

Reflections on the 20th Century

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1915-2002

Farmer, printer, chemist, fisherman, actor, hunter, musician, poet, woodcutter, pilot, boater, photographer, camper, land steward, cider presser, and tennis player.

These short memoirs are dedicated to mother and father, the two people I admired the most in my life. I admired my folks for what they stood for, how they conducted their lives, and that they tried to live truthful and active lives. JRT, 1998

The twentieth century saw major changes in the American way of life. These included: the automobile, airplane, telephone, radio, motion pictures, television, electrical generation, global-wide conflicts. These notes are a few of my memories on how these changes impacted daily life in one American family.

Electrification and the consolidation of the energy industry were just occurring at the start of the 20th century. Mr. Warfield consolidated these industries in Baltimore in 1908 and hired Herbert Wagner to set up the new company. At age 25, my Dad was brought in during 1909 by Herbert Wagner to manage the Industrial Power Department of the Consolidated Gas Electric Light and Power Company of Baltimore, now the Baltimore Gas & Electric Company. Dad had gotten one of the first Electrical Engineering degrees from North Carolina State College in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1906 (Valedictorian of his class) and had been hired into a training program by General Electric in Schenectady, NY. He then worked for a year with Rochester Gas Railway and Light Company. Mother, who had been managing an advertising company in NJ, was hired as the best "Marketing Man" that Mr. Wagner could find, and she worked directly for "Mr. Tillman." Although she was an older woman of 30, he courted her throughout the summer of 1910, and she has a diary of many of the specifics. After a short courtship, they were married in December of 1910. Her worldly and artistic background and Dad's position allowed for a rich childhood full of opportunities.

The Boys

I was born the third of four boys on January 18, 1915, at 4003 Brookline Ave (now Dorchester Rd) Forest Park, in Baltimore, MD (one block north of Liberty Heights Ave and two blocks west of Garrison Blvd). Dick was the oldest, then Lee, me, and David.

Being brought up as one of four boys meant that we did a lot of things together. We all liked tennis, hunting, music, and bridge. We formed our own orchestra, and throughout our lives, when we got together at the Christmas holidays, we would gather around the piano and all sing - badly. We all went to Towson High School, JHU, and all joined Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Dick became the best musician and performed in a dance band that played gigs at JHU and around town. He had one job where he played on a Cunard ocean liner that went to Europe and back. He stayed with a family and studied German while in Europe. He earned a Medical Degree at JHU and practiced medicine for many years in his office on St Paul Street, at JHU,

Univ. of MD, Union Memorial, and later for the Social Security Administration. He married Hope Sturtevant, the daughter of the minister of the First Unitarian Church on Charles Street, and later married Florence. Dick and Hope had one daughter, Hope, a redhead like her grandfather, who later became Head Librarian at several University Library Systems (now at Babson) and President of the National Association of Specialty Libraries. Hope has transposed many of my mother's writings into electronic media, so they are available for future generations to read.

Lee received an Electrical Engineering degree from JHU and spent his career working for Public Service Electric and Gas in Montclair, NJ. He married Ida Turnbull, one of the Turnbuls that went through Towson high school with us, and Lee and Ida raised two children, Roger and Fran. David attended JHU and UVA and worked for Martin Marietta for many years. David married Betty Watkins, and they had five sons - Dick, Joe, Jimmie Lee, Snooks, and Fred – all good tennis players. Betty's sister, Mary, married George Buck, who is Joyce's cousin. The Watkins brothers also went to JHU, where we met them. One brother was a Beta Theta Pi and introduced David to Betty.

My parents, Frances Taisey Nelson and Richard Henry Tillman, owned a house and the adjacent corner lot, which Dad used as a garden. He grew corn, lima beans, and peas (they had not heard of broccoli). I didn't particularly like string beans or cabbage. Once when I was at a friend's house, he said that we were having one of my favorite things for dinner. I, thinking he was kidding, replied, "What, string beans?" He said, "No, ice cream!" Much to my dismay, when dinner came, and his mother also served string beans, he told his mother to give me lots of them since they were my favorite. Of course, I had to eat them and have liked them ever since.

In the summer, I sometimes carried a salt cellar in my pocket, so if I were near the garden, I would pick a tomato, salt it and eat it. We also salted melons to bring out the flavor. There, for a time, it was strongly recommended to take plenty of salt in the summer whenever you perspired, such as when you played tennis. In fact, later, when I worked at the Copperworks, where it was very hot in the furnace rooms, there were salt tablets and powdered salt at each water fountain.

We had a couple of apple trees and a cherry tree in the back yard. But the cherry tree died before we moved because that is where Dad got his supply of switches. Of course, we also climbed all over it, but none of us boys were sad to see the tree cut down. Dad put up a trapeze swing in the back yard after we were lucky enough to take a train out to watch the Olympic trials in California in 1925. He built it out of 4 by 4s, 20 feet high with straps hanging down to swing on - the idea was to become gymnasts, but we never got very proficient.

Radio

We didn't have television in those days, but we did get radio. We had a crystal set we built from parts sent to us by Uncle IR (Isaiah Rogers Nelson - uncle to my mother) and cousin Ira (his son), who had an electric motor repair business (in those days electric motors came separate

from the appliances) and who started WAAM radio station in 1922 in NJ. We visited the station several times- it was mainly news and music. They lived in East Orange, NJ, but the station was in Newark.

Uncle IR had earlier been hired to go around the country to set up the electrical generating facilities for various cities and had been in the electrical railroad construction business. My mother wrote about moving to Butte, Montana in 1892 while she was a little girl and living there while he set up their plant. He also set up the one in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The radio was just a coil of wire and a crystal on the side that you tried to tune it with. It had headphones, and we could only get KDKA in Pittsburgh (a Westinghouse station) and WBAL in Baltimore. In the evenings, we would try to get the news. Of course, we got daily newspapers for news as well. But we wanted to be ahead of the times. We were one of the first people on the street to have a radio. They were called wireless, so I guess we didn't plug them in. Lots of the stations were only on at night, at first. Later on, we would listen to special shows on Saturday and Sunday night. The only regular show I remember was Amos and Andy. I remember listening to the progress of Lindbergh's historic solo flight across the Atlantic on the radio as well as FDR's fireside chats.

Lots of Saturdays we went to the movies, mainly the four of us boys. They had a newsreel and a serial going on to bring you back every Saturday. It would cost us 10 cents to go. Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper, and Fred Astaire were some of my favorites. We got to see and meet Tom Mix and others later when we went to California to visit our relatives. The movies at that time did not have sound. Each movie theater had to have its own piano player to accompany the movie. We did go to the first sound movie while still at Forest Park (pre-1927).

My favorite comedians were Red Skelton and Jack Benny. My favorite authors were Shakespeare, Kipling, Poe, and TA Daly. My favorite songs were "For he's a jolly good fellow," "I was born 10,000 years ago," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." I had other songs that I liked to sing, but everyone's reaction to my singing turned me off from singing. I did sing a lot on car rides and around the piano at Christmas time.

In 1925, we took a train trip to California, when Dad went out to a NELA (National Electric Light Association) meeting. He was Vice President of the Association at the time. We took the B&O to Chicago and then took the private train just for the NELA folks, on the Canadian National Railroad leg west across the Canadian Rockies, where we stopped at Banff and Lake Louise. When we first saw the mountains, Dave said, "Look at all that moss on the mountains." That's what the trees looked like. He was nine years old. On this trip, we stopped at various towns where the local people would feed us. At one place, they served salads, and then there was a long wait while we waited for the rest of the meal to be served. Mother finally remembered that on the West Coast, they ate salad first, whereas we normally didn't start the salad until the main course was served! Prior to TV, there were a lot of customs that were still very regional in nature.

Mother's Relatives - The Entertainment Business

After being at the convention in San Francisco, we spent three weeks in LA with mother's relatives. Mother's mother died right after she was born, and her father remarried. I only meet him once. Mother was initially brought up by her grandmother and then by her Aunt Marie, who was only 15 years older than she was. Aunt Marie and Aunt Gertrude, and their husbands began a family barnstorming troupe. The Andrews Dramatic Company, an extended family originally from Toledo, Ohio, traveled throughout the West and put performances on in mining towns up in the Rockies. Mother was four years old when she went with this troupe to Montana to begin her acting career. They traveled from 1886 to 1892, and Mother has recorded this experience in her book "A Little Girl Goes Barnstorming." Mother later wrote for the Detroit News-Tribune and wrote short stories for the Smart Set magazine. She went into advertising, worked for Public Service Corp of New Jersey, and became manager of the C.W. Lee Advertising Company. We have most of her fiction and advertising work in our library.

To understand her relatives, one would have to understand each of them. In the first place, they were all into drama and the arts. Marie Nelson Lee (who brought up mother and was the daughter of I.R. Nelson, see above) was the founder of the first women's weekly newspaper in the 1980s in Manistee, Michigan, and was active in the woman's suffrage movement. Her poetry was widely published, and she was a member of the Michigan (founder) and the New York Women's Press Clubs. She died in 1953 at 88. Aunt Marie's husband Clarence Lee (who kept the books for the barnstorming group) later became a fundraiser. Fred and Gertrude (Marie's sister) Andrews, who later lived with us at Riderwood for a couple of years, had a printing shop. Fred used the printing press to keep up a family magazine. Fred had been the front man for the barnstorming troupe. He would go to a town and find a place to put on the show. He was well educated but never, as far as I know, had a regular job. Gertrude traveled around the country, giving lectures. She stayed with us when she came to DC to give a lecture to the Susan B. Anthony Foundation and the National Peace Conference organized by the nine largest organizations of women in the country.

The four of us boys spent several days in Fred's shop in California, and he showed us how to set type. Dick was taking printing at Forest Park High School at the time. The next Christmas, Dad bought us the printing press that I later had in the attic at Good Endeavor Farm for 43 years. The four of us boys formed the Tillman Bros. Printing Company and put out the *Tillman Tattler* for several years at Forest Park and at Riderwood. Dick was the Editor. I designed and carved woodblocks for the Artistic Frontispiece of each issue and wrote poetry. Dick wrote a caption to one of these covers that said, "The Tattler's set by fools like me, but only Jimmy could carve this tree." We have copies of each monthly issue throughout 1926 and 1927. We also have a letter from H.L. Mencken, then Editor of The American Mercury in New York City, congratulating us and saying that he had never seen an amateur paper better printed! Later I moved the Job Press to my attic at Good Endeavor and used it to make our family Christmas cards well up to the 1990s. I would make a woodcut and a poem. We have a collection of these Christmas cards that cover most of that time.

The boys and girls that mother was brought up with (Marie and Clarence Lee had four children: Rowland (Rowl), Robb, Fred, and Zarah), who we boys always called aunts and uncles, all ended up in the movie business in California. They moved out after a stint in New Jersey in about 1922 to be in the movie business. Uncle Rowland became a director and Uncle Robb, a scenario writer. Uncle Don was also a writer but was working in a plant when we visited in 1925. He had given up on the writing. The girl who had been renamed Zarah was a dancer. I don't know if it was religious or a psychic thing that caused them to change her name from Gertrude. The name probably came from numerology, which they practiced.

Uncle Rowl came to St Michael's, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to film "The First Kiss," and we went over to watch the filming and meet the stars. It might have been Jimmy Stewart or Cary Grant. Later the head of the museum asked us if we could get a copy of the film. We called Uncle Rowl, and he said they didn't have any copies of it because they weren't very proud of it. Rowland V. Lee also produced "The Big Fisherman." Robb wrote the screenplay for "The Tower of London," and Rowl directed it (1939). Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, and Vincent Price all starred in this movie. He also directed The Count of Monte Cristo, The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Captain Kidd, The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu, The Son of Frankenstein, The Three Musketeers, and others around 1934 to 1939. Joyce and I spent a whole day during the 1980s at the National Archives in DC, looking over all of Rowl's papers.

