George W. Bunn, Jr. Memoir

B884G. Bunn, George W. Jr. #1 (1890-1973)
   Interview and memoir
   3 tapes, 222 mins., 57 pp.

George Bunn, Springfield businessman, discusses his family's history in Springfield: his grandfather's 1840's businesses, formation of the Marine Bank, and the Springfield Watch Company. He recalls his education at Lawrenceville School in New Jersey and Princeton University, work in New York as a reporter and editorial assistant, WWI service, and Springfield during the Depression. He also discusses his involvement with the Abraham Lincoln Association, his tenure as trustee and president of the Public Library Board, War Fund Council 1941-1945, the Springfield Art Association, and the Hobby Horse press.

Interview by Sally Schanbacher, 1972
OPEN
   See collateral file: Interviewer's notes, a copy of The First Ten Years of the Hobby Horse Press 1934-1944, and article on the Princeton Triangle Club.
George W. Bunn, Jr. Memoir

Corrections and Comments by Paul M. Angle

December 1973

P. 15, 3rd line from bottom. Durstine, Osborne, Barton. That was the famous, or infamous, Bruce Barton.

P. 17, line 3. Our Mr. Wrenn, not Rand.


P. 20, 4th line from bottom. Saint Nazaire. I'm sure Gib pronounced it "San Nazaire", which is good French.

P. 24, line 2. Fables in Slang.

P. 25, line 10. Izaak Walton. And I'm doubtful about the Itchen but I can't find it.

P. 28, line 2. Terrain Hotel? or Tremont?

P. 30, line 7. By this time, the Ridgely Farmers Bank.


P. 33, line 6. Originally called the Lincoln Centennial Association.

Bottom of page. Paul Angle graduated from Miamd. University, not Wabash, and at the time he was selling books for the American Book Co., not Ginn & Co. The two firms were bitter rivals.

P. 37, 2nd line from bottom. Lindstrom, the name was.

P. 44, line 3. Mrs. Leigh Call.


PREFACE

This manuscript is the result of a series of tape-recorded interviews conducted by Mrs. Sally Schanbacher for the Oral History Office with her father, Mr. George W. Bunn, Jr., during 1972. Mr. Bunn reviewed the transcript with Mrs. Schanbacher and helped edit it for final typing.

Mr. Bunn was born in Springfield, Illinois in 1890 and has lived there all his life, except for absences to attend preparatory school and college, to work in New York City as a newspaperman, and to serve in the armed forces during World War I. His active career has included wholesale grocering, banking, writing, printing and publishing, leadership of the Abraham Lincoln Association, philanthropy and a variety of civic activities.

Readers of this oral history memoir should bear in mind that it is a transcript of the spoken word, and that the interviewer, narrator and editor sought to preserve the informal, conversational style that is inherent in such historical sources. Sangamon State University is not responsible for the factual accuracy of the memoir, nor for views expressed therein; these are for the reader to judge.

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Q. Dad, pick a year and pick an incident and let's just start.

A. I've been asked to give impressions of Springfield in the middle or late 1890's and the turn of the century. I can push my memory back to 1893 to the World's Fair in Chicago and the ferris wheel and a lagoon with gondolas, but that is rather isolated and extremely dim. But in 1896 and thereafter, I can remember pretty clearly and pretty consecutively what happened.

One of the principal events of 1896 was marching in a political parade with my father and brother, my brother and I were in soldier suits. My father was George W. Bunn, Sr., and my brother was Willard Bunn. We were marching in the parade for McKinley and his running-mate, running for President against William Jennings Bryan and Adlai Stevenson. I remember McKinley's running-mate because I either carried a sign bearing his name or marched right behind somebody who was. It was Garret A. Hobart, who certainly is a forgotten man today.

Of course, Presidential campaigns came only every four years, but in between, in the summertime, there were plenty of circus parades. When
the circus came to town, it brought with it much excitement for the boys of Springfield. The circus grounds were in the area called the Comet grounds, which was a field bounded on the east by Fifth Street, on the north by South Grand, on the west by the C and A railroad tracks and on the south by open country. We used to get up at three or four o'clock in the morning and go out to see the circus unload on the switch, just off the C and A tracks. The more intrepid of us would get a job carrying water for the animals' breakfasts and even having a place in the parade which always came in the morning of the afternoon and evening performances.

The Comet grounds were the site of a couple of baseball fields and a good many people in that part of town tethered their cows there overnight. We had a ball team of youngsters of eight, ten, twelve years old, called the Little Potatoes Hard To Peel. Some of the members of the team were my brother Willard, Art Baird, Goin Lanphier, Noah Dixon, Dixon Grout, Clyde Horton, Adair Stadden, and one or two others. Of those that I've named, I am the only survivor. Whenever we would win, one of us would go down to the newspaper office and put the scores in the paper, and for brevity's sake, would leave off the 'Hard To Peel' part of our baseball title. There were, I recall, four newspapers at that time; the Journal, which was a morning, the Register, an afternoon paper, the News, an afternoon paper, and the Springfield Monitor, which did not survive through a very long period.

Q. In the early years that you're talking about now, probably about 1897, do you recall what the town of Springfield was like?
A. Well, Springfield of course was a small city of between twenty and thirty thousand in these days of the late 1890's. The streets ran parallel north and south, parallel to each other east and west, divided into rectangular blocks with an alley down the middle. The alleys were pretty essential because a great many people kept cows and horses. The other means of transportation were the street cars.

The street cars covered pretty well the whole territory of the city, although it was rather difficult for a young man in the north end of town to call on his young lady in the south part of town. In the first place, he had to change cars, in the second place, he had to break off his call before the owl car, which was generally midnight. I remember particularly the south of the Fifth Street car line, which ran from what is now Lincoln Park to South Grand Avenue, where the conductor reversed the trolley and reversed the trip back to Lincoln Park. One means of entertainment in those days were open air trolley rides in the summer, where a trolley was chartered and filled with the guests who merrily rode over one of the routes and were deposited downtown where they had ice cream sodas at Stuarts on North Fifth Street. Other exciting methods of entertaining one's self were taffy pulls, which don't sound very exciting today, but in the days of real sport were quite popular.

Q. Do you recall what Springfield was like downtown?

A. Well, of course downtown was the center of activity, particularly the area around the square. I recall seven banks [around the square], the largest of which was probably five million dollars in total assets as compared with the largest bank today which is almost two hundred fifty million. Of the merchants who did business around the square and everybody
I can remember, four or five are still in business, the Myers Brothers, John Bressmer and Company, Maldaner's, Luer's Shoe Store, possibly two or three others which I can't remember.

Saturday morning was a very busy morning, because that was the day the country folks invariably came to town. The men would gather around the Farmer's National Bank, on the southwest corner of Sixth and Adams Streets and their wives and daughters were easily distinguishable as country folks from their dress, something which of course doesn't happen today, because the country people, fewer in number, are just as citified as the regular citizens are.

Q. Would there have been any movie theatres in these early years of Springfield?

A. I think the movie theatres came at the very end of the 1890's. I can remember a number of them, Mr. Loper had a theatre next to his restaurant on South Fifth Street. There was a movie theatre across from the Leland on South Sixth Street, a movie theatre on the west side of the square, and one on the north side of the square. Another method of recreation in those days were the frequent bowling alleys which were generally rather small ones of two or three alleys each, about four or five of them located within a block or so of the square.

One of the interesting features of that period, I think, was the number of young men from Springfield who went East to college. Princeton was far and away the most popular college for those who went east, Yale was a pretty good second, Harvard a very poor third. Of the boarding schools, Lawrence-
ville was far ahead of any other. The collegian who came back on vacation or after finishing college brought with him some of the results of the life on the Eastern seaboard—the most notable being the game of golf.

The first golf course which was founded by young collegians who had seen the game and learned something about it during their college years, was a four-hole affair located on the inside of the race track at the Fairgrounds. At least it whetted the appetite for golf so that in the very last of the 1890's a club was formed, the Springfield Golf Club, and the course is still in existence; it's now Pasfield Park.

Q. When did you actually become interested in the game of golf?

A. Well, I think it was when I was about eight or nine years old. There was a real golf fever in Springfield. I remember that we had a very small course in our yard of two or three holes. The hole was a tomato can sunk in the ground, and it served as a sort of practice course. I think that I took up golf at about the age of eight or nine and continued it for years and years later. It was one of the greatest pleasures I ever had.

Q. You mentioned sinking the tomato cans in the back yard. Where was the back yard, where was your home at that time?

A. Home at that time was at 1001 South Sixth Street, which was occupied until my mother's death in 1945, and is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Sankey.

Q. What about the neighborhood around your home then and now. Has it retained the same atmosphere?
A. Well of course there's a change, but I think it has changed from a strictly residential district to one into which businesses have infiltrated extremely well. The non-residential buildings which have been erected on South Sixth Street are, of course, the Cathedral, Franklin Life, the IBM Building. Between them are old houses which have retained a great deal of their old atmosphere and have been well kept and taken care of, such as the Sankey home which I have mentioned, the old Kimber house across the street, the Wilson home, which is now the Kirlin and Egan Funeral Home.

