins." In reading over some material lent me by Bryant I found a story written in his own hand by Grandfather Venable entitled "A Narrative of Mother Muggins, by Thomas Tad, K. I. D." Whether my doll was named for the heroine of this tale, a rag doll, or whether my doll's name supplied the name of the heroine, I do not know. A letter from Grandfather Venable to me dated December 11, 1901, refers to Mother Muggins:

"This is a letter from Grandpa Foxy. I am well, excepting my nose. When you come up next Sunday, don't speak to me, for I am sulky. Tell your grandmother (Brady) she may talk to me as much as she pleases for I like to have her talk to me. Please spank Mother Muggins for me. I send you a cat and four dogs. Don't let Squealy pull their tails!"

Accompanying this letter were delightful pen and ink sketches of cats, curly tailed and straight tailed, back view and front view, and a scrambled sketch which when properly viewed resolved itself into four dogs.

Marna, my sister, was born on The Terrace on August 16, 1903. Of her coming I have no real recollection, and never having been psycho-analyzed I do not know whether or not I resented the competition, but I doubt it. Four and a half years' difference in age is a lot of years in childhood, and all our lives we have been friends rather than competitors, taking pride in each other's accomplishments in totally different fields.

In September 1904, we moved to a newly built house on the corner of Morris and Taylor (now Stanley) Avenues, and Dad had his office in a room with a separate entrance on Taylor. That fall, too, I started to kindergarten at Lincoln Public School to which I went all my primary school days, finishing in June 1913. I think Dad gave me my nickname "Heinie," and always called me so. It followed me from primary school through college, and so I am still known to many friends. Mother and Allen called me "Henri," and to Marna I am and always have been "Sis."

During my childhood we went "up-y-hill" usually on Sundays, Dad carrying me on his shoulders when my fat legs gave out, and mother pushing Marna in the baby carriage. It was a long walk. Diana in my day was as Mayo describes it, remodelled, — the front and back parlours, the long flight of steps up and down from the entrance hall, grandfather's study, with the green baize table at which he worked on the near wall, a bay window with inner wooden slatted shutters looking off to-ward the barn and potato cellar, bookcases on

the same wall, and on the opposite wall a coal grate fire with a tin black screen, not beautiful but most efficient in starting the updraft when the fire was lighted. I used to love to be allowed to poke the ashes from between the slots of the fire-basket. Above the mantel was a series of pictures, illustrating the "Seven Ages of Man" speech of the Melancholy Jacques. A door to the rear led into the grandparents' bedroom, and just opposite that door was the, as I recall, severe-faced portrait of Great Grandmother Vater in a frilled white bonnet.

A narrow back hall led, right, to a recently installed bathroom with a wood-enclosed tin tub, and left, to the back stairs going to the basement dining room, kitchen, furnace room, book room, and further front, the cool cupboard with its stone walls where was set the milk in yellow pottery bowls so the cream would rise to the top. When I first remember, there was still a pump over the sink in the kitchen, and a coffee grinder fastened to the wall above that, and the stove was a coal-fired range. Many times I looked on, or "helped," when Fanny churned, after which I had a glass of buttermilk with flakes of real butter floating around in it, and a thick slice of newly baked crusty bread lavishly spread with the newly made butter. (Obviously I began my continuing delight in gourmet food early.)

Wendel, the hired man Mayo mentions, had died, and the incumbent in my day was Jake Woehrman, or however it was spelled, — it was pronounced Wireman. I judged from the conversation of my elders that he was somewhat of a scamp, but that did not particularly interest me so long as he allowed me to play around the barn, and help drive the cows in from pasture, though I kept a respectful distance, being secretly afraid of them. In the barn, too, was a carriage and a white horse named, characteristically Venabilian, "Hermes," which took Grandmother and Grandfather up and down the hill to the train.

The path leading down to the kitchen entrance was a mass of japonica bushes, flaming red in the spring, and heavy twisted wisteria vines hung from the roof of the front porch. The front yard was wide and made for childrens' play, and infrequently, Grandfather would become Scoomfoozle for the older grandchildren, scaring us pleasurably half to death and sending us screaming to our mothers on the summer porch. This was off the left of the house, cool on summer evenings, the flooring first of board with wooden benches all around the sides, and later of concrete with more comfortable chairs brought out from the house. Here, before 1910, I first heard a discussion among the men of the family on "The Yellow Peril," which was to culminate thirty years later at Pearl Harbor. On the lawn was a sassafras tree, whose leaves I used to chew, and near-by a fringe tree, so delicately ornamental in the spring. The potato cellar, dug into the hillside near the barn, was a favorite play place, and the turf top in spring was a mass of white and green Stars of Bethlehem which surprised me no end by shutting up tight as if dead at night, and coming alive again the next morning. I remember Fairyland at the bottom of the ravine in back of the

house, and its stone table, and I always took this short cut to the hill when we lived on Tusculum Avenue, crossing a creek on a plank, and resting awhile in Fairyland before climbing the rest of the way to the house.

As the oldest Venable grandchild, four years older than Elizabeth, Bryant's daughter and my nearest cousin, I occupied for those four years at least a unique position. I was a novelty as a grandchild and as a niece. Until 1899, none of the other Venable children married, and until February 1903 I had no competition from sister or cousins. I was part of the family celebrations when the family functioned as a unit. I received gifts and communications from uncles and aunts, and was photo-graphed, exclaimed over, and made much of (at least so I am told, and I have documents, photographs and gifts to prove it!). Emerson's remark upon being confronted with his first niece became a family classic: said he, in a surprised tone, "Why, she's not at all repulsive looking!" In May, 1899, I received a diamond ring from Mayo, just returned from the Spanish American War, and in October an invitation to the wedding of Bryant to Gertrude Spellmire. Aunt Jessie Tuckerman Venable sent me two cleverly illustrated notes, Mary wrote me from Vincennes comparing a little girl she knew there unfavorably to me, and Una must have seen me frequently on her way up and down the hill from her teaching. My first formal communication was from Russell, brief, to the point, with no frills, immediately after my birth:

"Compliments of Russell *Vernon* Venable
Corporal, Company B
Second United States Volunteer Engineers
to Miss Henrietta Margaret Brady
March 11, 1899 — Havana, Cuba"

In 1908, Una became alarmed that I was not reading enough, so she bought me a large blank book, inscribed "On Bokes for to Rede I Me Delyte" (the motto from Chaucer, as Bryant tells, over the mantelpiece in the study at Diana). Una guaranteed me a nickel for every hundred books I read and noted in the ruled book. How much I padded my ac-count, or how many nickels I collected I do not know, but I kept up the listing until 1927, with #2034 my last entry, and it is an interesting record of changing tastes and changing handwriting. (A letter from Florence Venable Weiffenbach in 1954 reminds me of what I had almost forgotten — that I began such a book for her when she was about the age my book was begun for me by Una.)

Prominent in the early listings are the "Oz" books. I got them for Christmas as they were published, and when I ostensibly outgrew them, Marna got them. She now has the full collection in her home in Florida, minus two or three, doubtless in the possession of cousins, for they were lent all around the family as the cousins and the cousins' children grew to the "Oz" age. In 1954, on a visit to Mayo in Pittsburgh, we found the younger sons of Emerson Venable engrossed with the "Oz" books, and recent participants in a play in which they had impersonated the Cowardly Lion, the Scarecrow and the Tin

Woodman, greatly aided by the clever masks made by their mother, Regis.

As Marna and I grew older, mother read to us at bed time — the *Jungle Books*, and others which I have forgotten, — I think *Ivanhoe*. While mother loved Dickens, whose characters were as real to her as the members of her own family, she did not insist on our reading him. Consequently, I read Dickens too late, and was never an addict. Thackeray, also a favorite of mother's, was more to my taste. A Carnegie public library had just opened a block away from our Tusculum Avenue house and I was a constant patron. My reading was uncensored and catholic. I read much I didn't then understand, and the usual crop of children's books of my generation, including *The Little Colonel*, and the Ralph Henry Barbour and Zane Grey boys' stories. I never could quite swallow *Elsie Dinsmore*. I happened to begin with the one in which Elsie is kept sitting on the piano stool by her cruel father until she will consent to play something other than hymns on Sunday. She never did, and finally fainted. That was enough for me. Reading is a habit which has remained with me — I'd rather read a time table or a grocery list than nothing.

Our house, the Brady house on Morris Place, was opposite a deep depression which had never been filled in, and it soon became known as "Brady's Dump" though nothing was dumped there. It was a marvellous play place; we built Indian tepees with the high polelike weeds, buried pets, tracked each other through the densely growing weeds (with never a chigger bite that I recall), learned, and spoke, Tutney — the made-up language of Ernest Seton Thompson's *Two Little Savages*, and generally enjoyed ourselves. In the evening, on the level part of Morris Place, we played "Red Rover, Come Over," "Hide and Seek," "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Crack the Whip" and "Statues" with no fear of being run over by automobiles. Each family was summoned home for supper or for the night by a distinctive whistle from the father — Dad's was a bit like the call of an owl, if an owl could whistle, and it was always obeyed, — well, nearly always !

The first automobile came into our lives around 1909, and was a one cylinder "Brush," with a specially built-on rumble seat for Marna and me. That was followed later by a Hupmobile roadster, which had a top, supreme luxury. After these two, automobiles were no longer a rarity, and I do not remember the makes.

Our house was within reach of the flood waters of the Ohio. I remember little about the flood which caught us in 1913, except that mother, Marna and I sat it out at Diana, when the backwater put out the furnace. Across the street from our house was a blacksmith shop, and behind this we made tentative experiments with Indian cigars and cornsilk cigarettes without paying, as far as I recall, the usual wages of such sin. We went to Coney Island on the Island Queen, or Princess, or Maid — there were three such big excursion boats on the river in my childhood, of which none remain. We had a club, the MPKK — Morris Place Knitting Klub — and I learned to knit, which I can still do, and

did, during two wars. We went to the Congregational Sunday School as the most liberal one convenient in our suburb and because all our little friends went there, we were angels in Christmas entertainments, we went to the usual children's parties, and downtown very infrequently, though always to see Santa Claus at Christmas time, but mainly our lives were lived in a very small area of six or eight blocks in Tusculum.

Grandmother Brady died in 1906. In 1910, the house in which we were living was sold, and it became necessary to buy the house at 322 Tusculum Avenue, a block away. Here was "home" for thirty years, until Dad's death in December, 1940. It was one of the oldest houses in that part of the city, spacious and high-ceilinged, furnished comfortably but modestly, and it was also, as mother used to say as she got older, "a woman killer." To Marna and me it was always a gracious, hospitable home to which we invited our friends, and the housekeeping details didn't bother us much except on the occasions when one maid left and before another came.

Neither Marna nor I were ever made to learn to cook. Mother reasoned that if and when the time came, we had enough intelligence to read a cookbook and follow instructions. So it turned out, and thanks to her wisdom, we wasted no time in youth doing what would then have been an uncongenial task. Mother herself never much liked to cook, she could, and did, during our maid-less hiatuses, but her chief household interest was sewing and she made all our clothes during our school days and well into college.

For the last seventeen years of the time we lived on Tusculum Avenue an indispensable member of the family was Frances Warner, a very intelligent Negro woman who, like Fanny at Diana, shared our holiday celebrations and our joys and sorrows. Mother was devoted to Frances, as was Frances to mother. From Frances she got most of the material she used in the "Lily" articles she wrote for the *Catholic Woman's Magazine*. Frances came down with mother to The Phelps after Dad's death, and remained with her until illness in 1943 forced her to retire.

During my last year in grade school I studied piano at the College of Music with Aunt Mary Venable. I was notably ungifted, but I persisted (or was persuaded to persist, since all my young playmates "took" music), until high school became too absorbing. On the days I went for my lesson I rode down town on an East End street car, transferred at Fourth and Vine Streets to the Clifton-Elm car which went up over the Canal to the College. Returning, the transfer gave me just enough time to go into Mullane's, a candy and ice cream emporium on "Ladies Square" (Fourth, between Vine and Race) and have myself a chocolate nut sundae of gargantuan proportions, garnished with whipped cream and a cherry. It cost fifteen cents. I never came home with any change from the quarter given me.

My high school days were comparatively unexciting. I went, as did all East End children, to the New Woodward High School on Twelfth and

Broadway, — now it is the Old Woodward. I remember little of the academic work except that I flunked Algebra and easily made good marks in English and History. After school, when we could wangle money or save it from our lunch money, we went frequently to the movie shows which cost a dime : Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Charlie Chaplin, the Farnums, Theda Bara, and the Key-stone cops, most of them only names now, but thrilling then. At that time, too, I went frequently to the theatre, not yet called "the legitimate stage." For fifty cents one could sit in the first row of the steep gallery in the Grand or Lyric Theatres on Vine Street and see all the touring stars of the time : Sothorn and Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire, David Warfield, Forbes Robertson, Sarah Bernhardt, Al Jolson, Mrs. Fiske, George Arliss, and Maude Adams as "Peter Pan," to whose query to the audience of "Do you believe in fairies?" I, like thousands of other children in 1906, clapped furiously to save Tinker Bell's life. Unforgettable memories.

One of my classmates at Woodward was Allen Brown. He took me to baseball games, to basketball games, to a Woodward Boatride, and occasionally came out on Sunday evenings for supper after which we walked around the wooden sidewalk of Tusculum Hill. Twenty-one years after our graduation in 1917, we were married.

College days were more exciting. It was wartime, there were barracks on the campus of the University of Cincinnati, and such boys as were not in active service were in SATC, but comparatively speaking, we were little touched by the First World War. At Christmas of that year I was invited to visit Florence and Russell Venable at Fort Jay, on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, where the Twenty-second Infantry was stationed. At a New Year's Day party I was toasted as "Henrietta Brady, great-great grandniece of General Hugh Brady, first commander of the 22nd Infantry." That was a thrill, but there were others: my first glimpse of New York City, my first Broadway plays, my first visit to the home of Elmer Crall and Mabel Crall MacDonald (mother's cousins) then living at 16 West 76th Street just west of Central Park, my first ride on the subway and on the elevated, and my nightly look at bedtime at "The Liberty Lady" bathed in light in the harbor. Florence (Boo) was four and Cynthia just one, adorable children both.

My four years at the University were full and happy. Scholastically, I did not distinguish myself, but in extra-curricular activities I was busy. Never before or since have I considered myself as important as during the years 1917-1921. I was a member of as many clubs and organizations as I had time for: The Literary Society, the Cercle Française, the Woman's League, The Drama Circle; I was Editor of the year book *The Cincinnati* and Managing Editor of the *University News*, and I dabbled in campus politics, although helping to pull the strings and not holding office was my metier.

In 1913 VCP, the woman's sorority of which Una Venable Tuckerman, Gertrude Spellmire Venable, and Florence Moore Venable were members, had

become a chapter of the national fraternity of Kappa Alpha Theta. I was bid in my sophomore year. My non-sorority year gave me friends, a self-reliance and a point of view I might not otherwise have achieved. While I enjoyed (and profited by) the associations of Theta, and in diluted doses and with selected people still do, my fraternity was just another activity which I never took too seriously, and certainly never sentimentally.

In my senior year I was elected to the woman's honorary Mystic 13 (now Mortar Board), to Cincinnatus, also honorary, but co-educational, and was the only woman member of the men's Ulex Society. I was not elected to Phi Beta Kappa, which was not strange since except for a few courses in English and History my academic studies were for the most part secondary to my student activities. But I received my B.A. in 1921.

In spite of this somewhat casual attitude toward what was, after all, the primary reason for my parents having given me a college education, I think I have about as good a general educational background, at least in literature and history, as most of my generation, thanks to family background and personal inclination. I have always read widely on all sorts of unrelated subjects, none of which were ever of any particular use to me, but all of which satisfied my intellectual curiosity and gave me pleasure. I seem to know a little about a lot, but not much about any one thing. My creative ability is practically nil, but my critical faculty, or so at least I like to think, is fairly well developed.

The summer of 1921 brought to an end my formal education, and from being a big frog in a little puddle I was confronted with the necessity of earning a living in a very large puddle whose denizens appreciated not at all the remarkable creature newly cast among them. I had had no time in college to worry about my future, I just assumed I would teach. But I had never gotten around to taking Teachers' College courses, and I found I had no inclination to instruct. For want of anything else to do, I went to business college in the ballroom of the old Burnet House (where Aunt Mary was then living) and hated every minute of it. Both shorthand and typing were matters of memory, not reason, and I was among high school and grade school pupils who resented me as much as I resented them — they were so much more proficient than I. Even now, my shorthand is two-thirds longhand and my typing slow and inaccurate.

In February, 1922, I was recommended as secretary by one of my University professors to William T. Semple, Head of the Department of Classics of the University, and son-in-law of Charles P. Taft, the Cincinnati capitalist, whose daughter Louise Taft he had married five years before. Thirty-two years later (1954) I am still in the same job. My duties have been varied and almost impossible to describe. I fitted in wherever I was needed. One winter, I read aloud to Mr. Taft; I ran the billing for dues of the American Association of University Professors of which Mr. Semple was Treasurer; I handled much of the business details of the several conventions in Cincinnati of the Archaeological Institute of America and the Ohio Classical Conference; I took

care of the financial details of the Semple-financed, University-sponsored Excavations at Troy and later at Pylos; I paid household bills, dealt with servants, oversaw the building of the Semple house in Indian Hill; and stood by at the time of the death of their son, Charles Taft Semple, and of Mr. and Mrs. Taft.

In the summers of the 1920's and 1930's I went with the Tafts and Semples to Murray Bay, Canada, where the Tafts had a summer home. It was here, one summer, that I met ex-President Taft, then Chief Justice. I was wearing a rubber girdle. As I rose to be introduced to Mr. Taft, I felt the rubber begin to split, and I stood there as motionless as possible, wondering if he would leave the room before the split reached dangerous proportions. The Chief Justice had a genial personality, inherited by his son Charles P. Taft, but not by his son Robert (later Senator) who, it was said, was "all Herron," his mother's family, and whose natural diffidence impressed many as snobbishness. Perhaps he was intellectually snobbish; he was impatient of any one whose mind did not function as quickly as did his, but socially snobbish he was not, as I had opportunity to observe. Senator Taft made his Cincinnati head-quarters in the offices of Mr. and Mrs. Semple in the Times-Star Building on three occasions, -- while running successfully for Senator in 1950, in the fall of 1951, and in the fall of 1952, after his unsuccessful bid for the Republican nomination. I admired the Senator. He accomplished a prodigious amount of work, and whether or not one agreed with his opinions, one could only respect his complete honesty. That his son Robert invited me to be present at the private funeral services I considered an honor.

Allen Brown's father, Jacob Brown, came to the United States in 1888, one of five children of a Talmud scholar and teacher of Hebrew literature in Gorlitz, Austria. His mother, Ray (Rachel) Lewis Brown, had emigrated as a young girl from Russia. Allen was born in Indianapolis on October 29, 1898, the younger of two sons. He never saw either grand-father, neither of whom left Europe, but he vividly remembers both grandmothers. Pesl Brown, after the death of her husband, came to Indianapolis where most of her children were established. She was a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked old lady, who greatly enjoyed her new life, easily giving up orthodox Jewish dietary laws, but wearing always the sheitel of the married woman. She died at 95 in 1925. His mother's mother also came to Indianapolis in Allen's early childhood, though she would neither live nor eat with the Brown family, as her daughter did not keep a kosher household. She found it impossible in Indianapolis to continue the traditional orthodoxy of her religion, and she determined to go to Jerusalem, which she did in the early 1900's, alone and knowing no one. Here she lived devoutly until her death in 1916 during the First World War.

In 1904, Allen's brother, Eddy Brown, who had early manifested musical talent, was taken abroad by his mother to continue his violin studies with Hubay at the Budapest Conservatory. He made his debut as a concert violinist

in London in 1909 at the age of fourteen, and after further years of study under Leopold Auer and concert tours on the continent, he and Mrs. Brown returned to the States in 1916.

During this period, Allen lived with his father and with relatives in Indianapolis, joining his mother and brother in the summers of 1912 and 1913, when he attended school in Berlin and in Dresden. In 1914 he entered Woodward High School in Cincinnati, being graduated in 1917. His further education was at the College of the City of New York in later years. After service in the Navy in 1918, he made his home in New York with his family. His father died in 1923.

En route to Canada I always managed to stop over in New York. I got to know New York pretty well and Allen even better. Both of us were interested in our own life and career, and we lived seven hundred miles apart. But we never quite let slip the friendship which had begun in our school days. In 1937 Allen came to Cincinnati to live, where he was first in the insurance business and since 1945 with Bache and Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange. On the morning of August 5, 1938, we were married in the library of our home on Tusculum Avenue with Marna doubling as maid of honor and best man, and only Dad, mother, and Frances present. Since neither of us had church affiliations, and the Unitarian minister was unavailable, we had asked Dr. Frank Nelson of Christ Church to officiate. When absence from the city prevented his doing so, the ceremony was performed by his assistant, William Howard Melish, later to make headlines. We took an apartment at The Phelps, 506 East Fourth Street, within easy walking distance of our offices.

Allen from the first fitted in to the Brady household and family. He and Dad were good friends and shared an interest in Masonry. During Dad's illness, no son could have been more attentive and affectionate. After his death Allen and I suggested to mother that she and we combine households in a larger apartment at The Phelps, which we did, since the apartment gave all of us more convenience and more privacy than would have been possible in the house, which was sold. An air conditioner installed in mother's room greatly aided her to get through the heat of the Cincinnati summers. The combined household was, I think, an unusually happy and harmonious one until mother's death in May of 1951.

Since 1951 we have travelled as much as limited time and funds would permit and hope to do more of it. It pleases and compliments us both that Marna writes around the first of November "I'll be home for Christmas," though she is now established in a home of her own in Gainesville, Florida.

Christmas was always, as Grandfather Venable so delightfully phrased it in his Christmas poem for Emerson in 1883, "an isthmus joining year to year," and we made much of it at our house. Among mother's and Aunt Mary's closest and oldest friends were the Schevills and the Hochstetters (changed to Hilton during the First World War) whose brother Robert, Bryant Venable

mentions as his closest friend. Their parents were German-born, and from participation in the Hochstetter Christmas observances, a large amount of German "Fröhliche Weihnachtzeit" tradition was assimilated into the simpler but imaginative Venable Christmases. The combination was irresistible to children and grownups alike. Dad had been an only child, and Christmas to him on an isolated Western Army post meant only a gold piece for his stocking and a turkey leg for his tummy. He loved Christmas. He loved to give, not only to his family, but to all with whom he came in contact during the year, — tobacco and magazine subscriptions to the lock-tenders at Chilo Dam where he fished, an overcoat for the handy man around the house, flowers and fruit for old lady patients, and always mother put up a dozen unmarked boxes of Christmas goodies for Dad to distribute at the last minute.

During the week before Christmas Dad never came into the house without pockets bulging with mysterious packages. His shopping was done in the neighborhood stores, and frequently he discovered novelties which mother and Marna and I never even saw in the downtown stores. Toys were his specialty, — mechanical toys of before the war manufacture, a balking donkey, a singing bird, Scary-Ann, whose hair rose up straight at the press of a lever, a penguin who waddled enchantingly — all sorts of animals who did all sorts of wonderful things. We have never gotten over the toy stage at our house. Always we hung up the capacious white silk stockings, kept from year to year, and always Dad-Santa's final touch to them was a candy cane of heroic proportions. That as we got older we preferred King's chocolates never phased him. We got those, too, but there always had been candy canes in our Christmas stockings and there always would be.

On Dad's first Christmas tree, at Camp Three Forks of the Owyee, Idaho, was a silver ball, about the size of a small grape fruit, and obviously made of less perishable material than that now used in tree ornaments. This year will be the 86th year it has hung on Brady Christmas trees, or been the focal point of Christmas decorations wherever we have lived, mirroring the happiest time of the year for all of us.

Mother's part in the Christmas cheer was no less important. Each year she wrapped untold numbers of presents. Some of the gifts might be of small monetary value, but no matter what they were, or for whom they were, the gifts were always beautifully wrapped and tied, so that one hated to break the seals and spoil the artistic package. For weeks before Christmas mother and Frances baked and iced and decorated Christmas küchen — Buttergebachness, pfeffernüsse, Mandelhaufschen, springerli, eire krinkle, gelbe plaettchen, — it makes my mouth water to think of them. They were stored in tin boxes on the attic steps to "ripen" until the time came to pack them, and more important for us, to put them in a big china dish on the buffet in the dining room convenient for nibbling. Accompanying the cakes would be transparent grapefruit and orange peel, figs, nuts of all kinds, clusters of huge raisins white and purple,

brandy-soaked dates rolled in powdered sugar, fondant balls delicately coloured, candied cherries and pineapple, and before the First War old-fashioned white sugar-candy doves and harps and lambs, ornamented with flecks of pink and blue and gold, and other imported German delicacies found at the old Peebles grocery on Fountain Square. Dad's contribution was always a thick wedge of Roquefort cheese and a huge red-coated Edam cheese, and it was he who consulted with the butcher and personally selected the turkey, and who skillfully carved it at the table, loading each plate with white and dark meat and stuffing and mashed potatoes and candied sweet potatoes. Always mince meat and pumpkin pie ("Fanny's pumpkin pie," so goes the recipe in mother's cook book) or flaming plum pudding finished the meal, and always we overate.

And on Christmas night, Dad invariably said "Well, kids, did you have a good Christmas?" and upon being assured that it had been the best yet, his next speech invariably was "Next year, we'll have to cut down a bit." Next year's "cut down Christmas" never came!

MARNA VENABLE BRADY

Marna Venable Brady, the second child and second daughter of Harriet Venable Brady and Mifflin Brodhead Brady, was born on The Terrace in the Cincinnati suburb of Tusculum, on August 16, 1903. Since the family moved from here when she was two, she has no recollection of her birthplace. She does remember vividly her early childhood in the Taylor (now Stanley) Avenue house :

"It was a brand new house when we moved in, and the plaster walls were not papered for some time until the plaster had completely dried. We had a playroom on the second floor with a big bookcase, one side of which held our children's books — *Father Goose*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Goops*, *Just So Stories*, *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates*, *Max and Moritz*, *Black Beauty*, and, of course, the *Oz Books*, as well as Dad's boyhood favorites — *The Aztec Treasure House*, the *Grimm* and *Anderson Fairy Tales*, and *Zigzag Journeys* to various lands. Our toys were supposed to be put away on the other side. One particularly favorite toy was a circus set, complete with clowns, elephants, mules, and horses, made of wood and movable at the joints, so they could be made to do all sorts of tricks. Dad used to take lots of pictures of us as children. One day he photographed Sister, sitting in a little chair in front of the bookcase, reading. Behind, on the shelves, are the circus toys. It is the only time I can remember that I wanted my picture taken, too -- usually I begrudged the time it took from active play. So there is a picture of me in the same pose at three years old, assiduously reading my book, — upside down!

"I remember a diabolo set, and a magic set, particularly a wooden egg. You opened the outer shell one way, and there was a white egg inside. Abracadabra — a twist of the wrist — and the egg disappeared! We had two doll

houses, one a big homemade, four room mansion we inherited from some neighborhood child who had outgrown it. The other was store-bought, and had a hinged front which when closed not only afforded the doll occupants a privacy impossible in the bigger, but open-faced job, but made it a miniature residence complete with windows, a front porch and a front door, all printed on paper and glued on. Plastics, which today make the outfitting of a doll house from frigidaire to the latest model car complete and inexpensive, were unknown. We either made our own furniture from cardboard, or got each year as Christmas stocking gifts fragile, filagree-tin furnishings imported from Germany.

"But I don't remember I ever played much with dolls. My constant companion for years, without which I would not go to sleep, was "Teddy," a white plush teddy bear with shoe-button eyes and an appealing expression.

"In the winter, the gas pressure frequently went down so low that the lights went off. The lamp we always used must have been Uncle Emerson's 'banquet lamp' wedding gift to mother and Dad. It had a yellow glass shade and we moved it from dining room to living room to bed-room. In the backyard, I had a horizontal bar on which the neighbor-hood kids and I used to chin ourselves, hang by our heels, and see how many times we could 'skin the cat'. Nearby was a sandpile, and as a special treat we were allowed to eat a picnic lunch there occasionally. It was the same lunch we would have had at the table, indoors, but it always tasted better. Once I acquired a pair of rabbits who lived in a hutch in the backyard, and sometimes I adopted a stray cat or dog and brought him home, but pets were never too popular in the family and they never lasted long. We had a Hungarian cook named Lizzie Schaunez, whose friend Vetta worked up the street. I used to bite my fingernails, and one day Lizzie and Vetta gave me a manicure. I was so proud of the beautiful polish my fingernail biting stopped completely."

Marna always carried herself erectly. Old neighbors of Tusculum still remember her on summer afternoons, after she had had her nap and been dressed up ("cleaned up" was the term in use) for dinner, walking up Morris Place followed by a black cat whose perpendicular tail was no more straight than Marna's back. Intent on her own affairs, she glanced neither right nor left. Marna's explanation of her preoccupation is: "There were some neighbors who always called to me 'Hello, Bill Dumpling!' I hated the name, and I guess I thought if I didn't look to-ward their porch, they wouldn't greet me so. But they always did."

