

**A Damned-Yankee Professor
in
Little Dixie**

Abstracts from the Autobiographical Notes
of
Winterton C. Curtis

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FOREWORD

Beginning as scribbling for the family record, these notes have assumed increasing proportions, until I fear I may become a zoologist turned into sort of a "Grandpa Moses" in the field of literature.

As now written or projected the present set-up includes:

Part I. The End of Three Frontiers

1. A Youngster on the Kennebec
2. A Yankee Boy on Oregon Trails
3. A Damned-yankee Professor in Little Dixie

Part II. And then

1. Education and Educating
2. Vocation and Avocations
3. Those Good Old Summer Times
4. Entrance to the City--A Philosophy of Life

Perhaps I'll get a book out of it if I live long enough--wish me luck.

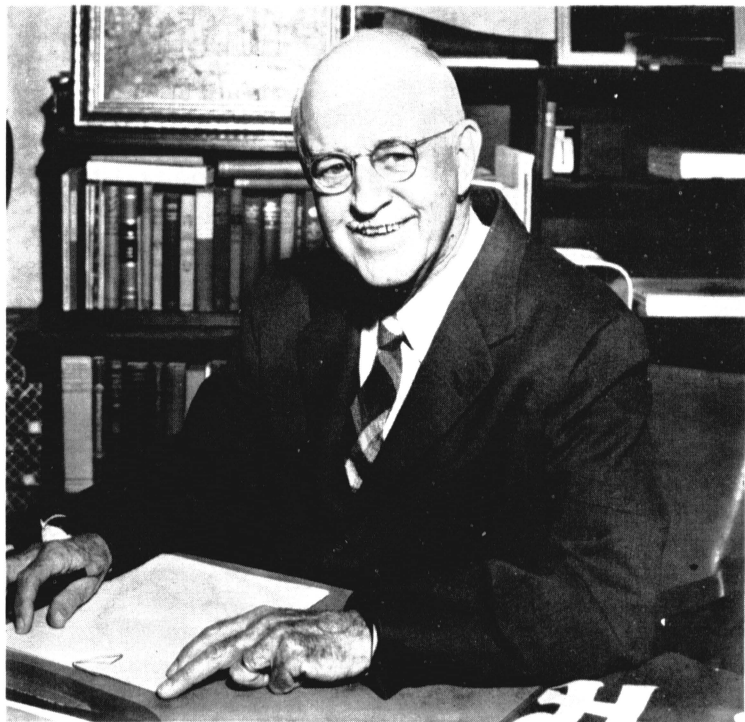
I am indebted to Miss Alice H. Spaulding, during many years a teacher in the Brookline, Mass., High School, for reading and criticism of my manuscript. Miss Spaulding and I played and fought together as youngsters in our native town of Richmond, Maine. I am sure that she has corrected, as a Boston Brahmin should, many crudities of diction acquired in parts remote from New England.

I am also indebted to Mrs. Mary Paxton Keeley, a Missouri Brahmin but experienced as a reporter, and later as an author and a teacher of English for many years in Christian College, Columbia, Missouri. Like Miss Spaulding, Mrs. Keeley has made an important contribution by bringing my manuscript to a level of good old journalese more acceptable to the majority of readers than my professorial diction.

Finally, I am indebted to Professor Maurice E. Votaw of the School of Journalism for the final proof reading of my manuscript, for some of the pictures, and particularly for jazzing up this newspaper story with suitable headlines.

April 1, 1957

W. C. C.



DR. W. C. CURTIS

Series by Dr. Curtis Starts

Yankee Professor at M.U. Decried in Legislature—in '01

What impression did unreconstructed Little Dixie make on a young New Englander, arriving to teach at the University in 1901? Conversely, what did Columbians think of him?

Those were the days when state legislators decried the appointment of Yankees to the M.U. faculty. "Missouri raises the best mules in the United States," one said. "Why can't she raise University professors?"

It was also a time when Columbia's streets had stepping stones to use when thoroughfares became a sea of mud every winter. When the pioneer would ask

the newcomer, "Where are you from, suh? I'm a Missourian, but my father came from Kentucky, and my grandfather, suh, was a Virginian."

Columbia at the turn of the century lives again in the reminiscences of Dr. W. C. Curtis, University professor emeritus of zoology, who came here in 1901. Dr. Curtis played a leading part in the development of the city, and recalls events and people of 50 years ago with vivid clarity.

The first of 12 installments of his autobiographical notes will begin running on The Missourian's editorial page today.



Dr. W. C. Curtis as a green Ph.D. in 1901.
(Drawn from a photograph by Charles W. Schwartz)

(Ed. Note: The Missourian is proud to present, in 12 installments, "Missouri. Mother of the West," abstracts from the autobiographical notes of Dr. W. C. Curtis who came to Columbia in 1901 as an instructor in the University of Missouri. Dr. Curtis, dean emeritus, College of Arts and Science, and professor emeritus of zoology, writes of the Columbia he knew during his first decade here.)

Young New Englander Comes To Little Dixie Area in 1901

In May of 1901, after I had completed all the requirements except my oral examination, for my doctor's degree at the Johns Hopkins, I received a letter from Professor George Lefevre, of the University of Missouri. We had taught together at the Marine Biological Laboratory before he went to Missouri in the fall of '99, and now he was writing me about an instructor being added to his staff. He invited me to visit Columbia at the University's expense, so that I might be looked over and look the place over for myself. With my Van Dyke beard and pince-nez, I thought I should make a good impression and hoped that I should like the University of Missouri as much as I liked Lefevre.

THE WABASH BRANCH from Centralia to Columbia, even then, was something to discourage a newcomer. George had warned me of this and written that the country about Columbia was not like that surrounding Centralia. So I took the branch in stride and watched the landscape change from prairie to hills. We call them "hills," but as one of my friends used to say, "These are not hills. A hill is a place you go up and come down. These are places where you go down and come up."

George met me on the station platform, which was crowded with people, mostly colored, who were there to see the train come in. We drove in a hack over the dusty, unpaved streets, where I saw stepping stones for the first time; and, after circling the campus we reached his home on Ninth Street across from the present law building.

At dinner that night I was thrilled to meet Professor Frank Thilly, who had translated the edition of Paulsen's, "History of

Philosophy," which I had devoured at Williams College and read again and again.

THE NEXT MORNING I was introduced to President Jesse and to Walter Williams, then a Curator of the University and later to become the organizing spirit of the Missouri School of Journalism and its first dean. As I conferred with the President and Mr. Williams, at length and in the absence of Professor Lefevre, I realized that they were making me do most of the talking. After they had continued this quizzing for a good hour, asking me about my work and interests, President Jesse said to me, in the somewhat pompous manner he assumed on occasion, "Of course, Doctah Curtis, suh, we do not expect to judge of your scholastic attainments on the basis of this brief interview. We have that information from other sources." Then came my introduction to the Williams humor, "Yes, Dr. Curtis," said Mr. Williams, "President Jesse merely wanted to hear you talk for an hour and to entertain you at his house for dinner to inspect your table manners." At the dinner Mr. Williams made it again evident that he could poke fun at a President even in the presence of a prospective instructor.

IT WAS THE DROUGHT YEAR of 1901 and although it was May the Missouri campus was parched brown. As we sat at the table the President looked out upon the quadrangle and sighed. He said he had recently visited the University of Illinois where watering had kept the grass fresh and green.

He exclaimed, "What wouldn't I give if we only had a green campus at the University of Missouri as they have at Illinois."

Whereupon, Mr. Williams remarked, "But President Jesse, you should remember that what the University lacks in its campus is made up for by its president."

My conversation and table manners having passed muster, I was told before I left Columbia that my appointment could be made at the next Board meeting, and I agreed to accept.

BETTER THAN the formalities with President Jesse and Mr. Williams, were my meetings with certain members of the faculty. George Lefevre was a princely entertainer. I stayed at his home for three days during which there was a round of lunches, dinners and evening gatherings. The reception I received was most cordial because I was Lefevre's guest. I said for years afterward that never did I have so many good times packed into so few days. Later, I found that there was more to all this entertainment than appeared on the surface.

When there was an appointment to be made, President Jesse combed the country for possible candidates, who were then brought to Columbia for interviews, even at the instructor level. An important, though unofficial, part of such an interview was the entertainment of the candidate by members of the faculty. Evening dinners would be followed by hours beside "the Anheuser-Busch," reminiscent of the Germany most of our faculty members had known. There is nothing like loosening up his reflexes to tell you what a fellow is really like. Before an appointment was offered, Mr. Williams would contact his trusted faculty members, "Well, what did you fellows think of him?" If they turned thumbs down, there was little chance that the candidate would be offered an appointment. It seemed that Mr. Williams, rather than President Jesse, gave the final word.

This system of wide spread search, interviews on campus, entertainment at the president's table and in the houses of faculty members resulted, during my early years at the University of Missouri, in a remarkable faculty. If you don't believe it, call the roll and see what those men did and where they went before they were through. Unfortunately for Missouri most of them left us for better positions elsewhere. They were so good we could not keep them. But as we said through the years of my generation, "We want men so good we are likely to lose them, although we always hope to keep such faculty members." No less important was the imprint of this system upon the faculty members involved; it gave us a sense of partnership and responsibility in building a faculty of which the University could be proud.

HOW I ENJOYED that trip to Columbia, my first journey at public expense, especially the trip back east. I sat with my feet on the opposite seat of my Pullman section, getting my money's worth and knowing that I was to teach during the coming year in what seemed to me an institution on its way up. More than that, jobs were scarce in those years and I knew I was lucky to be appointed an instructor at \$1,000, with the assurance of advancement in due course to an assistant Professor, if I made good.

When my fond mother heard that I was going to Missouri, she protested, "No, positively, No. I cannot give my consent to Winnie's going to such a place as Missouri." From this it may be inferred that my mother still thought of me at times as a little boy despite my twenty-five years, and that the impression that Jesse James had created for Missouri was still vivid with many of her generation. But as it turned out, the next fifteen years were glorious ones for the



"The War Must Go On"—Thus saith
Uncle Dick in Freshman
Elocution.

University of Missouri and for me as a member of its faculty.

But it did not seem to me that the town in that early day had kept pace with its university, and I felt that the "natives" took themselves more seriously than I though justifiable. I had not realized that back of "Little Dixie," the name still used for the string of river counties including Boone, was the tradition, shown in the statement usually made soon after the introduction to the stranger, "Where are you from, Suh? I'm a Missourian, but my father came from Kentucky, and my grandfather, suh, was a Virginian."

I HEARD THE STATE called Mother of the West. I was told stories of the Santa Fe Trail, the Pony Express, General Gentry's Missourians in the Seminole War, and the pivotal position of Missouri in the Civil War. — "Do you know, sir, that Missouri sent more men into the Union army than Massachusetts? We sent plenty into the Confederate States army also." I was introduced to the folk painting of the artist Bingham, who had been a protege of a leading Columbia family. It was often remarked that Missouri was rated the sixth richest state in the nation. Those Missourians were pretty good and they knew it. "Missouri raises the best mules in the United States," exclaimed a member of the Legislature who decried the appointment of Yankees to the University faculty. "Why can't she raise University professors?"

Columbia Streets Were Masses Of Dust, Mud 50 Years Ago

Missourians were not thought so highly in some localities as they thought of themselves at home. My first impressions of them came as a boy in Oregon, where by comparison with the hustling New Englanders, so abundant in the Northwest, the Missourians, who were plentiful too in that region, seemed a rather slow lot. They were often called "Mossbacks," and in some rural communities which they dominated we thought of them as "poor white trash," which is about what some of them were on that level. Higher up it was different, as in Portland, where for example, Missourians were an important element and of high quality. Nevertheless, as one Portlander said to me in recent years, "Those dominant Missourians were so conservative that we never really got going until the third generation of them was dead."