Q. You mentioned the Kimber home. Don't I remember Bill Kimber as being an early friend? Is this where he lived?

A. Yes, he lived on the corner of Sixth and Clay. One of my best friends was Noah Dixon, who lived in the home on the grounds now occupied by the Cathedral. The Lanphiers were just around the corner from the Wilson home on Seventh and Cass, so there was a group of us in very close proximity. Most of us went to the Stuart School. The Stuart School now of course has been transferred into a series of doctors' offices and a couple of restaurants. Most of us graduated from Stuart School somewhat after the turn of the century. I remember that we walked down to the high school which is not the central high school [Springfield High School] now, but the high school which was converted in a Federal Building. [IRS]. It was quite a long walk but we made it four times a day. One thing that I particularly remember was walking home from high school. Some of us stopped in the Arsenal where the Republican State Convention was being held for the purpose of nominating the Governor. The chairman who wielded the gavel was the famous old character, Unde Joe Cannon, and he presided
over this convention which was deadlocked between Governor Yates and Mr. Frank O. Lowden. The deadlock lasted for I don't know how many days, but neither would yield until finally the deadlock was broken by the nomination of Mr. Charles Deneen from Chicago. The executive mansion was, of course, the focal point of Springfield society in 1896. The daughter of Turney English, a prominent real estate man in Springfield, married John R. Tanner, who became Governor in 1896. She was a most attractive woman and a charming hostess at the Governor's mansion. Also, she had a number of nephews and a niece, Turney, CoCo, and Cricket Buck who were in our group. During the four years, quite a number of parties were given for the younger people, their friends.

Q. What did you do on Sundays, as a boy?

A. Well, Sunday was not too exciting a day. It did begin with a breakfast that was somewhat later and a bit more leisurely than on weekdays. We invariably went to Sunday School. Our family attended the First Presbyterian Church, and I remember a succession of Sunday School teachers there, Mrs. Stuart Brown, Miss Clementine Stevay, Miss Lavinia Smith, and probably the most exciting one of all, an old gentleman named Rollo Diller. He was a great friend of Lincoln's and was the proprietor of the Corneau and Diller Drug Store two doors south of the Marine Bank. We soon learned that when Sunday School class came, we could divert Mr. Diller from Shadrack, Meshad Abednego and the fiery furnace by telling him to tell us something about Mr. Lincoln, which he was only too willing to do, or how he cured himself of strong drink by wrestling with the devil which he was only too glad to do. He was a fine old man, with just enough beard so he didn't have to wear a necktie. We noticed always that before he'd got too
far, his voice took on sort of a liquid tone. Shortly after that, two small trickles of brown saliva would appear at the corners of his mouth, and he would have a good deal of difficulty with the little quid which he had taken with him up into the church where our Sunday school met. On Sunday afternoons there was a quiet period when Mrs. Dixon read to a group of eight or ten boys, the two Dixon boys, Noah and Norman, Willard and myself, the two Joy boys, Ewing and Charles, Goin Lanphier, Buzz Chatterton and probably one or two others. She would read either an Alger or an Oliver Optic book and after an hour or so of reading, there was an intermission in which ice cream was served. This certainly gave Sunday afternoon a flavor and did much to relieve the tedium. Sunday night suppers were very ingenious informal affairs, because, at our house, at any rate, the Sunday supper was generally prepared on the chafing dish, which has somewhat gone out of fashion.

Q. Before we go on too much farther, what do you remember about the area out near what is now the present Art Association?

A. Well, I remember that quite vividly because the old Ferguson Home which was adjacent to the Edwards Home, which later became the Art Association, was the residence of my great uncle, Benjamin Ferguson. We used to go out occasionally for Sunday supper and I remember one occasion particularly. When I was seven years old, I walked out from my aunt's house on South Sixth Street to the Ferguson house with my grandfather, Mr. Jacob Bunn. There we had Sunday night supper and afterwards, walking back to my aunt's home, my grandfather became ill; we sat down and rested for fifteen or twenty minutes on the steps of the old Ide Foundry on Fifth and Madison and then resumed the way to my aunt's home.
Two or three days later, still feeling a bit under the weather, he went into a little room adjoining his office, where there was a couch, and lay down for a short nap. He never woke up.

Q. Will you mention who the Fergusons were, particularly Mr. Ferguson?

A. Well, Mr. Ferguson was the brother of Mrs. Jacob Bunn. Mrs. Ferguson was Alice Edwards, the daughter of old Mrs. Benjamin Edwards, who occupied the Edwards home, later the Art Association. Mr. Ferguson was, for many years, the President of the Springfield Marine Bank and was the owner of the building that is still known as the Ferguson Building on the southwest corner of Sixth and Monroe Streets. He was an extremely pleasant man with a white moustache, a fine record in the Civil War, the first President of the Springfield Park Board, a fine, all-around citizen of the town. He and my grandfather, Mr. Jacob Bunn, were, of course, particularly good friends.

My grandfather, I remember well, was a small energetic man who walked very rapidly, almost a trot. He wore a red wig and a high silk hat everyday of the week. And I remember when he was in good stride it was pretty hard, even for a small boy, to keep up with him. The old Ferguson house was a typical example of the mid-Victorian era with over-stuffed furniture, easels displaying pictures and open books. A wide stairway led up to the second floor, but before it got that far, it split and went through to the left and straight ahead, over the porte cochere, where a built-in organ occupied the room in the middle, [over the porte cochere]. I don't know of any other house that had quite as unique a room as that one.
Q. Before we go too much farther, tell me more about Jacob Bunn, your grandfather.

A. He came to Springfield from New Jersey near Pennington, where he lived on a farm near the Delaware River. He was one of a large family. He came out west as so many Easterners did, to seek their fortune in the new, growing land. He decided to settle first in one of the river towns, because they were the prosperous towns—apparently the towns of the future. This was really before the day of the railroads, when the river traffic was the main method of long distance transportation. He settled, I'm sure, in Meredosia and while there, in the year 1837, learned that the capital of Illinois, due to the maneuvering of Abraham Lincoln and eight others who constituted the "long nine" was to be moved to Springfield, Illinois. He decided that was the place for him. So he came to Springfield, and in 1840, established a grocery business on the southwest corner of the public square, both retail and wholesale, although the wholesale element gradually became much the larger part of the business. He succeeded extremely well in that, and by virtue of the fact that he owned one of the few safes in Springfield, where he safeguarded and kept money if any of his friends wanted him to do so. He branched out into the private banking business, establishing the bank of J. Bunn. His younger brother, John Bunn, came out to Springfield and in a short time assumed management of the grocery store, so that Mr. Jacob Bunn devoted all of his time to the bank. The bank was successful. He was one of the founders of the Marine Bank and discovered that there was an inconsistency and sometimes a clash of interests to be a private banker and a director of a State bank. So he resigned from the Marine Bank and devoted
all of his time and banking interests to his own banking house. In the panic of the late 1870's, his bank failed, and while he was resolved to pay all of the depositors off in full, he could not do so. I think it is within the limits of this little discourse to state that fifty years later his children paid all the surviving members of those who had been depositors of his bank, either those who had themselves been depositors, or their children, with five-percent interest for fifty years, which meant that they paid two hundred fifty cents on the dollar to the old depositors. A small group of his friends purchased the old, almost defunct, Springfield Watch Company. They reorganized it as the Illinois Watch Company, and made Jacob Bunn president. The Illinois Watch Company specialized in the manufacture of railroad watches and was successful. And on the death of Mr. Jacob Bunn's son, Jacob Bunn, Jr., it was sold in the year 1928, I think, to the Hamilton Watch Company. One of the vivid recollections I have of my grandfather and his younger brother John, was the Sunday dinners that I sometimes used to attend. An occasional guest at the Sunday dinner meetings at my aunt's house that I remember well was Mr. Shelby Cullom, who was a particularly good friend of my Uncle John. He was a man of great influence in the United States Senate and was prominently mentioned a number of times for the Republican candidate for the President of the United States of America, although he never achieved that distinction.

Q. Wouldn't you like to, for a while, talk about school—school after high school in Springfield?

A. I went for two years to the Springfield High School, and then my father and mother took my brother and myself on to Lawrenceville School
in New Jersey, which my father had attended in 1876. There were only one or two buildings still standing on the school grounds. My father had a great time roaming around and discovering the tree under which he smoked his first cigar. He intended to take a small piece of bark from that tree home with him, but it was one of those trees [from which] you couldn't take a small piece. You grabbed it and a big piece came off. Nevertheless, he did take it home, somewhat to the chagrin of my mother, and put it on the mantelpiece of the bedroom where it remained for a number of years, until it suddenly disappeared.

By the way, my father was the first to go to Lawrenceville. This last fall, our family sent the fifteenth boy to Lawrenceville. That represents the largest group at Lawrenceville from any one family in its long existence. Lawrenceville was considered, by a great many people, to be a preparatory school for Princeton, which it was not, although a majority of the class—something between fifty percent and sixty percent—did go to Princeton. That proportion, however, has been adjusted so that really too few boys go from Lawrenceville to Princeton today. Lawrenceville, however, was a good school with a good staff, a good English department. I had discovered that I did have an interest in writing and in newspaper work and was lucky enough to become editor of the school newspaper and of the annual publication.

Q. Did you have favorite subjects and favorite instructors when you were away?

A. Well, I think at Lawrenceville, unquestionably, my favorite subject was English and probably plane geometry. At Princeton, I majored in
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English, and was fortunate enough to have the same preceptor for three and one half years, Dr. Charles Osgood. He encouraged my interest in writing.

Q. Excuse me, Dad, but before we go on to Princeton, I want to know a little bit more about your life at Lawrenceville.

A. Well, I was fortunate enough at Lawrenceville to play on the golf team. As a matter of fact, second year, I was captain of the team. My brother, Willard, was a fine baseball player, and he was elected captain of the Lawrenceville team at the conclusion of his second year, but, unfortunately, he did not return for the third year. He would have been a good captain as he was a very good player. At Princeton, I continued playing golf and I was fortunate enough to make the Princeton team. I was also editor of two of the publications, Tiger, an allegedly humorous magazine, and the Bric-a-Brac, which, in the senior year, was the annual "compendium" of the class of 1912.