"Brady's Dump" was a playground for Marna and her friends as it had been for Henrietta and hers. Marna recalls: "Sis's gang had buried all sorts of things there, which we dug up. I remember that probably as a result of reading *The Gold Bug*, they put a plate high up in a tree which was supposed to mark the spot where treasure was buried. We found the plate, and after some hesitation, we dug for the treasure, which turned out to be a moldy box filled

with broken china — very disappointing."

The Brady house at the foot of the hill was a frequent stopping-off place for aunts and uncles on their way to Diana. Marna recalls:

"Uncle Russell brought us each an Ingersoll watch one time. Some-how, mine got dropped down the living room register to the furnace. We took up the grill and fished for it, but I never got it back. Aunt Una used to stop in, and Uncle Emerson before he was married, and occasionally grandmother and grandfather while they waited for Jake to come for them with Hermes and the carriage. Aunt Mary always spent Christmas Eve with us, and was there when we opened our stockings in the morning. One year, I had been a fairy in a Christmas Eve entertainment at the Congregational Sunday School. Next morning, I ate a piece of the hard candy we always got, and choked. I remember that Dad picked me up by my feet and held me head down, while Aunt Mary pounded me on the back until the candy was dislodged and popped out of my mouth. I must have been six or seven at a family Christmas gathering at Uncle Bryant's. Santa Claus was Bryant Tuckerman, Una's fiance. We weren't supposed to know who he was, but we soon found out when his white beard caught fire from the candles on the tree, and someone — Dad maybe — thrust a huge, sopping-wet sponge in his face from a bucket of water foresightedly placed nearby for just such an emergency.

"Christmas was always a highlight, but second only to Christmas in excitement was the Fourth of July. The celebrations, while hazardous, were certainly less tame than the present fireworks-less, safe and sane holiday. My recent spending money had early been invested in a stock of fireworks, wrapped in red, gold-flecked paper from China, and the punk with which to light them. I got up at the crack of dawn, and with my pals was out shooting off firecrackers, cannon crackers, dynamite caps, and spit-devils, interspersed with occasional noiseless but fascinating snakes in the grass, to the annoyance of the neighborhood adults, whose early morning sleep was shattered. In the evening, the papas took over on the Roman candles, the sky rockets, and pinwheels, while we were allowed only the less dangerous sparklers and green and red flares and flower pots. In the sky were fire balloons, and if you caught one to which was attached a coupon, you were entitled to a box of Dolly Varden chocolates. I never caught one, though I chased many, but we often heard the horse-drawn fire engines dashing to the scene of a fire kindled by a balloon which had landed on a dry shingle roof."

Marna's remembrance of her Venable grandparents (her Brady grandmother had died when she was three) is distinct, as is also her memory of the house on the hill. To the Brady children, the place was never Diana, but always "up at grandfather's" or "up the hill," and nearly every Sunday some part of the day was spent there. Once in a while, when the Bryant Venable children were also there, the older grandchildren could persuade their grandfather to be Scoomfoozle, and they, as had their parents, loved the stories he told on the

summer porch off the side of the house. Fairyland was still a play place. Marna recalls that the vines had grown so thick above the old stone table by that time that we kids used to be tossed up among them until somebody discovered that poison ivy flourished among the grapevines, and that stopped that play. I remember the house very well. It had a distinct smell of earth and dampness and pot roasts. It seemed to me a very big house." (Betty Venable Liddle also remembers the smell of the house. Curiously enough, Henrietta, older than both of them, does not.)

Marna went to Lincoln School until the fifth grade, when having the bad fortune to be in the class of a sadistically-minded teacher whose idea of minor punishment was to close the lips of her pupils with adhesive tape, she was taken out of school and finished the primary grades at McKinley School, nearer the Tusculum Avenue house to which the Brady family had moved in 1910. While at McKinley, she participated in the exercises of breaking ground for the new addition, and her picture, wielding a spade, was published in the newspapers. (This was the first of many news pictures of Marna at various ages, in various activities, and various parts of the country. Luckily she is photogenic, good-looking, and unselfconscious. — HBB)

Her amusements in grade school were always in active sports, playing Indians or cowboys (her wardrobe always included an Indian suit and cowboy chaps before the days of shorts and slacks), roller skating, tennis, football, baseball, and shinny, with makeshift hockey sticks and tin cans for pucks which rattled on the brick street, swimming, and bicycle riding. She recalls:

"Sometimes I rode my bike over to Uncle Bryant's to play with Betty and Vernon. Uncle Bryant would stretch a curtain across the lower stairway landing and then go upstairs. Presently, Mrs. Whatnot would stick her head out from the curtain and engage in animated conversation with us. Mrs. Whatnot was a gourd with a face painted on it, — we weren't supposed to know that Uncle Bryant was behind the curtain and that the voice was his — but we did! I smoked my first cornsilk cigarette with Vernon. Sometimes, Betty came over to play with me on Tusculum Avenue. There's a picture of us both, standing on our hands, with the Monday wash out on the line in the background."

In the summer of 1917 Marna had a severe attack of malarial fever. Her red hair was shaved off, her mother made her a little skull-cap to cover the baldness. When the new hair grew in, a mass of red-gold ring-lets covered her head, freeing her forever from beauticians and permanent waves. In spite of her red hair, she never seems to have been called "Red" for any length of time. Occasionally, her father called her "Bill," but her only nickname has been a shortening of Marna to "Marn".

In the fall of 1917, she went to Woodward High School, transferring in her junior year to the just completed East (later Withrow) High School in Hyde Park, and in 1921 she matriculated at the University of Cincinnati.

At the University, Marna was, like her sister, soon in the thick of extra-curricular activities, but unlike her sister who had given anything athletic a wide berth, her paramount activity was athletics. She decided early that she wanted to be a physical education teacher, and her liberal arts courses were combined with physical education courses. She was on the basketball, hockey, swimming and baseball teams, took part in the spring Greek Games, and the Dance Club, skied in Burnet Woods when there was enough snow, and in between times worked on the staff of the *Cincinnati* and the *University News*, attended her fraternity meetings (Kappa Alpha Theta and Mystic 13), and had no lack of escorts to all social coeducational functions, particularly dances, where her excellence as a dancer made her much in demand as a partner. In her senior year, she was awarded the highest single feminine honor, the "C" Ring for "excellence of personality, sportsmanship, and successful participation in college activities." In the summers, she was a counsellor at the Girl Scout Camp near Cincinnati, at a New Hampshire private camp for three years and in Wisconsin for one. At the Girl Scout Camp in Kalamazoo, Michigan, which she helped one of her college friends organize, one of the campers was her cousin "Boo" (Florence) Venable, and she remembers delivering her back to Russell at Camp Custer, Michigan, when the camp was over.

Graduated in 1925 with a B. S., Marna was Instructor in the Department of Physical Education at the University of Cincinnati for two years. Outside her class work, she developed a first class hockey team and worked with the Red Cross Life Saving Squad. In the fall of 1927, she went to Columbia University Teachers' College, getting her M. A. in 1928. She taught at Columbia during the summer, and that fall accepted the position of Assistant Director of Physical Education at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. Here she coached a winning basket ball team, and helped to popularize lacrosse, coaching it and playing with an English woman's team.

Bryn Mawr stages a quadrennial May Day, an elaborate representation of an Elizabethan pageant, complete with Good Queen Bess and her Court, maypoles, folk dancers, singers and jugglers. In 1932, and again in 1936, among other duties in connection with May Day, Marna directed a group of tumblers. They proved a spectacular and highly praised addition to the festivities, turning somersaults, hand springs, fish flips, building intricate pyramids, skyscrapers, and Japanese fans, balancing, skipping, and leaping through paper-covered hoops. The well trained group got much applause and Marna much praise for her teaching, as well as for the number of new figures and combinations she had invented in working with her classes. In April 1936, Marna published *Tumbling for Girls*, a handbook for high school and college teachers and students, illustrated by numerous photographs, in many of which Marna herself appeared. She was an expert tumbler with a perfect sense of balance. (I still remember Marna, at a Christmas party, her flowing evening gown tucked up out of her way, being a "flying angel" while Vernon, flat on his

back on the floor, supported her with his arms and feet. — HBB)

During the summer of 1932, accompanied by a Bryn Mawr friend and fellow professor, Marna shipped her car abroad and motored through Italy, Austria, Switzerland and France.

In 1938, Wheaton College at Norton, Massachusetts, offered Marna an Assistant Professorship and the headship of its Department of Physical Education. With the outbreak of war abroad, she gave Red Cross First Aid courses, and was in the Massachusetts Woman's Defense Corps, receiving a certificate in a fire-fighting class. A spectacular picture reprinted in papers over the country shows Marna landing in a life net after a two story jump. The summer of 1940 she spent at the East-man plant in Rochester, making time fuses for anti-aircraft shells.

By the winter of 1942, the war was on in earnest, and the United States was in it. When she came home at Christmas time, she spoke of her desire to continue the Brady fighting tradition and take a more active part in the war effort, in which her mother encouraged her. On March 5, 1943, she enlisted in the second Officers' Training Class of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. Her boot training was at Holyoke, Massachusetts, where she led a class of seventy-four and became a first lieutenant in June. A brief leave with her mother and Henrietta and Allen in Cincinnati, where heads turned on the street to glance after the tall, slim, forest-green clad figure (the first Woman Marine in this area) and Marna was off to her first assignment at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina, the east coast Marine Base at New River. Here she commanded the Officers' Candidate classes, replacing a man. She received her captain's bars in November, and was transferred to the Second Headquarters Battalion in Washington, D. C., in February 1944, remaining in Washington until December of that year, when after a Christmas leave in Cincinnati, she went to the west coast as Executive Officer in charge of the first contingent of Women Marines to be sent to Hawaii. After six months, it was "Aloha, Hawaii" and "California, Here I Come" when, flown back to the States in a Navy plane, she assumed command of the WR battalion at the huge west coast amphibious base and staging area of Camp Pendleton, California, General H. M. ("Howling Mad") Smith commanding. Her gold leaves as Major she received in September 1945, together with a letter of commendation for her Hawaiian service from General Vandergrift, at that time Commandant of the United States Marine Corps.

Marna remained in the Marine Corps during the difficult demobilization period until the disbandment of the Women's Reserve at Camp Pendleton on June 4, 1946. Returning to Cincinnati after a brief vacation, she determined to broaden her educational background, as well as her professional opportunities. She went to the University of Cincinnati Summer School and in the fall, having resigned from Wheaton, returned to Columbia University to work for a Doctor's degree in the Department of Guidance and Administration, which she received in June 1948.

In 1947, the University of Florida at Gainesville, always a man's college, had become coeducational. In 1948, Marna was offered, and accepted, the challenging job of becoming the first Dean of Women in the predominately male college, which had at that time 9000 men and 700 women students, with no campus housing for the women. In 1954, the coed enrollment is 2400, there are five residence halls for them on campus, and Marna's staff number fifteen persons, all with M. A.'s.

Her varied experiences, excellent health, an even disposition, and a strong sense of justice happily tempered by a sense of humor have combined to make Marna a respected and popular Dean of Women whose approval and advice is sought by the men as well as the girls. She deals unruffled with panty raids as well as with academic and personality problems. Last fall she built a house at 2228 N. W. Ninth Place, near the campus, and though still a "damsyankee" in her dislike for Coca-Cola, she is a voting, tax-paying Floridian.

XI
The Venable - Tuckerman Family

3. William Mayo Venable Feb. 14, 1871 —	m. Jessie Genevieve Tuckerman Dec. 25, 1869—Feb. 11, 1915
I. Infant daughter Died shortly after birth, 1903	
II. William Henry Venable, Jr. Oct. 12, 1904 —	m. Edna Katherine Rocereto
1. William Henry Venable June 6, 1933 —	
2. Beatrice Nicholson Venable June 25, 1936 —	
III. John Ellinwood Venable March 25, 1907 —	m. Anne Makarainen Jan. 1, 1907 —
1. John Ellinwood Venable, Jr. Oct. 18, 1933 —	m. Laurretta Lautanen Aug. 4, 1932 —
a. John Robert Venable March 14, 1954	
2. Jessie Anne Venable Nov. 14, 1935 —	
3. Infant son, died at birth Feb. 28, 1941.	
4. William Jacob Venable Oct. 10, 1942 —	
IV. Emerson Venable Dec. 3, 1911 —	m. Regis Alva Illston Sept. 14, 1909 —
1. Wallace Starr Venable April 18, 1940 —	
2. Gilbert Tuckerman Venable March 3, 1942 —	
3. Alan Hudson Venable Oct. 26, 1944 —	
4. Thomas Colgrove Venable Aug. 4, 1947 —	

WILLIAM MAYO VENABLE

William Mayo Venable, the third child and the first son of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born on Morris Place, in the suburban village of Columbia, Cincinnati, on February 14, 1871.

In 1940, he wrote for his children and grandchildren an account of the Venable-Tuckerman ancestry, the Venable section of which was based on

genealogical information gathered some years before by his youngest brother Russell and from remembered conversations with his father and mother. In the introduction, dated Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Christmas 1941, addressed to his three sons, William Henry, John Ellinwood and Emerson, he says:

"The purpose of preserving such records is not self-glorification or pride of any special family name, but to give to the on-coming generation some knowledge of how they belong to and are part of the great family of this Nation and the greater family of the human race. It is not a selected minority of the people now living that is to be responsible for the heritage of future generations. Everyone of the persons now alive is so because his ancestors have been able to survive through countless generations and have proved their fitness thus far. Success for the human family involves many kinds of success for the individuals who constitute it. Many who could not survive in primitive or warlike times are as necessary for the happiness of the future as are those who can survive without help from their fellows, for without the presence of those who live for others, no high civilization is possible.

"I did not intend to give my own adventures and misadventures as large a place as I find I have. That I have done so is not because I believe my own life more important, but because I know many more interesting things connected with my own life than I know about the lives even of my parents. Besides, my own life has been so intimately connected with that of my family, that in telling it, I have also been telling of them."

Mayo concludes his introduction:

"This is not an endeavor to weigh the importance of any of the people mentioned. . . . All of your ancestors of whom we have any record seem to have been persons who tried to live helpful lives, though with varying degrees of outward success, and in no case with failure of inward motive."

The life of William Mayo Venable which follows is from the account of the Venable family written by him for his children and grandchildren. Occasionally certain passages which are of less general interest have been condensed, since the full account is available to his sons.

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My earliest recollections are of living in a frame house with a winding stair that led to a little round tower above a shingle roof, and of a dog as big as myself, of whom I was very fond, but afraid, for he pushed me over when he kissed my face with his tongue. The dog was banished to Kentucky, much to my grief. Years later, my father told me that it was a little dog, not almost as large as a calf, as I remembered him. I also remember falling downstairs, not because it hurt much, but because it was such a surprise, and ended so suddenly when I reached the bottom.

It must have been in the summer time of 1873 (Bryant's date of 1875 would seem to be correct, since Bryant was born not at Diana but in Columbia, in 1873, and was two years old when the family moved to Diana. — HBB) that

we moved to Diana. I remember being lifted to sit beside the driver of the moving-wagon filled with furniture, and I remember the new, not quite finished house ; but I do not remember the ride of somewhat more than a mile from the village of Columbia at the foot of the hill. The family consisted of Father, Mother, my sisters Mary and Harriet, my little brother Bryant, and myself, and my father's spinster cousin Mary Baird, whom we called "Auntie" and whose special care I was. Mother employed Frances Jung, then aged twelve, to help with the housework. "Fanny" remained with Mother as long as mother lived; but when she first came to us she returned every night to the home of her parents on Tusculum Avenue, and came up the hill every morning. Fanny's father, Wendel Jung, worked for my father as hired man on the place, for a very small wage and a share in the produce of the garden. Wages and salaries were very small in those days; many a laborer now receives more cash for one day of work than Wendel received for two weeks, yet Wendel was more fortunate than others in similar employment, and was very happy in the kind of work he had to do.

The new home, Diana, was built upon the hillside with an entrance on two levels. The upper entrance was several feet below the street, then known as Hillside Road (now Vineyard Place) and about sixty feet distant from our front porch, which extended almost the entire length of the house and was covered with a tin roof. It was almost five feet wide, and was reached from the front yard by two wooden steps, and had a wooden bench at each end. From the middle of the porch, a front door gave entrance into a narrow hail, with flights of stairs both up and down, and two doors, one at the hall entering into the parlor, and the other adjacent to the upper stairway, opening into the bedroom of my parents. Beyond the parlor, which was longer than the bedroom by the width of the hall, was a second story back porch almost as long as the house, which had a tin roof above it and a ground floor porch below it. I never saw a house with more porches in proportion to its size.

The upper floor was like the one just described, except that above the parlor there were two small rooms, one known as "Auntie's room," and one as "the little room," which was even smaller than the other. The room above my parents' room was the girls' room. It, and the two rooms on the second floor, had grates for coal fires. Auntie's room had a very small stove, which was seldom used. I slept with Auntie who had come to live with us, until the house was remodelled.

Under the front porch there was a long narrow cellar with a stone wall against the hillside and swinging shelves for storing the quantities of canned goods put up on the place every year. The opposite wall also was of brick or stone, and was provided with two doors, one into the downstairs hall, and the other into the dining room, which was under the parlor. A door at the foot of the stairs connected the hall with the dining room which had three other doors besides those already mentioned, one to the back porch, one to the kitchen

which was under the bedroom, and one to the pass-closet, which was a cupboard connecting the dining room and kitchen. There was an anthracite coal stove in the dining room, and a register was cut in the ceiling to the parlor above, to take the chill off that room. There was also a sideboard, a dining table, and chairs. This room, when I was very little, served as a living room and study for the entire family during the school year. The children lived out of doors in the summer, except when the weather was wet. The kitchen had a coal stove, and a sink with a drain that discharged on the slope toward the ravine on the east side of the house, which was later extended to the ravine.

Of course, at that time in the suburbs there was no city water and *no* gas. We used cistern water, the cistern located near the back porch, being filled by rain water from the roof. Above the cistern was a wonderful chain pump. Water had to be pumped out of doors and carried into the house for all domestic purposes. Later, my mother had a "pitcher pump" installed on the kitchen sink, so that it was not necessary to go out of doors to get water. This kitchen pump had a habit of losing its suction with a gulping sound, and we always kept a small pail of water on hand to prime it. For light, we used oil lamps which had to be trimmed every day; and coal had to be carried to each room for the grate fires, for there was no provision for a furnace and central heating.

On the eastern side of the house was a small area paved with rough flat stones taken from the ravine. This extended over the cistern, and led to the outbuilding, which consisted of an enclosed shed of rough boards, unpainted, with a shingle roof. It was divided into three compartments, known as the washhouse, the packing room, and the coal shed. The last was a lean-to, on a lower level from the others, reached by stone steps of the rough flat stones. From the rear porch we could see the Ohio River, more than a mile away, across the river to the Kentucky hills, and down the river to the city. On the Fourth of July, we could see the fireworks at the Highland House on Mt. Adams, and paper balloons sent up there often came down on our place. We gathered on the front porch in the afternoons and evenings during the summer and Father often joined us there, leading us in romping games. He took us for walks in the woods, through "Yellow Oaks" on the crest of the hill, where the trees were three hundred or more years old. In the early spring we transplanted forest wild flowers to our several individual gardens in the nearest ravine at home, and Mary, Hattie, and I each had a space where no trespassers were permitted.

Father was such an integral part of these delights that I am sure they were as much a part of his life as of ours. He and Wendel, or rather Wendel under his direction, landscaped the place with paths of flat stones, rustic benches, a colonade of young maple trees along the thousand foot frontage on Hillside Road, a rustic fence covered with five-fingered ivy, roses, and shrubbery, and constructed a "bower" completely roofed with wild grapevines,

supported on elm and hackberry trees, with a stone floor and benches all about. In the middle was a table made of a single flat weathered stone about five feet in diameter taken from the ravine and supported on a pedestal of smaller stones laid without mortar.

The truck patch provided ample supplies of fresh vegetables in season, of which supplies were canned for winter. We had a grape arbor, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cherry and peach trees, and even some blueberry bushes and a persimmon tree all set out shortly after we moved to Diana. There were already fifteen or more elderly apple trees on the place, including varieties ripening throughout the summer months. If we took the trouble to gather them and take them to a neighbor's cider mill, the only charge was that Wendel should help Louis, the neighbor's hired man, on his day of cider making. And Fanny made apple butter, later, outside the root cellar dug into the slope of the hill near the barn. After a few years, we kept cows, which necessitated Wendel devoting more time to "useful" pursuits and less to purely ornamental developments, in which both he and father delighted. When I was a small child, Diana was a land of plenty; certainly preferable to the Garden of Eden, where apple eating was forbidden, for at Diana apples were provided most amply from the Fourth of July until Christmas, which was about as long as our unsprayed fruit would keep.

The years of my childhood, from 1871 to 1882, were happy times for the entire family, as well as for me. For nine months of the year, my father's days were usually divided into two parts — the first devoted to his teaching at Chickering Institute and his coming and going between home and city. This required his walking a total distance of four miles a day. The second part he spent in his study. Between these shifts, after supper, he usually gave an hour to the children, telling the most delightful stories, made up on the spur of the moment and continued from night to night. Sometimes he read aloud to us or we played sociable games. At Christmas time he wrote plays, with a part specially fitted for each child, which we enacted. During the summer vacations he took us on many walks and excursions.

I learned to read when I was very young, before I attended any school. I do not remember ever being unable to read. When I was five, I went to a kindergarten in the village, kept by one known as "Aunt Nellie." If she had any other name, it has long since faded from memory. There I learned to weave colored paper into mats that might have been quite pretty if I had not gotten too much paste on the up side of them. I was also bewitched by Gracie, the oldest and prettiest girl in the kindergarten. The next year, or the year after, I was sent to public school in Columbia, a mile or more walk from home, and was put into the first reader under Miss Gowdy. This trip to school was a very hazardous one at first, when I was not accompanied by the older children, because of a billy goat who lived on the way and always eyed me in a manner that made me feel far from safe as long as he was in sight. As I already knew

how to read, I was transferred shortly to the second reader, under a teacher whose name I have forgotten. She and I did not agree about the desirability of learning the multiplication tables, especially the "seven times" table. One result is that although I have had a vast amount of multiplying to do during my life, I have never been proficient at it. I have acquired accuracy, but not speed.

It was probably the next year that I "took" German under Herr Roth, and learned a number of short German poems. I think the familiarity with German pronunciation I acquired at that early age has been helpful to me in later years, though I never acquired a proficiency in the language. In the fourth reader, I was very happy. The teacher, Miss Leen, understood boys and girls and loved them. We all adored her, though she kept a sound rattan in the little room where we hung our hats and coats, and used it effectively when occasion required.

Coming so far to school, I had to carry my lunch and eat it in the school room or school yard at the lunch hour, together with several others, including my nearest neighbor Ed Harcourt (better known as Scobie) who lived at Isabella Ridge on Hillside Road a quarter of a mile east of our house, and Henry Meyer (better known as Heinie) whose father kept an inn, with saloon and bowling alley, a mile and a quarter east of Columbia, where the California Pike crossed the Little Miami River. In my opinion, Heinie was the most fortunate of boys, for he could go fishing or boat riding any time it pleased him. He also had a violin, which led to my being given one later, but not to my becoming a virtuoso, at least in the opinion of my sister Mary, who was taking lessons on the piano, and did not appreciate my instrument. Heinie was my partner. He was a husky lad, larger than most of the boys in our class, of whom I was one of the smallest. This alliance was a military advantage, for considerable fighting was necessary, although against the school rules. The results were not always to my credit, either morally or physically, but I do not remember ever running away. I fear I was some-what quarrelsome in spite of my small size, and I would not stand being imposed on by any one.

I was promoted to the fifth reader, but attended it only a short time, as I was transferred to Chickering Institute in the winter of 1882-3. I continued there until it closed in June 1886. The instruction at Chickering Institute was the best available anywhere at that time, but the things I recall best are not those for which the school usually received the most praise. I remember vividly my classmate, Eugene Lewis, who specialized in counting worms in chestnuts while apparently studying arithmetic. The highest score he ever reported was twenty-six worms in one chestnut. We all agreed that that was too many. One boy, Hiram Howard, carried a watch as large as a turnip, but without hands. He delighted in taking it from his pocket, looking at it, and then putting it back with the air of one who is perfectly satisfied.

One of our teachers was Dr. Crawford. Later, he was a diplomat to Russia and translated the Finnish epic, the Kalavala. But as a teacher, he was

never popular with the students, one of whom, with the knowledge of several others, placed a large, specially contrived pin on his chair. Dr. Crawford sat on the pin, but never showed by the slightest expression on his face that he felt the prick. He merely glanced around and noted those boys who looked at one another with questioning looks. After chapel, he told those boys to remain after class — then he removed the pin, and established respect and discipline, though never popularity. A man who could sit still for twenty minutes under such circumstances was not one to be trifled with. Another of our teachers was Dr. A. D. Binkard, whose home was at Miller's Eddy, a backwater on the Allegheny River about eighty miles above Pittsburgh. He had a son about my own age, with whom I was fast friends. I spent the summer of 1883 with them, the first time I had ever been away from home. It was a great adventure. Our only lady teacher was Miss Lucy Parker. Later, she married a Methodist Bishop. She understood that boys of twelve were much closer to being children than to being men, and managed to make us study — some. Years later, she visited me in Pittsburgh.

The next year, or the year after, my parents thought that a part of my vacation should be devoted to learning something which would enable me to make money. Accordingly, I was sent each morning to the school of phonography kept by my Uncle Elias and Aunt Margaret (Vater) Longley. My afternoons were my own, and I made good use of them.

Before I was fourteen, I had made my first boat, the first enterprise of any consequence I had carried through. After the closing of Chickering's in 1886, I went for two years to Woodward High School, graduating in 1888. There were forty-six girls and thirty-four boys in that class, but I lived so far from the school I had almost no association with my classmates out of school hours. But during my two years at Woodward, I belonged to a tennis club and a small social club in the East End, and had other social contacts in that part of town. I took long rambles with the Harcourt boys, as usual. Besides, I had two younger brothers, Bryant and Emerson, who had to be taken along when we went to Crawfish Creek (which ran along in the vicinity of what was later lower Delta Avenue) to catch minnows, crawfish, and horsehair snakes.

In 1885, I was told that we were to have company, including a little girl younger than I, Thomasa Haydock, the daughter of Mrs. Haydock and Thomas T. Haydock, proprietor of one of the largest carriage factories in Cincinnati. She was named for her father and Thomasa had been shortened to Atha. We managed to get along, at first on good behavior, but soon by mutual consent. In 1886, Mrs. Haydock invited me to accompany her family to Watch Hill, Block Island, and the White Mountains. After that year, I was almost as much at home in her house on Walnut Hills on Sundays as in my own home on week days. While I was in high school, Atha was in Paris, studying painting. Eventually she exhibited at the Sorbonne. We corresponded while she was away, and I saw her when she visited at home. I had just placed my foot on the

ladder leading to self support when she told me she was going to be married. Atha Haydock was the best girl friend I had while I was growing from boy to man.

Father's losses in the Chickering Institute matter made it impractical for him to incur the expense of sending his children away from Cincinnati for a college education. Years later, my mother told me that my uncle, Leander Howard Crall, had offered to bear my expenses at Yale, where his son, Elmer, four years older than I, had been graduated. Both my parents thought it would be better for me to work for a year and acquire some practical experience. Accordingly, I studied bookkeeping during the summer of 1888, and in the fall got a job keeping books for the plumber firm of Murphy and Atkinson, who had a shop on Sycamore Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets.

In the fall of 1889, I left the bookkeeping job, which had paid me thirty dollars a month, and devoted full time to my education. During the past year, in addition to my job, I had been entered in the Civil Engineering course of the University of Cincinnati. I lived with my parents, commuting to the city by train, and walking a total of five miles each day. My college "activities" were not extensive, though I won first prizes for running broad jump, 220 yard, 100 yard and 30 yard dashes, and I played quarterback on the football team in my junior year. I was also associate editor of the *McMicken Review*, but the duties were not onerous. At home, I wrote a column for *The Watch Dial*, a trade paper which father edited as a pot-boiler. This was chiefly to train me in correct writing, but it paid my carfare. I did not join any fraternity, chiefly because I had almost no money, and most of my social life was unconnected with that of my classmates.

During my high school and college years, I read most of the books in my father's library, which was quite extensive, though chiefly literary rather than scientific in character, and which included most of the best of English poetry. I had read all of Shakespeare's plays before I was fourteen, and could repeat one or two of them from memory, and I was especially familiar with Tennyson. I could repeat "Enoch Arden" from start to finish, having memorized it without conscious intention after one or two readings. (One of Harriet's memories was connected with this poem. She recalled that Mayo said casually, "I know 'Enoch Arden' by heart." The rest of the children scoffed at him, and his mother told him not to exaggerate. Mayo insisted that he knew it all. Finally, to call his bluff, he was instructed to begin. He began, and went on and on, through the whole long poem, refusing to be stopped by repeated assurances that they believed him! — HBB)

After it was enlarged, our house had two large parlors adjoining, with sliding double doors between. The floors were carpeted, and we had a muslin cover, called "the dancing cloth," which was tacked down around the edges when the young people were invited in to dance. This was originally for the sake of my two older sisters, Mary and Hattie, but it served for the younger

crowd as the children arrived at dancing age. I attended many dances elsewhere, chiefly at the Town Hall on Eastern Avenue, and in Linwood where there was a community which frequently joined with our own for social occasions. Linwood was a little farther from the city than Columbia.