Mother's great uncle Milton, Milton Nobles, was also a playwright, actor, and author. One of his plays he opened in Philadelphia in 1875 to raise money to take his company on the road. The cue music and a special march for the occasion were written by John Phillips Sousa, the original score to which was given to mother and is still in the family. Uncle Milton wrote Shop Talk in 1900 and died in 1924. We all saw him perform in "Lightnin" here in Baltimore when he was well into his eighties. He had gotten us front row tickets. The following year he collapsed after the last act of She Stoops to Conquer. He played Mat Muggins in a troupe called The Players.

Mother and father had met through Uncle IR. Herbert Wagner, who was President of BGE and who had hired Dad from Rochester G&E in 1909 right after the Baltimore fire, was looking for an advertising man. He knew IR Nelson in NJ and called him up to see if he knew a good advertising man. He said the best advertising man he knew was a woman - his niece Frances Taisey Nelson. So, he hired her, and she worked for Dad who was then manager of the New Business Department. They ended up taking canoe trips around the estuaries of the Bay. On some of their portages, the local people were surprised to see a woman in a dress carrying a canoe. Her diary records train trips to Ellicott City, Bush River, and drives over to Bayshore for dinner and lots of plays. They had a special spot up on the hilltop that they walked to from the train station in Ellicott City, where they went to watch the sunset.

School

I started at School #64 in Forest Park. I skipped the second grade. The school was crowded, so they bought a cottage next to the school and put some of us in there. Two of us were sitting behind posts where we could not see the board, so they took us out and moved us up another

half a grade. The next year they were going to put us in the cellar. Mother did not like that, so she put us in the Quaker Friends School on Park Avenue in Baltimore, which did not have half grades. I took the Electric Streetcars to school every day. We had eight years of grammar school and four years of high school in those days. At Friends School, they gave me a test, and then they put me up another half a grade, so I was then two years ahead of my age group. I thought that was pretty neat. I was kidded for being smaller by some kids, but "nothing significant that a psychologist could grab a hold of."

Then we all went to Towson High. Out in the county, they only had seven grades, so Dave caught up one year on me. Dave then went on to Preparatory School attached to the Teachers College (now Towson State) for one year.

Towson High was within walking distance to home, about two and a half miles, but father dropped us off a lot. He had a second-hand Hudson bought from Herbert Wagner (later, he also bought a Packard from him). It was a good size touring car. It had side curtains of canvas and had windows in them. The whole side curtain could be taken off. Other than that, it was open, except for the windshield and the top. When Dad got that car, he put FNT (Mother's initials) on one of the doors in small letters. Mr. Webster at the church would see all 6 of us get out of the car, and he would say that it said "TNT" to warn people.

When I was a sophomore, Mr. George S. Buck came to Towson High School as principal, replacing Mr. Cummins. He had three boys about the same ages as we were. The oldest was John in Dick's class, George was in my class, and Don was in Dave's class. They all played tennis, so collectively the boys from the two families started a tennis team. I wrote letters to all the other schools inviting them to a tennis tournament. We did not win. They spent a lot of time over at our place, playing tennis since we had a clay court. None of us would ever admit who was the better player. Cliff Siverd played at a private school and was the best player around. He later also went to JHU and was the best player there. We played some baseball in High School but not much else. In college, I played a little squash. George and I were good friends, buying an old roadster together, renting a boat and sailing around the Chesapeake for a week, playing golf at the Baltimore Country Club, The Roland Park Club, and we bowled and went to dinner dances, sometimes twice a week, at the Five Farms Club.

Through Mother's involvement in the Baltimore City schools, she met a Mrs. Barnsmith who was also very involved in schools in Maryland, and both became involved in the suffragette movement. They held meetings and went on marches in Washington. We have a veil that mother wore that says, "Votes for Women." Dad and Mother took at least two trips to Lily Dale, NY, where there were conferences/camp meetings for the suffragettes. We have a photo of Susan B Anthony in front of her tent.

When we moved to Riderwood, Mother maintained her interest in the schools and also started the Women's Club of Towson with Mrs. Criblet. They started the public library at Towson and put on plays. Their goal was to stimulate women to get involved in what was happening in their

area. Mrs. Criblet was the first president, and mother was the second President of the Women's Club. She also started the City-County woman's group, "The Footlighters."

Hunting

We all liked to hunt as boys. Dad took us once on the "trackless trolley" to the end of the run and got off on Liberty Heights Road. He had a 22 rifle at the time. He was able to shoot two rabbits and a squirrel. On returning to the road, a cop stopped him and gave him a ticket for shooting within the city limits. The next morning Dad dropped us off at church and went to see the judge. The judge, after hearing the story, said that any man that could shoot two rabbits and a squirrel with a 22 shouldn't get a ticket. The incident was written up in the *Sunpapers* under the header "After the shooting was over, there were three dead and one arrested." Two weeks later, a game warden came into Dad's office at BG&E. Evidently, he saw the article in the *Sunpapers* and gave Dad a \$15 fine for not having a hunting license!

On Thanksgiving, Dad would take us on the trackless trolley out to hunt all morning. We would return by 1 or 2 for dinner.

When we boys had got tired of trying to hunt quail, rabbits, or squirrel around Riderwood, we would head over to Crow Valley. This was an area along the RR track or the trolley track between Towson and Lutherville. Crows would congregate along the tracks in the evenings. As we walked along, they would fly out of the trees, and we would shoot them. Once we took the crows, we shot down to the cook at the Beta Theta Pi fraternity at JHU. We told him they were African quail, so he cooked them and served them to the brothers. Later at the farm, I built a crow blind out in the backfield and bought recordings of crow calls to help me learn how to attract them to the blind. It did not do much good. I did get a good reel to reel tape recorder out of this effort. It must have weighed 30 pounds.

The First Unitarian Church of Baltimore

All this time, we were going to the Unitarian Church on the corner of Charles and Orleans Streets in Baltimore. Church services were on Sunday mornings, but we also got quite involved in the youth group there during high school and performed a number of plays as a young adult group as well. Sunday School must have been shorter than the adult Church service because we would often have to wait for my parents to come out of Church. A few times, we would ride our bicycles down to Church all the way from Riderwood. I remember that once my pedal broke off, and much to my mother's chagrin, I never made it that day to Sunday School.

Although dad was a Baptist, mother had Unitarian roots. Her aunts both taught elocution at the Meadville Unitarian Seminary in the late 1890s. There is a family story about one of mother's relatives from Ireland, who was ostracized for harboring a Catholic priest in her basement, so she left and came to America. I like to think of this as a long family history of tolerance for other religions.

Father came from a Baptist family from Wadesboro, North Carolina. His ancestors landed in 1635 on the James River in Virginia. They may not have been literate since they spelled our

name phonetically as opposed to the Tilghmans who settled farther up the Bay on the Eastern Shore of Maryland (e.g., Tilghman's Island).

Mother was head of the Unitarian Woman's Alliance, and Dad was head of the Layman's League. Father was on the committee to choose the ministers, so he got to know them well. Raymond Sturtevant was minister of the church - wife was Avis, two daughters, Hope and Barbara, and son Raymond, Jr. Dick married Hope. I dated Barbara. Alger Hiss's mother was also quite involved in the church. As head of the youth group, I wrote to him once and got him to come back and speak to our youth group.

As head of the youth group in 1931, I got sent on a steamboat up the coast to the Unitarian Retreat Center at Star Island, New Hampshire for a young people's conference. Dick went one year as well. Don Buck got interested in the Unitarian youth group, and he also went to Star Island one year and took his cousin Joyce. Joyce said she was so amazed to see black men dance with a white woman on the island. I guess it wasn't common in Longmeadow, Massachusetts at that time. Ned and Kathy and their kids have gone up to Star for the past 20 years, and Joyce and I returned with them for a few summers during the 1980s. It was fun to look up the conference photos of all the previous years. I was able to find both the year that I went and the year that Dick went. The interesting thing about Star Island is that it had not changed much over the fifty years since I had been there as a teenager. The white buildings and the tennis courts had not changed at all. The only difference is that one now flies or drives instead of taking a steamboat from Baltimore.

Acting

Mother was the producer and director for plays for the Woman's Alliance of the Church and then for the Woman's Club of Towson. Mother's performances were often written up in the Society pages of the Baltimore Sun. They put on a series of plays each year, and I was in several of the ones at Church. The first one I remember was when I played Tiny Tim in Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. I was also Clarence in *Clarence*. I was also in *Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*. I am afraid that with the coming of television, local theatre declined.

I learned several monologues, which I performed during the intermission of these plays. T.A. Daly's poems, such as Guiseppe Skalabrella, Mia Carlotta, For Goodness' Sak'!, were a reliable resource for these presentations. My mother would work with me to get the accents down just right. I also learned *Barbara Fritchie - It was early one morning when the daytimes broke out!*, and *Shrewd Simon Short Sold Shoes*, etc. *Evan's Revenge* was a monologue that I can still recite to this day. I would perform it every several years for friends. Once I did it at Star Island (1990) for the Talent night, and at the end, a small boy (Marshall Frye) sitting down front shouted out for all to hear, "not bad for an old man"!

Music

At Forest Park, I started taking violin lessons, Dick played the piano, Lee played the banjo, and David played the mandolin. My first teacher was Loyal Carlon who also taught at Peabody. I have continued to play my violin every year since at Christmas time when Dick plays the piano,

and everyone else joins in. The main song I can remember now is Turkey in the Straw. But I can still last longer playing carols at Christmas than Ned can on his trumpet. Marsha took up the violin in school and played mine for a while.

We moved out to Riderwood in 1927 as I started High School. I then began studying at Peabody under Carlon. He had a string orchestra in the Preparatory at Peabody. I caught the train in Riderwood and went down on Saturdays. Carlon thought that my hands were big enough so I could play the viola in the orchestra. The Gas and Electric Company started the WBAL radio station. Therefore, father knew Conrad Gebelein, who was the Music Director and directed the banjo and mandolin club for WBAL. Gebelein was a German immigrant who had been offered a position on the German National Soccer Team but gave up the chance in order to move to America. Since mother was always interested in seeing that we performed, she thought that Gebby should come out to Tillmanor and direct her four boys. Father didn't do anything that mother didn't start or want done, and they always discussed everything. So, father hired Gebby to teach David and Lee and later to work with all four of us. We called our group the "Symphony orchestra"! We printed programs for the 1926 season that we would perform at various functions at church and places such as Association Island. Selections would include my playing Rimsky Korsakov's Song of India and Beethoven's Minuet, as well as ensemble pieces. My brothers had their own solos and monologues.

Our families became very good friends and regularly had dinner at each other's homes over the holidays. Gebby and his son Connie both had perfect pitch, and often when we were at his house near Memorial Stadium or his family at ours for dinner, he would set up goblets with different amounts of water and direct us to play songs on them by either hitting the glasses with a spoon or by us running our fingers around the top. That was the first time I had seen that done. He would come out to Tillmanor and teach the Symphony orchestra weekly. Gebby wrote a March called "Tillmanor" for Mother.

Gebby was also the Music Director at Johns Hopkins where the stands for the Lacrosse stadium are named for him because he always organized a pep band for the games. We all played for Gebby at Hopkins. He could play any instrument. Later Gebby taught Ned the trumpet and how to curse in German "Gott im Himmel." Gebby once performed a guitar duet with Andre Segovia when he came to the Lyric Opera House. Another time when he came out to Good Endeavor, he picked up Marsha's guitar and did a beautiful Spanish piece.