This attitude toward Missourians was summed up in a story that I first heard in Oregon and which we outlanders on the University faculty told to selected individuals for many years.

Four men were drinking at a bar in the days of the Chisholm Trail. Each proposed a toast to his native state. The first said, "I'm from Texas, the Lone Star State, biggest and greatest in the Union — you can't beat Texas." The second toasted and praised his native Massachusetts, the Great Commonwealth. The third, a Virginian, did full justice to his birthplace. But the fourth had to be prodded. "Well," the Texan insisted, "What's yours?" The man slowly drew out his six-gun and slapped it down on the bar as he said, "I'm from Missouri, but damn you, don't you laugh."

WHILE WE EASTENERS regaled our kind with this story, as we met them in Missouri, and in the East, where many of us went for our summers, we did have some sense with respect to pride and prejudice. It was twenty years before I dared tell one of the born-and-raised-and-stayed Missourians of Columbia about the reputation of Missourians in the Northwest. He was shocked, but by that time, we knew each other so well that my story did not end our friendship.

Columbia was often referred to as "the Athens of Missouri" during the early years of my life here. This phrase persists, though heard less frequently now, when there is more justification for it than there was fifty years ago.

When I came to town in 1901 the present White Campus, which was then devoted principally to horticulture, was bounded on the east by a fringe of houses new and old that straggled along College Avenue, more numerous to the north and fading out to the south before Sanborn Field was reached. Beyond the Red Campus to the west there were a few late nineteenth century houses along South Fifth Street and the two Rollins places extending along Providence Road to where the University golf links had just been located. On the south was Conley Avenue, with its residences of faculty members and of the native born. To the southeast, Virginia Avenue was developing into a residential section occupied mostly by faculty members. To the north of the Red Campus were scattered houses that merged into the business district of Broadway.

BUT THE THINGS I remember best about the streets of Colum-

bia in 1901 were the dust, the mud, the stepping stones, the wooden sidewalks, the tobacco juice on Broadway, the hitching posts, the men on horseback, the mules, the old court house, and the grand establishments of the well-to-do among the older families.

When I arrived in that fall of 1901, the drought had not yet broken, "the dust was here, the dust was there, the dust was all around," but when the rains came later that fall the dust turned to mud of unbelievable depth and stickiness. Then I saw why Columbia had the stepping stones, which seemed so odd to me. My room that year was in the house now numbered 501 Conley Avenue, and there were no sidewalks on either that side of my block or along South Fifth and no stepping stones to get me across to the sidewalk on the south side of Conley. There was roadside grass along my side of the block on Conley but not enough to make walking comfortable in mud time. Fortunately there was a low fence with a flat top running from 501 to the south end of Sixth Street. By walking this fence I reached the intersection in good order. I do not recall stepping stones from my block to the Red Campus but the crossing was negotiable.

Once on the campus, there were cinder paths and stepping stones across Seventh Street, which then ran through this campus, by which I reached the cement walk of the Red Quadrangle, from which by sidewalks and stepping stones I arrived at the Cottage Hotel (now the Niedermeyer Apartments) for breakfast.

Underfoot it was the same all over town, even Broadway would have been impassable in wet weather without its stepping stones, and they were particularly hazardous on the much used streets, where the stones had been

rounded by the bumping of wagon tires through the years. Old folks, and even young ones, sometimes fell down between the stones and had to be rescued from the mud. Such stones were in use for many years on the north side of town, where street paving was long delayed. On Third Street at Ash and again at Pendleton Street a few of these old stones could still be seen in March, 1957, their tops flush with the street level.

ON BROADWAY, which had somewhere in its depth a layer of limestone rock hammered out by hand by prisoners from the city jail, there were such depths of mud in bad weather, that the University Glee club brought down the house some years later when the end man in the annual minstrel show said: "Man, does you-all know what Ah see today on Broadway?"

"No," said the Interlocutor, "What does you done see?"

"Ah seed a man's haid, yessir. a man's haid, with one of them Hulett's red caps on it, moving along right on top of the mud in de middle of Broadway. An' Ah say to dat man, 'Where you-all a goin', and where's the rest of you-all?' An' sire, he says to me, 'Go long man. I'se going to the Wabash station and I'se standing on top of one of Hulett's hacks.' "

Stimulated by this Glee Club hit a student wag came to Broadway repeatedly for some weeks afterward, bringing a fishing pole and stool. Seated by one of the pools of water he would then cast in his line and wait patiently for a bite.

AGAIN I RECALL that from my home on Lowry Street in 1903. I could cross Ninth Street in the daytime, although there were no stepping stones, but at night when Mrs. Curtis and I went to enter-



BROADWAY, looking east from Seventh Street in 1900 displayed a wide expanse

of mud. There were stepping stones at corners. The sidewalks were of wood.

tainments at Jesse Hall, we had to go around the block north of us and reach the Red Campus by way of the stepping stones at the west end of University Avenue. In making this trip, I always walked ahead with a lantern.

Under these circumstances such deliveries as coal became a problem during the winter months. One of my friends who lived on Hitt Street (north of University

Avenue) had not filled his coal shed in the fall and ordered a load in January. The wagon mired down a block from Broadway and the coal was delivered in wheelbarrows, which had to be carried across the stepping stones of the intervening cross-streets. As my friend remarked, "There's nothing like life on the banks of the Hitt."

Plank Walks, Hitching Posts Often Seen Half-Century Ago

In general the state of Columbia streets was spotty. In some places they were well graveled like the toll roads that led out of town; then would come stretches with no gravel but with plenty of mud. Originally, these streets followed the surface contours and were well graveled, but in street improvement, hills were cut and low places filled and not properly resurfaced with fresh gravel. Added to the mess in 1901-02 was the digging of Columbia's first municipal sewers in the vicinity of the Red Campus.

Most of the sidewalks were still made of planks laid lengthwise, although cement sidewalks, which were called "granitoid" walks, were fast coming into use in the residential as well as the business section.

In addition to the cracks between the planks of the wooden walks, each plank had commonly several holes about one and a half inches in diameter and going all the way through. I was told these holes had been bored for binding the planks together so that they might float down the Mississippi in rafts.

On the south side of Conley Avenue the cracks and the auger holes often caught the heel of a lady's shoe; they also provided a quick retreat to safety for the little snakes and lizards out for a sun bath on the walk. Wild rabbits when chased by boys or dogs also found refuge beneath these wooden walks.

ANOTHER HAZARD in the residence district was the hitching posts that stood in front of almost every house, for they were often set close to the outer edge of the sidewalk and leaned against the walk. Going home two abreast at night, one had to be careful not to bump into these

posts. The fact that our electric lights were turned off at eleven added to the difficulty.

Then there was the day-time hazard of being pushed off the sidewalk by the students of Christian or Stephens College when they were taken for an airing, walking two abreast with a teacher at each end of the procession. Meeting them, the unaccompanied male had to step off into the mud. How those gals loved to make any young buck they met yield all the right of way.

Finally, for the ladies, whose skirts brushed the sidewalks in those days, there was the hazard of tobacco juice. Particularly of a Saturday afternoon when men from the country came to town and the granitoid of Broadway was spotted more generously with the brown excretations.

In those days men really spat; they could hit a spittoon ten feet away in a hotel lobby or clear the sidewalk, if they thought that worthwhile, as they leaned against a store front. Expectoration was even a domestic accomplishment.

I recall one of our leading physicians chatting in the living room of one of my colleagues. The doctor had bitten off a generous quid and was sitting relaxed at the end of a long day. Since there was no spittoon in the room, he spat regally towards the open fire. He seemed not to notice the firescreen, for his excretations hung there hissing as they were toasted to a crisp.

IN THE FALL OF 1901, with the drought still on and the countryside burned brown, I thought I was back in eastern Oregon, it was so desert like and there were so many saddle horses at the hitching posts along the business block. Later, when the rains

came, horseback was the only easy way to reach town for those who did not live close to one of the graveled toll roads.

Late Saturday afternoons from my room at 501 Conley I could see men riding home along Providence Road, some of them rather unsteady in their saddles after lickin' up at Tom Hall's saloon. But the man in his cups had only to stay on and his horse would take him home.

Then there were the mules. Although I had seen many mules in Baltimore during my years at the Hopkins, I had never seen anything like the magnificent animals that were so common in Boone County. I had heard of Missouri mules, but I had never thought a mule could be like some I saw on the streets of Columbia.

THERE WERE FEW stores on Broadway beyond Tenth Street to the East and beyond Eighth to the west and only a scattering outlying Broadway. Most of these older business buildings remain and can be recognized today in spite of much face-lifting.

High on the east wall at the southwest corner of Broadway and Ninth, an old timer pointed out to me certain scars on the bricks, which he said were made when some guerillas rode into town during the Civil War and shot it out with the Yankee soldiers then quartered in the University buildings, but these marks were plastered over years ago. Columbia seems to care nothing for its past.

I well remember when I first saw the old Boone County Court House. Going west on Cherry, I turned north on Eighth Street, and there was the Court House with its columns. Like my father when he first saw Mt. Hood in Oregon, I went about three feet into the air to think there was such a structure in Columbia.

It was the only building downtown that was not utterly commonplace. I'll tell later how some of us tried in vain to have this

historic building preserved and reconditioned for some public use after the money was voted for a new court house in 1905. Ever since it was torn down except for its columns, which face the University columns, I have called Eighth Street the "Street of the Columns."

The houses of the well-to-do among the older families interested me greatly. Some of them, like the old Watson Place, high above the street on the ground now occupied by the parking space of the A & P store on Ninth Street, seemed to be very ordinary. Others were of more recent construction, like the Hockaday house, located on College Avenue where the Sigma Chi house now stands.

The best of them, like the Willis house on east Broadway, near where the Stephens College Playhouse is now located, and the Major Rollins house in the southwest section of town, were handsome old places, set well back from the street on lots containing several acres, and more if there was pasture land at the rear.

Such places were usually fenced and the extensive front yard was well-sodded with blue grass, which could be grazed by the family horses and sometimes by the cows, since there was too much space to be kept up as lawn. The approach from the street was by a sweep of driveway leading to the front door.

Behind such houses were the stables and barns, and often the slave quarters remained. It is regrettable that none of these houses that were really good architecturally have been preserved. The Willis house and the Major Rollins house were the best of all, as I recall them, but these were destroyed by fire.

Compared with the well-kept towns of New England, with which many of us newcomers were familiar, the Columbia of 1901 was unkept and unplanned with regard to its streets, walks, and front yards, although it was

said to be one of the best kept towns of the state.

For all this, it was a lovely little city, all the more interesting because of its limitations, and if we had been away for the

summer, we damned Yankees soon came to be glad when we were home again in September and were greeted by our friends, white and black, on the Wabash station platform.

THESE STEPPING STONES at a Third Street intersection are about the last vestiges of an old Columbia landmark at many street corners.



Businessmen and 'Colonels' Helped Make Columbia Lively

After ten days at one of the local boarding houses at \$3.00 a week, I began taking my meals at the Cottage Hotel, now the Niedermeyer Apartments, at Tenth and Cherry. It was under the management of "Squire" Turner Gordon and his son, Bob, but Mrs. Gordon was the spark plug there. She knew what good cooking was and was able to get and keep the best colored help. Service was good and the board was excellent at \$4.00 a week.

We had buckwheat cakes for breakfast, the kind that are raised overnight, and a turkey dinner every Sunday, and at other meals there was all the country ham and fried chicken one could eat. I appreciated the food, but the best thing I got from my stay at the Cottage Hotel was the company.

Several of the older couples of the community came regularly for noon dinner and for supper; others came for Sunday dinners, and business men often came for the noon meal. With some of these patrons I came to be on very friendly terms, and these contacts gave me impressions of my fellow townsmen, which in a boarding house I might have missed altogether as "just one of the new professors."