Early in the year 1890, Professor Thomas French persuaded me to change from Civil Engineering to Electrical Engineering, and to act as his assistant in the Physics Department. When I made this change, I did not know that there was no one in the University competent to teach Electrical Engineering, or that few American colleges had qualified instructors in the subject. The result of this lack of qualification on the part of the faculty was that my last year at the University was almost entirely self-guided, so far as my specialty was concerned.

On February 14, 1892, we had a short visit from our great uncle Joe Baird. He was then seventy-two years old, and after asking me what I expected to do when I was through college, he told me that when he was fifty years old, he regretted very much never having had a school education, remarking that a common school education was worth more to a young man starting out in life than \$2000 capital! Many young people born in the early 1800's never had any opportunity to go to school at all. Uncle Joe said he had heard that electricity was likely to be cast aside on account of the danger accompanying its use. But he was quite well informed about the geology of Ohio and Indiana!

Of course, while going to the University nine months of the year, I worked every summer, or part of every summer, when I could find work, in order to take care of my clothes and carfare. My mother took care of my board and lodging, and the city supported the University, so I had no tuition to pay. I worked as rodman in a surveying party, as a wire-man for electric lights in a factory, as a book agent, as a helper in a machine shop, and as a dynamo-tender on a twelve hour night shift in a room where the temperature was over 90 degrees all night long. I had expected to act as assistant to Professor French with a salary of \$150 during my senior year, but this was contingent upon his obtaining an appropriation from the Board of Directors, which did not grant the salary. However, I did the work, for which Professor French paid me a total of \$45 out of his own pocket. Instead of saving money, I was obliged to obtain assistance from my father to carry me through my senior year.

To all outward appearances I was a very promising young man. (A photograph preserved by Harriet shows Mayo in 1892 smooth-shaven, wearing a suit whose lapels are bound in satin, and a fore-in-hand tie distinguished by a huge knot around a high, stiff, standing collar.) I was graduated from the University of Cincinnati in June 1892 with highest honors, and had a coveted opening with the General Electric Company at their Lynn Works. I had many friends, was acceptable in good society, though too poor to take advantage of my opportunities, and I shared the general opinion that I could look forward to a successful career.

In 1892, the General Electric Company was conducting what was termed an "expert course" for training young men in assembling, testing, and installing electrical machinery and devices manufactured by it. In July 1892, I went to the plant at Lynn, Massachusetts, to enroll in this course, expecting to support myself on the pay of 10¢ an hour for a 58 hour week. Father gave me \$40 before I left, out of which I paid \$11 for transportation to New York on the B & O Railroad, thence to Boston on the Fall River Steamship line. In New York, I spent the night with our relatives, the Cralls, and my Uncle Howard insisted on making me a present of an additional \$20 when he learned how little cash I had. When I arrived in Lynn, the pay for the students had been reduced to 5¢ an hour. Thus my pay was \$2.90 per week. I rented a room for \$1.50 a week, but board could not be had for less than \$3.50 a week, so that my minimum expense was \$5 per week, if I did my own washing and spent nothing on pleasure and clothes. Thus before long I was obliged to ask my parents for additional money which as I well knew, they were ill able to spare at the time. Had the pay been 10¢ an hour, as I expected, I could have lived on it. The work was laboring work for which other employees, working with us, and no more efficient, received four, five, and six times as much.

My social contacts in Lynn were not too broad, though I explored the countryside. Among my friends was Howard Rodgers, Kato, a Japanese gentleman, George Warner, Albert L. Clough, and Walter, Percy and George Knight, whose brother Herbert had gone to school at Chickering and was a great friend of my father's. In 1893, with the inauguration of President Cleveland, came the first signs of the Depression of 1893. At the factory, things dragged on unsatisfactorily until August, when the shop was running only thirty hours a week and my pay amounted to \$3.75 per week, while my board and room cost \$5.25.

So, on August 15, 1893, "I took a vacation" from the General Electric Company, which I am still enjoying, and returned to Cincinnati.

I had left Cincinnati in July 1892 a young man whose future was considered assured. I returned in August 1893 with empty pockets and no prospects of employment of any kind, having been an expense to my family for another year. Somehow, however, the entire Venable family managed to go to the World's Fair at Chicago in the summer of 1893. My younger brother Emerson devoted his summer earnings as a messenger boy for the L & N Railroad to taking himself and me to Chicago before the opening of school. His pay was \$20 per month, and of course he lived at home. Professor French at the University offered to make me his assistant at a salary of \$25 a month to be paid out of his own pocket. While at Lynn, I had received my Master's degree for work on a thesis on three phase transmission of energy. I could not live on the proposed salary and I knew that this would not advance me professionally, even if well paid, so I declined.

Father was not only overworked, but was also ill. At this time, some

politician got an ordinance passed requiring us to build, or bear half the cost of building, a boardwalk on our side of Hillside Road along the 1000 foot frontage of Diana. This would cost at least \$150. I secured the contract for this walk, and several hundred feet more, and hiring a helper did a great part of the work myself. This saved us the cost of the assessment, but left nothing for myself. This was the first, and relatively the most profitable construction contract I ever undertook. For more than a year there seemed no prospect of obtaining employment at anything electrical, and I thought I must turn to teaching. I was offered a position as principal of the New Harmony High School in Indiana at \$75 per month. This would barely support me away from home, and would leave nothing to send my parents, so when the offer came I did not accept.

Among the young electricians in Cincinnati out of a job like myself was Harry Webb, who had been one of my classmates at Woodward. Harry and I entered into partnership on February 13, 1894, with the understanding that if either should find an opening elsewhere he was free to depart. We opened a shop over a millinery store on Fifth Street, where we had no rent to pay, as Harry's father owned the building and the store. By the end of October we had wired Georgetown College in Kentucky, a church, several large residences, and had installed two small local telephone systems. Although we did a gross business of about \$2100 the greater part of that was wages. The last job of wiring taken by Venable and Webb was for a large church in Peru, Indiana. Before that job was begun, Harry was offered a position as instructor at Lehigh University, which he accepted, and I managed the Peru job alone. After finishing that, I secured several others in neighboring towns in Indiana making between \$20 and \$25 a week for about three months. That work ran out, and in March 1894 I was back in Cincinnati with nothing in prospect, for Harry had not been there to secure business in my absence.

I secured, in the same year, a job selling electrical equipment for a small concern known as the Nowotney Electrical Company. Harry Webb and I had first met Nowotney after we went into partnership. About that time, the first patent of Bell on the telephone receiver and the first patent of Edison on the carbon contact microphone had both expired, and many small concerns, among them Nowotney's, began to make telephones. At the time I joined Nowotney, he was about to make small dynamos and motors. In 1895 there were just coming into use the enclosed arc lights. On these, too, I worked. My salary while working on this lamp was \$15 a week. In September, to save time coming and going between Diana and the city, I had taken a room in an old but still respectable neighborhood downtown at 321 Ludlow Street. I shared the rent of \$11 per week with Hugo Diemer, a former Woodward classmate. In February 1897 I left the employ of Nowotney and secured a position as electrician for the Underwriters Association at a salary of \$100 per month until I familiarized myself with the work, then I was to get \$125. This was the first employment for which I was paid a regular monthly salary.

The year 1896 was a very trying one to my family as well as to me. I was in New York on business in August or September, and saw my Grandmother Vater for the last time. She died a few months before her daughter, my Aunt Harriet (Vater) Crall, who died in October 1896. While my mother was temporarily looking after Aunt Harriet's home while Uncle Howard and Mabel were away from New York, father had his arm broken in the overturn of our buggy by a runaway horse. It was a bad break at the elbow, and he never fully recovered the use of his arm, and suffered great pain for some time.

My brother Bryant was also having his troubles. In 1895, he was teaching as an assistant in the literature department of the University of Cincinnati on a starvation salary, and living and working in the Cincinnati Social Settlement near my lodgings in the city. It was here, at the Settlement, that I first met Jessie Genevieve Tuckerman (later to become my wife) during the presidential campaign of 1896. I was for McKinley, Jessie was for Bryan.

(Jessie Genevieve Tuckerman, the ninth child of Jacob Tuckerman and his wife, Florence Ellinwood Tuckerman, was born in Austinburg, Ohio, on December 25, 1869. She was educated at the New Lyme Institute, and Oberlin (Ohio) Conservatory of Music. She taught music at Western College in Oxford, Ohio, and later became head worker at the Cincinnati Social Settlement. Jacob Tuckerman, her father, was a descendant of Benjamin Colgrove, a soldier in the Revolutionary War. This family descends from Francis Colgrove (1667-1759), who pioneered at Warwick, R. I. Elizabeth Ellinwood, her mother, was descended from Thankful, a sister of Ethan Allen of Revolutionary fame, and from Ebenezer Miller. Detailed records are preserved in this family.)

In 1896 I was nearly twenty-six years old, and had saved altogether \$550 with which I had intended to enter as a postgraduate student at Columbia University, but that would not have enabled me to be of any immediate assistance to my family, perhaps for many years to come, and father's health was much impaired. Instead of going to Columbia I parted with my savings by making a down payment on a Steinway concert grand piano for my sister Mary, who was teaching music but had no good instrument. The piano cost \$775, but we gave notes for the balance, which I paid off during the year. Mary afterwards became a successful music teacher at the College of Music in Cincinnati. I was also able to help a little more with the family expenses at Diana, where the younger children were not yet on their feet.

Having enough money to pay my own way was a new experience. During the summer, I lived at Diana, but during the winter I continued to live in town to avoid the long cold coming and going, and to save time. My brother Bryant was then doing social settlement work in Orange Valley, New Jersey. Jessie Tuckerman was head worker at the Social Settlement in town. I took my meals there, and helped with the Boys' Club one night a week. I also took an active part in organizing an Electrical Club, and as a member of the Engineers Club of Cincinnati. I took out two insurance policies, bought fifty dollars worth of

books on electrical theory which I was ill-prepared to study, and joined the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. I even went to the theatre a few times, and I wrote a farce which was acted by the girls of VCP, the college sorority to which my sister Una belonged.

I made a little extra money by teaching a night class at the Ohio Mechanics Institute. My duties as inspector for the Underwriters required me to go all over Hamilton County, so I bought a bicycle and sometimes covered twenty miles or more in a day. At the end of 1897 I had very little money left. The year 1898 began as a continuation of 1897, but that year initiated great changes in my career. The last social event for me before I left Cincinnati for the U. S. Army on May 14th was when I took my friend Mrs. Haydock to see a fairy opera, *Hansel and Gretel*, given by the College Club of Cincinnati for the benefit of the Social Settlement.

On February 16, 1898, the United States Battleship **Maine** was blown up in Havana Harbor, Cuba. Spain declared war on April 24, 1898, and the United States the following day. The fighting with the Spanish in the Atlantic was over and a protocol for peace signed by August 12, 1898, but the war in the Pacific for the Philippines continued until 1901. War appeared inevitable the day after the **Maine** was blown up, which was the day after I was twenty-seven years old. Two days before it was actually declared, I was endeavoring to get some qualified engineers and electricians to offer their services, through the Governor of Ohio. A bill was pending in Congress to authorize the President to raise a brigade of Volunteer Engineers from the nation at large. One regiment was authorized, and eventually the second and third. Meanwhile I was proceeding with recruiting and my company was mustered in on June 28. I was examined for a commission and became a first lieutenant instead of a captain as my friends had expected. Though at first disappointed, this proved advantageous as I was appointed Regimental Adjutant and made some firm friends and later business contacts. On November 13, I was sent with a small party to Cuba to assist in making preparations for the arrival of the Seventh Army Corps near Havana. The part my regiment had in the War is related in *my History of the Second Regiment of Volunteer Engineers* which I wrote after the war in my spare time. The expense of the 500 books published was \$600, and only about 100 copies were sold at \$2 each. I had been too sanguine in my expectation that half of the members of the Regiment would purchase a copy.

I had saved money in the Army, and ventured some of it on various enterprises, chiefly publications. With my sister Una's help we published in pamphlet form father's Christmas story *Santa Claus and the Black Cat*, ordering 5000 copies, to be sold by circularization. I lost about \$300 on this venture, and still have about 300 copies on hand in 1942.

In January 1900 I accepted a position with the National Contracting Company and went to New York, where the Crall family insisted that I live with them during my stay there, which made my life very pleasant. Later, I was

sent to Boston, where mother and father visited me, and I had friends in the J. Wallace Carrels of Cincinnati. I saw much of Eastern Massachusetts in company with a Mr. Dana, a relation of the *Two Years Before the Mast* Dana, and I visited my younger brother Russell at West Point. In November I came down with typhoid fever. The Carrels were good friends to me, and mother came on, staying at their house until December. Returning to Cincinnati via New York, we visited the Cralls, but too late for the wedding of Mabel Crall to Fred MacDonald on December 11, 1900. Mabel Crall MacDonald was as dear to me as a sister. In June 1901, I was sent to New Orleans.

It was while I was almost dying in Boston that I discovered I truly loved Jessie, and in my delirium I fancied she loved me. I went to see her in Cincinnati, but found not only that she was not consciously in love with me, but that she had not even known I was ill. I did not tell her then that I loved her, but in June I went to New Orleans again by way of Cincinnati and asked Jessie to marry me, much to her consternation. She said no, very firmly but very kindly. Very much discouraged about myself I went on to New Orleans, but continued to woo her by letter. Before summer was over she knew that we loved one another and I came back to Ohio, to New Lyme, to see my girl and then went back again to the job.

Jessie was twenty-seven years old when I first knew her at the Social Settlement in Cincinnati in 1896. As soon as she decided to love me, she was anxious that I should know her family, and introduced so many of them to me in her letters I was quite confused. As she was much younger than her brothers and sisters, her older nieces and nephews were nearer to her in age than her own family, and very dear to her.

The quiet wedding Jessie had in mind was not permitted by her relatives to pass as an event of minor importance. It was a great social event of New Lyme. Her brother-in-law, the Reverend Harry Roberts of Connecticut, at Jessie's special request came on to conduct the ceremony on December 26, 1901. Christmas Day had been Jessie's thirty-second birthday. Of my family my mother, one brother, and two sisters attended the ceremony.

Jessie and I went at once to New Orleans. For a time we boarded, but soon we took an immense vacant house on Carondelet Street, where we lived until the spring, then taking a small cottage on Webster Street, "uptown." We were quite happy in New Orleans, met pleasant people, occasionally attended the French Opera and the out of doors summer opera. We left New Orleans in May 1904, and until October 1911 lived in various homes to which my work as a construction engineer took me : Ft. Leavenworth, Ft. Des Moines, Ft. Slocum, New York, and other places as far apart as Maine and Florida. While in Florida from 1906 to 1908, I was Division Engineer on the Key West extension of the Florida East Coast Railway viaduct (the Flagler railroad) over the keys. During that time, Jessie lived in Miami, where I was able to come for a night and a day every two weeks. Meanwhile I was living on a quarter-boat anchored in Florida

Bay, near Long Key.

From Florida we went to Louisville, Kentucky, where I was with the Ferro Construction Company and later the Blackstaff Engineering Company from May 1908 to January 1911.

1911 was a hard year. We returned to Cincinnati where we took a flat at 3825 Eastern Avenue, next door to the old Town Hall where I had attended dances, and Jessie remained in Cincinnati until after Emerson was born. I came to Pittsburgh in October 1911, to be associated with the Blaw-Knox Company at a salary so small that we were obliged to continue to borrow on my life insurance. My parents and Jessie's mother never knew how nearly "played out" I was, both in money and in hope of success. The only thing which never failed me was love.

My parents visited us in New Orleans when we lived on Webster Street, and again in Florida in 1908. In New Orleans, in 1903, we lost our first child, a girl, at birth. I had dengue fever, or "bone-break" fever, so called because you feel as if you had been pounded to a pulp, and that every bone in your body is broken. However, it lasted only five days.

From the day of our marriage, Jessie desired very much to have children. A year or so after Emerson, her last child, was born, I found her in tears because she thought she could have no more babies, and once she wrote to me: "Thank you, Mayo, for these lovely children you have let me have." It was I who ought to have been most thankful. It was a great triumph to her when our oldest son, William Henry, was born in Cincinnati at Bethesda Hospital under the care of my brother-in-law, Harriet's husband, Dr. Brady, in 1904. John Ellinwood, our second boy, was born in Miami, Florida, in 1907, and Emerson in Cincinnati in 1911.

In Pittsburgh I took a house at 808 N. Negley Avenue, and Jessie came on after Emerson's birth with the three children. She became active in the Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian Church, and made many friends, as she did wherever we lived. In May 1914, we moved to 822 Collins Avenue. We had lived there less than a year when Jessie died of meningitis on the night of February 11, 1915, at the age of forty-six. She had had the best care medical science could provide, her nephew Dr. Jacob Tuckerman coming from Cleveland to assure himself that nothing which could be done was omitted. I was with Jessie when she died. She is buried in the Venable lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.

John had been with us in Pittsburgh, Henry was in Cleveland, and Emerson was with my brother Bryant in Cincinnati. Florence Tuckerman, Jessie's sister, came to my rescue "to take care of Jessie's children." She has since taken care of me, also. Jessie's children are all married and have children of their own, our grandchildren, for whom I am writing these true stories of their ancestors and relatives on their father's side of their family.

The Last Twenty-five Years

I am writing this in November 1941. In May 1915 we moved to 5507 Jackson Street. I found it necessary in 1918 to buy our house at 822 N. St. Clair Street, because the war was causing a housing shortage. My mother and father visited us again on Jackson Street, and I was able to get to Cincinnati occasionally. Father died in 1920 and mother in 1921.

As a very young man I was interested in science and philosophy and especially the theory of evolution. Shortly before I was married I wrote an essay entitled "Conscious Evolution," which was never published, but was highly thought of by a number of men of considerable literary reputation to whom it was submitted. A recent reading of this essay reveals to me that my views on matters of ethics and philosophy have scarcely changed in the last forty years.

Quite by accident, on reading an article on the color sensations in a periodical I found that there was a line of scientific work in which I could make research in my spare time, without expensive equipment: the sensations of color. To this I devoted most of my evenings in 1921, 1922, and 1923. I secured publication of a series of articles on color sensations in the *American Journal of Physical Optics* in 1923, 1924, and 1925. This work was brought to a standstill because the knowledge of how light is absorbed by matter was not adequate to carry my verifications of the sensation relationships into the physical field. As a result, I turned my attention to the emission and absorption of light by matter in its simplest form, the chemical element hydrogen. I found that only a small part of the hydrogen spectrum had been interpreted and that only a score or more of lines out of several thousand that had been observed and measured had been classified. From 1924 until now my chief interest outside my family and my business relationships and duties has been the study of the hydrogen spectrum and the interpretation of the atomic and molecular structure which are responsible for it.

During the years when I was engaged in construction work, I frequently wrote descriptive articles for the technical publications and contributed articles and discussions of a theoretical kind to the *Proceedings* of the American Society of Civil Engineers, of which I have long been a member. I also published two books on sanitary engineering subjects. All of my publications have been of only temporary interest, connected with the activities of my own life time. If I have done any work of value to those who come in later generations, it will be found in my contributions to the interpretation of light, and the atomic and molecular structure, concerning which scientists at present have not a high regard.

1954

Florence S. Tuckerman, Mayo's sister-in-law, who in 1915 had come "to take care of Jessie's children" and "has since taken care of me, also," as Mayo writes, died in November 1944 at the age of 83. Shortly there-after, Mayo sold

the property on St. Clair Street, and in December moved into the house at 6111 Fifth Avenue which the Emerson Venables had bought in June. He has since made his home here, comfortably established in a suite of bedroom, bath, and study which can be completely separate from the rest of the house, but which allows Mayo to join the family for meals and at his convenience and pleasure.

Like his brother Bryant, Mayo has never "officially" retired from business, and still continues in an advisory capacity as consulting engineer of the Blaw-Knox Company, though he no longer goes to the office.

His major interest since 1924 has been the study of the hydrogen spectrum. He published *The Sub-Atoms* in 1933. In 1948, he published *The Interpretation of Spectra*, and in his honor Emerson and Regis entertained in February with a large reception. *Hydrogen in Chemical Atoms* was published in 1950, and Mayo has since published three supplemental pamphlets relating to *The Interpretation of Spectra* and three relating to *Hydrogen in Chemical Atoms*. Currently (July 1954) he is preparing another supplement for publication.

Mayo was in Cincinnati in May 1951 when his sister Harriet Venable Brady died, and the following summer he visited his brother Bryant Venable. A letter from Mayo to Henrietta at Christmas time, 1953, invited Allen and herself to visit in Pittsburgh, an invitation which was accepted in March. During several conversations, Mayo recounted to Henrietta much of the family history, and allowed her to bring back to Cincinnati the memoirs he had written for his children and grandchildren. These conversations, and Mayo's Venable history, were the inspiration and the genesis of the present volume.

The birth on March 14, 1954, of John Robert Venable, son of John Ellinwood Venable, Jr., Mayo's grandson, makes William Mayo Venable the first great grandparent among the children of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable.

William Henry Venable

I was born (I am told) in Cincinnati on October 12, 1904, though I don't have any birth certificate to prove it. In my babyhood we moved from Cincinnati to New York City, then to Miami and Long Key, then to Louisville, then back to Cincinnati, finally migrating to Pittsburgh in 1912 where I have ever since been a resident. I was educated in the Pittsburgh Public Schools, studied civil engineering at Carnegie Institute of Technology, B. S. 1928, C. E. 1937, and law at Duquesne University some years later.

Edna Rocereto and I were married on October 10, 1931. I had been working for the Blaw-Knox Company about four years at this time, and was then designing engineer in what is now called the Construction Equipment Department. Bill (William Henry, Jr.) was born on June 6, 1933 and Beatrice was born on June 25, 1936.

I have been a registered Professional Engineer in Pennsylvania since 1938 and have been registered to practice in the Patent Office since 1940. It was after passing the Patent Office examination that I decided to study law, which consumed several years at night school, and I was admitted to the bar of the Pennsylvania Supreme

Court on October 1, 1946.

Bill graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology in June of 1954, B. S. in Science. He has a Student Assistantship there this (1954) year, where he is teaching and doing graduate work in the Physics Department.

Bea graduated from Winchester-Thurston School in June of this year also. She decided to attend Wellesley, where she is studying now. Edna and I took her up by car and had a day or two to visit Boston and Wellesley before classes commenced.

Well, there's the facts, ma'am, for whatever interest such dry data may hold.

Henry and Edna and their children make their home at 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

John Ellinwood Venable

John Ellinwood Venable, the third child and second son of William Mayo Venable and Jessie Tuckerman Venable, was born on March 25, 1907, at Miami, Florida, while his father was working on the Key West Viaduct. His elementary education and high school work was in Pittsburgh, where the family had moved in 1911, and his college training at Penn State College, where he majored in Horticulture and was granted his B. S. in 1928. While at Penn State, his cousin, Marna Venable Brady, was his guest at a fraternity house party one spring weekend. From 1930 to 1932, he attended the College of Architecture at Cornell University.

On April 9, 1932, John married at State College, Pennsylvania, Anne Makarainen. Anne was born in Hancock, Michigan, January 1, 1907. Taken back to Finland by her Finnish parents in 1911, she returned to the United States in April 1916. She was graduated from Cornell University with a B. A. in Liberal Arts in June of 1930.

After their marriage, John and Anne moved to Mentor, Ohio, near Cleveland, where John established a horticultural nursery in 1933. Their first child, John Ellinwood Venable, Jr., was born on October 18, 1933. They visited in the summer of 1935 in Cincinnati, where the Venable relatives met Anne and young Johnny. Their second child and only daughter, Jessie Anne Venable, was born November 14, 1935, an infant son born February 28, 1941, died at birth, and William Jacob Venable, the youngest son of the family, was born on October 10, 1942.

In 1947, post-war conditions seemed to indicate a change of employment and residence, and the family moved to Thompson, Ohio, near Madison. John is a registered engineer, and is currently engaged in research work for the Diamond Alkali Company. He is a member of the Knights' Templar and the Scottish Rite. Anne is teaching in the little town of Thompson, where their eleven year old son, William Jacob Venable, goes to school. In addition to his grade school work, he is studying the piano, the tenor saxophone and the cornet.

Jessie Anne Venable, the daughter of the household, is a sophomore

(1954) at Cornell. Her main interest is music, and she has recently won the Contralto Scholarship offered by Cornell, and is majoring in voice and the study of the organ.

John Ellinwood Venable, Jr.

John Ellinwood Venable, Jr., the first child and first son of John Ellinwood Venable and Anne Makarainen Venable, was born on October 18, 1933. His early education was in and around Mentor, Ohio, where his boyhood was spent. On September 13, 1952, he married Laurretta Lautanen at Coldwater, Michigan. Laurretta was born on August 4, 1932, at New Lyme, Ohio, long the early home and vacation place of the Tuckermans. She attended Kent State University in Ohio and took Nurses' Training at the Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland. Since their marriage, the young John Venables have lived in Columbus, where John is (1954) a sophomore at the Ohio State University College of Medicine. He received his B. S. in Anatomy in March 1953, and during the present summer is working for his M. S. in the same subject. He holds the Student Fellowship offered by the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation and is combining his Master's work with research in Anatomy for this Foundation.

John Ellinwood Venable, Jr. and Laurretta Lautanen Venable have one son, John Robert Venable, born in Columbus, Ohio, on March 14, 1954, the first great grandchild of William Mayo Venable and the first great great grandchild of William Henry Venable.

John's mother, Anne, writes in July 1954: "John's wife Laurretta is a wonderful girl. Their son, John Robert, is a fine baby. He will be an 'observation baby' for the Home Economics girls at Ohio State this summer. We think that John will make a wonderful doctor. He has the physique, personality, and mentality, and above all, the ambition! If you ever get to Columbus, they live at 93 West 11th Street."

Emerson Venable

Emerson Venable, the fourth child and third son of William Mayo Venable and Jessie Tuckerman Venable, was born in Cincinnati on December 3, 1911, Harriet's husband, Dr. M. B. Brady, officiating. Shortly after his birth, early in 1912, Jessie and her three sons joined Mayo who had gone to Pittsburgh with the Blaw-Knox Company. Emerson was in Cincinnati at the time of his mother's death, staying with his Uncle Bryant and playing with a young cousin about his age, Ginevra Venable, Bryant's daughter.

Emerson's early education was in the Fulton Public School - of Pittsburgh and the Peabody High School. In 1929 he matriculated at Cornell University, remaining there until 1932, when he returned to Pittsburgh to attend the University of Pittsburgh, from which he was graduated with a B. S. in Chemistry in 1933. He also attended Carnegie Tech in the summer of 1930 and Harvard in the summer of 1937. His college fraternity was Phi Kappa Tau.

He has since become a Mason and a member of the Scottish Rite.

Emerson's first business connection after his graduation was with the Afga-Ansco Company of Binghamton, New York, in 1933-1935, working on the control of materials and manufacturing processes of photo-graphic film.

On May 18, 1935, he was married to Regis Alva Illston of Jamestown, New York, with whom he had become acquainted while at Cornell. Regis is a graduate of Cornell with a B. S. in Dietetics. In the summer of 1937, Emerson and Regis, taking an Ohio River steamboat trip down the river from Pittsburgh, visited Cincinnati where Emerson's relatives had the opportunity of meeting his charming wife. Emerson himself had visited in Cincinnati on several previous occasions, at one time coming here with his brothers and his Aunt Florence Tuckerman shortly after the return of the Russell Venable family from Hawaii.

In 1935-1936, Emerson was research chemist in charge of the Dust Laboratories of the Mine Safety Appliances Company, developing the combat gas mask canister adopted by the U. S. Navy, and from 1936 to 1942 was research engineer in the laboratories of the Westinghouse Electric Company in East Pittsburgh, engaged in the development of electrical insulation. In 1942 he became the engineer in charge of the Engineering Laboratories at the Sharon Works of the Westinghouse Company, working on the control of paints, varnishes, lacquers, insulation, non-ferrous metals, magnetic steel and the manufacture of electrical equipment, as well as on pilot plant production on confidential radar equipment.

In 1944, he again joined the staff of the Mine Safety Appliances Company in Pittsburgh in charge of all progress reports and status of all research projects, in addition to which he prepared scientific reports and papers for the Director and made confidential investigations of processes and equipment offered to management by outside interests. From 1946 to 1951, Emerson was Research Director with Freedom-Valvoline Oil Company in charge (1950-1951) of technical operations of the Freedom refinery, working in hydro-carbons from petroleum, rust preventatives, lubricating oils, wax, petrolatums, and jet fuel. In addition to his professional activities, he was lecturer in Chemistry from 1937 to 1945 and lecturer in Industrial Engineering from 1945 to 1946 at the University of Pittsburgh.

He is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member of the American Chemical Society, and of many other societies in related fields.