We also sang a lot as kids. We had a hymnal from the church. We sang songs or gave recitations as part of the Symphony orchestra performances at the church, other churches, or at schools. We liked Carl Sandburg's Songbook and had a big red songbook and a book of Father Goose Rhymes. My favorites included:

"I was born 10,000 years ago",

"Abalone"

"Go get the axe"

"A Boy he had an Auger"

“Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer”
“Animal Fair”
“She’ll be Coming round the Mountain”
“Waltzing Matilda”
“The prettiest gal I ever saw”
“Home on the Range”
Hopkins songs and Beta songs.

Later Joyce and I liked Burl Ives and Mitch Miller. Mockingbird Hill was one of the Burl Ives songs that we sang a lot.

Riderwood

While at Forest Park, Father had wanted a bigger place and put money down on a 100-acre farm, but someone else paid more. We then bought about 5 acres on Walnut Avenue in Riderwood, much to mother's liking, since it was closer to schools, work, and Towson. He bought the house from the owner of the Lord Baltimore Press, who printed the phone books. We named the place "Tillmanor."

Armstrong Branch came with the place. He had been working there and lived on the third floor. Armstrong's job was to take care of the coal furnace until we changed to gas. He also did maintenance and planted and cared for the vegetable gardens. Mother did most of the work on the large Dahlia and Rose Gardens. Armstrong would plow the garden every spring with a horse we would rent from a neighbor. He also made sure the water tank that filled up a whole room in the attic was kept full by pumping water up from the spring. He knew how to grow celery and continued mounding it up to keep it white. I haven't had any decent celery since. He spent a lot of time doing that. He lived with my folks until they passed away in the late 1950s.

The boys helped some in the garden and sold vegetables to the neighbors. We would take vegetables round or call people up. Dick said that if he ever got off on his own, he would never do anything with his land - and he never did. He didn't want any lawn to mow - he claimed he would concrete everything. I, of course, did the opposite. After all, our family name probably descended from men who tilled the earth.

The maid and cook, Ethel, also lived on the third floor. Ethel was a tiny woman. Later Marion Gittings, a very large woman, replaced Ethel. Marion was a very jolly person and used to give the kids large, engulfing hugs. Jane, who had cleaned at Brookline Avenue, continued to come out weekly to clean Riderwood. She had stopped in one day on Brookline Ave and asked for a job, said her name was Jane. When we asked her what her last name was, she said Tillman. We did not know if she made it up on the spot or whether she was from the Eastern Shore Tillman plantations. Marion also stayed with my folks till they passed on.

I lived at Riderwood from 1927 until 1943 when I got married. The water tank was on the fourth floor and required a ladder for access. It had to be cleaned regularly. The third floor

housed the printing press, Ethel, Armstrong, the ping-pong room, bath, and had both a front stairway and a back stairway. You could see between the banisters all the way from the fourth floor to the first. The second floor had the master bedroom and bath, two other bedrooms connected by a bath, the poolroom/museum, and a guest room. David and I were in the room next to my parents, and Dick and Lee were in the next one.

The first floor had a large entrance hall, a library (where Dick and Lee initially had a desk but later I had a desk for my studies in college), a living room, a very large dining room-separated from the living room by sliding doors, a kitchen, and pantry. In the basement, we had a coal furnace, which we later changed to a gas furnace, we put in a large walk-in freezer, gas cooking stove for special occasions, washroom, greenhouse with bay windows where mother did a lot with flowers and Armstrong with sets, a room for storage of potatoes and apples, tool room, and a coal storage room. Dad would get clusters of bananas weekly from down in the harbor and hang them in the pantry on a broomstick across the corner. He also kept cases of ginger ale and Coca-Cola bottles in the cabinet.

The house had a large wrap around porch on the first floor and a smaller walkout porch on the second floor. At Christmas, we would put a tree and a train set in the library. We had a large electric train...David's family has it now. Dad often had soft-boiled eggs for breakfast, in an egg cup with toast.

There was a pump house at a spring where we got our water. Later we got county water. The spring had been concreted in, and water was pumped to the top of the house. We put two lily ponds in up the hill from the spring and used the water for the gardens. Tillmanor had an icehouse -but we did not use it for one. There was a barn we used for a garage for our two cars and Armstrong's car.

There had been a tennis court at Riderwood that had all grown up with trees. We cut the trees down and made it longer, never long enough, and added gravel to get it to drain better. We had all been playing at Forest Park. A friend at church-owned a wholesale store and got us racquets. We had started with our parent's racquets. I never saw mother play. Dad played some. He played more golf - not much. He always played at Association Island and some at Baltimore Country Club. I was the first to join the Baltimore Country Club after college, then Dick, then Dad. Dad also got us all interested in shooting skeet and trap.

The Tuttles (Jack and Phoebe with their three kids, Merza, Ella May, and Sam) and Frank Weller came to dinner on every Christmas and Thanksgiving (or we went to their home). Frank Weller was a bachelor and a piano player and always took us all to Fords Theatre in Baltimore - for a vaudeville show and a movie - for our Christmas present. Jack and Frank (and Malcolm Oates) had gone to college at Raleigh with Dad, and then Dad had hired them to work in his department.

Shawn was one of 3 red Irish Setters that we had at Tillmanor. The dogs lived under a huge hemlock with drooping branches in the side yard. We also had several cats. One was named Gene Tunney after the Champion Prizefighter until it had kittens.

Dad took us hunting every Thanksgiving, sometimes to NC. In his later years, he would whistle for Bob White from the window of the house, and once a quail he was calling flew into the picture window and broke its neck. So Dad walked outside, picked it up, and cleaned it. Dad cut our hair for years, usually with a bowl. David did the same with his kids, and finally, when Dickie was old enough to earn money, the first thing he did was to go pay for a haircut. My father got a haircut every week

The Library

Mother liked to collect Chinese/Japanese plates and vases. She also had a collection of Toby Mugs, which Hope and Ned now have. In the library she had quite a collection of plays, books by women authors, and collections of old books. She taught herself how to read French and collected a great deal of literature written in French. She had collections of many of the great writers. She also had newspapers – mainly the Baltimore Sun - that had the headlines of famous or infamous days: Armistice Day, Lindberg crosses the Atlantic, and the sinking of the Titanic. Mother also had diaries of her life up until she married and later published a book called “A Little Girl Goes Barnstorming.”

My parents died in 1957 (Mother) and 1960 (Father), and we sold Tillmanor. I moved much of the library to our farm in Joppa. We still have some of her collection in the family, including:

18th Century Books

A Samuel Johnson Dictionary of the English Language, 1785

New London Magazine, 1788

Alonzo and Ormisinda, A new Tragedy in Five Acts, 1777

Acts passed at the Second Congress of the USA, 1791

Defence of the French Revolution, 1792

Lectures on Elocution, 1762

Alexander’s History of Women, 1782

19th Century Books

History of the Late War Between the US and Great Britain, 1839

Ladies Companion

The History of the Civil War in America: Origin and Progress of the Rebellion, 1863, John S.C. Abbot

A bible full of family letters from the late 19th century

Relatives Books/Stories

Shop Talk by (Uncle) Milton Nobles, 1900, Anecdotes of the Theatre, signed by mother’s uncle when he set it to her.

Sunrise and Sunset, The Nelson Family History written by one of Grandmothers great aunts
A Little Girl Goes Barnstorming, 1939, Frances Nelson Tillman

Monologues/Poetry

T.A. Daly, Canzoni, 1906

T.A. Daly, McAroni Ballads, 1919

T.A. Daly, Carmina, 1906

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, The Song of Hiawatha, 1883

Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag, 1927

Misc.

Bernard Shaw, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, 1928

T. E. Lawrence, The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, 1935

Remarque, All's Quiet on the Western Front

Francis Butler Simkins, Pitchfork Ben Tillman, South Carolinian, 1944

Richard Burton Translation of The Arabian Nights

Miguel de Cervantes The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, 1923

Epistemology, H.L. Mencken

Prohibition

No one that I recall paid much attention to Prohibition. Both my parents were active in bringing it about. They voted for it. They never drank much but had liquor around the house after Prohibition so that it would be available to others. In college, we went to speakeasies when we went out. After Prohibition ended, they were regulated by the police. They had to close by 2 am. There were also dances held at the big hotels. I remember going to the Belvedere and the grand opening of the Wards building.

The Johns Hopkins University

Father would take us to JHU in the morning and would bring us home if we wanted to wait around. We often walked or hitched hiked home, which was 8 miles. If we stayed and studied in the Frat house, Dad would take us home at 5 pm. Tuition was \$400 per year. We all joined Beta Theta Pi, which we used as a place to stay until we were picked up by Dad. One of Dad's friends at the gas company, Malcolm Oates, was a Beta from NC State, and he got Dick interested, and then we all joined.

Prior to my senior prom in college, I bought a Whippet for \$28. It was a coach with four seats so that I could double date. Later I bought a two-seater body from a junkyard and spent my Spring vacation changing bodies. It did have a rumble seat. The next year I got a job and bought a Model A Ford Roadster with a rumble seat for \$150.

George Buck, Cliff Siverd, Stan Clark, and I all wanted to take chemical engineering at Hopkins. JHU did not have a chemical engineering course, so we took all of the engineering and all the chemistry courses they had. JHU called it a BS in Chemistry. I decided to take chemical

engineering because I liked chemistry in high school - my teacher was Ms. Lewis. George later became head of the Cotton Counsel, Stan worked at the International Printing Ink Co., and Cliff became president of American Cyanamid.

We often went to Maria's in Little Italy during college before a dance. We also got hot roast beef sandwiches at a restaurant on the corner of York and Joppa Road right by the fire hall in Towson when we had no other place to go. At the Little Tavern in the next block south, we ordered hamburgers for \$.10.

We didn't think much of the Roosevelts. My parents were Taft Republicans. I campaigned for Wendell Willkie by going door to door. I was registered as a Democrat all my life since most of the elections were decided in the primaries – Maryland being a predominantly Democratic State. But I rarely voted for Democrats on the national level.

Dad was able to get summer jobs for my three brothers through his business contacts at BG&E. Dick worked at Holtwood Dam, David worked at the Conowingo Dam, and Lee worked at Safe Harbor Dam. These were all being built as power generating facilities on the Susquehanna to meet the increasing need for electricity.

ASARCO - The American Smelting and Refining Company

I graduated with the class of 1935, which was the depth of the Depression. Jobs were tough to get. Dad knew the people at the copper refinery through BG&E. It was called the Baltimore Copper Refinery then, and he got me a job for the summer after my Junior year. So they hired me on when I graduated. Copper was used for ammunition, wire, and communications. Baltimore, being a port and center of railroad transportation, became a major center of refining, which expanded during the wartime preparations. Bethlehem Steel had their biggest plant here. Armco had a large stainless-steel plant, ASARCO supplied Kennecott with which they made copper products. Later, Kennecott built its own refinery. Allied Chemical had a large chromium plant.

I joined the Engineers Club of Baltimore for social and business purposes, and the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineering, and the American Chemical Society. I was a registered Professional Engineer PE1384 ChE (Met.) by the State of Maryland. I worked with tellurium when I was with ASARCO. I was foreman of the Byproducts Department, where we recovered Tellurium, Nickel, Selenium, Arsenic, Antimony. I started as a chemist for two years and then was sent to Perth Amboy, New Jersey, to work in the research department. Later I was in charge of inspections and the Anode Castings department. The tellurium or the selenium made my breath smell like garlic. Donny Buck worked with me in the Byproducts Department for a year, and then he got a job at Aberdeen Proving Ground easily since he had already been in the service. He was a mechanical engineer out of Hopkins. Lindsay Chase was a chemist from Western Maryland College who worked in research at ASARCO. Ann Chase also worked as a chemist in the lab. Joyce and I did a great deal of camping and fishing together with the Chases. Once there was a strike at the plant, and we had to take our vacation early in the spring. And the four of us went to western Maryland for a week of fishing. Later the Chases

moved to northern NJ on Arcadia Lake where we all went regularly as a family to visit, fish, ice skate, and swim.

