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RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

In part However — I was born in a log house in Erie County, Pennsylvania, on November 5th, 1857. It was the home of my pioneering maternal grandfather Walter Raleigh McCullough. No home in which I have ever lived has left me with pleasanter memories of itself. It was a Cape Cod house, a story and a half high, built of matched hewn logs, its floors of narrow fitted oak planks, its walls ceiled, its "up stairs" finished, a big great fireplace in its living room. There were spreading frame additions to accomodate the multiple activities of a farm which was in my time a ~~growing~~ going concern. I remember best the big cool milk room with its dozens of filled pans on the racks, its huge wooden bowl heaped with yellow butter on its way to the firkin, its baskets piled with eggs, its plump dressed poultry ready for market. ~~However~~, if it had not been for the Panic of 1857 and the long Depression which followed it I should have been born in Taylor County, Iowa. That was what my father and mother had planned.

1
2 2
#1 1
Begin

Like all young married people of pioneer ancestry and experience having their way to make my parents (parents) ~~they~~ wanted land. Land of their own combined with what my father could earn

I.

"Sweet Lady, that 2nd paragraph makes an extraordinarily good opening" and also ~~this~~ "however" does not come in as well where it is — to cut off what "however" links with, drains its force.

T. [Pardon, but I so disapprove of ~~this~~ unnatural omission of a conjunction that my teeth ache & my ear ring]

#

at his profession as a teacher, and his trade as a joiner, meant future security. It was the proved way of the early American.

After much looking about in Northeastern Pennsylvania where the families of both of them were settled, they had decided that the West offered greater opportunity and so in the Spring of 1857, a year after his marriage, my father, Franklin Sumner Tarbell by name, started out to find a farm. He had but little money in his pocket and the last one hundred fifty miles of his search were made on foot. How enthusiastic he was over the claim he at last secured! His letters tell of the splendid dome of sky which covered it, of the far view over the prairie, of marvellous flowers and birds, of the daily passing along the horizon of a stream of covered wagons, settlers bound for California, Pikes Peak, Kansas, Nebraska, and some of them he ~~was~~ found ~~to discover earlier~~ were earlier settlers ~~from the~~ leaving this very state of Iowa which for the moment seemed to him the gate to Paradise.

~~Isn't historically something of [illegible] so open~~

~~your little [illegible], but this way of something~~

~~a natural [illegible] [illegible] young [illegible]~~

~~[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~

~~[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] I know~~

~~[illegible] to a [illegible] in Mr [illegible] in~~

~~the [illegible] [illegible]~~

~~[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] are~~

~~all [illegible] [illegible]~~

He set himself gaily at breaking land, building the house for mother, working in a saw mill to pay for the lumber. He did it alone, even to the making of window frames and doors. I know how he did it - whistling from morning 'til night, mischief and tenderness chasing each other across his blue eyes as he thought of my mother's coming, their future together.

The plan they had made provided for her going West with their household goods in August. The money was arranged for, so they thought, but before it was taken from the bank the panic came and every county bank in Pennsylvania was closed. There was no money anywhere, nothing to do but my mother to stay where she was while my father struggled to earn by teaching and carpenter work the money which would bring us on. But the Panic reached Iowa, dried up its money supply. People were living by barter, my father reported. What a heart-breaking waiting it was for them coming as it did after an engagement of six years every week of which they had both found long.

The fall and winter of 1857, the spring and summer of 1858 passed. Still there was no money to be had and then in the Fall of 1858 father started out to teach his way to us. Before he found a school he had walked one hundred and eighty miles - walked until his shoes and clothes were worn and tattered. It was "shabby and broke", as he had written it would be that he finally in the Spring of 1859 when I was a year and a half old made his way back to my Mother still living in the log house in Erie County.

According to family annals I deeply resented the intimacy between the strange man and my mother, so far my exclusive possession.

The problem for my father now was to earn money to take us back to Iowa, for my mother to continue her patient waiting. For a dozen years before her marriage she had taught district schools in Erie County, as well as in a private school of an Aunt in Poughkeepsie, New York. A good teacher but married she must stay with her family until her husband had a home ready for her, so ruled my grandmother chock-full, as she was, of the best and severest New England rules for training girls to be ladies. You might live in a log house, you were reminded loftily that many of the "best families" had done that while "settling the country" but you must "never forget who you are!" "Remember that your father is a McCullough of an ancient and ~~humble~~ honored Scotch clan, his mother a Raleigh of Sir Walter's family, that I am a Seabury, my ~~great~~ great uncle the first Episcopal Bishop in the United States, my mother a Welles, her father on Washington's staff." It was like a litany her four dauthers all had to learn!

