

BA-153
"Burnside"
10510 Burnside Farm Road
Stevenson vic.
c. 1868, 1911
Private

Burnside is located at 10510 Burnside Farm Road in the Greenspring Valley, in central Baltimore County, Maryland. The farm has been subdivided and other houses and farm buildings are now separate properties. The house is a 2-½ story, five-bay by ten-bay frame structure with stucco and a gable roof of slate with an east-west ridge on the north and south sections of the house and a north-south ridge in the center section. The house sits upon an artificial mound approximately 8 feet high, with eight granite steps at the southeast that are placed between granite cheek walls topped by a large cast iron urn on each side. The steps lead up to a patio paved with large slates. On the south elevation the first story has center double doors with a one-light transom and two-light sidelights. To each side of the door are two two-over-four segmentally arched double-hung sash. There is a one-story porch that wraps around the east and west elevations. The second story has five two-over-two segmentally arched sash with blinds. There is a wood box cornice with dentils. There are three dormers with segmentally arched two-over-two sash and gable roofs. There is a parged brick chimney on either side of the center dormer, and each has a Bishop's cap. On the east elevation is a porte-cochere. The first story has a center passage, double-pile plan in the front half of the house with a center passage in the service wing and two rooms to the west and one room to the east of this passage. There is a cross passage with a rear service stairway that runs to the east at the north end of the rear passage. The interior doors have four panels each, and are walnut with chestnut

panels. There are fireplaces in the front rooms with marble mantels that have semicircular arched openings.

“Burnside” stands on part of 467 acres acquired by Samuel Moor Shoemaker I (1821-1884) in at least eighteen transactions beginning in 1860. The first purchase consisted of 111 ¼ acres from Aristides C. Landstreet and contained three buildings: a log cabin, a stone dairy, and a small house. Born in Bayou la Fourche, Louisiana, Shoemaker’s father died when he was a few months old and his mother returned to her family in Maryland to raise him. Shoemaker organized an express line from Baltimore to Philadelphia for the Adams Express Company. The express business quickly expanded in all directions and consolidated with other express lines, making the Adams Express Company a large and powerful company. Shoemaker lived in Baltimore City and, like many prominent businessmen of the day, purchased a farm in the country so that his family could escape the summer heat. Based on Shoemaker family letters, the date of construction of the house must be c. 1867-69. The house originally had a Mansard roof covered in grey and red slate, with dormer windows. A large cupola topped the roof, and the house was painted grey, with drab brown shutters. Photographs seem to indicate that there was wood weatherboard siding, and the segmentally arched windows had wide architrave with a keystone or decorative detail in the center of the lintel. There was a two-story and Mansard servant’s wing on the rear, and it was connected to the house by a bridge at the second story. This building provided living quarters for the servants, most of whom were black. Shoemaker developed “Burnside” into a productive farm where he raised Jersey cattle, and added numerous buildings to the property. “Burnside” passed to his son,

Samuel M. Shoemaker, II (1861-1933), who had run the farm since his father's death and lived in the house on the property just behind the main house. Samuel II gradually got rid of his father's Jersey cattle and replaced them with Guernseys, in time developing a very productive dairy farm. Shortly after inheriting the farm, in 1911, Samuel II made significant changes to the main house. Not surprisingly, the Mansard-roofed Second Empire, or French Renaissance Revival house was no longer popular, so the building was changed to the more fashionable Colonial Revival. Among the work done at this time, the servants' quarters' wing was disconnected and moved to another part of the farm. The Mansard roof was removed and replaced by the current gable roof and dormers, and the house was stuccoed. On the interior, the most significant cosmetic changes were to the front passage and the dining room (the southwest-center room). Half paneling was added to both rooms, and a new dentil cornice and scroll brackets added to the passage. The dining room mantel was replaced with a Federal Revival one, and a small plaster ceiling medallion was added. Several chambers have Italianate plaster ceiling medallions, and it is likely that most of the major rooms on the first two floors had them, and that they were removed. It was probably at this time that most of the bathrooms, with claw foot tubs and marble sinks, were added. A more substantial change was made to the southeast-center room and the room above it. The exterior, or east, wall was removed and moved to the west, thereby cutting the first story room in half. The Baltimore County Legacy Web states that George Worthington, of the architectural firm of Worthington & Ahrens, was responsible for the alterations. "Burnside" passed out of the Shoemaker family in 1996 when purchased by the present owners.

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color, with the bottom moulding gilded and the ceiling a pale blue. Later, the mouldings were painted white with the cove and frieze blue, and the walls and ceiling were wallpapered. The wallpaper has been stripped.

The west-center room is a small pantry with typical half-wainscot and architrave with a cavetto and bead, a broken field, and a beaded interior edge. The radiator at the west end has a built-in plate warmer in the center with two metal doors on the front. On the southwest, set to the west, is a painted wood cupboard with doors made from shutters that are not painted. Also on the south wall, set to the east, is a painted wood built-in cupboard with five drawers below and doors of re-used shutters above. These replace earlier doors. In the northeast corner is a series of three closets that are built-in. They have beaded-edge-and-center, vertical-board walls and narrow two-panel doors on two of the closets, with a regular four-panel door on the westernmost closet.

The northwest-center room is a kitchen with modern cabinets constructed from re-used interior shutters on the northeast and north walls, some of the shutters having adjustable louvers and all of them of natural wood. This room was always a kitchen and retains some of its original features. The floor has linoleum and there is typical half-wainscot that is not painted, but has a natural finish. On the north elevation is white glazed brick with a cast iron stove set in the opening. The stove is labeled "KITCHENER" in the center, and the oven doors have "HUTCHINSON BROS. PATENTED FEBRUARY 24 1874." In the southeast corner are built-in cupboards with doors at the top that have lancet arches, drawers in the center with carved wood foliate pulls, and doors below with a single sunk panel that has carvings of fish and fruit applied to them. These bottom panels are octagonal and are deep. On the west elevation, set to the north, is a door to a porch. On the north elevation, set to the west, is a door to the northwest room. On the south wall, west of the door to the pantry, is a call box with an electric bell at the top and numbers for each room wired to the system, as well as arrows that flip to point to the number of the room that is calling. Just east of the call box is the mouthpiece for a speaking tube.

At the north end of the rear passage is a vestibule that contains a built-in cupboard on the east wall. It has two one-panel doors at the bottom, a drawer in the middle, and two two-panel doors at the top. The wood cupboard is painted. To the north of the vestibule is a small powder room with new fixtures. To the east of the vestibule is a long, narrow pantry with beaded-edge half-wainscot and built-in cupboards on the whole east elevation that are similar to those in the vestibule, but do not have drawers. On the north wall of this pantry is a door with a semi-circular transom and one large light over two panels in the door. This door leads to an enclosed porch at the north end that has exposed painted brick on the west elevation, a window on the east elevation, and a four-panel door with a segmentally arched two-light transom on the north.

The northwest room has a closed-off fireplace on the south elevation, and it retains some white glazed brick. To the east of the fireplace is a built-in cupboard that is missing its doors on the top half, but is otherwise identical to the cupboard in the north vestibule. Behind the cupboard is a vertical board that apparently once had plumbing pipes attached to it. The pine flooring is 2 ½ inches wide and runs north-south on the south half of this room. There is typical half-wainscot on the walls. The north wall of this room was removed and the room enlarged and extended to the north, with two garage doors added in the north elevation.

The second story has a center stair hall with an east-west passage along the south side of this hall and a north-south passage in the center that connects to the rear stair passage. The passage has the same balustrade, half-paneling, cornice, and architrave as the first story passage. The floor is 2-¼ inch oak that runs east-west. The four-panel doors have sunk fields and ogee and bevel panel moulds. There are mortise locks that are painted and they have glass knobs. The south rooms have three-light transoms and the center rooms have two-light transoms.

The southeast chamber has a run plaster cornice and architrave with an ogee and bevel back band and a beaded interior edge, which is typical for the second story. On the west elevation is a typical second-story marble mantel with plain pilaster strips, a plain frieze and shelf, and plain marble hearth. The marble is white with gray veining. The firebox has splayed brick jambs and a

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flat lintel. To the north of this chamber is a bathroom with a cork tile floor, a claw foot tub, and a marble sink. The south-center chamber has a marble sink in the northeast corner.

The southwest chamber has typical second-story architrave, cove cornice, and a typical second-story mantel on the east elevation. The west elevation has a full-length window set to the south that leads to a porch. On the north side of this chamber is a bathroom with a marble sink. The toilet here is not labeled. To the north of this bathroom is another bathroom with a claw foot tub, marble sink, and toilet with "OCT. 1928." The southeast-center chamber has typical architrave, a cove cornice, and a typical mantel on the west elevation with a semi-circular arched opening and stone lining. To the north of the fireplace is a built-in closet with re-used shutters.

The northeast-center chamber has typical architrave, a run plaster cornice, and a plaster ceiling medallion that is both floral and geometric. On the east elevation, set to the north, is a full-length window that opens onto the east porch. To the north of this chamber is a new bathroom. The northwest-center chamber has typical architrave, a cove cornice, a marble sink on the south wall that is set on a lyre stand, and a built-in wardrobe in the northeast corner. The northwest chamber has typical architrave, a typical run plaster cornice, and typical mantel on the south elevation. To the west of this mantel is a built-in closet with typical four-panel doors. The northeast chamber has a typical run plaster cornice and a plaster ceiling medallion that is floral and geometric and matches the northeast-center chamber. The marble mantel is typical and the firebox has splayed brick jambs.

The attic has random-width floors that are 4 inches to 5 inches wide, run north-south, are painted, and have ghosts of earlier partition walls. In the center of the front section is a hole in the floor with four steel beams across it and Plexiglas (which replaces earlier wire glass according to the owner) covering the hole. Above this opening, on the east side of the gable roof north of the south ridge, is a large ten-light skylight with wire glass. The attic is divided into numerous rooms with beaded-edge-and-center vertical boards. On the east side, south of the rear service stairs is a room with beaded-edge, vertical-board, half-wainscot and beaded-edge-and-center, vertical-board half-wainscot with plaster walls above. There is a four-panel door with bolection-moulded panels. The room has a claw foot tub, a toilet with a copper-lined oak tank on the wall and a pull chain, and a porcelain bowl marked "CENTRAL METAL & SUPPLY CO. BALTO." and "MILO." There is a combination gas and electric fixture in this room. The northeast chimney has fireplace openings on both sides and they are very shallow. The east side is bricked-up, and some plaster remains on the chimney. One chimney to the northwest has a metal clean-out door with "DEITRICH BROS BALTO." The attic stairs have beaded-edge, vertical-board half-wainscot on the wall and are enclosed at the attic level around a landing that has beaded-edge-and-center vertical boards. The opening has a fascia board with an applied Vitruvian wave sawn ornament. There is a run plaster cornice that appears similar to the piece found in the first-story closet. The four-panel doors have sunk fields and ogee and bevel panel moulds. There is a mortise lock with porcelain knobs, and the architrave has the typical cavetto and bead back band, broken field, and large bead on the interior edge. The rafters are a combination of circular-sawn 2 by 8s and re-used sash-sawn 2 ½ by 5s with plaster burns. They are all fastened with cut nails and support board sheathing.

To the northeast of the house is a gazebo constructed of round logs with a hip roof of asphalt shingles and a rubble stone foundation that contains an icehouse. There are stone steps up to the deck of the gazebo on the east and west sides, and there is a gable in the center of each side of the roof, in line with these steps. East of the gazebo is a stone bench in an "L" form, with a triangular roof that has wood shingles above the bench. Wood posts support the roof. To the west and south of the bench are low stone fences, and there are stone steps south of the bench to climb over the fence.

8. Significance

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Period	Areas of Significance	Check and justify below		
<input type="checkbox"/> 1600-1699	<input type="checkbox"/> agriculture	<input type="checkbox"/> economics	<input type="checkbox"/> health/medicine	<input type="checkbox"/> performing arts
<input type="checkbox"/> 1700-1799	<input type="checkbox"/> archeology	<input type="checkbox"/> education	<input type="checkbox"/> industry	<input type="checkbox"/> philosophy
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1800-1899	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> architecture	<input type="checkbox"/> engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> invention	<input type="checkbox"/> politics/government
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1900-1999	<input type="checkbox"/> art	<input type="checkbox"/> entertainment/ recreation	<input type="checkbox"/> landscape architecture	<input type="checkbox"/> religion
<input type="checkbox"/> 2000-	<input type="checkbox"/> commerce	<input type="checkbox"/> ethnic heritage	<input type="checkbox"/> law	<input type="checkbox"/> science
	<input type="checkbox"/> communications	<input type="checkbox"/> exploration/ settlement	<input type="checkbox"/> literature	<input type="checkbox"/> social history
	<input type="checkbox"/> community planning		<input type="checkbox"/> maritime industry	<input type="checkbox"/> transportation
	<input type="checkbox"/> conservation		<input type="checkbox"/> military	<input type="checkbox"/> other:

Specific dates	n/a	Architect/Builder	George Worthington
Construction dates	c. 1867-9, 1911		

Evaluation for:

National Register

Maryland Register

not evaluated

Prepare a one-paragraph summary statement of significance addressing applicable criteria, followed by a narrative discussion of the history of the resource and its context. (For compliance reports, complete evaluation on a DOE Form - see manual.)

"Burnside" stands on part of 467 acres acquired by Samuel Moor Shoemaker I (1821-1884) in at least eighteen transactions beginning in 1860. The first purchase consisted of 111 ¼ acres from Aristides C. Landstreet and contained three buildings: a log cabin, a stone dairy, and a small house. Born in Bayou la Fourche, Louisiana, Shoemaker's father died when he was a few months old and his mother returned to her family (she was the daughter of Dr. Moor Falls of Baltimore County) in Maryland to raise him. Samuel Shoemaker was educated at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania and took his first job as a clerk for the Baltimore firm of Alexander Falls & Co., wholesale grocers. Very shortly he became the Baltimore agent for the Rappahannock Line and Ericsson Line of steamers, and in 1843, at the invitation of E. S. Sanford, organized an express line from Baltimore to Philadelphia for the Adams Express Company. The express business quickly expanded in all directions and consolidated with other express lines, making the Adams Express Company a large and powerful company. Later, Shoemaker was involved with the Safe Deposit and Trust Company, the Old Bay Line, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, and owned the Hygea Hotel at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

Shoemaker lived in Baltimore City and, like many prominent businessmen of the day, purchased a farm in the country so that his family could escape the summer heat. In recent years the Shoemaker family believed that the existing house on the property was built in 1861-62. However, this would be a very early instance of a Mansard roof in Baltimore, as most date to after the Civil War, and evidence in the Shoemaker papers at the Maryland Historical Society suggests it was built shortly after the Civil War. In October 1866 Shoemaker wrote to his neighbor, R. Sumwalt: "Having decided to build on my property I thought before doing so I would make you one more offer for the 55 acres lying immediately west of my farm and owned by you." Shoemaker offered Sumwalt \$90 an acre, but Sumwalt wrote back that he would only accept \$110 an acre. Though Shoemaker was apparently frustrated on his land purchase, he seems to have proceeded with building, and it was likely a new house that he had in the works. In an August letter believed to date to 1869 a cousin wrote to Augusta Eccleston Shoemaker (Gussie), wife of Samuel Shoemaker, "I suppose you have passed a delightful season at Burnside and highly appreciated your beautiful new mansion." This would put the date of construction of the house to c. 1867-69. The architect is unknown, but Reasin & Wetherald reportedly designed Samuel Shoemaker's city house, at the northeast corner of St. Paul and Read streets, and they could have been involved in more than one project for Shoemaker. The newel post is identical to one (number 573) in the George O. Stevens & Co. catalogue of builder's supplies of 1879, and the balusters are close to those pictured as item 543. Though the catalogue postdates the house by a decade, it seems likely that many things offered in 1879 were available ten years earlier. Stevens's business was located in Baltimore and was established in 1855. Most of the other building material, except perhaps the lumber used in the framing, probably also came from Baltimore.

The house originally had a Mansard roof covered in grey and red slate, with dormer windows to light bedrooms in the finished attic. A large cupola, reached by a winding iron stairway, topped the roof, and the house was painted grey, with drab brown

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shutters. Photographs seem to indicate that there was wood weatherboard siding, and the segmentally arched windows had wide architrave with a keystone or decorative detail in the center of the lintel. There were reportedly nineteen bedrooms and two baths on the second and attic stories. The porte cochere on the north end of the east elevation had a flat or slightly sloping roof behind a balustrade. There was a two-story and Mansard servant's wing on the rear, and it shows up in a photograph of the house taken from the southeast. It was connected to the house by a bridge at the second story. It is not known whether this wing was original, or was added at an unknown date. This building provided living quarters for the servants, most of whom were black. The first story layout seems to have been much like it is today. The southeast room functioned as a parlor, with a small parlor to the north and a billiard room in the east-center room. There were large double doors between these three rooms which could be thrown open to make what seemed like one large room. The northeast room was a summer kitchen used especially for canning, pickling, and preserving. The southwest room was probably the drawing room, and the room to the north of it was the dining room. At this time the dining room had "a curious kind of partition with a huge central opening so that the dining table could extend seemingly endlessly. Just behind one side of the partition was a large water cooler About eight feet beyond the partition was the regular wall which partitioned off the large room where the white employees had their meals and it was also the butler's pantry." The northwest-center room was the kitchen.