I worked with a good group of people at ASARCO. Charlie Brown, Mel Schem, Dick Funke, Dick Bozman, Charlie Wolpert, Willis, Bill Whitter, Brad Fischer. Mr. Shepard, Mr. Hughes, John Leckie, and Frank Muth were the Plant Managers and Superintendents at different times while I was there.

The copper plant began in about 1900, and they got the copper from the Gunpowder River. It became the largest refinery in the world while I was there. We had about 1300 people working there at one time. The majority of the staff were black. In general, the black men were less educated than white employees and got the worse jobs. But many worked their way up to foreman. The worse industrial accident I saw was when the wood planking gave way, and a man fell into a boiling vat of copper and nickel sulfate.

George Whiting owned and ran the fertilizer works in Baltimore, and they would buy spent acid from us after we took the nickel out of it, and one time they complained about the analysis. I was sent over to the Engineer's Club to meet with him. He bought my explanation and invited me sailing. It was a 65 ft sloop called the White Cloud. I crewed on her several times.

At times I was interested in looking into other jobs, but I never found one that was any better than the one I had. I studied Spanish with Joyce because I dreamed of getting a job in South America. ASARCO had mines down there, and we anticipated putting in a refinery. We sometimes had International visitors at the plant, and I often invited them home for dinner. They came from everywhere, e.g., Tokyo and Osaka, Japan, China, Belgium, and Hamburg, Germany, to see the whole operation. One accomplishment we were particularly proud of was that we were the first to install gas-fired furnaces in a refinery.

Courting Joyce

Don Buck graduated one year after I did and invited his cousin Joyce Bonner Hall down for June week. Don also invited me to attend. I had met her before and went to several activities with her and got to know her better. He took Joyce to Star Island the next year, while he was going to the Jared Sparks Guild - youth group. I went up to Cape Cod with George Buck to stay a couple of days with the Halls in Chatham, MA. We stayed at White Pond. The Halls stayed at Elsie Upton's cottage.

We were married at the St. Andrews Episcopal Church in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and then took the Montrealer Train to the Sigourney Resort on the Ottawa River. Upon our return, we moved into our new home in Wiltondale. Marsha was born in 1947, Ned in 1949, and we moved to the farm in 1952. Phil Lamb was the real estate man for Wiltondale. He was Libby Buck's dad.

Soon after we were married, I was transferred into the casting house doing inspections of the final casting product. In that job, I had to be in early on Mondays and work all day on

Saturdays. I left early on Mondays to play my violin in the afternoon. That lasted for a year. In the springtime, Joyce and I would drive around the country looking at farms starting several years after we were married.

Starting with the community at Wiltondale, Joyce and I always belonged to one or more bridge groups. We also had a ballroom dancing group for years that met at each of our homes. We also both like farm auctions, and Joyce loved antiquing. One habit we shared was stopping for coffee ice cream cones.

Longmeadow and Cape Cod

Ed Hall and Violet Hall, Joyce's parents, lived in Longmeadow for many years. Nana, Violet's mother, lived with them for as long as I can remember. She passed away just before Ned was born "so that Violet could come down and take care of things." There is a story that Nana used to play cribbage with Samuel Clemens in Hartford.

Ed was gregarious, smoked cigars, and belonged to numerous men's clubs, e.g., the Masons. He also belonged to the Alford Brook Club where we went fly fishing. Due to his efforts in protecting good fishing areas, Ed was awarded Conservationist of the Year for western Massachusetts. One friend, a Mr. Ruxton, had several ponds where we fished as well, and they were surrounded by blueberries. Joyce and the kids would pick berries while we fished. The Shearers had a place in Vermont where they owned several houses around a large pond that was loaded with frogs. We would often eat at their log cabin, oatmeal mush for breakfast and frog legs for dinner.

Ed Hall, Joyce's dad, was a regional sales manager for Westinghouse Electric, managing stores in Springfield and New Haven. When he retired, he bought hundreds of rose clippers and weathervanes that he would sell or give away. Ed and Violet would travel to Florida in the winter and stop by the farm on the way. Violet was active in St Andrews, the local Episcopal church where we were married. Elsie Upson lived down the street and ran a nursery. She also owned a cottage on the Cape in Chatham where we often stayed. The Pasternaks lived down the street and had Christmas trees with real candles. Ed was good friends with a man down the street that did a column for many years for the paper.

Each summer during the 1950s, Joyce would take Marsha and Ned up for several weeks to the Hall's place on White Pond near Chatham, MA – the elbow of the Cape. The kids learned how to swim in Oyster Bay, which was very cold water. I would come up for one week and bring them home.

Association Island

As a boy, our family often vacationed at Association Island near the Thousand Islands in New York State, which was owned by members of the National Electric Light Assoc. (NELA). S.A. Doane always invited Father to stay for a week or two after the NELA conference. We went there for 7 or 8 years, usually all of us. Once I went with Dad alone, and so did Lee. The convention was only 3/4 days. It was a small island with a 6-hole golf course and two tennis

courts, dining room, and boathouse with canoes and rowboats. Everybody slept in platform tents and ate at least one of their meals in the main hall. There were central bathhouses, community buildings for meetings, and a hospital. Mr. Wiggins ran the place. Probably 100 families would come to the convention, but to stay for more than a few days, you had to be invited.

The four of us boys became the Island police, and the one thing we had to enforce was that no one could wear a tie (and people had to wear life preservers on the boats). We would throw people in the lake if they had a tie on. One day a week, we would all go catch frogs for a frog leg dinner pie. There was a small waterway through the island that was just full of frogs. All we had to do was to hit them on the heads. We would also caddie, and once I got an awful dose of sunburn - and I dived in the lake to cool it, and it hurt. Once a week, Dad would hire a guide to take a dozen of us out to have a fishing contest to catch smallmouth bass, which we would end up cooking on one of the other islands.

We put out The Islander Paper for two years - we wrote the articles and had it printed on the mainland. We still have copies of the August 13th and 26th versions from 1926. We drove the 1913 Hudson touring car up at least once and had to stop and get the tires fixed several times. Not many paved roads. It was a two-day trip, and we would spend the night in PA or NY in someone's home to let.

North Carolina

We went to visit relatives in North Carolina over Thanksgiving, four to five times. On one trip, Dick drove Dad's '26 Packard over 85 mph on old Route 1, which was nicely banked. Dad kept mother distracted in the back seat. It was a 7-passenger car since it had two small seats between the front and back seats.

Dad was the youngest of ten siblings that grew up on a 1000-acre plantation in Wadesboro, NC. His father, who was born in Meriden, CT, had studied medicine in New Jersey, been a surgeon in the Civil War, and continued to live in the south as a country doctor. His name was David Tillman, and I do not remember much about him since he had passed on (in 1905 at age 69) by the time we went down there to hunt. He raised mostly cotton on the plantation, but they had all kinds of things. Dad was the youngest and the only one to go to college. Fred was the oldest son, never married, and lived in town. We stayed most visits at Uncle Will's, who also had a farm and a house in Wadesboro with wife Grace and two girls, Elizabeth and Margaret. Arnold or Jim also had some of us stay with him when we came to visit. His wife was Katie, and his children were Catherine, Anna Marshall, and _____. Rosa was the youngest Aunt, and she married Jim Wilkes, who she had met at Elizabeth's wedding to Mr. Stitt. Elizabeth had a long letter-writing relationship with Stitt, who was a lawyer in Texas. They had two boys, William Tillman Stitt and John Stitt. They all have a large family gathering in West Texas every year. Uncle Charles had been hurt in an accident on the farm and lived in a hospital. William and Arnold had small farms and worked in a store together in Wadesboro. We still see Tillman Stitt

every year when he comes to visit his family here in the DC area. Fred later sold the plantation to go into the textile business.

We would go hunting with them on these farms and the plantation where they all grew up with Dad. Uncle Fred, who was the oldest of the boys, had control of the farm. My grandmother, who was born in Boston, died in 1913 at the age of 76. She ran the plantation while he was away in the war. One family story claims General Sherman came through the area and was going to burn the plantation house, but grandmother refused to remove her mother from the house, so he staged his men there instead. Evidently, there was a sword slice in the mantle around the fireplace that one of Sherman's men cut.

Several other family stories about us city folk visiting our country cousins originated from trips to the plantation:

When we were small, there was a beehive out on a board that Dick and Lee used as a seesaw. Mom and Dad told them not to use the board and to stay away from the bees because they would sting. The boys went ahead and got covered by bees, and when asked why they did that, they said, "You didn't tell us they would bite - only that they would sting."

Evidently, one day when we saw a horse and buggy separate in the field, we said, "look, they are broke."

We all learned how to drive cars (Model Ts) there on the plantation because there was so much open space and were no driver's licenses at that time required in NC. They kidded us about our dialects, and we kidded them. Galls and bowees instead of girls and boys. Girs and bouys is what they thought we said.

My Piper Cub and the War

I bought a plane so that I could fly up and see Joyce, though I never ended up doing that. We could not fly near the coast at all because the government had to survey for Germans constantly, and small planes might get shot down. So I kept my plane at Westminster and Taneytown. My plane was a Piper Cub L3 that was brand new and cost \$1800.

I did take Joyce up flying a couple of times as well as my parents. I once wrecked the plane when I was coming in to land with a friend in the plane. To land, I would make two ninety-degree turns and glide in. I undershot and gassed it, but the engine did not respond, so the wheels caught telephone lines, and we crashed breaking the propeller and one wheel strut. Neither of us got hurt.

Having worn glasses much of my life, I was declared to have poor eyesight and so was not accepted into the military. I applied twice when the government was seeking chemists and engineers. They turned me down since I was working in the copper industry, and we were making essential materials for the war effort. They did take my plane to use for training. I

joined the Civil Air Patrol and still have the uniform. We had drills every week and all flew yellow piper cubs. I started drinking coffee during the war, probably since it was rationed. Mother may have demonstrated for peace prior to the WWII, but once it began, we were all behind the war effort.

Health

My family was always pretty healthy growing up. I don't remember any broken bones or long illnesses. Once when David and I were playing mumbly-peg, we got into an argument, and he ran up the stairs. I threw the ice pick that we were using at him, and it stuck in his arm. I helped him remove it, and even though I was punished, it wasn't necessary because I was so scared of what I had done.

I was always quite healthy later in life as well, and the work around the farm kept me in shape. Although I used creosote, lead paint, herbicides, insecticides, rat poison, and chlorine a great deal around the farm, I don't think we ever had any bad reactions from it. I took honey and vinegar in hot water every morning throughout the 1960s as a folk medicine remedy for what ails you. The fresh air at the farm probably also helped me to clean out my lungs after working in the polluted air of the plant. We also raised most of our meat and vegetables. I did have several Hernia operations, where I had to go to The Church Home and Hospital and then recuperate for up to six weeks at home. During these times, Lindsay sent me a speed-reading course, which I tried to follow, and I read several books. I would sit all day in my chair in the living room and sleep on the couch. In 1953 the operation cost \$25. And my total bill, including room and board, was \$180. My last hernia operation, in the seventies, they put in a wire mesh and sent me back to work more quickly.

Lead poisoning and asbestos were always health concerns at the plant, as well as heat and smoke, and respiration problems. Sulfur dioxide was a common byproduct from recovering selenium and tellurium. Copper was melted by oil burners - long poles were thrown in to reduce the oxygen in the copper. We tried to protect folks with gas masks, gloves, boots, and goggles. The plant doctor, Lockhardt, always thought I had some problem, but I never paid any attention to him.

The only serious farm accident I had was in the eighties when the tractor ran over me. I don't quite know how it happened, but I found myself pinned beneath one of the large rear tires of the John Deere, unable to move. I don't know how long I was there, but Joyce finally came looking for me and somehow got me out. In 1986 I was diagnosed with prostate cancer and selected hormone treatment. I still am on chemotherapy, and the cancer is in full remission as I write this in the summer of 2000 at the age of 85. I am currently on blood thinners because the doctor believes I have been having a series of minor strokes that are affecting my memory. My father suffered from heart disease and diverticulitis and died in 1960, three years after my mother passed on. They were both in their late seventies.