In June 1944, Emerson and Regis purchased a large and handsome house at 6111 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. In 1947, Emerson took out Pennsylvania license No. 12606 as a professional engineer. He maintains in his house a well-equipped laboratory, dark room, and shop, and facilities for literature research and specializes in industrial research, technical and economic surveys, market development, process development, and chemical

analyses in the fields of cement, corrosion, cosmetics, detergents, fuels, industrial hygiene, lubrication, petroleum, pharmaceuticals, plastics, and protective coatings. In July 1954, he was awarded a consulting contract at the new atomic energy plant being built by the government at Waverley, Ohio.

Emerson and Regis have four children, all boys: Wallace Starr Venable, born April 18, 1940; Gilbert Tuckerman Venable, born March 3, 1942; Alan Hudson Venable, born October 26, 1944; and Thomas Colgrove Venable, born August 4, 1947. All were born in Pittsburgh. The boys, as well as their parents, get much pleasure from a modest country place — "Venwood" — in Westmoreland County, twenty-three miles east of Pittsburgh. On these seven wooded acres, they have a small frame house as a retreat from the city.

The city household is a lively one. The large, high-ceilinged rooms give plenty of space for active boys, plus a tremendous Great Dane named Victor. One huge room is given over entirely to the boys and here each one pursues his individual interests and activities. The backyard of the house, which extends to the next street, contains a play house built by the boys and their father. (When Henrietta and Allen Brown were visiting in March 1954, the playhouse was doubling as Fort Duquesne.) All the youngsters are Boy Scouts in the troop of which Emerson is Scout Master, except Tommy, who is a Cub Scout in the Pack of which Regis is Den Mother. The family is active in the affairs of the Pittsburgh Unitarian Church.

Since 1944 Emerson's father, William Mayo Venable, has made his home with the Emerson Venable family.

Writing to Henrietta Brady Brown in July 1954, Emerson reported on his sons:

"Wally did very well as he graduated from Liberty Grade School this June, placing first in his class. He received the American Legion School Award for scholarship, leadership, character and service, as well as the D. A. R. first prize in History. He and his group of Explorer Scouts are planning a week-long hike over a woodland trail to Tionesta, the Scout Camp in the Alleghenies. It is 120 miles, walking all the way. Gilbert and Alan and Tommy will probably spend part of the summer with Regis at her sister's, near Jamestown. I go to camp as Scout Master with the troop the first week in August."

Emerson became interested in genealogical research in 1945. He writes :

"The exasperating thing about work of this kind is trying to get information from people who have it and won't give. Sometimes it takes years. I work at it very spasmodically occasionally when I am at the Library here. After I have finished my technical work for the day, I go down to the General Room or the Pennsylvania Historical Room and put in several hours on the historical records. It is slow work and you don't get much in any one trip. I don't usually get more than three or four days' good study a year on it."

Russell V. Venable presented Emerson Venable with the large ledger of *Genealogical Notes* he had begun in 1911-1912 while stationed in Atlanta.

Emerson has since made exhaustive researches in New Jersey archives on the beginnings of this branch of the Venable family in America. Unless otherwise noted, the main part of the material on the early Venables is the result of Emerson's investigations : The Penn-Venables West Indian expedition; the Venable-Wallis Family; the Venable-Borradail Family, and much of that on the Venable-Crossham Family. He has graciously allowed the presentation of it in this volume, as well as contributing largely and generously of his time, expert knowledge, and valuable criticism.

XII
The Venable — Spellmire Family

4. Bryant Venable July 7, 1873 —	m. Gertrude May Spellmire May 19, 1874 —
I. Gertrude Elizabeth Venable March 12, 1903 —	m. Harold William Liddle Jan. 26, 1899 —
1. Harold Venable Liddle June 18, 1926 —	
2. Lucy Ann Liddle Jan. 7, 1929 —	m. Thomas Canby Woodward May 10, 1925 —
II. Bryant Vernon Venable Sept. 15, 1906 —	m. Ruth Payson Dillard Feb. 24, 1904 —
1. Ann Dillard Venable Sept. 10, 1937 —	
2. Jean Hardy Venable Nov. 20, 1941 —	
III. Mabel Ginevra Venable Jan. 14, 1912 —	m. Louis (Levy) Scofield May 7, 1913 —
1. Judith Scofield Aug. 10, 1940 —	
2. Ann Venable Scofield March 24, 1943 —	

Bryant Venable

Bryant Venable, the fourth child and second son of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born on Morris Place in the suburban village of Columbia, Cincinnati, on July 7, 1873.

(This is stated by Bryant himself, and Mayo would seem to be in error when he states that Bryant was born at Diana. Bryant further states that he was two years old when the family moved during that summer to the home on top of the hill above Columbia, — so the move was evidently made in 1875, and not in 1873 as stated by Mayo in his memoir. — HBB)

As he approached his seventieth birthday in 1943, he wrote for his own satisfaction and for his children, an account of his life to that time. The narrative which follows is his own memoir condensed in certain instances for brevity, or in passages that were personal to his own family.

It was a new dress, red with white round dots, very beautiful. His chest swelled with pride. Now, to show off. That is his first memory. Out from the kitchen door he strutted, negotiating the way to the wash house. Through the door he marched as proud as a pouter pigeon. And there was Fanny, a "big girl" of twelve. Fanny's mother was washing the clothes at a wooden tub which stood on a wooden bench. Fanny and Mrs. Jung paused from their work and

looked at him with kindly but amused eyes. "A new dress. A beautiful new dress for a great big boy.

The man's memory of his first conscious experience ends here. He has tried to piece it out, to recollect what followed. But it had no antecedent, and it bears no relationship to anything else in time. Though nothing else remains of the scene, and Mrs. Jung has been gone these many years, Fanny remains. She was my child nurse during all the years of my in-fancy and she closed the eyes of my parents, when weary with four score and four years of busy living they went to sleep. Fanny herself is now more than eighty years of age and rich in possession of the affection and gratitude of the remaining children of the old house on the hill.

My parents had purchased a small acreage of hills and hollows, deeply wooded and having a charming view of the distant Ohio River, from the first Nicholas Longworth, whose fabled vineyards and whose wine press gave its name to the mud road about half a mile from our house, Wine-press Road. Now it is the paved boulevard leading into Alms Park. Fanny's father, a German immigrant who had been a soldier in the Old Country, became our man of all work. Like his daughter, Wendlyn Jung was a fixture of my entire childhood. He cleared the virgin woods from our seven acres, made the gardens, tended the cows, adorned every sylvan nook with rustic furniture formed of limbs and roots of native trees. My father, who had chosen this location for his home rather because of its wild beauty than for any promise of fertility or any thought of future appreciation in market value, had discovered a group of elms which stood in almost a perfect circle. Over the tops a solid mass of wild grapevines formed a canopy so dense as to provide complete shade within the circle and even to turn the waters of any gentle summer shower. This we called "The Bower," and here Wendlyn built rustic benches all around the inside. A great flat stone, dragged from the ravine, almost circular and about five feet in diameter, was erected in the semblance of a druid table within this bower, which was a favorite play house for the children. In the stone table top, Wendlyn carved my father's name, with the date, 1878, the Centennial year of Ohio. But he observed the phonetic method of spelling, using a large "W" as the initial of our patronymic, which he always pronounced "Wenable."

On the hillside near the bower was a small dogwood tree, with a gravestone, also carved by Wendlyn, marking the resting place of Wag, our dog. Across the ravine to the house, and toward the stables, were two lovely rustic bridges, and near there the children had their individual flower gardens. Mary, the eldest, specialized in bloodroot and Greek Valerian; Hattie favored violets and windflowers; Mayo cultivated Jack-in-the-pulpit and sword ferns; and I prided myself on spring beauties and ferns that responded so lavishly to the labors of father, giving me the credit which my small hands were incapable of earning without his aid. Emerson, Una, and Russell were too little to be

represented in this horticultural activity.

A cold spring spilled its surplus through natural channels in the face of a large flat stone, but during mid-summer the creek ran dry and the depth of water was scarcely sufficient to float a watermelon, placed there in lieu of an icechest, for ice was a luxury seldom indulged in.

My mother's brother, Thomas Vater, built the stables about 1878, and we were eternally grateful for his forethought in providing chutes through which hay was dropped from the lofts to the stalls two stories below. It was fun to heap great cushions of timothy in the mangers and then drop through the chutes without a single bruise. But when little Emerson discovered a knot hole in one of the chute boards, he could not resist the temptation to poke a fork handle through the hole, resulting in the sudden and painful stopping of the downward passage of big brother Mayo. There he stuck, astride the fork handle, wedged tight between the side walls of the narrow chute.

In the inclosed room of the barn, the girls kept costumes for dress-up parties and dramatic plays which were enacted in the carriage room. When not in use for theatrical purposes, this room was frequently the exhibition place for animal shows under the management of the boys — admission three pins. In later years the carriage room was our carpenter shop and shipyard. Here Mayo built canvas canoes and sailboats. His largest sailing boat was still suspended from the rafters when the stable was pulled down more than forty years later.

Mayo, who was an inveterate inventor, designed and made most of our toys, one of which was a bow-gun patterned after some designs in *Harper's Young People's Magazine*. We attained considerable skill in using it. Mother had cautioned us that a gun is always a dangerous plaything. We were made to understand that the gun would be destroyed if anyone of us should ever be detected pointing it at another. I, who was totally incapable of making such a treasure, was the guilty one. Mother kept her word. The gun was broken to pieces. I was overwhelmed with contrition, but Mayo, whose sense of absolute justice was directly inherited from mother, did not shed a tear. Even more astonishing, he did not add to my misery by a single word of blame. A wrong had been committed, punishment was merited. That was all. Looking back over the years I am always overwhelmed with the consciousness of the unfaltering rectitude that has been Mayo's in every crisis. I believe him to be incapable of doing consciously anything that his moral sense could not completely approve. He is one of the few men of affairs who has governed his business life by the same fundamental law — the law of conscience.

Somebody has said that there was a greater distance between the world of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century and the world of the first half of the Twentieth Century than there had been between the world of Moses and of Paul. My generation lived to witness these changes as they occurred. Probably it is because of our consciousness of these radical transformations in the

physical world and the corresponding mental and moral attitudes, that we are prone to dwell tediously upon them. Today it is practically impossible to travel far enough in any direction to re-discover the modes of life to which we were born. Distances in those days were great and time was more leisurely than now.

When I grew to kindergarten age, I was sent to the same school Mayo had attended, a large bare room over Wilson's grocery at the corner of Eastern Avenue and what is now Tusculum Avenue, then called Willow Street. The journey was a long and perilous one for little legs, arriving at last at the narrow doorway opening into the narrower stairs which led to the kindergarten and "Aunt Nellie," the presiding mistress. I remember only her name, and that of one sweet little girl who was my playmate there, Ruthie Butterworth.

Recollection becomes a little stronger with the first year at regular school, the Twenty-fourth District School, about a quarter of a mile further east on Eastern Avenue. (Now the McKinley School). A steam "Dummy" rattled along its iron tracks from what is now Carrel Street to Pendleton. My first teacher was Rosa Fry, whom my parents called Rosie, which I assumed to be in recognition of the lovely color of her cheeks. Of all she taught, I remember only that Christmas cakes should always be iced in white, like snow, and studded with red cinnamon drops, like so many holly berries.

Next I came under the educational guidance of Kate Gowdy, then Amelia Brown, then Carrie Norris. It was while I was practicing my part for a school play in Miss Brown's room that Mr. Yowell, the Principal, entered, looked at me, whispered to Miss Brown, who then brought our rehearsal to an end. I overheard only a few words: "You are right. Better not tell him." I was sent to Miss Fry's room to get my little brother Emerson and hand in hand we started home. Men and women looked at us with solemn faces. A strange sense of fear took possession of me. Dragging my little brother after me, I began to run. As we passed a cottage a freckled-faced boy shouted after us: "Your baby brother is dead! Your baby brother is dead!" His mother rushed out and clapped a silencing hand over his mouth. Neither fear of the raccoon whose nest we passed, nor hope of the fairies, entered my imagination as we hastened past the woods, over the bridge, and up the hill to home. I rushed into my mother's bedroom. There, upon the bed, fast asleep, lay little Victor, an infant of fourteen months, and beside him sat my mother, silent, dry-eyed, and seemingly as dead as her baby. Our entrance broke the spell. She took us to her heart. The tears came in a torrent. This was my first knowledge of death. Let it pass —

(Mayo writes of the death of little Victor: "It was a grief from which my mother never recovered. I had never seen her sad before." Bryant, in writing years later of his mother, gives a further account of this lasting grief. I remember, as a very small child, being reverently shown by my Grandmother Venable the plaster casts of Victor's hands, feet and head, and being told by

her that they were my "Uncle Victor's" who had died when he was very little, much littler than I. -- HBB)

My teacher in the Fourth reader was Ella Leen. I grew to love her with the devotion that only a child can bestow. I hoped that she might come to care for me a little more "specially" than for the others. But she gave no indication of being infatuated. That May I was, for some reason now forgotten, withdrawn early from school. I had taken a note to Miss Leen, and after she read it she took me into the cloak room where naughty boys were sometimes sent for "corporal punishment." Trembling, I waited for the administration of justice. But it never came. Miss Leen took my small self to her big embrace and hugged me tight. Then she kissed me. That was more than sixty years ago but I remember it as if it were but yesterday. I was astonished and bewildered, but very happy. Even now, I doubt that any teacher at any time contributed more to my spiritual education than she imparted with that motherly kiss.

After primary school came four years of high school at "Old Woodward" — getting up and dressing in the dark, breaking the film of ice on the water in the china washbowls on winter mornings, and running by moonlight to catch the 6:42 train at Delta Station for town and the school.

My four years at Woodward were among the happiest of my life. In a way this seems strange, for those were also times of incredible financial stress and privation at the old house on the hill. Father had liquidated the Chickering Institute which had gradually been encroached on by the spreading slums, as the aristocratic families moved from the basin of the city to the hills. It would be difficult today for a stranger to believe that the wretched tenement on George Street, between John and Smith, housed the most distinguished Academy of the Middle West from 1859 to 1886. Then followed a long siege of father's serious illness, during which there was no income other than that scraped together by the sale of milk and butter, fruit and vinegar, vegetables and honey. That year (1887) the actual cash received for the support of a family of seven children, my parents, Auntie Baird, Fanny and Wendlyn, was less than \$900. That the family did hold together and retain its self-respect and its standards of education and culture was due altogether to the granite determination of mother. It was she who sustained my father in his feeble strength of body and in his resolute determination to carry on his literary and scholarly work. It was she who impressed upon us boys the importance of continuing our education at whatever cost.

My first job, it must have been in the summer of 1887, was a vacation job with Procter and Gamble, and I was fourteen. The original Procters and Gambles were still active, and the office was on the top floor of the United Bank Building on the southeast corner of Third and Walnut Streets. I never understood what my personal work was for, but every morning I took my place at a desk at least as high as my shoulders upon which were spread enormous ledgers with pages of tissue paper, recording copies of orders for

Ivory Soap. For three months I copied these sales records on small slips of paper, and for this I received pay at the rate of four dollars a week. With my accumulated wages I bought a new suit to wear when entering Woodward High School in September.

By Christmas my financial resources were exhausted, and I left school to take a job at \$5 per week with the department store of Mabley and Carew on the northeast corner of Fifth and Vine Streets. The hours were seven in the morning to nine in the evening, with the exception of Tuesdays and Thursdays when I was let off at six o'clock, and Saturdays, when the store was open until eleven-thirty o'clock at night. I worked here until the following August, when I returned to my books, and crammed up sufficiently to pass the examination admitting me, with conditions, to the second year class. That was the worst handicap I ever had to overcome in my educational program. I never secured solid foundations, especially in mathematics.

In February of the following year I again left school to work for the insurance agency of Charles Bonsall and Co., on the south side of Third Street. From my window I saw David Sinton arrive at his bank at nine. Fifteen minutes before noon he emerged, walked to an inexpensive restaurant and ate his frugal meal of crackers and milk. I wondered why. He was one of the richest men in the country. Real financial giants patronized the St. Nicholas Hotel at Fourth and Race Streets, a handsome old mansion converted into a no less aristocratic hostelry, the fame of whose cuisine reached from New York to Chicago.

Again I succeeded in being promoted, a conditioned Junior, and my program was so arranged that on Wednesdays and Saturdays I was able to continue working with Bonsall, while on free afternoons I collected past due bills on a commission basis. I received from Bonsall a salary of \$8 a week, and added a few pennies from my bill collecting. But I hated it.

The following summer I had a job as rodman in a surveying party. This was manual labor, but interesting and wholesome. My wages for this summer's work had been so small I had little reserve cash for my senior year in high school, but I was fortunate in securing occasional work with Bonsall, and I did some tutoring, coaching boys who had flunked or who were anxious to skip a grade. The necessity of mastering every detail of the subjects in which I tutored compelled me to study as I had never studied before. But my finances would never have withstood the strain had they not been occasionally augmented by wind-falls from the tree of advertising. My knack of scribbling enabled me to secure occasional jobs of a literary hack nature. There was no such thing as an advertising agency in those days. The printing company of McDonald and Eich occasionally entrusted to me the composition of copy to be used in connection with illustrations already purchased for advertisers without any clearly planned idea of the specific uses to which they were to be put. Percy Procter handled the placing of copy for Ivory Soap, but he was not a

copy writer. I had written some copy for Mr. Procter, and had in this way become acquainted with the printers. One day, Mr. McDonald asked me to suggest copy to be used in connection with a very handsome painting by Farny of Hiawatha and Minnehaha against a backdrop of an enormous full moon in gold. How this picture could be made commercially useful to the Big Four Railroad was a stumper. I composed some verses, using the metric form of Long-fellow's poem, and with a superb disregard of all literary unities took the Indian lovers on a honeymoon trip from Chicago to St. Louis in a "Wagner Sleeping Car." For this quatrain I received the munificent sum of four dollars — a dollar a line!

At that time I was uninhibited by the consciousness of my own limitations. I offered my services to the only considerable buyer of advertising then in Cincinnati, Procter and Gamble. Mr. Harry Whiting Brown, the father of Bruce who became my partner in the advertising business thirty-five years later, was the sales and advertising manager for P & G. At my eager solicitation he commissioned me to write occasional newspaper blurbs for which I received from two to four dollars per blurb, thereby earning enough cash to pay my monthly commuter ticket on the Little Miami Railroad, assuring transportation to and from school. But this was not enough to clothe me and buy my school books. I called on Mr. Brown, and though he could give me no literary work, or a job in the office, he mentioned more to himself than to me that it was a pity I was so young, or I might write the text of a *Bride's Book* which was to be sent to all brides whose weddings were reported in the society columns of newspapers in the principal cities of the country. It was too important to be entrusted to an amateur writer. At my earnest importunity but with no encouragement, Mr. Brown consented to let me submit my suggestion. How I labored over that story! When I took it back to Mr. Brown, his face showed clearly that he had forgotten all about me. He smiled as I handed him the manuscript, but he did not ask me to be seated. He glanced at the sprawling handwriting of the first page. My heart stopped beating as he finished reading my story. "This will do very well, Bryant. Very well indeed. A little touching up here and there, but that is to be expected." Then he took a slip from his desk, scribbled some words on it, and handed it to me with the instruction "Take it to Mr. French." Mr. French was then Treasurer of P & G and the father of my Woodward schoolmate, Herbert G. French. Calmly, and with no apparent manifestation of the magnitude of the financial transaction, Mr. French counted out fifty dollars in gold, which his assistant pushed across the desk to me!

Fifty Dollars! More money than I had ever seen before! A fabulous fortune! Fifty times greater than the thousand dollar fees I subsequently received from similar jobs. I did not know then, and for many years, but now I realize that this was the beginning of my business career. For many a long year I was unwilling to admit, even to myself, that my living was to be earned

mainly by literary hack work. I was hell-bent on becoming a scholar, a man of letters, a professor carrying the torch when my father's hands should lay it down. Had my knowledge of business been even a little better, had I inherited any natural talent for business, had the influences of my home and my formal education been such as to provide a realistic basis for judgment, I should have been spared years of blind groping and unhappiness, striving to earn enough to meet the growing obligations of my family and to save enough to continue my education along academic lines.

With the \$50 received from my *Bride's Book*, which was reprinted for many editions totalling no less than seven million copies, I was able to graduate from Woodward with my distinguished class of 1892. This was the only year of the four years at high school I was able to attend all classes for both semesters. Great as was my debt to my teachers, it is to the friendships I formed with the boys and girls my own age that I owe much of the best memories of my life. Tredecim, a fraternity of thirteen boys, held together for a quarter of a century in unaltered affection and without a single death.

I first met Gertrude at a Halloween party in the barn at Bird Smith's place on Linwood Road. I have referred to this in my *Salesman's Symphony*, but must add for the happiness it will give my children that I loved Gertrude from the first. We were lovers for eight years before our marriage, and we shall be lovers through all eternity.

(Gertrude May Spellmire, daughter of Joseph Henry Spellmire, the name was originally spelled Spellmeyer, and his wife Elizabeth Martha Parnell, born in Peasanhall, England, was born in Cincinnati on May 19, 1874. She received her B. A. from the University of Cincinnati, and prior to her marriage taught in the high school of Home City, Ohio. While at the University, she was a member of VCP, a social fraternity, and she early became a member of the College Club of Cincinnati. Her activities have been varied and as of now (1954) still continue to be. She is a member of the Cincinnati Woman's Club, and always takes part in the affairs of the Unitarian Church. Bryant and Gertrude were married at the Mt. Lookout Methodist Episcopal Church on October 18, 1899. A *Salesman's Symphony* to which Bryant refers above, is a collection of reminiscences and of what Bryant calls "plumber poems" because they were published over a period of four years in *The Plumbers Journal*. Bryant had copies made for Gertrude and the children.)

I must record here at least the name of Robert Hilton. Robert and I first became acquainted when we were about twelve years old. He was one year ahead of me at Woodward, but this did not prevent us from maintaining a closer personal friendship than either of us formed with any other boy. Robert was to me what no other person ever was or ever can be. It was through him that I first met Rudolph Wurlitzer. We three formed a youthful triumver that endured until Robert's untimely death. I have become reconciled to all other losses. Not to this one.

My four years at the University were passed in reasonable comfort. I was always able to earn something by tutoring and I received occasional commissions to write advertisements, booklets, miscellany, for pay. At the end of my Sophomore year, in partnership with Billy Goetz, I organized the first summer school in Cincinnati in the quarters of the Technical School in the north wing of Music Hall. The school was well attended, but when we closed our books, we discovered that there was very little money left for ourselves after we had paid our faculty and our general expenses. However, we both acquired a considerable reputation, as a result of which we had more private tutoring than we could take care of, and the charges (\$2 per hour) kept us supplied with cash with which to continue our studies at the University.

It was perhaps inevitable that I majored in the Humanities, with English occupying first place in my college courses. In my Junior year I was awarded a fellowship of \$400 to be available for my Senior year. It was in the Sociology Department, and one condition was that the holder should live in a Social Settlement in the eastern slum district of the city and write a dissertation on some aspect of social conditions. The local Settlement was patterned after Jane Addams' Hull House, and its director was Jessie G. Tuckerman, who in 1901 married my brother Mayo. When I received my B. A. degree, I was appointed assistant to Professor Edward Miles Brown in the Department of English at an additional stipend of \$400. The exacting requirements of this work, my Settlement work, my studies toward my Master's degree, and work on my thesis broke my health, and after some weeks in bed I was told that a complete change in occupation was essential. I resigned from the University and gave up my fellowship which was almost completed.

(Harriet preserved a picture of Bryant in 1896, with his hair slicked down over each eyebrow in an inverted V from a center part, and sporting a moustache. As far as I can determine, Mayo and Bryant were the only brothers who ever wore moustaches. Mayo did not in later years, except during the period of the Spanish American war, when he grew a luxuriant one. Bryant was sometimes smooth shaven and sometimes with a moustache. He wears one now in 1954. — HBB)

I was asked to go to Orange, New Jersey, to organize the work of a Settlement similar to that in Cincinnati. I left Cincinnati on the first of April 1897, and remained by coincidence until April 1, 1898, the immediate cause of my abrupt return being the serious illness of Gertrude who underwent major surgery from which she was just regaining consciousness as I appeared at the hospital. I knew that I should never leave her again, but I had no idea how I was to maintain my part of the living. Completing my thesis, I was given my Master's degree in June 1898. Not only had my schooling and my home life had no possible value as training for a business job, but the two years of social service work had emphasized the very tendencies that disqualify a man from practical management of industrial relations. I got a job in an art store,

and spent my first week's wages on a picture. I did not know where to start to get employment more nearly suited to my abilities and more remunerative financially. When Robert Hilton introduced me to Mr. Charles Brenneman, the manufacturer of window shades, and recommended me for the position of superintendent of his factory, I was astonished to secure the job. I knew nothing about the manufacturing processes of the business, but I learned by doing all the routine tasks of the workmen myself. The results must have been satisfactory, for my wages were raised at frequent intervals until they might be regarded as salary rather than as wages. I was at this job for twelve years. They were years of penal servitude. I could not quit because I needed to earn a living and my employer always paid me more than my services were worth. I should probably have died on this job had not Allen Collier about 1911 invited me to become a copy writer in his agency at a beginning salary of \$3000.

In the fall of 1917 my friend Harrison Warrener, General Manager of a large company dealing in paper, died. The President of the Company offered me the position, and after various consultations, I accepted. The work was exciting and exacting, and the foundations laid of what should have been a comfortable independence for our age, but crashed before they got much higher than the foundation, leaving me no longer a young man, flat busted, and more or less handicapped by illwill resulting from my connection with a man who was somewhat badly discredited. So Gertrude and I paid all our debts and all our post-dated pledges to various philanthropies; and we began all over again at fifty. If any credit is due for the fact that we did begin over again and kept on plugging away until we more or less re-established ourselves and gave our children the semblance of an education, it should go to Gertrude who never admitted that her husband was a failure and because she did not admit it, kept it from becoming completely true. She bore the brunt of it and kept the old flag from touching the ground.

(Bryant gives here, in his biography written for his children, an account of his association with the paper company. The son-in-law of the President of the Company in a personal interview in later years with Bryant and Gertrude said: "I could not leave Cincinnati without clearing my conscience by acknowledging that you were always right morally, and usually right in matters of plain expediency.")

My association with the company came to an end in 1924. There followed three years of interim jobs, ending with my going back to the Procter-Collier Advertising Agency which I had left in 1917. There I remained until six months after the death of Allen Collier, when his controlling interests were sold by the bank which administered his estate. In November 1927, Bruce W. Brown and I withdrew from the organization and went into the advertising agency business as a partnership under the name Venable, Brown Company, with offices in the Second National Bank on Ninth and Main Streets.

Our efforts were rewarded with a reasonable measure of financial success until the stock market crash of October 1929. Even after this critical year, we managed to do a fair business for about three years. After that, we tried in the face of a national depression to keep our small organization on the payroll long after it had become evident that we were doing so at the peril of our own solvency. Our initial capital investment had been small, but we had accumulated an encouraging surplus during the first good years. The surplus rapidly disappeared, dragging some of the original capital with it. But we did not fail. I don't remember how we managed to pull through, but we did manage. Slowly and painfully we climbed back to a paying basis.

My son Vernon had been graduated from the University of Cincinnati with highest scholastic honors. I had long dreamed that he would succeed me in the business, should his decision not to make education his life work persist. Otherwise, the advertising agency could mean nothing more than a means of livelihood for the remainder of my working life. He gave the business a brief trial, demonstrating unusual adaptability to it. We paid him \$25 a week to begin with, but he quickly proved to be worth more and was soon earning, as I recall it now, about \$2000 a year. But his heart was never in the business. He liked the easy money and he enjoyed contacts with clients. They generally liked him and made no objection to having him take over my place in routine conferences. Yes, he had the making of an advertising man, all right.

But Vernon never actually cared about the business that was to be his by natural process when I should retire or die. He always had his tongue in his cheek when facing the responsibility of inducing the Great American Public to purchase Smith's Soup in preference to Jones's Soup. Although, frankly, I have always felt the same kind of resistances, I have also been very conscious of the realism of the competitive system. With all its faults, I love it still, and I am satisfied that it is the best system yet developed for the general economic and social welfare of a free people.

It was therefore not an unmitigated calamity from Vernon's point of view to be told by his physicians that his sinus infections could be checked only by a complete and radical change in environment. They advised him to spend a year or two in Arizona or in Switzerland. He decided in favor of the latter. There was to be no fulfillment of the dreams of Mr. Dombey. At sixty, I felt tired of business struggle, lacking all incentive to further absorption of punishment in excess of the minimum necessary to earn a living. Vernon became a philosopher by profession and the advertising profession lost a promising acolyte.

Elizabeth had married in 1924, Vernon in 1933, and Ginevra in 1935. All were established in homes of their own. In 1937, Mr. Brown and I dissolved partnership and incorporated the business. My health had been bad and I wanted to be free from the sense of responsibility that chained me to my job

for nearly a half century. I had doubts about my heart action. The old trouble for which I had been hospitalized twice and from which I suffered at intervals was flaring up again with too great frequency. I was much more concerned about leaving a competence for Gertrude and the children than about increasing my estate.