THERE WAS ONE man whom I'll call "Old Tommie," one of the older statesmen of the community, with various business interests including a store, where he had a desk in the back room. His establishment was said to be one of the places where the initiated could pass into the back room select a bottle from a cupboard, fill a glass, and leave ten cents in the customary place.

A story current about Old Tommie was, that as a prominent supporter, if not a pillar, of one of the churches, he made a sub-

stantial contribution to the new edifice. Being proud of his generosity, he had the cancelled check framed and kept it on display near his desk.

On one occasion a committee of the brethren called intending to remonstrate with him over his reported whisky selling, but when they found this framed check, propped up and facing them on his desk, they left without taxing him with his whisky selling.

TOMMIE AND I hit it off, and he seemed to take quite a shine to me, after I told him I came from the Johns Hopkins University and was an associate of Professor George Lefevre, that southerner of southerners. With such connections I was presumed to be respectable by those who did not recognize my New England accent.

One day after we had become quite well acquainted, Old Tommie remarked to me with some show of feeling, "Perfesser, you don't know how good it makes me feel to have a fine upstanding young southerner like you come here on the faculty, instead of another one of those damn Yankees we been getting so many of lately."

Then there was his favorite story of the "siren voice" or "si-reen" as he pronounced it. "Perfesser," he told me, "don't you never do what they want you to." Then followed a lengthy account of how he was persuaded to change from one insurance company to another. "And so, Perfesser, I listened to the siren voice, and I done what they wanted me to."

The outcome was that both of these companies went into bankruptcy—the one he had left paying 50 cents on the dollar the one he was in paying twenty-five cents. "That taught me, Perfes-

ser, don't you never do what they want you to."

WE WERE TALKING again of investments. "In the fall of 1862," said Tommie, "I owned a little nigger, and I had a chance to sell him for \$1,000. Well, that nigger was worth more than \$1,000, anyhow \$1,200, but there'd been some talk of emancipation, and so after I thought about it awhile I decided to let my nigger go, and I sold him for the \$1,000 and used the money to buy this property on Broadway. Well, come 1863, there was the emancipation proclamation, and I wasn't a bit sorry I sold that nigger. And you know I ain't been sorry I bought this Broadway property."

In his way he was a God-fearing man and took his church connection seriously; he did not hesitate to let you know what he believed. Referring to the assassination of President McKinley, he pointed his index finger heavenward as he said, "Perfesser, you mark my words, the finger of God is in it. The finger of God is in it."

ANOTHER VIVID figure to me, I'll call Mr. Edd. He was a popular scion of a famous Columbia family. A bachelor, he found the food at the Cottage most acceptable. A big man, six feet or more, of heavy build, very handsome with his handlebar moustache and clean shaven jowl, he impressed me as mostly meat and little fat.

Although not a graduate of the University, he was a man of culture and breeding, who knew his way around, and had above everything what is sometimes called "address." Able to make a successful approach to almost any stranger he met, he singled me out and soon we became well acquainted. He had no special business, as I recall it, unless he might have been called a roving sightseer and interviewer.

When anything interesting was

going on, he took the train and went to look see. Thus when Roosevelt's Rough Riders were training in Texas during the Spanish-American War, Mr. Edd went there to watch the Riders at drill and then traveled on to Florida with them. I am sure if he had been allowed he would have taken ship with the regiment and gone on to Cuba and even up San Juan Hill, had he thought it worthwhile. When McKinley was assassinated he went to the trial of the assassin.

Thus he had many things to talk about, and he was good talker. For this reason he was often a prized member of the community when faculty members had dinner guests from out of town and wanted them to meet someone from Columbia other than university professors.

AMONG OTHER THINGS I recall some friendly advice he gave me on how a damned Yankee and a college professor should behave in the Columbia of 1901. He said, when I spoke of possible activities as a citizen, "You can't mix in politics, the people of Columbia think of a professor as they would a judge in political matters."

It was during my first year in Columbia that I heard that well-known toast:

"Here's to old Kentucky,

The state where I was born,

Where the corn is full of kernels

And the colonels full of corn."

It was commonly changed to "Here's to Old Missouri", and in Columbia we had plenty of colonels who were not of Civil War origin, though there were veterans from both sides of that conflict. Thus, Professor Edward Allen of the English department had been in the Confederate States Army, while Sergeant Turner, a colored janitor at the University had been in a colored regiment and later a member of the Ninth Cavalry until he lost a hand in the Indian fighting.

Turner had a hook strapped to



THE COTTAGE HOTEL, Tenth and Cherry Streets, was a favorite dining place for

Columbians in 1901. Today it is known as the Niedermeyer Apartments.

his stump, which enabled him to do his work, and he was above all a good and reliable worker. He didn't rub it in, although he was proud to tell that, "One time me and Professor Allen was in the same battle, and us Yankees won."

A few days after I arrived the Sergeant came in some excitement to my office and wanted to know whether I was a member of the Curtis family in Kentucky who had owned his folks. I was obliged to tell him that my folks came from Connecticut, but we felt well acquainted from that time on.

BEST OF ALL our colonels by courtesy was R. B. Price or Colonel "Bev," as he was called, the president and founder of the Boone County National Bank. He has always seemed to me most typical of the best from the Virginia-Kentucky-Missouri migration, although his family did not stop in Kentucky.

They came straight from Virginia in covered wagons with their slaves when the Colonel was a boy. I heard him say once that the first years he was in Columbia he went elk hunting to the west of us in the region near Fayette.

I knew him only as a dignified elderly man, tall and slender, but well formed, and until his last years, straight as an arrow. My

most vivid early recollection of Colonel Price is seeing him out for horseback rides with one or more of his three beautiful granddaughters—the Willis girls.

He sat as only those can who have been bred to the saddle, and he looked every inch the cavalier.

ONE OF Colonel Bev's cronies was Cass Newman, who kept a hardware store. He was another of those big fellows, who must have been all meat and no fat when he was young. Cass was a great poker player.

One of the stories told about him was that he won so much money in a poker game in St. Louis that he began to be fearful that his luck might change or that something might happen to him if he kept on winning. Making an excuse that he needed to "go out back," he asked the man next to him to watch his overcoat and went out the rear door. Once there, he climbed the alley fence and made off with his winnings, glad enough to escape with no more than the loss of his overcoat.

In another poker game in which he made a killing, it was told that he had quite a sum of extra money stowed in one of his bootlegs. One of the by-standers remarked afterwards, "I knew hell was broke loose when Cass went into that boot."

Two of Columbia's 'Greats': Col. Switzler and Gen. Guitar

Some of the Columbia colonels were not back room drinkers and went boldly into Tom Hall's saloon, which was in its heyday. Drinking was common at social events, and the punch at afternoon teas and evening receptions was often so heavily spiked that I had to watch my step on the way home. Yes, the town was full of colonels, and our colonels full of corn. "Not much like Kansas," we said, with satisfaction.

Having been brought up among colonels in Baltimore, George Lefevre always hoped that he might be called "Colonel" at least once in his lifetime, but as far as I know he never realized his ambition.

But once, when I was wearing camp clothes and had my beard shaved down to a mustache and goatee and must have looked like someone from down below the Arkansas line, the guide who took my son Bill and me through the capitol kept calling me "Colonel." Later when I told George about it, he said he wished he could have had that luck.

At long last I've come into my own on this colonel business. Time was when New York taxi drivers would say to me when I got out, "Watch your step, Bud." Then came a time when they said, "Watch it, Pop." But now at long last, if the driver notices the address on my luggage, he says, "Take it easy, Colonel."

ANOTHER NOTABLE of the older generation was Colonel William F. Switzler. He had been a well-known Missouri editor and had held an important position in Washington during the first Cleveland and the Harrison administration. Although I did not meet Colonel Switzler during my first year in Columbia, I heard many jocose references to him

as being something of a bore when he had a chance to speak in public. Apparently he liked to talk much better than the younger generation liked to hear him.

He seemed to have an amazing memory for detail, although his accuracy could seldom be checked because none of his hearers had any first hand knowledge of the details he described so meticulously.

When anyone complimented him on his memory or asked him how he kept so much in his mind, his stock reply was, "When people ask me how I can remember all these things, I say I cannot forget them."

NOW THAT I AM within a few years of Colonel Switzler's age when I knew him and am writing of what is long past, I find this a good over-all remark to explain the things I remember. With all the things I had heard about the Colonel I had the feeling that if he ever engaged me in conversation, I should want to say, "Hold off. Unhand me, grey - beard loon!"

But this attitude was completely changed when I had the good fortune to become well acquainted with him in the spring of 1903.

During that spring Mrs. Curtis and I took our meals with his daughter, Mrs. Camilla Branham, in the house now the Walton Apartments on Hitt Street. Here we sat at a small table with the Colonel.

I confess that I began by egging the old man on to talk, as a means of relieving the tedium of a boarding house. I soon got over that for the old fellow's meanderings into the past fascinated me.

HE MUST HAVE been at his best, for here was a chance to



THE O'REAR BLOCK, Tenth and Broadway, as it looked in 1900. Except for mod-

ernized ground floor shop fronts and signs, the exterior of the building looks very much the same today.

talk of the old days to someone who not only knew nothing of them, but who was interested and had never heard him tell of them before. I don't know how good it was for the Colonel's nutrition. He often talked more than he ate, and his daughter would say to him, "Now Father, do stop talking and eat your food."

For me it was an experience that I have treasured all my life as an important part of my introduction to the state and city that has been my home ever since and I hope will be for the rest of my life. More than this it was the beginning of a lifelong and intimate friendship between the house of Branham and that of Curtis.

BUT THE GREATEST of all these born-and-raised Boone Countians in my opinion was General Odon Guitar. The name Guitar always puzzled me until I was

told in recent years that it was "Guitard," until his father, a peppy little Frenchman, decided that he liked "Guitar" better and let go of the "d."

The general was a short, stocky man, heavily built and giving the impression of great physical strength, with his short-cut beard and iron jaw. He had come honestly by his title, since he had served in the Northern army and retired a brevet general, while his brother, Dave Guitar, had been a captain in the army of the Confederate States.

It was said that when they returned from the War, they did not speak for years. until one day the General was in trouble downtown and the Captain happened along and took a stand by his brother's side. From that time on, they had a speaking acquaintance.

I HEARD OTHER stories about

the General. One told of two fellows that were hired to shoot him from ambush as he rode to court at Fulton, but feared to make a frontal attack and were unwilling to shoot a man in the back when the chance came.

Another was about the time when the General made a political speech in the Callaway County Court House. He unbuckled his gun belt, laid his two Civil War revolvers on the table before him and gave notice that if anyone wanted to leave he should do so forthwith because the speaker did not propose to be interrupted by anyone going out while he was speaking.

Finally, this was one of the many incidents told about the General's home life. One morning when he was stalking out in a huff, his wife asked, "Where are you going, General?" To which he replied, "I am going to hell, Madame." To which his lady replied, "Yes, I know that, General. I mean, where are you going now?" — a fanciful story, no doubt, but a good one in characterization of the General.

I knew General Guitar only as I passed him on Broadway and heard stories about him. He was the greatest criminal lawyer in Central Missouri, and there must have been many stories about him

that have now passed into oblivion.

He was a Republican, having been in the Northern Army, and thus controlled the colored vote of the town. I will describe in a later section his part in the famous Water and Light campaign, where he was a powerful influence, and where I saw him in action.

BEFORE COMING to Columbia, I had not known that Missourians were called "pukes" in the early days, a nickname which I am told originated among the Forty-niners.

In 1901 this uncomplimentary term was familiar, but not in frequent use and always resented at the upper level of the social scale. But sometimes even members of the upper crust would lapse.