The house had a wrap-around porch on the south, but the deck was of wood, and had a slate terrace, granite steps, and cast iron urns that still survive in situ. The terrace and steps were added in 1881. The Baltimore American described a visit to "Burnside:" "The day was spent in inspecting Mr. Shoemaker's improvements made this spring. In front of the mansion a large plateau, 16 by 80 feet, has been laid out, which slopes to the beautiful lawn of five acres, which is surrounded by shade trees and set with tropical plants. The trees, some 68 in number, are from 30 to 70 feet in height, and have been moved and replanted with success during the winter. The carriage drive leads up to the granite steps, which run up to the piazza, which is 74 feet in length, and extends around his house. Mr. Shoemaker's conservatorium is another great improvement It includes palm houses, tropical foliage plant and orchid houses, forcing houses, propagating houses, cold and warm graperies, camellia houses, carnation houses, a tea rose house, Marshall Neil rose house and mushroom house; also a vegetable house and a Victoria Regia house." The terrace apparently was paved in brick until some time in the twentieth century.

Shoemaker developed "Burnside" into a productive farm where he raised Jersey cattle, and added numerous buildings to the property. The 1877 Hopkins Atlas of Baltimore County lists P. E. Keller as the occupant of the farm, which probably indicated that Keller was managing the farm for Shoemaker at that time. The map seems to show eleven buildings on the property, but given the scale, it undoubtedly includes only the most substantial buildings, and perhaps not even all of them. Some of these buildings have been demolished and others split off from the farm and sold as residences in recent years. Shoemaker died in 1884 and left the farm to his wife, Augusta, who only used it in the summer. She in turn died in 1907 and "Burnside" passed to their son, Samuel M. Shoemaker, II (1861-1933), who had run the farm since his father's death and lived in the house on the property just behind the main house. Samuel II gradually got rid of his father's Jersey cattle and replaced them with Guernseys, in time developing a very productive dairy farm. He also had Holsteins, shorthorns and Ayrshire cows. This led to the visit of George Gordon, of the Walker Gordon Laboratories, around 1898 with a proposal that "Burnside" join their program for providing clean milk, free of bovine tuberculosis and other diseases. Samuel II accepted the offer and subsequently enlarged the farm operation in order to provide clean milk to Baltimore. As a result of this move, additional buildings were added to the farm. Samuel II employed about 60 men to run the farm, and most of them lived in small frame houses built for their use on the farm. The numerous stables and dairy were carefully described at different times, as the dairy operation was always one of interest to many in the region. An insurance plat created in 1907 indicated 52 buildings on "Burnside." A lake on the farm was used to cut ice, which was stored in three icehouses.

Shortly after inheriting the farm, in 1911, Samuel II made significant changes to the main house. Not surprisingly, the Mansard-

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roofed Second Empire, or French Renaissance Revival house was no longer popular, so the building was changed to the more fashionable Colonial Revival. Some idea of the planning can be gleaned from letters written by Samuel Moor Shoemaker III (1893-1963) from school in Newport to his mother, in which he was responding to her news of the impending changes. The first cryptic note came in early December 1910, when Samuel III asked, "Did your building friend come Friday?" Later that month the son commented: "So sorry you're wrestling over the office but you'd better wrestle [sic] now than when its done + Dad's not satisfied with it. I hope you have got a shower arranged for some portion of my bathroom: they're the finest things for a quick bath, ever . . ." It was the northeast-center room, which had been a billiard room, which was converted to an office for Samuel II. There was apparently some concern on the part of Samuel II about the need for such a large house, which may have prompted some of the changes that shrank the size of the building. These concerns also seem to have led to questions about whether anything at all should be done with the house, but in January 1911 Samuel III wrote to his mother: "I think the saw mill in the woods is ominous of something doing down the road + how I do wish they could get going + build before that old palace rots to pieces." It is worth noting that, though "Burnside" was very close to the Eccleston railroad stop and could have easily had lumber shipped from Baltimore, Shoemaker employed the time-honored tradition of taking lumber from his own woodlot. In this case he probably hired a sawyer with a portable steam-powered sawmill, as was typically done in rural communities in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries.

Among the work done at this time, the servants' quarters' wing was disconnected and moved to another part of the farm. The Mansard roof was removed and replaced by the current gable roof and dormers, and the house was stuccoed. Some of the original rafters were used in this work, and they have plaster burns on them confirming family accounts that the Mansard story was finished. On the interior, the most significant cosmetic changes were to the front passage and the dining room (the southwest-center room). Half paneling was added to both rooms, and a new dentil cornice and scroll brackets added to the passage. The dining room mantel was replaced with a Federal Revival one, and a small plaster ceiling medallion was added. Several chambers have Italianate plaster ceiling medallions, and it is likely that most of the major rooms on the first two floors had them, and that they were removed. It was probably at this time that most of the bathrooms, with claw foot tubs and marble sinks, were added. A more substantial change was made to the southeast-center room and the room above it. The exterior, or east, wall was removed and moved to the west, thereby cutting the first story room in half. The double doorway on the south side of this room was closed off, rendering the room very small and inelegant. The small room above became a bathroom. The explanation for this change is not clear. The result was that the northeast corner of the main block roof greatly overhung the walls. The Baltimore County Legacy Web states that George Worthington, of the architectural firm of Worthington & Ahrens, was responsible for the alterations, but it is not known where this information came from.

Samuel II was involved in numerous other local and state public programs, serving as the chairman of the board of Baltimore County Public Schools, serving on the board of regents of the University of Maryland, and inspiring the Shoemaker Act of 1904, which provided state aid for, and supervision of, public roads. In connection with his concern for good roads, Shoemaker had all the roads on "Burnside" macadamized by W. W. Crosby, the engineer of the State Geological Survey, to show how typical roads should be laid out. With the death of Samuel II in 1933, his widow Ellen (nee Whitridge), and their daughter Ellen and son-in-law Bartlett Johnston took over management of the dairy business and the greenhouse operation. However, the large-scale adoption of the pasteurization of milk and the advent of the Second World War forced the closing of both these businesses. Several other changes were made to the house in this period, most notably to the office. A bay window was added to the east side, and in 1947 shelves were added to the room to convert it to a library for Samuel M. Shoemaker, III (1893-1963). Samuel III was an Episcopal minister, author of twenty-eight books, and co-founder of Alcoholics Anonymous. Ellen Shoemaker died in 1954 and left "Burnside" to her daughter Ellen and son Samuel III. It passed out of the Shoemaker family in 1996 when purchased by the present owners.

9. Major Bibliographical References

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See continuation sheet.

10. Geographical Data

Acreage of surveyed property 5.03 A
Acreage of historical setting 200 A
Quadrangle name Cockeysville Quadrangle scale 1:24000

Verbal boundary description and justification

The boundaries take in the entire parcel, to include historic landscaping as well as structures and objects.

11. Form Prepared By

name/title	Kenneth M. Short		
organization		date	01/27/2003
street and number	610 Register Ave.	telephone	410-377-4953
city or town	Baltimore	state	MD zip code 21212-1915

The Maryland Inventory of Historic Properties was officially created by an Act of the Maryland Legislature to be found in the Annotated Code of Maryland, Article 41, Section 181 KA, 1974 supplement.

The survey and inventory are being prepared for information and record purposes only and not constitute any infringement of individual property rights.

return to: Maryland Historical Trust
DHCD/DHCP
100 Community Place
Crownsville MD 21032
410-514-7600

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Baltimore American, 27 May 1881, p. 4.

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"Beautiful Green Spring Valley Home of Mr. Samuel M. Shoemaker." Baltimore American, 18 June 1905, pt. 2, sec. 2, p. 1.

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Baltimore County Legacy Web



TOPIC: Houses -- Burnside Farm

Burnside Farm mansion, showing mansard appearance before the 1911 alterations made by George Worthington of Worthington and Ahrens.

Date (if known): **early 20th century**

Photographer (if known):

Please reference this number when ordering a reproduction: **4724003**

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Burnside BA-153
Moulding Profiles