Q. Okay, now, see if you can think of some of the instances that happened while you were at Princeton that would be of interest.

A. Well, I had four good years at Princeton. In those days, you had to have both Greek and Latin to get an A.B. degree, so the degree that I got was Litt.B., although the course I took was called the History: Politics and Economics. The most inspiring teacher that I had was Dr. Charles G. Osgood, who taught English and was an authority on Spenser and Dr. Samuel Johnson. I didn't care much for Spenser, but I thought that Johnson was an extremely interesting and complex character.
A number of events happened during my course at Princeton. Before I graduated in 1912, Woodrow Wilson was nominated and elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910. He continued giving one or two courses and I took a lecture course from him in senior year in International Law. He began to be spoken of as the Democratic candidate for President. One of the original Wilson men was a New York lawyer named William McComb, who often came to Princeton and, quite often, stayed at the undergraduate club to which I belonged, the Tiger Inn. There he would talk to a group of us on some of the problems and difficulties in bringing a relatively unknown man into the prominence required of Presidential candidates.

Of course the other man who was very influential in promoting Woodrow Wilson was George Harvey, editor of Harpers' Weekly. I remember one day during the Presidential campaign of 1912, my senior year, Theodore Roosevelt came to Princeton and spoke to a big crowd from the balcony of the Nassau Inn. After his speech, the group moved on to Wilson's home, a few blocks away. They called for him to come out. He was very reluctant to do so because this was Roosevelt's day in Princeton, and he probably didn't want to infringe upon it. But at last he did, and he made a very short speech in marked contrast to Roosevelt. Roosevelt was flamboyant and Wilson was very quiet and logical.

As I say, Dr. Osgood was a very inspiring teacher. He held his preceptorials in his library in his house on Stockton Street and they are among the most vivid memories I have of my four years at Princeton. I was able to follow my interest in writing. I was editor of the Tiger, which was not as humorous as it might have been, for a humorous magazine. But we introduced short stories to the columns and that gave it a rather
different character and trend. I also wrote two of the Triangle shows, one of them in collaboration with Cy McCormick and the second one on my own. That was called "Main Street," and received rather flattering reviews from Donald Clive Stuart, the English professor who devoted a good deal of his time to the dramatic organization at Princeton. I will have something to say about "Main Street" later, when in New York, I came to work with Sinclair Lewis.

Occasionally from Princeton, we would go up to New York, but our visits were rather more difficult than they are now because you got off the train at Jersey City, took a ferry across the Hudson River, and reached New York by land and by sea. Mostly, the weekends we spent in golfing weather, playing golf; otherwise just loafing. I think that Princeton probably in those days, despite the rigors of the curriculum, was rather easier than it is today. There was plenty of time for doing nothing and we enjoyed those hours as well as the more studious ones.

Q. I believe you said you graduated in 1912. After that, what?

A. Well after graduation, I came home for a very short stay of a couple of weeks and then returned to New York as a reporter on the [New York] Morning Sun. I received this position largely through the efforts of Roy Durstine, who had been an old Triangle Club man, and then worked on the Sun and in 1912, had formed an advertising agency. There were so many names in the title that I don't venture to give it, I think it was Durstine, Osborne, Borton and somebody else. . . . I give up on that. Of course the Sun was a morning paper and was a good paper to work on because they would accept and rather look for human interest stories, which gave
an opportunity to write something more than the factual accounts of various happenings, some of which were most uninteresting.

After a few months on the Sun, I was given the job of night police editor, or reporter, at police headquarters. My second night there, an event of great importance in New York life occurred, when the gambler Rosenthal was killed as he stood outside the Metropole Hotel. It later developed that the Chief of the Detective Bureau, or one of the important men in the Detective Bureau, Charles E. Becker, had arranged his murder to keep him from talking about Becker, who later by the way, was imprisoned and executed for protecting gamblers. Those were the days of Lefty Louie and Big Jack Zelig, Gyp the Blood and their crowd. Of course I didn't write the important and leading stories on this case, but I gathered a good deal of the information for those that did write it. The two leading reporters on the Sun were a man named Frank Ward O'Malley and Will Irwin, who were very helpful to young reporters when the occasion arose.

Q. I'm interested in what kind of a salary you made at that time, if you were able to live on it.

A. Well, it was a pretty tight squeeze. As I recall, it was twenty dollars a week and if it hadn't been for occasional generous checks from home, I certainly wouldn't have been able to belong to the Princeton Club and take some of my meals there. After somewhat more than a year on the Sun, I had the opportunity of working in the Editorial Department of a new venture, which was to furnish book review pages for such newspapers around the country as the Indianapolis News, the St. Louis Post Dispatch, Minneapolis Journal, Cleveland Plain Dealer and so forth. The editor was a young man named Sinclair Lewis and I was his assistant. In order to give the impres-
sion of a rather flourishing editorial staff, we each wrote under a number of pseudonyms. Lewis, at that time, had written one boy's book and was working on a novel called Our Mr. Rand, which he published during the year and a half that we were together on the newspaper publishers' syndicate. I took along to New York the printed book of Main Street with the idea that, possibly, it might be rewritten and find New York production. Lewis read it and encouraged me to attempt to place it someplace, but it just wasn't good enough to make the grade on Broadway. In passing, all of the music for the choruses was written by Paul Nevin, who was the son of the famous Ethelbert Nevin, who wrote the "Rosary" and other extremely popular songs.

Q. Before we go too much farther, would you describe Sinclair Lewis, as you remember him?

A. Sinclair Lewis was a tall, lanky, red-haired, rather homely man, with a severe case of acne which covered his face with red blotches. I liked him immensely. He was very congenial and kind to me. But all of the traits which later on, I'm sorry to say, made him unpopular were present to a degree which made them amusing rather than irritating. For instance, he was a great mimic and loved to ape people, but there was no cruelty in his mimicry. He also was convivially inclined and imbibed possibly a little more than he should. He dominated the conversation wherein he found himself. These traits later on, [along] with his refusal of the Pulitzer Prize and some of the remarks he made when he received the Nobel Prize for Literature, made him rather unpopular to those who knew him. I remember on one occasion, after having written Elmer Gantry, he made a talk at a church in--I think,
Kansas City—in which he defied God and dared Him to strike him down. Sinclair Lewis wrote five or six fine books and thereafter, the books deteriorated in quality until at the end of his life, with the thirteenth or fourteenth novel, they were far, far below the quality of *Main Street* and *Babbitt* and others. Lewis, I know from remarks that he made, got the title of *Main Street* from the little play that I wrote, which was my one knock on the door of fame in the literary world.

With the beginning of the war in 1914, so much news came from the front that papers began to cancel their book review page which Lewis and I had written; Lewis doing the main reviews, and I doing the lesser ones. Lewis got a job with the George H. Doran Publishing Company and two or three weeks after he attained it, got a job there for me as reader and writer of the material that appeared on the jackets of the book. George H. Doran was an Englishman and soon combined with Doubleday in the firm of Doubleday, Doran and Company.

In the meantime, I was attempting my hand at a novel and although I staggered through five or six of them, none of them seemed to me to be worth presenting to any publisher. They were fairly good, some of them—in chunks—but they just didn't hold together. My great fault was that I just must have lacked the narrative gift. I could see no future at all at Doubleday-Doran, and after a few months of doing nothing but attempting to write a novel, I decided that the best thing for me to do was to go home and get into something that was solid and worth following—and that I did. I am eternally grateful to my father and mother for giving me the opportunity to work, and certainly not waste, but employ two years of my time doing what I rather desperately hoped would be my future vocation—
that of a writer.

Q. Well this is about 1914, you're at home and, at this point, what do you recall happens next?

A. Well, I spent two years in the Wholesale Grocery House—almost two years—and then one of my classmates and a friend of his who was of the class of 1915 at Princeton, decided to go abroad and join the American Ambulance. This we did towards the latter part of 1916. We were quartered at the American Hospital in Nevilly, just outside the gates of Paris, and until the squadron, you might call it was being assembled, we met trains and took the wounded from the front to the hospitals in Paris. This was all done at night, both because of the traffic, and to keep the pedestrians from seeing trainload after trainload of wounded men. Those that seemed to be hurt most were the ones that had been burned by liquid fire. At the slightest jolt, they would call "doucement! doucement!"

Although they were swathed in bandages from head to foot, you could tell by expressions and the look in their eyes that they were suffering horribly.

After a month or so, a group of six or eight ambulances left Paris and were quartered in a town called Han, pronounced "on." This was in territory which just recently had been evacuated by the Germans, who fell back to what was called the Hindenberg Line. All of the wells, or a great many of them, anyway, were poisoned and great care had to be taken for any bombs that might have been left unexploded. From Han we could look across and see St. Quentin which was occupied by the Germans. Here we would meet the ambulances that brought the wounded back and take them to the nearest railroad station. The English and French armies joined at this particular place.
In March, I think it was, of 1917, the United States entered the war and the three of us who had come over together decided that as soon as may be, we would return to the States and join the Army there. After we had sent in our resignations and were waiting for our discharge and passage home, a very interesting event happened. The first American contingent had arrived in France and sent a battalion of infantry up to Paris to march through the streets and show the Frenchmen that at last we were there. The Champs Elysées was literally packed with French people who were in a very high emotional state. Some of them were crying, all of them were waving. In the distance you could see the troops approaching, a battalion of infantry with the band playing the *Stars and Stripes Forever*. Girls would break through the line and run out and put flowers in the muzzles of their rifles.

