

Ida M. Tarbell  
120 East 19th St.  
New York City

## AMUSEMENTS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

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*American*  
The average self-respecting citizen of the 1870's and '80's had no doubt of the value of amusements in his scheme of life. A favorite saw summed up his philosophy - "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He believed in play, also he believed in keeping it in its place.

All the four agencies in which you lived, moved and had your being accepted this average citizen's views. In order of their importance these agencies were - the Home - the Church - the School - the Town. It would be too much to say that the authority of each was clearly defined, its activities fixed. Certainly it would be too much to say that their co-operation was always peaceful, uncritical. A good deal depended upon the leaders of the moment. A school superintendent who had a general grouch against life could do much to discourage the efforts of a happy-minded teacher to make school a little gay<sup>er</sup> for her pupils, the task of amusement <sup>lighter</sup> master for the Home. The harassed head of a family could shut down on his children, even keep them from enjoying what others provided. These were flies in the ointment. But they were recognized as flies, and everybody combined to get rid of them as best they could.

The severest critic of our amusements<sup>2</sup> was the Church, <sup>2</sup>  
<sup>the</sup> dictates were generally accepted. The sternest church in  
 our town was that to which my family subscribed - the Methodist  
 Episcopal. The Methodist Episcopal's discipline forbade  
 dancing, card playing, theatre going. However, even loyal  
 members like my father were frequently able without violence to  
 ✓ their consciences<sup>5</sup> to interpret the rules to suit their inclinations.  
 The ~~law~~<sup>discipline</sup> never stood in the way of father's going to the  
 circus or to the theatre. The first play I ever saw, I saw  
 with him - Jo Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle", my mother sternly  
 disapproving.

How he would have enjoyed her final conversion to the  
 theatre. It was long after his death. She was visiting me in  
 New York. I took her to see "Shore Acres", she not realizing where  
 she was going. She sat through it like a child, perfect enjoy-  
 ment, and when a little later I suggested a second play. "Would  
 you like to go?" "Yes," she said decidedly, "I suppose it is  
 wicked but I would."

Properly the task of finding daily amusements lay  
 mainly with the family. They had us on their hands and must suit  
 the amusements to our age<sup>es</sup> and our temperments. In so far as  
 possible they insisted both for their own peace of mind and our  
 health that play should be out of doors, particularly in our  
 younger years, say up to High School. We played after school in  
 the yard or on the block. You were by no means to go off the  
 block. Your crowd was the neighborhood crowd, but this  
 limitation stretched as High School days approached and you grew up.

began to make acquaintances outside the neighborhood, extended your crowd, your gang.

We had many games and how vigorous they were! There was tag and hand ball and leap frog and jumping rope and running races and pitching quoits and bean bags and hoops. There was Hop Scotch, Ring Around a Rosie, Run Sheep Run.

Many of these games had a hiding and finding theme, "Hide and Seek" <sup>was</sup> the favorite stand-by or "Hide and Find", as it was sometimes called. In "Hide and Seek" it was a person you hunted. We gave variety by substituting an article - "Button, Button, Who <sup>is</sup> has the Button?" It was made more difficult by blind-folding "It", the person chosen to do the hunting. "It" was named to catch, to tag, to find, and was released only when he caught, or tagged, or found a victim who in turn became "It."

Unquestionably the most important out-of-door amusement, whatever your age, whatever your group, was the picnic. It was the great standard American summer play activity. So important was it in our household that we had a complete picnic outfit - a huge tin coffee pot, a string of tin cups, tin spoons, three-tined forks, steel knives, tin plates, unbreakable dishes which were kept sacredly for the picnic - always shiny, always clean, always ready for the moment when somebody said, "What a lovely day, let's go to the woods for a picnic."

The church made its chief contribution to our gaiety by an annual Sunday School picnic to which everybody in the church was invited. A question which ~~raged~~ <sup>aged</sup> long before the Sunday School picnic, threatening sometimes to divide the

congregation was "Where shall we go?" The younger members wanted it to be somewhere on the cars. Their elders knowing all the dangers of taking a large number of little and big children on a train, voted for ~~some~~<sup>all</sup> by place where we could go by picnic wagons. However, we generally managed to set our tables and play our games near a body of water, that being the great desideratum for ~~all~~<sup>all</sup> picnics of a Sunday School and otherwise. In the Middle West and in the East as I knew it in those days towns rapidly developed picnic parks close to bodies of water. There was at least three within our reach. One, a long still body in our local stream made by a not too high dam, safe for boating and bathing, flanked by cleared woods, fitted up with tables. More exciting were the two lakes. One, a modest little body, only twelve or fifteen miles from town; the other thirty miles away already becoming nationally known - Chautauque Lake. To take the Sunday School to Chautauque and bring it back without accident was a feat which called for nerve-racking care and direction. But I have known it to be done.