Wiltondale

I bought a Cape Cod house in Wiltondale in 1943, just before we were married. Wiltondale was a new subdivision just off York Road, south of Towson. I worked a split schedule at ASARCO and came home in the afternoons to play the violin. We were part of the Wiltondale Association. Once a year, they had an outing down at the pool. We joined a bridge group in Wiltondale and played with them for many years. The Kemps and the Kanes were members of this group. I remember going door to door in Wiltondale campaigning for Wendell Willkie when he ran against FDR. We lived there from 1943 to 1951. This was the first home for both Marsha and Ned, who were born in Union Memorial Hospital on 33rd St in 1947 and 1949, respectively.

While Joyce and I lived in Wiltondale, we would take Sunday drives out into the country and look at farms. When she was due with Ned, I remember taking her on a particularly rough ride along the Gunpowder River to induce her before Christmas. It worked; he was born on December 23.

Farm

Joyce and I liked driving in the countryside. We liked nature and hunting and decided we wanted to live in the country. So, we started looking at farms. We found Good Endeavor Farm in Joppa and bought it from the Bridges in 1952. The story goes that a sea captain once had it, and that is why it had so many interesting trees, ginkgo, royal paulownia, a very large pecan, an English Walnut, and a Black Walnut tree, a wide variety of apple trees, a very large boxwood, and lilacs. We understood that the log cabin was built early or prior to the first part of the nineteenth century, and the larger part of the house was added in the 1860s.

The house was situated on a hill in the middle of the 110-acre farm, and everything you could see from the house was ours. The only intrusions we had from the outside world were the occasional motorcyclist running up the dirt trail along the Gunpowder River and rabbit hunters from Mandeville, who usually asked permission.

When we bought Good Endeavor Farm, it came with 200 ducks, 900 turkeys, lots of pigs, and a dozen head of beef and Hoppy, a black Cocker Spaniel. The house was brown shingle, which I later painted red. In the early 60s, I experienced the "Tinman" sales gimmick and had the whole house covered with aluminum siding. I told the salesman that I did not have enough money to pay for the shutters. He said that if we went for the whole package, he would use our house as a showcase and bring prospective buyers by and pay us \$200 for each sale he got. I agreed, so they did the job. We never saw him again.

All the fields had traditional fences, which I replaced with natural fence – multi-flora roses, following the advice of the County Extension Service. This proved to be great for wildlife and birds but terrible for the pastures seeing that the birds would drop seeds everywhere and rose bushes would sprout up in the hayfields. On one of my first vacations, I spent the whole time on my tractor creating a contour drainage ditch to protect the soils. I also followed good conservation practices by rotating crops each year. I planted lespedeza and soybeans in a ten-foot row around many of the fields for the two coveys of quail we had on the property. At one

point I raised quail in rabbit hutches in the turkey house. Once they got used to the hatch, I would take them out in the fields, place their heads under their wings, swing them around a few times, and place them under a shrub. I would then go get the English Setters and train them to point the birds. If the dogs got too close before pointing at the quail, the birds would take flight with a woosh. At dusk the birds still in the hutches would call back the quail I had set free with the familiar "bob-white" call, and they would return to their home in the turkey house. This sort of worked for a while. It was fun and helped me to train the younger dogs.

When I did not have live quail for training, I used a wing on the end of a fishing rod to teach my dogs patience and word commands. I probably picked up these tricks from all the hunting magazines and books that I ordered on the subject. You would think with all the effort and money I put into their training, that my dogs would have been champions. However, they did not do well at the few trials that we entered. But I always loved working with them in the hills of western Maryland or on the Eastern Shore. It was the greatest part of bird hunting, watching one dog freeze on a scent and then having another one instantaneously back it up. It was as if the whole world stopped....., as the adrenalin rose....., the dogs waiting for me to come up to them and give them a signal....., to flush out their prey.

I spent a great deal of time cutting the five acres of lawn around the house. Early on I would put an electric fence up close to the house and let the sheep keep the grass down on most of the lawn. The fence would do a good job of keeping Marsha and Ned close to the house as well. They never knew whether the fence was there to keep the sheep out or to keep them in. I think it was probably a little of both!

There were a lot of crows on the farm. I built a blind out in the backfield where I could hide. I learned how to call crows into range where I could shoot them. This was not easy. I bought a record with crow calls on it so I could learn how to do it. We also did a fair bit of trap and skeet shooting in the backfields. We had hand and tripod launchers for both the large 5-inch clays and the small 3-inch clays (clay pigeons). I inherited my father's skeet shooting gun and Ed Hall's pump gun and rifle. I had a couple of double-barreled shotguns as well. All of my guns were 12-gauge shotguns, and we usually used birdshot.

Each year I would cultivate a 1.5-acre garden. I had it all figured out that I needed to plant enough crops for the insects and the animals and for us, so I over planted by about 300% each year. We planted hundreds of feet of strawberries and raspberries, peas, onions, lettuce, green beans, and quite a few tomato and pepper plants. I also grew rhubarb and asparagus.

The Animals

For the first few years we bought 800 1 week old turkey poults each Spring. We had mash delivered from Continental Milling and Feed Company located in old Ellicott City. By Thanksgiving, we were \$3000 in the hole, which was quite a debt relative to a salary of about \$5000. During the Fall, I would send out, or hand out, or drop off, Order Forms on 2 cent postcards that I printed up on my job press up in the attic. I handed them out at work and stopped at a few restaurants on the way to work. The Baltimore Engineering Club, where I was

a member, would hold an Annual Feather Party where Bingo was played. They purchased 20 to 40 turkeys from us for several years to give away as prizes. Every Thanksgiving and Christmas for years, we were busy taking and delivering orders for turkeys. The people who lived on the Farm would help in the cleaning and dressing of the birds. Lillian (and Morris) and Margaret helped the Bowmans, who were local butchers on Route 1. Herman and one of the Jones boys from Jones Farm would help clean and pluck them too. One year I hired Jim Kane to deliver turkeys around town. I printed up advertisement/order forms that had a line that said "Broad-breasted Bronze Turkeys."

There were also pigs, lots of pigs, about 100 pigs all over the place when we moved onto the farm. We did our best to keep them away from the house. Some of these pigs were huge, up to 6 ft in length and 3 ft high. The biggest boar was called Herman. I got rid of them as soon as I could. We kept some for breeding for a while. But after those first few years we kept it down to 2 pigs at a time, which would get all of our table scraps. When they got big, over 200 pounds, we would put a bucket over their heads and back them up a ramp into one of our trucks and take them to Martins Butcher Shop

I think that Joyce's parents thought we were crazy when we first moved to the farm. Adequate water was a problem at the farm. We had a 28ft deep dug well in front of the house that was four feet in diameter and lined with fieldstones. Some summers it went dry, so I had to climb down to clean it out. When it was dry, we had to transport water from a Spring up in Magnolia. I bought a 1500-gallon tank and mounted it on the large farm truck. Once, the hose I was using to pump water from the spring to the tank got out of control, hitting me in the face and breaking my nose. We ended up drilling deeper wells later on, but they never proved to be too productive.

Throughout most of the years on the farm, we had a flock of sheep and a few horses, pigs, black Angus, and chickens. The kids got interested in 4-H, and we managed the Joppa-Magnolia 4-H Pony Club. Both Marsha and Ned became President of the club, and we often had Spring and Fall Pony Shows - often with up to 100 entries. We built a riding ring in the front field. They were all-day affairs, and we served sodas and hot dogs and hamburgers for 10 to 20 cents. Marsha did OK in the events, but Ned usually did not do too well.

Our first horse was a gelding, Marco Polo, who was an overweight, stubborn, and slow pony with fungus in his ears. He did not like people to touch his ears and was known to bite and kick. He was wary of jumps and often would stop right in front of them. The kids often landed on the ground. We acquired a younger mare, Bunny Hop, who was the opposite. She was very fast and wild to handle. She was the better jumper but often ran around jumps and out of the ring. Marsha got to ride Bunny Hop, and Ned often rode Marco Polo. Marsha really got the riding bug and spent lots of time with the ponies. Ned joined in for trail rides or for shows, with far less time practicing.

There were good trails up the Little Gunpowder River, which bordered the farm on the south. We also took the kids to a number of other pony shows and to the county events. Once, we

went to the Silver Cup races in Bel Air. Marsha on Bunny Hop was the first one around the course but ran out of bounds several times. The second horse in the heat also ran out of bounds but finished close behind Marsha. Ned, on Marco Polo, came in across the finish line quite a bit later, Ned claiming that his horse was the only one that stayed on course. Marsha got the Silver Plate.

Both of these ponies were bays and about 14 hands at the withers. Marsha wanted a bigger mount, so we purchased Chuck, who was a big gray gelding. He was 16 hands high and much harder to get up on. Fortunately, his gait was somewhere between the speeds of the two ponies.

Bobby Busbice and June Lokhardt were the County Extension Agents at that time. The kids learned a great deal by showing their animals and other 4-H projects at the county and State Fairs. Several years, they loaded up the old red Chevy pickup truck and went off to show sheep at the Howard and Montgomery County Fairs as well. Both Marsha and Ned were on the Livestock Judging Teams.

We were always active in the PTA. I served as President at one time and worked with the Board of Education and Dr. Willis, the County Superintendent, to help improve the schools in Harford County.

We usually had 30 to 60 ewes and up to 40 lambs each year. While the kids were in High School, they fed the animals and helped out quite a bit around the farm. David Green sheared our sheep for years and eventually taught Ned. Ned learned to shear sheep and did the shearing up until he got married. The day before his marriage, he tried to finish the herd but did not get them all done. He did have nice lanolin-ed hands for his wedding. Ned and Kathy got the Asian flu on their honeymoon and returned early. So Ned was able to finish the flock on his honeymoon. He never came back to do it again.

We joined the Maryland Sheep Breeders Association, and Joyce and I made many friends each year at their dinners. The Association sponsored the Annual Wool Pool, where we all took our fleeces down to the State Fair Grounds at Timonium. The wool price was subsidized by the Federal Government, and we often got up to \$1/pound for our wool.

We also usually had a few steers, as well. Early on, we would butcher them right on the farm. We would shoot them in the forehead, cut their throats, and hang them up in the elm tree to drain. There was always beef, pork, and lamb in the freezer. We raised oats, corn, and lots of hay each year. I would have Southern States come in and grind up my corn and oats and mix in molasses and vitamins and bag it for feeding the animals over the winter. I later was on the Advisory Board for the Southern States Cooperative.

We usually brought in over 1000 bales of hay per year. I think we all enjoyed the cutting, raking, baling, and bringing in the hay each season. It was a family operation. Joyce would drive the truck, Ned and Marsha would pick up the hay, and I would stack it five layers high on

the 1-and-a-half-ton flatbed truck. The kids enjoyed riding back to the barn on top of the loaded truck, with the wind cooling the sweat on their brows and the tree branches swatting them as we passed too close to the mulberry tree by the tennis court. The hardest part of the process was backing the truck into the bank barn (built-in 1906) and unloading and stacking the hay high up under the eaves. We would be covered in sweat and hayseed. As we motored back out to the fields, Joyce would often walk out from the house with a pitcher of homemade grape juice to wet our whistles before the next trip.

The weather is the bane of the farmer's existence. I always seemed to be cutting the hay just before it rained and before it had time to cure, be raked, baled, and brought in. Raining on hay decreases the food value of it. I learned never to believe weather men. I listened to the weatherman on WBAL who retired, and a new one named Nunn came on. I liked to say, "We used to have a weatherman, but now we have Nunn."