Imagine the vivacious young wife of a faculty member meeting at a tea a lady of the town, who was a kindred spirit and pleased to learn that the new professor's wife was a native Missourian. When the newcomer declared her birthright by saying, "You know, I'm a puke," the two fell into each other's arms proclaiming to the bystanders their common origin, "We're pukes; we're pukes."

Town and Gown Co-operation Long Established in Columbia

My intimate acquaintance with colored folks began when I came to Columbia, for while I had seen them on the streets of Baltimore during my stay at the Johns Hopkins, there had only been one colored family in the Maine town where I was born, and only two or three such families in the Oregon town where I grew up, among these Queen Anne Victoria Renfro and her daughter Guano.

In 1901 some of the traditional southern relations between the races survived here. There were still white men in Columbia who honestly believed that "The well trained nigger, suh, is a remarkable animal. The trouble is we no longer have the machinery for training them. I wish I owned one."

Now as I have become acquainted with our colored folks during the years, I think I have made many friends among them, some of them whom I like and respect as much as I do any white man in town. I love their sense of humor, their affability, and the personal loyalty that the best of them have to those they trust.

MY CONTACTS with students gave me light on another type of Missouri's native born. In my early days there were many students coming to the University who were first or second generation descendants from the flood of German immigrants that came to Missouri in the mid-nineteenth century.

Many of these spoke German as well as they did English; for they had spoke the parental tongue much of the time while growing up and had listened to full-length Lutheran sermons, in

German, on Sundays. Hence, their English, as well as their names, often indicated their origin. They were an able and interesting lot.

I recall four girls who were the great-grandchildren of a German immigrant who had settled on the Missouri River half-way between Jefferson City and St. Louis. He was a "free-thinker," the girls told me, one of a group of like-minded Germans who settled in that township. They stuck it out almost a century before the last one of them succumbed to the engulfing Methodists.

MOST INTERESTING of all were the students from deep down in the Ozarks. Proud of their origin they sometimes asserted that they had never worn shoes until they started for the University.

One of these Ozarkians, when I came to know him well as a graduate student, told me about his grandfather, who had come across the mountains from North Carolina, through Tennessee to southern Missouri. When Mr. High, as I will call him, was an old man, he sat one day on his porch, not particularly interested in the feud-in' and fightin'," which he had known all his life and which was still part of the existing social order in his county.

A young fellow from a rival family came walking down the road in front of the house and instead of saying, "Mornin'," in response to the old man's greeting, he made some saucy or worse remark, and when he had passed the house, picked up a stone and threw it at the old man, hitting the grass in front



OFF TO JAMESTOWN!

THE UNIVERSITY CADET CORPS attended the 300th anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown in 1907. The Missouri Oven, that May, pictured the Commandant leading the Corps, riding on a Missouri mule.

of the porch. Mr. High told him to "Git along," but the fellow picked up a second stone and let it fly, this time hitting the porch floor and rolling through the open door.

MR. HIGH THEN ROSE without haste, stepped back into the house, and lifted his squirrel rifle from its place above the door. When his assailant stood ready to throw the third stone, the old man plugged him right between the eyes.

After thinking it over, he said to his wife: "You know, I've been thinking for some time of visitin' our kinfolks in Arkansas, and I don't know but what this would be a good time to do it." So he mounted his horse and rode south.

Some weeks later when he returned, he called on the head

of the opposing clan and made it clear that the two families could not co-exist in that section, and ended his remarks with: "Us Highs are a'goin' to stay." The other family moved out.

THERE WERE FROM time to time some rather colorful characters attached to the University faculty; one of these was an officer assigned here as commandant of cadets. One of Prof. W. G. Manley's most engaging stories told of a call he made upon this gentleman a few years before I came to Columbia.

This Commandant was an older man, a bachelor, who frequently imbibed. He lived at the old Powers Hotel, where he had a room on the third floor, opening on a gallery, from which he could look over the railing down

to the lobby on the first floor. To insure prompt service, the Captain had arranged a signal code for the bell boy when he needed water or other service.

When Dr. Manley called on the Captain one afternoon, he found him at ease before dressing for drill time. Wishing to extend the courtesies due to a caller, the Captain proposed refreshment and pulled the bell for water and ice. Having no response, he rang again.

WHEN HIS CALL remained unanswered, his gorge rose. He pulled the bell once more until it jangled loudly on the office floor below. When there was still no response, he moved unsteadily across the room, having evidently partaken of one or two before his guest arrived, and seized the wash bowl with its pitcher of water from the washstand. He then walked to the gallery and leaning over the rail, dropped bowl and pitcher to the lobby floor, where there was an immediate rush of feet and a craning of necks to see what had happened.

Leaning drunkenly over the rail, the Captain bawled, "Boy, did you hear that ring?"

IN MY LATER years of active service, I sometimes regaled visitors to the University with stories about these old days, as I saw them drawing to a close. One prospective faculty member, I tried to entertain at lunch with some of these yarns, thinking to give him a feeling of what was back of the community in addition to a favorable impression of the University.

Later one of my friends told me that our guest, who did not

accept our proffered appointment, had thought me and Columbia funny and old fashioned. "Why," he said, "you know they're still talking about the Civil War down there."

In 1901 the townspeople and the faculty were still a rather unified group, just as they had been since the establishment of the University in 1839. New faculty members were sought out and cordially received into the life of the community. Even though some of them were regarded as peculiar, they were excused on the grounds of being professors, and "you know what to expect of professors."

WITHIN THE NEXT decade the situation was entirely changed. The faculty increased in size, many of the newcomers did not become well acquainted with any of the "born-and-raised," and the faculty became large enough to have a social life of its own.

There was no serious antagonism. It was just a case of two groups of different interests drawing apart.

I had the impression that this separation was resented by the natives, particularly by those who had dominated the town's unified social activities, and that a certain loftiness, which became apparent in the local "Four-hundred," was a defense reaction following the loss of something long cherished.

At the present I think that there is a greater unity of interest between town and gown of Columbia than there was, say in 1911, although we are now members of a much larger community.

Cheap Meat and Vegetables No Rarity to Old Columbians

In 1901-02 there was a small but flourishing University Club composed of faculty members and other Columbians. This club had rooms on the second floor of the building now numbered 13A South Ninth Street.

The year following, the members raised a building fund that sufficed to erect the substantial brick building, now numbered 903 Elm Street. With its three stories and a basement, this made commodious quarters for the Club.

The building was completely furnished, following a shopping trip to St. Louis and Chicago by a committee consisting of George Lefevre, B. M. Duggar, and Ed Rollins. With such a club house, most faculty members felt they could ill afford not to belong, and membership was highly prized by business men and other prominent citizens. In the Club's new home there were large rooms on the ground floor, smaller ones on the second, and bedrooms for bachelors on the third floor.

THE CLUB EVEN embarked on a dining service for its roomers and others who might prefer this to a Columbia boarding house. Isolated as we were then, it was almost as good as a trip to St. Louis to step into this well-furnished, commodious establishment in the late afternoon for a look at the papers, a game of billiards, or a talk with friends over a cigar.

But the Club proved too much of a financial undertaking, and there was some friction between the town and gown elements. Many of the bachelor standbys married or were called to other institutions.

Some years later the town and gown combination ended, and the

building fell into other hands. Soon after that, the University Club, which has since functioned for members of the faculty and certain other individuals, came into existence.

DURING MY FIRST YEAR in Columbia I heard frequent references to "Mrs. Bing" and "Mrs. Bow" as individuals of importance along with the regal Mrs. Willis and her three daughters, but in my second year when I began buying food at the stores, I found Mrs. Bing and Mrs. Bow much in evidence commercially, although Mrs. Bow was no longer living in Columbia.

My grocer, for example, in recommending a certain brand of food, would say, "Mrs. Bing uses it" or "Mrs. Bow always used this." Thus, it would seem that these ladies set the most elegant tables in Columbia.

I found too that these same grocers were supposed to have a three-price system, one for professors, another a little lower for townspeople living south of Broadway, and the lowest of all for the northsiders.

Although this could not be proved, there was some evidence for it, and it was commonly believed to exist. Sometimes my grocer would forget the differential and say, "Let's see, what did I charge you for that?"

FOR ALL THIS, food was cheap enough. Chickens were twenty-five cents apiece on the hoof, delivered a half-dozen in a crate, which could be kept in the backyard until the delivery boy brought a new lot and swapped crates.

When one had fried chicken, he cut off the head and plucked the bird for his wife; or the colored maid, who was paid two or



THE HADEN OPERA HOUSE was the center for entertainments and public meet-

ings in 1900. It was located at the north-east corner of Ninth and Broadway on the site now occupied by the Haden Building.

three dollars a week for seven days of service, stepped on the chicken's head and yanked it off, leaving the victim to flop around before being plucked. Sometimes the delivery boys were careless, and could be seen chasing escaped chickens across back lots or down alleys.

At the butcher shops all cuts of beef except the very poorest were the same price. If you knew that porterhouse was better than round steak, that was your good fortune. If you were a good customer, the butcher would give you tongues, as well as all the liver you wanted for the cat, or for your own use.

Since most of the vegetables were raised locally, the stores with good country connections were the best sources of supply. Out of season, such things as lettuce or celery were obtained on special order from St. Louis.

Not much attention was paid to sanitation in our food stores; in warm weather flies, hatched

from the manure piles of stables near Broadway, swarmed in unbelievable numbers. Even in the best food store in Columbia, I often saw a cat sleeping on food that was to be eaten without cooking.

BECAUSE THE RANGE of choice was so limited, many of us ordered our non-perishable supplies in quantity from the Moll Grocery Company of St. Louis, which published an extensive catalog and sold at lower prices than the Columbia stores.

Although the food situation gradually improved here, it was not until the establishment of a Kroger store during the second decade of my life as a Columbian that we were on our way to the present state of our food markets.

One thing that puzzled me at first about some local merchants was that I found it difficult to get them to present bills promptly at the first of each month. This

was explained to me as a survival of the early practice common in rural communities of sending the year's bill on January first after the farmer had sold his crop and had the money in hand.

At the banks an overdraft was not frowned upon unless it was too large. One of the bank cashiers remarked to a colleague of mine who had just come to town and was establishing his financial connections, "We are glad to have your account, Professor. Any time you need to overdraw, don't hesitate to do so."

In like manner a faculty man's name was good on a note within the limit of his university warrant, but for this loan he paid eight per cent interest, the rate commonly charged for such borrowing.

THROUGH THE YEARS it has been my impression that the relationship between town and gown has been as satisfactory as could have been expected. On the university side we have had our share of eccentric professors, who were objects of ridicule, and on occasion even shocked the town.

But in the case of one professor the nickname given in derision has become a term of real affection, and his beard, haircut, cap and knickers are now marks of distinction. He undoubtedly rescued more students from the local hoosegow than any other citizen.

On the night before he retired, some five hundred of them assembled before his home shouting "We want Monkey Wrench!" and when at Commencement he was honored by being appointed Professor Emeritus, the applause was deafening from townspeople as well as students.

The freshmen who hear about him now wish they could see him coming and going day after day

with his cape flapping and his beret askew. His colleagues and his friends in town remember most of all the way he has spoken out and worked in matters of public interest.

ON THE TOWN SIDE, we've had our share of townspeople with scant respect for professors. We've seen more than once the setting of town against gown when it was thought that professors and students had insufficient consideration for business interests. Undoubtedly the pressure brought by business men kept the University from feeding its students for a long time and even building dormitories, which interfered with the rooming house keepers. At times there has been evidence that both professors and students have been exploited.

I recall the year when it was decided for some good reason that the Christmas vacation should begin a week earlier than had been expected. Representatives from Broadway protested to the President of the University that the students would be buying their Christmas presents at home instead of in Columbia.

Then too, there are continued mutterings and periodic cries of anguish because the College of Agriculture sells at market prices the fruit, vegetables, eggs, and even meat, which are produced in the course of the research which is the primary function of the Agricultural Experiment Station.