I think we really had more fun at the little near-by lake. Here you fished and often caught something, also bathed. The boys and men in sheltered coves stripped of course; the girls and women in full view clothed in bathing suits which certainly would be considered now a sight to see. They were high in the neck, long sleeves, the drawers buttoned over long black stockings pulled above the knee. And this chaste outfit was always made of black sateen. Red or blue would have shocked the community.

While the Sunday School picnic was the Church's chief out-of-door contribution to the joy of our lives, the town's was certainly the Fourth of July celebration.

Fourth of July began when the clock struck twelve on the third, began with the ringing of bells, the testing of whistles, the firing of cannons and fire arms. My breakfast time the ears of the community were deafened to sound by the steady bombardment of big and little and giant crackers. No one had ever heard of a safe and sane Fourth of July at that time.

Our celebration was always something more than a local affair for we were the biggest thing in a radius of some twenty miles and usually were host to all little towns and settlements and farmers in the circle. They came in all the glory they could muster - bands and military companies in uniform, ladies in regalia, pretty girls on floats - all hoping to win the prizes offered.

The parade began at ten o'clock and by the time it was over you were pretty well exhausted. You did not go to the park to hear the speeches of the local orators if you could help yourself, but later in the day did go to see the ball game between your High School team and some neighboring Nine for by the '70's the baseball had been developed until all sorts of schools as well as every town had its team. It was already the national sport.

Fourth of July always ended in a bombardment of fireworks on which the town never spared expense. They opened with

a grand blast of rockets and Roman candles, accompaniment to an American flag which was touched off to the strains of "Star Spangled Banner" played by all the visiting bands, generally on different keys, no two coming out at the same time. Nevertheless, it was a grand exciting noise. Then came gigantic pin wheels, explosions of Roman candles, eruptions of rockets and with every one our long drawn, "Oh."

The display ended with a many colored flower basket, out of which poured Roman candles and rockets until the sky blazed with colored fire. When it was all over you went home proud of your town. Another night when you were content with your world.

But worse luck not all our amusements could be carried on out of doors. To begin with you were not supposed to gad about after dark even when in High School. Not only the family but the Church, and school and town insisted you stay in as a rule after supper. The town had a nine o'clock curfew; the teachers lectured on the impropriety of being out after dark, backed up your father and mother in their often repeated, "Early to bed and early to rise." But that did not mean that there was no fun going on after supper.

We were fitted out with many games - backgammon, dominoes, checkers, parchesa, authors, numbers, in which young and old joined. Many households played cards, but a deck was never allowed in our house. My father who stretched the discipline in the matter of the theatre was firm here. He had

seen too much of the iniquity of gambling in his pioneering to be able to endure the sight of the innocent card.

There were many games which taxed our wits - riddles, puzzles, quotations, charades. We always had a dash of magic, somebody who could play bewildering tricks. Along in the '70's and early '80's a wave of table tipping struck us. I joined a group. We sat silent in a dim light, little fingers touching, tips on the table. Night after night, the table would begin to rise on one side, rise steadily, until some one scared pulled away her hands and the spell was broken. Finally I began to suspect that our leader was skillfully exercising a pressure on her side of the table. It was not difficult to set up a counter-~~acting~~ pressure if I placed myself opposite. The upshot was that I ruined the table tipping of our particular group, but I felt a little ashamed of myself - never told.

Everybody danced of course, the polka, the schottish, the mazurka for the two\_somes. There were the square dances, the Virginia Reel and the Cotillion, the Quadrille - great fun all of them. The square dances made the parties extraordinarily noisy and jolly, sometimes rough and tumble. And this depended no little upon the fiddler and his calling off. Not infrequently these fiddlers were happy go luckies, half vagabond, famous for their shouting and their jokes.

The dancing became more formal when you were old enough to have a beau and go to real parties. Then you were not so much concerned with being gay as being proper.