We raised chickens and sold eggs in the neighborhood. I gave Joyce an 'over-and-under' (a 4-10 shotgun and 22 gauge) for her first Christmas present. She used it to shoot snakes in the henhouse, foxes in traps in the duck yard, and dogs chasing the sheep.

On Thanksgiving, we traditionally went hunting in the morning, back in time to watch the parades on TV for lunch. I had a big dinner, some years with only foods that we raised or which I shot, e.g., goose, quail or grouse. In fact, I always thought that one should be able to be self-sufficient, and in addition to heating our house with wood for many years, we did produce a great deal of the food we ate. At one time we had cows for milk, but Joyce did not always appreciate having to pasteurize the milk, though having so much cream around the house was great.

Each Fall we would have a party where all of our friends would come out to pick corn, and I would roast a pig in an open pit the night before. Once it was not done in time, so I cut it up and took it inside to finish. During the corn picking, we would give everyone a bushel basket or a burlap bag and two rows of corn to walk down. I would then pull a tractor around with a trailer behind it. When the trailer was full, I would take it up to the grain shed and shovel the corn into the corn crib. We had an old corn grinder that would take the kernels off the cobs, but that was not needed with the fancy machines that Southern States eventually brought out to grind and mix feed right on sight. The corn picking days were a lot of fun.

There were four tenant houses on the property, and some of the tenants helped us on the farm, especially during the butchering of the fowl or steer. Over the years, these buildings fell into disrepair and, with the increasing regulatory environment, became too expensive to improve. They no longer exist. The Huttons and the Sargables (Vernon and Margaret) lived there when we moved in. Morris and Lillian lived there the longest. Lillian ironed for Joyce and babysat the kids. Bill Leonard, a diminutive man with a stutter and a mouth full of curse words, and Woody, a very shy and sensitive man with a wandering eye, were the last. Burl was a large teenager who lived there at one point and helped break Marco Polo and trained Marsha and

Ned to ride. They later took lessons from Mrs. Howard, then Shriver at her horse farm over on Old Joppa Road

The farm was my second job. I would come home at six every night - have dinner and then go work in the fields till dark. Most of the equipment that I had or that I bought for the farm was used, so I had to spend a great deal of time fixing and maintaining it. Over the years, I collected so many parts and tools that I always had the right part if I looked hard enough.

Foxes were often a problem around the turkeys, ducks, and chickens. They also kept the quail population too low. I set traps and caught quite a few. I skinned them and had nice red pelts. We also had snake problems at times. Some snakes would end up in the laying boxes of the chicken house. We always had large 6 ft black snakes living in the basement. Occasionally we would have bats come down the chimney and get into the house. We would swat them out of the air with tennis racquets and take them outside. Termites were another problem since they seemed to like the old chestnut logs that made up the log cabin part of the house.

In the late 50s, I got word they were planning to run a highway through the farm. I tried to stop it. But in 1958, they started construction on the North East Extension (later I-95), and President Kennedy opened it the week before he was assassinated in Dallas. The farm was never the same since. They took 40 acres and put in a 9 ft pipeline on an easement on our side of the road. To block off the road and cut down on the noise, I put in 6000 trees on the easement. As they grew, they provided a wall, but the scar would always be there. As the trees matured in the late 60s, I started into the Christmas tree selling business. Over the years, we planted over 30,000 trees and sold over 10,000. We have had people come back every year for 30 years, with great stories on how they grew up with a family tradition of coming and cutting their trees, and now they were bringing their children and grandchildren. Half the fun was showing many of these suburban and urban families the sheep, pigs, and dogs and seeing their fun looking for the perfect tree. Most folks took hours to hike around.

Behind the tennis court I grew grapes. The arbor consisted of two 150ft rows of mainly Concord grapes with some white Niagara. I used the Concord grapes for making wine in the basement and for making juice. The seedless Niagara grapes were just for eating. Every time one of us would hit a ball over the fence, it took quite a while to restart the game. First of all, it was hard to find the tennis ball in the tall grass of the arbor, and secondly, we always had to pick a bunch of grapes for refreshment on a hot summer day. The wine I made was good. Occasionally the pottery vats would explode, and the whole house would smell of fermented grapes. We drank grape juice from August through October, and it sure tasted good in between trips out to the back fields getting the hay in.

Another interest that I have maintained throughout my life is offset printing. The job press that Dad had bought back in the 1920's was based in my attic at the farm up until we sold the farm in 1998. I used it to advertise both the turkey business and the Christmas tree farm. Each Christmas I would compose a poem or do a woodcut (usually out of a linoleum block) and print up 150 cards and envelopes. I have a collection of the ones that I did as well as a collection of

Tillman Tattlers done by my brothers and me. Marsha and Ned used the press to print up materials for the High School, such as sport schedules and campaign literature. The press now resides at Jimmie Lee and Mary Lou's basement because their son Robert is a graphics-arts major and has done a great deal of lithography.

Tennis

Tennis was one of my lifelong interests. When we moved to Riderwood, there was a clay court that had been overgrown by weeds. We fixed it up, and the four of us boys and father played quite often. A friend of father gave us all racquets. I played at Towson High and at Hopkins. David built a court in his backyard at Aigburth Road, and in 1961 we built a clay court at Good Endeavor Farm. All we did was to grade the relatively flat area behind the house and use the naturally occurring sands and clays as a base. I paid Ned and several of his friends 5 cents a bucket to remove stones from the surface. I got old steel pipe from the copper yards as fence posts and wrapped the whole area in fencing. Actually, Lindsay and the Chase family, Ann, Leslie, Roxanne, John, and Scot, put up much of the fence while we were traveling on our western trip, and they were vacationing at our home during July of 1961.

We added a playroom and a pool in 1964. Tennis and swimming became the center of many of our parties and picnics for many years. The kids would have a group of friends from school over every Wednesday night for tennis lessons and a swim. Most weekends in the summer, we were very busy. On Saturday we would do all the farm chores and fix up around the house with mowing and weeding and cleaning. Then on Sunday mornings, starting at 8 am, Ned and I would take on others in doubles. Bill Saccho and Harry Hinman often would come over or Morris Hasty, Forrest, Bill McGuirk, Dick Tillman. We would play one pair from 8 to 10 and then another team from 10 to noon. We would then have a party in the afternoon from 2 to 8 with about 10 to 20 friends. At these parties, tennis and swimming were the focus. I would cook corn on the cob, soaked in salt water and covered with wet burlap and fresh scallions and tomatoes from the garden. I usually served steaks from the beef that we had raised on the farm at the picnics. Sometimes we had hard-shelled blue crabs. I served my favorite beer, National Bohemian, or Mint Juleps. The best political discussions occurred during the crab pickings. We would give horseback rides to the kids, show off the animals to the city kids, play tetherball and if a storm was coming and we had hay in the fields, we would all go out and bring in the hay. It was non-stop.

Since the court was "clay," we had to roll it and line it after every rain. In dry weather, we needed to brush it smooth, sprinkle it to wet it down in order to roll it to keep a good playing surface. Joyce played some, Marsha played quite a bit and developed a good forehand, but Ned played the most. He ended up starting a tennis team at Edgewood High School and played both there and at Franklin and Marshall College.

Dave's son, Dickie came out to play regularly. He had a very good "American Twist" serve and was always fun to play with. Don Buck also came out regularly for years, and we got to the point of swapping sets. No matter how good one of us was playing in the first set, the other would bounce back and win the second.

In the early sixties there were not many public courts available. The country clubs had courts, but if you were not a member, you had to find private courts to play on. Later on, indoor tennis became popular. I played at the Orchard Indoor Tennis Club, the club in Bel Air, and the barn in Edgewood. Before they had the indoor clubs, Ned and I would play on high school wooden gym floors, which was a very fast game. We also would take our tennis net to some of the few hard surface courts around the county on sunny winter or spring days to get a few games in.

We also liked to go watch the pros play tennis. For many years we would go to Salisbury to attend the National Indoors Tennis Championships. We would book a motel room and watch tennis all afternoon and all evening. We saw Bob Lutz and Stan Smith, Cliff Richey and Cliff Drysdale, Arthur Ashe and Ilie Nastase. At a later time, we saw Ken Roswall play Rod Laver on grass at the Baltimore Country Club.

Our Hunting Dogs

We had two coveys of quail on the farm at one point. To hunt these quail, I raised English Setters and English Pointers - hunting dogs. I ended up in some cases with English point setters. We always had dogs around. Rocket, Jet, Casey, Cindy, Sky, Bert, etc. Commonly the litters were as large as 12 puppies. So, we usually had anywhere from 5 to 6 full-sized dogs to a total of 15 or more while we tried to sell the small ones. Once Cindy had puppies in a thunderstorm, which she was deathly afraid of, and she had her litter in two places. One was under the workshop, and we never found the other until several days later when she brought them all out.

Rodney King advertised pedigreed English Setters and English Pointers in the hunting magazines. Since he was based up in Quarryville, I called him up and went up to see what he had. This was the start of a long relationship. We drove up and found him in an old Victorian house that had few windows and no modern amenities. There were dogs everywhere, in the house, in the yard, and in his cars, none of which were late models. Over the years, when I visited, I never found him in the house. He was always asleep in one of the cars, stocked full of empty dog food bags and usually with a recent litter of pups. He also had Morgan Setters, which were beautiful brown and black long-haired hunting dogs. Usually, there were up to 100 dogs on his property. Over the years, as societal mores and regulations evolved, he had increasing problems with the health department and the ASPCA, but he always took good care of his dogs. I bought several dogs from him, and we went hunting many times together. He always wore red plaid hunting shirts and a cap with his hunting license on it. We often went over to the Eastern Shore or up to western Maryland or Pennsylvania to hunt. Places like Ohiopyle. There was one gas station that had rooms above the office that we rented for \$6 a night.

Rodney would bring a couple of dogs, and I would bring a couple dogs. We would put them all in the truck, and later on, I built a box under the bed in the vans. We would take 2 or 3 dogs

out at a time and hunt for grouse in Pennsylvania or western Maryland and quail on the Eastern Shore. They would get tired after an hour or two, so we would trade them for fresh dogs. Although we did not hunt them, there were often geese in the fields where we hunted. I remember one year on the Eastern Shore when the skies were dark with Canadian Geese. There were thousands of them. In later years Rodney would take fewer and fewer unneeded steps, and I would end up circling around him. But he always wanted to go and always had a story about bloodlines of different pedigreed dogs that he had owned.

Fishing

In the late 50s, I bought a 12-foot aluminum boat with a 5 HP motor for \$100. I sold this at the farm auction in 1998 for \$170 so I figured I must have made money while I was out fishing all those years. We went fishing many a day on the Chesapeake Bay in this boat, which was easy to put on top of the vans that we have had over the years. It was easier to have help putting the boat on the van, but I did manage by picking up one end at a time and sliding the boat forward over the roof racks to load it by myself. Once in the water, we often had problems with starting the motor since it wasn't used all that often. Starting the motor was a real problem at the end of the day, miles from shore. We had to row back more than once, after pulling on the core and cursing the engine for half an hour.

The boat was small but seaworthy. Once a squall blew up while Ned, Marsha, and I were out in the middle of the Bay with three-foot waves, thunder, lightning, and gale-force winds. Both of the kids bailed water while I tried to guess which way we should be heading with only five feet of visibility and rain-soaked glasses. We were lucky to make it back in to port that time. I don't think we ever told Joyce how scared we were. The worst part of this trip was that we forgot to bring in a stringer full of fish, and by the time we reached port, they were all gone.

We always thought we were going fishing for rockfish, but more than likely came back with gar, catfish, eels, white and yellow perch, blowfish, and maybe some blues. Whenever we saw seagulls feeding, we would motor over there as fast as we could and cast into the gulls. Their activity indicated that blues were feeding on baitfish near the surface. If we were lucky, we might catch one, but more often than not, this was a futile activity that made a slow day on the Bay a little more exciting.