THE SERVICE CLUBS were not popular with the stronger members of the faculty when they were established in Columbia years ago. There was the same feeling about them that was later voiced by Sinclair Lewis in his "Main Street."

Now, many professors are members of these clubs and thus have become better acquainted

with men of the town, although I am told by some of my friends, who let their hair down in conversation with me, that some of these faculty members do not care for all that passes current in service club psychology.

By and large, I am sure that faculty members who have lived most of their lives in Columbia have many friends on Broadway, even though town and gown do not always think alike.

NOWADAYS THE town knows better what to expect of the professor than it did in those years of transition during which the old social unity of town and gown came to an end.

Grandma Todd perhaps expressed better than anyone the feeling then. She was a lady of the old school, proud of her place in Columbia's society, and she had a right to be.

Her ~~own~~ family came from the

old stock, and her husband, always called "Little Bob" Todd, a cashier of one of the banks, was a first cousin of Mary Todd Lincoln. Moreover one of the daughters had married one of the University's Yankee professors, if that was anything to be proud of.

Sitting in her rocker on the porch of her son-in-law's newly built home, Grandma Todd opined, "The time was when a university professor in Columbia lived like a gentleman. He went to the University and taught his classes in the morning. Then after dinner and a nap at home, he sat in his study reading the paper or his Greek or Latin. Now all that is changed. John Whitten works all day at the University and comes home at five o'clock to cut his lawn. He's just a whizzing, buzzing Yankee."

Light, Water, Paved Streets Transformed Columbia by 1911

The decade of 1901-11 was one of swift transition in Columbia, as marked by extensions of the city's sewers, water from deep wells, twenty-four hour electricity, street paving, a new court house, development of new residential areas. I will write of the changes with which I was most familiar.

I have spoken of the unpaved streets and the laying of the sewers in the vicinity of the campus during the first years of my life in Columbia. Water and electricity had been supplied for some years before 1901 by a private and locally owned company.

Because water and sewer connections were still so limited, I was urged by Lefevre, when I accepted appointment to the faculty in May 1901, to engage a room in a house recently built and still standing at 501 Conley Ave. He said it was unlikely that I could find quarters in any other house with a complete bathroom.

Lefevre's house on Ninth Street opposite the present law building had city water in the kitchen and in a bathroom with bowl and tub, the drainage from which ran under Ninth Street and emptied on the campus, where Tate Hall now stands. The heavy toilet facility was a backyard privy like those found everywhere in town.

THERE WAS a cistern in almost every back yard for collection of the roof water, used for all purposes including drinking, even though city water was available. The latter often issued from the faucets muddy as the Hinkson Creek from which it came; and we quoted Mark Twain's remark about Missouri River water—"too thick to drink, but not thick enough to plow."

An ice plant recently estab-

lished supplied distilled water in five gallon bottles, which were ordered for drinking by the most fastidious. Flies were legion in all parts of town, and it was small wonder that we had a typhoid epidemic each summer, which the doctors called just "corn fever."

I recall being told that, even in the winter months, the Parker Hospital, opened in 1901, was seldom without at least one case of typhoid during the first half dozen years of its existence.

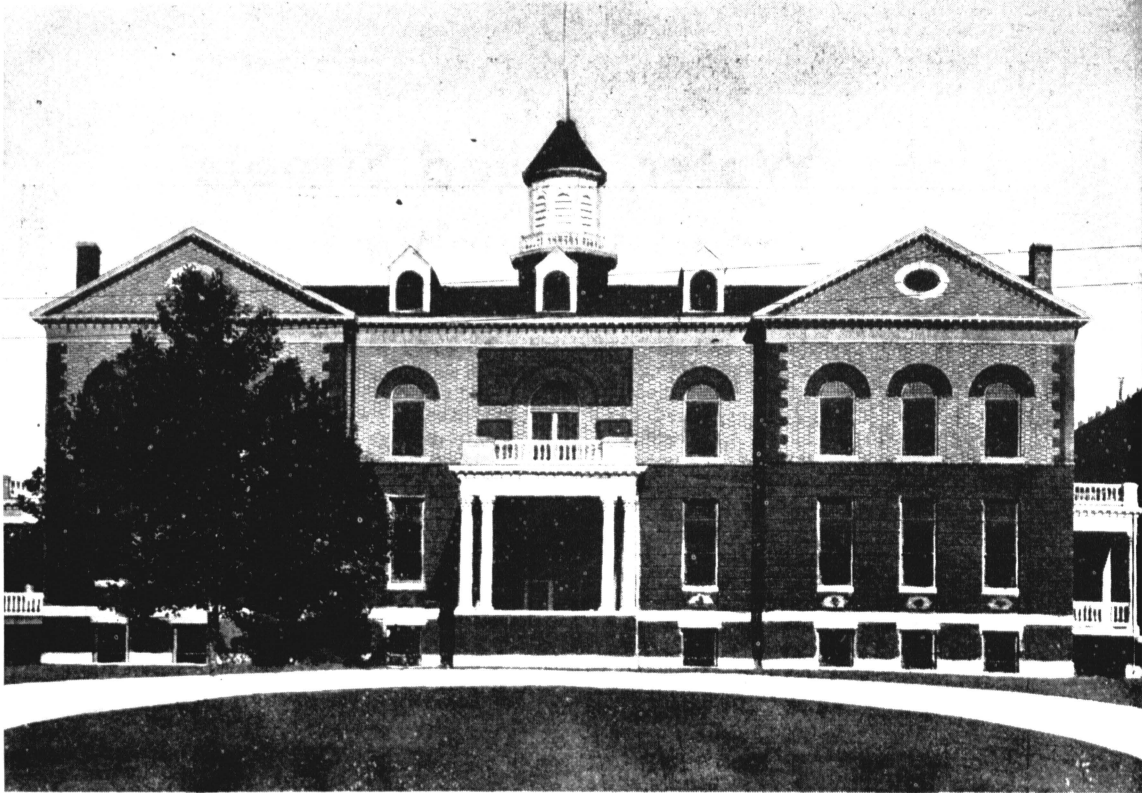
AS A RESULT of the increasing concern about typhoid in a university community, some of the "born-and-raised" as well as the "miserable cold-bread Yankees," who had come to town as faculty members, began an agitation for deep wells as a source for city water.

Had the company owning the water and light plant seen the writing on the wall and drilled those wells itself, there would have been scant agitation for a municipal water supply. The community was evidently hesitant to embark on such an enterprise, but the company was adamant in its refusal.

As one prominent stockholder of the company insisted, "Surface water is what God Almighty intended us to use. If He'd intended us to use deep-well water, He'd have put it near the surface where we could get at it." And so the scene was laid for battle.

THE ELECTION to determine whether municipal or private ownership should be chosen was preceded by a series of public meetings in the old Court House. We saw there small town democracy at its best and at its roughest so far as argument was concerned.

Only when these meetings were



PARKER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL was opened in 1901. Before Columbia's water came from deep wells, many typhoid cases were treated at Parker.

over, did some of us realize that we had missed the chance of a lifetime in not hiring a court stenographer to take down every word that was spoken. Instead of such a record, there are only the recollections of some like myself who were in attendance.

The newspaper accounts, as I recall them, were rather colorless, presumably because the reporters were too considerate of the feelings of certain prominent citizens. However, some of my colleagues and I put together the highlights as we remembered them, and have been telling these stories ever since.

It was the best small town fight I ever witnessed, and besides it gave me a first-hand impression of General Odon Guitar in action.

I DON'T KNOW what the advocates of municipal ownership would have done without the aid of the General. He alleged that his motivation in siding with us

was that of a citizen mindful only of the public welfare. Those who did not like him alleged that his real motivation was his enmity for Col. Bev Price, the principal defender of private ownership. With his intimate contacts on the north side of town and his experience as a jury lawyer, General Guitar was well equipped for his task.

The outcome of the campaign must have been a shock to the moguls of Broadway, who fought bitterly against the change. I was told they had carried everything their way in city government for years, on the basis of "what God Almighty intended." True there had been a rebellion that shocked the town by electing a Republican, F. W. Niedermeyer, as mayor, but not much came of that.

The discussion began on a high level of superiority, poking fun at the University professors, in a subtle cultivation of town vs. gown prejudices.

COLONEL PRICE was no mean speaker. At one of these early meetings he declared, "These university professors have to be perfumed with attar of roses and bathed in the morning dew. When I was a boy the water trough in the horse lot and a piece of soap were sufficient for my bath, and the gentle zephyrs of Old Virginia took the place of a towel."

All this was changed after the General had taken a hand. I well remember one of the last meetings at which the Colonel spoke and the General replied. It was the Roundhead beating down the Cavalier.

In his reply to a question raised by the Colonel and involving a pious reference to what was intended by the Deity, the General declared the question he wanted to ask was, "Why didn't God Almighty give Bev. Price more brains than to make that statement?"

THE GENERAL employed on various occasions the orator's trick of repeating the telling phrase. I was told that this was one of his favorite techniques with a jury.

One night he began inveighing against the under cover attacks upon "Municeepi-al" ownership as he always pronounced it. Raising his clenched fists, he called upon them to "Git out of the brush!", to "Come out into the open", coming back again and again with the words, "Git out of the brush. Come out into the open."

Again in discussing the statement by a champion of private ownership that the Hinkson was "pure surface water, not contaminated by an underground source," he cried out, "They can say there ain't any bacteriums in this water, but there air. They might as well say there ain't any bull frogs in that creek but there air." And so on ending each flight of oratory with, "but there air."

True, his idea of what bacter-

iums were like was limited, but he put over his point to the crowd when he climaxed his remarks with, "Did you ever hear of a man gittin' snake bit unless a snake bit him?"

And in conclusion, "The water they been a givin' us ain't fit for cattle. You can't raise hefty babies on that kind of water. Gentlemen, the water they been a givin' us ain't fit to wash a baby with—at either end."

THIS SORT OF THING was too much for the defenders of the status quo. They fell back upon tactics that involved putting forward citizens with whom they presumably had influence and who could pose as plain people spontaneously aroused to protest the iniquity of municipal ownership. This was also meat for the General.

A well known shopkeeper, whose avocation was taxidermy—I'll call him Mr. X—came forward; I forget whether as a speaker or as a contributor to the open column in the newspaper.

The General, remembering that Mr. X once invented a fly trap, disposed of him in this wise. He began with a glowing tribute to Mr. X, as a citizen of repute, a man of character, a businessman of competence, and a taxidermist of no mean ability. These facts, said the General, were all well known in the community. What was not known, except to the older generation was that "our fellow citizen" is also an inventor.

The General dilated upon the fly trap as an example of Mr. X's talents and versatility. "Gentlemen, it was a remarkable fly trap. There was never one like it. In fact there wasn't but one thing the matter with it — it would not catch flies. No sir! There wahn't a single hell-blasted fly fool enough to go into it."

The obvious conclusion to which the old lawyer led his

hearers was that the intelligent citizens of Columbia would not be caught by any such trap as the one presented by the wily advocates of continued private ownership.

THE CLIMAX CAME after an anonymous letter appeared in the local press under the heading, "Where does the pie come in?" The writer tried to point out what the pie would be and to whom it would go under municipal ownership. Apparently the General had reason to suspect, if not to know, who had written this letter.

This individual — let me call him Mr. Q.—attended the meeting and sat on the front row the night the General disposed of him. With his connections on the north side, our master advocate knew a good deal about what went on beneath the surface.

Employing his technique of repetition, he explained in detail, without exposing himself to libel suits, some of the connections of certain powers on Broadway with the north side and their hold on certain unnamed individuals.

As I recall it, his remarks ranged all the way from the shaving of notes on northside shanties to larger and more subtle performances. At the end of each account came the repetition, "And that's where the pie

comes in." He was in his best form.