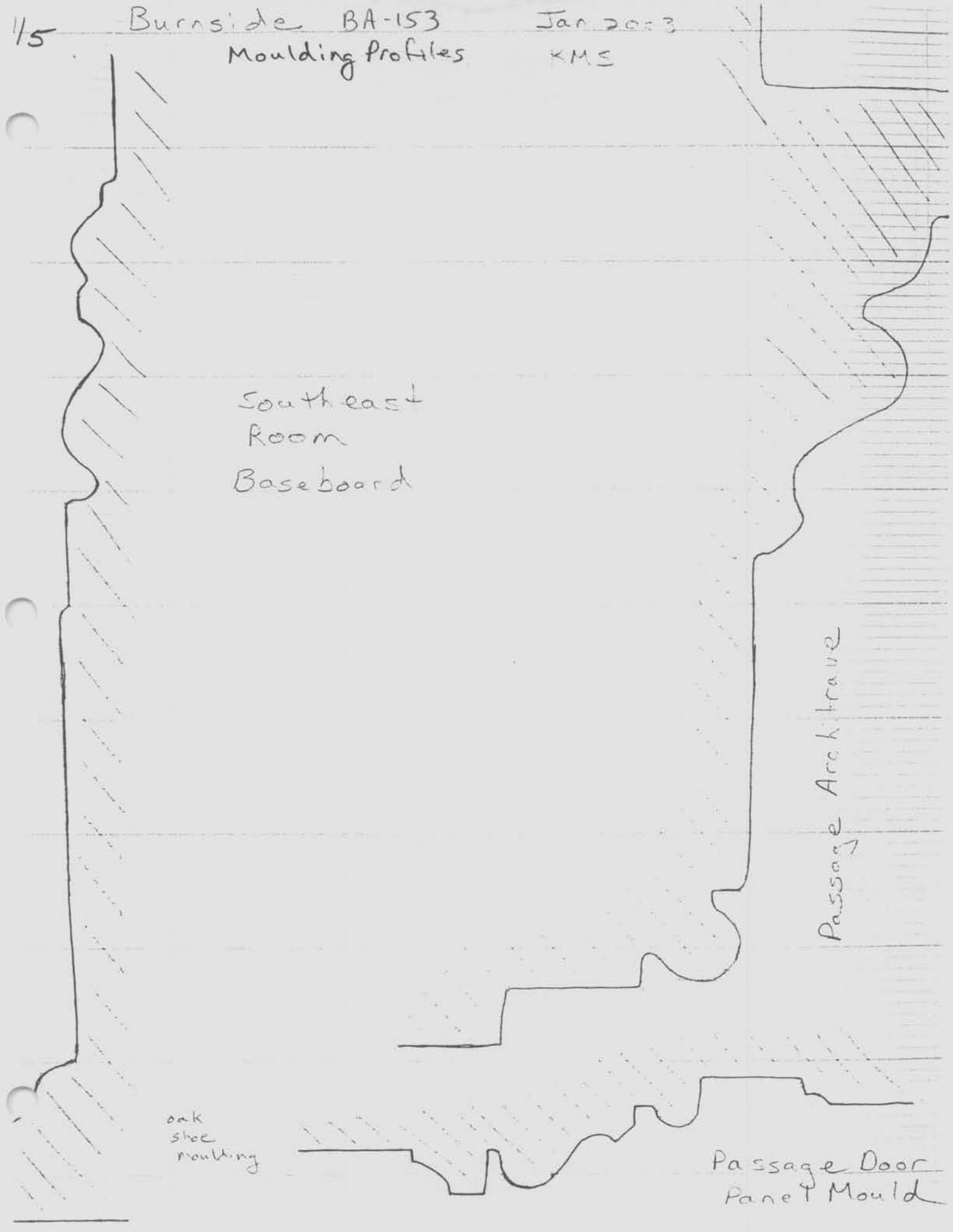
Jan 2003
KME

Southeast
Room
Baseboard

Passage Architrave

oak
slat
moulding

Passage Door
Panel Mould

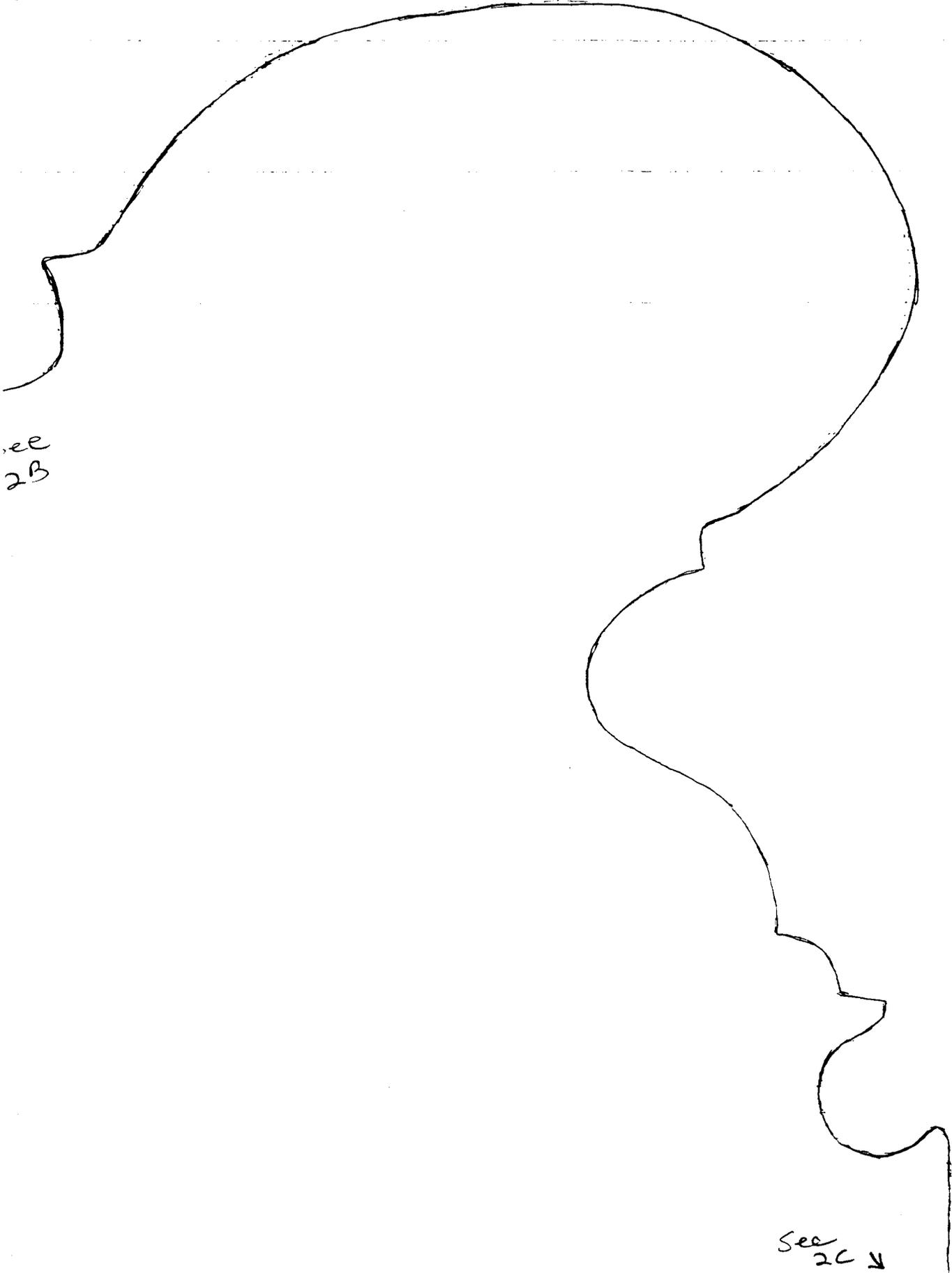


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Burnside BA-153

KMS

Passage - Original Cornice Profile (inside closet) Jan. 2003



see
2B

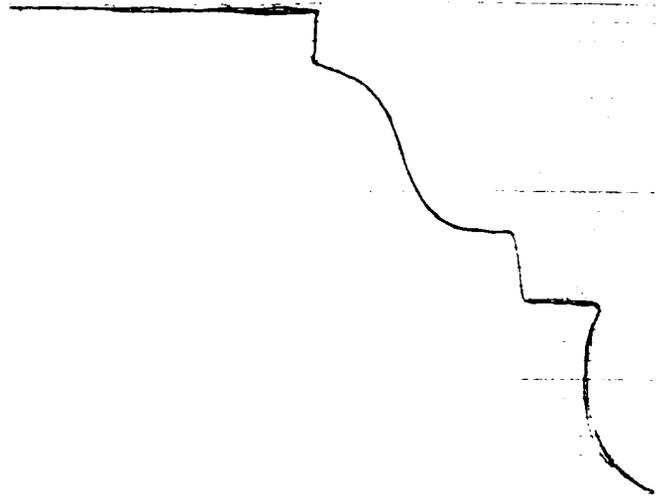
See
2C ↓

2B/5

Burnside - BA-153

Passage-original cornice profile

KMS
Jan 20



See
2A

20/5

Burnside BA-153

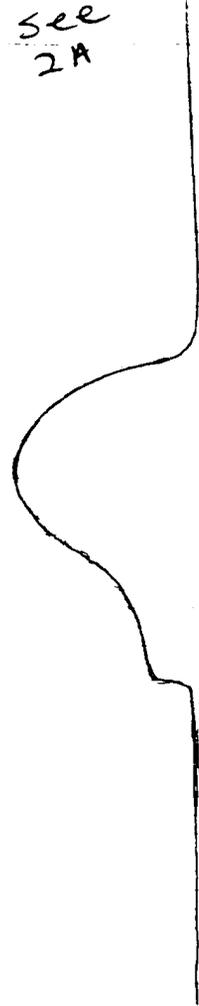
KMS

see

Passage-Original Cornice Profile

Jan. 2003

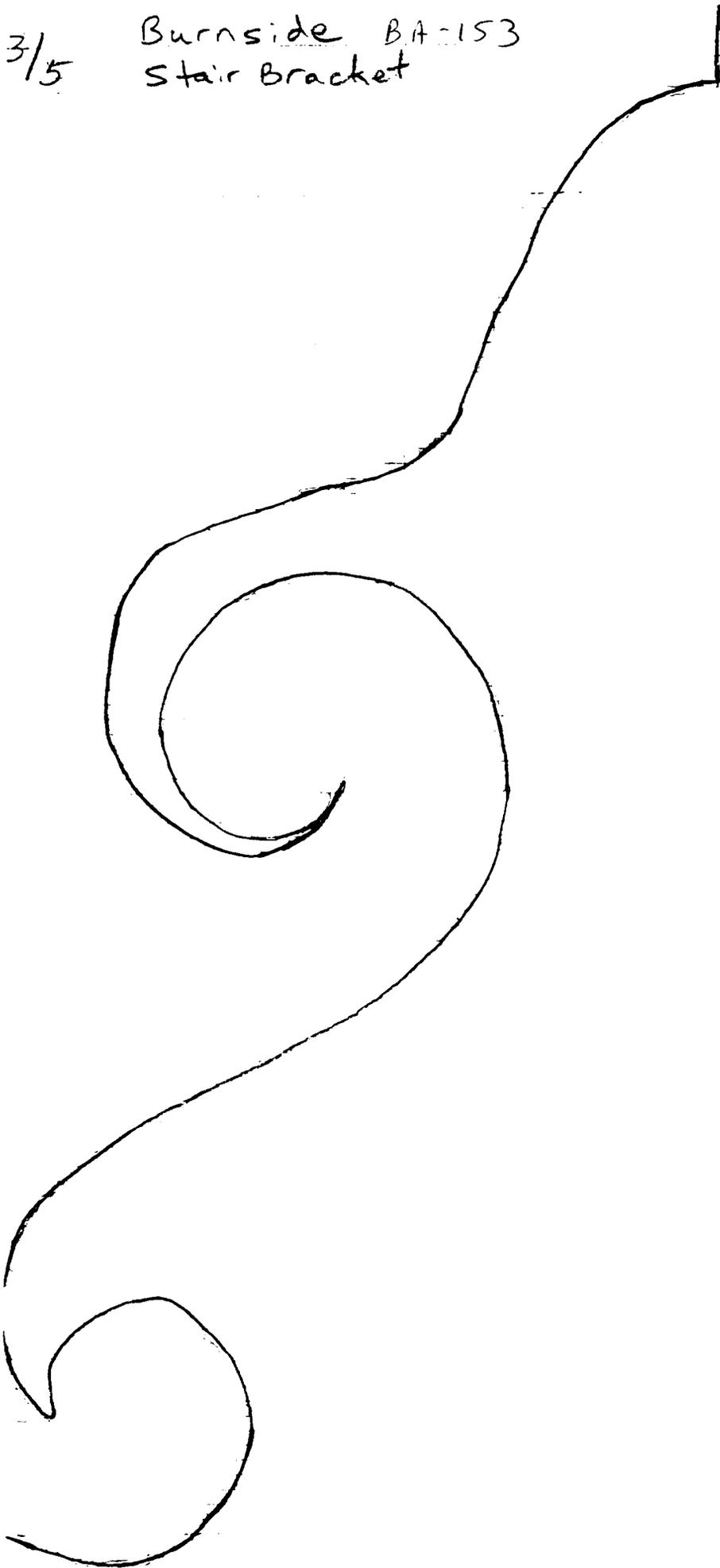
2A



3/5

Burnside BA-153
Stair Bracket

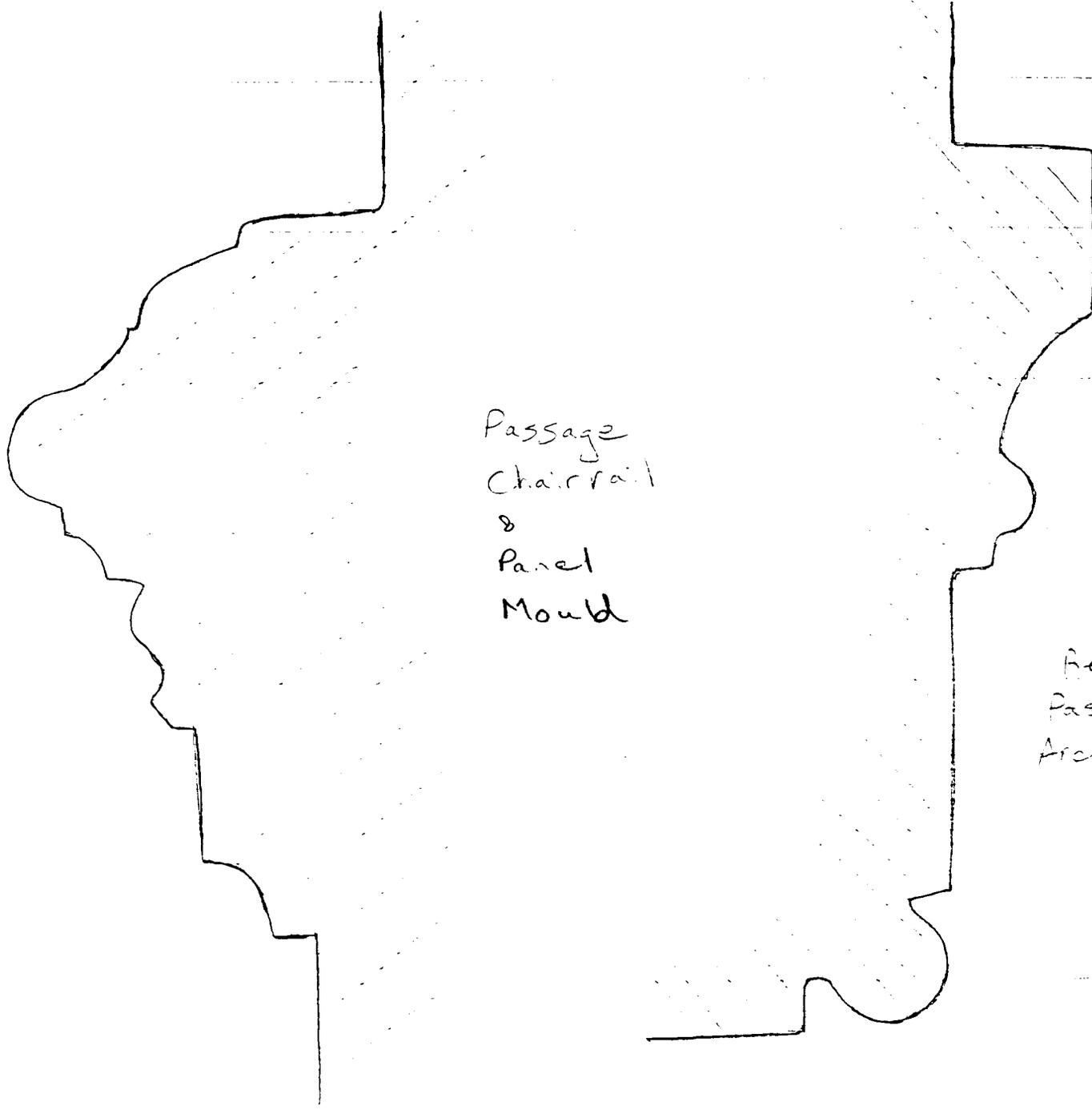
KMS
Jan. 2003



4/5

Burnside BA-153
Moulding Profiles

Jan. 2003
KMS



Passage
Chairrail
&
Panel
Mould

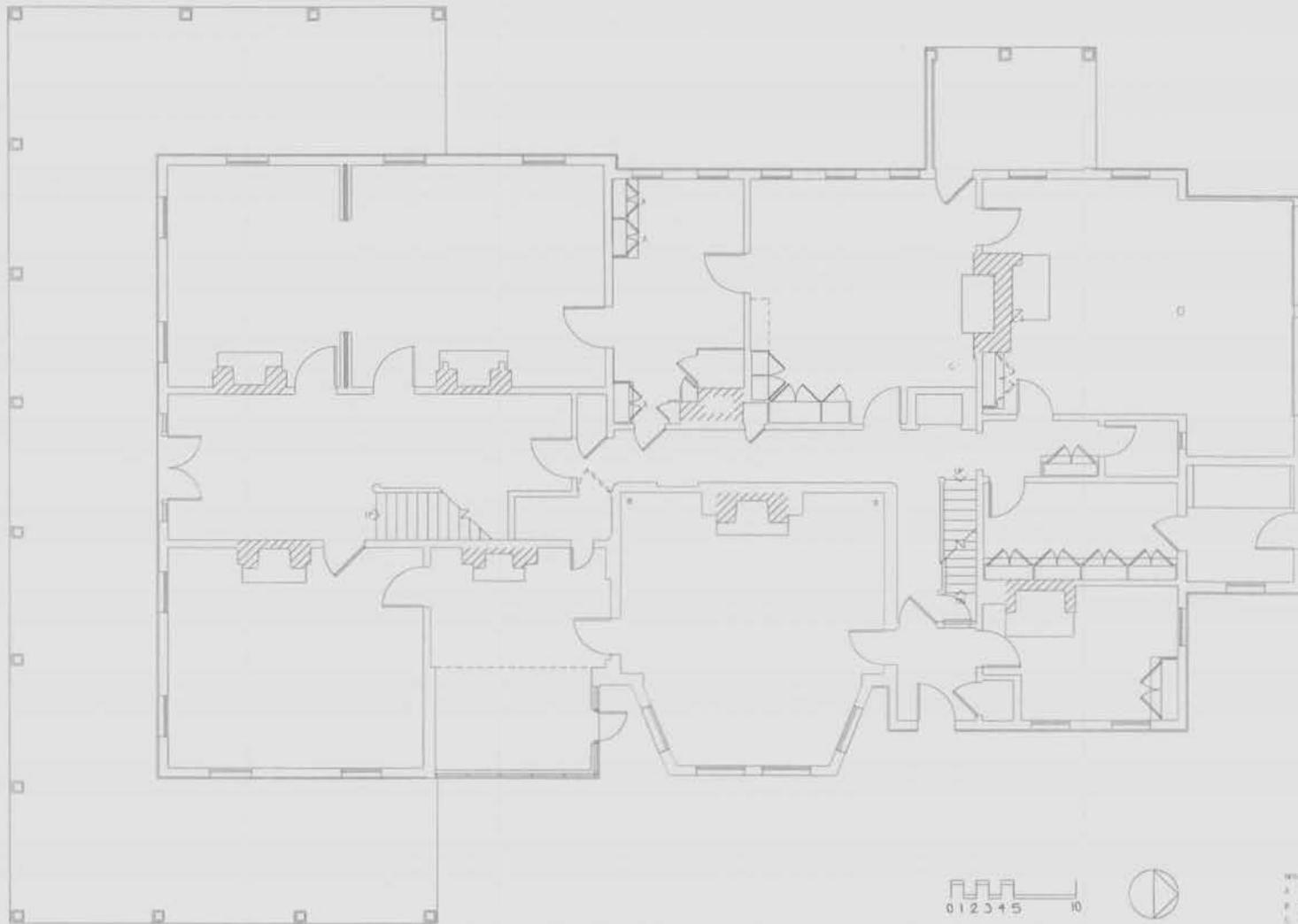
Rear
Passage
Architrave

5/5

Burnside BA-153
Rear Passage Cornice

KMS
Jan. 2003





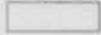
BA-153 "BURNSIDE" 10510 BURNSIDE FARM ROAD

FIRST FLOOR PLAN MEASURED BY KEN SHORT & HEATHER BARRETT DRAWN BY KEN SHORT DECEMBER 2002

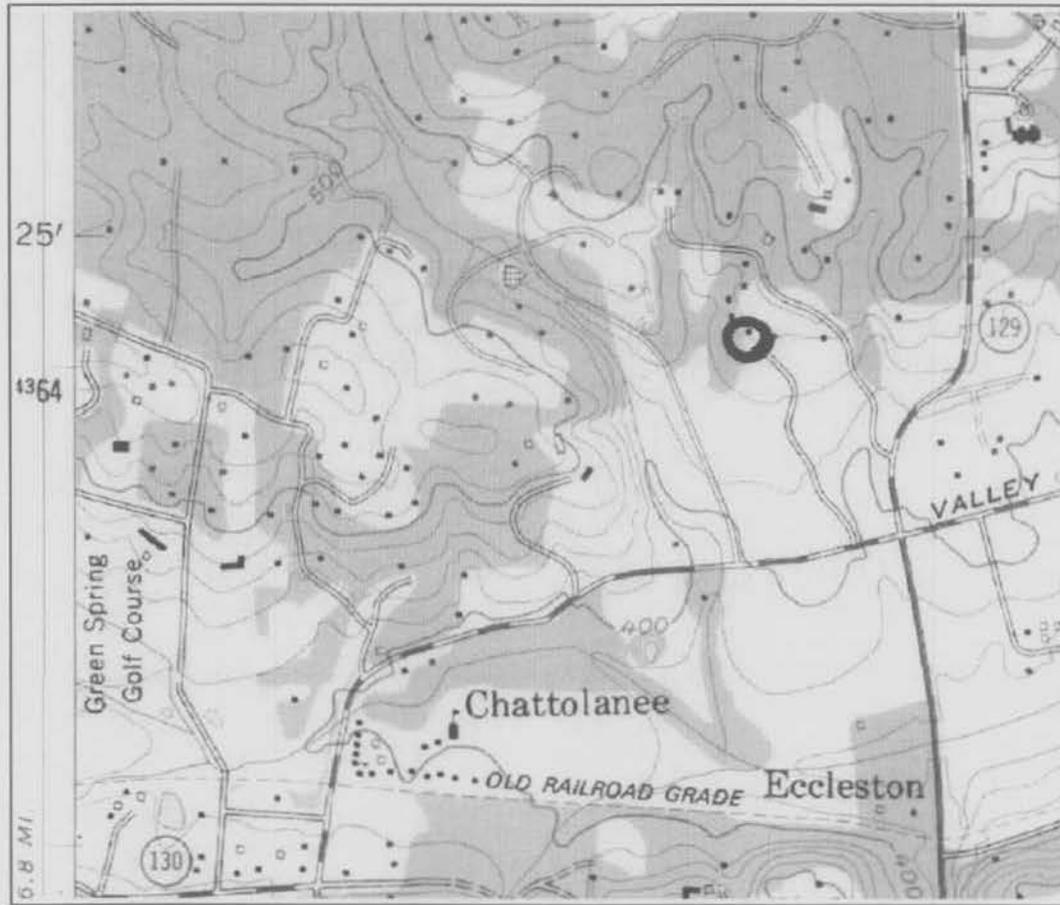
MERLIN Online Map

Base Maps

3.75' Quarter Quad Grid



Cockeysville Quad 7.5' Topo



N 193853.80m E 422516.19m



Coordinates at center of image in Maryland State Plane, NAD 1983 meters

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BA-153

"Burnside"

10510 Burnside Farm Rd.



BA-153

Burrside

10510 Burrside Farm Rd

Balto Co., MD

Ken Skort

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

South elev.

1/18

ART 223 6917
<NO. 7 >013
N N N N-46 (042)@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Ba Ho. Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MOSHPO

South & east elevs

2/18

ART 223 6917 <No. 9 >017
N N N+1-45 <042>@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec 2002

MD SHPO

North elev

3/18

ART 223 6917
<No. 11 >022
N N N-3-45 <042>©



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co., MD

Ken Start

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

West elev

4/18

ART 223 6917
<No. 10 >019
N N N+3-A6 <042>©



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

ART <No. 1 >002
223 6917 N N N-1-21 <042>@

Passage - vw. N.

5/18



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. G, MD

Ken Start

Dec-2002

MD SHPO

Stair renewal

6/18

10-01 (042) @
170 >



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co., MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

SW Rm - mantel

7/18

ART 223 6917
<No. 2 >003
N N N+5-58 (042)@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto Co, MD

Ken Skort

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

SW-Center Rm - VW SE

8/18

ART 223 6917
<No. 3 >005
N N N-1-07 <042>@





BA-153

Burnside

10516 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

NW Center Rm - vW SE

10/18

ART 223 6917
<No. 4 >007
N N N-3-22 <042>©



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co., MD

Ken Short

Dec 2002

MD SAPO

Kitchen Range - NW-center Rm.

11/18

ART 223 6917
<No. 5 >009
N N N N N-24 (042)@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

2nd sty passage - Vol 5.