In all this dancing I took no part. I was a member of the Methodist Church and took my discipline seriously, but at home I played the piano for a romping younger sister and her friends - "Monney Musk" - "Pop Goes the Weasel" - "The Irish Washwoman" - jolly little tunes which I banged out on the piano with great vigor.

But we by no means depended entirely on home-made amusements. Like every inland town of three or four thousand or more in that day, particularly if it was growing and prosperous as was ours, there was an ambition to persuade people to support what were called "good things." This was particularly strong with us after we had arrived at the elegance of an Opera House. Back in the '70's and '80's I heard in this town, five hundred miles from New York, not only Jo Jefferson but singers like Christine Neilson and Clara Louise Kellogg; great speakers like Wendell Phillips, James Parton, Anna Dickinson, Olive Logan. Ole Bull played his violin for us several times. That is, we were getting regularly a taste of drama and oratory and music, the best the country had to offer.

But there was plenty of commoner amusement like the Bohemian Glass Blowers and Peak's Family Bell Ringers - fascinating attractions. And there were things called vulgar. Our town once supported for several weeks Dr. Hoffman's Museum which offered a bearded lady and an educated pig which <sup>to</sup> on my great regret I was never allowed to look.

The fraternity of hawkers and walkers which played such a part in the entertainment of inland folks in earlier days was not yet entirely dissipated. The most delightful of these to many grown ups, as well as to youngsters, was a hand organ man with his monkey. You would go without your pandy to give that monkey a penny. Sometimes instead of the monkey was a parrot that swore at you competently to the great distress of your elders. But he told your fortune for an extra penny and you never held his profanity up against him<sup>in</sup>/your amazement over a bird that talked.

In all this amusement food played an immense part. In that two hours after school before supper when you played in the yard or on the block until exhausted you threw yourself down to rest on the grass Mother often appeared, "Children, wouldn't you like a cookie?" Or if she forgot you reminded her.

Our indoor evenings nearly always ended up with some kind of refreshment. There was the taffy you made and pulled; there was pop corn you popped and chestnuts you roasted. The best home-made sweet I remember was maple wax. The marvelous larder prepared to see us through the winter always included big and little cakes of maple sugar. We melted the hard sugar, poured it on snow and while it was still soft ate it. Delicious.

Each festivity had its own particular important dish. If you went out of town for a party as we so frequently did in the winter - a bob sled load for a dance taking along the fiddler you had chicken, preferably fricassed with plenty of waffles.

One of the tests of the success of the Sunday School picnic was whether the ice cream lasted as long as anybody <sup>35 appetite</sup> ~~wanted~~ any. Church Suppers advertised the cooking ability of the leading ladies. There was much rivalry. I remember particularly that over scalloped oysters. The six quart pan of scalloped oysters my mother usually contributed always came back scraped to the bottom. But she told <sup>me</sup> with satisfaction of other pans which were left half full. "You can't make good scalloped oysters out of oyster crackers," my mother would say scornfully.

But it was the Christmas dinner which was the high food spot of our year. It had all of the quality of a great ceremony, largely because we were so long preparing for it. You began in November with the making of the mince meat, the plum pudding, the fruit cake. And you had your part from the start. You seeded the raisins, you picked the meat out of nuts, you chopped the citron. When the mince meat was done you felt you were represented in every jar.

Then there was the long discussion over the turkey. One would suppose we never had turkey excepting Christmas. We did, but no other turkey was of consequence. Weeks beforehand was the question of where it should be bought. It wasn't a matter of leaving it to the regular butcher for he had given us a tough bird one Christmas and we had never forgiven him. So we began to look about the countryside for the farm which had the most promising flocks. And finally we chose one, ordered it, discussed its points. Then came the question of stuffing - plain, with oysters, with chestnuts. We were really acquainted with that

turkey before it came into the house. And when it came, so plump, so yellow and tender, you were allowed not to touch it, only to look at it as it lay in the big pan. You always wondered whether the oven would be big enough to hold it and what would happen if it wasn't.

Everything in the Christmas season seemed to lead up to that Christmas dinner, <sup>to be</sup> preliminary to the hour when everything on the table, the doors were thrown open. My father always asked a blessing on our food, but the blessing he asked at Christmas had a special quality, a shake of grateful emotion in his voice as he thanked the Lord for that which we were about to partake.