My father ~~had work waiting~~ waited exciting ~~business~~ employment. For six or seven years before his marriage when he was earning his way through the Academy of Jamestown, New York, his summers had been spent in charge of a fleet of three or more ~~barges~~ flat boats loaded

[More later reference to the [illegible] trade [illegible] [illegible] think [illegible] [illegible]]

See below

Second reading, Now I guess
you mean he had exciting
work awaiting him, but you
see one does only guess
an exciting time, waiting
I think "work" there is so
ambiguous that you should
use my version else any
employment while by
"exciting
waited" I see how that last is what
if I get your meaning

with merchandise to be delivered at trading points on the Allegheny and the Ohio Rivers- always as far South as Louisville - sometimes even up the Mississippi. "Captain Tarbell" his jolly little crew called him. Colorful travel, exasperating often, dangerous at times, for the River was the chief highway of a great country. To its waters came the honest pioneer and trader, the teacher, the preacher, the scientist, the prophet, as well as every species of gambler, charlatan, speculator, swindler, cut-throat. My father's stories of what he saw were among the joys of my childhood:- a great fleet of steamboats burning at Pittsburgh, a hanging, river churches and preachers and show boats, children who never knew other than a boat, ~~for a~~ home, towns, cities and what he loved best of all - nights floating quietly down the great Ohio, the moon above. Not strange that after those cruel months of working his way back to us he should have seized this opportunity again to take charge of his Jamestown friend's river enterprise.

All went well with the trip and at the end of August 1859 he turned back, money in his pocket to take us to ✓ Iowa, ~~so he wrote~~. But as he journeyed he was met everywhere by news of an exciting discovery - a man had drilled a well near a lumber settlement in Northwestern Pennsylvania, Titusville it was called - drilled for oil and found it in quantities. My father, like all men who traveled up and down the Allegheny and Ohio in those days, was familiar with crude petroleum. [illegible] He had used it to grease creaking machinery and, too, as a medicine - a general cure all - Seneca oil, used it for the colds, the fever, and ague, the weak lungs which had afflicted him from boyhood. He knew, too, that there were those who believed that if rock-oil, as it was called, could be found in sufficient quantities it would make a better light than the whale oil then in common use. The well near Titusville proved that if other reservoirs or veins could be opened by drilling as had been done in this case there would be oil to light the world for the well was producing fifty to one hundred barrels a day, so my father was told. Nobody knew how much. Rumors were exciting and grew in the telling. The nearer he came to Erie County the bigger the well. He met men on foot and horseback making their way in. Something to look into before he started back to Iowa. He looked into it, not merely at Titusville ~~and~~ with its first well, but he went ~~the wells drilling~~ down the stream on which the first well stood, and where other wells were already drilling. Oil Creek it was called. What if they continued to get oil, my father asked himself, where would they put it? They would need tanks, tanks in numbers. He believed he could build one that would hold five hundred or more barrles. He said as much to the owner of a well drilling down the creek near the mouth of a tributary called Cherry Run. "Show me a model that won't leak and I'll give you an order." He lost no time in making his model and got his order. X

Here was a chance for a business if oil continued to be found, a business with more money in it than he had ever dreamed of making. Moreover, he knew all the elements of that business, had had experience in handling them. Tank building called for his trade, that of the joiner. Iowa could wait.

By the summer of 1860 he had his shop going at the mouth of Cherry Run near the well for which he had received his first order. The shop running, he built what was to be my mother's first home of her own, the one for which with infinite confidence and infinite pain she had been wa~~n~~iting since her marriage four years and a half before.

It was in October of 1860 that my father drove his little family over the Allegheny foothills some forty miles. There were two of us children now for in July of 1860 my brother William Walter Tarbell, mamed from his two grandfathers had been born. Close beside his shop ~~he~~ father had built a shanty. It had a living room with an alcove, a family bedroom with trundle beds for us children and a kitchen. A covered passage led into the shop which was soon to be the joy of my life for here were great piles of long odorous curly pine shavings into which to roll, to take naps, to trim my gown and in which to search day in and day out for the longest, the curliest.