Finally, as though he were scaring the wits out of a witness, he suddenly crouched in front of Mr. Q., and glaring at him with hands on knees, he hissed, "And now, Q. I wonder if you couldn't tell us who wrote that letter?"

THE ONLY TIME the joke was on the General was at a meeting with his colored friends. The old man referred at length to his life-long association with many members of the audience:

"My friends and neighbors, as a boy I played, and hunted, and fished with you. As a man I have lived among you. Your joys and your sorrows have been mine. We have worked together. I have been in your homes in your hours of happiness and of affliction. I have—" And then came a woman's voice from the back of the hall, "Tell it all, General, tell it all."

The meeting was finally brought to a conclusion to which the General was equal, even in such an emergency, but the cry, "Tell it all, General," became a saying that is still used by some Columbians.

And so it came about when the fight was over and the votes were counted that Muni-cep-ial ownership triumphed.

Light, Water, Paved Streets Transformed Columbia by 1911

For many years Boone County had needed a new courthouse, or at least a building where the county records could be stored in safety. The first county records were kept for many years in the home of Roger North Todd, the first county clerk.

It was the appeal for safe storage of county records that finally overcame the unwillingness of many Boone Countians to spend any money for public improvements. There was also the resentment of the Centralians, who felt that since Columbia had the University, Centralia should have the county seat.

WHEN AT LAST the county voted to build a new courthouse, the question of what to do with the old one became an issue. The historic building was in excellent condition so far as its basic structure was concerned, not a crack in its massive walls of brick, and as I recall it, the floor and roof beams were as sound as the day they were hewn.

It would not have taken many thousand dollars to repair the interior woodwork, replaster, and so to restore the building. It would have been available for some public use and good for centuries of usefulness.

Knowing how such buildings were cherished in some communities, we newcomers were unanimous in our desire to have the old building thus preserved, and there was some sentiment among native Boone Countians in favor of the preservation. However, one thing that the pioneers to Boone County did not bring along from Virginia was a deep respect for local history and its landmarks.

ALTHOUGH MANY of them knew that no Virginia courthouse had ever been torn down, and

that the replacement of Jefferson's inspired architecture would have been unthinkable to their Virginia and Kentucky kin, there was almost no local sentiment in favor of preserving the old courthouse. In line with this lack of interest is the fact that not one historic house or public building of the many once here stands in Columbia today.

Unfortunately, there were some would-be supporters of our campaign to save the courthouse, who had said so much about the tumbledown state of the old structure, as an argument for a new building, that they would have been embarrassed now to blow hot instead of cold and say that the courthouse was in such a condition that it could be restored at small expense and should be preserved for use as well as sentiment. There was also the fact that those damn-Yankee professors were the most active group urging preservation.

A parallel in the state today is the willingness to see the historic governor's mansion torn down and replaced by a new building. Ugly though it is the old house is representative of an important period in American architecture; and some of its features, like the grand staircase are notable.

If it seems desirable to build a modern residence for our governor, well and good, but the historic mansion should be restored and kept in use, if only as a museum.

SEVERAL PUBLIC meetings were held in the attempt to have Boone County's old courthouse preserved, as in the case of the water and light discussions, but to no avail. We had no spell-binder like General Guitar to



EXTERIOR OF Boone County Courthouse, built in 1848, to replace first courthouse

erected in 1824. The four columns remain, at Walnut and North Eighth Streets, topped by glass globes.

fight for preservation as a "municeepial" obligation.

We had to fight even to save the columns. I think these too would have come down but for the fact that the columns of the original university building had been preserved, and by this time were becoming a symbol. I am told that it took a fight to save our campus columns.

The courthouse columns were saved but the base block of each column was plastered over with cement slanted at the top so that there would be no resting places for loafers. And some years later the crowning insult was added

when a globelike monstrosity was placed on the top of each column.

THE MARBLE SLAB with its inscription, "Oh! Justice, when expelled from other habitations, make this thy habitation," that crowned the doorway of the old building, is now set in the wall of the present building just inside the front entrance. The quotation was effectively used and published by Joseph Folk in trial of the "Boodlers," which was held in our old courthouse — a trial that made Folk governor.

But today there is not even a placard to explain the source of

this inspired slab of marble. Wake up! DARs and UDCs. That marble slab listened to many a political speech, slaves we sold beneath it, and once a negro boy, who was probably innocent, was lynched from the window above and his body left dangling across the cry for justice.

Looking back over our campaign to save this historic building, I think we might have succeeded if we newcomers had kept in the background and persuaded the natives to do the front work. The women of the DAR and UDC did make some feeble efforts, but those were not enough.

If we had made the right appeal, I think the active leadership of such men as Col. Bev Price might have been enlisted. Also, we may have said too much about the ultimate possibilities, since our dream was not only to preserve the old building, but also to build a replica of it on the southwest corner of the courthouse block, and in the rear behind the new courthouse whenever additional structures might be needed by the county in coming years.

THE ARCHITECTURE of the present courthouse, no longer new and dingy enough within, is passable but not distinctive. With such a group of surrounding buildings as we had in mind, the total effect of the Courthouse block would have been something in which the town and county, as well as the entire state, could have taken pride.

As it stands, this block with its buildings are not particularly ugly, but it lacks unity and distinction.

Our dream carried us even farther. At that time, and until the Daniel Boone Hotel was built, the block south of the courthouse was occupied only by two-story commonplace building of late nineteenth century vintage. There were no buildings at all on most of the northwestern portion of this block. Here we envisioned a city square created by public purchase and demolition of build-

ings then of no great value.

WE HAD KNOWN of such things being done in New England and nearby states, either at public expense or by the philanthropy of generous citizens, but Columbia never had a citizen who gave it anything of significant value, until Dr. and Mrs. Nifong gave us money for an addition the county hospital.

As I remember it we had sense enough not to say much about this grandiose scheme. We knew that such a suggestion would scare the Broadway tightwads almost to death.

Today our town, with its city planning, would no doubt be interested in such a proposal, if it were still possible, and with the slum clearance ahead, something of the sort may yet be possible, though not in the same location.

I have often thought, if I had that kind of money, I would offer to do what could still be done to give our court house block the distinctive quality it deserves.

FOR THREE YEARS, September 1903 to 1906, Mrs. Curtis and I lived in a house on Lowry Street opposite the Missouri Store. When the University purchased this site for its library in 1913, this house with its left-hand neighbor and replica were moved to William Street. Often, I go the long way round to drive by the trim little place and think, it was there "we uster be so happy and so poor."

Although the houses in all this neighborhood were connected with the newly dug public sewers, the privies were retained for the use of the servants. There were twelve of these privies still functioning on that block, two of them within twenty-five feet of our living room windows.

After having two cases of typhoid in the family, it was high time for us to move. This we did in December of 1906 after the completion of my present residence in the newly opened addition of Westmount.

Development of Westmount Began New Era in Columbia

The development of Westmount and Westwood additions by John A. Stewart, a former judge of Boone County, was the beginning of a new day in the history of Columbia real estate.

The Judge must have come as a shock to the mossbacks among Columbia's real estate brokers. Additions had been opened here before his day, but with few if any improvements included. The survey into lots being accomplished and dirt roads scraped out, the improvements had to be made by the purchasers, collectively or individually.

Now, along came a man who proposed to sell lots in an addition having macadamized streets with curbs and gutters, cement walks and connections for water, sewer, electricity and gas on every lot. And he proposed to connect this property to the town by a road with a cement sidewalk and, marvel of marvels, by a bridge across the Katy railroad tracks on the street now known as Stewart Road.

Westward from the bridge Stewart purchased his right of way from Colonel Welch, owner of the Welch Military Academy, whose academy building was later converted into an older part of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house.

THE STORY of Stewart Road between Garth Avenue and West Boulevard illustrates the enterprise of Judge Stewart. The federal government was offering at that time to build a mile of model road in selected counties as a demonstration of road construction.

The specifications were that the

county should pay \$2,500 on the cost of construction and that the mile of road be located where it would be used and seen by many people. Our County Court dallied with this proposal, hemming and hawing about the expense, and I believe finally rejecting the offer for Boone County.

Then Judge Stewart came forward with an offer to pay the \$2,500, if the mile of road were built along his proposed roadways — Stewart Road and West Boulevard to Broadway.

Some of the other realtors in town, we called them real estate men in those days, who did not have the imagination for anything on the Stewart level, were much disgruntled over this coup d'etat.

But the proposal was accepted and Stewart, having crushed rock from his nearby quarry, took the contract for building the road under supervision of the government engineers. So the Judge did not do badly after all.

WESTMOUNT WAS LAND planted in crops until the year 1905, when Stewart began his venture in the development of farmland into building lots. The land north of Westmount to Broadway remained crop land until many years later.

The first house in Westmount, still at 209 Thilly Avenue, was built in the summer of 1905 before the bridge was completed. In the summer of 1906, four more houses were built, and the bridge, street paving, sidewalks, and utility connections were completed.

In the summer of 1905, a number of faculty members, interested in the purchase of building lots, began negotiations with Judge Stewart, with the upshot



The big houses looked lonely and far apart when there were only three of them on Westmount Avenue -- The Hedrick house,

304 Westmount, looking south from the Curtis house.

that fourteen of us purchased, at \$3.50 a running foot, most of the lots on Thilly and Westmount Avenues.

Within a year or two other faculty men joined us so that the members of our group soon owned all the lots on Thilly and Westmount Avenues, as some of us had bought lots in addition to those on which we expected to build.

Since we all wanted the settlement well started, we organized what we called the Westmount Civic Improvement Association, which is still in existence although it has not functioned for some years.

HAVING AGREED to purchase the lots at a uniform rate per front foot, we had the problem of setting a price on each lot. For this purpose a committee was appointed, and when its decisions had been reached, a plat of the addition was distributed, showing the lots and the value assigned to each.

The members of the association then drew lots to determine the order of choice. Then when the first round of choices was completed, those purchasing more than one lot drew lots again and again made their selections and so on until all the lots for which we had contracted were taken. The assigned prices of the lots ranged from \$175 to \$425.

Later we paid Judge Stewart \$100 more on each lot for curb and gutter and the cement work to sidewalk. We also had the fronts of almost all the lots on Thilly and Westmount Avenues brought to grade in accordance with levels prepared for each block. For this we paid Judge Stewart \$30 per lot.

IN THIS CONNECTION we found that the survey made for Judge Stewart by a local man was inaccurate as to inches, and even feet in some instances, when the plat was checked against the stakes. As the saying went, that surveyor must have "used a coon-skin for a chain and thrown in the

tail."

Therefore, we engaged Professor W. S. Williams of the College of Engineering to make a proper survey and prepare a plat showing the sewer, gas, and water connections to each lot. A copy of this plat was filed at the city engineer's office and blue prints distributed to the members of the Association. This plat is still useful on occasion, and the copper pegs that Professor Williams set in the sidewalks still mark the front corners of each lot.

Thus, by sighting through to the next street or even across the street, one can get the sidelines of his lot, if the markers for the backcorners have disappeared. The meticulous attention given to this survey illustrates the way we did things in those old Westmount days.

IN OUR INITIAL discussions with Judge Stewart, consideration was given to the building restrictions used in other high grade real estate developments of the time. Thus it was specified in the deeds given us that no house should be built nearer than sixty feet to the front line of the lot nor any nearer than fifteen feet to a sideline, and that no building should be erected nearer than six feet to the back line. This last provision was inserted so that an alley could be constructed if desired, and to provide space for the pipes and wire of utilities at the back of the lots instead of along the streets.

It was further provided that only one dwelling should be erected on each lot, that the front line of each dwelling be parallel with the front line of the lot since the side lines were not quite at right angles, and that no dwelling costing less than \$2,000, nor less than two stories in height could be built on any lot.