12/18

838 >
-6-07 <042>@



BA-153

Burnside

16516 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

NW-center chamber - vw. E

13/18

ART 223 6917 <NO. 17 >033
N N N+1-47 (042)@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto Co, MD

Ken Stert

Dec. 2002

MO SHPO

NW-center Chamber mantel

14/18

ART 223 6917
<NO. 18 >035
N N N+1-49 (042)@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co., MD

Ken Short

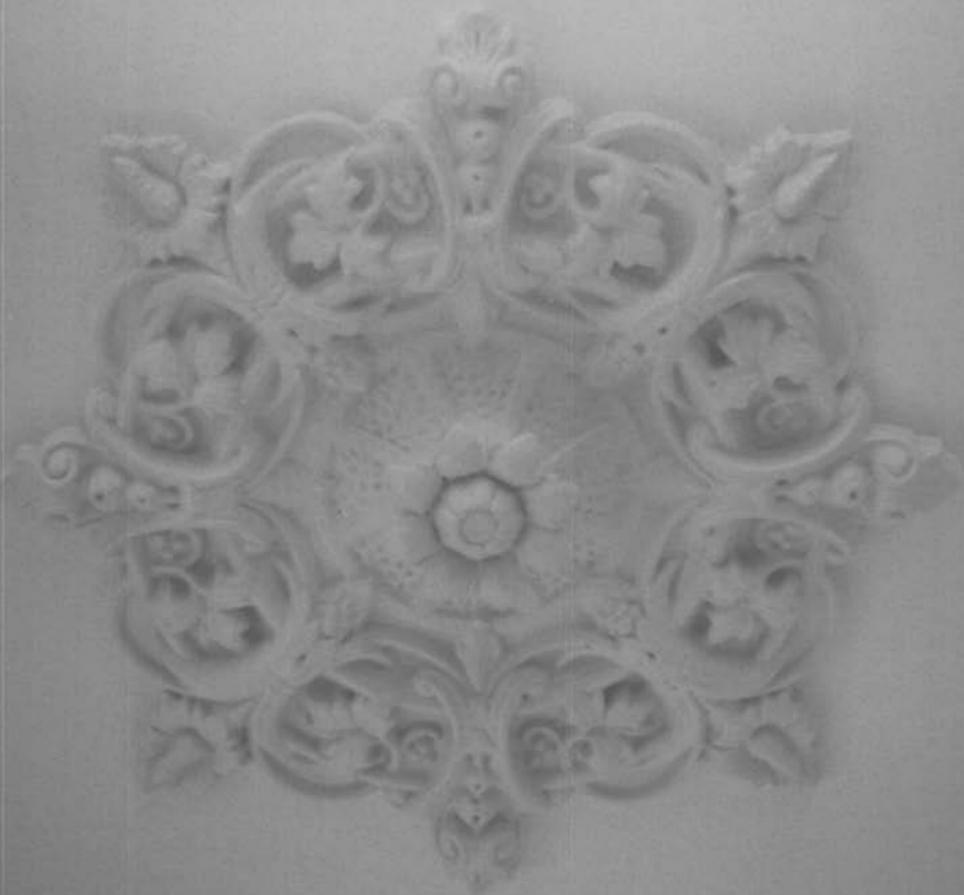
Dec 2002

MD SHPO

NW-center chamber sink

15/18

5 > 031
-2-34 (042) @



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Ba Ho Co, MD

Ken Short

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

NE Chamber Ceiling medallion

16/18

ART 223 6917 <No. 15 >029
N N N-5-11 <042>0



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co., MD

Ken Skert

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

Gazebo - E. elev.

17/18

ART 223 6917 <No. 12 >023
N N N+3-43 <042>@



BA-153

Burnside

10510 Burnside Farm Rd

Balto. Co., MD

Ken Skort

Dec. 2002

MD SHPO

Garden Bench - v.w. NE

18/18

PRT 223 6917 <NO. 13 >025
N N N+2-44 (042)0

BA 153

Burnside

Mr. Samuel Shoemaker

Stevenson,

Maryland 21153

private

BURNSIDE is a large and important country mansion which has been the home of members of the Shoemaker family, many of whom have been locally and nationally influential. Scattered throughout the landscaped park which surrounds the house are numerous cottages (some original) and other structures which supported farm life.

INVENTORY FORM FOR STATE HISTORIC SITES SURVEY

MAGI #0301532535

1 NAME

HISTORIC BURNSIDE
AND/OR COMMON

2 LOCATION

STREET & NUMBER

Northwest corner of Green Spring Valley Rd. and Park Heights Ave. Second
CITY, TOWN CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Stevenson VICINITY OF Baltimore
STATE COUNTY

Maryland

3 CLASSIFICATION

CATEGORY	OWNERSHIP	STATUS	PRESENT USE
<input type="checkbox"/> DISTRICT	<input type="checkbox"/> PUBLIC	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OCCUPIED	<input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> MUSEUM
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> BUILDING(S)	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PRIVATE	<input type="checkbox"/> UNOCCUPIED	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMERCIAL <input type="checkbox"/> PARK
<input type="checkbox"/> STRUCTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> BOTH	<input type="checkbox"/> WORK IN PROGRESS	<input type="checkbox"/> EDUCATIONAL <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PRIVATE RESIDENCE
<input type="checkbox"/> SITE	PUBLIC ACQUISITION	ACCESSIBLE	<input type="checkbox"/> ENTERTAINMENT <input type="checkbox"/> RELIGIOUS
<input type="checkbox"/> OBJECT	<input type="checkbox"/> IN PROCESS	<input type="checkbox"/> YES: RESTRICTED	<input type="checkbox"/> GOVERNMENT <input type="checkbox"/> SCIENTIFIC
	<input type="checkbox"/> BEING CONSIDERED	<input type="checkbox"/> YES: UNRESTRICTED	<input type="checkbox"/> INDUSTRIAL <input type="checkbox"/> TRANSPORTATION
		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO	<input type="checkbox"/> MILITARY <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER:

4 OWNER OF PROPERTY

NAME

Mr. Samuel Shoemaker
STREET & NUMBER

Telephone #: 484-3213

Stevenson
CITY, TOWN

Maryland 21153
STATE, zip code

5 LOCATION OF LEGAL DESCRIPTION

COURTHOUSE, Baltimore
REGISTRY OF DEEDS, ETC. County Courts Building

Liber #: 1407
Folio #: 562

STREET & NUMBER

401 Bosley Avenue

CITY, TOWN

Towson, Maryland 21204

STATE

6 REPRESENTATION IN EXISTING SURVEYS

TITLE

DATE

FEDERAL STATE COUNTY LOCAL

DEPOSITORY FOR
SURVEY RECORDS

CITY, TOWN

STATE

7 DESCRIPTION

81-150

CONDITION		CHECK ONE	CHECK ONE
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> EXCELLENT	<input type="checkbox"/> DETERIORATED	<input type="checkbox"/> UNALTERED	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ORIGINAL SITE
<input type="checkbox"/> GOOD	<input type="checkbox"/> RUINS	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ALTERED (roof only)	<input type="checkbox"/> MOVED DATE _____
<input type="checkbox"/> FAIR	<input type="checkbox"/> UNEXPOSED		

DESCRIBE THE PRESENT AND ORIGINAL (IF KNOWN) PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

BURNSIDE is a very large frame house (now covered with stucco) two storeys in height with broad gabled roofs but originally with mansard roofs. It dates from ca. 1860-1875. The present roof form, the only significant change, dates from ca. 1910. The earlier form and the weatherboarded exterior walls are documented by several photographs preserved within the house.

The principal front is to the south, five bays in length; a wing of equal height extends to the north. At the north end of the north wing, a short wing of equal height projects to the east, terminated by a porte cochere; reflecting this transept on the west is a flush gable. The front section is surrounded by a one-storey porch and its northeast corner was reduced beneath the gabled roof probably when the roof was changed. The many windows are 2/2, segmentally arched, flanked with louvred blinds. Four chimneys rise through the roof of the front section, two on either side of the wide central bay.

Within the wide central hall is flanked by a pair of rooms on either side. An important dining room is immediately north in the wing. Virtually all of the original interior detailing remains including the massive staircase in the center hall with its turned and carved octagonal newels, the interior cornices, four-panel mahogany doors with raised chestnut panels, trim and marble mantels. An early, or original, built-in cast-iron range remains in the kitchen, signed

HUTCHINSON BROS
 PATENTED FEBRUARY 24, 1874
 "KITCHENER"

The second floor plan is similar to the first and the detailing is simpler. Several bedchambers retain English porcelain sinks set in marble countertops dating from ca. 1900.

A deep cellar extends beneath the entire house divided by stone walls beneath the partitions above. The first floor framing is straight-sawn.

Scattered throughout the grounds, virtually a landscaped park, are notable early structures including

- a. A tenant house said once to have been attached to the north wing of the principal dwelling, retaining

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

its concave mansard roof covered with alternating courses of black rectangular slates and red hexagonal slates, its segmentally arched dormers and its wood siding, all undoubtedly identical to the original features of the principal house; its 6/6 windows also have segmentally-arched heads.

- b. An overseer's house with board-and-batten walls under a many-gabled roof with wide cornices supported by scrolled brackets.
- c. A carriage house with board-and-batten walls beneath a pyramidal and gabled roof having jig-sawn fascias and verge boards, and with a cupola atop the pyramidal roof.
- d. A very small two storey square outbuilding, now a cottage, with a pyramidal roof and jig-sawn fascias.
- e. The former bowling alley, a simple rectangular structure with a gabled roof having a louvred cupola, the whole extending behind an octagonal lobby with board-and-batten walls beneath an octagonal pyramidal roof topped by an octagonal louvred cupola
- f. The stone foundations of a large barn.
- g. A stone shed.
- h. A very simple two storey wood (said to be log) house two bays in length with board-and-batten walls.
- i. Three two-storey frame houses, one five bays in length, two three bays in length, each with rear wings, each with steep roofs, steep central gables on their principal fronts and with jig-sawn verge boards and gable ornament.
- j. A larger frame house of two storeys, of a simpler design with clipped gables.
- k. Stone steps, gate posts, iron urns, gates, etc.

8 SIGNIFICANCE

B4-153

PERIOD	AREAS OF SIGNIFICANCE -- CHECK AND JUSTIFY BELOW			
<input type="checkbox"/> PREHISTORIC	<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHEOLOGY-PREHISTORIC	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMUNITY PLANNING	<input type="checkbox"/> LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> RELIGION
<input type="checkbox"/> 1400-1499	<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHEOLOGY-HISTORIC	<input type="checkbox"/> CONSERVATION	<input type="checkbox"/> LAW	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE
<input type="checkbox"/> 1500-1599	<input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> ECONOMICS	<input type="checkbox"/> LITERATURE	<input type="checkbox"/> SCULPTURE
<input type="checkbox"/> 1600-1699	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> EDUCATION	<input type="checkbox"/> MILITARY	<input type="checkbox"/> SOCIAL/HUMANITARIAN
<input type="checkbox"/> 1700-1799	<input type="checkbox"/> ART	<input type="checkbox"/> ENGINEERING	<input type="checkbox"/> MUSIC	<input type="checkbox"/> THEATER
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1800-1899	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMERCE	<input type="checkbox"/> EXPLORATION/SETTLEMENT	<input type="checkbox"/> PHILOSOPHY	<input type="checkbox"/> TRANSPORTATION
<input type="checkbox"/> 1900-	<input type="checkbox"/> COMMUNICATIONS	<input type="checkbox"/> INDUSTRY	<input type="checkbox"/> POLITICS/GOVERNMENT	<input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (SPECIFY)
		<input type="checkbox"/> INVENTION		

SPECIFIC DATES

BUILDER/ARCHITECT

STATEMENT OF SIGNIFICANCE

BURNSIDE is an important country mansion of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, its early twentieth century gabled roof disguising its true identity with the French Renaissance Revival; the roof is the only important change and most of the original interior remains intact. Set within a landscaped park, many of its supporting features are preserved. Scattered throughout the park are numerous delightful cottages and other supporting structures.

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

establishments of the day. Consequently he was on the first board of the Safe Deposit and Trust Company; was one of the first stockholders of the First National Bank; owned the Hygea Hotel at Old Point Comfort; and also had a vested interest in the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. An ardent Republican, Shoemaker was also friendly with President Hayes and Garfield, and frequently served as a delegate to the Republican National Conventions.⁷

The elder Shoemaker died in 1884, leaving his property to his wife, Augusta. An inventory of his personal estate totaled \$1,071,000. Mrs. Shoemaker died in 1907 and Burnside went to Samuel II, one of nine children.⁸

Samuel II (1861-1933) took over the management of Burnside at his father's death. As previously stated in the opening paragraph, he was responsible for developing the property into a successful, well respected dairy farm. In working with Walker Gordon Laboratories, Shoemaker patented many ingenious devices for increasing both the quality and quantity of his milk product, taking great care to maintain the best sanitary conditions.⁹

Dairy farming was not his only interest. He served as both chairman of the board of the Baltimore County Schools as well as of the board of regents for the University of Maryland. His interest in road reform led to the passage in 1904 of the Shoemaker Act, the first significant statute providing state financial aid for, and state supervision of, public roads. He allowed the first paved experimental road to be built on his Valley property, extending 4/10 of a mile from his stable to the main gate. The first public paved experimental road was the present Park Heights Avenue, which ran from the Green Spring Valley Road to the railroad tracks on land given by Shoemaker. He was also chosen to serve on the first State Roads Commission in 1908.¹⁰

Yet another first for Burnside was the first telephone in the Valley, installed soon after the Maryland Telephone Company was established in 1879. Intercommunications phones were also installed in the myriad of buildings on the property.¹¹

Ellen (Whitridge) Shoemaker, Samuel's wife, was active in church work, serving for twenty years as president of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Maryland. She was also a member of the board of the Union Memorial Hospital for fifty years, its treasurer for forty.¹²

After Samuel's death in 1933, his wife, daughter Ellen and son-in-law Bartlett Johnston managed the dairy farm and a thriving greenhouse business.¹³ But World War II, along with the general use of pasteurization of milk, closed both businesses. This also led to the

break up of the estate. When Mrs. Shoemaker died in 1954, she left a personal estate in excess of \$200,000 and the remaining 100 acres went to her two children, Ellen and Samuel III, the latter also receiving the main house.¹⁴

The third Shoemaker (1893-1963) was an Episcopal minister. He authored twenty-eight books; was named by Newsweek in 1955 as "one of the ten greatest preachers in the Country"; had weekly sermons printed throughout the United States and foreign countries; was active in religious broadcasts; and was one of the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous. He died in 1963 and his widow, Helen Dominick Smith, still resides at Burnside. She too, is the author of numerous books.¹⁵

BURNSIDE

FOOTNOTES

1

Baltimore County Land Records, Liber GHC no. 29, fol. 279, Towson Court House, Maryland.

2

Ellen Whitridge (Shoemaker) Johnston, "Our Burnside" (1958), a personal narrative written by the granddaughter of Samuel Moor Shoemaker I, p. 9; interview with Mrs. Ellen Johnston, October 17th, 1972; United States Census for Baltimore County, District Three, 1860, fol. 282, Maryland Historical Society (MHS), Baltimore, Maryland.

3

Johnston, "Our Burnside," p. 2; interview with Mrs. Johnston.

4

Johnston, "Our Burnside," pp. 8, 2; interview with Mrs. Johnston.

5

Johnston, "Our Burnside," p. 1; J. Thomas Scharf, History of Baltimore City and County, 2 vols. (1881; reprint ed., Baltimore: Regional Pub. Co., 1971), 1: 359-360.

6

Ibid.

7

Ibid.

8

Maryland Journal, July 26th, 1884.

9

Johnston, "Our Burnside," pp. 2-3, 5-7, 10.

10

State Roads Commission of Maryland, A History of Road Building In Maryland (Baltimore: Maurice Leaser Co., 1959), pp. 46-47; Johnston, "Our Burnside," pp. 10-12; "S. M. Shoemaker, Dairy Expert Dies," an unidentified and undated newspaper clipping, Dielman File, MHS.

11

Johnston, "Our Burnside," p. 10.

12

Ibid.; "Beautiful Green Spring Valley Home of Mr. Samuel M. Shoemaker," Baltimore American, June 18th, 1905.

13

"Mrs. Ellen W. Shoemaker," Sun, April 19th, 1954; D. Mc. S.,
"Mrs. Samuel M. Shoemaker," Maryland Churchman (May 1954); Reverend
Philip J. Jensen, "Ellen Whitridge Shoemaker," Maryland Churchman
(June 1954).