The air was full of excitement, so much so that the three of us decided, I think very unfairly to our families, that we would enlist there instead of going back home and coming back as soon as we possibly could. We went down to the cantonment near one of the gates of Paris where the battalion of Americans were quartered for the time they were there. But the officer in charge said they had no way of enlisting us. The thing to do, if we wanted to enlist, was to go down to San Nazaire, where the troops were disembarking. This we did. We left our clothes and belongings with the American Express and took a night train, sitting up the entire time, of course, down to San Nazaire. After a breakfast, we found out where the Adjutant General's office was, went over there, and told him what we wanted. He said that they could enlist us as we desired, but that he was particularly busy at that moment, so we stood in that room and waited.
While waiting, a tall, good looking colonel of Cavalry in the regular Army came into the room and stood waiting also to see the officer in charge. He noticed us, as we had our uniforms on which were like the uniform of the English officer, and he looked at us rather curiously and I noticed that he was looking particularly at me. He came over and said, "Is your name, by any chance, Bunn?" I said yes. He said, "From Springfield, Illinois?" I said yes. Now, it happened that this man was the nephew of George Gustin, who worked for my father. After having received orders to join the First Expeditionary Force, he stopped off in Springfield from the camp where he had been stationed to see his uncle. My father had them both down to the Sangamo Club for lunch and during the course of lunch, Gustin said that one of Mr. Bunn's sons was over in France with the American Ambulance attached to the French Army. Well, this man, Colonel Gustin, having come from Paris, came over, as I say, with the First Contingent, and got up that morning and had come over to the Adjutant General's office at practically the same time that we had come. He asked us what we were there for and we told him, "To enlist." And he said that was fine, but "Why don't you go back home and join the officer's training camp?"

Well, we'd never heard of it. He said, "We've got a frightful job ahead of us, to raise a large Army in a very short time." He also said, "We can get all the privates we want. Our great problem is going to be to train the younger officers, the second lieutenants and first lieutenants and captains, to command the men." Well, we hadn't heard anything about the training camps. He then said, "They're building them just as rapidly as they can, all over the country. They're starting to train them at Plattsburg and a few other places. And in a very few months, they'll be
ready to receive all of the candidates." So we decided that the best thing to do would be to go back and join one of these camps.

Another tremendous coincidence happened. We'd hardly got out of the Adjutant General's office when we ran into Alf Lanphier, who had gone to Annapolis. He was six or seven years out of Annapolis, and was commanding one of the anti-submarine guns on one of the troop transports. Well, our train didn't leave Paris until that night, so we had lunch and dinner with him and returned to Paris.

In not too long a time we returned to the States where we separated and applied for entrance into the nearest Officer's Training Camp. Mine was the one that was just out of Chicago, near the Great Lakes Naval Station--Fort Sheridan. The course was three months and after completing it, I received a commission as first lieutenant and was sent to the 333rd Machine Gun Battalion at Camp Grant, in Rockford, Illinois. The machine gun battalions were then equipped with rather large, English guns, which were transported by mules. The captain and first lieutenant were mounted on horses. I'd never ridden a horse, I don't think, in my life. It was a real experience to learn to ride adequately in the short time we had. I went down to the stables, the stable sergeant was an old regular Army man, and I told him my plight. Fortunately, he was a very humane individual. Immediately, he gave me a horse and showed me how to saddle it and so forth, and I went out and took a ride. If the horse hadn't got hungry and didn't know the way back to the stable, I think I'd have ended up somewhere in Wisconsin. But the horse did know, and I did get back, and every opportunity that I had, I'd go out and ride and finally, to my great relief, did learn. You couldn't post, that is, you had to ride with the horse and that
made it a trifle more difficult at first, but after you got your seat, it was easy and I enjoyed it very much.

Before I had really become a respectable rider, the officers of the battalion were ordered out on a field exercise, where the British machine gun officer gave a lecture on selecting machine gun sights. Everything was fine as we went along the road, but when we started to go across country, I began to get a little timid. We galloped along. Ahead of us, at the end of a fairly steep slope, was a small creek—hardly more than a ditch. But we speeded up a little bit and my horse speeded up considerably. I grabbed the mane and the pommel of the saddle and prayed that I would stay on through our first jump—and I barely did. My horse took the bit in its teeth and passed Company after Company, until I was almost leading the procession. The Commander of our battalion was a polo player on the American Polo Team, and a great horseman, and he gave me a pretty vigorous calling down. I seem to recall his saying, "Bunn, are you riding that horse or is he riding you?"

END OF TAPE

Q. We're back in the year 1917.

A. We spent almost a year training at Camp Grant. Fortunately, before we left, the Browning machine gun was in production. It was considerably lighter than the English gun that we had been using, and could easily be carried by one man, so we abandoned the mules and the horses, to everybody's delight.

We received orders to go abroad and left Camp Grant in, I think, early September of 1918, having been there [Camp Grant] for a year. The captain
of our company, George Davis, a fine man and perfectly splendid soldier, was the nephew of George Ade, the author of *Fables and Story*, America's great humorist. He was given a special assignment leaving me in command of the company. We left Camp Grant and went to New York. After a few days there we embarked on the old passenger ship *Olympic*, one of the largest ships in the fleet, holding five thousand men. Men were stuffed in every available space, and were assigned quarters according to the rank of the commanding officer. The highest rank of any machine gun outfit was major, and we were superseded by almost every other Department of the Army aboard. We were assigned miserable quarters in the hold of the ship next to the furnace rooms, with steel walls so hot that you could barely touch them.

The *Olympic* became known as the "Death Ship." It made the trip to Southampton in something like five days, but before it arrived quite a number of men had died from the flu epidemic which was so severe in the fall of 1918. Fortunately, most of the men survived until we reached Southampton, but a total of over 500 men who were on the transport died from the flu, which in most cases very quickly turned into pneumonia. At Southampton we waited under a train shed near the dock, and then marched to a camp some four or five miles away. On the march out there, men toppled over. We would put them on the sidewalk and leave one man to look after them, but this happened so frequently that we abandoned the idea of leaving a man behind. Therefore we left them [meaning the sick] on the sidewalk, knowing that they would be picked up as soon as possible.
The sidewalks of Southampton, of course, were jammed with curious Englishmen, who were delighted to see the American troops arriving. After reaching the camp near the little town of Winchester, I myself caught the flu and was sent to a hospital near Winchester, which was operated by a group of physicians from Indianapolis. I confess that for two or three days or a week I can't remember what happened, in a week or so I was strong enough to get out and walk around the grounds, and ride one of the transports that went back and forth between the hospital and Winchester.

My only real glimpse of England was here in Winchester, an extremely lovely and interesting place with the Itchen River where Isaac Walton fished, flowing through it, with the old castle where the Knights of the Round Table were supposed to have met, with a beautiful cathedral, Jane Austen's house, the old hotel, which I think was the oldest one in England and the God Begot House on the Broad Street, and the famous boy's school, Winchester School. I felt well enough by this time, instead of going to a recuperation center—many of which were stationed in old English houses throughout that part of the country—to go back and attempt to find my company over in France.

Well, I went to Southampton, got clearance papers to go to France to join the company and was put in charge of a group of privates who had been similarly sick and were ready to rejoin their company. We all went to Le Mans, where there was an exchange depot used by American troops who were waiting, as we were, for additional assignment. I got orders to join my company in the 333rd Machine Gun Battalion, 86th Division. Because troops were coming over so fast, and there was so much red tape and office work
needed to keep track of everybody, there was a good deal of confusion, and I had great difficulty in finding the 86th Division. I went to Paris for a few days, and got orders there; was sent by mistake to join the 35th Division which was, I think, a Missouri outfit. Then I came back to Paris, got more orders, and finally caught up with the 86th Division near Bordeaux. There we waited for orders and finally received them. Sometime before this, it was decided that our division, the 86th Division, was to be broken up and used as replacements for outfits which had already been in the war and needed to be filled up and refurbished.

From Bordeaux a friend of mine and myself were ordered to return to Le Mans. My friend, Bill Bickle, was from Chicago. We received orders to return to Le Mans and await instructions there. Our two companions in the ambulance during the trip to Le Mans were Frank Halsey, who was a nephew of Admiral Halsey, and a young man named White. Both received commissions. Halsey was a balloon observer of artillery, and White was a first lieutenant in the infantry.

At Le Mans there were rumors of an armistice, which was premature and not officially announced until November 11. I think this was probably a leak of the fact that there was to be a true armistice.

We were in Le Mans when President Wilson made his first trip abroad after the war. I don't believe there was ever a man in history, certainly in modern history, who received the adulation and the ovations, and upon whom such great hopes were placed, as in the case of Woodrow Wilson. He was the man who was going to lead the world into peace, and who had been the leader in the war to end all wars. This [enthusiasm] was particularly
true of the more volatile and emotional Frenchmen, but Wilson received almost as great a reception when he went to London.

It has occurred to me a great many times that if we could only engender the enthusiasm and patriotism which war seems to bring out in people, if we could do that for peaceful purposes, it would be an entirely different world, and a much better world than we now have.

I finally received orders to report to the 26th Division, Company C, 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, which I did. They were stationed first at Neuilly sur Seine and later were moved to a little French town. The captain of the company which I joined had been given a different assignment and was no longer there, so I was in command of Company C. This was rather embarrassing because the 26th Division, the New England Division, was one of the first to go abroad, and I was very embarrassed at being placed in command of a company of those, most of whom had served throughout the war. They were a fine group, and accepted me graciously and in a most friendly fashion.