In those days a one story house

could be built for \$2,000, and we did not want any of the cheap bungalow construction, so popular at that time. These specifications were covenants inserted in deeds and running with the land, unless abrogated by the written consent of not less than six-sevenths of the owners of all the lots in the block concerned.

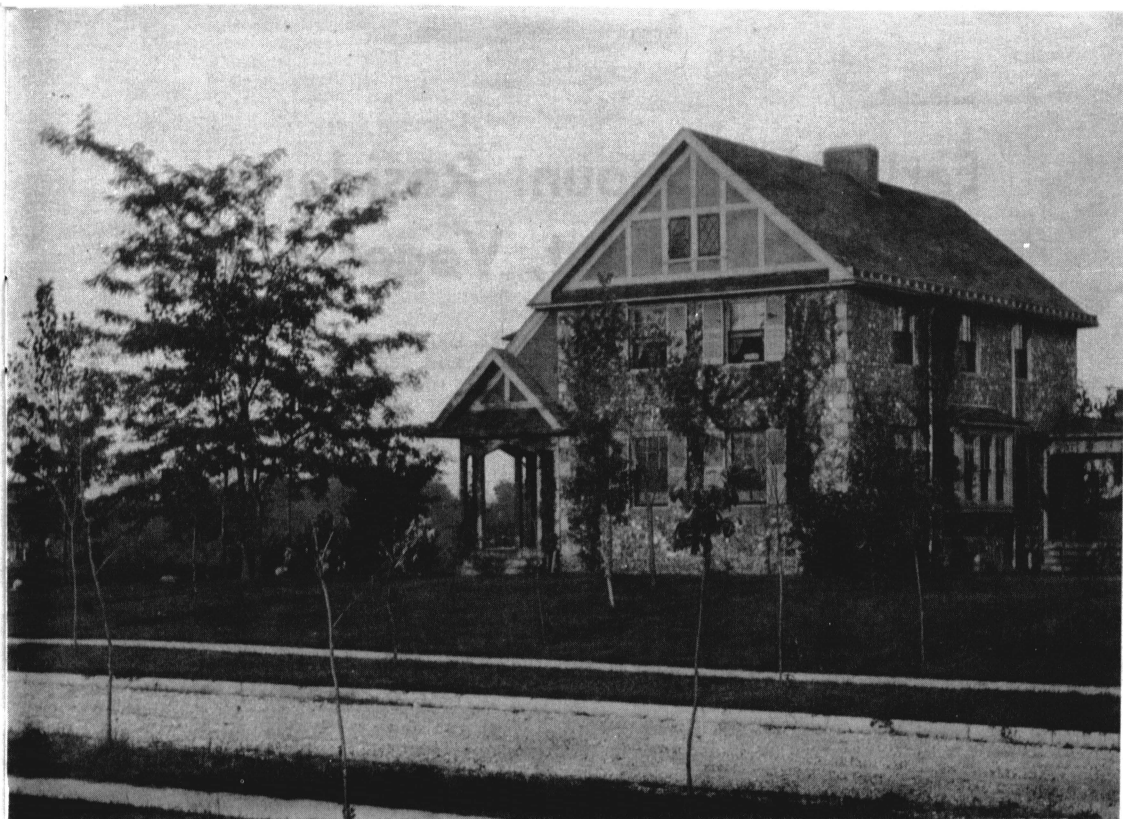
Of all these specifications none has been more satisfying than the provision for utility lines at the back of the lots and not along the streets of Westmount. There are few other blocks in town even today where such lines do not run on one or both sides of the street, with resulting competition between esthetic and utilitarian values, especially resulting in disastrous onslaughts upon the trees shading the sidewalks.

SINCE THERE WERE no trees in the addition except the fringe of woodland to the south and west, it was necessary for the Westmount Association to plan for yard as well as street trees. For the yards, trees were planted as the houses were built, but a gift of oaks trees, distributed by the federal government for such plantings, enabled us to plant dozens of these fine trees, scattering them in prospective front and side yards.

Many of these oaks have survived and are now among the finest trees in the addition. For quick shade in yards, we used soft maples, sycamores and Carolina poplars, but most of these have been removed as the more permanent trees have made their growth.

Along the streets we planted soft maples alternating with elms. It was something of a wrench to take out the maples when their space was needed for the elms, but we did this when the time came.

This planting of the oaks and



A pair of locust trees near the front door of the Curtis house, 210 Westmount Avenue, gave some shade and vines grew quickly on

the stone walls, but the street trees were still making their second year's growth in 1908.

street trees was done as a community undertaking, each lot being assessed for the trees planted on it. If a tree died, it was replaced at community expense. In like manner the street trees were trimmed and cared for during the early years of the Westmount Association.

ALONG STEWART ROAD we planted hard maples on the three blocks of the addition and continued the planting with sycamores through the Welch property at the expense of the Westmount Association, since the Colonel would have none of this.

These hard maples, having been planted in thin, rocky soil, made slow growth, but the sycamores grew amazingly, since they were planted mostly on a fill instead of a cut.

All these trees on Stewart Road have suffered at the hands of the

telephone company's employees and the city's electric linemen. For years we implored the management of these organizations to have regard for trees as well as wires.

Professor Whitten, our horticulturist, offered repeatedly to teach foremen the principles of tree pruning and to supervise the job in particular cases, but to no avail. The evidence of these years of tree butchery can be seen as one drives along Stewart Road today.

It has been my impression in recent years that the linemen of both city and telephone have become more careful, though I have seen some recent cases of the old disregard of everything but utilitarian convenience. For our part, we should have made the original plantings along lines not so close to the wires.

Early Westmount Residents Grew Own Fruit, Vegetables

There were many fruit trees in Westmount. I had around a dozen on my home lot, and my neighbors' lots were much the same. We planted apple, pear, plum, peach, and cherry trees, and ate our own fruit until the trees were crowded out and the insect pests became so numerous that we lost the battle in the absence of the spraying which we had done until it became too complicated and too expensive.

And did we garden! The Columbia markets were so poor in those early days of Westmount that it was quite worth while to raise all one could on the home lot, and so we did from asparagus in the spring to late fall vegetables that could be stored and used after Christmas. What with fruit trees, garden truck, berries, and grapes, in addition to chickens in the back yard, we lived high, although we worked for it.

WE MADE OUR mistakes, like the professor of education who pulled up his lima beans and replanted them when he found them "popping up out of the ground wrong side up."

Then there was the professor's wife equally ignorant of gardening, who dreamed of new potatoes in cream, ordered potato seed, and indignantly returned the shipment of potatoes she received, calling attention to the fact that she had ordered potato seed.

I was fortunate because Mrs. Curtis had been reared on a farm, and what she did not know about a home garden wasn't worth remembering. I was good on the mechanical side, as I did the spading in the fall and created a gentle slope in two directions so that we could irrigate if necessary in the summer.

Mrs. Curtis would tell me what, when, and how to plant; after that my mechanical mind helped me master and invent techniques of cultivation. Seeing the success of our gardening, our neighbor told her yard man, "You watch what Dr. Curtis does, and do it the same way as soon as you can after he does it."

In those days yard men were paid fifteen cents an hour. Often we hired students for this work, and they did it very well unless the boy had come from the city and never been off the pavement.

THERE WERE MANY kinds of birds in Westmount, coming up from the woods as our street and yard trees made their growth. Often we fed quail in our back yards in the winter months, and once in summer time two prairie chickens walked across the Curtis back yard and disappeared in the direction of Stewart Road.

But most of all I remember the call of the meadow larks during the years that my house was the only one on that side of my block and no houses across the street, so there were only open fields surrounding us.

Westmount was an ideal place for children. They were safe on the streets and along Stewart Road as they went to school until some years later when automobiles began to appear in increasing numbers. The chief menace of the first two or three years was the livestock in the form of cattle and pigs that often strayed about the addition.

Under such circumstances it must have been fun to walk to school. There was always the possibility of meeting some frightening pig or steer, there was the Little Bridge, where one



STEWART ROAD BRIDGE, built in 1906, was a Columbia landmark until it was torn down in 1942. It spanned the Katy tracks where Stewart Road now crosses them.

could stop and walk through the passage beneath Stewart Road, and the big bridge where one might see an engine and cars below, and the smoke coming up through the cracks of sidewalk and roadway.

FOR MY TWO BOYS, the woods nearby were an alluring retreat from civilization, although we warned them to look out for copperheads that were seen now and then along the slopes of Flat Branch Valley. I do not recall that any rattlesnakes were seen along the branch, but a very large one was killed in the nearby cemetery in one of those early summers. Later, my son Bill trapped skunks and woodchucks and found muskrats farther down the branch.

In spring he tapped hard maple trees and brought home countless buckets of sap that were subjected to interminable boiling on our kitchen stove to extract the few pounds of maple sugar they contained. Since Mrs. Curtis came from a maple sugar country, this process was nothing new to her, though of course she had

always before seen the processing in great kettles or pans over outdoor fires.

Most fascinating to my boys were their forbidden visits to the "jungle" camp, maintained for years in the woods near the railroad track by the tramps who made their way up from the main line of the Katy to see what pickings they could extract from Columbia.

WE DECIDED THAT there must have been quite a settlement of Indians along Flat Branch before the white man came, because of little plots of bottom land, then under cultivation, that yielded arrowheads and other flint implements, if these plots were searched when bare and particularly after a rain.

Probably the best of the pickings had been gleaned by the men who had cultivated the land through the years, but my boys and I found some perfect arrowheads as well as many fragments.

Westmount was also a nice place for little girls to live. President A. Ross Hill of the University, who was one of the early

purchasers of lots in Westmount, had plans for building a house there. When he moved into the president's house on the campus, one of his daughters asked him, wistfully, "But papa, wouldn't you rather live in Westmount than be president?"

TRANSPORTATION WAS a problem in Westmount, although most of the "original settlers" and other early residents of the addition were young, as well as good walkers. There were, however, some older persons among the parents, and it was a long walk downtown for even the strongest of our women folk.

There was a twenty-five cent hack service, but this was slow and sometimes embarrassing, as when the span consisted of a horse and a mule.

From the outset, Judge Stewart had realized that transportation would be a problem and had promised to do something about it, at least in the winter months. His first solution was a carryall and four. Since he always had a number of horses and mules idle in the muddy season, and men available for the same reason, he rented one of the conveyances then common in street and station service, and known as a carryall or omnibus.

By hitching four horses or four of the magnificent gray mules that were his pride and assigning one of his men as a driver, he had a turnout that attracted attention on Broadway as well as in Westmount. This conveyance was in operation from Thanksgiving time until early April. It made two round trips each morning and two each afternoon, except Sundays.

For this service each family paid two dollars a month, and all members of the paying family rode as much as they chose. If the carryall was needed for an evening party, or on Sunday, we paid extra.

THE DRIVER, being somewhat of a bugler, had a horn on which he announced his approach as the carryall made the circuit from Stewart Road through Westmount. It was mostly a ladies' conveyance, because we men were off to the University before the first trip and did not reach home until after the last trip of the afternoon. Our wives had more fun out of their bus-and-four than with almost anything that ever happened in Westmount.

Finally the Judge purchased one of the early autobuses and put it in operation the year round, except, of course, when it was being serviced or out of operation. These interruptions were frequent, and since no second bus was available, one never knew when he could ride to town or back home on the hourly schedule.

Legally, this bus was operated by the Westend Rapid Transit Company, an organization in which most of us purchased a modest amount of stock, something like twenty-five dollars a family. The Judge, as usual, put up most of the money. What with the original cost, the repairs, and the operation of that gas wagon, he must have paid out a substantial sum.

THE REGULAR service of our motor bus ended in the summer of 1914, but for some months after that it was rented now and then for special trips. The last trip it ever made out of Columbia was in May, 1915, when it was hired by the department of zoology for our spring picnic at Bell's Lake.