But these shavings and my delight in them were a later discovery. My first reaction to my new surroundings was one of acute dislike. It aroused me to a revolt which is the first thing I am sure I remember about my life - the birth in me of conscious experience. This revolt did not come from natural depravity, on the contrary it was a natural and righteous protest against having the kind of life and home I had known and which I

[illegible]

loved taken away without explanation and a new scene, a new set of rules which I did not like suddenly imposed.

My life in the log house had been full of joyous interests. There were turkeys and ducks and chickens, lambs and colts and calves, kittens and puppies - never lacked the without playmates. #

There were trees and woods and flowers in summer - a great fireplace with pop corn and maple candy in winter and I an only grandchild the center of it all. But what had I come to - a place of perils as mother realized - a creek rushing wildly at the side of the house, great oil pits sunken in the ~~new~~ earth not far away, a derrick inviting to adventurous climbing at the door. No wonder that warnings and scoldings and occasional switchings dogged my steps. Moreover, I was no longer the center of the circle, a baby filled her arms - "my" arms! A man still strange gave me orders and claimed her - "my" mother.

It was not to be endured and so one November day just after my third birthday I announced I was going to leave. "Going back to grandma." "Very well," my mother said. I knew the way the men went when they walked away from the shop and I followed it, but not far. Across the valley in which we lived ran an embankment. To my young eyes it was as high as a mountain and the nearer I came the higher it looked, the higher and blacker. And then suddenly as I came to its foot I realized that I had never been on the other side, that I did not know the way to grandma's. I knew I was beaten and sat down to think it over.

Needs something — since you
don't mean I am sure that
these animals were not
without playmates

Never in all these years since have I faced defeat, known that I must retreat that I have not been again that little figure with the black mountain in front of it, a little figure looking longingly at a shanty dim in the growing night but showing a light in the window.

Finally I turned slowly back to the house and sat down on the steps. It seemed a long time before the door opened and my mother in a surprised voice said, "Why, Ida, I thought you had gone to Grandmas." "I don't know the way," I said humbly. "Very well, come in and get your supper." Respect for my mother, her wisdom in dealing with hard situations was born then. I was not to be punished; I was not to be laughed at; I was to be accepted. Years later she was to tell me of the unhappy hour she spent watching me go off so sturdily, coming back so droopingly, watching with tears running down her cheeks, but determined I must learn my lesson. It was a bit of wisdom she never ceased to practice. My mother always let me carry out my revolts, return when I would and no questions asked.

tr 2

There is but one other episode in the three years we were to spend in the shanty on the Flats. that had for me the same self-revealing quality as this revolt. It was my first attempt to test by experiment. ~~A~~ The brook which ran beside the house, near rapid, noisy, in times of high water dangerous for children. Watching it fascinated I observed that some things floated on the surface, others dropped to the bottom. It set me to wondering what would happen to my little brother, then in dresses, if dropped in. I had to find out. There was a foot bridge near the house and one day when I supposed I was unobserved I led him onto it and dropped him in. His little skirts spread out and held him up. Fortunately at that moment his screams brought a nearby workman and he was rescued. I suppose I was spanked, of that I remember nothing, only the peace of ~~[illegible] that~~ satisfied curiosity certainty that my brother belonged to the catagory of things which floated.

in the

What I really remember of these early days concemns only my personal discoveries, discoveries of the kind of person I was, of the nature of things around me which stirred my curiosity. ~~The test which I have always applied to decide if the experience was deep enough to etch itself on my memory or if I had accepted it as happening from hearing it told and re-told by others has been whether or no the event acted itself on a scene,~~ a scene with a background, exits ~~and~~ entrances and properties. I know I remember my revolt and defeat because I ~~have~~ always see it as an act on a stage, every detail, every line clear.

over

A

Of the pregnant, bizarre and often tragic development going on about me I remember nothing yet the uncertainties and dangers of it were part of our daily fare.