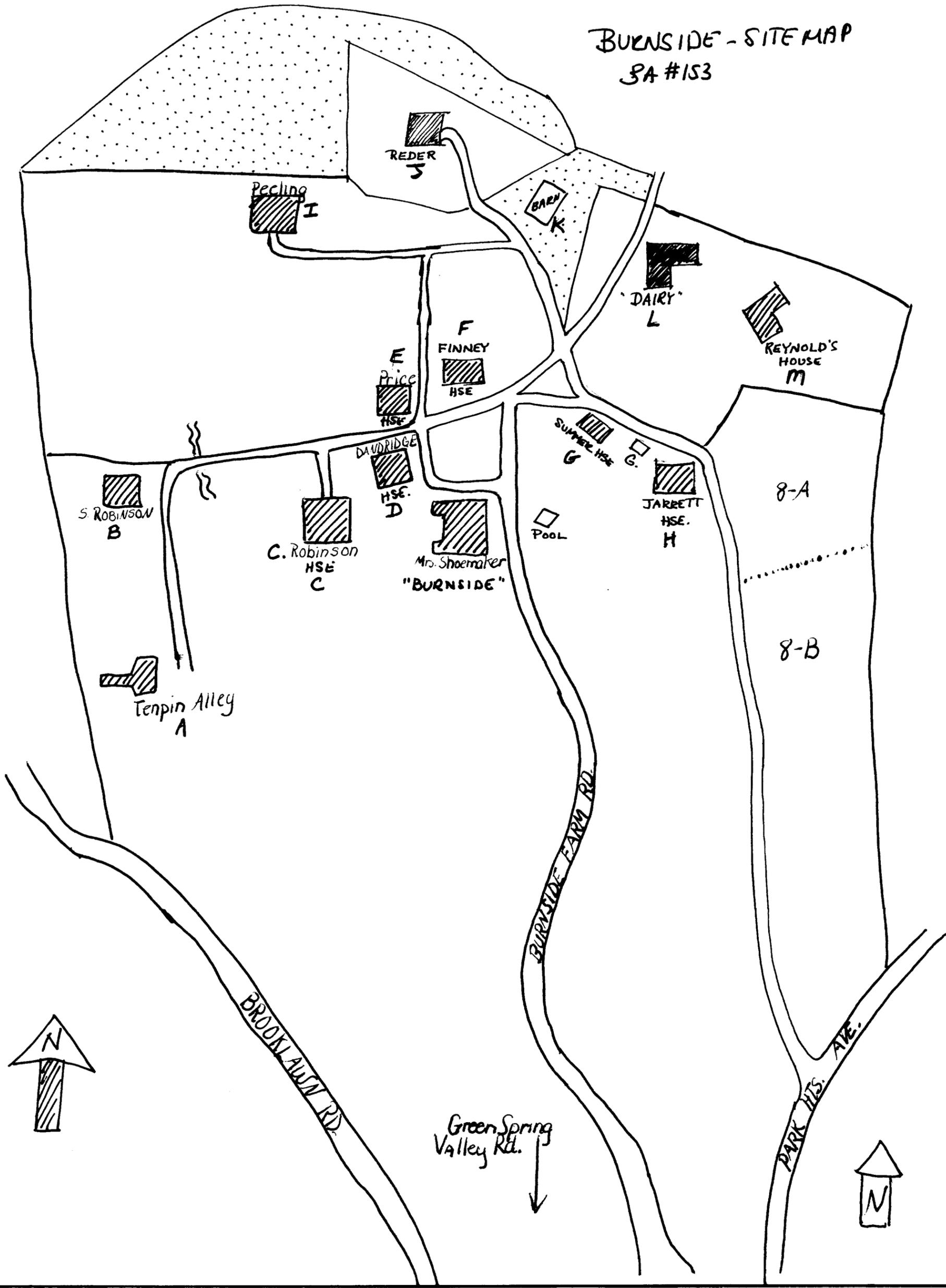
14

Johnston, "Our Burnside," p. 27; "Sale of Burnside Stirs Memories,"
Sun, July 23rd, 1945; interview with Mrs. Johnston; "Shoemaker Estate
Set At \$200,000," Sun, April 23rd, 1954, BCLR 1407/562.

15

Josephine Novak, "Dr. Shoemaker's Life Recalled," Sun, November 14th,
1967; "Canon Shoemaker, Noted Episcopalian, Dies At 69," Sun, Nov-
ember 1st, 1963.

BURNSIDE - SITE MAP
SA #153



#8 BA#153

BURNSIDE PLUS

Ellen Whitridge^{by} Shoemaker Johnston

b. February 1, 1886

1956

I. BURNSIDE FARMS

My very dear Children and Grandchildren:

As the last seventy years have seen the greatest changes of any that have taken place in the world's history, the thought has come to me that you might be interested in hearing of some of the changes that have taken place in the world around us, but more particularly as they have affected our family and Burnside.

To make this possible to understand, it is necessary to describe the way of life into which I was born and in which I grew up, with thirteen first cousins and a much younger brother....

My grandfather Shoemaker, the third Samuel in four generations, must have been a man of great intelligence and far-sightedness or he could never have attained the position which he held in the business life of the city of Baltimore, and it is to be regretted that we have heard only a few of the anecdotes of his life. The facts and achievements we know in part. He was born in Bayou Lafourche, Louisiana, on June 28, 1821. His father was drowned two years later, and Grandfather was brought back by his mother to Maryland, where her family lived. At sixteen he became a clerk in the counting room of Alexander Falls, whoesale grocers in Baltimore, and at twenty he was made the Baltimore agent of the Rappahannock Line of steamers running between Baltimore and Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was so successful with this that he was made the Baltimore agent for the Erickson Line of steamers, running between Baltimore and Philadelphia.

At twenty-two, he and Mr. S. S. Sanford organized the Adams Express Company, running between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and later serving both Richmond and Charleston, South Carolina. Shortly after this, the Adams Express Company combined with another express company which ran to Wheeling, West Virginia, and it was not long before this spread on to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis - using all means of transportation then available (rail, river and stage). He continued with the amalgamation of express companies and they stretched on to the famous Pony Express of the West. The Express horses were beautiful grays, and, when there was danger of either Union or Confederate troops going through Baltimore, they were sent to Burnside and hidden in pits dug in the woods. No spying from airplanes in those days! One day some soldiers came to the place and when they saw Father, they asked him where they were hidden. He promptly told them but his three-year-old lingo was such that they understood not one word that he said.

From the records we have, it appears Grandfather must have served on the Boards of many of the leading business houses of the city. He was on the first Board of the Safe Deposit and Trust Company. He had great interest in the Old Bay Line and owned the Hygea Hotel at Old Point Comfort, which was the terminus of the line. He also had great interest in the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, which proved to be a particularly profitable venture.

-2-

Grandfather was an ardent Republican and a great friend of Presidents Hayes and Garfield, often serving as a delegate to the National Convention. When the Conventions were in Baltimore, he often entertained the delegates in his town house, where he was "a most hospitable host". The legend of the family is that he was the equivalent of the Quartermaster Corps in transporting supplies for the Union Army. This led to his friendship with General Grant, who came to Burnside on several occasions. Grandfather was a teetotaler due to the ravages of drink in the Falls family (his mother's), and no drink was ever served at his table. General Grant, as is well known, had other ideas and many times I have heard Father say he saw to it that the General had a tumbler of whiskey before he came down to dinner, and his Father and Mother were none the wiser. At this point I might add that while nothing in the way of spirits was ever served in a glass, the terrapin, the wine jelly and the brandied peaches were of the best and the strongest!

Because of his interest in cattle, he imported a great bull (Forget-me-not" by name) from the Island of Jersey at the then fantastic price of \$10,000; its portrait hangs in the Big House in a position only slightly less honored than the portrait of the first Samuel Shoemaker and his son Edward.

On June 19, 1860, he bought the first parcel of land then known as "Uriths' Fancy" and in quick succession acquired eighteen more parcels, making in all four hundred and sixty-seven acres. He named the place Burnside Park for the two streams flowing on either side of the main property.

The then "way out in the country" farm was bought so his large family could be off the hot streets of Baltimore during the summer months. He had built on it a huge, mansard roofed house - painted gray with drab brown shutters - which had in it nineteen bedrooms, besides all of the downstairs rooms, but only two baths. The present library was for years a pool room and then was converted into an office for Father, with high roll-top desks and many filing cabinets. All of this was not sufficient for the family, the guests and the servants, so a smaller replica of it was built to the north and connected on the second floor by a bridge, so the servants could come and go more easily. Of these there were many, including two butlers, the head one named John Bond - a magnificent looking man; and the second was Levin Wall, who partook quite freely and on one occasion upset a dish of hot spinach down the inside of Sam Murray's sailor suit blouse. There were two cooks, with a third in the summer for canning, preserving and pickling huge quantities of vegetables and fruits; two chamber maids; and two laundresses. One comical story pertaining to the staff was that one day when Nana (our name for our grandmother) was in the old Richmond market enjoying looking at the beautiful array of fruits and vegetables, she saw a nice looking colored woman and immediately began to talk to her, as she did to everybody. After a while she said to the woman, "You look so familiar. Haven't I seen you before?" The answer was, "Yes, Mrs. Shoemaker - I've been in your laundry for three years."

Nana rarely appeared before lunch-time, the morning having been taken up reading the Bible, an electric pad at her back, or scrubbing something. Once she was found scrubbing some money to put in the collection plate at St. Thomas' - "because," said she, "it isn't respectful to put dirty money in the plate" - while the family waited and waited to go to the Service. She always had lunch with the family and from then on until after midnight she was occupied by many mysterious things which we children never comprehended. We were always glad when she came home bringing in her carriage someone she had found while out driving.

From what I remember of the crowds that came to the house, and from the tales that I have heard through the years, that large staff was generally busy! But there were times when the reception of the guests was anything but conventional. Ma often told of her first visit when she was invited with her best friend (later my Godmother), Aunt Rebecca Brown. They came out on the Valley train, with Aunt Augusta, who spoke not a word to them. They were met by the carriage at Stevenson and were brought to the house, Aunt Augusta still not speaking. When they came inside she fled upstairs, leaving them entirely alone in the hall. The only welcome they had was a call from Aunt Blanche and Aunt Nellie, leaning over the third floor stair railing (clad only in chemises) calling to "come on up". They were indignant, and planned to leave immediately, but before the evening was over they had had such a royal time that wild horses couldn't have dragged them away.

Nana had an extraordinary faculty for giving of herself, for the pleasure of those about her; her unending hospitality, her storytelling, her music - piano or guitar - the fancy-dress parties and the little plays that she made possible. One fancy-dress party that I particularly remember was one to which Cousin Nancy Murray came as Aurora, in a costume made of countless yards of different colored tarlatan, a wand in her hand and a new moon perched in her beautiful red hair. And Sam Harper as Old King Cole. He was an enormously fat man with very short legs, so short that he was a most remarkable looking person, but he was one of the most completely ridiculous ones that ever lived, and we children adored him. All of these costumes were made in the house and stored for future use in the cupola of the house, in a huge box to which we children had access and in which we revelled.

All of these things went on any day except Sunday. Such Sundays^{as} they were when Nana was at Burnside! All of us, no matter how many, nor how many carriages were needed for transportation, went to St. Thomas' Church. Ma sang in the choir, which was her special delight for over twenty-five years, but she always suffered from the Whitridge compulsion of being well ahead of time. Father was a Vestryman for over forty years and Senior Warden for many of them, preferring to be late and never coming into the church until well after the Service had begun, because he always had to see Schaefer, the sexton. Nana invariably started from home very late and came into the church just as the sermon started. With so little means of communication, plans for the following week were made after the service; sometimes they were made in the aisle and sometimes sitting on the tombstones in the

surrounding church-yard and taking quite as long as the Service, so we usually got home just in time for the large two o'clock dinner.

Such dinners^{as} they were - always soup in large soup plates, and huge platters of fried chicken piled high and with fried mush and rich gravy! Three or four vegetables, depending on what was in the garden, and quantities of the most luscious home-made ice cream and cake. This was followed by Nana's Sunday School class. The class included the grandchildren and all of the children of the employees of the place, and because there were many employees, there were a great many children. The class went on and on, with rebellion being the uppermost reaction in the soul of one very fat granddaughter because there was a horse show going on at the stables at the same time for the benefit of any grownups who might be around, plus the Stewarts and their friends who came in droves every Sunday afternoon from across the valley.

There were several very beautiful horses: Sirrah, a stallion, whose portrait hangs in the Big House; Victoria, an exquisite hackney, whose portrait is also in the Big House; and Lady Blany, a superb Irish Hunter reduced to the status of a coach horse because she was big enough to be hitched with Beauty to Nana's great glass carriage. She was also used on occasion as an excellent wheel-horse in the four-in-hand which Father drove quite often. There were always sixteen to eighteen horses in the stables with an array of grooms to look after them, including Nathan (Nana's special coachman) with his constant smile that survived hours of waiting in sun or rain; and Seymour (mother's coachman) who had a way with horses that no one else had except Eli, his old father. Eli drove one of the two six-mule teams of superb animals, and sometimes drove a team of four mammoth horses. These, plus a horse for the dump cart and an extra mule or two, were housed in an enormous stable (130 x 33 feet) in the barnyard. That stable was burned in 1918, but prior to that it had housed a barouche (an old time big carriage) known as the "Ark" which had leather straps for springs. The "Ark" had come down from the early days when crowds of family and friends had to be transported both to church and to the station for the trains that ran up and down the Valley before automobiles made the trains unnecessary.

The carriages ranged from a sulky for the goats to the four-in-hands. Nana had two glass carriages with windows that could be rolled up and down. One was very imposing, with a high seat outside for the coachman. The other was a little less elegant, but not nearly so heavy for the horses. Both held four people inside - two on each seat facing each other. Mother had a two-seated carriage with a pair of horses, which she used when Seymour drove her, and a yellow four-wheeled undercut cart with the seats back to back. How we were able to stay on that back seat is a mystery, but we did. To this cart was hitched old white Chester. He came from the Express stables and Father always climed that he could and did take Mother anywhere that she told him to go. It was this same Chester that Redmond Stewart rode in the Inaugural parade of President McKinley on March 4, 1897. Father had a buggy with a top that could be used either up or down. It also had curtains

for heavy rains, but if a rain came while the buggy was away from the stable, the driver was thoroughly drenched by the time the curtains were in place. Then there was a surrey. It was a four-wheeled affair that could be used with or without the top with its fringe all around, and was used mostly for meeting the trains. There was also a two-wheeled yellow cart with a broad leather strap for a back to the seat that was covered in tan whipcord; very stylish indeed. The first four-in-hand was black with red stripes on the wheels and had four seats, each holding four people. This was always used to take the crowds to church. Nana's carriage took her and any extra people who could not crowd onto the brake. Father drove a yellow and black one that held ten people besides the two liveried grooms on the back seat. Their duty was to help the people climb onto the brake, to stand at the horses' heads or to perform any other service that might be needed, including blowing the coach horn, a most difficult feat. These, with the addition of three sleighs (one single, one double and one four-in-hand) made up the complement of the conveyances. Father was a superb driver and could come into the front gate on a spanking trot (also a difficult feat) but nobody was ever more pleased with herself than I, when one day I was allowed to drive the four to the races at Pimlico.

With so many horses and mules to be shod, a blacksmith shop was needed. A man named Buckingham was the blacksmith for many years. The shop was an enchanting place, with the forge going and the hammers clanging, for the shoes and for any other metal work that was needed on the place.

A grand old man, Mr. George Winterrede, was the head carpenter for sixty-three years. I spent many happy hours with him in the beautifully clean carpenter shop where the lumber had such a delicious fragrance, or wherever he might be working on the place. Everything he did had to be perfect and his first assistant, Lun Watts, was almost as remarkable a carpenter as he.

The greenhouses, taken so for granted by the grandchildren were, of course, run for Nana's pleasure, and her pleasure was to give away the boxes of flowers sent in to her town house all through the winters. Her special pleasure was to decorate both St. Thomas' and Emmanuel churches at Easter and toward that end the greater part of the growing was done. One greenhouse was entirely filled with strings of smilax; one large one with roses; one with a variety, such as snapdragons, carnations, heliotrope, etc.; one with thousands of lily of the valley (how heavenly they were); and one with all kinds of green things, such as palms, ferns, rubber trees (much in fashion then) and even a fish pond with occasional water lilies. Wherever space could be found there were several huge genista bushes and hundreds of Easter lilies. Emmanuel Church had by far the more elaborate decorations. The most beautiful single decoration was a huge cross of Easter lilies measuring eleven by seventeen feet, which hung above the Altar. The whole Chancel was massed with flowers. The memorial windows have very deep and slanting sills which were always decorated and the Eccleston one was filled with a solid mass of lilies of the valley, and an exquisite thing it was. Father did all of the decorating in both churches with the help of several men and me, as a very minor, but ever present assistant.

The vegetable garden and lawns were cared for by three men who produced prodigious amounts of fruits and vegetables and kept the lawns in perfect order. (How it must have upset them to see us children sliding down the front of the terrace on tin waiters!) The vegetable garden was on the far side of the stream running to the west of our houses, and consisted of three very long terraces plus the bottom land. On the top of the hill was a fifteen-foot-wide, covered grape arbor on which grew Concord and Delaware grapes. Running the length of it was a gravel roadway where Nana frequently walked - twenty laps to the mile. She must have walked a great deal. I also remember her walking around and around the Big House porch and stopping frequently to pull the weights that were attached to the wall on the west side of the house. These were put there for her exercises. The garden tool house sat precariously on the very edge of the hill to the south and has now been converted into a house. One day while we were digging to put in the water pipes, we found an old lime kiln, but the history of that is unknown.

During Grandfather's life the lawns reached from the house to the hedge and three men did nothing but mow them - thirty-five acres. This was done with horse drawn mowers and the horses' feet were incased in leather boots to keep them from marring the lawn. These were used up to the time of motor driven mowers. The day the plow went into that turf was a sad day, but after the coming of the Walker Gordon Laboratories to Burnside more acreage was needed for growing feed for the herd, and it was necessary to plow it under.

Father was particularly interested in the corn that was planted in those fields. He developed a fine strain which grew in straight thickly planted rows to a height of fourteen feet. Cow peas were planted with the corn, both to add to the feed value and also to enrich the soil which, together with the vast amount of manure used, made a very rich seed bed. The crop was always tremendous. When it was cut, it was hauled by the six-mule teams up to the battery of six huge silos to the north of the cow stable, where it was chopped and blown up into them. Molasses was put in at the same time and, later when it had time to ferment, it was used for feed for the herd.