And we were gay. There was laughter and jokes until filled to the point where we could not take on another mouthful we left the table, generally carrying along with us the nuts, raisins and candy, to munch as we sat for a long time together in beautiful content talking it over.

Why did it all seem so tasty? Why did it have a tang difficult to capture today? <sup>There were two or three good reasons.</sup> / There was the belonging to a community in which for the day at least everybody, who as we said was anybody, wanted everybody to be fed and happy and was eager to do his part. There was the co-operation of all ages. Then we were not so surfeited with amusement that we had broken the edge of anticipation, that precious element in joy. When the Fourth of July was over we began counting on the Sunday School picnic, then Halloween, and then Christmas. Christmas over there was New Years and Valentine's Day and May Day waiting for you.

And for all of these great days you must prepare.

You made your Valentines unless you had saved your own money to buy them. You made your May Day baskets and hung them yourselves; you shelled, popped and strung the corn for the garlands on the Christmas tree, gathered and stored your chestnuts, ran errands - no telephones yet remember - you were a part of the thing to which you were looking forward.

And no little satisfaction in taking a part was that it taxed your ingenuity, invention, adaptation. It kept you on your toes; you saw that your fun depended partly at least on your contribution - a great lesson. Even if in the end realization was less than you had hoped, nothing could destroy the joy of your effort and of your dream.

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Amusements: *There was always a discussion of when we would go - the simpler the better I believe any - but as long as we can.*

The program included going places. You did not go simply for the sake of going, you went as a planned relief - too much staying at home, eye or nerve strain. To go for the sake of going, to gad about the world, to ~~work~~ come home and say, "I met so and so." "I saw so and so." No, that was not it. You had really a purpose.

In our family the goings were very modest. A trip I remember was when I was a little girl - my father took the whole family to Cleveland. ~~was~~ Not an easy trip in those days. It meant two changes of cars. It was our first big town and there being money in the bank at the moment we were all outfitted with caps and coats and armfuls of toys and my mother bought things she envied. And for the first time we stayed all night in a hotel. Very vague in my mind but it was something big and wonderful. Although what counted was the new hat and the doll I carried back in my arms. And then there were shorter trips and always there was the idea that we would go with <sup>when he</sup> father/went on business to New York - see Brooklyn Bridge. That somehow had caught my imagination which father had seen when he ~~went~~ had gone on one of his business trips.

So that in all this amusement there was the call of the world, what you were to see, but it was to come logically when you could afford it, when you had time, when you really needed a change, a more drastic change. <sup>th</sup> The excursions were also a part of the amusement of life. Every town, so I realise now, in all

P. W. W.

every town of every size. There were ~~straightaway~~ frequently the fine old road houses of the days when you travelled by coach. Here there was a uniform chickensupper, chicken and waffles sometimes, but chicken always. You took along the fiddler or perhaps <sup>if</sup> it was a very grand party you took along the orchestra. In our town we had an exceptional orchestra as I look back on it now with a man who was a natural musician who had somehow ~~had~~ acquired excellent training. His orchestra and band was the finest in all that part of the country and in great demand for swagger parties. It was very swagger, indeed, when we could hire ~~Coleman's~~ <sup>the</sup> orchestra for a party at some out-of-town place. Then you came back in the bob sled, snuggled up. Wise ladies of today frequently look meaningly at you when you speak of the bob sled. The boy was there likely to put his arm around you before you got home, but he was pretty sure not to do it until he had made certain that his tentative efforts were welcome. And did he kiss you goodbye at the door? It took a long time to get you to a point where you allowed that. ~~From a certain point~~ In my day in college in a co-educational institution we went to study not to foregather with the young men and as they still looked on us with considerable misgivings we were very careful of our ways. However, now and then a young women crept in that didn't have the same feeling about scholarship, her duty to vindicate the sex by proving that she had a mind as good as any boy, proving that she could take care of herself in male society without a chaperon. One would creep in who had no feelings about that, who liked the school because there were boys.

*from a certain point*

There was one such I remember - a demure, blue-eyed, blonde headed little minx, ~~of whom it was~~ <sup>when it was</sup> told with disapproving tones that a boy had been seen kissing her at the door. An instructor in our group took her in hand. She listened with down cast eyes, then raising those wonderful eyes said in a lisp which ~~simply characterized her~~ <sup>elements</sup> was one of her chief ~~parts~~ in her stock and trade, "Why, Miss Boyd, do you think it is wrong to kiss the boys? I thought it made them better."