When we finally returned to America, we were mustered out at Framingham in Boston. One of the companies, by the way, was composed of men from Cape Cod. In my battalion, they were mostly from the neighborhood of Boston and surrounding suburbs. I went to the commander of the battalion and told him that in as much as I had served for such a short time with the company, I would appreciate it very much if I could be excused early, and perhaps one of the veteran officers could lead the company in the parade, which they were preparing to take place in Boston. He agreed, and I left the day before the welcoming services.
Getting home after one night in Boston, I remember the joy it was to spend the night at the Terrain Hotel, and to go to a musical comedy at the Tremont Street Theatre; and then get on the train the next day for Chicago and then Springfield.

Q. What did you do when you returned to Springfield at this particular time?

A. Well, returning to Springfield, I was employed again by the Bunn and Company Wholesale Grocery. One of my activities was the building of a candy factory on the ground of the grocery company. This was where I spent a good deal of my time.

In the fall of 1920, two years after I returned, a very happy and momentous event occurred when I was married to Melinda Jones, a lovely young woman who is still with me. As a consequence of the marriage, at the proper intervals appeared a daughter, Sally; a son, George, and a daughter, Linda.

In 1928 I left the candy factory and became employed by the Springfield Marine Bank as assistant trust officer. That was in the period before the difficulties of the 1930's, when everything looked very rosy and Mr. Hoover had put two cars in every garage. Life was extremely pleasant; however that didn't last very long. The stock market crash came in 1929, and things began to get bad and steadily worse.

I was made executive vice president of the bank in 1933, and remained in that post until my father's death in 1938, when I became president. To go back for a moment, in 1931 I was elected president of the Park
Board. At that time, however, it was called the Springfield Pleasure Driveway and Park District, and in addition to Washington Park, Lincoln Park, Bunn Park, Iles Park and possibly one or two other small parks, it consisted of Williams Boulevard; South Grand Avenue; part of Sixth Street, south on the way to Bunn Park; West Grand Avenue, the name of which was soon changed to MacArthur Boulevard, and North Grand Avenue.

Due to the depression which was now well upon us, tax collections were very poor, and as a result it was very difficult to operate within the money that we received. As a matter of fact, we couldn't have done so if it hadn't been for the formation of a corporation called Taxes, Incorporated, which bought up the delinquent taxes. There was also another action which we took at that time which curtailed our operations and expenses. That was to pass a resolution whereby we abandoned jurisdiction of the streets, and changed the name of the Pleasure Driveway and Park District to the Springfield Park Board.

The city had nothing else to do but take the streets which really belonged to them, and not to the park board, for their use as a place on which to drive horses and whatnot. The two motor policemen whom we had always had to look after and police the streets, we got rid of. One of them got a job on the State Police as chauffeur for the Governor and the other one with the help of some of the board members got a job as private nightwatchman for different families in the southeast part of town. So by cutting those expenses and others too we did manage to get through the year on the money we received from the taxes and from Taxes, Incorporated.
To return again to the bank; those were hectic days. There had never been a depression quite as bad as the one we were to face in 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936 and even 1937. What made matters worse and somewhat more dramatic was that one of the four Springfield banks was in bad shape, had to close down, and could not pay its depositors. That precipitated a run on all of the Springfield banks. We had anticipated this action a week before the closing of the Farmers' Bank, and had sold all of our anticipatory tax warrants and teacher's orders to a small group of depositors; with the proceeds had ordered cash of $250,000 from one of the Chicago banks. The day the run started, a rainy day, the money had not yet arrived, and the Chicago bank transferred a credit to one of the St. Louis banks, our correspondent, who in turn sent up to Springfield a Brink's Trust truck with $250,000 in pennies, dimes, nickels, five dollar bills, twenty dollar bills, etcetera, to pay the depositors who were coming into the bank to get their money.

The run on the bank did not last very long. It looked worse than the crowd that thronged the lobby made it appear, because in our savings account we had a school savings department with thousands and thousands of school children as customers. They had deposited their savings with their teachers, who brought it to the bank for deposit. In order to withdraw it they [the children] had to have one parent with them, so there were a great many youngsters with their parents who came to the bank, but the money they drew out was fractional and unimportant.

I remember one incident in which Father Tarrant, a very popular monsignor of the district whose sister was, by the way, a teller in the Marine Bank,
came into the bank to deposit money. He told the people that instead of taking money out of the Marine Bank, he was putting money in it. That was done on purpose in a loud voice so people in the bank could hear him. There were other people who did the same thing. You are always grateful for the actions of a good friend—especially when you need one.

The run did not last long, but was followed, of course, by the bank holiday which the President called. At the time of calling, he gave his famous Fireside Chat in which he said that we had nothing to fear but fear itself. I think the speech had a good effect upon the people who were afraid because banks had been closing throughout the country. I think Springfield's banks came through in good shape, and were to be congratulated.

As soon as the holiday was ended, two of the banks, our own and the Illinois National Bank, opened immediately. The third bank followed not long after. The work in the bank, particularly the job that we did in closing the loopholes we hadn't closed, involved strengthening the bank in any way that we possibly could. The work was most interesting, and I enjoyed it. I enjoyed the satisfaction as we went serenely on our way, with our deposits growing and growing and growing.

The depression which came in 1938 was a slight one, and caused no trepidation nor any serious obstacle. For at least a dozen years, possibly a few more, there were three banks in Springfield who conducted all of the banking needs of the community. They were joined, I don't remember the year, by the Capitol Bank; and since then everybody knows banks have been opening here and there until there are presently nine.
But I like to think of the three musketeers who, in the beginning, shouldered the burdens of the banking community.

Q. Would you elaborate upon some of your other activities during this time?

A. Life in the bank went rather smoothly. The things that I really remember were activities outside the work in the bank. Most important of these, I think, was the work on the Public Library Board, of which I was president for a term, and trustee for twenty odd years. This started about 1934 and continued until around 1960.

The most interesting experience in the library was the installation of an Adult Education Program. There was a good deal of discussion between the Board and the librarian as to whether or not it was a proper project for the library to take up at, of course, a fairly considerable cost. I remember that Dr. Masters and I went to Chicago and talked to the library department at the University of Chicago. They thought it was eminently fitting for a library to engage in that work. Also, when I was in New York, I went out to see a man named Brison at Columbia University in their library school, Lyman Brison, and he was enthusiastically for a library engaging in that sort of work.

Nevertheless, our librarian was not enthused, and it finally resulted in her resignation; but we continued on. The work as head of the Adult Education School was managed by a man named Leslie Brown. The classes were held in the Springfield High School and the teachers were engaged locally, some from the University of Illinois, some from Illinois College in Jacksonville, and some from MacMurray College, all at very reasonable prices. They were very anxious to see Adult Education get started.
After it did get a start, the Board of Education took up part of the work and the Springfield Junior College took a great, great share of it; so the library retired from the job. But we had started it, and we felt quite proud.

Another interesting experience was that of the Abraham Lincoln Association. It was originally the Abraham Lincoln Centennial Association, and was formed to father a banquet on Lincoln's birthday in 1909, at which four very notable speakers, James Bryce, Ambassador to the United States from England, Senator Dolliver of Iowa, Ambassador J. J. Josserand from France, and William Jennings Bryan attended. The Centennial Association sponsored dinners every Lincoln's birthday thereafter and continued engaging speakers to come to the banquet with, however, a continuing falling off in the quality of those who spoke. Gradually the Centennial Association declined, having served its purpose.

Mr. Logan Hay, whom most all people remember as one of the leading lawyers in Springfield, and a cousin, by the way, of John Hay, former Secretary of State, of the United States, had the idea of transforming the Lincoln Centennial Association into an historical society, with the thought of gathering up whatever Lincoln material still existed in the way of letters, documents, and the reminiscences of a few citizens who could still at this late date look back and remember something about Lincoln. To assist in this, Mr. Hay engaged a young historian who had graduated from Wabash College in Indiana and studied at the University of Illinois—Paul Angle. Paul was then selling school books for Ginn and Company, and he welcomed the chance to come and do some original historical work.

\[1\] John Hay was also a private secretary to Abraham Lincoln. [Editor.]
Angle received invaluable support from Mr. Hay. I have often thought of the old saying that the ideal university would be for the young student to sit on one end of a log facing Mark Hopkins who sat on the other, Hopkins being one of the early educators, a fine one, president of either Williams or Amhurst, I have forgotten which. In their places, in my imagination, I would put Mr. Hay on one end of the log and Paul Angle on the other, each one making a Lincoln authority out of the other.

The Lincoln Association really got underway in about 1926. Mr. Hay, with the help of some others, assiduously acquired members, who paid ten dollars a year to join the Association. At its peak there were just under a thousand members.

On Lincoln's birthday there would be a meeting in the afternoon at the old State House, at which time some local man would speak on some local topic: Harry Converse on the old Court House, Ben Thomas on the monument, and so forth. Then at night there would be a scholar who would give an address on Lincoln. No emphasis was put on reputation or politics or what not. The emphasis was put altogether on the speaker; such men as Allan Nevins, Carl Sandburg, and men of that type.