To the east of the Big House terrace and across the road was a fountain about fifty feet across and two-and-a-half feet deep, with six jets that could be turned on as occasion demanded. (The granite coping for it now makes the steps to my garden.) Nana, plus grandchildren spent hours in it bedecked in an extraordinary array of black alpaca bathing suits, with ruffles trimmed in white braid. By the time we wore them all had turned brown, and long black stockings held up round, tight garters.

By the time that I came along, the orchards were on the wane. As the trees died, they were not replaced, as the land was needed for pasturage. The orchard now standing to the east of the Big House I put in in 1943 or '44.

There were always some chickens and a plentiful supply of eggs, but poultry and egg production always played a minor role.

Food was always plentiful, but more than that, it was of excellent quality. One day Father found an extraordinary man named Elliott (always called Roxy) who had an eye for especially good wild game which Father thoroughly enjoyed. The standing orders to Roxy were that we were to be supplied during the seasons with the various kinds available and, nearly always, there were wild ducks or pheasants or partridges hanging on a hook just below the north bathroom window. Nana had them in the town house too, with the addition of terrapin which were kept in the cellar.

This same Roxy had a step-granddaughter named Sarah whom he bequeathed to Father, who found himself with the entire responsibility for her after Roxy's death when Sarah was fourteen years old. Surely we do have unusual things happen to us in this family.

The Farm of about four hundred and sixty-seven acres was divided into approximately one hundred acres of woodland, pasturage for the herd, and fields for corn and alfalfa, both of superlative quality.

All of these activities required much labor, ~~so~~ it takes little imagination to know that many houses were needed for the gang. Our own house was one of these. Probably the first part of it was built in the 1860's or '70's and the first addition was put on when Father married in 1884. In all there have been five major changes and additions added. The Dandridge house was probably the first tenant house to be built. When I first knew it, it was occupied by "old man Dorsey", the herdsman, and dear old "Mam Dorsey", who for forty years prior to the coming of the Walker Gordon Laboratories was the dearly beloved dairy woman, who made the best butter that mortal ever tasted. It was made in a big, swinging, immaculately clean wooden church; the same kind that are sometimes seen filled with flowering plants in the yards of houses along the roadsides. The tale has often been told that Uncle Ned and Aunt Bessie ate a half pound print at each meal!

Next to that house on the west side was one of the two buildings now standing that were on the place when it was purchased. That is the log cabin that I moved in 1938 near our house for Andrew and Pam. The other is the little stone dairy to the east of the Trunk House. Be's house is one of the early houses too, but whether it was built for one of the daughters or for Nana's coachman is now forgotten.

There was a large octagonal summer house, long since torn down, to the west of the Big House. A tenpin alley was built across the little stream and south of the vegetable garden and was undoubtedly used for that purpose, but it had fallen into disuse by the time I knew it. Finally it became a house for one of the gardeners, for which it is still used.

There were six ice houses. One was near where the log house now stands; one was made from the foundation of the original house just west of the Big House; three were near the houses on the hills, and the sixth under the summer-house, is still intact. If that one could talk, it could tell many romantic tales! The houses were filled from the enormous ice pond, lying to the west of the farm, which also

served as a skating rink for the family and for the surrounding neighbors. Ice cutting days were exciting, busy days. The thicker the ice was, the better it kept and nothing under three inches was worth the cutting. It was cut with axes into pieces small enough to handle, pushed with long, spiked poles up a slide made of heavy timber and onto the waiting wagons which were drawn by the six-mule teams. All of the mules were shod with heavily spiked shoes. The wagons hauled the ice to the various ice houses. After they were filled, the ice was covered with a heavy layer of hay which served as an insulation to keep it from melting in the hot summer weather.

When acetylene gas came into use it was installed in the Big House. It was necessary to have a separate building where it could be stored, so the Trunk House was erected. The downstairs was used for gas and the upstairs for the storage of trunks. The nineteen bedrooms in the Big House were usually occupied and, with Nana and the daughters constantly travelling, space for the innumerable trunks was probably needed.

As each daughter married, Grandfather built her a house. Only two were built on Burnside. One was the one now known as the Wood's House which we think was built for Aunt Augusta (the oldest daughter and very beautiful), when she married Mr. Boylston of Columbia, South Carolina. Thereafter it was known as the Honeymoon House because each daughter, as she married, lived there until her own house was built. The other was Aunt Blanche Brune's house, much larger with a good many acres around it. It lay to the west of Burnside and is now owned by Harry Baetjer. The others had houses either in town or in the then more fashionable neighborhoods. By the time I was growing up, the honeymoon house had long since been turned into a boarding house for the single men on the place.

Father left Maryland only for special occasions because, he said, "Our State has in it everything from the ocean to the mountains." Nevertheless, his perception was keen and he often foresaw the use of new ideas and inventions before those around him were aware of them. Such was the case with the telephone. Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in 1886, but it was not until years later that it came into general use. However, in the early 1890's there were enough installed in Baltimore for Father to want one at Burnside. He had cut from these woods enough poles to carry the wires all the way to Luther-ville (eight miles), the nearest Exchange. There was an instrument on the wall in the pantry which was vigorously cranked to call the exchange, which sometimes answered and sometimes did not. A man and his wife were the only operators. When they both were out of the exchange at the same time the telephone was useless. Not long after that installation intercommunication phones were put in all over the place so that Father could call the stables, the greenhouses, etc., whenever he chose.

All of this was under the supervision of Father from the time of his father's death in 1884 until his own death in 1933. Each department of the farm had its foreman. In 1910 Jimmie Robertson, a Wisconsin graduate and a splendid Scotch boy, came to be the superintendent. By that time Father's outside interests were taking up too much time for him to be able to give the necessary daily supervision to the growing industry of the place.

II. BURNSIDE AFTER MR. GORDON'S VISIT

In about 1898 Mr. George Gordon came to see Father to try to arouse his interest in producing a clean milk. It was to be produced under the direction of doctors and veterinarians in an effort to have clean milk for babies. It was already being produced in this way in Boston and New York at the Walker Gordon Laboratories. Mr. Gordon succeeded past his wildest dreams and so the milk business was born and it was to carry both Father and Burnside into paths undreamed of at that time.

Bovine tuberculosis carried through milk to human beings was only just becoming recognized. Many experiments were carried on by both doctors from Hopkins Hospital and others in an effort to immunize calves so that when they became cows, they could not be carriers. Several calves were given to the doctors by Father for this purpose and kept here at Burnside. Calories had only recently been discovered by the great Dr. McCallum and nutritional values were very much in the public mind. With milk being of such prime importance, it was not long before doctors heard of the experiments here and came to discuss for hours on end the qualities of milk and the way of producing clean milk. It seems incredible that fifty years ago pasteurization was unknown, but such was the case.

The first milk house was a curious looking affair tacked onto the west end of the log house. The stables, were at the top of the hill (now Carrie's property) near the horse stables and the great stable, the latter torn down when there seemed to be danger of the goats contaminating the cows with malta fever, known as Bangs disease in cows. (All of the stables are now torn down and only the foundations are left, excepting the last one, built in 1904 and now converted into a house panelled with pine taken from the original barn built by Grandfather Shoemaker.) The milk was conveyed from the stables to the dairy in a cart either by man power or by a pair of bullocks - a slow process. The large cow stable plus a stable of box stalls only, plus one for the bulls was not enough when the milk became better known and so another barn with the capacity of forty-eight cows was added. Grandfather liked Jerseys but Father preferred Guernseys and he had the stables filled with some grade cows but many purebreds. Their numbers increased so that they filled not only those stables, but they spilled over into the horse stables, part of which was converted into a milking stable.

All of this milk needed a bigger bottling capacity and in 1906 the present Stone Dairy was built. Why a building of such heavy construction of stone and concrete was put up has never been clear to me, but there it stands and will continue to stand for some future archeologist to ponder over. This dairy was connected with the stables by an overhead electric trolley system on which hung little trolley cars. Each car carried four full, covered pails gently to the dairy, where the milk was poured over the thoroughly sterilized cooler. It was cool in five minutes from the time it left the cow. The cooler was serviced by the one and only ice plant in which ice

was frozen in a vacuum. It had a circulatory system of pipes running through the ice and then through the cooler; most effective but a most frightfully expensive installation and operation. Diluted sulphuric acid was used in creating the vacuum and, as no ordinary metal could withstand that, an antimony plunger and cylinder in a valveless pump was invented by one of the cousins, Charlie Barnett. This was made on the place and used most successfully. Eleven men were employed in the dairy barns and four in the dairy, a large number to produce not over twenty-five hundred quarts daily. The poplar wood for the boxes in which the milk was shipped was cut in our woodland and the boxes made in the carpenter shop. The metal linings to hold both the milk and the ice with which the milk was surrounded were made in the plumbing shop by old Augy, tinsmith and plumber for Burnside for well over forty years. Ice was made in the vacuum plant. All combined to make a truly homemade produce, but it was the best way to control the total production.

All of this plus keeping the stable ceilings, walls and floors thoroughly washed and scrubbed, took vast quantities of water. A new well was drilled down near the Green Spring Branch and produced a seemingly endless supply of water. It was pumped by two ten-foot, water driven overshot water wheels through a three-inch pipeline to two great reservoirs of water. From there it flowed by gravity down the Brune hill, up over the garden hill and down to a point not far from the Trunk House where it ran into a network of pipes leading to all of the different buildings on the place.

At about the time all of this was taking place, Father became interested in bettering the roads of Maryland, an interest possibly fostered by the bad roads over which we in carriages, and the milk in a great wagon, had to jostle to Baltimore. The few automobiles then around may have spurred him on too. Whom he called to consult about the building of good roads is forgotten, but because of his interest, the Shoemaker Road Law was drawn up and put into effect in 1904, and it is still in operation. (This is recorded at the State House in Annapolis). The first experimental road was built from the stable to the gate, about four tenths of a mile. It was excavated for eighteen inches, then a foundation of broken so-called "nigger-head" rock from the field was put in. These are hard glacial rocks. They were covered with crushed, beautifully white limestone from the quarry to the south of the Brune place. There was another quarry to the east of Eccleston Station which had in it much harder rock, which was used for the foundations of the buildings and also for the Stone Dairy, but neither of these quarries have been used for years. That this road was extraordinarily well built is evidenced by the fact that it has been re-surfaced only once since it was laid.

The first public experimental road was the present Park Heights Avenue, running through land given by Nana from the Valley Road to the railroad tracks.

Father had many other great interests. He was Chairman of the Board of the Baltimore County Schools for more than thirty-five years

and he was responsible for bringing to the County Dr. Albert Cook, who was one of the all-time greats of the public school system. It was under their combined efforts that the Baltimore County School were not only the best in the State, but served as models for many states throughout the United States and Alaska as well. He was Chairman of the Board of the University of Maryland which he, with the aid of a few members of the faculty and a few other public spirited men, developed from its small beginnings as a Land Grant college to the great university it is today. These interests had little connection with Burnside.

III. MORE ME THAN BURNSIDE

Transportation being what it was before the advent of the automobile, everybody who could lived in the cities in the winter and moved to the country during the heat of the summer, and we were no exception.

Nana came as a bride from Chestertown to 901 St. Paul Street, and there she spent her winters until her death in 1907. Her old colored mammy came with her, not because Nana asked for her, but because Aunt Gracie asked Greatgrandfather Eccleston (Nana's father), "Who is gwine with that chile?" When his answer was "Nobody. Mr. Shoemaker has properly provided for her," Aunt Gracie said, "If nobody else is, then I is. Tain't fitten for her to go without none of her own. All I ask is that I be buried at your feet when I dies." There she is in old St. Paul's graveyard near Chestertown.

For some forgotten reason Nana elected to stay at Burnside during the winter of 1894-95 and it was during that winter that the first of the hideous double tragedies of the family occurred. Aunt Bessie, Father's youngest and very handsome sister, married Mother's brother, Uncle Tom, and they were killed when they fell from an icy ladder in trying to escape from a fire in their house on Biddle Street.

That winter the cold was so intense that the two coal furnaces hardly tempered the great old house. Faithful Ed Larrimore, one of the foremen, kept twenty-three fires going in the grates in the fireplaces all over the house. The cold that brought the discomfort inside of the house also brought staying qualities to the snow. What glorious times we children had, not only during that winter, but during many others when the snow would pack and the sleigh bells would be jingling on one horse for the single sleigh, or on two horses for the double sleigh, or on great occasions, or four horses when Father took out the four-in-hand sleigh. That sleigh had been bought by Grandfather Shoemaker and is now slung up to the ceiling of Murray Sullivan's barn as is the tallyho and all of the harness. And what coasting! How often we started at the Stone Dairy and coasted to the gate (a distance of four-tenths of a mile) and trudged all the way back to do it over and over again.

Then the donkeys. Sam had two: one named Miss Lavinia and the other Charlie-kick-up. They could be hitched as a pair to a big sled to which the carpenters had attached a pole. We would tie a long string of sleds on behind and go slowly or quickly as the donkeys chose. Once they chose to run away going from the gate toward Stevenson. We were strewn along the road as the sleds swung back and forth at what seemed to be a furious pace. What fun it all was.

My education went creaking along under the tutelage of impoverished ladies who were transported daily to the house, and who taught me little if anything. I then spent four grim years at Bryn Mawr for which I was in no way prepared, than two years with that splendid teacher, Miss Fanny Hoffman, who together with the men who came to talk with Father about his many and varied interests and to whom I listened avidly, opened up whole new worlds to me.

It was during these years (in 1895 to be exact) that Juju made her debut and Mother gave many parties for her. The one that stands out most vividly in my memory was a house party at the Big House to which came six or seven girls and the same number of men. They all came on Friday afternoon and on Saturday the girls were invited to a luncheon, leaving the men with time on their hands and lively imaginations inspired by the girls having locked their bedroom doors. No sooner were the girls safely down the road than Father had some of the workmen bring an extension ladder, up which they went into one of the girls windows, unlocked a door and in went the men of the party. In those days powder was used in liquid form. The girls were well supplied when they went out, but not a drop was there when they returned. It had all been used to write messages of many varieties on mirrors, window panes, anything that could be written on. Strings were strung across the rooms on which were hung every garment the girls possessed. A bucket filled with water was suspended over the door and the first girl to enter was deluged. This led to screams and yowls, but those were nothing compared to those that followed when Father turned the hose on full force, and played it into the windows of the girls' rooms. Somehow one of the girls got a basket of eggs from the kitchen and fired them at the men, but only one found its target. That one squashed right above Uncle Andrew Whitridge's eye and streamed over his face. What quelled the riot I do not know. However, that night was like all other nights and after dinner before each girl and her best beau disappeared for the evening, Nana called them all back to the dining room where she had prayers. Many times the resentment was great, but not as many times as some of us have been grateful to her for making us familiar with those beautiful family prayers in the Prayer Book.

At fifteen I went to Europe with Aunt Nellie Donaldson, her daughter Miriam, and her governess, Miss Bew. Aunt Nellie showed us Europe with a fierce determination and my education went on apace. The next summer at sixteen, I went again to Europe, this time as courier to Nana, her English maid, and Aunt Miriam Harper, Nana's sister, and another kind of education took place, but not of the cultural kind. Two years later came a memorable trip with Uncle Lulu Eccleston and two of the cousins, Blance Brune and Augusta Murray, to the Yellowstone Park. The result of that trip was that I took some of you to enjoy it as I did. That trip could not have been were it

not for your very remarkable uncle, the Rev. Dr. James Houston Eccleston, whom we called Uncle Lulu and who was loved not only by the family, but by every one who knew him, and that included most of Baltimore. He was the Rector of Emmanuel Church for over thirty years. His summers were spent first in Carlsbad where he took the cure and then out west. His favorite spot was the Yellowstone Park, where he took the three of us. We went by train and were met at the Mammoth Hot Spring by an old guide of Uncle Lulu's, named Dave, who had assembled all of the needed equipment for a two weeks' trip into the wilds. That meant three tents, one for the girls, one for Uncle Lulu and one which served as a cook tent. There were four men to look after us - Dave, the guide and head man, a cook, a driver for the mess wagon, and another driver for a carriage for the girls if we got tired of riding - and eleven horses. Quite an outfit! One night we were encamped beside a lake. The rain was coming down in buckets, the mosquitoes so bad that we had to eat our dinner with our veils, gloves and boots on, and the smoke so thick that our eyes were streaming. The dear old Parson looked up with that quizzical expression of his and said, "Children, do you know, we could have had a beautiful suite at the Waldorf for less than this is costing us." The next morning the sun was shining and spirits were high. We went on through the Park seeing all of the sights, the geysers, the animals of so many varieties, the superb scenery and then on down to the Jackson Hole country over a trail that had never before seen wagon wheels. At the end of this trek, we came to Lake Jennie, from the shore of which we could and did see the sunrise on the snow-capped Teton Mountains; a sight never to be forgotten but, as some of you know to your amusement, not to be reseen by me in later years. Our camping site was beside a Mr. John Sargent, a near relative of the famous portrait painter, whom Uncle Lulu had known on previous visits to the Park. The thing that he did not know was that since his last visit Mr. Sargent had killed his partner for a bag of gold which they had panned in the streams, and afterward had killed his wife. The other men knew about it and had been reluctant to go, but orders were orders. The problem was solved by their taking turns standing guard all night to keep us safe. The next day we retraced our steps part way and went up Mt. Washburn through masses of for-get-me-nots so high that they reached the horses' withers. From the top of the mountain we could see where we had been. Our trip had taken us nearly a week. Today everything in the Park can easily be seen in two or three days.