Of course the answer was noised abroad for the instructor had a sense of humor.

All these <sup>M</sup> games and dancing were done to more or less hilarious singing. Many of our games ~~then~~ were played to jingles - "Ring Around a Rosie, a Pot full of Posies". If there was no appropriate jingle you sang any old tune that came in your head. It was part of our way of expressing our joy in life. And coming home from the bob sled parties there was always much singing, particularly in college. The old college songs have stood up pretty well. <sup>has</sup> disappeared, but the more sentimental ones have lasted. "Seeing Nellie Home" seems to be as good now as it was in the days of our bob sled parties and nearly always you went to bed with the strains of "Good night Lady" ringing in your head.

~~Being a part of this game~~

These are the regular amusements that I have been talking about, but we had our great days and we had our exciting unexpected events. As the towns grew they all acquired opera



## Games:

The point seems to be that we had few simple motives on which our leading games were founded. We hid and hunted for things. We made this hunting more difficult at times by blinding ourselves. We had different movements as a football player - as Button, Button, Who <sup>got</sup> the Button? - the passing from hand to hand. There was drop the handkerchief played on the same motive, finding new places to hide, new movements to bewilder, new questions to puzzle, but they were all based on the few primary movements. There was zest in the games and came largely from the variations we were able to invent.

## Amusements Indoors:

When the weather made these outdoor games impossible your activities were ~~is~~ transferred to the barn or to the house. After school before dark you could play your noisiest games in the barn, but the evening changed the whole situation. You were not supposed to go gadding about after dark. All of the institutions governing you decided on that and the town had a nine o'clock curfew. It was only the bad boys and girls who had the desire to run the street and were rebellious against ~~the~~ public opinion on the subject and were sure to bring punishment in one form or another. But if you could not be out you were not neglected. There was a regular program of games for indoors in every well regulated family. They were by no means all quiet games; there was a wide range of these - backgammon - checkers - parchesi - authors - numbers. We played them all. And games that called for quicker wit <sup>riddle</sup> - puzzles - charades - and there were adaptations of all our favorite out-of-door games - the same motive running through them - the hiding of a thing, something to be found. <sup>or</sup> You were put out, the company hid, then called <sup>in</sup> and the search began. You were told you were warm, hot, cold, colder, frozen. And so it was kept up until the time was up and you had either found the article or were a booby. Blinding the seeker was often done in the seeking games - a variation of Blind Man's Buff - or putting the tail on the donkey, ~~starting xxxxxxxxxx~~ The one who could devise some new variation, use his imagination and initiative on the old theme was loudly applauded, became a leader.

Amusement - so to say of

In self respecting families <sup>had</sup> a home kitchen -  
dining room & sitting room a third - <sup>infirmary</sup> - <sup>4th</sup> -  
republican - <sup>5th</sup> - <sup>6th</sup> - all of these <sup>7th</sup> -  
amusement was a <sup>8th</sup> -

The same pattern? ran <sup>9th</sup> - <sup>10th</sup> -  
a chapter in the situation -

could be classified -

Indoor & out door.

Winter & Summer.

Game - sports -

Amusement - At home ~~each~~ - cracked nuts - pepped corn  
washed ~~clean~~ - made laffy -

Full ~~half~~ going <sup>11th</sup> - falling in <sup>12th</sup> - one  
crackman in <sup>13th</sup> - there <sup>14th</sup> - an <sup>15th</sup> -  
quite a <sup>16th</sup> - present -

<sup>17th</sup> - Pickin' apples -

<sup>18th</sup> - Pickin' berries - <sup>19th</sup> - pickin' -

Winter - snow <sup>20th</sup> - snow <sup>21st</sup> - frozen <sup>22nd</sup> -  
shaking <sup>23rd</sup> - sleep <sup>24th</sup> -

Amusement - contented around food,  
 enjoyed eating - shipped - expect 2 happy -  
 Had lapped & napped - in action -  
 Prime food - Blue supper - But sled for all.