As material came in bulletins were issued, and a publication called the Abraham Lincoln Association Papers was published every year, which contained the addresses of the local speakers and the visitors. There were fifteen of these in all, through, of course, a period of fifteen years. Also, photostatic copies were being obtained from some of the great collections of Lincoln papers in preparation for issuing a multi-
volume edition of Lincoln's writings. Mr. Hay also raised a sum of money totaling about some thirty thousand odd dollars, the interest from which was used to help support the association. The dues, as I have said, were ten dollars. Interest from this fund amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars, and out of this the salaries of Paul Angle and the secretary were paid.

Paul Angle later left the Association to become State Historian, which meant that he was head of the State Historical Library and secretary of the Illinois Historical Society. Paul's successors were Benjamin Thomas, Harry Pratt and Roy Basler. All of them wrote and contributed books which were given to members of the Association. Paul's most celebrated book was Here I Have Lived, which was a history of Lincoln's Springfield. Ben Thomas wrote a book called Portrait for Posterity, which was an account of the various biographers of Lincoln. William Barringer, who was for a short time secretary of the Association, wrote A House Dividing, which was a story of the old days in the State House just before the Civil War, and also a history of Vandalia, the capital of Illinois before Springfield was made such in 1837.

The bulletins and pamphlets which were issued gave place to a quarterly. Every year members of the Association received a book and four copies of the quarterly. Due to financial pressures it was necessary to discontinue the dinner, and in its stead the meetings were held in the afternoon at the State Historical Library offices in the Centennial Building. This was a little less formal, but a very pleasant manner of meeting and celebrating Lincoln's birthday.
Mr. Hay died in 1942, and I had the honor of succeeding him as president. During the years in which I served, we gathered all the material we had received additional material from the Library of Congress with the opening of the Robert T. Lincoln papers, and published the Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln in eight volumes under the editorship of our last executive secretary, Roy P. Basler, and an index, published by the Rutgers University Press. Previously, we made the arrangements whereby the press published our annual books and possessed distribution rights. We had had no help from any publishing house heretofore to make the books more readily available to libraries and what not. There was scarcely an article on Lincoln, certainly never a book on Lincoln, that didn't contain footnote references to the Abraham Lincoln Association as having furnished the material in that particular page and paragraph.

Ten years after 1942, with the publication of the eight volumes accomplished, with the increasing difficulty of getting material for the quarterlies as they came out, it was finally decided that the Abraham Lincoln Association should cease its work and go out of existence. This was done with great deliberation, but in the meantime, under such men as Paul Angle, Jay Monahan, Harry Pratt and others, the State Historical Society had developed an excellent Lincoln department, and we figured it could easily carry on the work of the Association.

In seeking Paul Angle's opinion as to whether or not the Association should go out of business, Paul said, "Thank God, here is one organization that knows when to quit." Well, quit we did until ten years later. At the request of Governor Kerner, we came alive again. During this ten year period we filed an annual statement, paid a very small annual
dues, and had kept the rights to the name of Abraham Lincoln Association. We did this because we didn't want just any organization to come in and use that name again.

The reason the Abraham Lincoln Association was revived at the request of Governor Kerner was because it was decided to raise money and remodel or rebuild the old Court House as it had been when it was the State Capitol. The Abraham Lincoln Association acted as a money-raising organization, and helped in any way it could to accomplish this job.

As everybody knows the job was done. The Abraham Lincoln Association raised close to $300,000 all of which was used to furnish the restored building. The State of Illinois supplied the remainder, some six or seven million dollars. The offices of the State Historical Library and Abraham Lincoln Association were moved from their quarters in the Centennial Building to the basement of the old Capitol Building.

The work there has been very ably carried on by James Hickey, who is the Lincoln departmental head of the Association. As I say, Jim Hickey, Lowell Anderson and the architect, Wally Henderson, did a magnificent job in planning the whole project.

I think it is interesting to note that when the board of directors of the Association met after a long absence of ten years, in order to revive themselves, it was necessary to have a legal forum of four members. There were some members at distant points who were unable to come, and the task of getting four members was a difficult one. Paul Angle was available, and of course, I was. To get two more we had to have a man named Linstrom of Los Angeles come in. He came by plane to Chicago. Governor Kerner met the plane, and had his own plane in
Chicago to bring Mr. Linstrom and Paul Angle down. The fourth member was Dr. Charles Patton of Springfield, who had been a director of the Association since its inception.

Dr. Patton was in bed, sick from an incurable disease. We, however, met at his bedside. His brain was perfectly clear; he was excited and delighted to be one of the group which met. We had a very short, but pleasant meeting, at which I adjourned the meeting until the following morning in the office of Clyde Walton, the State Historian.

Charlie Patton, a fine surgeon and a delightful man, was extremely interested in this meeting. Exactly one week from the day of this meeting, Dr. Patton died. I think that the last week of his life was brightened by the thoughts of this gathering. I hope so. I think so.

Q. Before moving on to another topic, don't you want to mention the grant from the Rockefeller Foundation?

A. Yes, I should have mentioned this. While we were wondering just exactly where the funds would come from to prepare the manuscript [Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln] for publication, and by the way, the cost of editing and collecting the funds came to over $90,000, we were immeasurably helped by the Rockefeller Foundation. A man named Mr. Stevens called on me one afternoon at the bank. He had previously seen Allan Nevins at Columbia University and Paul Angle at Chicago. He came into the bank and wondered if the Association, in its job of preparing the material for publication, could use $50,000. I kept my seat with difficulty, and said as gracefully as I could that we surely could use it. They furnished $40,000, which was the amount that was
needed to get the manuscript prepared to travel to such places as Brown University where the John Hay collection was housed, and to make a final trip to the Huntington Library in Pasadena, California, gathering the material, most of which was photostatic. When we did disband, we presented all of this material to the Illinois State Historical Library, which has, I think, a perfectly magnificent collection of material pertaining to Lincoln.

Q. Is there anything else that you can think of in regard to the work of the Abraham Lincoln Association that you should mention before we close this topic?

A. I think I have been lax in giving credit for the help that was given Governor Kerner by Clyde Walton, who is the State Historian. He worked indefatigably and in the background. His work was most valuable in helping with the installation of the offices of the State Historian and Illinois State Historical Society in the court house. Wally Henderson, the architect of the project, also deserves credit.

Q. Dad, another activity which I know you were very much involved in, and which I have never understood well, is that of the War Fund Council. Would you explain exactly what it was and what it did?

A. The War Fund Council acted during the war years, 1941 to 1945. It performed the same job that the local community fund organization had performed, except it undertook to raise all the money for the community fund, for the Red Cross, and the various foreign organizations which looked to the United States for help, such as Bundles for Britain, China Relief, Friends of Friends, and so forth.
This was a big undertaking. One dilemma in which we found ourselves was that the foreign organizations came over long before the time for the local drive, and attempted to organize themselves and, of course, raise as much money as they could. A national organization was formed, and looked into the character of these various foreign organizations, examined their budget, or how the money was to be spent, and gave their okay or not, as they saw fit.

Thereupon they started out nationwide to organize various groups which would raise money for them. It soon became evident that such organizations as Bundles for Britain, China Relief, and Friends of Friends, would do well. It seemed that they would raise so much money that it might be impossible to raise the budgets of the Red Cross, the ordinary community fund groups, and such groups as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Family Welfare and so forth. So some method of limiting the amount of money they could take out from different communities seemed essential. Nobody seemed to have thought of it.

A committee was formed. I think I have mentioned the fact that I was president of the War Fund Council, and I appointed Fred Schrader, Fred Schuster, and O. L. Parr as a committee to devise some method of restraining the eager and worthwhile foreign organizations that had begun to come in. As a matter of fact, the China Relief was the first to come in. They picked a very prominent Springfield man, who was glad to serve, and started to organize his group when we asked them to pause for a while.
The leader of the work which followed; that is, finding some way of limiting the amount that these foreign organizations could take, was Fred Schrader, who I think did a perfectly magnificent job. The questions were: What was the fair amount for Sangamon County to give? What proportion of the national budget should we undertake to raise? Obviously, it couldn't be based on the population, because the percentage of population, or the quality of population, of Sangamon County was much greater than most of the poor southern counties; so some other method had to be found to supplement the population yardstick.

Fred Schrader and other members of the committee communicated with the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Department of Commerce, the Treasury Department, and so forth, to discover what Sangamon County's share of income tax returns was. The government would not give the dollar figure, but they did give the number of income tax returns which were made in Sangamon County as compared with the income tax returns of the whole United States. Also, the Chamber of Commerce and Commerce Department furnished the spending power of Sangamon County as compared with the spending power of the United States, and the per capita income of Sangamon County as compared with the income of the whole United States.

It developed that one-tenth of one percent represented the amount of money that Sangamon County should pay. That is, if Bundles for Britain had a budget of $50,000,000, which had been approved by the National Committee in New York, Sangamon County's fair amount would be one-tenth of one percent of that amount.

That sounds like a small proportion, but it was not. The total amount which we guaranteed to raise was far in excess of anything that had been
raised before. I recall that the four men who headed the drives of the Sangamon County War Fund Council were first Leon Fisher, Carl Carter, Kurt Bretcher and Larry Wollan, all of whom did a perfectly outstanding job of organizing and money raising.

I should state here that the method devised by our Sangamon County War Fund Council, was adopted by the National Committee as a method suggested to every state in the Union to follow. We had little or no difficulty in persuading the various groups that this method was fair. From the point of view of the continuation of the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and the other organizations, it was absolutely necessary. We had only one organization that refused to abide by the decision that we had made, and that was the March of Dimes; which was rather political and refused to abide.

The action taken by the War Fund Council was to go to each chairman elected, tell them the whole story of what we were trying to do, and what this particular organization refused to do. This organization had the greatest difficulty in getting formed. Finally it did so on a more or less political basis, and had a very, very difficult time in getting the money they thought they needed.