Whether there was ~~their~~ oil in sufficient quantities in the ground to justify the prodigious effort being made ~~making~~ to find it - Nobody ~~would it held out?~~ could know. If not the shop and shanty were a dead loss - another long delay on the road to Iowa. All that winter of 1860 and 1861 my father was asking himself that question. ~~It was answered by the bringing in up and down Oil Creek that year.~~

~~but~~ in 1861 it was answered by the bringing in up and down Oil Creek ~~[illegible]~~

A Whether or not ~~an~~ a childish experience was deep enough to etch itself on my memory or if I only knew of it from hearing it told ~~&~~ and retold I always decide by this test: if I really remember it ~~the~~ happening it is set in a scene.

came in - wells producing

~~in 1861~~ ~~of~~ a succession of flowing wells, from three hundred to three thousand barrels a day - "fountain wells" - "spouters" - they called them from the great steams that rose straight into the air, one to two hundred feet to fall in a oily green-black spray over the surrounding landscape.

[illegible]

Deadly, dangerous, too, as the Oil Region~~s~~ ~~were~~ was to learn to ~~its~~ the sorrow by a disaster almost at the door steps of our Cherry Run home. It was the evening of April 17, 1861. The news of the Fall of Sumter had just reached the settlement, remote as it was from rail and telegraph connections, ~~that afternoon~~ and all the men of the town had gathered after supper at one place or another to discuss the situation. What did it mean? What would the president do? My father was sitting on a cracker barrel in the one general store when as ~~they talked~~ his friends talked a man ran in to tell them Company that ~~that a well on the edge of town which its owner, Henry Rouse had been drilling deeper had struck~~ a fresh vein of oil, B was spouting "over the derrick." Great news for the community still uncertain as to the extent of its field. Great news for my father. It meant tanks. Everybody jumped to run to the well when the earth was rocked by a mighty explosion. A careless light had ignited the gas which had spread ~~widely~~ from the flowing oil until it had enveloped everything in the vicinity. Before my father reached the place nineteen men, among them his friend Henry Rouse, the well-owner, had been burned to death. How many had escaped and in what condition nobody knew.

19

B

A

on the edge of the town which

A had been struck in a well site owner Henry Rouse
had been drilling deeper. The oil was of
our B.

Late that night as my father and mother grieved over the tragedy they heard outside their door a stumbling something. Looking out they saw before them a terrible sight, a man burned and swollen beyond recognition and yet alive, alive enough to give his name - one of their friends. My mother took him in - the alcove became a hospital. For weeks she nursed him - the task of the woman in a pioneer community, a task which she accepted as her part. The man lived due to her care. The relics of that tragedy were long about our household - comforts and bedquilts she had pieced and quilted for Iowa stained with linseed oil, but too precious to be thrown away.

But all this is as something read in a book, something which has become more poignant as the years have gone by and I am able to sense what those long weeks of care over that broken man meant to my mother.

The business prospered, the shop ~~on the Creek~~ grew. A second was opened a few miles ~~up~~ the Creek at Petroleum Center. And then in the winter of 1864 and 1865 there came one of the most sensational of all early oil discoveries - Pithole - and here father quickly opened shops. Little do I remember of all this, not ~~even the increased comforts of living, the new home on the hillside above the town by this time known as Rouseville. I have no recollection of going in to that new home~~ but the change in the outlook on the world about me I do remember. We had lived on the edge of an active oil farm and oil town. No industry of man in its early days has ever been as destructive of beauty, order, decency, as the production of petroleum. All about us rose

Over

Over
A

B

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But all this is as something read in a story - something which has become more poignant as the years have gone by and I am able to sense what those long weeks of care over that broken man meant to my mother.

The business prospered, the shop on the creek grew. A second was opened a few miles up the creek at Petroleum [illegible], and then in the winter of 1864 and 1865 there came one of the most sensational of all early oil discoveries - Pithole - and here father quickly opened a shop. Little do I [illegible] not prospering [illegible] hillside above the town [illegible] have no recollection [illegible] but the change in the outlook on the world about me I do remember. We had lived on the edge of an active [illegible] and oil town. No industry of man in its early days has ever been as destructive of beauty, order, decency, as the production of petroleum. All about us rose

* the increased comforts of life
moving in to the new home
on the hillside above the town
by this time known as Rouseville.

Wm B

derricks, squatted engine houses and tanks; the earth about them was streaked and damp with the dumpings of the pumps which brought up regularly the sand and clay and rock through which the drill had made its way. If oil was found, if the well flowed, every tree, every shrub, every bit of grass in the vicinity was coated with black grease and left to die. ~~Tar and oil stained everything.~~ If the well was dry a rickety derrick, piles of debris, pools of tar ~~oily holes~~ were left, for few ~~nobody ever~~ cleaned up in those days.