That December, following the custom of all Baltimore debutantes, I made my debut at the first Monday Cotillion, as had my Mother, and years later both Tieta and Carrie. Soon will come the granddaughters. The Board of Governors have strived valiantly to keep the old spirit and have succeeded surprisingly well. In my day thirty debs was a large number. Today there are more than twice that number with many out-of-town debs wanting to come but unable to because of safety regulations and lack of space. Also in my day there were six or seven "Monday Germans", as they were called and an equal number of "Tuesday Germans" coming in between, and a girl that did not have all of them engaged by the early fall felt that the Fates had treated her badly. The same or similar gold brocade curtains are used; the same shining chandeliers; even the same kind of food, chicken salad, ices and champagne. The wives of the gentlemen of the Board still receive in beautiful evening clothes and all of the jewels that they possess.

The custom of sending bouquets to the debutantes has grown enormously. Flowers are taken to the Cotillion and festooned in profusion in front of the boxes where the fond parents sit. The whole affair becomes a veritable fairyland.

A gay winter was 1904 and '05 with its lunches, dinners and balls in additions to the Germans.

In the spring I became engaged to Dad; very handsome, very entertaining and as lovable then as he was as long as he lived. A long engagement followed and then we were married on the Big House terrace on October 5, 1907, a glorious, warm day. A very elegant affair that was. Aunt Carolyn and Cousin Augusta were bridesmaids. We had a seated luncheon with the main course of pheasant. The family were draped in black as Nana, Grandfather Whitridge and Uncle Ned Shoemaker had all died during the previous five months. Wedding or no wedding, deep mourning was worn. We were married by two patriarchal uncles, Uncle Lulu who came at our urgent invitation, and Uncle John, his half-brother who just came. They looked like two major prophets out of the Old Testament as they stood, dressed in Episcopal vestments, in front of a high screen which had been covered that morning with brilliant dogwood branches. Knowing that it would be a thrill to start off on our wedding trip in that new-fangled thing, an automobile, Uncle Walter Brooks sent his Peerless to take us to the train. The excitement was great not only for us, but for all of the family gathered on the terrace.

IV. WOODMONT

On our return from our honeymoon, we went immediately to Woodmont, about twelve miles from Hancock on the Potomac River in Western Maryland. Once it had been a stylish hunting club and is again at the present time, but at that time it was being cut over for crossties for the Western Maryland Railroad.

That was a rough winter in rough country; no drinking water within half a mile, no heat except open fires, no plumbing as our washing water came from a cistern, but there were plenty of animals! Two horses, two cows such as they were, chickens, rabbits, cats, kittens, dogs, puppies, and a wild turkey that strutted into the kitchen with great regularity to peck crumbs off the table, but flew away never to return when mating time came.

The horses were sent up from Burnside. Dad's was named Whirlwind and was anything but a whirlwind, and mine was Rival. Rival was a beautiful dappled gray who did not exactly fit into those surroundings, but neither did my stylish English sidesaddle nor my riding costume! We were an out-of-place looking pair as we started out early one morning to get a cow. Fresh milk could not be had for love or money, so we decided that the most desirable possession that we could have would

be a cow. Having heard of an old woman over on the other side of the mountain who would part with one, we decided to get this greatly desired creature and bring her home. It was cold but bright and clear when, after a good breakfast, we left at about seven o'clock to ride the five or six miles to the farm. It might have been only five or six miles to go, but it was fifty or sixty to come home -- but I am getting ahead of my story.

When we arrived at the farm, we found the old woman was delighted to part with the scrawny cow, but the cow refused to be parted from another still scrawnier one. As the old woman allowed that she "didn't want 'em nohow", we started with a rope around the neck of one, confidently expecting both to trail along behind us. They had other ideas. We had hardly left the farm when one went one way and the other another way, with Dad chasing one and ~~the~~ the other. Finally we herded them up on the mountain road, feeling a sense of security as one side went straight up and the other straight down. However, that was nothing to those mountain cows. Down went one at a gallop with Dad going madly after her, yelling at me to moo to beguile her back on to the road again. It worked well enough for Dad to yell at me to use the same tactics every time one or the other took off down the mountain side, but, as the shadows began to fall, my lungs gave out. I couldn't have cared less if they had gone all the way to the railroad tracks and been hit by a train! At long and weary last, as night was coming on, we got home. Never have I seen a mountain house look so lovely, nor has food ever tasted more heavenly than at the end of that long and weary day.

Shortly after that, Dad came in one morning carrying a small pig inside of his jacket. It was not a very welcome guest from my viewpoint, but Fanny, our old negro cook, loved it. It grew up under the stove in the kitchen and was well cared for by Fanny. Both Fanny and Henry, our outside man, were old enough to have been slaves and those two kept each other company during a very cold and icy winter.

That was wild country then; the population very sparse and there were so few houses that the woodcutters and sawyers apparently came up out of the ground. Mountain feuds were rife to the point that we each slept with a pistol beside us. Currency had only been known for fifteen years and barter was the rule. When I went to buy a dozen fresh eggs, the twelve cents that I paid for them always gave pleasure but also caused confusion. Those rides over the mountains to get the eggs were adventures because my beautiful Rival found it as easy to walk on two legs as it was to walk on four. When roads or rather paths were icy and a tin bucket was the carrier for the eggs, anything could happen and sometimes not all of the eggs came safely home.

Aunt Carolyn, Granny Johnston, Ma and Sam were our only visitors. Aunt Carolyn came dressed in a new fur coat and a perkly little feather hat. She got off the train into a blinding snow storm and then into a sleigh to drive the mile and a half to our well ventilated house on the side of the mountain. It was bitterly cold and it continued to snow, so we had to stay indoors in the one and only warm room, which was heated by a drum stove. Finally she could stand it no longer and back home she went. Ma came a few days after a snow

storm but the sun was shining and at least we could go out of doors. With the deep snow and few tracks walking was difficult. From somewhere Dad got a big sled with a pole attached to it and one and a half runners on it. He nailed one wooden box onto it, in which he sat Ma and another in which I knelt. He stood in front, both to balance the unbalanced sled and to drive a fine pair of mules (usually used for dragging logs) which pulled us all over that mountain.

By the time the dogwoods and Judas trees were in glorious bloom nearly all of the crossties had been cut. Dad's work was finished and we came back to Burnside in time for Bart III to make his appearance on August 5, 1908. Tobe came after Bart and was born in a little house on St. Thomas Lane, now owned by Hall Harrison. That was on June 17, 1910. The next year, on June 11, 1911, Tieta was born in a house since burned down, on Garrison Road. After we had moved back to Burnside, Andrew came along on February 7, 1914, just a few months before the First World War broke out. Eccleston did not appear until January 5, 1921. He was born in the Big House and Carrie was born in our house on April 19, 1923, when Tieta was thirteen and the older boys were beginning to grow up.

As you came along, you brought with you your own very great welcome and your own problems, as well as problems for us. Primarily these problems were always more food, always more shoes, always more and bigger clothes, plus nearly every one of the usual children's diseases. One winter two of you had violent measles in one room and another had scarlet fever in another room, besides a maid upstairs with quinsy. Such is a big family!

Then as the years went by, you brought more and more of your friends to the house. By the time that Tieta was seventeen the house was in a continuous, uproarious turmoil, a condition that was loved by both your Dad and me.

Big Chal was one of the many boys that came every Sunday either to tea or to supper, and it was not long before he became THE boy for Tieta. She was the first to marry. It was a lovely wedding on June 4, 1932 on the Big House terrace where your Dad and I had been married years before. That wedding touched off romance and the three older boys married within two years of each other. Bart's was on October 3, 1935, Tobe's on June 13, 1936, and Andy's was on April 1, 1935.

As both of your parents were allergic to study, it is small wonder that not one of you was a brilliant student. While you led us over many jumps and through some deep valleys, we always felt that as a gang you were hard to beat. Much that happened you know better than I do and you will have to record those things for the next generation.

V. CUBA

In 1918, when the first World War came to a close, construction on roads and railroads stopped and then it was that Cuba beckoned. Sugar was high and going higher. People had more money than they had ever even heard of and were throwing it about like drunken sailors. It seemed logical to go there to catch some as it was being thrown. Dad went first and the four older children and I followed about a year later. We arrived in September and lived in a large house parked on top of a hill on the Avenida de Columbia, overlooking in the far distance the Gulf of Mexico. The usual vicissitudes followed, enhanced by no knowledge of the language, no knowledge of the local customs and certainly no knowledge of how housekeeping should be done. Somehow we managed not to starve although the cost of all food had gone skyward. In fact, while we were there the people became so infuriated by the fact that fish cost forty cents a pound that they shot and killed the president of the fish trust. Fish promptly went to ninety cents.

By a series of unexpected events we met the senior member of the Diplomatic Corps and under his sponsorship were introduced to some of the elect of Cuban society - actually a very rare experience for Americans in those days. So it was that we were asked to some of the fiestas on a few of the fincas. One was a wedding anniversary celebration which started in the morning with everyone bringing gifts, most of the gifts being hard, tight bunches of beautiful flowers. After a time of sitting around came such a meal -- course after course after course, and with each course another plate and cutlery dropped with a clatter beside it, making both a long and loud meal with all the babble of voices added to it. Different wines went with each course. Even the children had some kind of red wine, which was startling from our American viewpoint. Because of the visiting beforehand, the meal lasting over three hours and the impossibility of moving for sometime after the meal, the whole day was consumed. So it was at each one of those affairs, but they were so different from anything that we were used to that they were interesting, if not all fun.

"Chivo" (graft) was expected by the lowest street cleaner on up to the president - differing only in amount as rank increased. A man who was working with Dad to secure some road work was more than surprised when your father refused to double the bid so that they could divide the extra cash. The Cubans were holding their sugar for 27 cents, and when the market broke at 24 cents, the bottom of everything dropped out all over the Island and moritorium was declared. Fortunately by that time, June 1920, we had already left for the States but Dad was there as were a good many of his men - superintendants, foremen and their wives. It took more than a little ingenuity, including a threat to start a revolution which takes little doing, to collect the money for the work already done, and to get the employees back to the States. It was done and men, wives, and most of the machinery were gotten safely home.

VI. ST. AUGUSTINE

; In 1927, we headed for St. Augustine. There were both roads and railroads to be built there. It proved to be a winter of sharp contrasts. While it was a thoroughly delightful winter, there was deep concern over Tobe, who was suffering the tortures of the damned with osteomyelitis in his leg, there being no miracle drugs in those days to control it. The social life was opened up to us first by Wilbur Brown, then the Chief Engineer of the Florida East Coast Railroad, who had grown up with the Johnston relations in Birmingham and who introduced us to Jule Hopkins, now Mrs. Arthur Sackett. Through her we met and grew to love dear and wonderful Mrs. Francis King. Mrs. King was a great horticulturist and shared her knowledge by word, by letter and by the printed page, her books and magazine articles having had a wide circulation. It was she who brought into our lives many of the charming people who are my most treasured friends today. She also put me on the Board of The Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, a Board made up of outstanding women from several states, which led me to many meetings of women interested in country life. Meetings were held in different parts of the world. This was certainly the opening wedge of my work in conservation. It is hard to believe that as recently as 1935 conservation was only a gleam in the eye of such men as Dr. Hugh H. Bennett of the United States Department of Agriculture, Dr. Reginald Truitt of the Biological Survey at Solomon's Island, Maryland, and a few other far-sighted men. Realizing that the American people were squandering their natural resources so quickly that unless it was stopped the United States would be as much of a have-not nation as China, they went to work to try to rouse the nation to what was going on. It has been a long, hard pull but each year has found more and more people becoming interested and more people willing to work on this very vital problem.

VII. DAHLENEGA HERE WE COME!

The days of 1929 and 1930 were the kind that made fantastic ideas more enticing than in prosperous times, and so it came about that the gold bug made a small bite on a member of the family; a bite that was to grow bigger and bigger, and was to affect more and more the whole family. Our first foray into North Georgia, where both placar and flour gold mines are, was a visit to Dahlenega (Indian for "Streets of Gold"), where we were entertained by some kindly natives who took us in to feed and to "sleep" us, and where our sleeping was on straw mattresses. It was our first experience on straw and we had difficulty staying put. The straws keep slipping in different directions and it is impossible to anticipate which way they will take! We found the country made of red clay and roads slick with many deep ruts. The old Court House in Dahlenega was utterly bleak and bare. The old trees around it had been cut to the ground. The whole country is hilly with

a cut-over and second growth look and with shacks in likely and unlikely places. The shacks were inhabited by mountain people who had frequent traces of Indian blood. Their speech often bordered on the Elizabethan. Their own mode of life and morals included never failing courtesy to "furriners", if they liked them. Fortunately they both liked and trusted Dad and that meant safety for us, but did not apply to their own; as witness four killings in one summer! That visit so intrigued Dad that he promptly returned and I followed the next summer with Be, Carrie, Chal and "Ding", Chal's adoring and beloved nurse. We lived in an abandoned mining camp where there were three shacks. A native and his wife and eleven children occupied two of them and we the third. Ours had only two rooms in it and must have had beds, but these I don't remember. From there it was a three mile drive around very bad roads or a half mile walk through woods infested by red bugs and other mountain creatures to the cook shack which also served as an office.

In the old camp lived the man who became our first superintendant and with him began our education in the lore of that country. To that was added advice from natives, from wandering mining engineers, and much from people who knew nothing whatever about gold mining. Also on all sides we heard stories of the country's history; one was the fact that it was to that part of Georgia that the Seminole Indians of Florida took Ponce de Leon when he came to America in 1513, making him the first white man to see gold here. Long after his visit word spread that there was gold in "them thar hills" and men poured in to make their fortunes as men always do when rumors of a gold strike are spread. Little did they reckon on finding an Indian bandit and his band of brigands who bided their time until the miners were ready to leave with their bags of gold and then pounced on them, taking all but ten per cent. There was no redress as the law of Georgia forbade taking more than that amount out of the State.

The vein runs northeast and southwest going as far north as North Carolina and as far south as Alabama and in most places is about fifty feet wide. Because the Appalachian Range is the oldest geological formation in the world, erosion has largely disintegrated the quartz in which gold lies, making the very fine flour gold. Only a small part of it remains as gravel in which the nuggets are found. Our "Josephine" mine lay on lovely hills with the Etowah River running through it; a small river, but big enough to turn the turbines to make our own electricity (there being no public utilities within many miles), and big enough to operate the pumps that sent water up the hillsides to wash the mixture of mud and gold down the flume lines to the stamp mills. The natives had never known of any method of crushing gold excepting the use of stamp mills and we knew too little to go against their half knowledge, handed down from the "old timers". Unfortunately it was not the right means of recovery in that mine, as fine particles of gold are nearly always embedded in small bits of iron ore for which mercury has no affinity. All three, gold, iron ore, and mercury, would go rolling off the silvered copper plates to be washed on down stream and so the search began for a better method, a search that was to go on for a long time without a satisfactory ending. Often small nuggets were found in the place mine and one, the largest found in seventy-five years, is now in my possession.

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During these years many experiences came along and many stories reached our ears. One was the story of Auraria, our nearest "town" which now has three or four houses, but at the height of the mining craze had around three thousand inhabitants. Nearly all were miners and many left for the California gold rush of '49. Auraria's other name was "Knucklesville", derived from the fact that their principal entertainment seems to have been fighting with brass knuckles. It is said that at one time or another, every stone in the street has been covered with blood. A tame lot!

One man who had spent his life there, old Jess Higgins, always seemed to me to be one of the really "old timers". He was lean and long with a drooping mustache, always in blue jeans and willing to work whenever his still didn't require his attention. One day he was in the cut at the head of the flume line washing out ore when that very efficient and extraordinarily quick grape vine brought the news that a "revenuer" had come on the property. Off Jess took down the middle of the two feet wide, slick flume line, water, ore and Jess all flying down hill and the still was never found, nor were Jess's life savings. He had a strong box buried somewhere in the hills into which went every dollar (reputed to be mostly of the large sized bills) that he could scrape together. The whereabouts was even better guarded than that of the still. As he was dying, he started to tell a friend where it was when just as the crucial words were to be said, someone whom he disliked came into the room and the cash box still stays where he put it.

Amy, another native, was the post mistress and was admired by everybody. She did get away with the sale of several hundred dollars' worth of stamps without Uncle Sam getting the benefit of it, but was bailed out and she continued in her same old status.

Leish Trammell was our second superintendent; a superb man even if he had been the head bootlegger of the community. He was loyal and intelligent and we were all incensed at the revenuers when they sent him to jail for a year. One of his neighbors turned states' evidence against Leish after he had given the man's mother some bootleg whiskey to cure her of some misery. It was common practice to keep a bucket filled with "corn likker" and a ladle nearby on the porch step, but it was also common practice never to let a visitor leave empty-handed. The present might be a few peaches or a few apples or maybe nuts, but always there was something.