Since 1938 I have taken no fixed salary from the business and have therefore felt free to knock off whenever I felt tired. My health had improved immediately after turning over the responsibility of the business to Mr. Brown. Semi-retirement has worked like medicine. I have no present desire to retire the rest of the way because the sense of still being in the game is wholesome. My financial earnings would not have maintained Gertrude and myself in the manner to which we had become accustomed had they not been supplemented by a small income from savings and investments. Such income as I receive from the business is in the form of standard commissions for business actually secured and serviced by myself personally. Any services I may render to the business in an executive or advisory capacity are gratis.

This brings the story of my business career up to date. Nearing my seventieth birthday, I am still "in business but not of it." The business executives of my generation are almost all either retired or occupying positions as board chairmen. Younger men are carrying on. With increased leisure I have taken much pleasure in my work as instructor in the Evening College of Commerce at the YMCA, where I have been serving as Dean for the past ten years. This has given me a fresh contact with younger people and younger minds. I am by no means sure that my pedagogical methods are strictly modern. But they have unquestionably been acceptable to a good many men and women who have rewarded their professor with obvious friendship, even with affection. There has been a sort of ironic satisfaction in closing my career inconspicuously in the profession I had, as a youth, hoped to make my life work, and in realizing that this ambition, though thwarted, is to be realized by my son Vernon. I have been an incorrigible scribbler all my life. Fortunately, I have retained sufficient sense of proportion to evaluate my scribbling at pretty near its real worth. Commercially, the only part of my writing that has value has been verse written for trade journals and paid for at market rates. Whatever I have written in serious vein has been of little merit as poetry or as art and of no value in a commercial sense. But it has been my escape mechanism releasing me at short intervals from the consciousness of complete frustration.

1954

In late September 1949, the year of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Bryant and Gertrude Venable, they went West to visit Bryant's cousin Ernest Venable Sutton, and his brother Russell Vernon Venable. Going out via the Santa Fe, they stopped at the Grand Canyon, and were met in Los Angeles by the Suttons, at whose house in South Pasadena they visited for two weeks.

While in Southern California they also saw Ada Chase and her sister Mildred Chase Cooke, daughters of Marian Palmer Chase; Evelyn Venable Mohr, Emerson's daughter, and her two daughters; and Eugenie Vater, daughter of Bryant's maternal uncle Septimus Vater. The Suttons drove them through Yosemite to the home of the Russell Venables in Bowman, California, where they visit for a week, returning to Cincinnati in October.

In 1950 Bryant attended the graduation exercises of his eldest granddaughter Lucy Liddle, at Vassar, where Bryant's son Vernon teaches and lives with his family. En route back to Cincinnati, he made a visit to his brother Mayo in Pittsburgh. Lucy Liddle was married in February 1954, and Bryant and Gertrude were much feted as the grandparents of the bride.

On May 1, 1953, the Venable, Brown Company was merged with the Associated Advertisers Agency, Bryant and Mr. Brown becoming vice presidents and retaining their privilege of regulating their own hours and own business. On his eighty-first birthday on July 7, 1954, Bryant is still, as he wrote ten years previously "in business but not of it." He goes to the office five days a week for longer or shorter periods, having been asked to remain available "for the good of the morale of the organization."

Bryant, having for many years, written poems "to order" decided that
"Too long, O Pegasus, my faithful ass,
You've dragged my creaking cart in marts of trade;
It's now your turn to loll in meadow grass
And nozzle Amaryllis in the shade.

I'm tired of weasling words to advertise
Pinch-penny products on the dealers' shelves,
And you, poor beast, with hauling merchandise;
Henceforth we will consider just ourselves."

He collected in a slim, green-bound volume dedicated to his wife thirty-four poems on a variety of subjects, grave and gay, which was published in 1953 and titled, after the first poem *The Happy Liar*, whose last lines admirably describe Bryant himself:

"I'd rather tell a kindly lie
And have folks love me when I die,
Than tell the ugly things I know,
Even though they may be so."

The book had excellent critical reviews and a flattering sale.

**A Christmas Gift
For Bryant, 1883**

On Christmas Eve, I saw a lad,
And he was mighty weak,
He said his phthysic was so bad
He couldn't hardly speak.
And, O, what ragged duds he had.

I asked him, "Johnny, wot's your name?"
He said his name was John;
I asked him if afoot he came,
Or what he rided on?
And then he told me he was lame.

I told him, "Pile upon my sled,
And I will haul you back."
He hadn't any home, he said;
I said "Is that a fac'?"
He said his pap was awful dead.

Then up he crawled and slowly sot
Upon my sled to ride,
I hauled him all around the lot,
But Johnny only cried,
And worse, and worse, and worse he got.

There is a sort of muddy creek
Where I was pulling him;
I thought I'd like to try a trick,
I asked him "Can you swim?"
And dumped him in the water quick !

For all the time the lazy scamp
Was telling me a lie;
I knew that he could talk and tramp
As well as you or I.
And so I made him good and damp.

And ever since that little boy
Has been a better youth,
And gave his parents lots of joy
And told the truthful truth;
Because I did his sin destroy!

W. H. V.

Ernest Venable Sutton to his cousin **Bryant Venable**

December 8, 1943

My dear Bryant:

How do you get that way, I owe you a letter? Here I have been waiting lo, these many months for a reply to a long and most intelligently written letter addressed to one Bryant Venable, etc. But never mind, I received it at last and enjoyed the thing to the utmost. You certainly throw a satirical quill when you try. I accepted all the enconiums regarding my literary efforts and shall file them along with the rejections received concerning the same material. And that is that.

I was sorry to hear of Gertrude's illness and pleased to hear that you jumped into the household duties with so much understanding and alacrity. More power to you. We had a very pleasant four day visit with Russell and Florence. This is the first time we have seen him since 1906 in San Francisco. I like Russell very much, he is a regular fellow.

Mayo has a copy of my manuscript which he wanted to make mimeograph copies from, he might be able to furnish you with one. I had heard nothing about his having an operation, but he did write me that he was reading the material out loud to his Florence, "naturally omitting the swear words," as he called them.

July 6, 1944

Just why I stopped this letter on December 8 I don't now remember, but about that time I had a go-round with the flu and have been at it ever since. In answering a letter from Hattie the other day I came across this unfinished business, and will now add a little and send it along before something else happens. . . . I rather boiled over in my letter to Hattie about Mayo's copy of my manuscript, but I didn't mean all of it.

I still have a sneaking idea that maybe, sometime, you can make it convenient to come and visit us. Of course, while the war is on this will be impossible, but it is now beginning to look like it would end sometime. Think this thing over before it is too late. Remember when you die it is for a long time.

If Gertrude is better and able to wash the dishes, why don't you take time off and write me another letter? You know old age is entitled to some consideration and you should write to your old cousin whether he writes to you or not.

We are about as usual considering my daughter Happy, her husband, and three small children are living with us on account of the housing shortage.

We hope this will continue. He is Production Manager for the Shell Oil Company, having charge of all territory west of Texas and clear up to Canada. He is now drilling in Alberta, but directs operations by telephone. It is interesting to hear the operator say "This is Calgary" or "This is Edmonton."

With lots of love to you all, as ever,

Your cousin Ernie

ELIZABETH VENABLE LIDDLE

Gertrude Elizabeth Venable, the first child and first daughter of Bryant Venable and Gertrude Spellmire Venable, was born at Peasanhall Lane, Cincinnati, on March 12, 1903.

For her third Christmas, at the instigation of her father, each member of the family wrote an original story, poem, or sketch, later bound together and titled *The Elizabethan Nonsense Book, with Original Illustrations*. (In quoting therefrom, I shall use quotation marks only when necessary, — various styles can be easily sorted out. — HBB)

The first contribution was a long fairy story by William Henry Venable, called "Gertrude Elizabeth's Red Letter Day." It told of Gertrude Elizabeth and her extraordinary papa (shall we call him Gertrude Elizabeth's papa, or G. E.'s P. for short?) who start off for a ride in their en-chanted Whizzycomewhirl, which eccentric machine stops stock-still in a wide, narrow, straight, devious, undiscoverable lane, and their adventures begin. They meet three American Afrigans, one black, one blacker, and one the color of a chaw've tobacker, who sing to them of Old Zip Coon, and the big racoon settin' on a rail, and Wheel about and turn about and do jis so, Ev'ry time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow. Coming to a cottage in a lane, they knock on the door and ask the name of the damsel who opens it. She replies: "What's my name? Pudeny Tame! What's my number? Cucumber!" and invites them in for a refreshment of Fluffle Sauce. "Fluffle Sauce!" shouts G. E.'s P. "Bless you, I am the author of Fluffle Sauce! I invented Fluffle Sauce!" So from an imaginary monkey bucket, with an imaginary dipper, Pudeny Tame dips up thirteen spoonsful of nothing from nowhere and serves it in three ornamental vacuities. How nourishing, she murmurs. How it strengthens and nerves one. How it stimulates intellectuality and sentiment!

Fortified by the Fluffle Sauce, Gertrude Elizabeth and G. E.'s P. set out again, having adventures involving Mother Goose characters and curious animals, who bid them:

Ponder the animal kingdom,
Armdon and findom and wingdom.
Make yourself knowledg-y
Study zoology,

Psy- and conchology,
Sing the Doxology,
Study the animal kingdom!

Finally, the wanderers, seeking Reality, arrive at Diana, where they are warmly welcomed by admiring grandparents, aunts, and uncles, and Gertrude Elizabeth plays her favorite pranks and recites charming rigmarole to the delight of her worshippers, as she exercises the unconscious sway of Baby Sovereignty. Her rule is presently challenged by the en-trance of the peerless Marna Brady, escorted by her imperial sister, Henrietta Margaret, first heiress of the blood royal. Marna sweeps (dare I say struts?) in proudly with a haughty yet indifferent air as if to say "I am the only toad in the puddle, the only pebble on the beach, the alpha and omega of baby despots, and don't you forget it!" But there is another claimant to baby royalty yet to come.

In his mother Jessie's arms, enters William Henry the Silent. With calm and steady eyes he critically inspects the smiling features of Henrietta Margaret, scrutinizes the face and figure of Gertrude Elizabeth, and gazes at the imperturbable Marna. Then in the primitive dialect of the Tuckermanese native language, translated by Jessie, he delivers his considered opinion: "I am a man, these are mere infant women. I am IT. I am Monarch by virtue of my sex. I AM THE BOSS!"

The strain of the situation is relieved by the voice of Henrietta suggesting urgently "Seems to me it's about time I had something to eat!" Bread and jam sandwiches for her are quickly forthcoming, Gertrude Elizabeth chooses potatoes, Marna demands tandy and crackers, while William Henry is supplied with a bottle of white fluid the level of which by the process of suction he proceeds to lower, pausing only long enough to proclaim, in Tuckermanese, his final verdict: "This is REALITY."

Mary Venable's contribution to the *Nonsense Book* was "A Musical Alphabet" — pen and ink sketches of musical instruments with amazingly clever features. Una Venable wrote of "The Goozlums, who danced till their eyes grew big and their lips turned blue, and their complexions greened to an emerald hue," as well as "Quaint Quatrains," one of which is

Said the ink, Just to think!
Were I white, then I might
Make a blot, and then not
Ever show!

Elizabeth Parnell Spellmire printed and illustrated for her granddaughter, "Great Grandfather's English Nursery Rhymes," recalling her own childhood days in England. Elizabeth's mother, Gertrude Spellmire Venable, wrote and charmingly illustrated in watercolor a story called "Ye Dream of Olden Days" and a poem "Ye Dollies of Early Days," while Tante Marie (Mrs.

Rudolph Wurlitzer) contributed an elaborately decorated Once Upon a Time story.

Bryant Venable, of course, was a heavy contributor. He is the author of "Marna Magilder" who proclaimed "The Universe is mine! Ain't it fine!" and of "An Epicurious Epigram: Henri's Awful Appetite and What Came of it," a portion of which follows:

Henri ett a pumpkin pie
Henri ett a muffin
And Henri ett a chicken fry,
Two turkeys and some stuffin'.

After eating everything in sight, he called for a tonic whose ingredients included "four pecks of aconite and nine of potash chlorate," and then

He oped his eyes, he closed his lips
As dainty as a lady,
Then took his tonic, sips by sips —
Then Henrietta Brady!

Bryant's brother-in-law, Mifflin Brady, was the subject of one of Bryant's verses: "Docksology."

Dr. Brady is no lady
'Cause he is a man.
He's just as nice as lemon ice
Or honey in a can.
By wretched luck he met a duck
(Its tail was really sad.)
It cried "Quack! Quack!" behind his back—
Which made the Doctor mad !

The longest poem, and doubtless the most appealing to Elizabeth in her childhood days, was Bryant's "Ye Alphabet as it was writ at Ye Comte of Elizabeth in the early Days of her Reign, MDCCCV," in which each letter was illustrated by a snapshot of, as well as verses about, her little playmates.

Harriet Venable Brady's Christmas poem told of Santa's Workshop and "the Quanglewangle who wags his tail, the Skikit who squeals till his face grows pale, and the Scoomfoozle who points with fingers green,"

Then Hennevetta and Libbus and Bill
And Marna Magilder will go uppe hill
To see `Funny Blampa' and sit on his knee
And tell him about their Christmas tree.

Other Brady contributions had at least the virtue of brevity. Henrietta, just learning to write, got into the act with a painstakingly pencilled sentence "I see a box and a ball and a sun and a tree and a nut and a cat and a mayflower and my doll cup and a fan and a top" illustrated by the author!

Doctor Brady used as his subject "Spider Trouble," and as his protagonist the druggist down in Tusculum :

Little Joe Schneider
Sat on a spider
The spider it busted
And Joe was disgusted.

This was illustrated by a picture of the spider and his house, Joe and his house, and "The Result" — a large squiggly blot! (So far as is known, this was Mifflin's first and only venture into the Venebilian realms of rhyme.)

Emerson Venable re-wrote "Spider Trouble" a la Robert Browning :

That eight-legged thing that kitchen corners studs,
Unheeding Sunday pants of him who sat —
With eggful sloth of creepy orthopods,
Unmindful of the comfort of the brat —
Sat on! (Who feels the pain?) with oozy gudds
Outbursting sudden! — Ha, he starts! What's that?

annotating it with lengthy and turgid prose critical notes, as well as pen and ink sketches of "the eight-legged thing," "the Sunday pants," and Joe crying "What's that?" while eyeing the "oozy gudds" of the sat-on spider.

The Elizabethan Nonsense Book was quite a book. Re-read after nearly fifty years, it is still quite a book. Lucy Liddle Woodward, Elizabeth's daughter, thinks so too, and her grandparents have presented it to her.

In a reminiscent conversation in the summer of 1954 with her cousin, Henrietta Brady Brown, Betty Liddle (whose name had in the course of the years been shortened from Gertrude Elizabeth, to Lizaboo, to Betty) recalled early memories:

"The potato cellar near the barns fascinated me as a child. When we visited Diana, I would always wander over there, and carefully open the door and peek in. I don't quite know what I expected to find, but I never found it, — only a dark, damp, hole in the ground with a few apples and potatoes and onions sitting around in baskets. But the fascination persisted. I always re-visited it, and I was always disappointed.

"Inside the house, my clearest recollection is of the grate in grandfather's study. It burned soft coal, and the feathery yet oily soot hung in festoons an inch or more thick on the walls of the chimney. Sometimes I was allowed to take the poker and scrape it off, but even as I did so, I used to wonder if I should — maybe grandmother and grandfather liked those thick festoons of soot.

"But my most vivid recollection is of what must have been a family gathering at Diana. I had never been down the front stairway, and that day I got up my courage and ventured down to the basement floor. As I walked through the sparsely furnished old playroom toward the dining room, there sat

Uncle Doctor, all by himself, perfectly relaxed, drinking beer out of a bottle. I was completely intrigued. Here was something new to learn of possible future practical value. I asked: "Uncle Doctor, how do you do that?" and quite seriously he explained: "You clamp your lips over the neck of the bottle, but you leave an air hole in the corner of your mouth!"

Betty's primary education was at the Hyde Park Public School near her home, and she went to Hughes High School, entering the University of Cincinnati in the fall of 1921, where she was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta. During several summers she taught dancing, always her great delight, at summer camps. Sometime during 1922 Betty met Harold William Liddle. Born in Berlin of English parentage, Harold was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Liddle of Manchester, England. He had been sent to this country before the first World War to complete his education at the Engineering College of the University of Cincinnati. After active service with the United States Army abroad, Harold returned to Cincinnati and college, making his home with Mr. and Mrs. Pierson Keys in the suburban village of Wyoming and receiving his engineering degree in 1923. At Christmas time of that year Betty's and Harold's engagement was announced, and on October 18, 1924, the silver wedding anniversary of Betty's parents, they were married at the Unitarian Church by Dr. John Malick.

The wedding, the first among the thirteen cousins, was a charming affair. Mabel Crall MacDonald, Bryant's favorite little cousin-playmate, came on from New York. Harold's parents were unable to make the trip from England, but were represented by his sister, Evelyn Liddle. The musical selections played before the ceremony were compositions of his uncle, Samuel Liddle, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The following description is in the best society editor English of the time:

"Such an effectively planned ceremony seldom have I witnessed. Almost dramatic seemed the situation when gradually dimming lights accompanied the diminishing tones of the organ, and the bride, supported by her father, glided toward the chancel steps. When the moment arrived for Harold Liddle to place the ring on his bride's finger, only the altar candles augmented by an opalescent ray suffused from a rose window above the organ illuminated the scene. Four tiny sprites, Peggy Keys, Ginevra and Evelyn Venable, and Annette Wurlitzer, dressed in fairy white with tiny yellow bows, flitted down the aisles with white ribbons. From the ribbon bearers to the regiment of attendants, every appurtenance bore some distinctive mark. A veritable vexillary was Marna Brady (this sent everybody to the dictionary! Webster defines vexillary as 'in the Roman Army, a veteran under a special standard.' Free translation: Marna had red hair!), followed by Mary Jane Stutson, Jane Steen, and Helen Lapham, all sorority intimates of the bride. As fille d'honneur Janet Wurlitzer, just home from a long stay in Europe, created quite a little furor on her own. Scarcely could feminine equivoise (look this up yourself!) withstand a

spectacle of pulchritude so superbly accoutered. Nothing, needless to observe, surpassed the picture of the bride, her brunette beauty and opulence of crowning glory strikingly offsetting the colorless splendor of her bridal vesture." (Free translation: Betty with her dark hair and beautiful gown made a stunning bride!)

Following the church ceremony, a reception was held at the Peasanhall house, beautifully decorated with bitter-sweet and autumn foliage, which was "attended by the bridal party and immediate family, and those friends whose intimacy with the families makes them almost as close as kin.

After a wedding trip marred by the fact that Betty contracted typhoid fever, from which she happily and completely recovered, the Liddles lived for a time in an apartment in Avondale, shortly thereafter moving to Oliver Road in Wyoming. They went abroad in 1925 to visit Harold's parents, and on June 18, 1926, their first child, a son, Harold Venable Liddle, was born. Three and a half years later, on January 7, 1929, their second child, Lucy Ann Liddle, was born.

Harold, since his college days, has been with the Stearns and Foster Company of which he is (1954) General Superintendent. In 1934, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Lucy Stearns Keys, who had long been an "honorary aunt" to Harold and Betty, decided to make her permanent home in Santa Fe. A year later, she deeded to Harold the spacious and comfortable old stone house on the crest of Reilly Road, Wyoming, which has since been the hospitable Liddle residence.

Betty's "opulence of crowning glory" is short, now, and most becomingly gray. On her thirtieth wedding anniversary in October 1954 she need bow to no one in good looks and in her zest for life and living.

Harold Venable Liddle

Harold Venable Liddle, the first child of Elizabeth Venable Liddle and Harold William Liddle, and the first great grandchild of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born in Cincinnati on June 18, 1926. He attended the Lotspeich School until the seventh grade, when he was sent to the Wyoming Public School and later to the Wyoming High School.

In the summer of 1942, he entered Andover Academy, and the following February, just seventeen, he enlisted in the Naval Air Corps. He was allowed to finish his preparatory education at Andover, and then was sent to Williams College by the Navy for his academic Air Corps work later being on active duty at Indio, California, and Chapel Hill, N. C. In October, 1945, at the close of the war, he returned to Williams, and was graduated in 1947, by taking full advantage of the war-inspired accelerated courses given by the college.

Hal's long-cherished ambition had been to be a doctor. He entered Cornell Medical School in New York, and his professional training was at the Medical Center and the New York Hospital. He received his M. D. from Cornell in 1951, when he was twenty-five. He has returned to Cincinnati, and the General Hospital, to pursue his specialty, — surgery. An operation in the

spring of 1954 for a back injury has delayed, at least temporarily, his second induction into the armed forces, this time as a surgeon.

Lucy Liddle Woodward

Lucy Ann Liddle, the second child and only daughter of Elizabeth Venable Liddle and Harold William Liddle, was born in Cincinnati on January 7, 1929. She was sent to the Lotspeich School for several years, then being young for her class, stayed out a year and entered the Wyoming Public School. Her intermediate education was at the Hillsdale School for Girls, from which she was graduated in 1946.

In the fall of that year, Lucy entered Vassar College, and that winter at a tea dance given by her parents at the Cincinnati Country Club was formally presented to Cincinnati society. Her popularity as a debutante detracted not at all from her scholastic standing at Vassar.

During two summers, Lucy took courses at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and here she renewed her acquaintance with Thomas Canby Woodward whom she had met as a Freshman at Vassar while he was at Williams. "Tim," as Lucy called him, was studying for his Master's at the Colorado School of Mines. In 1954, Lucy and Tim were married.

In the years between her graduation from Vassar in 1950 and her marriage in 1954, Lucy experimented with a variety of jobs, in Cincinnati as secretary to the business manager of the *Cincinnati Post* and with Jon Arthur, who did an imaginative childrens' radio show called "Big Jon and Sparky." In the summer of 1952, she travelled in Europe and then was with the Avon Publishing Company in New York until Christmas of 1953, when she and Tim decided to be married in February. After the usual pre-nuptial festivities, the wedding was held on February 20, 1954. The society editor of the *Cincinnati Times Star* reported the event thus:

"Decorated in white flowers and green foliage, the (Episcopal) Church of the Ascension in Wyoming was the setting for the marriage of Miss Lucy Ann Liddle to Mr. Thomas Canby Woodward, son of Mrs. Roland Woodward of Wilmington, Delaware, and Washington, and the late Mr. Woodward. The ceremony, performed by the Reverend William Daniels, was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

"Lustrous white slipper satin fashioned the gown worn by the bride, who was given in marriage by her father. Outlining the broad V neck-line were satin folds that spiraled in front. The sculptured bodice had long sleeves and the skirt flared to extra back fullness, which extended into a train. Heirloom lace from the wedding veil of her mother formed her close-fitting calot, from which was draped her fingertip veil of diaphanous tulle. Bermuda lillies, interspersed with green and white calladium leaves and ivy fronds composed the bride's bouquet.

"Mrs. Liddle wore a cobalt blue chiffon gown with a portrait neckline,

shirred bodice, and full skirt over matching taffeta. Her flowers were yellow orchids. Mrs. Woodward was gowned in leaf green satin, designed with a soft bodice drape. Green spray orchids fashioned her corsage.

"The hospitalities of the evening were shared by the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Venable; her great aunt Miss Mabel Spellmire; and her aunt, Miss Evelyn Liddle."

As usual, the formal newspaper account did not tell the whole story. A terrific storm just about the time the bridal party was leaving the house cut off all the electric lights in that part of Wyoming. Candles were hastily requisitioned from all available sources, providing a soft and romantic light in the old house, but a somewhat hazardous one. Coming down the stairway, Lucy's filmy veil caught fire. It was hastily extinguished, and the charred part cut away. On the way to the church, her bridesmaids were held up by a traffic jam, and the ceremony began about ten minutes late. Through it all, Lucy maintained her sense of humor and her composure, and walked down the church aisle a radiant and beautiful bride.

After the reception, Lucy and Tim departed by automobile for a leisurely journey to Austin, Texas, where Tim is attending the University of Texas, specializing in Petroleum Engineering. During the summer of 1954, they rented a trailer and went on a summer-long trip to Wyoming and Montana, where Tim worked on his Ph. D. dissertation.

Vernon Venable

Persistence, cajolery, appeals to his "better nature," and a little genteel blackmail finally elicited the following memoir from Bryant Vernon Venable, the second child and first son of Bryant Venable and Gertrude Spellmire Venable.

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What is it about the Venables that will not let them rest until they (a) publish something, and/or (b) genealogize? I have made a dozen unsuccessful attempts at thinking of my own life. Now here, I hope, goes! What I am going to do is simply to sit at the typewriter and spill — dates, random thoughts, memories, free associations.

I have been told that I was born September 15, 1906, in Cincinnati, Ohio, and have no reason to doubt it. Uncle Doc, the presiding doctor, brashly swore to the fact seventeen years post facto, so I could get a passport in the absence of a birth certificate. I do not remember whether I was born in the old Parnell-Spellmire homestead on Observatory Road or in the tenant house adjacent, which at some time became my parents' permanent residence and 4 Peasanhall Lane. Was too young.

Weekdays were all spent at Peasanhall except for brief spells during the summers when the family went to Cumberland Falls or some other primitive camping grounds. Sunday at Diana usually. (On one camping excursion with the Bradys and others, I was bedded down in the men's quarters, but terrified

out of my wits by a frightful noise in the dark, was taken in with the women. Dr. Brady, as was his wont until I told him off in my teens, saw this as sissified behaviour, and I couldn't get him to realize that he'd never heard himself snore.)

About Diana there will be much romantic lore from others, for not only was it romantic, but Venables are not generally ones to play such things down. With the bar sinister that is in me, I choose to record Diana as the place of my first encounter with the seamier side of Venabilia, the swindle streak, the shameless charlatanry that can outcrop in the best of us, and that certainly should have made one Marna Venable Brady rich. We were playing on the lawn, and I boasted that I could tell the different makes of cars just by looking at them. Heck, she didn't need to look; the sound of their motors was enough. We heard one at the foot of the hill. After a moment's listening, she pronounced it an Overland; then, looking doubtful, listened more intently. "It's an Overland truck," she amended, satisfied. And an Overland truck it was!

I recounted the episode to her when we were grown, still with some sense of marvel. She giggled, and I saw why she had never got rich. Seems that same truck passed that same Diana gate at the same hour every day on deliveries, and was moreover about the only motor vehicle ever to go by there at all.

This seems to be getting weighted with Bradys. I remember the other cousins, too, some of them vividly, but suppose I should get back to my-self.

My mother and father were here this summer (1954) for a belated celebration of her eightieth birthday with our family and Ginnie's. Mother brought a swaddling dress which she claimed was mine (my daughter Ann's expression was a study!) and a photograph to prove it : me in it, lying on my stomach, on one of her father's hands. Too young to remember the episode, but do remember the hands — large enough to contain me for much of my early childhood, me being particularly small, and they decidedly not. He was tall, point-bearded, handsome, silent, with a reputation for stern taciturnity, but I remember him as always with soft amusement in his eyes, and was very fond of him. My Grand-mother Spellmire was sweet, tiny, affectionate, with quick speech, chirrupy but gentle, and I spent much of my time in their big house next door to ours.

The Venable grandparents are equally vivid to me, though I saw them less constantly : he as a small, talkative, birdlike, affectionate man with an imposing Nietzschean moustache; she not very large either but in some ways like Joseph Spellmire, quiet, kindly, and giving the impression of firm strength.

I attended the Hyde Park Public School. First day, I got knocked down, sat on, and murderously beaten in the face with the heavy wool tam o' shanter my mother had crowned me with for my entrance into public life. A few of the school memories are genial, but the more vivid touch on strenuousness: the great gang fight between the adherents of the rival candidates for mayor, Puchta and Hunt (I forget who won the election or the fight, but it was a great,

impassioned, stony brawl, the school yard being paved with stones about the size of crab-apples.) Out-of-school life was generally fun, though I marvel in retrospect at the brashness (or innocence) of our Observatory Road gang, and/or the patience (or helplessness) of the management of the Cincinnati Golf and Country Club across the road from Peasanhall. We played our football and baseball always on the golf course. We cowboied our bikes up and down the golf course hills. We track-met, high-jumped, vaulted, dove and built forts in the sand-traps, and — most thrilling of my childhood memories, and incredible from adulthood, we dug an elaborate system of underground dwellings, complete with fireplaces, storage bins, communicating tunnels, candles in flowerpots pushed into the sidewalls for lighting, etc., beside the eighth hole fairway behind Cal Crim's (of detective agency fame) house. Strike above most thrilling out. Equally thrilling, if not more, was the week we skated all over the golf course links hills, on a hard crust of frozen rain on top of deep, fresh-fallen snow. And certainly most chilling was one Halloween night when Cal shot at us, or shot a blank at us from close range, when we were trying to take his furniture off his porch. I lay under a bush and repeatedly died for what seemed hours, and the only time I've been scarer in my life was in an Atlantic hurricane surrounded by German submarines in 1939.