But we had left the center of this disorder, gone to the hillside, looked down on it and as for me I no longer saw it for opposite us was a hillside so steep it had never been drilled. It was clothed with the always changing beauty of trees and shrubs, the white shad flowers and the red maples, the long garlands of laurel and azalea in the spring, the green of every shade through the summer, ~~and~~ the crimson and gold, russets and tans of the fall, the frost and snow-draped trees of the winter. ~~I did not see the derricks~~ below ~~for the trees~~ beyond. The hillside above our house and the paths which led around it became a play ground in which I revelled. I was not the only one about to forget the ugliness of the valley and remember through life the beauty of those hillside. (3W) Years later I was to discover that ~~know fairly well~~ one of the greatest figures in the development of oil, Henry H. Rogers, ~~when I knew him the active head of the Standard Oil Company. We discovered in talking over the early days of the industry that at the very moment I was beginning to run~~ roam ~~the hills above Rouseville he was~~

~~[illegible] is made [illegible] a sound like~~ part of a feather

~~pointless joke by the [illegible] of the~~

~~[illegible]~~

see 12-1 to 4.

Digital Image, 2011. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library.

[illegible]

Was my neighbor in those days and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~an enthusiastic~~ amazingly ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ like me had kept delightful memories of the place. ~~It is running ahead of my story perhaps yet I am pressed to write here how I would that discovery of Henry Huttleston Rogers I so interesting to me, really be begin here since it adds~~ I came about in this way. I had undertaken to write for McClure's Magazine of which I was then serving as a contributing editor, a Hist. of the S. O. Co. Soon after the announcement was made Mark Twain said to my editor-in-chief Mr. S. S. McClure that ~~his~~ Mr. Rogers wanted to know what kind of a history he was to publish. "Ask Miss Tarbell" was Mr. McClure's reply. "Would Miss Tarbell see Mr. Rogers?" ~~asked~~ M.T.

Mr. McClure was sure that I would, which was true, and before anything else an interview was soon arranged at Mr. Rogers' house then at 26 E. 57th St. I was rather nervous. I had met many kinds of people but this was my first ~~[illegible]~~ high-ranking captain of industry. Mr. Rogers shook, laying the fear but the ~~[illegible]~~ both

the friend

[illegible]

12-2

in Wall street & in ~~the~~ a the concern which at that ~~[illegible]~~ moment ranked as the most ^[illegible]^ perfect money[illegible] thing in America if not in the world. Was I putting my head into a Lion's mouth? I did not think so. It seemed quite evident to me that to bite my head off would be the stupidest thing the S. O. Co. could do ~~[illegible]~~ (that!) their reputation being what it was. ^apart they were not stupid.^ I was not afraid but I was nervous. ~~I~~ I confess [illegible]

¶ However as I stepped from my cab I looked up at the front of the office & there in a second-story window stood Mr Rogers, evidently watching for me. It was reassuring. Perhaps he was nervous too! It was not that. He was interested — curious ~~to know~~. His greeting was frank & hearty. Plainly he wanted me to feel at ease to talk while he appraised me deciding whether ~~I~~ I was ~~[illegible]~~ ^unprejudiced^ enough for him to spend his time on.

"Where & when did you get interested in oil?" he asked. "On the flats & creeks of Rouseville," I told him. "Of course — Tarbell's. "Of course" he cried. "Your father. I could Tank Shop. I knew put my finger on where ~~scraps~~ the spot —

It was one thing to tackle the S. O. Co. in documents as I ~~had been~~ was doing and quite another thing to meet it face to face. ~~My mental processes are slow. I am not~~

2-3

where those shops stood."

We were off. We forgot our serious business and for a half-hour talked of our early days on the Creek. Mr Rogers told me how the ~~oil~~ news of the oil excitement had drawn him from his boyhood home in Mass., how he had found his way to Rouseville, gone into refining, married and built him out a home on a hillside adjoining ours. "It was a ~~narrow~~ little white house" he said "with a high ~~pointed~~ peaked roof." "I" - ~~with a [illegible]~~ the same "Oh but I remember it" I cried. "The prettiest house in the ~~world~~ ever I thought it". It was my first Gothic arch"

We re-constructed the geography of our neighborhood, ~~[illegible]~~ lingering over the charm of the narrow ravine which separated our hillsides, a path on each side. "Up ~~that old~~ that path,

See 13 A.