The horse -

Healthy - gay - vigorous -  
 & But sleds - sentimental way -  
 Songs - both of College songs

The Puma favorite place - near for -  
 Sunday school picnic first of hour - according  
 collection & 2 remember n - Edmond - gun -  
 built - race - 2000 - ground (if - ?)  
 Dinner - with exhibition -  
 Forest of grey hills - for walk -  
 resting later d. But circus -

Apr Nov 9

Begin next vol.

The great mass of the year was at  
Xmas - drive

Why was it all so late - not why do you  
imagine?

Why do you suppose - not that I was the only  
one who had a holiday or a drive but a  
few people - not but ~~disorder~~ because  
not one to be in paper - with a up bit  
I also feel had a good time - but  
many think by in 1800 - with some  
of it - fact -  
you helped - very much - dropped out  
- beyond and - think

But I was the greatest - who then in  
which had a part in paper drive & so on -  
has been small - after a day of games - cause  
one paper - left paper - checked - really - you  
did it all - perhaps in case of accident - you had  
got the - I perhaps have heard from since  
noted paper - but - an appearance which you  
would - if not except -  
you paper & mail - I checked up

Digital Image, 2014. The M. J. P. Collection, 1890-1944. Allegheny College Pelletier Library

In all of this anniversary you were seen &  
much respect as you were with that feel-  
ing many of the things I really think are  
from the past in which we have  
had no part.

Anniversary was a great gift but I am sure  
should be more.

I kept our minds free & with action  
but so many but what our people are  
up to in this - keep in joy.

recitation - added family - The right to peace & rest  
by the best reader -

1) \* Building up the great church -  
Turn did the first - Merchant engaged  
library up street - no civic tree -  
but - out of way - & good well - Why  
should we mind a xmas dinner - Why  
In know pretty well we needed new  
church - merchandise - -

In scene

The church came in a xmas tree  
Sunday morning -

Best xmas was a human

Pure joy - at night - silly and the  
center late - ~~not~~ What a nice xmas -  
I shall want to be bed - peace in our back -  
2. s. food pleased by part - in all our  
fun -  
The Prince

face the outcome of suffering with pleasure as  
to the way of making do with as shown by  
what you were cutting out -

Daily amusement - horse between  
 end of the school day & supper. You  
 in the open air (working) - playing ball -  
 game. Made 2 rock, ball - & for you now  
 & later game - coquet in the car.  
 day. Would like you to visit - please  
 when I visited about stayed with Capt.  
 until experienced you & at a day about  
 until something happened cooked

Spiele zum Verfügen

Home direct cash app - Salma's -  
 hunting form - going fishing - chestnutty -  
 shalun -

1- you must see a rule - 2  
 you must carry out - 3d - great - excellent  
 I am not ~~not~~ den you off - Term -  
 I am not fine - I am not - I am not - I am not  
 I am not - I am not - I am not - I am not

Salundays - Chertbury -  
Spend day - Chertbury - Hallway - Valerius  
my day

A big factor in the enjoyment of the pond  
 holiday meals was your part in them -  
 your familiarity with each dish - I do & mean  
 the turkey. When I was in Germany it was the  
 last year was my first engaged with a  
 with course about feeding - I when it came  
 migration in death - 14-18 - 10 lbs - must  
 not be eating for ~~the~~ me. You were ~~allowed~~  
 to look at it - I just can be allowed to pass  
 out pin feathers - for ~~at~~ the brown neck ~~the~~  
 usually human picked them as a thing  
 then break away pin feathers in the wings -  
 at other parts you helped in preparation  
 seedling raising - Shelling nuts -

Then you were part of all the signs  
 explained that made the down easy

~~Let's Xmas at this~~

All the circulation must follow you  
 into part in Xmas celebration - The last day  
 of school before the holiday was gay - the  
 the people gathered in the hall - from 9  
 to the two o'clock hour Xmas day &

a by factor in quality  
What made the first so important  
As a for your part in it?

Dr. Earnest Albert Hooton, professor of anthropology at Harvard University, delivering the Towne Lecture at the same dinner, startled the engineers with the statement that man's mechanical science had so far outstripped his biological status, his social ideals and his behavior that there was real danger that "the engineers will make apes of all of us."

He advised them that "degeneration and evolutionary extinction" inevitably must befall living things which become so dependent upon specialized environment that the powers of adaptation, initiative and progress are lost.

Here is what you  
just to our amusement  
The best came to his rescue

You had your part - in real life  
Anticipate the future