Along here somewhere, when I was between nine and eleven, belong two or three summers at Camp Greenbriar, a military camp in West Virginia. Then a year of Saturdays followed by a whole summer working at Mabley and Carew, first as a stock clerk in the gent's furnishing department, and then, when I had claimed I was twelve years old to get the job, as cashier and messenger in the "tube room" where the little felt-end cylinders with sales slips and cash used to come down the vacuum tubes to be shot back with change and receipts. At closing time, I delivered the day's take to the cashier for recording and receipt. Once, at the end of my long wait for the cashier's counting, instead of handing me the receipt she looked long and accusingly at me and said there was \$50 missing. Young and dumb as I was, like Marna with her Overland, I didn't, until I was surrounded by the store bigwigs and the detective, click to the obvious inference of her demeanor. I was humiliatingly searched, even in my trousers cuffs. My father went to the President of the Company and offered to make the sum good, but the President was big about it. I stayed on in the job long enough to earn \$50, which was quite a long time, in case they should choose to get small about it, then quit with no regrets. Years later I went for the only time in my life to the movie theatre in Oakley, and there in the box office was the ex-tube room manageress, who told me, while the movie frittered away, the whole story of the sweet old lady cashier at Mabley's who had snatched the fifty bucks while I was waiting for the receipt, who had embezzled handsomely throughout her tenure there, and who was now, presumably in the jug. My moral rigidity was at this age already too severe to learn the obvious lesson for making Venables

rich. I should clearly have snatched the fifty bucks on the way up, and stared with childlike accusation at the old lady. She'd have landed in the jug, anyhow, and the clan would be ahead.

Walnut Hills Junior High is generally a pleasant memory, but most vividly for the gym teacher, a stocky, quiet, stern old German "turnvereinist" who so loved his metier that he voluntarily gave training in apparatus work and tumbling to a special class of interested students every morning at seven-fifteen before school. I attended this as long as I stayed at Walnut Hills, and it's probably the most enriching education I got.

This is perhaps the point to insert my sports interests. Chronologically, I've had most fun as follows: a little golf, some years of concentrated tennis prior to my first trip to Europe; a long stretch of horseback riding; a lot of concentrated skiing (almost to the point of good when I left the Alps after two years there) ; and finally, for those who regard it as sport (I'm getting slightly ambivalent myself), a tremendous lot of nursery garden work begun two years ago at the age of forty-six. Of all things I enjoy passing long periods of time at, it's poker. For game, as distinguished from sport, it's me.

One summer along in here I took a job as counsellor at a YMCA camp, and on the first day managed to run a long piece of wood from the dock into my foot. Uncle Doc, who believed, I always felt, in particularly Spartan treatment for me, decided to cut through the length of the sole of my foot with a pair of scissors. With some spontaneity, I discovered I was less scared of him than I was of the scissors, and staged a rather Olympian aggression on his manners, morals, and sundry. This appears all it took to make us the fastest of friends thereafter. The rest of the summer I took a job, crutch, bandaged foot and all, driving new Auburn cars down from the factory in Indiana for delivery in Cincinnati. I don't remember how old I was but not very, and I've subsequently wondered at the casualness of life, including even business enterprise in those days.

As I've wondered about the strange streak of self-abnegatory liberality in the general treatment of me by my parents, and which I've come to appreciate as much as any other single factor in my upbringing. They allowed me, from a very tender age, and doubtless miserable cost to their nerves, to jump from house and garage roofs, practice balancing acts on ladders, climb trees whose heights would frighten me now, and when I was only eleven, permitted me to hitch-hike with a friend for 500 miles up into Michigan, which we did in twenty-four hours, not stop-ping to sleep.

From Walnut Hills I transferred to Withrow High, near my home, and from there entered the University of Cincinnati where I majored in philosophy, and became a candidate for an experimental degree which involved considerable leeway in class attendance during the final two years and a strenuous program of independent reading. I was a Beta Theta Pi (my father's fraternity) at the University, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. I was

graduated in June 1928 with a formidable parchment entitled Extraordinary Degree of Bachelor of Arts with Honors, a title which is perhaps unique in the University annals, for I am under the impression that this experimental program was abandoned after their experience with me.

I was an unsuccessful candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship during my junior year. That same summer I was awarded a competitive scholarship for attendance at the School of International Studies at Geneva, Switzerland. The school itself did not seem too rewarding, but the experience abroad and my travels in Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Belgium and England were wonderful.

A good deal of encouragement was given me to do graduate work and enter the teaching profession, but I nursed a marvellously immature and gratifying attitude of superiority toward the stuffiness of academia, the value of degrees, and the difficulties of making fairly large amounts of money fairly quickly so as to be able to pursue a writing career with some degree of independence. How I expected to do this, I don't know; I don't remember ever taking any practical steps toward it except, if such could be called practical, to collaborate with Philip Blair Rice on what was intended as a runaway Broadway hit, a play entitled "The American Emperor," a political satire largely of the Coolidge regime. Anyhow, we got a nice letter from the Theatre Guild allowing as how G. B. Shaw's "The Apple Cart" had pretty much stolen our thunder. Most of my time I spent writing rather long-haired stuff and not getting it published, and once, in response to some skeptical remarks of a relative about my earning ability, bet her a carton of cigarettes that I could write a story that day which would sell. I did, under the name of Herman Bengal, and it did, to *True Story Magazine*, but I don't think they ever published it. After some months of this, I finally found it the better part of common sense to take a job with the Venable, Brown Advertising Agency as copy-writer for a livelihood, and to restrict my own writing to the evenings. A fellow copywriter was making paper fortunes in the stock market in those bucket shop days, so I got on the bandwagon with a capital of \$175 from the *True Story* sale, and in a few months had run it to a number of thousands and taken to smoking cigars. (No one can say my effort at business was half-hearted!) I'd been having a lot of sinus trouble, and one day in October was away from the office with a fever and pan-sinusitis, when the broker called urgently for margin or he'd have to sell me out. My fever went way up. It was Black Tuesday 1929.

I came out of that experience in Americana only \$500 in debt. But I was beginning to be convinced that business was not for me, and as my sinusitis grew worse and the doctors urged a change in climate, I decided to continue in the advertising job just long enough to get out of debt and **get** a little backlog for the move which I made in the spring of 1930 to-ward the French and Swiss Alps. I spent a memorable two years abroad, studying, writing, and teaching in

France and Switzerland.

In this period belong many broadening and deeply formative events such as some considerable linguistic, and a smidgin of political-moral, contribution to the Constitution of the Federated Malay States, which I was typing up for the British official responsible, and an offer from a Dutch official to go out to Java, to live with a Sultan and continue his English lessons. At this time I was in the thinnest of financial circumstances, living in an attic of a French alpine chalet above Chaminix. One day, the postman appeared and started pouring out money to me like an endless jackpot. I kept trying to stop him and ask how come, but he didn't know. Three days later I discovered it was legitimate and that I could enjoy it. Aunt Mabel Spellmire, who knew nothing of my current straits, I think, had sent me a \$50 money order. Translated into francs, it was colossal. It was, as I view it now, probably the most purely gratuitous, free-wheeling act I've ever been on the receiving end of. And the depth of my long and special relationship to "Mabe," before and after, can be illuminated by it.

In the spring of 1932, in the midst of the depression, I returned to this country with plans for two books, one on Mussolini, and one on the Modigliani family, to be written in collaboration with the anti-Fascist deputy Modigliani (brother of the painter) whom I had met in the French Alps. I was fortunate to be offered a part time job in the Philosophy Department at Vassar for the coming year, which would allow me to be near New York with, presumably, plenty of time for my own writing.

In actual fact, I was completely swept up in the teaching, partly as a result of my own fascination with it, partly because of a series of emergencies in the Department. I worked for some years on a critical monograph on the writings of Thomas Mann, which I had interesting occasion to go over in some detail once, in this country, with T. S. Eliot, and once in Kusnacht, Switzerland, with Thomas Mann. I finally reduced the essence of this study to the length of a critical article, and I regard it as the most original and perfected piece of writing that I've done. It was published in the Virginia Quarterly Review of Winter of 1938, as *Poetic Reason in Thomas Mann*, and was later anthologized in the volume entitled *The Stature of Thomas Mann*, published by New Directions.

In the fall of 1932, shortly after my arrival at Vassar, I met Ruth Dillard, recently also come from France for her third year of teaching in the Italian Department at Vassar.

Here Ruth Dillard Venable takes up the narrative :

"I was born February 24, 1904 in New Orleans, where my father was teaching at Tulane University. He soon after became president of the Jean and Slater Funds for Negro education in the South and gradually was associated with almost every phase of Negro education. Dillard University was named for him. He was born on a plantation in Virginia in 1856 of English and Scotch descent. His father was a graduate of the class of 1848 at Princeton. My

mother's father was a New Jersey doctor whose parents came from Germany in the eighteenth century. Her mother was from a family of English origin established in New England since the seventeenth century. Mother belonged to the DAR and we always teased her for it because my father was blacklisted by the organization. To be nearer Northern trustees, my father moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, and our house there, 'Park Hill,' is home to me. When I was seven, my whole family went to Paris for a year. I stayed on at school there, off and on, until I received the French baccalaureate degree. I then entered Vassar as a junior and after graduation went back to the Sorbonne for two years. Then I obtained a fellowship for a year's study in Italy, and was appointed to the Vassar Italian Department.

"At the beginning of the third year there I reluctantly attended the President's Reception, and met Vernon. We were married June 15, 1933. Fortunately I was able to secure a position in the French Department for which I was much better suited. I love Paris, France, and the French, their sense of individualism and of freedom. However, my ties here are strong, and here I am in the year 1954, teaching away at Vassar, and helping to bring up my family in Dutchess County, New York."

Vernon continues :

More and more my philosophical interests changed from the aesthetic and critical, through the philosophy of science, social philosophy, ethics and anthropology. During the past fifteen years I've done considerable work in social psychology and cultural anthropology, and for a long time have followed closely, both in their theory and practice, the contributions made by the psychotherapeutic disciplines and the general development of psychodynamic understanding.

In 1939 I signed a contract with W. W. Norton & Co. to write a large volume on *Human Nature in Modern Thought* while we were to be on leave of absence for sixteen months in France. The outbreak of war caught us there, and we got back to this country late in the autumn. Ann had been born in 1938, and first learned to speak in France, but she lost her French very quickly when we got back. We spent the remainder of the year in New York, both studying at Columbia, and I working on the book. By the end of that year I had just moved into the area of the book that was to deal with Marxian theory of man, and found that almost nothing had been done on the Marxian literature from the anthropological standpoint. Back to full-time teaching, it took me about two years to go through this literature and systematize the anthropological theory. (I forgot to mention that a war-clause in the Norton contract absolved me from producing or Norton from publishing in the event of war.) The Marx material was by this time a large manuscript in itself. A scout from Knopf got wind of it, Knopf decided to publish it as an independent volume, and my loose arrangement with Norton was dissolved by mutual consent. *Human Nature: The Marxian View* was published by Alfred A. Knopf

in 1945, by Dobson, Ltd., in England a year later, and rights were sold for Italy, Spanish Western Hemisphere, etc.

Jeanie was born a week before Pearl Harbor, and has been just as preoccupying ever since. Between her and the war, our next trip abroad was not until 1948. Meantime Columbia had awarded me the Ph. D. degree in 1945, and in January of the following winter I went to Arizona to see if I could get some relief from what had been diagnosed as a recrudescence of pansinusitis. I taught for a couple of months at the University of Arizona. Tests, done out there, seemed to indicate that the ailment was not sinusitis, but undulant fever, and I was shipped back to New York for treatments which lasted through most of the following college year before the blood picture was normalized.

In 1948, the whole family went again to France. This time my purpose was to do a companion volume to the Marx book on *Human Nature: The Freudian View*, but though I made considerable progress in my further knowledge of the field, the enterprise ultimately got sidetracked for a number of reasons, interesting enough, but much too complex to go into here. I doubt now that I will do this book.

Recent years have been very much taken up with heavy teaching loads and administrative responsibilities : I was elected Chairman of the Philosophy Department in 1949. My relaxation has for many years been gardening and planting, and my hobby, ornamental shrubs and trees for landscaping.

Two years ago I bought a sixteen acre tract thirteen miles from Poughkeepsie and have spent my summers developing it as a nursery. I've put in about 10,000 plants so far and a pond for irrigation and swimming. Eventually we may build a small house there for retirement. The operation is known as the *Clove Valley Nurseries* and did enough business last year just about to pay for itself. When the trees are mature, I hope there will be considerable value in them. Meanwhile I enjoy the work enormously, and it is a good foil both for too much abstract brain work and for middle age. Someday I may bring *Human Nature in Modern Thought* to completion. I've certainly learned a lot about both in these many varied years.

Ann Dillard Venable

I was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, on September 10, 1937. When I was two, my parents got leave of absence to study in France. We had been there only a short time when war broke out and we had to return. I have often been told about the hurricane that tipped our ship on its side and took several lives. I slept through the whole thing. The rest of the leave of absence was finished up in New York, after which we came back to Poughkeepsie to the Crum house (where I had been born), a beautiful little white house on a hill with a big lawn and a terrace with a huge tree. I remember particularly my sandbox in the back yard. I seem to have spent most of my time there.

I don't remember much about Vassar Nursery School, but I am told my favorite book was *Uncle Wiggily* and if the teachers at the school addressed me as Ann, I corrected : "I'm not Ann, I'm Nurse Fuzzy-Wuzzy." I entered the first grade at the Poughkeepsie Day School after a year of kindergarten. We now lived in the house next to our old one, a beautiful large home with stately trees in the front lawn. The Crums had moved back to their own house, and I used to play with their daughter. I remember that Jeanie and I had a huge playroom with pink walls and a fireplace. Although we hadn't enough furniture to fill up the large rooms in that house, the playroom was always crammed with toys and junk. We even had a tent there once. I had a colossal birthday party, a picnic outside with an absolute mob of children. When the Crums were away for a while Aunt Ginny, Uncle Loos and Judy came and stayed in their house. There was another birthday party, I think for Judy. Back of the house was a path through the woods to the Vassar College golf course. A friend of mine lived on the other side, and I used to take the path to visit her. Once I got lost there. It was one of the most terrifying experiences I ever had.

I was about seven or eight when we moved to our present house near the campus. There were more people to play with and more enterprises and clubs. I remember especially the PVD Store. The initials stood for Post, Venable and Darby, the names of the three of us involved. We sold white elephants our parents didn't want and made about four dollars. I had a passion for horses and with a friend used to go riding and play horses constantly. We even had a horse club in a little room in her cellar which we whitewashed and decorated. We also loved natural history and wild animals.

Our year in France was from September 1948 to September 1949. We lived in Paris and Jeanie and I went to the École Alsacienne. In the summer we traveled about in a tiny green convertible and also spent much time with friends of mother's at a little village called Guitres. Of course we saw all the famous palaces, museums and monuments, many of them partly destroyed by bombs. I shall never forget that year.

When we got back from France, I went to Day School for one more year and then to Arlington High School from which I just (1954) graduated. I loved high school. I met some wonderful people and had a chance to do some of the things I like. I had a marvelous time in the Dramatic Club for four years. I was on Debate, on the Yearbook, and on the newspaper. I got to know many of the teachers quite well and I learned more than I ever could at a private boarding school, although they may have the edge academically. I was valedictorian of my class, a job I hated, and I think one that was less important to me than most of my other experiences at school. This fall I am going to Radcliffe College.

I have always been interested in reading and drawing. I like poetry and always loved the stories and poems Boppa (Bryant Venable) used to send us. I still like horses and natural history and I love to ride, al-though I rarely do. I have no idea what I'll do after I leave college, but I like people and would want

to work with others.

I have made one public appearance aside from a couple of plays and speeches at school. This was on the CBS-TV program *Youth Takes a Stand*. It was very exciting and I was entranced with the television studios.

As far as my ambitions are concerned, I want to travel all over the place as often as humanly possible. I'd even love to go down in a bathysphere to the bottom of the ocean!

Jean Hardy Venable

I was born on November 20, 1941, at Poughkeepsie, New York. One of my earliest memories is the visits the Scofields made to us when Judy was about three and Ann just a baby. I remember vaguely my sister feeding little Ann out of a bottle. Then I remember my third birthday when I barbered myself with some sewing scissors. The cut I gave my-self was not very handsome I'm told. When I was about three and a half we moved to our present house, opposite Vassar.

The whole family went to Europe when I was almost seven. We travelled around in a tiny car. I remember visiting some dungeons in Paris and seeing all the tortures with blood on them. I enjoyed it very much but I was a tiny bit worried that we would be tricked into some-thing unpleasant. At the end of the tour our guide left us. We all walked up the stairs and tried to open the door but it was locked! I almost fainted of terror. A few minutes later the guide came up apologizing for forgetting to leave us the key.

I have gone to Poughkeepsie Day School ever since I was four except for the year in France when I went to a French school which I can't spell the name of. I take ballet and recorder lessons. There are many things I've thought seriously of being when I grow up — a writer, artist, teacher, dancer, etc. Right now I'm pretty sure writing and teaching are out. I'm thinking of interior decorating.

This summer (1954) my friend and I are running a nursery school for ages three to five. We have it once a week in the morning and eight children are enrolled. It's hard work and I definitely don't think I want to be a teacher, but who knows . . . ?

Ginevra Venable Scofield

Ginevra Venable, the third child and second daughter of Bryant Venable and Gertrude Spellmire Venable, was born on Peasanhall Lane in Cincinnati January 14, 1912. Her primary education was at the Hyde Park Public School from 1918 to 1924. She went to Miss Doherty's School except for her junior year at Withrow High School. In the fall of 1930, she attended both the Cincinnati Art Academy and the University of Cincinnati. The following year she began the regular four year Liberal Arts course leading to a B. A. on graduation in June 1935. While at the University, where she was a member of Delta Delta Delta, she had also an active social life in the city.

Her first job was as secretary to the Dean of the Liberal Arts College. On December 21, 1935, she was married at the home of her brother Vernon Venable in Poughkeepsie to Louis Levy (Scofield) whom she had known at the University, and who had already begun to make a career for himself as a radio actor and writer on the Cincinnati stations. (Louis, incidentally, had been in the Shakespearean plays at Walnut Hills High School in which Evelyn Venable, Ginny's cousin, had the leading role.) Ginevra continued her job at the University for about a year after her marriage.

Louis and Ginny lived in Cincinnati until October 1939, spending the summer of that year in France, and moving in the fall to Illinois where opportunities for radio work in Chicago were greater for Louis. For the next ten and a half years they lived in and near Chicago. Part of this time Florence Venable Weiffenbach was at LaGrange, Illinois, and the cousins and their families saw each other on occasion.

In 1940, by court action, Louis and Ginevra took the family name of Louis's paternal grandparents, becoming Louis L. Scofield and Ginevra Venable Scofield. On August 10, 1940, Judith Scofield, the first child, was born in Chicago, and on March 24, 1944, Ann Venable Scofield, their second child and second daughter, was born also in Chicago.

Just as the Scofields had moved to Chicago from Cincinnati because of greater opportunities for Louis's work, so they decided in July 1950 that accessibility to the markets of New York City was advisable. Neither wanted to live in Manhattan, and after considerable searching they rented a house in the charming suburban town of Ridgefield, Connecticut. In the spring of 1954, Ginevra wrote: "Right now we're up to our ears in house-hunting. We decided we like it here and are madly looking for a place to buy." Late in the summer she reported success in their house-hunting: "Life's been hectic here. We found a house. A queer little old place on four beautiful Connecticut acres. Everything was in a terrible state of disrepair. We've been scrubbing and painting and grubbing out poison ivy. Gradually it's become habitable. Mother and daddy were here for a few days and they think it's swell. The address is Farmingville Road, Ridgefield, Connecticut."

XIII

The Venable Cameron Family

5. Emerson Venable Dec. 22, 1875 —	m. Dolores Cameron Nov. 29, 1889 - Mar. 13, 1930
I. Evelyn Venable Oct. 18, 1913 —	m. Hal Mohr Aug. 2, 1894 —
1. Dolores Mohr Nov. 26, 1935 —	
2. Rosalia Mohr Mar. 29, 1937 —	

Emerson Venable

Emerson Venable, the fifth child and third son of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born at Diana on December 22, 1875. What must have been one of his earliest photographs is still pre-served in his sister Harriet's family photograph album : it shows a little boy of perhaps two and a half or three, gazing confidently out at the world, clad in a velveteen dress trimmed with bands around a full skirt, his hair in sausage roll curls, his feet encased in high button shoes, and his hand resting negligently on a papier-mâché rock. His boyhood surroundings and preoccupations must have been much the same as those described by Mayo and Bryant. Doubtless he listened to the evening stories told by his father, played in the barn and in Fairyland, shuddered delightedly during the Scoomfoozle games, and accompanied his elder brothers on excursions to Crawfish Creek and across the Union Levee to the Little Miami River.

After primary school days, he entered Woodward High School. (An-other picture indicates by the cap that he was a member of the Wood-ward Cadets.) After graduation in 1893, he matriculated at the University of Cincinnati, being awarded his B. A. in 1898. During his school days, he met Challan Ellis, who became his closest friend then and for many years thereafter.

During the years 1897-1902, he was Principal of the Cincinnati Summer School in 1897; instructor in Latin and Physics at the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical Institute in 1897, an instructorship which continued after the Spanish American War until 1902; and librarian and teacher of mathematics at the Ohio Mechanics Institute in 1899-1900.

Emerson saw service in the Spanish American War. The *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune* ran a feature story on the three soldier sons of Professor Venable. After reporting on the Volunteer Engineer Company organized by Mayo, the article continued : "Professor Venable has another son in the Volunteer Army. Emerson Venable, a graduate of this year's class of the University of Cincinnati, was the first of the Professor's boys to enter the ranks of the Volunteer Army. He joined Captain Herman's famous Troop H, First Ohio Cavalry, on the very day when he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and he is now en route to

Santiago with the Troop, which is expecting to be sent to the scene of active hostilities soon, and the boys are impatient to prove themselves on the battlefield. Emerson Venable is 22 years old, and has already made his mark as a teacher."

Harriet's album provides a blue-tinted photograph, taken on the lawn at Diana, of Emerson in his Spanish American War uniform, complete with roll-brimmed campaign hat, rolled pack on his right shoulder, and right hand grasping a military saber. (One wonders if this is the saber his great uncle Bill Baird "picked up on the battlefield of Monterey"?)

The literary interests of his father were shared by Emerson. His first publication was *A Speculation regarding Shakespeare* in 1905, his second *Poets of Ohio* in 1909. Charles B. Wilby, reviewing the book for the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*, said : "Of the notable intellectual development of the people of Ohio there can be no better evidence than is furnished by Mr. Venable's attractive and remarkable book. . . . The book may be heartily recommended to all teachers. It should be in every school library in the state, for from it our youth can learn that Ohio, the Mother of Presidents, is also the Mother of Poets."

In 1912, Emerson published *The Hamlet Problem and its Solution* which attracted wide interest. The literary critic of the *Cincinnati Times Star* noted that (It) "has created a sensation in the highest literary circles" and E. H. Sothorn, the leading Shakespearean actor of the day, wrote to Emerson "I think you have wiped away a great many cobwebs and I believe your book will prove to be most convincing to many people who may yet be a trifle in the dark." In 1946, *The Hamlet Problem and its Solution: An Interpretive Study* was published by Emerson, and in 1954, a students' edition.

The year 1912 was important for another reason: On December 24, 1912, Emerson Venable was married to Dolores Cameron at the home of her aunt, Mrs. William Ford, on Glenway Avenue, then Simpkinson Place, in Price Hill, Cincinnati. Dolores was the daughter of Walter Gay Cameron and Eva Simpkinson Cameron. She was born on November 29, 1889, at Cameron Row, Price Hill, and was educated at Miss Justin's School and at Walnut Hills High School, where she had been a pupil in Emerson's literature classes.

Dolores Cameron Venable was one of the very few women to whom the adjective beautiful could be applied with no reservations. She was tall, with an exceptionally graceful carriage, her hair was blonde, her eyes blue, and her complexion the peaches and cream complexion described in English novels and so seldom seen. In addition, she had that indefinable quality of charm, a gracious manner, and a quick wit. There is a photograph of Dolores at the time of her marriage, seated, with her white gloved hands resting lightly on her lap, her left profile, classically chiseled, turned to the camera. Even the out-moded hat, which was trimmed with a mass of violets whose color matched her eyes, does not detract from her beauty.

After their marriage, Emerson and Dolores lived briefly in Pleasant Ridge, and for a longer time at 3542 Zumstein Avenue in Hyde Park. In the spring of 1920, to be near Emerson's parents, both in their eighties, the family moved into the then vacant house across the road from Diana, on the property of "Yellow Oaks" which B. H. Kroger had recently acquired. After the death of W. H. Venable, they occupied the second floor of Diana during the life of Mary Vater Venable, and on her death in October of 1921, took over the entire house.

Evelyn Venable, the only daughter of Emerson Venable and Dolores Cameron Venable, was born in Cincinnati on October 18, 1913.

In addition to his teaching duties at Walnut Hills High School, Emerson was in demand as a lecturer, offering for "Lyceums, Chatauquas, and Teachers' Institutes a course of lectures on educational problems of national interest, and a series of interpretative readings from Shakespeare and other English poets." The brochure gives twenty-two topics from which to choose. One of the most frequently chosen must have been that based on his *Poets of Ohio*, which was illustrated with lantern slides showing portraits of the authors in their home surroundings, accompanied by selected readings from their poems. Of Emerson's delivery, the *New Vienna Reporter* said: "Mr. Venable is one of the most polished speakers we have listened to in years. He uses the choicest of English, is clear in his manner of speaking, and his enunciation and pronunciation stamp him as a finished speaker." Other comments were equally complimentary. The *Wellston (Ohio) Daily Sentinel* said: "Professor Venable's reading is superb" and the *Wellston Telegram* reported: "Mr. Venable read several selections which seemed to carry the Institute as if by storm."

The years of the First World War were busy ones. In 1917-1918, Emerson's military background of service in the Spanish American War resulted in his becoming Captain of Company X of the Cincinnati Home Guards, formed during the emergency of the policemen's and firemen's strike of that year. In educational fields, he assumed in addition to his regular teaching the directorship in 1918 of the War Issues course for the Student Army Training Corps at the Ohio College of Dental Surgery. At home, the shadows of his father's and mother's last years were lightened by their affectionate interest in his beautiful wife and growing daughter.

A memorandum attached to the will of William Henry Venable designated his son Emerson Venable as his literary executor, and left to him the large collection of manuscripts, correspondence, and various memorabilia of a long and active literary life, as well as a complete collection of the published works of William Henry Venable. It was a labor of love for five years for Emerson to edit the poems of his father, and in 1925 he published, as Editor, *The Poems of William Henry Venable*.

During the late 1920's, he became increasingly absorbed in the bud-

ding career of his daughter Evelyn, an absorption shared by Dolores until her death on March 13, 1930, at the age of forty-one.

In honor of his wife, Emerson in 1931 presented to the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, housed in the Ohio State Museum in Columbus, Ohio, the *Dolores Cameron Venable Memorial Collection*, described in the article written by S. E. Spicer for the magazine section of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of Sunday, October 11, 1931:

"Announcement is made by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society at Columbus, Ohio, that a large collection of letters, manuscripts, and other items of historical interest, has just been added to the literary archives of Ohio. The gift is in the form of a memorial to the late Dolores Cameron Venable and was presented by her husband, Emerson Venable.

"Mr. Venable has received from C. B. Galbreath, Secretary of the Society, the following letter of acknowledgment:

Professor Emerson Venable,
3649 Vineyard Place, Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Venable:

The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society is enriched and highly honored by the priceless collection of manuscript letters which you have transferred into its custody. The first consignment of these. has already arrived and has been placed in the library of our Society. This is the richest contribution which has been made here to the literary history of Ohio. Its scope and value are indicated in the following divisions, each a most important source of materials relating to eminent Ohio writers and their achievements extending over a period of almost a hundred years :

1. Letters of Coates Kinney and William Henry Venable.
2. Letters of William Henry Venable and Addison Peale Russell.
3. Miscellaneous letters from literary people and prominent public men.
4. Unpublished manuscripts of William Davis Gallagher.
5. Autographed poems of William Henry Venable, Coates Kinney, John James Piatt, Sarah Piatt, etc.
6. Three scrapbooks of newspaper clippings and other matter concerning the life of William Henry Venable.
7. Printed matter and manuscripts relating to the life of Addison Peale Russell.
8. Photographs of William Henry Venable, Coates Kinney, William Davis Gallagher, John James Piatt, Sarah Piatt, and other poets of Ohio.
9. Large collection of lantern slides presenting portraits of poets, reproduction of manuscripts, pictures of poets' homes, etc.
10. Plaster cast of Coates Kinney.

In the brief survey I have been able to make thus far, I am impressed with the care you have bestowed on these treasures that have long been in your possession. Many of the valuable items had been collected by your father in his life time. The excellent form in which they have been kept is at once a testimonial to his interest in their preservation and his appreciation of their literary and historical value. The manuscript letters, many of them of early date, are in their original envelopes, which still retain their postage stamps. When your attention was called to the fact that some of these stamps have an interesting cash money value you did a wise act in refusing to sell them, with the remark that they were worth as much for exhibition purposes as they could possibly be worth anywhere else.