Q. Let's, before we go on much farther, say a little something about the Art Association and Edward's Place.

A. Well, I remember the Art Association as the old Edward's home, which, while I don't suppose was a gloomy place, was very dark inside with lace curtains, hardly any room for the pictures that the Association gradually accumulated.
When I went on the board of the Art Club, they had just burned the mortgage which they had put on the house after they got it for some refurbishing and so forth. I remember the president of the Board then was Mr. R. Allen Stephens, who was in Mr. Hay's law office.

There wasn't much activity as I remember the old Art Club. They did get pictures, but had very little wall space to hang them. It was decided that they would build an annex joining the Edward's Place in the form of an art gallery. They had some plans made, and the cost was estimated as I recall at $35,000, which for the Art Club then was a pretty stiff price; until my Aunt Alice Bunn said that she would pay for half of it if they would raise the rest.

I got Mr. Fred Schrader to take the chairmanship of a small group that went out and raised the remaining amount with very little difficulty.

My recollections of the early Art Club are pretty dim. They had classes for school children, and a few adults used the Art Club for sketches and so forth. They had a lithographic press and Frank Simmons was the only one who ever used it, but he did make use of it, and got a good deal of enjoyment and good out of doing so.

I think a man named Johnson was probably the first director of the activities of the Art Club. He was a portrait painter who had come here to paint a portrait of Vachel Lindsay, posthumously, of course, and also painted pictures, as I remember, of Mr. Edgar Scott and Mr. George B. Stadden, who were early presidents of the Franklin Life Insurance Company.
The life of the Art Club really didn't start until Lillian Scalzo became the director. Then the classes for the school children were increased. And a great many older people, women like Mrs. Lee Call and Mrs. P. C. Yokum, and others who had a talent for painting, painted and encouraged friends of theirs to come out. I think that one reason men didn't paint was that they were rather ashamed of it, but when some went, that drew those who had been reluctant to come.

Some of them did excellent work. A few of them painted bowls of apples, which took some scrutinizing to distinguish that they were bowls of apples. But nevertheless, it did flourish, and now has become through other building additions, one of the real cultural centers of Springfield, a busy place and a fine meeting ground.

I never did any work there but I found one occupation that was somewhat allied to the Art Club, and gave me tremendous amount of pleasure. When I was a small boy, I had a little printing press, and did various jobs with it. I think a drop of printer's ink must have gotten in my blood, because just after the bank holiday of the 1930's, my wife and I went to New York for a much needed change of scene, and there I took some lessons from Warren Chappel, one of the leading book designers in the country, who designs so many books for Alfred A. Knopf.

I took lessons from him in wood engraving and wood cut. Wood cut was a picture that was cut on a block of either pine or apple or cherry wood with the grain of the wood. You had to have a very sharp knife, and be very careful not to make any false strokes or splits in it.
A wood engraving, on the other hand, was a boxwood, the best was the Turkish box tree cut in small squares, laminated and very highly polished, and any way your engraver's tool went, it went against the grain. You could do much finer and more delicate work on the box than you could on the plank.

Before that, this drop of blood which I said I had of printer's ink had stirred, I suppose, and I used to go out Sunday morning to the printing shop of Don Ebe. Don was one of the last of the old wandering country newspaper printers who went from one place to another. He operated old Washington hand presses upon which the country newspapers were still printed.

I would go out Sunday mornings to Don's shop and watch him get ready for the next week's work and so forth, and out of those meetings, he ordered me an old Washington hand press. There weren't very many left because they had been out of use for a long, long time, but he finally found one at a place called Chandler and Price in Cleveland. We ordered it and it came, weighing about two tons.

Don, his assistant and I got it down into the basement, and Don set it up. There we had an old hand press much like the one that Benjamin Franklin had used, except that it was iron instead of wood, and instead of a wooden screw to get the impression of the type on the paper, it had an iron toggle joint, which brought the type and the wood cuts against the paper.

I secured gradually from time to time quite a variety of type; so that I did have twenty-one cases of types, with most of them Garamont types
of different sizes. The first thing I printed was a little magazine for the children of the neighborhood called the Hobby Horse. They wrote for it and I made . . .

END OF TAPE

Q. I remember the Hobby Horse press well because I think I was one of the early contributors. Would you mention the year and mention as many of those people that wrote for it that you can remember and what they wrote?

A. Well, I think the year in which it started was very, very late in 1933 or more likely, early of 1934. The children who contributed to it were my own Sally and George and Linda, Milly Bunn, Bobby Prather, Pete Prather, one or two of the Miller children and almost every youngster in the immediate neighborhood. I can remember a poem which Linda wrote with a little illustration with a little girl with a hoe working in the garden; the poem went, "The Doyle's garden next to ours/ is bright with many lovely flowers/ but every time I plant a seed/ up pops a jimson weed." That was the type of poetry that filled the Hobby Horse press. I remember a story that George wrote about a fight between our little dog Bozo and a big rat in the basement in which I think George used his imagination a good deal because the fight was a fight to the finish in which Bozo had some trouble winning. I think there were seven issues of the Hobby Horse printed and then the interest of the children must have waned and disappeared, but my interest in printing never left me.
So after the Hobby Horse press issued it's last issue number, I still continued to print little books. I would try to have one ready every Christmas for each of the three children to give away as Christmas presents. The books were generally retelling of stories from Grimm and Andersen and Perrault or made up with the children as the principal characters. One that I remember was "The Little Green Apple," which gave the adventures of George, Sally and Linda.

Printing was a slow process because I remember no matter how I tried to speed it up I could rarely produce more than one impression a minute. You have to roll the platen, ink the platen first using a very thick, dry ink, roll it under the press, pull the tympan down, roll it back out and take the paper off, hang it up to dry, and put a new sheet on. The one book, a little book which was written by one of the Miller boys—I think Daniel Miller, a very bloody story about pirates entitled, "The Deck Runs Red."

I remember when Sally was away at Shipley School, she asked permission of the English teacher for the girls in her English class each to participate in a short story contest and I agreed that I would illustrate and print an edition of fifty copies of the prize winning story and send it on to the girl who had won to give away for Christmas presents. The girl's name who won it was, I think, Lucy Galpin. It was a story about a pony that had had a part in one of the operas in which a horse could properly appear [named Fanny Finds the Opera].

I also printed some books which I had written; one of them was called Goodbye to Grimm, which was the account of the interest a father had
in reading to his own children books which had been read to him as a boy, and how much of the humor, for instance, of Grimm and Andersen he had missed the first time, but had caught the second. This book was honored by having been used with the permission which I was very glad to give by a publishing house called the Holiday Press which did almost exclusively children's books, reproduced and distributed to the annual convention of the retail book sellers. Another book was a History of the Old Chatterton Opera House, which Paul Angle had used as the leading article in an issue of the Illinois State Historical Review. Another book was one which I distributed to a fifty odd members of my class in college, a book of four essays entitled, The Benches on Nassau Street.

The interest in the Hobby Horse press started in about 1933 and lasted until about 1946. What to do with all the equipment that I had accumulated was a cause of some concern and worry until I finally decided or finally discovered that the Sangamon State University would be delighted to have the press and some of the equipment and I was delighted to have the old press find that type of a home. It was quite a job to bring it out of the basement, around the corner, up the stairs to the truck that was waiting for it, but they finally did, and now it is, as I say, housed at Sangamon State in the art department and is used largely for the printing of pictures, wood cuts and linoleum cuts. The type is there and someday I imagine that somebody will find use for it.

Q. Before we leave the Hobby Horse, I want to ask you, did you ever have a drawing lesson in your life? Or why this talent, and it certainly is a talent—you could wield the pencil like no one I ever knew.
A. I always liked to draw little sketches when I was a boy and had some small skill at it which I developed somewhat at Lawrenceville and particularly at Princeton in drawing sketches for the Tiger and the Bric-A-Brac, and so forth. The sketches were necessarily rather simple because the job of transferring them to the wood blocks was rendered much easier thereby.

Q. In reflecting and thinking back over the topics that we have discussed on this tape, is there anything in particular that you think you might have omitted?

A. Well, I'm sure that there are things that I might have omitted, although I have included much more than I ever expected. These tapes started out to be the recollection of a man that's 82, of his boyhood in Springfield back in the 1890's, the early 1890's at the turn of the century. Due to the energy of the questioner, who is my daughter, and the proclivity of old men who, when they reminisce, hardly know when to stop, we left the Springfield of the 1890's far behind and even went so far as two world wars and a world depression and advanced beyond that.

I do want to mention a few of the things that I have omitted and probably remedy one or two mistakes. I think there were four businesses, retail businesses, still extant which were very much in evidence when I was a boy in the late nineties and overlooked some very obvious ones: Herndons was one, Coe Brothers Book Store, Days Paint Store. The paint store, as a matter of fact, was first Willard and Zimmerman—Mr. Willard was my great-grandfather. Coe's was situated on the northwest corner of Fifth and Monroe Street, where the Bootery now is, for years and
years before moving to its present location on the southwest corner of Sixth and Monroe.