B. Could ~~one~~ ~~to~~ two strangers come a little way of the other than had a more auspicious beginning for a serious talk? - for what followed ~~[illegible]~~ ② ~~[illegible]~~ was serious ~~[illegible]~~

12 – 4

with moments of strain ~~xx~~ & ending ~~[illegible]~~ nevertheless in a degree of confidence on each side, sufficient ~~con~~fidence at least for us to decide on a working agreement, But that talk & that agreement & the way it was carried out belongs (35) years ahead in this story — only our mutual pleasure in [illegible], the [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ and ravines of ~~[illegible] of~~ Rouseville belongs here.

~~and our experiences there~~

~~Here~~

~~just what~~ ~~there~~ the [illegible] to which I had come back to do with - my memory

See 13. C

~~running a small refinery on the Creek and living on a hillside just below ours, separated only by a narrow ravine along each side of which ran a path.~~ A # "Up that path," Mr. Rogers told me, "I used to carry our washing every Monday morning, and go for it every Saturday night. Probably I've seen you hunting flowers on your side of the ravine. How beautiful it was; I was never happier." ~~That reminiscence of Henry H. Rogers was only one of several reasons I have for heartily liking as fine a pirate as ever flew his flag in Wall Street.~~

That -2 had left the State behind

Sec 12-3 B.

My Life became ~~constantly~~ rapidly more conscious ~~now~~, experience deeper. Here was My first realization of tragedy, ~~came there.~~ It was in the Spring of 1865, Father was coming up the hill, mother and I were

~~I hat a fa[illegible] he [illegible] on [illegible]~~

"and"

Of course he did. T.

watching for him. Usually he walked with a brisk step, head up, but now his step was slow, his head dropped. Mother ran to meet him crying, "Frank, Frank, what is it?" I did not hear the answer but I shall always see my mother turning at his words, burying her face in her apron, running into her room sobbing as if her heart would break. And then the house was shut up and crepe was put on all the doors and I was told that Lincoln was dead.

From that time the name spelt tragedy and mystery. Why all this sorrow over one we had never seen, who did not belong to our world - my world? Was there something beyond the circle of hills within which I lived that concerned me? Why, and in what way did this mysterious outside concern me?

It was not for lack of material on Lincoln in the household that I at eight years of age should have been so unconscious of him. My father was an ardent Republican. Back in '56 he had written from his river trip~~s~~, "Hurrah for Freemont and Dayton." As soon as he had had more money than the actual needs of the family required he had subscribed to Harpers Weekly, Harpers Monthly, the New York Tribune, began to buy books. Of all of these I remember only the Weekly and Monthly. My brother and I used to lie flat on our stomachs heels in the air by the hour turning over the exciting pages of the war numbers, but none of it went behind my eyes - none concerned me. Only now when I go back to the files of those old papers there is a whispering of something once ~~long~~ familiar.

Of the Monthly I have more distinct recollections. It was in these that I first began to read freely. Many a private picnic did I have with the Monthly under the thorn bushes on the hillside above Oil Creek, a lunch basket at my side. There are still in the family store room copies of Harpers Monthly stained with lemon pie dropped when I was too deep into a story to be careful. # Here I read my first Dickens, my first Thackery, my first Marian C. Evans, as George Eliot then signed herself. My first Wilkee Collins, came to me in the Weekly. over A

B

However, all the reading I was doing was not so respectable. On the sly I was devouring a sheet forbidden to the household - the Police Gazette, the property of the men around the house, for we had men around the house, men of various degrees of acceptability to my mother but all necessary to my father's enterprises. The business had grown; it meant a clerk, bosses, workmen. In a pioneer community like ours the difficulty of finding comfortable living quarters for single men was great. My father and mother both brought up on farms accepted as a matter of course the housing and feeding of hired men. So it was in line with their experience ~~then~~ as well as to meet the necessities of the case that our household was arranged to ~~provide quarters for~~ take care of a certain number of men connected with my father's business. For sleeping quarters a bunk house was built on the hillside; mornings and evenings they sat at the family table. This accepting men of whose manners and ways she often heartily disapproved was distasteful to my mother, but she had not been a school teacher for nothing and she

But ¶ they confused me — brought in idea of a

~~[Why you mention this was all pirated litera- when I fed at the same time on Harper's pirated paper covered copies of Dickens — I can see em now. And see a little pitiful folio there meditating dreams of zen]~~

(2 was to learn long later)

A Great literature — all pirated — my friend (V.R.) tells me that at this time she was reading Harper's pirated paper-bound copies of Dickens — it was many later that they came my way.