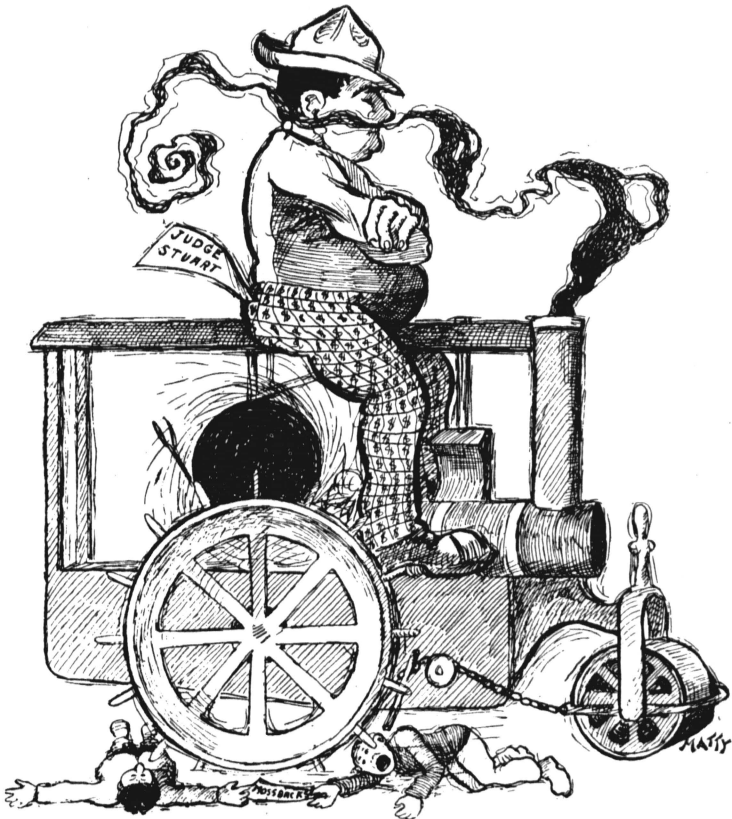
Some weeks later the Judge sold his white elephant to a saloon keeper in an Illinois town, where it would be used as a free conveyance to bring customers from neighboring villages that were dry and to deliver said customers to their home towns when they were sufficiently wet.

Since the Judge was an ardent prohibitionist, I expressed surprise that he should have thus played into the hands of the demon rum. He replied, "Well, if it costs that fellow as much to run the thing as it did me, he'll go broke, and I will have put one saloon keeper out of business."

BY THIS TIME taxi service was beginning to be available at ten cents a trip, and automobiles were becoming more common on Columbia's streets. During my first year in Westmount, 1907, there was only one automobile in town, and since Judge Stewart had constructed the long-

est freeway in Columbia, Mr. Sampson and his auto were often seen raising a dust on Stewart Road. As it buzzed along we stopped to watch it go by and to see whether any horses or mules would turn tail and run when they caught sight of the strange contraption coming at them.

But for the "original settler" of Westmount, there was nothing then or later equal our bus-and-four that announced its coming with a bugle and waited in the street for the lady of the house to put on her hat and add a finishing touch at the mirror in the hall.



JUDGE J. A. STEWART was pictured in the *Missouri Oven*, Sept., 1906, as "The Power That Moves Columbia,"

Foresight of Judge Stewart Big Factor in City's Growth

In those early years there were many winters in which the clearance of snow all the way to the University was necessary. At first we did this with a home-made plow which could be weighted by several children and pulled by one or more parents. An improved model had plow handles added, and so that with two professors ahead and one behind, it was easy going.

Then for years we contracted annually with some negro who owned a mule to turn out before daylight and have a path cleared through the snow before our eight o'clock classes began. Our snow plow man would then return and clear the walks to our front doors.

ALONG WITH the consideration of other community improvements, there was discussion in Westmount of the possible erection of a common barn in the little valley that leads southwest from the intersection of Thilly Avenue and Lathrop Road.

In those days Columbia milk was not as safe as some of us thought it should be, and some residents of Westmount thought of buying cows as well as horses and buggies.

The suggestion of a common barn was made because the majority of our membership did not want barns scattered over the addition. This discussion ended only when it became evident that the day of the horse and buggy and the family cow was at an end.

A more ambitious project was a common heating plant to be located at the foot of the little valley in which our common barn had been projected. We thought that such a plant could be built with a spur from the Katy track for coal delivery and with pipes leading to all parts of the addition. Lots could then be sold with

this additional utility. The advent of individual oil heaters ended this pipe dream.

LOOKING BACK on the development of the Westmount and Westwood additions, I feel that the performance of Judge Stewart was the first major step for Columbia in the high-level development of residential property.

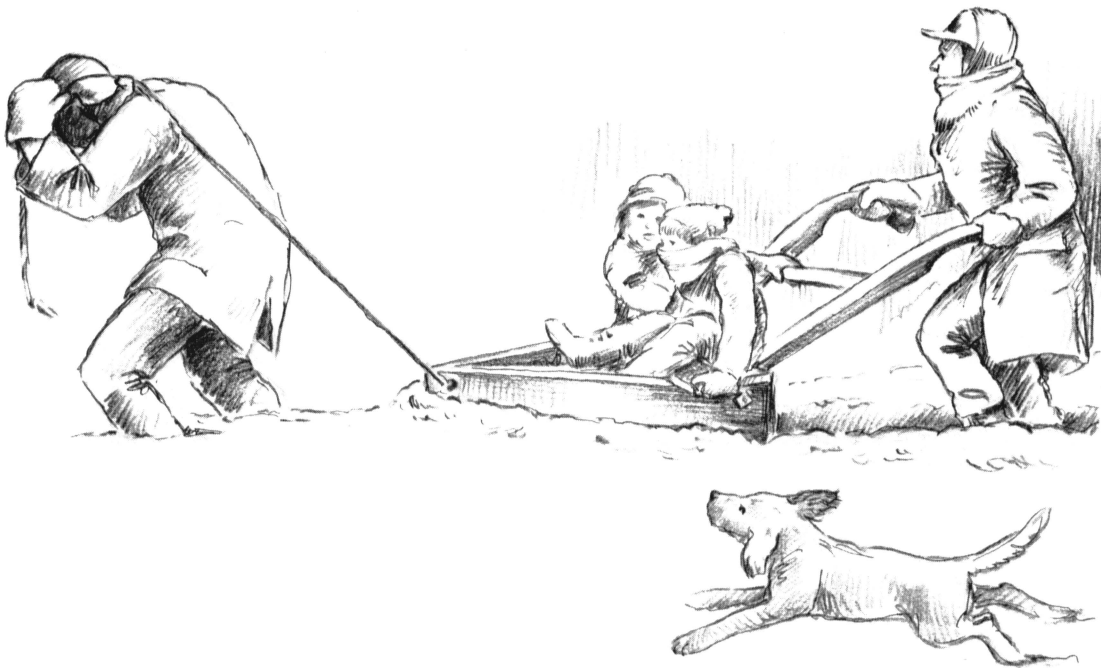
The sale of lots on Virginia Avenue, which had preceded the sale in Westmount and Westwood by some years, was on the old catch-'em-and-sell-'em, with as little trouble as possible for the highest possible price. There was no overall planning, at the outset beyond the survey of the streets.

On Wilson Avenue, the development of which was contemporaneous with that of Westmount, little pinched up lots were offered, and it became another get-rich-quick real estate development.

ON THE PERSONAL SIDE, the development by the original fourteen "settlers" and the other faculty members who joined us in the years that followed was an interesting social undertaking. Having common professional, as well as neighborhood interests, and having to do much in the development of our home lots, we could co-operate to a degree not otherwise possible. Moreover we were all young together.

As the years passed, others not connected with the University came to build. Such families were, I think well received. In fact we felt that it had been a financial disadvantage of the addition to have been so exclusively a faculty residential section.

Gradually, the activities of the Westmount Association declined. There were still community services that might have been per-



When it snowed we cleared the walks all the way from our houses to the university

campus -- stiff work for the professors but fun for the children.

formed, such as snow clearance and trimming of street trees, but it became harder to get a substantial attendance at meetings.

In the early days every member of the Association attended every meeting, or if he were out of town, wanted to know as soon as he returned what had been done. With the passage of years there was less common interest among the Westmount residents; few of the original settlers remained, and the long-time residents were no longer young.

THERE ARE STILL many things that might be done at community expense, such as care of the street trees, which are so great an asset of the addition, but today costs are high and in recent years there has been no one with the time and steam needed to arouse interest and make things go.

Before I retired I sometimes thought I'd try, when I was free, to function in this manner for

Westmount. Instead, I've found too many other things more pressing and interesting.

Knowing and working with a man like Judge Stewart was an experience that all of us valued. We found him to be a remarkable fellow. Gossip about him said that twenty years before he had been a farm hand splitting rails for an employer. He began to get on and thus he came to own a large tract of farm and woodland west of the old cemetery and south of Broadway.

Although this tract was an unbelievable distance from the western edge of Columbia, which then lay along Providence Road, he saw its possibilities if there were a road through the grounds of the Welch Military Academy and a bridge across the Katy tracks.

IN HIS PROJECTED additions, he laid off lots of generous frontage from Garth to Glenwood Avenue, and to the west of Glen-

wood he offered larger tracts for those who wanted a substantial acreage on the edge of town.

Utilities, sidewalks, and macadam streets were to be provided as needed. The Judge planned to take twenty years to dispose of his lots, not to get what he could in the shortest possible time.

In our collective dealings with him he was more than generous. Our legal member of the Westmount Association, Professor Isidor Loeb, who carried on our contractual discussions with the Judge, remarked in his final report to the Association. "I want to say for Judge Stewart that I have never dealt with a man so fair in all his proposals and in his consideration of mine."

The Judge was no less generous in his dealings with members of the Association as individuals.

BECAUSE HE WAS thus generous and fair and because the sale of so many lots proceeded slowly, Judge Stewart was less prosperous as the years went by. If he had been a get-rich-quick fellow, he might have done better for himself. He was, I have been told, in somewhat difficult financial circumstances during the last years of his life.

After he died, I heard him criticized for some of his later dealings. Perhaps this criticism was justified, yet when I heard him condemned by lesser men I could only paraphrase Mowgli's cry at the death of Akela and say, "Howl dogs, howl! a man has died tonight."

The University, of course, has changed even more than the town. At the turn of the century it was well on its way to a place among the better state universities, but there were still plenty stories told about what it was like in the eighties.

Isidor Loeb told me how he, as a messenger boy for the Western Union, delivered to the presidential residence a telegram telling of the first money to be appropri-

ated for a significant building at Columbia since the appropriations for the original university building and the president's house. Loeb remembered the incident vividly because President Laws, in his excitement after reading the telegram, said to his wife, "Anna, give that boy a quarter."

IT WAS PRESIDENT LAWS who admitted publicly that he settled the competition between the various Protestant denominations for representation on his faculty, by choosing his appointees in rotation.

If he needed a chemist, he chose a chemist who was a Methodist, if it was the Methodists' turn. The Baptists had their chance for a place in the sun when the next vacancy occurred.

Since the father of George Leffevre was a Presbyterian minister, he was razed by his friends as being a Presbyterian appointee, even though he came to the University in 1899, and the administration of President Laws was only a memory. No such accusation was ever pinned on me, although my father was a Congregational minister, since Congregationalism was a denomination unfamiliar to most Columbians.

I MIGHT HAVE included here the story of how I built the house at 210 Westmount Avenue, into which Mrs. Curtis and I moved in December 1906, but that account is reserved for another section of my autobiographical notes.

It is a thing to make life worthwhile to have lived so long in a home that one planned and built in part with his own hands on a street freshly cut from a cornfield, to have planted the trees and watched their growth until they arch the street, and above all to have lived in a university community.

I think the best life in America is to be had in university and college towns such as Columbia.

(The End)