I knew your father, and highly appreciated his services to the state and his contribution to the literature of the Middle West. I, of course, am highly gratified to have this collection placed in the custody of the Society to which I sustain an important official relation. Aside from any personal consideration, however, I feel that I may congratulate you on placing this collection in our fireproof building here in the capital city of the state which your father and his literary associates served so well.

We appreciate the value of these manuscripts and of other items of interest not enumerated here, including the quill pens used by William Davis Gallagher, the earliest noted poet of our state. These quills bear the name of Gallagher written there by himself. There is also a section of a pioneer window-frame on which greased paper was stretched as a substitute for window glass. I need not assure you that the evident value of this addition to the library of our Society will go far toward preserving it through future years.

Words cannot express our gratitude for your transfer of the collection to the custody of our Society.

Sincerely yours,

C. B. Galbreath

"Priceless manuscripts are contained in the collection made available to the Archaeological and Historical Society. The bulk has to do with the early history and literature of Ohio. Included are also manuscript letters from men and women writers and public figures, among whom are: James A. Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, Salmon P. Chase, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, Samuel L. Clemens, William Dean Howells, Frank R. Stockton, James Lane Allen, Kirk Monro, Dewitt Miller, H. B. Boynton, David G. Mitchell, R. W. Alger, Moncure D. Conway, Edmund Clarence Stedman, William J. Rolfe, Francis Andrew March, Charles F. Richardson, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Lyman C. Draper, Henry Howe, William Davis Gallagher, Otway Curry, Emerson Bennett, E. Z. C. Judson

('Ned Buntlin'), Harvey Rice, Murat Halstead, Donn Piatt, John James Piatt, Sarah Piatt, James Whitcomb Riley, Madison Cawein, Benjamin F. Parker, Eugene F. Ware ('Ironquill'), Evaleen Stein, Den-ton J. Snider, Henry Holcomb Bennett, Charles F. Thwing, A. R. Spofford, Isaac M. Wise, Alexander H. McGuffey, T. C. Mendenhall, Jacob D. Cox, Julius Dexter, and Rufus King.

"A lifelike portrait of Dolores Cameron Venable, and beneath it, a memorial tablet inscribed to her, occupying an appropriate position on the wall of the library in the section set apart for the collection, will keep in honored remembrance the name of one who was greatly beloved in Cincinnati, where hundreds were made happier by the unselfishness of her efforts.

"Dolores Cameron Venable was a woman whose large philanthropy found joyous expression in a life of service. In her theories of education she was a progressive, being the first in this city to promote that important unit of the educational scheme, the 'pre-kindergarten school'. An independent in politics, she was an active worker for the City Charter government, and in the election campaign of 1929, she served as captain of the woman's division of her precinct, securing for the Charter Government the largest registration of women voters ever recorded in one precinct.

"By this memorial to Dolores Cameron Venable, the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society not only pays tribute to a great woman, but does honor to the city in which she lived and labored, and where she is so greatly mourned. Mrs. Venable is the first woman whom it has honored by such a memorial."

Emerson maintained his residence at 3649 Vineyard Place, the Diana built in 1875, until the year 1934, when, retiring from teaching at Walnut Hills High School, he sold the house and went to Los Angeles, where he makes his home at 1244 1/2 Larrabee Street. He is a member of the Spanish American War Veterans and of the Authors' Club of London, as well as a former member of the Literary Club of Cincinnati.

On the most recent of several trips back to Cincinnati, he presented to the University of Cincinnati The Golden Book of American Verse, 1800 - 1925, described by the Cincinnati Times Star of April 17, 1953, as "a unique anthology, a 448 page volume containing a selection of poems of American writers from 1800 to 1925. This handsomely bound book has been added to the University of Cincinnati Library's rare book room."

Merry Christmas
For Emerson, 1883

Merry Christmas is an isthmus
Joining year to year,
Pleasure's ocean of emotion

Rolls and tumbles near.
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
On the isthmus stand,
While the singing surf is flinging
Gifts upon the land.
Earth rejoices at the voices
Telling love for love,
While the glowing sky is showing
Christmas lights above.

W. H. V.

Evelyn Venable Mohr

Evelyn Venable, the only daughter of Emerson Venable and Dolores Cameron Venable, was born in Cincinnati on October 18, 1913. She was the last Venable child to live and play at Diana, a Diana only slightly changed from the Diana of her father's youth, and not at all in the continued presence of Fanny Jung, who had first come to Diana in 1875.

Her primary education was at the Hyde Park and Kilgour Schools, after which she attended Walnut Hills High School, being graduated in 1930. Her excellent scholastic record won her a scholarship to Vassar College, which she attended in 1930-1931, returning to Cincinnati in 1931 to study briefly at the University of Cincinnati.

Evelyn early manifested an interest in and talent for the stage. It had long been the practice for the students of Walnut Hills High School to present yearly a Shakespearean play. Evelyn's first appearance as an actress was as Juliet in the December 1928 production of *Romeo and Juliet*. In March of 1929, she was Margaret in J. M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus* at the Cincinnati Civic Theater, and in December 1929, she had the role of Rosalind in the Walnut Hills production of *As You Like It* at the Emery Auditorium. It was at this time that the four Venable cousins of approximately the same age, Evelyn (Emerson's daughter), Ginevra (Bryant's daughter), Florence (Russell's daughter), and Mary Tuckerman (Una Venable Tuckerman's daughter), were together in Cincinnati for the first and only time.

In 1932, Evelyn began her professional career as a member of the Walter Hampden Company, playing a minor role in *Cyrano de Bergerac*; and in the following year she appeared as Ophelia, playing opposite Mr. Hampden in his transcontinental tour of the United States in *Hamlet*.

Leaving the Hampden Company in California in late 1933, she assumed her first motion picture role in *Cradle Song*. Subsequently she appeared in numerous screen productions including *Death Takes a Holiday*, *David Harum*, *The County Chairman*, *The Little Colonel*, and *Harmony Lane*. On the stage, she appeared as Helena in the Max Reinhardt production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Hollywood Bowl and at San Francisco in September and October of 1934. She was a guest star in a production of *Romeo and Juliet* in Hollywood

in 1935. In 1935, also, a collaboration of Emerson and Evelyn resulted in the publication of *Scenes from the Life of Joan of Arc*.

On December 7, 1934, Evelyn married Hal Mohr, a motion picture executive. He was born in San Francisco on August 2, 1894, the son of Michael and Rosalia (Remarque) Mohr. Before and after service in the first World War he associated himself with the motion picture industry and has been director, producer, and director of photography. Since 1950, he has been President of Balanscope, Inc., and has twice won the Academy Award of cinematography with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1935) and *Phantom of the Opera* (1934). A Republican and a Mason, he is a past president of the American Society of Cinematographers and on the Board of Governors of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Dolores Mohr, the first child and first daughter of Evelyn Venable Mohr and Hal Mohr, was born November 26, 1935 in Los Angeles, California. Rosalia Mohr, their second daughter, was born March 29, 1937, also in Los Angeles. Both girls have been educated in the Los Angeles Public Schools and at the University of California in Los Angeles. Evelyn and Hal Mohr and their daughters make their home (1954) at 1319 North Amalfi Drive, Pacific Palisades, Santa Monica, California.

XIV
The Venable - Tuckerman Family

6. Una Venable Sept. 14, 1877 —	m. Louis Bryant Tuckerman, Jr. Sept. 6, 1879 —
I. Louis Bryant Tuckerman Oct. 18, 1912 — Oct. 23, 1912	
II. Mary Venable Tuckerman Feb. 5, 1914 —	m. William Edward McCoy, Jr. Nov. 9, 1913 —
1. William Edward McCoy, III Jan. 9, 1939 —	
2. George Bryant McCoy Nov. 2, 1940 - Oct. 5, 1945	
3. Mary Una Lorene McCoy May 10, 1942 —	
4. Frank Russell McCoy Nov. 2, 1943 —	
III. Louis Bryant Tuckerman, 3rd Nov. 28, 1915 —	m. Charlotte Bazeley June 7, 1918 —
1. Joanne Patricia Tuckerman Sept. 26, 1953 —	

Una Venable Tuckerman

Una Venable, the third daughter and sixth child of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born at Diana on September 14, 1877. Her brother Mayo recalls that "shortly after the arrival of Una, I undertook to display the wonder of the family to a neighbor boy who lived a quarter of a mile away, and I uncovered her feet instead of her head. His remark was not favorable." There is a tintage of Una as a little girl, leaning against a chair, wearing a pleated skirt below an elaborately draped over-skirt and tight basque waist. Around the neck is a large lace collar and serious eyes look out.

Una's early education was at the Twenty Fourth District School on Eastern Avenue, and then Woodward High School. It must have been during her high school days that another photograph of her was taken. She wears a large floppy hat, and a loose "Mother Hubbard" dress as she emerges from the potato cellar, and her pinafore is filled with apples. It is a most appealing and delightful picture.

After Woodward, she entered the University of Cincinnati, being graduated in 1899, with a B. A. degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key. While in the University she was a member of VCP, the woman's fraternity to which Florence Moore and Gertrude Spellmire also belonged. (In 1916, the University of Nebraska chapter initiated her into Kappa Alpha

Theta, and her link is on the chain of the Cincinnati Alpha Tau

Chapter.) In old VCP programs, Una appears as hostess for a meeting, usually the picnic meeting for which Diana was so well suited, in 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904. She taught school after graduation from college in Pleasant Ridge and elsewhere in Cincinnati until her marriage on June 20, 1911, to Louis Bryant Tuckerman, Jr., nephew of her brother Mayo's wife, Jessie Tuckerman Venable.

(Louis Bryant Tuckerman was the son of Louis Bryant Tuckerman, Jessie's eldest brother, and was only ten years younger than his Aunt Jessie. He was born at West Williamsfield, Ohio, on September 6, 1879. His early education was in the Cleveland schools and in New Lyme, Ohio, and he received his B. A. from Western Reserve University in 1901, thereafter taking graduate work in physics at the University of Nebraska and the University of Berlin. Returning from Germany in 1906, he joined the faculty of the University of Nebraska, becoming Associate Professor of physics in 1906 and Professor of Theoretical Physics in 1916, which position he held until 1919 when he joined the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C. In 1922-1923, he was a member of the special commission on the design of the (later) ill-fated dirigible Shenandoah, and has been on the advisory committee on stratosphere flight of the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Army Air Force since 1934, as well as on the committee on selection and training of aircraft pilots since 1939.)

His interests, professional and avocational, have always been scientific, and he has contributed to scientific and technical journals. He received his Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University in 1921, is Phi Beta Kappa, and Sigma Xi, and has delivered a number of lectures on scientific topics, as well as inventing a fabric tension meter, the Tuckerman optical lever system, and the Tuckerman optical gage. Retiring from the Bureau of Standards on October 1, 1949, he was presented in the same year with the Gold Medal of the U. S. Department of Commerce. L. B. Tuckerman makes his headquarters at the Cosmos Club in Washington, D. C., of which he has been a long time member and is a past president.

Una's wedding, probably the last big social function held at Diana, was duly chronicled by the society editors of the Cincinnati papers:

"The marriage of Miss Una Venable, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable, and Professor Louis Bryant Tuckerman of Lincoln, Nebraska, was quietly solemnized at six o'clock Tuesday night, June 20, 1911, at the family residence, 3649 Vineyard Place, Mt. Tusculum, the Reverend George A. Thayer of the Unitarian Church officiating.

"The family and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed in the drawing room, beautifully decorated in greens for the occasion. At the end nearest the door through which the bridal party entered were two white, vine-wreathed pillars. Here the two little ribbon-bearers, Marna Venable Brady and Gertrude Elizabeth Venable, nieces of the bride, were given broad pink ribbons, which they carried to the far end of the adjoining room,

forming an aisle through which the bride walked. The wall at the end of this room where the ceremony was performed was covered with jack oak boughs, while palms and hydrangeas grouped on the floor formed a background of living green which contrasted prettily with the white dresses of the bride and her attendants.

"The bride wore a beautifully embroidered robe of white and in her hair a spray of orange blossoms. She carried white sweetpeas.

"Miss Henrietta Margaret Brady, another niece, was her maid of honor. She wore white silk, lace-trimmed, and carried pink sweetpeas. The two little ribbon-bearers were lovely in frocks of white embroidery and carried baskets of sweetpeas. Miss Mary Venable, sister of the bride, played the wedding marches.

"After the ceremony, a wedding supper was served at a T-shaped table in the downstairs dining room. Pink sweetpeas formed the central decorations and the placecards were also sweetpeas. Professor and Mrs. Tuckerman will proceed in a leisurely manner to Lincoln, Nebraska, where Professor Tuckerman occupies the chair of Physics at the University of Nebraska.

"Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Venable, Captain William Mayo Venable, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Venable and their son and daughter, Mr. Emerson Venable, Lieutenant and Mrs. Russell V. Venable of San Antonio, Texas, Dr. and Mrs. Mifflin Brodhead Brady and their daughters, Mrs. Louis Bryant Tuckerman, Sr., Dr. Will Tuckerman, and Miss Lois Tuckerman."

Henrietta Brady, twelve years old in 1911, was, as Una's maid of honor, a participant in the festivities. She recalls : "My bouquet of pink sweetpeas was as big around as a dinner plate and almost as solid, and had a 'shower' effect of the sweetpeas trailing down from it. Marna and Elizabeth, about seven or eight, preceded me. Elizabeth grasped firmly the broad pink ribbon entrusted to her at the entrance posts, and started forward. Marna went forward also, but she was so intent on scattering the sweetpeas from her little basket that she forgot her primary duty of ribbon-bearer. Some one, probably mother, reminded her in a whisper. Unperturbed, she went back, took the ribbon, caught up with Elizabeth in a swift run, and formed her side of the ribbon aisle.

"The place cards mentioned in the newspaper account were unique. They were the artistic work of Una's sister Mary. A heavy white card-board was sculptured by her with carving tools, so that a sweetpea stood out from its paper background. This was realistically tinted in water color and the name of the guest hand-lettered in beautifully formed and painted letters. I still cherish mine. I have never seen a more novel or more artistic card."

After a wedding trip camping in Canada, Una and Bryant Tuckerman made their home in Lincoln, Nebraska. Here were born their three children, Louis Bryant Tuckerman, on October 18, 1912, who lived only five days, Mary

Venable Tuckerman on February 5, 1914, and Louis Bryant Tuckerman, 3rd, on November 28, 1915.

Una and Bryant and the children made several trips to Cincinnati, being at Diana for the eightieth birthday of her father, William Henry Venable, in 1916. The visit was prolonged, as she suffered a attack of appendicitis, and she and little Bryant were for several weeks at the home of her sister Harriet Brady, where the baby became a great favorite of his Aunt Harriet. Mary was probably with the Bryant Venables, whose youngest daughter Ginevra was near her in age. Una's mother had visited the Tuckermans in Lincoln in 1914, shortly after the birth of Mary, her namesake. A photograph of mother, daughter and granddaughter shows a striking similarity of features and of the expression of the eyes.

In 1919, the family moved from Lincoln to Washington, D. C., where Bryant had joined the Bureau of Standards, living first in the city and later building in Chevy Chase, Maryland. The Tuckermans and the Russell Venable family met in Washington when Russell was at the War College, and there is a snapshot of Una and Florence and the four children.

Una returned to *Cincinnati* at the time of the death of her father and mother in 1920 and 1921, and again when her sister Mary died in 1926. Members of the Venable family visited the Tuckermans in Washington.

In the early Thirties, Una suffered a severe illness from which her recovery has never been complete.

Merry Christmas
Una 1883

On Christmas Eve good Santa Claus
Is like the blessed air
That flows around the world, because
He travels everywhere.

The good, the bad, the high, the low
The little and the great,
He loves them all, for Saints, you know,
Love all, and cannot hate.

He journeys downward from on high
The angels load his sleigh
Behold his track across the sky —
Yon shining, starry way.

If you, like Santa Claus, can love
Then listen and you'll hear
The silver trumpets from above
Sound musical and clear.

W. H. V.

Letter to **Una Venable Tuckerman** from her mother, **Mary Vater Venable**.

February 26, 1916

7:40 A. M.

Dear Una :

I am beginning a letter of some length to you which I shall write piecemeal and as legibly as possible for your poor eyes' sake. Our stub pen which, while it has the bad fault of making blots, has the virtue of making bold and black writing, has disappeared and this pen is not obedient to my will and requires heavy pressure.

The first of May after your father's eightieth birthday anniversary is the time appointed for your arrival here. It falls on Sunday. Why mightn't you get here before April 29? or by that date? In that case we might celebrate the completion of eighty years of useful, honorable and distinguished activity of one whom we revere and love on the following Sunday, when the children might join us, at least some of them, those who are in this city.

10 A. M. I've captured my pen from Emerson who took it away a few days or weeks ago because "it's a dandy pen," he says.

I presume Bryant keeps posted on war matters and has his own views of this monstrous satire on Christian civilization and the menace to democracy in the entire world. We receive every Monday the *New York Times*, which claims to print in its enormous Sunday paper "All the news that is fit to print" and which does so! It is a wonderful paper, up to date in every sphere of human activity, political, social, philanthropic, artistic, literary, musical, as well as by brush, pencil, marble, and the rest; and contains weekly wonderful photogravures illustrative of all things resulting from such activities, including the trenches, can-non, armies, supply trains and every kind of thing that now interests human thought. We can send you our copy a few days after getting it, if you so wish.

4:20 P. M. Your father read to me all day from early morning until our very early bedtime, first the daily paper, later from the magazines and *The Times*, and then from books. This winter, we have read Green's *History of England*, and six volumes of McMaster's *History of the American People*, which has proved most informing as pre-history of our present government, with all its failures and all its merits, lacking in prompt efficiency in great emergencies but preservative of democracy. Shall we be able to attain the one and preserve the other?

When nothing more modern offers, he reads from some of our old books. Just now, he has been reading Rose's translation of Aristo's *Orlando Furioso* taken down from a private shelf. He seems to be without fear of my probable moral degeneracy as a consequence. Perhaps he thinks that at 78 I may be considered immune from the poison of such books, as indeed I think I always have been, for they have never been to my taste.

How are you all? Well? We have had the "grippe," with temperatures up to 101.6° for a day or so and then below normal. The miserable thing lasts for weeks. However, all the Bryant Venables, the Emerson Venables, the W. H. Venables, and the Bradys are now well, I better in most ways than for several weeks, and all at Diana at least are impatient for the nine weeks preceding your coming to speed away. A year ago R. V. V. left here a baby crib bought for little Florence which will be for one little Tuckerman during your visit.

Tuesday, February 29, 1:15 P. M. Nobody pays any house rent today. It is thrown in for good measure. Once in every four years we have February 29 thrown in free!

And I'm going to give you a warning, justifying it by the recital of a personal experience. Don't come home by the route which got me into Chicago four hours and more too late for the train to Cincinnati, so that I had to stay in that city until 10:45 P. M. instead of leaving at 8 A. M.! By the time I had telegraphed home, paid for another sleeping berth, and fee-d the porter and other petty officials, paid for three meals on the late train, I found myself very hungry and with only 35¢ in my purse for train expenses home. But I reached home with much tribulation and still live.

Nobody on the late train seemed disturbed much, they only said "It's often late." But a traveler with two babies would find 24 hours added to the expected time of 24 a great inconvenience. If you wish to come here by the same route I took when I visited you, when I transferred from the Pennsylvania train to the Rock Island at a flag station, we shall send you minute directions. You will be met at the Pennsylvania train and escorted to the Rock Island train (feeing your escort as soon as he meets you and telling him to take care of you.) This may not be good advice, but my transfer was made after dark and the agent had many other things to attend to, such as flagging the train and yelling at everybody, and there was considerable walking to do from our train to the other, so that I was scared half to death! But I made the trip in twenty-four hours, going, and forty-eight coming back. The scare wasn't half so bad as the horrors of the Chicago station, without breakfast or dinner.

But it was an experience as well as a warning. Never take chances about having enough money if you have less than ten dollars at command.

As to the experience — it was very interesting after I was provided with five extra dollars by a friend living in Oak Park, so that I got a proper supper and took notes. These I will not detail here.

If there is no slip, and things go as planned, Constance Sorin will be married to Mr. Holder, with whom she has been having motor cycle rides both on Saturdays and Sundays for a year, much to our wonderment and amusement! March is nearly here, but we do not know the happy day set for the nuptials. (Constance Sorin was a friend and fellow teacher of Una's. The Sorins lived in the hillside house across the road from Diana, built originally for the Schevill family, all of whom were friends of the Venables. Thereafter it

was occupied by the family of Joseph Rogers, and in 1920, by the Emerson Venable family. It was torn down after B. H. Kroger acquired the property and built on it.)

I fear your father has had a relapse into grippe. He is very miserable and his temperature is down to 97°. He is asleep now.

The thermometer starts at 24° about seven A. M., mounts to 38° or so, and it freezes hard overnight; but we are planning for our garden. Everybody is as busy as possible. Harriet is active in the Woman's City Club; Gertrude in the Hyde Park Mother's Club of which she is President; Dolores with her house-keeping and her baby; Bryant's children take part in church and Sunday School exhibition plays, where Vernon shines in parts as dwarf or giant, and Elizabeth in some part requiring effective good looks. Marna is president of some public school club of girls. She is always indispensable as umpire in disputes for she so impartial. She is quite unconscious about it. Everything is quite natural. All the little folks appeal for her decision and abide by it, and she is glad when their fussing is over, that is all. Henrietta improves her French by a brisk correspondence with a girl in Paris. All the children are much occupied with parties.

You will see by the inclosed clipping something of Mary's activity. She also is having trouble with her eyes which almost forbids writing, yet she has much to say on "Awakening and Developing Musical Ability" which she has achieved mastery of, and is impatient of the hindrance. But I have overtaken my eyes and must close. This is the first real letter I have written for much over a year.

Affectionately your mother,
Mrs. W. H. Venable

Mary Tuckerman McCoy

Mary Venable Tuckerman, the second child and only daughter of Una Venable Tuckerman and Louis Bryant Tuckerman, was born on February 5, 1914 in Lincoln, Nebraska. She was five when the family moved to Washington in 1919, where she received her elementary education, being graduated from the McKinley Technical High School. The next year she worked with Mrs. Beulah Shull Barnes, founder of . the Twenty-four Hour Day School for unusual children, and the following year she studied at Visalia Junior College in Visalia, California. Coming back to Washington she again taught at the School until 1937, when she returned to California. Here she met and married in 1938, William Edward McCoy, Jr. After a number of years in and around San Francisco and Los Angeles, the McCoy's moved in 1942 to Oregon. William Edward McCoy III was born January 9, 1939, George Bryant McCoy November 2, 1940 (he was accidentally drowned in the Clatsankie River near their home on October 5, 1945), Mary Una Lorene McCoy on May 10, 1942, and Frank Russell McCoy on November 3, 1943.

In 1947, the McCoy's were divorced. Since that time, Mary and the

children make their home at 505 N. Monroe Street, Portland, Oregon.

Bryant Tuckerman, 3rd

Louis Bryant Tuckerman, the third child and second son of Una Venable Tuckerman and Louis Bryant Tuckerman, Jr., was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, on November 28, 1915. He was four when the Tuckerman family moved to Washington, D. C. His college preparatory work was at Western and McKinley High Schools here. In his youth, he was greatly interested in the Boy Scouts, and was an Eagle Scout.

In 1933, Bryant entered Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, from which he was graduated in 1939 with a B. S. degree. Occasionally, while at Antioch, he came down to Cincinnati for the week end for the first time since 1916, when Una had brought her two children to visit at Diana at the time of her father's eightieth birthday.

From 1941 to 1945, Bryant was a physicist in the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution in Washington. He re-turned to academic work, specializing in topology, taking his M. A. in 1946 and his Ph. D. in 1947, both at Princeton University. From 1947 to 1949 he was Instructor in Mathematics at Cornell University and from 1949 to 1952 Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Oberlin College, Ohio.

Since 1952, he has been at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, working with an automatic computing machine. In response to the query "I understand you think up the questions the mechanical brain answers? he replied: "Substantially correct. I prepare problems for a high speed computing machine."

Bryant was married in Cleveland, Ohio, on February 7, 1953, to Charlotte Bazeley, whom he had known all his life. Charlotte, born June 7, 1918, at Cleveland, Ohio, is the daughter of Arthur James Bazeley and Ruth McKean Bazeley, and a most interesting person in her own right. She took her B. A. at Oberlin in 1939, and her M. A. at Western Reserve in 1941. She was librarian for a year thereafter and from 1942 to 1945 she taught Spanish at Fenn College and the John Hay High School in Cleveland. In 1945, she became a Recreational Worker with the American Red Cross and was sent to India, China and Germany. Resigning from the Red Cross at the end of her second year in Germany, she remained in Frankfurt with G2, Army Intelligence, as a Research Analyst. She was with the State Department on foreign service from 1950 until her marriage in 1953, teaching English at the Bi-National Cultural Center in La Paz, Bolivia, and later in Bogata, Columbia.

Bryant and Charlotte Tuckerman have a daughter, Joanne Patricia Tuckerman, born September 26, 1953, in Princeton, New Jersey. At present they are living on Hightstown Road, Princeton Junction, New Jersey; their mail address is the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

XV
The Venable - Moore Family

7. Russell Vernon Venable Aug. 9, 1880 —	m. Florence Moore
I. Florence Vernon Venable Aug. 10, 1913 —	m. Jack Fraser Weiffenbach Nov. 20, 1910 —
1. Jeanie Venable Weiffenbach May 4, 1940 —	
2. Conrad Venable Weiffenbach Aug. 25, 1942 —	
3. Cynthia Venable Weiffenbach Jan. 22, 1945 —	
4. Eric Venable Weiffenbach July 28, 1953 —	
II. Cynthia Jane Venable Nov. 6, 1916—	m. Wayne B. Leitzell Nov. 2, 1916 —
1. Wayne Murray Leitzell Jan. 6, 1933 —	

RUSSELL VERNON VENABLE

Russell Vernon Venable, the seventh child and fourth son of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable, was born at Diana on August 9, 1880. The earliest photograph of him, about six years old, shows him seated on a rustic bench, his feet encased in high button shoes resting on a mound of papier mâché rocks, and his little legs in horizontal striped stockings. He wears a dark dress lace-trimmed at the hem and on the cuffs and collar which was further enhanced by a necklace of beads. His round face is framed by his hair which looks as if it had been cut by the time-honored method of inverting a bowl over his head, and the bangs come almost down to the half-serious, half-smiling eyes.

Russell's early years were passed at Diana, the youngest of the family. His memories of the life there are of course different from those of his elder brothers and sisters, for the Venable family from 1886 to 1900 was going through hard times. He went to the Twenty Fourth District School, and to Walnut Hills High School, where he was in the Cadet Corps. In 1893 with all the rest of the family, he visited Chicago for the Centennial Exposition. After 1898 he returned to Cincinnati only on visits.

According to Russell's official Army record, he enlisted on June 28, 1898, in Company B of the Second U. S. Engineers. The same article from the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune* which describes the enlistment of Mayo and Emerson Venable contains the following on Russell:

"There is a 'kid' in the Company commanded by Lieutenant William Mayo

Venable, and he is a great favorite in the ranks. Russell Vernon Venable, the first bugler of the Company, is the youngest child of Dr. Venable, being not yet eighteen years of age. He is a pupil at Walnut Hills High School and in the Cadet Corps, of which he holds the rank of Lieutenant. The men in the Company boast that 'little Venable' knows more about military drill than almost any other private in the crowd. A recent report from Ft. Sheridan, near Chicago, where the Regiment is now in camp, says that Vernon Venable has already received recognition of merit, and has been temporarily appointed assistant chief bugler of the battalion."

Mustered out on May 16, 1899, Russell returned to Cincinnati and studied briefly at the University of Cincinnati until appointed to West Point Military Academy from Cincinnati. One letter remains available to me, written by Russell from the Academy, dated August 26, 1900, and carefully preserved in my *Baby Book*:

My dear little Henrietta

It is now quite a while since I have seen you and I suppose that to you 'Uncle Vernon' recalls only a picture on the mantelpiece, but Uncle Vernon has not forgotten Henrietta and never shall.

A few days ago, I went on a long march over the big hills here, with a lot more men to a field near a town called Peekskill. We were all dressed in gray clothes and had guns on our shoulders and big bundles on our backs. We enjoyed ourselves very much, I can tell you.

Now, Henrietta, kiss your mamma for me and tell your poppa that everything is well here and that I am gladder every day that I am here. I am going to write him in a week or so and ask him for some pictures.

With a whole bushel of kisses for you to divide with mamma, I am your loving uncle,

Russell Vernon Venable, Cadet, U. S. M. A.

It was not until 1906 that I took any part in the correspondence on my own. I find in a childish scrawl:

"Dear Uncle Did you have a good time are you going to bring your Servant with you I hope you had a good time at Christmas. Marna is two years old. I will be seven the day before Washington's Birthday from your dear little Henrietta Margaret Brady."

There are a number of Venable family group pictures still in existence, several of which include Russell in his Cadet uniform, taken on the summer porch at Diana, where he spent a summer leave in 1902, accompanied by his friend Cadet McElroy. Since I am also in the group, and of tender years, I doubt if I recall the actuality of his visit, — only the actuality of the photograph. However, we met more frequently in the early years than later.