Cm B.

applied her notions of discipline strictly. She would not have swearing, drinking, rough manners and certainly she would not have had the Police Gazette in the household. But the men had it and now and then when my brother and I played about the bunk house it was easy for me to pick up a copy and slip it away where my dearest girl friend and I looked unashamed and entirely unknowing on its rough and brutal pictures. If they were obscene we certainly never knew it. There was a wanton gaiety about the women, a violent rakishness about the men, wicked we ~~knew~~ supposed, but not the less interesting for that.

One reason the Police Gazette fascinated me was that it pictured a kind of life I knew to be flourishing in a neighboring settlement, a settlement where my father had shops run by a boss who with his sister were family friends and where I was often allowed to visit on ~~the theory I suppose that I was too young to be interested in unwholesome things. In that of course they were mistaken.~~ This settlement, Petroleum Center, had by something like general consent become Oil Creek's "sink of inequity."

The discovery of oil, the growing certainity that it was the beginning of a new industry, that money was flowing into the Oil Regions quickly brought ~~in~~ an invading host of men and women seeking fortunes. It was a new and rich field for tricksters, swindlers, exploiters of vice in every known form. They were soon setting up shops in every settlement and to the credit of the manhood of the Oil Regions being driven out by self-directed vigilantees.

At Rouseville a "joy boat" which made its way up the Creek that first winter and tied up near my father's shop was cut loose in the middle of the night after its arrival. Its visitors found themselves floating down the Allegheny River the next morning and obliged to walk back. From that time open vice shunned the town. But when wealth poured out of the ground at Petroleum Center there was too great excitement to think of order, decency. Before it was realized the town was alive with every known form of wantonness and wickedness. By the time I was allowed to visit our friends there I saw from the corner of my eye as I walked sedately the length of the street saloons, dance halls, brothels and I noted many curious things. The house where I visited stood on a slope overlooking one of the most notorious dance halls of the Oil Regions - Gus Reil's.. Often I left my bed at night and watched that long low building from which rose loud laughter, ribald songs, shouts, curses. Later horror was added to Gus Reil~~'s~~ fascination for here a Rouseville boy was shot one night.

#1

If Petroleum Center was giving me an opportunity to feed my curiosity about things in the world of which I was not supposed to know # ~~anything, it also furnished the opportunity~~ over A ~~to arouse in me one of the most beautiful interests that came in my youth and that was my interest in the stars.~~ leading to B My father had seen the early passing of the wooden oil tank~~s~~, the coming of the iron tank and had used his capital to become an oil producer. One of his first investments had been in an

B

A

It happened also to be the indirect means of awaking my interest in the states, one of the most beautiful interests of my youth. our B.

{You ~~made a world of~~ prayers this and then I did likewise; now the above seems ample & adequate}

~~It also happened to opened the way to my interest in the states, one of the most beautiful interests of the my youth.~~

~~That is the first step to your father's combination of ideas, but I think it to believe I got something combination~~

~~I think better that Petroleum Center was also happened that~~ the indirect means of awaking my interest in the states, one of the ~~most beautiful~~ interests of my youth.

oil farm on the ~~Creek~~ hills above the wicked town which so excited my curiosity. His partner in this venture, E. M. Hess, lived on this farm with his family ~~was~~ an altogether unusual man - educated - with a vein of poetry in him. ~~On the hill above Petroleum Center where he and father operated he and his family lived.~~ In that family was a daughter about my age and bearing my name - Ida. We became friends and ~~constantly~~ visited back and forth as chance offered. My chance came often when Mr. Hess riding with a companion over the ~~Creek~~ hills to Rouseville to consult with father dropped ~~the~~ his companion and took me back with him usually at night. A fine pair of saddle horses he had - "High Fly" and Shoo Fly." My first experiences in horse-back riding was on "Shoo Fly" - over the hills after dark, following Mr. Hess, As we rode he would stop ~~he stopping~~ every now and then to name the stars, trace the constellations, repeat the legends. My first consciousness of space, ~~and of~~ its beauty, its something more than beauty, came then.

Not a bad counter ~~irritant~~ balance for what I was gathering in the town below the farm on the hill and in the Police Gazette which so perfectly pictured its activities.