We also went fishing up the Susquehanna River and over on the Flats. It was easy to get stranded in too little water on the Flats. When speeding over these shallow weed beds, one could often see bright orange carp darting away in all directions. At times the weeds got too thick, and the motor would get stuck in the mud. I would have to get out and pull the boat for hundreds of yards to deeper water.

We also did crabbing from this boat. Either in the Bay or in Assawoman Bay near the Ocean, we might start off fishing, and if we had no luck we would also throw in a chicken-necking line for crabs. If that did not work, we would jump out, tie a basket in an inner tube to our shorts, and wade around with a crab-net in our hands looking for and chasing crabs who were sunning themselves in sandy spots between the weeds. If we felt clams with our bare feet, we would

stoop and pick them up. This approach at scavenging usually gave us something to bring home and be proud of if the fish were not biting. I can still picture the bottom of the boat with either eels, crabs, gar, or blowfish flapping around.

Our other favorite place to camp and fish was the Pocomoke River – the State Park at Milburn landing. We found this place on our first camping trip as a family. We had borrowed a tent from the Bucks and camped in the dunes north of Ocean City. A hurricane came through and flooded us out. I can still remember being up all night re-staking the tent, even though there were several inches of water on the floor. The next day we moved inland along a very muddy road to Milburn Landing and dried out by camping under the tall pines. This site became our sanctuary that trip and for many trips to come. It was always a great shady retreat after a day at the beach or out on the water. In the Pocomoke River we have caught just about everything. Big catfish with mouths large enough to swallow your fist, bass, and perch along the lily-pad bordered banks. The river is said to be bottomless, and large boats still go up it to Snow Hill. In the early morning we often saw osprey and kingfishers in the trees and swooping along the shorelines. It is tidal, and crabs do come up it and can be caught on the moorings of the piers. The strong current is hard to row or paddle against, so making sure the motor worked was important to getting back to camp in time for breakfast or dinner.

I have tied many flies in my life, some good. To be a good fly fisherman, one had to learn how to “match the hatch.” I never did tie them right in the stream but had all the equipment to tie them at home, late in the evenings, after working on the farm and prior to a fishing trip. In fact, I collected feathers and fur from many of the birds and game that I hunted or found as roadkill so that I could create realistic-looking critters for the fish.

Fly fishing was clearly my favorite especially when the wind was not too strong, and the fish were rising to surface bait, but I also did a lot of light tackle, spinning rod fishing. Early on, I did mainly freshwater fishing for trout, but the elusive bass was my prime target in the saltwater environs. Lindsay and I often fished the Susquehanna. Once we were out in a canoe just down from Conowingo Dam. We must not have heard the whistle blow when they opened the dam, but all of a sudden the current picked up quickly and dumped us both out into the water. We both held onto the canoe until we could get to shore. We did lose a fair bit of tackle that day.

Seafood was one of the favorite parts of our diet that we didn't raise. Ned and Joyce, who were born on the same day, often celebrated by having rockfish stuffed with crabmeat. We liked eating the fish that we caught. I usually filleted the fish if they were big enough. Of course, the catfish I would nail to a tree and use pliers to pull off the skin. For holidays we would always have shrimp and/or oysters. Marsha, Ned, and I would take turns opening oysters for ourselves and for Joyce and our guests. We usually ended up eating the most – often a peck at a time. This became part of our tradition even to the point of when Marsha had her wedding reception in the backyard, we served oysters.

Friends and Trips

The families that we saw the most were the Tillmans, Chases, Traubs, and the Bucks. We commonly went hunting or fishing with the extended Tillman clan and always made the rounds on Christmas. Brother Dave had a clay tennis court on his property, and we often stopped by to play tennis. His court had only a few ft behind the service line due to the narrow width of his backyard, so we had to run less to pick up balls. It was a serve and volley size court.

The Don Bucks lived in Towson and had a place on the Magothy River, which we visited often. They had four children that spanned the ages of our two. Stock, Phil, Bucky, and Leigh were always involved in sports and were thoroughly immersed in life at the river. We have good memories of swimming, boating, and playing tennis and word games "down at the River." Don and Libby ended up buying part of the land that was Tillmanor and built a house on it.

We liked to travel and camp a lot. After our disastrous hurricane camping trip to Ocean City in 1958, we usually had good luck. With the advent of the Interstate Highway System, it was finally possible to travel long distances in short periods of time. Even though I was devastated when Interstate 95 cut right through and took half of my farm, it sure made travel faster.

In 1961, Joyce, Marsha, Ned, and I took a 10,000-mile trip to California and back over a four-week period. We bought the Chevrolet Greenbrier van the week before we left and put 500 miles on it so we could have its first tune-up before the trip. It was one of the first vans on the market, and we have had vans ever since. We were bitten by the "See the USA, in your Chevrolet" ads on TV. The kids sat in the back and were in charge of making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for lunch each day. They were also supposed to set up camp each night while I got the stove going and Joyce prepared dinner. We all really enjoyed the trip, and we have 8mm movies and lots of slides of the places we went. In fact, we have movie pictures of most of our lives starting from our wedding when my dad filmed it in color. While in California, we looked up Mother's family and met with some of them. We ran into the Kemps totally by accident, at Zion National Park.

We visited Natural Bridge, Aunt Rosa in Texas, Painted Desert, Carlsbad Caverns, El Paso/Juarez where I visited the ASARCO copper mine, Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce National Parks, Hollywood, Disneyland, San Francisco, Yosemite, Glacier, Mt Rushmore, the Badlands and many other locations, all in four weeks.

In 1964 we went down to Florida over Spring break to see the sites and visit my cousin Tillman Stitt on his 2000-acre cattle ranch. He had about 2000 head of beef at that time, but I think he has converted over to citrus and sugar cane since. We had a great time there and visiting the Everglades. In 1967, right after Ned's graduation from high school, we went to the Montreal World's Fair, where we camped out in a very muddy field for the week. In 1970, Joyce, Marsha, and I traveled to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island to visit Ned, who was mapping the geology of Cape Breton Island. Joyce and I have taken many other camping trips, many with the Bucks, Ann and Lindsay Chase, or John and Catie Traub over the years. Most of these trips were taken in one of our vans. Joyce and I outfitted the vans with a bed in the back and

curtains in the windows. We found this the easiest way to travel, stopping at state parks or even at friends' houses without bothering them too much.

When we had friends over for dinner during the winter, we often had a series of party games that we liked. Charades was always our favorite, and we were all good at it. We also did the dictionary game where we made up definitions and the alphabet game where you choose a letter and try to come up with as many cities, animals, books, etc., that started with that letter. My Word was a favorite game for two people. Don Buck and I must have played hundreds of times. Joyce liked to do magic writing and the ESP game where you lay nine books on the ground, and a person that was sent out of the room must guess which one the group selected.

Of course, we played a lot of bridge over the years. Our first bridge group was the Wiltondale gang. Later we had a Kingsville group and a Harford County Group. I played with Don Buck's men's group as well.

Concluding Thoughts

I believe that I fulfilled many of my dreams. My main goal was to have a farm and a good family. I made lots of good friends at the farm. I always enjoyed showing visitors to the farm all the animals that we raised. I spent a great deal of time practicing good conservation practices on the farm and believe that I was a good steward. However, I am still concerned about our environment. We just don't know enough yet to know how to save it.

Joyce Bonner Hall Tillman

Life and Times - Family and Friends

8/99 Version

Joyce was born Dec 23, 1918, as the only daughter of Ed and Violet Hall of East Longmeadow, MA. I don't have much information about her early years except that she had Cocker Spaniels, went to camp, and her Nana, Violet Marsh Bonner, lived with them. Joyce "broke her back," had a spinal injury, in the summer of 1934 when she was 15. She was living on Long Island Sound and just passed her Life-Saving course. She did not remember what happened but thought she was over tired and sleepwalked to the window and practiced diving out of the window! Her cousin Russ Hall said that she had been having a great summer, and it was too bad it happened. She was in a cast for a long time and missed a lot of school. She was in the New Haven Hospital from August to September.

In the summers the Halls would rent a house near the beach. Initially along the Connecticut coast and later in Chatham on the Cape where Elsie Upson had a cute cottage with a good view of Mill Pond. We have a letter from 1954 about the end of the Elks-Shriner Annual Golf Tournament and a trip to Chatham in a hurricane. Their Cape place was on White Pond and owned by the Shutters. White Pond was fresh water and adjacent to other ponds, e.g., Black Pond. They bought blueberry pies from Marion's and packed picnic lunches to eat on the beach that included hermit cookies. On Wednesday nights they would go to the village green and listen to band performances in the gazebo. There was a restaurant there with a talking parrot. Swim lessons took place in Harding Beach, which was very cold. Nauset Beach had the best waves.

Joyce attended dances at the Wilbraham Academy in 1936 with Bernie Holmes. Wilbraham is the home of Friendly's Ice Cream. Maybe this is where she picked up her love for ice cream. Her friends in MA included Betty Jensen. Her cousin Russ Hall went to Syracuse. Carolyn Upson moved to in NYC. She wrote to her Aunt Tizzie in LA and to a Mrs. E.M. Spears

Joyce attended Colby Junior College, now Colby-Sawyer College, in New Hampshire during 1937-1938 (prep school) and 1939-1940 (college). She skied there, often in shorts. Wore saddle shoes, mink coats, nylons rolled at the ankle, belonged to Triangle. Her good friends there were Jean Porter, Squirrel, et al. She attended Fall House Parties at Dartmouth and Green Key Weekend. She also visited Jack Eckle at Phillips Andover Academy., Bernie Holmes at RPI, and Springfield College. She also attended Camp Teela-wooket, climbed Mt. Kearsarge and Mt. Greylock. She attended June Week in 1937 at JHU with her cousin Donny - where she got to know "Jimmie Tillman" according to the diary.

Mom went with Don Buck to Star Island in 1938. Most of the women wore skirts and dresses on the island. She also vacationed at Shelter Harbor, Onset, Cape Cod, Westerly, RI, Norm Pt at Woods Beach, Niantic CT, Indian Neck with the Buck clan in 1935.

She graduated from Colby in 1940 and worked at Pratt & Whitney Plant M, a division of United Aircraft Corp in East Longmeadow in 1943. She earned \$36.61/week. She went to the 1940 World's Fair in NYC. It cost about \$500 per year to attend Colby. Her cost for tuition room and board at Connecticut College for Women in New London was \$150 for the summer. Sixty-five people attended her wedding dinner@ at \$3.50 each or \$227.50. Two gallons of French champagne cost \$40.

Ed Hall

Ed, as noted by friend and columnist Buddy Marceau of The Union, "was outstanding in the East for his conservation work, especially in the field of fishing and hunting. He was the recipient of the "Sportsman of the Year" trophy donated by the Springfield Republican Newspaper and presented by the Lake George Sportsman Club, of which he was a director. Ed was the spark of many of the club activities and one of the advocates that the club purchase the Willow Brook Hatchery in Southwick for its club grounds. He was an associate member of the New England Outdoor Writers Association. His educational and informative advice, his entertaining talks and countless outdoor stories, his caustic comments and blazing wit will always be remembered by those who had the pleasure of knowing him."

J. (Joseph) Edward Hall or Ed was born in Corfu, NY, in 1888, son of George and Sarah (Mayne) Hall. He attended public schools in NY and worked at an incandescent lamp company there. He went to Hartford in 1913, where he met Violet Bonner. He studied mathematics as part of an Electrical Engineering course via The American School of Correspondence out of Chicago, Ill. In 1914 Ed moved from Hartford to Springfield. He did not like it as much. Violet was teaching in Hartford, so he could not see her as often. He traveled a lot during the week.