Russell came down from West Point on my father's invitation to attend the McKinley Inaugural Ball, and since I had been taken to Washington to visit my Brady relatives, I presume he paid a call on his "Nice" as he always called me. I thought it a very felicitous term of endearment, second only to the one for his wife, whom he called "Miss Honey." I remember one summer evening when I begged to be allowed to spend the night at Diana, with Una and Russell to look after me. The charm of being away from home faded with the light, and poor Russell at a late hour had to carry me on his shoulders down the hill to my own bed.

Graduated from West Point in June 1904, Russell's first assignment as Second Lieutenant in the Twenty Second Infantry was to the Philip-pines. Except for the fact that my mother always used as a napkin ring a silver Moro bracelet brought her by Russell, I have no personal recollection of his life during this time. His brother, Bryant Venable, for a number of years kept up a correspondence with their cousin, Ernest Venable Sutton in California, and in a letter from Bryant to Ernest is the following account:

Thanksgiving Day, 1949

The story of the Philippino Campilan (bolo knife) has never been told beyond the bare outline of fact as stated to me in your presence (when in October 1949, the Bryant Venables, the Suttons and the Russell Venables were together briefly at the Russell Venable home in Bowman, California) by the military gentleman who brought that lethal weapon from the wilds of the Island in which it was made and in which it also earned the notches on its handle — one for each head that has fallen before its deadly impact.

Before going into details about the aforesaid bolo it is essential to give a brief outline of the grum and gruff old soldier from whose hands it passed into mine before you bummed it off me. The early years of our hero's life were in no way different from that of other lads of his age and place and time until he arrived at high school age, when his native military genius burst forth and landed him in Company A, Walnut Hills High School Cadets, with the rank of doughboy. About that time, his elder brother Mayo recruited a company of Volunteer Engineers to clean up the Pearl of the Antilles by cleaning out the Spaniards. Our hero caught the military contagion. According to his birth certificate, he was far too young to enlist. It is evidence of the low state of governmental morale at the time to find that President McKinley and 'Red Shirt' Senator Foraker of Ohio both conspired to wink at this, authorizing our hero's enrollment as a bugler in the First Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Engineers, of which the older brother was the Adjutant.

Wearing the blue uniform and the broad-brimmed campaign hat, he tootled everything from Reveille to Taps in every place from Montauk Point, New York, to Havana, Cuba, and it is probable that his tootling played an important part in driving the Spaniards from the Western Continent. The present

biographer has found no official record that our hero was ever a common private, but he seems to have been promoted at one jump from the rank of Tootler to that of Corporal, which he held at the time of mustering out. Shortly thereafter, he needled Senator Foraker and President McKinley until they appointed him a cadet at West Point.

Here his Baird blood stood him in good stead, mathematics calling for sterner stuff than Greek and Latin and English Poetry, all of which studies had always been nuts for the Venables. Immediately upon receiving his commission as Second Lieutenant, USA (better known as Shavetail) he embarked for Manila, grimly determined to eliminate the head hunters from the jungles and bring to the oppressed natives the blessings of American civilization, enlightenment, culture and liberty. In this he was more or less ably assisted by the Army, John J. Pershing, and Nicholas Longworth, later Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Once, and only once, for our hero was taciturn, modest, inarticulate, — preferring to let deeds speak for themselves — on a mid-summer night whose darkness was enhanced by far distant twinkling stars, speaking to himself rather than to his destined biographer, he recounted the bloodcurdling experience of his Oriental invasion.

Twice within a brief period, while encamped in the jungle, sentries on guard before his tent were beheaded in the dead of night, each in turn the victim of a silent phantom, gliding from the encircling forest and striking a single blow that severed head from trunk. Again, following their guide through twenty foot high jungle, crossing abysmal chasms and raging torrents by a bridge consisting of a single bamboo pole, his little company was fired on from the rear as well as from the front. So completely was the Moro fort concealed by the natural camouflage that the advancing soldiers were caught between two fires. Retracing their steps over the bamboo pole, from which two soldiers fell to death, they attacked the almost indistinguishable fort and were met by a deadly volley of bullets and poisoned arrows. Fighting was man to man, primitive, savage, brutal and horrible. Little by little the whites breached the defenses; naked savages fell before them and lay writhing on the ground. Some seemed to bear charmed lives. One, in particular, made a direct attack upon Shavetail, following the flight of his thrown spear by a head-long rush, spear in hand. Shavetail fired his revolver, point-blank, saw the blood spurt from a hole in the head of the savage, who faltered but did not fall. Again he made a rush, again the revolver cracked, another spurt of blood, but no stopping of the rush until a doughboy interposed himself between them and struck the Moro dead. When the battle was over not one brown man was left alive. Living, they had been enemies. Dead, they were just poor, broken, dead human beings. No glory in victory at this price. So thought Shavetail.

Such was the story of his Philippine campaign as told to his biographer in the darkness of a summer night. Not another word would he say in

elaboration, not a word about the source of the bolo knife, which he did not capture in battle or pick up on the hard-won field of battle. "I bought it from a native chief. Haggled him down to five dollars for it, while a dozen members of his tribe stood by, listening to our talk. Funny thing about it was that the onlookers offered twenty-five dollars for it as soon as I had paid over the money and taken possession of the knife. However, I prefer not to talk about the campaign. I'd like to forget it. Killing is not a pleasant business, even for a soldier."

We changed the subject.

"What did you think of Captain Pershing, the clever chap who captured Aguinaldo?" "I'd rather not say what I think of Pershing, he is my superior officer."

"Didn't Nick Longworth visit your camp while he and Alice Roosevelt Longworth were on their trip around the world?" "Yes, he was billeted with me, for lack of a better space. Strange, isn't it, how we travel clear across the world and have our near neighbors from back home drop in on us. Longworth was a pleasant fellow. Very likeable."

"Did you meet Alice?" "No, I never met her. But I knew she was in the vicinity, for she sent a small brown boy to my tent for her cigarettes. Nick had them in his trunk. First time I had ever heard of a lady using cigarettes."

Shavetail yawned and took himself to the house and to bed.

Two world wars were to be waged, and not entirely won, before his biographer had opportunity for another talk as lengthy and garrulous as the foregoing. Talk is not his long suit — that's what Florence is for, and she is good at it. One evening in 1949, at their charming little `ranch' amid the hills that look toward the snow-capped High Sierras, Shavetail did speak of another of his superior officers, General Douglas MacArthur. He held MacArthur in great esteem, as a soldier and as a gentleman. But it should be remembered that Shavetail was now retired and therefore unhampered by military conventions. Moreover, not a word could be coaxed from him in elaboration of the story of the bolo. Authentic history therefore relinquishes her pen to creative imagination!

After his Philippine service in the Moro campaign, Russell was stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire in April 1906, when the entire garrison was called upon to police the town. Here in San Francisco he met his cousin, Ernest Venable Sutton, whom he had last met at the age of four when Ernie visited Diana in 1884. Where he went from the Presidio, I am not certain, but an old tintype shows Russell and my father, M. B. Brady, with me between them, posed in front of an animal cage at the Cincinnati Zoo, on August 17, 1907, so he must have been in Cincinnati for part of his leave.

Russell had known for many years a friend of his sister Una's, Florence Moore. The daughter of James Moore and his wife Melinda Ellen Murray

Moore, she was born in Cincinnati. Educated in the public schools and at Hughes High School, she entered the University of Cincinnati, and was a member of VCP, one of the founders of which in 1891, had been her cousin Alice Murray (Noonan). In 1929, Florence was initiated into Kappa Alpha Theta by the Cincinnati Chapter.

(Florence Moore received her B. A. from the University of Cincinnati in 1898 and her M. A. in 1900. Prior to her marriage, she was a teacher of English, teaching in the high school of East St. Louis, Illinois, the greater part of the time. Her father, who came from Ireland to the United States at the age of fourteen (in 1840) was a leading attorney of patent law in Cincinnati. Her mother, of Irish descent, was born in Paris, Kentucky. The genealogy of the Murray family has been traced through Ireland to a Scottish noble family.)

On April 29, 1908, Russell Vernon Venable and Florence Moore were married in the Unitarian Church in San Francisco by the Reverend Dr. Leavitt, and departed immediately to Russell's assignment at Ft. Seward, Alaska. Returning to the States, they went to Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, from which post they came to Cincinnati to attend the wedding of Una Venable to L. B. Tuckerman in June 1911. They were at Ft. Slocum, New York, when their first daughter, Florence Vernon Venable, was born on August 10, 1913 in New York City, and they must have been at Diana again in the summer of 1915, for Russell's mother, writing to Una, mentions a baby crib bought for little Florence, which would do for one of the little Tuckermans on their visit *in* the summer of 1916. Again they went to the West Coast, where Cynthia Jane Venable was born in San Francisco on November 6, 1916.

During the First World War, Russell was stationed on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, attached to the Twenty-second Infantry, and while he was on duty elsewhere later in 1918, Florence and the two girls lived briefly in Cincinnati. They must have been in Washington while Russell attended the War College in 1919-1920, for there is a picture of Una Venable Tuckerman and her two children and Florence Moore Venable and her two. The family was in Ft. Lewis, Washington, at the time of the death of William Henry Venable in July 1920, and at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii for four years thereafter. Returning to continental United States, Russell was at the Command and General Staff School, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, from which he was graduated *in* 1925. In the late Twenties, the family was in Michigan, at Detroit and at Grand Rapids; and from Michigan they were sent to State College, Pennsylvania, until detailed to Syracuse, New York.

Cynthia Jane Venable in 1932 married Wayne B. Leitzell, and Florence Vernon Venable in 1936 married Jack Weiffenbach, both at State College, Pennsylvania.

The Army Register gives the following official record of Russell's Army career: "Cadet M. A. 1 August 1900; Second Lieutenant of Infantry 15 June 04; First Lieutenant 11 March 11; Captain 1 July 16; Major (Temp.) 6 August 17 to

20 August 18; Major 1 July 20; Lieu-tenant Colonel 11 July 28; Colonel 1 August 35; retired 30 July 42; A. D. 1 July 42 to 22 Jan. 44."

Collecting facts on the Venable Family in the spring of 1954, I wrote to Russell for assistance, for I knew that he had at one time been interested in genealogy, and I had recently seen the book of *Genealogical Notes* he had compiled in 1911-1912 and presented to Mayo's son, Emerson Venable of Pittsburgh. I received the following letter:

April 17, 1954

Dear Henrietta :

I am sorry that I am not much use any more as a genealogist. I took it up when I was stationed in Atlanta in 1911-1912, because it seemed to give Father some satisfaction, and when I could no longer give him pleasure in it, my interest ceased.

Along about 1914, Father dictated to me biographical and genealogical sketches of Mother and himself, and short sketches of each of their children. I made copies of these articles for each of the children (my generation) and a table showing all that was actually known of our family tree. (These family trees must be of the banyan family, for they put down as many roots as they put out branches. Indeed, sometimes there are more roots than twigs.) These papers were duly distributed, and in response to a demand received a year or so ago, I dug down in my zinc breadbox and extracted the last copy, but for which member of the family I have no recollection.

My own biography would be like the short and simple annals of the poor. In World War I, it took pull with a capital P for a regular Army officer to get sent overseas, and that I did not have. In World War II, we had a president who hated and distrusted mature men unless he imagined he had bought them. Therefore, all the oldsters who had not been selected for special favor, or who were not indispensable, were relieved at a stroke. There were over 900 on the same order that cut me off. In 1898, my regiment did not go to Cuba until the war with Spain was over, so you see that while I was in service and available through-out three wars, I took no combat part in any. I participated in a little bushwhacking in the Philippines, but that was all. You may summarize it that I was born, married, and raised two daughters (much to Florence's credit), and that at an appropriate time may have my name stricken off the roster. I never even wrote a book. I am like Piron,

`Qui ne fut rien

Pas meme academicien.'

So devote your biographical gifts to Mayo, the most generous and most kindly of men, whom Bryant once described as 'saintly' — and quite correctly. Some day he may be recognized as a great scientist, too wise for his generation; or to Emerson, who I am told is really an exceptionally scholarly person; or to Bryant, yearning all his life for an academic career, while actually being perhaps more useful than the whole University.

I believe that my generation of Venables led in the main happy as well as useful lives. My own record, undistinguished, nevertheless is that of a useful life and an exceptionally happy one. For this the credit belongs to Florence, who though she couldn't make me wealthy and wise, did the best possible with the material at hand.

Affectionately, Russell

Well aware of Russell's modesty, I wrote to Florence for amplification of the meager official record, and received the following letter on May 5, 1954:

"Inasmuch as he was not a political asset to the administration in power in either of our great wars, he was kept under wraps on this side of the ocean in both, making any amplification of the official record unnecessary and, he feels, in extremely bad taste. I cannot agree with him in this, for his unflinching loyal service was of a high order, not to be under-rated because of the fact that from lack of political preferment he was deprived of combat participation in both wars.

"His work as head of the Organized Reserves for the State of New York (during the Second World War) resulted in turning over to the Army for combat service excellently trained officers, some of whom became generals, and others of whom were given assignments even more important. They never failed to acknowledge their debt to him, realizing that their preferment without the training they received from him would have served them little.

"Between wars, his conducting of the activities of the Reserve Officers Training Corps at Pennsylvania State College, one of our largest Universities, was widely recognized."

Russell and Florence had no particular ties in the East and Midwest. After his retirement, they decided to make their first permanent home on the West Coast. They drove through Washington and Oregon before they found the place, their present home at Bowman, California, in the mountains about forty miles from Sacramento, where during the Gold Rush days Russell's grandfather, Thomas Vater, had settled. Their house is a charming one, filled with reminders of their roving life in the Army, and situated on a hilltop. No other habitation is visible as one looks over the valley of the American River toward the High Sierras. Bryant and Gertrude Venable visited them here in 1949, and Henrietta and Allen Brown in 1952.

1954

Florence writes : "Since Russell retired we have made no history, just lived the life of happy recluses in this most beautiful spot in California."

Florence Venable Weiffenbach

Florence Vernon Venable, the first child and first daughter of Russell Vernon Venable and Florence Moore Venable, was born on August 10, 1913, in New York City, while her parents were stationed at Ft. Slocum, New York.

She writes : "You know of my childhood, moving about with an Army family and perhaps how Marna (Brady) when we were living in Michigan, tore

me away from my books to take me to Scout Camp at Kalamazoo, for my first venture away from home and book-worming. Grand Rapids Junior College, B. A. from Wellesley in 1933, a year at Penn State, B. A. from Michigan where I was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta. Then marriage on March 14, 1936, at our home in State College, Pennsylvania, to a Grand Rapids schoolfellow, Jack Fraser Weiffenbach, after his graduation with a B. S. from the University of Michigan in 1934 and his employment as a mechanical engineer. Five years, that engagement was — we did things that way in the Depression, remember? Jack worked for the Electromotive Division of General Motors, designing electrical locomotives until 1947, and we lived in LaGrange, Illinois, where Jeanie was born May 10, 1940, Conrad August 25, 1942, and Cynthia January 22, 1945.

"Jack became chief engineer of locomotives for Fairbanks-Morse in 1947, and we moved to Beloit, Wisconsin, in 1948, where Jack handled a series of jobs. In 1951, he became Vice President of Manufacturing for the Canadian Locomotive Company in Kingston, Ontario, which is controlled by Fairbanks-Morse. We had a delightful stay of little under two years in Kingston, returning to LaGrange in February 1953, when Jack became Director of Engineering for Fairbanks-Morse in Chicago. It is good to be back among old friends, and we are enjoying our little bonus, Eric, who was born July 28, 1953.

"My life is terribly busy, as you may tell, with a young lady of four-teen, two middle delightful younger children, and an active baby. All the activities of all of them, plus the big house, plus social activity for Jack and me, and some (but not enough) intellectual activity keep me occupied. I hope to become more active next winter in the League of Women Voters, etc., but take a passive role at present, try and keep up my reading, and get my exercise playing golf. Jack travels to various places about the country, leaving us alone frequently, but my children take good care of me.

"Do you remember giving me a ledger, years ago, in which to record the books I read? I reviewed it with pleasure recently."

Florence and Jack Weiffenbach and their children make their home at 445 South Park Road, LaGrange, Illinois.

Cynthia Venable Leitzell

Cynthia Jane Venable, the second child and second daughter of Russell Vernon Venable and Florence Moore Venable, was born in San Francisco, California, November 6, 1916, while her father was stationed at the Presidio for the second time. Her early years were like those of her sister Florence, moving here and there with an Army family, and eventually reaching State College, Pennsylvania, where she went to high school with Wayne B. Leitzell, whom she married after graduation in 1932. Wayne was the son of a Regular Army officer also engaged in the R. O. T. C. program at Penn State at the time Cynthia's father, Russell, headed the program there. He continued his education at Penn

State, being graduated with a B. S. in Industrial Engineering. Their son Wayne Murray Leitzell was born January 6, 1935.

In June, 1954, Cynthia wrote: "We are not an especially exciting family, this Leitzell branch of the Venable clan, but here it is for what it is worth. I married a much older man — four days older, that is. We've lived a lot of places during the years, beginning with State College and Philadelphia in Pennsylvania and then traipsing around here and there during the war. Wayne was a Captain in the Corps of Engineers. The Army is what brought us to the West Coast and we fell for California hook, line and sinker.

"After the war, Wayne went into the labor relations field and has been 'fighting with the unions' ever since. He is a labor relations expert and manager of Shas-Cade Industries, Inc., an employers association embracing much of northern California, with headquarters at Redding, where we live. Since we opened the office here in 1950, he has also been interested in tourist promotion on a gradually growing scale. This is not a business with us, but something we are interested in very much. Largely because Wayne loves to fish and because we live close to Shasta Lake, we have divided our spare time between it and the Sierra and Cascade Mountains all about us.

"Now we have bitten off what may be more than we can chew. We are considering taking over a resort 'way up in the Trinity Alps of Trinity County, — California's primitive area. We plan, if possible, to manage the place this season and buy it next season. It is a ranch — one of the oldest on the original Oregon stagecoach road, still the route over the mountains to the north. They have cabins and pack trips, etc. Lots of work and lots of fun. We will only be able to be there part of the time, but we have some good help. Murray is up there working his head off — and loving it.

"That's about it. I hope this letter is what you wanted. It would take another page to tell you about the other member of the family — Little Missy, our cocker spaniel. She is the boss, Wayne is the manager, Murray is the muscle department, and I am the secretary — and dish-washer!"

XVI Various Venabilia

W. H. Venable notes that Alfred Lord Tennyson, in his Memoirs, wrote: "I accepted the honor because Venables (not otherwise identified) told me that if I became Poet Laureate, I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver wing of the fowl."

Bryant Venable contributes two picturesque references: From Thomas Greene's *History of Knutsford*, "In the time of this Thomas Venables, yt chaunced a terrible dragon to remyne and make his abode in the lordshippe of Moston, in the sayde countye of Chester, where he devoured all suche p'sons as he laid upon, which ye said Thomas Venables heringe tell of, consideringe the pytyfull and dayle dysttruction of the people, w'thout recov'ie, who in following the example of the valiente Romaines, etc., etc., dyd in hys owne P'son Valientlie and courrageouslie set on the said dragon where first he shotte hym throwe with an arrowe and afterward with other weapons manfullie slew him, at which instant tyme the sayd dragon was devouring of a child." Somewhere in his reading, and Bryant has unfortunately forgotten the source, he came upon the statement that a Sir Lawrence Vernon Venable gave to the British Museum his collection of instruments of torture.

Venable Names

The children of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable:

Mary Venable, the eldest daughter, was named for her mother, Mary Vater Venable.

Harriet Venable, the second daughter, was named for her mother's closest sister, Harriet Ann Vater, later Mrs. Leander Howard Crall.

William Mayo Venable, the eldest son, was named for his father, William, and for a Unitarian minister of Cincinnati, Mr. A. D. Mayo, whom his father admired. (His nickname for a few years was "Buzz," given him by Bryant, who could not pronounce Brother.)

Bryant Venable, the second son, was named for the poet William Cullen Bryant. (His nickname, briefly, was "Sam," the name of a boy in a story in *Harper's Young Peoples' Magazine*, from which also came Russell's nickname.)

Emerson Venable, the third son, was named for the New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Una Venable, the third daughter, was named for the fairy queen in Spencer's *Faerie Queen*.

Russell Vernon Venable, the fourth son, was named Russell in honor of A. P. Russell, a literary friend and contemporary of W. H. Venable's. The Vernon seems to have had no direct connection, though the combination of Vernon and Venable is sometimes found in English names. Sir Hugh Venables, eighth in descent from Gilbert Venables, Baron of Kinderton, married Agnes, daughter of Randal Vernon. (Russell's nickname of "Pummie" is a contraction

of the name of a little pickaninnie in the above mentioned *Harper's Young Peoples' Magazine*, whose name was Pumblechook -- no relation to Mr. Pumblechook of "Great Expectations.")

Victor Hinkle Venable, the fifth son and last child, received his middle name in honor of A. Howard Hinkle, connected with the American Book Company in its early days, and a friend of W. H. Venable. There seems to have been no family reason for the Victor, it was apparently chosen because it was euphonious.

The Grandchildren of William Henry Venable and Mary Vater Venable:

Harriet's children

Henrietta Margaret Brady was named for her paternal grandmother, Henrietta Margaret Murray Brady.

Marna Venable Brady's first name was a combination of the Mary of her grandmother Venable and aunt Mary Venable, and of Una, her other Venable aunt : Mar - na. The Venable is obvious.

Mayo's children

William Henry Venable was named for his grandfather, William Henry Venable, the fifth generation to bear the name William.

John Ellinwood Venable was named for his mother's grand-father, John Ellinwood.

Emerson Venable was named for his father's brother, Emerson Venable.

Bryant's children

Gertrude Elizabeth Venable was named for her mother, Gertrude Spellmire, and for her maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Parnell Spellmire.

Bryant Vernon Venable was named for his father, Bryant, and for his father's brother, Russell Vernon Venable.

Mabel Ginevra Venable was named for her mother's sister, Mabel Ginevra Spellmire.

Emerson's child

Emerson Venable, in response to a question asking if **Evelyn Venable** had been named for her Cameron grandmother, replied "No, but the fact that her name was Eva influenced our choice of Evelyn."

Una's children

Mary Venable Tuckerman was named for her grandmother, Mary Vater Venable.

Louis Bryant Tuckerman was named for his father and grandfather, both Louis Bryant Tuckerman.

Russell's children

Florence Vernon Venable was named for her mother, Florence Moore Venable, and *Vernon* for her father, Russell Vernon Venable.

Cynthia Jane Venable was named for her Grandfather Venable's favorite little sister, who had died at the age of nine in Ridgeville, Ohio, sixty-eight years before.

Diana: 1934 - 1954

Emerson Venable sold the family home at 3649 Vineyard Place, built by his parents in 1875, when he moved to California in 1934 to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Enger. After extensive remodelling, the Engers re-sold it to Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dohrmann.

Little remains of the Diana where the Venable children grew up. The eastern property line ends at the japonica hedge which formerly bordered the stone steps leading to the kitchen. A steep driveway goes down to garages, probably made of the old kitchen and furnace room. The summer porch was done away with, as was the front porch. The main entrance is in the center of a straight unbroken facade.

Betty Venable Liddle was recently a guest of Mrs. Dohrmann's. She describes the main floor interior thus: "As you enter, you are in a little hall which used to be the front porch. The old hallway to the left contains a powder room and the same stairway goes up to the second floor and down to the basement, cut off at the turn by a doorway. Grandfather's study has been divided. The part toward the front stairway is a small reception room. The remainder has been converted into a kitchen. The old bedroom, extended to the back wall of the house (the back stairs and back hallway have been torn out) has become the dining-room. The old back parlor, like the dining-room, has been extended to the back wall of the house, taking in what used to be the rest of the hall and the bathroom. From this room a big porch looks toward the Kentucky hills and the River. Mrs. Dohrmann has recently built a large drawing-room off the old front parlor, essentially unchanged, paralleling the street, with bedrooms above. I did not go up-stairs or down to the basement floor, which I imagine contains the garages, utility rooms and perhaps a playroom. The house is handsomely decorated and furnished."

A high-growing hedge shields the big white-painted house (which in the old days was always painted a "Pullman" brown) from the traffic on Vineyard Place going to Alms Park on the site of what was the Long-worth vineyards, whose parking lot was the site of "Willow Wild," the Crall Home. No one on a Sunday evening walks around the hill on the old wooden sidewalks, — there are no wooden sidewalks and few of any kind. The automobile has changed all that.

The eighty year old house at 3649 Vineyard Place is a handsome residence — it is not Diana.

Fanny

Frances Jung — Fanny — is nearing her ninety-third birthday. She still lives in

the cottage built by her father at 555 Tusculum Avenue, from which in 1875 she first climbed the hill to Diana. Years and distance have lessened not all the affection in which she is held by the Venable children. Her duty and pleasure for some years has been to care for the altar of St. Stephen's Church in Tusculum, and she walks down the hill from her home to the church several times a week, occasionally assisted in recent years by a cane. She told Marna Brady this (1954) summer, with some impatience, that the priest had forbidden her to climb on a ladder when she was arranging the altar!

Change

Of yesterday and yesteryear,
Dream not in wistful sorrow;
Wake to the life that is, nor fear
Tomorrow and tomorrow.
For age old times were ever best;
Youth sees a brave new world :
The phoenix soars from ashy nest
With wider wings unfurled.

Harriet Venable Brady

XVII

The Venable Line Of Descent

Thomas Venable of New Jersey, ca. 1709 - 1778
Thomas Venable, Jr., 1731 - 1774
William Venable, 1764 - ca. 1839
William Venable, 1798 - 1871
William Henry Venable, 1836 - 1920

Children of William Henry Venable

Mary Venable, May 18, 1866 - May 31, 1926.
Harriet Venable (Brady), July 24, 1868 - May 26, 1951.
William Mayo Venable, February 14, 1871 -
Bryant Venable, July 7, 1873 -
Emerson Venable, December 22, 1875 -
Una Venable (Tuckerman), September 14, 1877-
Russell Vernon Venable, August 9, 1880 -
Victor Hinkle Venable, March 15, 1882 - June 6, 1883

Grandchildren of William Henry Venable

HVB—Henrietta Brady (Brown), February 21, 1899 -
WMV—Infant daughter, died at birth, 1903.
BV—Elizabeth Venable (Liddle), March 12, 1903 -
HVB—Marna Venable Brady, August 16, 1903 -
WMV—William Henry Venable, October 12, 1904 -
BV—Vernon Venable, September 15, 1906 -
WMV—John Ellinwood Venable, March 25, 1907 -
WMV—Emerson Venable, December 3, 1911 -
BV—Ginevra Venable (Scofield), January 14, 1912 -
UVT—Louis Bryant Tuckerman, October 18, 1912 - October 23, 1912.
RVV—Florence Venable (Weiffenbach), August 10, 1913 -
EV—Evelyn Venable (Mohr), October 18, 1913 -
UVT—Mary Tuckerman (McCoy), February 5, 1914 -
UVT—Bryant Tuckerman, 3rd, November 28, 1915 -
RVV—Cynthia Venable (Leitzell), November 6, 1916 -

Great Grandchildren of William Henry Venable

EVL—Harold Venable Liddle, June 18, 1926 -
EVL—Lucy Liddle (Woodward), January 7, 1929 -
CVL—Wayne Murray Leitzell, January 6, 1933 -
WHV—William Henry Venable, Jr., June 6, 1933 -
JEV—John Ellinwood Venable, Jr., October 18, 1933 -
WHV—Beatrice Nicholson Venable, June 25, 1935 -
JEV—Jessie Anne Venable, November 14, 1935 -
EVM—Dolores Mohr, November 26, 1935 -
VV—Ann Dillard Venable, September 10, 1937 -
EVM—Rosalia Mohr, March 29, 1937 -
MTM—William Edward McCoy, III, January 9, 1939 -
EV—Wallace Starr Venable, April 18, 1940 -
FVW—Jeanie Venable Weiffenbach, March 4, 1940 -
GVS—Judith Scofield, August 10, 1940 -
MTM—George Bryant McCoy, November 2, 1940 - October 5, 1945.
JEV—Infant son, died at birth, February 28, 1941.
VV—Jean Hardy Venable, November 3, 1941 -
EV—Gilbert Tuckerman Venable, March 3, 1942 -
MTM—Mary Una Lorene McCoy, May 10, 1942 -
FVW—Conrad Venable Weiffenbach, August 25, 1942 -
JEV—William Jacob Venable, October 10, 1942 -
GVS—Ann Venable Scofield, March 24, 1943 -
MTM—Frank Russell McCoy, November 2, 1943 -
EV—Alan Hudson Venable, October 26, 1944 -
FVW—Cynthia Venable Weiffenbach, January 22, 1945 -
EV—Thomas Colgrove Venable, August 4, 1947 -
FVW—Eric Venable Weiffenbach, July 28, 1953 -
BT—Joanne Patricia Tuckerman, September 26, 1953 -

Great-Great Grandchildren of William Henry Venable

JEV, Jr. - John Robert Venable, March 14, 1954 -