But there were other correcting forces at work on me. The men who made up the vigilantee committee which had made Rouseville difficult for commercialized vice ~~at a price~~, my father one of them, had set themselves early ~~xxxxxxx~~ to establishing civilizing agencies - first a church.

It was decided by the men and women who were to build and support this church that it should be of the denomination of which there were the largest number in the community. The oil farm on the Creek above the wicked town which so excited my curiosity. His partner in this venture, H. M. Hess, was an altogether unusual man - educated, - with a vein of poetry in him. On the hill above, stylish for that time, he and father operated - and his family lived. With that family was a daughter about my age and bearing my name - Ida. We became friends and occasionally visited back and forth as chance offered. My chance came often when Mr. Hess riding with a companion over the Creek to Rouseville to consult with father dropped the companion and took me back with him usually at night. A fine pair of saddle horses he had - "High Fly" and "Shoo Fly". My first experience in horse-back riding was on "Shoo Fly" - over the hills after dark, following Mr. Hess, he stopping every now and then to name the stars, trace the constellations, repeat the legends. My first consciousness of space and its beauty and meaning were that beauty came then.

I would prefer "Cumulative balance" to "Cumulative adulant"

was
[illegible] contentment for what I gathering in his town below the farm on the hill and the Police Gazette which so perfectly pictured its activities.

But there were other competing forces at work on me. The men and women in the vigilantes committee which had made Rouseville difficult for commercialized vice ~~and pirate~~, my father one of them, had set themselves early ~~xxxxxx~~ to establishing civilizing agencies - first a church.

It was decided by the men and women who were to build and support this church that it should be of the denomination of which there were the largest number in the community. The

Methodists had it and so my father and mother who were Congregationalists became and remained Methodists. Their support was active from the first. We did not merely go to church, but we stayed to class meeting~~s~~; we went to Sunday School where both father and mother had classes; we went to Wednesday night, or was it Thursday night Prayer Meeting. And when there was a revival we went every night. In my tenth or eleventh year I "went forward" not from a sense of guilt but because everybody else was doing it. My sense of sin came after it was all over and I was tucked away in bed at night. I had been keenly conscious as I knelt at the Mourners' bench that the long crimson ribbons which hung from my hat must look beautiful on my cream colored coat. The realization of that hypocrisy ~~for so I called it~~, cut me to the heart. I knew myself a sinner then and the relief I sought in prayer was genuine, ~~though~~ I never confessed. It wasn't the kind of sin other converts talked about. But it aroused self-observation; I learned ~~too~~, that often when I was saying the polite or proper thing I was thinking quite differently. ~~I was a double dealer, a hyprocrite.~~ For a long time it made me secretly unhappy thinking that in me alone ran an underground river of thought. Later I began ~~soon~~ to suspect that other people were like this, that always there flowed a stream of unspoken thought~~s~~ under the spoken thought~~s~~. It made me wary of strangers.

Five years went by in the house on the hill and then in 1870 when I was thirteen I found myself in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in a new house my father had built, the place which was to be my home until he and mother had gone - forty five years later. Titusville was not like Rouseville which had suddenly sprung ~~out~~ from the mud as uncertain as a mushroom of a future. Titusville ~~It~~ had been a substantial settlement many ~~twenty~~ years before oil was found there, small but sturdy with a few families who had made money chiefly in lumber, owning good homes, carefully guarding the order and decency of the place.

The discovery of oil overran the settlement with hundreds of fortune seekers. They came from far and near, on foot, horseback, wagon. The nearest railroad connection ~~was~~ thirty miles away and the roads and fields leading in to town ~~were soon~~ and cut beyond recognition by the heavy hauling, and ~~its~~ streets were at times impassable with mud.

The new industry demanded machinery - tools - lumber ~~tanks~~ - and the bigger it grew the greater the call. Titusville, the birthplace of all this activity, as well as the gateway down the Creek, must furnish food and shelter for caravans of strangers, shops for their trades, offices for speculators and brokers, dealers in oil lands and leases, for oil producers, surveyors and draftsmen - all of the factors of the big business organization necessary to develop ~~and control~~ the industry. In 1865 the overflow was doubled by the arrival of a railroad with a connection thirty miles away with the East and West. The disbanding of the army in June of 1865 brought a new rush - men still in uniform their rifles and knapsacks on their back. Most of this fresh inflow was bound to the scene of the latest excitement - Pithole.