He married Violet May Bonner of Hartford in 1916 in the Asylum Ave Baptist Church. Her cousin, Hazel Marsh, was her maid of honor, and May Hall was a bridesmaid. Cliff Wightman of Hartford was the best man. She had been a kindergarten teacher at the Northwest School. Their first home was 265 Belmont Ave.

Ed joined Wetmore Salvage Co. in 1919. In 1922 he became General Manager of the newly established Western Mass division. In 1925 Westinghouse took over, and he continued as manager until he retired in the early 1950s. "You can be sure if it's Westinghouse." and "Who's sleeping in my Westinghouse?" were two of the ads they ran on national TV. His office became the largest electric supply house in the area, employing 65 and having supervision over southern Vermont, all of western CT, and five Western MA counties, with a warehouse in New Haven. The Wesco World said that he was one of Springfield's most prominent citizens. He was a member of the Illuminating Engineers Soc, Springfield Chamber of Commerce, Automobile Club of Springfield, Longmeadow Country Club, Springfield Rotary Club, Springfield Lodge of Elks, the Knights Templar, Melha Temple of the Mystic Shrine and Springfield Lodge of

Masons, Springfield Fish and Game Assoc, the Alford Brook Club, and St Andrews Episcopal Church. The men's groups often met at the Student Prince. In 1958, the season limit on fish was reduced from 80 fish per member to 60 fish per member of the Alford Brook Club. Guests cost \$7 each, and no worms or spinning equipment were allowed. Darrell Toohey was a fishing buddy of Ed's and always complained that Ed just watched him fly fish to tell him what he was doing wrong.

Ed had two brothers and a sister. His sister, May (1892-1979 - later married to Raymond E. Delbridge), worked in Batavia at the Johnston Harvester Co and ran around the country playing on a basketball team. By 1914 she just as soon stay at home and sew or practice. She worked all day long, ran to catch a train for a game in another city, spent the night, then took an early train back. They had three daughters, Donna, Mary, and Ellie. Their brother Charles Raymond Hall (1881-1966) became Mayor of Solvay, NY. His son Russ went to Syracuse and worked for Allied Chemical. After Charlie's first wife died, he married Bertha S. Miller, who had been their boarder and a school teacher in Solvay. Brother Leo (1886-1906) had diabetes before insulin was developed and died young.

Their father, George Hall (1856-1900), was born in Norwich, England, and came to Corfu, NY (about 15 miles west of Batavia) with his family in 1968. He worked on the railroad and was killed when he fell from a trestle while working at Solvay, NY. Their mother was Sarah H. Cummings, who died in 1937 of arteriosclerosis at age 73 in Batavia. She and her husband John J. Cummings bought the house in 1926, and upon her death, its value was \$3200. The address was 10 Lacrosse Ave in Batavia, Genesee County. She had been sick since 1934.

Ed and Violet bought the 61 Fairfield Terrace house in East Longmeadow in 1923 for \$9000. We have pictures of them skiing and horseback riding, and camping when they were young. Mom said that they bought a tow behind pop-up camper when she was a girl. There is one picture of a proud young Ed Hall sitting on a polished roadster. He later traded in his 53 Buick for a 56 DeSoto. He was a Civil War Buff, and once when they went camping on a visit to Gettysburg, she contracted hay fever which bothered her for many years. Violet died in 1957 from what we now think was a growth in the stomach. Ed retired on Nov. 1, 1953, and died in 1959.

Violet Bonner Hall

Violet was born in 1881 in Hartford, CT, and died at 76. Violet had two sisters and a brother. Her parents were Violet Marsh Bonner and John D. Bonner. Her father Lieutenant John D Bonner was the commander of the First Machine Gun Section, Connecticut National Guard of Hartford, and president of the Bonner Preston Company. He lived on 42 Huntington Street and 63 Atwood Street and went hunting in North Carolina. I believe that Preston was the Mayor of Hartford. The business was a paint supply company, and I think they painted the gold dome on the capital building. John D. Bonner became a naturalized citizen in 1884. He had been a subject of Great Britain previously. He died in 1899. Phoebe V. Bonner was the executor.

Her brother, Charles D. Bonner of Talcottville, Connecticut, was born in 1884 and died at a young age of appendicitis. He went to Trinity College for a year and then to Conn Agricultural College at Storrs. He was engaged in fruit growing with Prof Gulley. He was a member of the Shakespearean Club and fraternities and was a Mason. He was married to Marjorie H Barrows Bonner, and his son was Bruce Bonner who Ed helped out when he lost his parents and who was close to mom.

Violet's sister Carrie was hit by an express train in Niantic when young--only saved by the heroism of her older brother Charles. A year later, Charles almost drowned while ice skating on the Park River - at age 11. Her sister Betty married George S. Buck and moved first to Kent, Connecticut, and then to Towson, Maryland.

Violet was a member of the St. Andrews Church Guild, the Longmeadow Maternal Association, and Longmeadow Women's Club. She was a graduate of New Britain State Teachers College.

Violet's mother was a Marsh which was of English Puritan and English Quaker Stock. This is what we know of them:

Samuel Marsh, 1620-1683, married Comfort

Joseph Marsh, 1663-1723, married Sarah Clark

Samuel Marsh, 1700-1772, married Mary Shotwell

William Marsh, 1732-1792, married Sarah Webster

William Marsh, 1754-?, married Sarah Frazee

Frazee Marsh 1798-1874, married Phoebe Tucker

Warren Marsh, 1824-1898, married Kate Harmed Adams

Craig Adams Marsh was a lawyer at Columbia College

Randolph Marsh

Violet Marsh - Bonner

Frances Nelson Tillman

Born in Toledo, Ohio on August 22, 1880

Father was Franklin D. Nelson

Mother was Mary Ella Taisey Nelson

Taken to Montana at age 4.

Child actress with The Andrews Dramatic Company – Repertoire Company

Traveled west of the Rockies from 1886 to 1892.

High School years in Manistee, Michigan.

At 18 along with Marie Nelson Lee and Ella Gould Lee, edited and published the first Sunday newspaper in the country promoted by an all-woman staff. This enterprise brought her to the attention of the Sunday editor of the Detroit News-Tribune. They moved to Detroit, and she became Special writer and Society Editor.

At 20, in 1902, she went to New York, and her interests switched from editorial to advertising. She became Assistant Manager of the Advertising Department of Public Service Corporation of New Jersey.

At 22, she became Manager of the C.W. Lee Company in New York, a concern that conducted advertising campaigns for Public Utilities. We have many of her publications. She also wrote short stories that were published in the Smart Set, a popular magazine.

Her family was identified with the Woman's Suffragette Cause from its beginnings. While in New York, she started the first Public Speaking Class to educate speakers for the suffragette cause, under the auspices of the Equality League of Self-Supporting Women of which Harriot Stanton Blatch was President.

In Feb. 1910, she was hired to start an Advertising Department for what later became BG&E in Baltimore. She married Richard Henry Tillman in December of that year.

Memories by Leigh Bonner Tillman

Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1997

I can still remember one weekend when my parents had to attend a funeral in Pennsylvania. Anna and I were to stay at the farm. This was before the Lemley's had moved in when Grandmommy and Granddaddy ran the farm on their own. I remember mom and dad turning around in the driveway, and mom, the passenger, turned around in her seat waving to us. I ran after the car down the driveway, tears making rivers on my cheeks. I think Anna ran after the car too until it faded into the dust of the gravel and finally turned the corner disappearing down the hill. We stood there in despair, the maternal bond now stretched to its furthest point of elasticity, ready to burst. Granddaddy came down the lane, and in a solemn and stern loving manner, he took us each by the hand. We drooped at his sides yet kept pace due to our great respect for this man.

Back at the house, a silence hung as we remorsed over the great distance between us and our parents. Anna, being older, was able to cope with it a lot better than I, and she went in the kitchen with Grandmommy and Granddaddy, while I sat in solitude in the playroom, on the bench with the couch ends wrapped in tennis fabric. My gaze fell on the clay court and swimming pool, holding the laughter and movement of days gone by, now only memories etched on the palettes of our minds. But I did not even see these details of the land. No, my thoughts were of my parents, my mother's creamy soft complexion that carried the scent of subtle moisturizers upon her angel kissed face. My father with his rough back scratches and unrefined love. The wrestling matches on the dining room floor, that always concluded in fits of laughter, stuck fast in my mind.

As these thoughts coaxed tears to the corners of my eyes, that coated my cheeks with sympathetic caresses, the door to the playroom creaked open. Granddaddy walked in with a handful of M&Ms. He did not say a word. No, he just offered them with a gesture. I took one and looked up at him. In the sternness of his eyes there was a warmth that soothed me better than any other prescription could. He put out his other hand, and I laid mine in his. Then together, we made our way into the kitchen where Anna and Grandmommy had baked a batch of cookies. The smells were unleashed with the opening of the low hung kitchen door. We entered, and their smiles duplicated upon our faces. A deck of cards, the remedy for any slight feeling of anxiety, was produced and dealt. The Michigan chips were brought out from their resting place in the bottom cabinet in the bookcase in the living room beside the piano, and the game began. The weekend ended up being spent so wonderfully that to this day I recall its bliss when I enter the playroom, now seldom occupied, and I stare out the window. I often wish to hear the turning of the knob and the creaking of the door, the sweet taste of those M&Ms, and the sweeter touch of Granddaddy's loving gaze of warmth.

The week of July 4th, our family always attended All Star I on Star Island, off the coast of New Hampshire. It is a family retreat where the same regulars show annually. Granddaddy and Grandmommy had attended forty years before I was born. I had attended since I was two years old. And every Thursday there was a talent show where each age group performed a skit as well as families, friends, or solo acts. I remember one year Granddaddy got up there to do a skit. I

was sitting in the front row watching. He read a poem in character with great dynamics. The audience was captivated. Then in the middle of the poem, from somewhere in the middle of the audience, a little kid yelled out, "Hey, he's not bad for an old man!" The crowd went up in laughter along with Granddaddy, and the mood was lost, but I still remember the terrific job he did on that poem, even to be complimented by a kid.

The house that sits upon the hill at Good Endeavor Farm holds such memories for me that every room sings when I enter. The kitchen bubbles with past dinners and the joviality of the preparation. After dinner, we would congregate there once again to clean up. The dishwasher would be rolled across the floor to sit next to the sink. And the freezer was always packed with an assortment of ice creams. If thirst came to you, all you would need to do is unlatch the door to the pantry, and there would sit a treasure of drinks. The stall that sat there was for hurried purposes mainly. There were also numerous large freezers that I never looked in.

Ned's note - Mother (Joyce) was a very giving person. She was usually very enthusiastic and supportive. She spent most of her time taking care of Dad, the house, and the kids. She wrote a lot of letters to relatives. She tried her best to keep up with others, e.g., her godchild Cathy Schuknecht in New York. Mom was game for most things. She was good at ping pong and enjoyed our camping trips. She spent a lot of time canning, preparing food from the garden that dad grew, and making apple pies. She loved to swim and comb the dogs' hair. She tried spinning wool and knit a great number of scarves. She liked to entertain but often got nervous preparing for dinner parties.

Dad (Jim) always had projects going around the farm. He would come home from working at ASARCO, have dinner and then go mow the fields. Most of the time his projects consisted of fixing the mower, or the rake, or the lawnmower. I remember many times he would come in soaking wet, water dripping from his nose, for a cold drink of lemonade.

Dad would usually stop what he was doing to play a set of tennis, go for a dip and then go back to work. He always said that the only purpose for the pool was to cool off so he could play another set of tennis. Dad liked having picnics at the farm. They would invite 20 - 30 people over; we would play lots of tennis, then Dad would go cook steaks and corn, get the beer out and sit down and talk politics.

References

ASARCO Book

BGE Book on RHT

"A Little Girl Goes Barnstorming" by Frances Nelson Tillman