Books that boys read when I was young were mostly by Horatio Alger, the *Ragged Dick* and *Tattered Tom* books, Oliver Optic, Edward Stratemeyer wrote *The Blue and Gray* series [about the] Civil War. The first adult book that I remember reading was *Gravstark* [*Little Kingdom*] and soon after that came a series by a man who was far and away the most popular fiction writer of his time named Winston Churchill. He was no relation to the late Churchill of English fame, but he wrote some fine books such as *Richard Carvel*, *The Crossing*, *The Crisis*, for which he spent some time in Springfield getting material. *The Crisis* was the Civil War and the events leading up to it, and I know that he interviewed my Uncle John for a good many hours on Lincoln—Lincoln, of course, before the Civil War. Then Churchill switched to New England and wrote *Mr. Carew's Career* and *Coniston* and a book about a minister called *The Inside of the Cup*. He is almost forgotten now, but certainly during a long period he was far and away the most popular American novelist.

Q. The subject that interests me in particular that I don't know many specifics about are some of my relatives. Will you mention some with a brief thumbnail sketch?

A. Well, one of the first to come to mind is Uncle Benjamin Ferguson. He was the husband of my aunt Alice Ferguson, who was really a great-aunt and who was aunt by virtue of being married to my uncle, Mr. Ferguson, who is my uncle by virtue of being brother of the sister of the wife of Jacob Bunn. That seems rather involved and probably was.
I think I'll put in a very small vignette of old Mrs. Edwards who lived in the house next to the Fergusons' house. Occasionally my brother and I would go over and see her. She was a lovely old lady and looked, in my memory, much as Whistler's mother looked with a cap and a simple dress and seated in the chair in a simply furnished sort of room.

Uncle Ben Ferguson was a captain in the Civil War and after he was mustered out he entered the Marine Bank as a clerk, and before long became cashier and then president. During his long years of presidency, he acquired a quite numerous collection of shares, and was the biggest shareholder of the Marine Bank. He was also, by the way, first president of the Springfield Park Board, and a very active and good citizen of the town. He owned the Ferguson Building which, as I have mentioned, Coe's now occupy.

I said a good deal about my grandfather, Mr. Jacob Bunn, his younger brother—younger by 17 or 18 years—was John Bunn, who was born and raised on the farm in New Jersey which their father, Henry Bunn, owned. John Bunn came to Springfield as a young man in the early 1940's and was employed in the J. Bunn Grocery Store. One thing that I remember was his running for office, the only office in his life that he ever ran for, which was Treasurer of the city of Springfield. His opponent was Mr. Charles Ridgely with a very large family and Mr. Bunn wasn't thought to have much of a chance. On the street one day he met Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln said, "John, how is your presidency coming?" Uncle John said, "I think it's coming along alright." He said, "Are you sure?"
He said, "You haven't asked me to vote for you." Uncle John said, "Well, I kind of counted on you because you're a Republican." "Well," Mr. Lincoln said, "don't count on anybody without asking. Ask as many people as you can to vote for you. Don't be afraid to do that."

Uncle John was a bachelor and roomed in what was known as the Vincent Apartments back of the public library. As he got rather old and feeble, he asked me to spend the nights over at his apartment, which I did for about a year. Then he was taken sick and in 1920, he died. He took all of his meals with my aunt Alice. She was the only surviving female member of the family and as such was the aunt of all my generation. As time goes on, I want to speak about her because she was a very fine, jovial, public-spirited woman.

The oldest uncle was Uncle Will, who decided there were plenty of Bunns in Springfield and he would leave and get out on his own. He was in government service all his life as customs agent or head of different customs bureaus—Plattsburg, Buffalo, San Francisco—all over the country. He would quite often come back for funerals of old friends. I remember very distinctly that I would always sit by him because he would want to know, in a rather louder whisper than people who are slightly deaf imagined, "Who is that over there?" I would say it was so and so. He would say, "My heavens, I thought he had been dead for years!"

Uncle Will was stocky, with a close-clipped mustache and I think was the handsomest of all the brothers. Next to him was Uncle Harry, who was long and angular and a great horseman—he loved horses. He was, I remember, first lieutenant in Company C or D which embarked from Springfield for the Spanish-American War. He was for years cashier of
the Marine Bank, and then purchased a small farm in Virginia where he had some horses and raised a few crops, but spent most of his time in New York. He lived at Number One Fifth Avenue where my wife and I once or twice stayed when we made periodic visits to New York while he was in Virginia. My father was next in age.

Q. You might just briefly mention what Uncle Harry looked like and what he wore.

A. Well, as I say, Uncle Harry was quite angular, a great horseman. He was rather thin, he wore very white, very high starched collars, took very long strides, and wore a derby hat. Uncle Harry returned home as all of the brothers and sisters except Uncle Will did for his last illness.

The home was built in the early 1850's, and was on South Sixth Street, just north of the [new] Marine Bank facility. After Aunt Alice's death, it was torn down [in 1953] because she did not want, nor did anybody want the house to go through the general disintegration that most houses in the downtown period do. It was really the center of the family as we grew up. Aunt Alice was a very good hostess and a very generous lady. I have told about her association with the Art Club. I doubt if I mentioned the fact that she gave half of the money for the gallery. She was forever supporting this, that, and the other thing, and very often if the sum were large would give half with the idea that others ought to give their share, too. People used to be quite reluctant as long as they found that somebody else would give money if they did not. She didn't believe in that--quite rightly. I think if it had not been
for her, for Mrs. Jacob Bunn, Mrs. Robert Lanphier, there would be no Memorial Hospital because each made extremely generous contributions and the hospital was, for a matter of fact, the last building to receive a permit before World War II. The only hospitals built then were government hospitals. I think the most assiduous money raiser for the Memorial Hospital and the most assiduous planner for the hospital was Herbert Bartholf.

Of my mother and father I cannot begin to say too much. They were, I think, the ideal parents, forebearing, strict when strictness was necessary, very jovial. My father was particularly a congenital joker. Along about 1908, 1909, 1910, they bought a cottage on Buzzards Bay, just across the Bay from Cape Cod, where we all went to spend our summers. As a matter of fact, it was from Salters Point, the name of the community which they joined, that we knew the Cape and knew Chatham. My wife and I in 1950 moved to Chatham for the summer at a very comfortable, homely, old inn where we stayed until 1960, when we bought a cottage that we enjoyed for twelve or thirteen years, the cottage overlooking the ocean on one side and Nantucket Sound on the other.

The youngest brother of my aunt and uncles was Uncle Jake, who succeeded his father as president of the Illinois Watch Company. I very well remember that when I was in college, I would occasionally get a line or a wire from Uncle Jake saying that he would be in New York at a certain day and wondered if I wouldn't come up and have dinner with him. Naturally, I did. He always stayed at the old Waldorf, which was, I think, the finest hotel that I ever knew about. It stood where the Empire State Building stands now and was famous for its food. The
proprietor of the Waldorf, a man named Oscar, Oscar of the Waldorf, would always come into the dining room and he got into the habit of asking old patrons of the hotel how they were and if they were enjoying their food. On some of these trips with Uncle Jake was Bob Lanphier, who was associated with him in the founding of the Sangamo Electric Company. Uncle Jake had a good deal of difficulty in keeping Bob from talking shop. I remember him saying, "Now, Bob, the Sangamo Electric Company will be there when you get back, but in the meantime, forget it and we will have a good dinner and a good time."

Uncle Jake and Aunt Alice were the two youngest children. My aunt never married and Uncle Jake was a bachelor for a great many years. They were very, very close together. Aunt Alice was great to entertain. Her house was the scene of a good many parties. She was very charitable, and generous.

The house was built along in the middle 1850's, I think. All of the children were born there excepting Uncle Will. The house had gone through some remodeling—a veranda porch, which was used a great deal in summer, was added to the south side. It was a square house, built just before the gingerbread era; therefore, it was square and solid and bland in mark contrast to some of the neighboring houses, notably the Chatterton house on the south which was Hudson River Gothic and the Gruendike house across the street which was of the mansard roof type. The house was torn down when my aunt died in 1953, but the brick stable which was quite commodious with a room on the second floor, a bedroom and bath for the coachman, plenty of carriage space and stalls for a team of horses, and a bay horse which was Aunt Alice's, which she drove herself, remained until a few years before the facility [Marine Bank facility] was built.
I can remember the night that the stable was inaugurated with a party and Mrs. House, who was a cousin of ours and lived with my aunt, was a famous punch mixer. She was kept pretty busy and it was a very gay and pleasant occasion. The sort of toastmaster was our Uncle Frank Jones, who was an uncle by marriage to Missy Sally Bunn, who died in 1902. He always kept his association with her family and came down often from Chicago where he lived. He was Assistant Postmaster General under Grover Cleveland, and Postmaster of Chicago. He married Nellie Grant Sartoris, who was the daughter of General Grant, whom he had met in Washington. They lived on South Sixth Street in the house that my father and mother lived in which was in itself subject to a great deal of additions and still stands being the home of the Sankey family, long time friends of ours.

Q. Now, I have one more question. In looking back, who do you think some of your favorite authors would be?

A. Well, it's rather difficult to say. Certainly I think the greatest novel that I have read is War and Peace. The last novel that I read before my eyes grew so bad I could read no more, was Thackery's Vanity Fair. I think some of the poems that I have enjoyed most really are from minor poets and I'm going to close these rambling reminiscences of an octogenarian with a poem which I have memorized by James Stevens.

"And now dear heart the night is closing in
The lamps are not yet ready and the gloom is the sad winter evening
and the din the wind makes in the street fills all the rooms--
you have listened to my stories."
Seamus Beg has told you the adventures of his youth and has no more hopes to find the buried kegs stuffed to the lid with silver, he, alas, grew up but he has found the path to true romance and with you may easily seek wonders. We are bound out to the storm of things where all is new. Give me your hand, so keeping close to me, shut tight your eyes and step forward. Where are we?"

END OF TAPE