Summer was the time to get religion, which they did - violently! Many of the baptisms took place in the river not far from our house. The people went fully dressed to be thoroughly dunked by the preacher whose costume was usually blue jeans. This type of religion seemed to have nothing to do with their little church, which stood neglected on a hillside. One day we were asked to have a Sunday School. This presented problems. I had never taught a regular Sunday School class and certainly none of the natives had, so it was up to me to do my best, and that meant pressing into service as teachers both Be and Carrie (then ten and twelve years old). At least we had all been to different services and knew enough to give them something. They wanted to sing only "Rock of Ages" and one other familiar hymn which

I have forgotten. They were fine, but when hymns have to be played on a foot-pumped organ with at least a third of the keys making no sound at all, a most peculiar sound is forthcoming. The children all came, children of all ages, so we never lacked a congregation no matter what else was missing.

There were few doctors in North Georgia, and the few there were had all they could do to take care of the patients who either lived in the towns or could get there. The country people had evolved remedies of their own. One of their frequent ailments was known as "risins", which was a swelling on any part of their anatomy and invariably treated with "withered" cabbage leaves. These were large cabbage leaves over which boiling water was poured. When they were limp, they were ready to work the miracles that were expected of them.

Andy and Pam were there for some time. Pam was good to those people. On one visit she found an old woman obviously very ill, whose only medicine was water that had been poured over hot wood coals and then drained. Her appreciation of the unheard of delicacy of milk toast was little short of pitiful. While driving Dave Summerour into town one day he said, "Miss Jonson, you know old man Woody is having a turrible time. His wife's so sick he can't do nothin' but tend to her. Why she's so sick he even has to feed her. He has to feed her. He has to feed her right down her goozle." The only positive thing about that last word is that it is not in Mr. Webster's Dictionary!

If there was one thing more than any other that Dad disliked it was governmental restrictions. When NRA, with its Blue Eagle was imposed, he blandly ignored it. He told the employees that what it really amounted to was that for every dollar they earned he was supposed to put two cents into a cigar box, and that after a while when they were told they would have it back the box would be opened and it would be empty because the Government would have taken it all. After this had been going on for a year or two a United States agent was sent to see him at the mine. He was received with every courtesy and even given dinner, but no information. After some hours of quite pleasant conversation leading nowhere, your Dad asked, "As you were coming in, did you pass a graveyard up on a hill? Funny thing about that graveyard. There are forty-nine graves there and only seven of those people came to their natural death." Poor man - he could hardly leave the country quickly enough and we never heard of him again.

The summer of four killings produced one comical episode. On a Sunday evening we heard shots across the mountains, a rather usual occurence. The next morning we saw the sheriff in Dahlonga and stopped to talk with him. The sheriff was all of five feet five inches, walleyed, wore a ten-gallon black hat, black corduroy riding britches and boots and a pistol at his belt bigger than he was. He asked if we had heard the shooting and then said, "That was old man Will Woody. He done kilt a man." The answer to Dad's question of what was going to happen to Woody was a very surprised, "Why, Mr. Jonson, Ain't nothin' going to happen to old man Woody. That man he kilt, he was a mean man." And that was the end of that.

What a flood of memories these years do bring! Frightful heat in the summer when the family was there; no water except rain water

and water from the well which had to be toted up the hill to the house; constant trips to Gainesville, a town twenty-two miles away, for supplies of all kinds including food, the preparation of which was so poor that it was only just edible; Bart jr.'s cow Josephine (named for the mine) following him up and down those hills like a dog and standing outside of the cook-shack window while he was having his meals; Tobe bringing his best girl for a visit - they didn't stay long; Tieta painting the outhouse green before her best beau came, and him sticking to it; Andrew and Pam hating every single second of it; "Mr. and Mrs. Bebe" being hauled back and forth to Burnside each summer; and then later, Chal jr. a little thing in rompers standing in a stream of mud busily panning gold and all the while dear Dad knowing that he was going to strike it rich tomorrow.

Tieta and Fan had more fun out of it than any of us. Tieta's particular amusement was trying to teach the snuff-chewing mountain women how to smoke cigarets. Fan had a variety of amusements, including fishing with Cucumber, a small boy of ten or twelve. She once had two natives for midday dinner. For this occasion she dressed up the table with wild blossoms to such an extent that they tickled the noses of the guests, but they were so impressed by the magnificence of the meal served on cracked china on a table made of flooring that they said they "ain't never seen anything so elegant!"

I enjoyed nearly all of it but when war came and the mine had to be closed down the result was near tragedy for Dad. Before coming home in September of 1933, I asked him what he thought I might do with myself that winter. All of you by that time were either married or away at school, excepting Carrie who would be at school all day. That question was answered for me by Father's death on October first, 1933, and a whole new era started for me.

It was while ^{we} were at the mine in January of 1936, when Andrew was with us, that the second double tragedy of the family happened that was to affect each one of us so deeply. None of us need to be reminded of that; it is enough to say that no small boy was ever welcomed into a household more heartily than Chal was into ours. Today with each of you claiming him, I wonder if any of you remember to which generation he really belongs!

VIII. BURNSIDE UNDER VERY DIFFERENT MANAGEMENT

For some reason Father decided that as soon as he was gone Burnside would be sold, but as far as I know none of the rest of us had any such idea. After his death, with orders almost like a decree, Mother told Barty to take charge of the milk production and me to do all of the rest except the checking account, which she thoroughly enjoyed doing herself. Considering all of the elements in that arrangement, it worked fairly well. Bart knew his job and, having nearly always lived at Burnside, I had been in reasonably close touch with the way things were done and could continue somewhat along those lines. But none of us knew the selling end of it, or much about the contacts with other producers. However, before very long the Certified Milk Producers Association asked me to come on their Board in Father's place

and I was able to acquire the necessary information. I also acquired, later on, the presidency of the Board. I have always suspected it was because nobody else would take it. I had it thrust upon me by telegraph after I had not attended a meeting in St. Louis.

This arrangement at Burnside went on for several years, the labor problem always becoming more difficult and the general use of pasteurization making certified milk less and less necessary. In 19 we decided to stop bottling and sent milk in bulk to the distributors. This proved to be much easier for Bart and a far better arrangement for me, as by that time the greenhouses, which for years had been a small business, were becoming quite a big business and taking more and more of my time. That business continued big until the second World War, when we shut down the greenhouses and then tore them down.

We then found ourselves in the real estate business. With less labor we needed less housing and as the men were released the tenant houses became vacant. By this time the demand for houses was becoming acute and the demands for ours were great. One by one they acquired new paint, new baths, new heating plants, etc. With few exceptions the people who have come to live in them have not only been welcome, but have become close friends.

Because carpenters, plumbers, etc. were needed in the war effort, we had to wait until the war was nearing the end. Then it was that the horse stables, cow stables, silos, etc. were taken down, and the best cow stable as well as the stone dairy were converted into houses.

And so with the passing of the years, the luxurious way of life has given way to the more modern way of living. While we of the older generation find it hard to give up the old gracious way of life, I am more than glad that the still older generation had it as long as they lived. I do sometimes wonder. In my earliest recollections, nobody who served us had more than one day a month and an occasional Sunday that they could call their own. High wages for women were twelve dollars per month, and the housemen were paid twenty-five to thirty dollars. The outside men got forty dollars a month, with a house and firewood, and worked ten hours a day, six days a week, summer and winter, and the house servants were available at any time that we might want them. Not a very easy life for them. Perhaps this is the better way.

SOME JOHNSTON HISTORY AND MORE OF ME

My love of wandering was born in me and fostered by Dad. He often had to "see a man" whether his construction work was near or far and, when I could, I went with him. The trips to Beach Haven, Campobello Island, North Carolina, etc. were the results of hay fever, but why not turn necessity into a blessing and enjoy it all? Then later on when the four older children were married and finances were more plentiful, the trips to Europe began again.

The first was to England with Be and Carrie in the summer of 1935. Landing in Southampton we were met by Cousin Augusta Brune's car and chauffeur. He brought with him her tea basket from which we had a large English tea while sitting on the bracken of Sherwood Forest expecting Robin Hood to appear at any moment. We spent a week with her at Biggswier House, an old Welsh manor house on the Wye River. The ghosts were plentiful and often seen by Cousin Augusta, but they left us alone.

Then followed an extremely interesting automobile trip, made so by Augusta's intimate knowledge of English history and architecture. She briefed us well and planned for us in detail. We drove up the west coast through the lake country to Annandale, a Scottish County, lying just north of the English border. There, near the little and fascinating town of Lockerby stands Rae Hills, the Johnston Castle. So many Johnstons from America had gone to see the castle that the owners had refused to let any more come in, but we found that they were away so we drove in. We had a good look at the magnificent, red sandstone, Tudor-type castle with its ~~great~~ great trees and beautiful lawns rolling down to a lake - and then a car appeared. Well, we disappeared as quickly as our little Austin car could take us. We took mental pictures with us. These I especially wanted as your grandfather Johnston had told us so many tales about it all that the whole countryside had become a land of enchantment. Not that he had ever been there, but perhaps because of that, it had all become the more enchanting.

After great searching we found in the town of Annan an old geologist who proved to be a treasure house of Scottish Clan lore. When I told him who I was, he rose, made a formal little bow and said, "But you are THE Johnstons!" Your grandfather had said that many times and believed every word of it! At any rate the archeologist verified the facts now in our book of genealogy.

There have always been two or three legal questions that have had great interest for the Johnston family; probably for any family who had been on the side of Mary, Queen of Scots and found it convenient to leave suddenly when she was beheaded. So later on in London we saw Cousin Augusta's solicitor, Mr. Alfred Hobson. We went to see him in his office near the Temple (destroyed in the bombing of World War II). He told us about the English law covering titles and inheritances.

The present owners of Rae Hills have a clear title to it, because the law says that anyone in possession of property for twelve years and three hundred and sixty-two days is the rightful owner. (This is the

forerunner of our twenty-year law). The owner at the time of Mary, Queen of Scots, had to flee when she lost her crown and her head. As that owner is the ancestor from whom we are descended, there is no chance of any of us claiming the castle. Not so with the title. The title comes down from the oldest son to the oldest son and when the owner of Rae Hills in the 1880's tried to claim it, your grandfather and his brother, Uncle Joe (then Senator from Alabama), decided that that was not to be. They brought a suit against him and won easily in the Scottish courts.

A rumor persisted that there had been a large fortune left behind when the Johnstons left Scotland so abruptly. Such claims can only be traced through wills and if any one of these wills had the phrase "and anything else that I may have in my possession at the time of my death", the money would go to that person. Even if the fortune were a fact and not a myth, the search for that phrase imposed a hopeless task.

On that same trip we went to see the excavations at Glastenbury, where all the work has been done under the guidance of automatic writing - a project dear to the heart of Cousin Blanch Van Duse. The digging is being done in the hope of proving that it was the first Christian church built in England, supposed to have been built by Joseph of Arimathea. All tremendously interesting, and I hope that some day you will find out what that answer is.

After Chal came to us in 1936, it was necessary for me, as his personal guardian, to go to Colorado Springs about his affairs. Then it was that Dad, Be, Carrie, Chal, Ding and I took that unforgettable trip in the most dreadful house trailer that ever was invented. Dad decided that he had to "see a man" in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and another in Rapid City, South Dakota, both in connection with the gold mine. We lumbered all the way up to Wisconsin and out through South Dakota in such heat that only grasshoppers could survive it (literally) then through the awesome, but magnificent Bad Lands to Rapid City; and out of the heat of the plains and into the beautiful Black Hills where Berglum was at work on that vast sculpture of the four great Americans, and on to Colorado Springs. There Tieta's and Chal's friends were kind to us beyond measure. Because of the mysterious ways of the Court, we found that we had to wait on them for two weeks, so down to the Trinchera Ranch we went. It is a ranch of three hundred and twenty-five thousand acres and includes beautiful valleys and superb, great mountain peaks. We all wanted to see it as big Chal had loved it and had told us much about it and little Chal had inherited an interest in it.

One day we drove from there down to Santa Fe and on the way while driving through Taos we had the great good luck of seeing Pawnee Bill celebrate his golden wedding anniversary. An Episcopalian clergyman in all of his vestments held the service in the center plaza of the town. The whole population was present, including many Indians who had come from far and near; men riding their ponies and the women and paposes riding behind on crossed poles which dragged on the ground.

We had to go back to Colorado Springs for the Court and for the trailer. And then we came lumbering home. The very next day that dreadful trailer went back to the man from whom we had bought it!

Chal was with Be, Carrie and me on our trip to Europe in 1937. We comfortably established Chal and his beloved Ding in Amsterdam while the rest of us toured Belgium and Holland. We went as far north as Friesland to see the Holstein cattle in their native land, as well as to see the great dikes along that coast. We saw many of the old, old towns of those two countries and one day went down below Waterloo to a magnificent seventh century chateau where some friends of Tieta's and Chal's entertained us regally. I could add that at the age of five, Chal did not appreciate a nine course luncheon! Later we went to Paris where Chal fed the pigeons and played in the garden of the Tuilleries while we did the usual and interesting sightseeing.

The summer of 1938 saw us back in England but without Be. That summer he elected to go to Montana to work on a ranch, but his trip is a saga all its own. One of his feats was to come home on a "short cut" from Montana through Colorado Springs, Santa Fe and Mexico City! Ours paled by comparison.

In June 1939 I went alone on a most eventful trip to London, for a great International Conference of the Associated Country Women of the World. Thirty-nine nationalities were represented there. Nearly seven thousand women attended. The English entertained us royally and, as Chairman of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association delegation, I was asked to all of the entertainments. Probably the two most outstanding were those in the Gold Smith's Guild (rarely opened to visitors and the reception given by the Lord Mayor of London City in the old Town Hall. Both halls were destroyed by bombing during the war. We were bidden to the Lord Mayor's by different colored tickets which told the attendants where we were to stand in the Hall. Mine being bright pink, I was sent to the back of the Hall where the few pink ticketed people stood behind a rope. The Lord Mayor (a huge man and very imposing in his black robes and decorations) with his tiny little fat wife marched in solemnly between two solid walls of people who filled every available inch of space. They were followed by his Lordship's Council, also in black robes. Around their necks they wore saucer sized plaques embellished with their many coats of arms. Following them was the Mace Bearer carrying the Mace, dating from the seventh century. He also was dressed in black robes with the added glory of a white wig that didn't quite fit. After all of these dignitaries had marched to the far end of the Hall and stood on a raised platform, a flunky in white satin smalls, silver buckled shoes and all of the trimmings blew a bugle and, in a voice that reverberated around the tapestry covered walls, called "Miss Frysinger". She was the Vice-president for America of the ACWW and she had to parade the length of the Hall to be greeted by the Lord Mayor and his wife. Then a man unknown to me was called and he marched up. While I was wondering how their knees could hold them up through that long and lonely parade, I heard in the same reverberating tones "Mrs. Bartlett Johnston". There was no help for it but to follow on. Somehow I got to the platform and there we stood as the other special guests were greeted and, at long last, we all marched down again (a far easier walk!) and on to his Lordship's private rooms where we had tea in the approved English manner.

After we had said our goodbyes to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, we went to look for the other Delegates. We found them in the crypt standing among those huge Norman piers. Waitresses were all around in red uniforms and proper white aprons and caps and serving, of all things, pink lemonade.

One thing I did still astonishes me and the reason for it is entirely forgotten. During that Conference I found myself in a procession walking down the Mall all the way from Picadilly Circus to Westminster Abbey.

Six weeks after the end of that more than friendly Conference, the world was torn by the strife of the Second World War.

X. WAR YEARS

Astonishing as it may seem, the distant war clouds of Europe in 1912 brought a curious kind of elation to groups of people in America. Following one burst of enthusiasm, the men of the Valley formed a "Company of the Home Guard". Drilling began in deadly earnest. They drilled several afternoons a week after business hours and always in the cool of the evening. Some were young, some old, some short, some tall, some fat, some thin, but each and every one was a gentleman!

One day Dad came home highly amused. He had been the drill master that afternoon and, being young with long legs, he could and did walk very fast. Out of sheer devilment, he ordered the company out for a march over what is now the golf course of the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, but was then a field. He kept them going faster than many of them had gone for years, and when he had led them into a place covered with poison oak, he ordered the puffing and panting gentlemen to lie down right smack in the middle of it. The results I never knew.

Little by little equipment appeared for them, not many items but a few, and by fall they were ready to have the Secretary of War, Mr. Newton Baker, come to review their concave and convex persons parade across the Club lawn. That was a gala day! After some months (or was it weeks?) of this we dined one night with a robust and portly gentleman at whose right I sat. When he asked me if I didn't agree with him that The Home Guard was "the m-m-most p-p-patriotic thing" I had ever heard of, my answer was, "It's the most damn fool thing I ever heard of. Would you go up to Sebillasville on a cold winter's night to guard that Western Maryland railroad bridge?" To that he pounded the table and roared, "My God! And leave my little Anna? Certainly not!"

As the war clouds grew darker, your cousin, Col. Gordon Johnston, who was General Leonard Wood's aide, brought the General to the Maryland Club to speak about starting a battery of artillery. This was the beginning of the famous Battery A, otherwise known as the Limousine Battery, because many of the men went to drill in their limousines driven by liveried chauffeurs.

The gentlemen of Baltimore flocked to this Battery. Probably every man in it was in the Social Register and many had top positions in the industrial world. They drilled at Federal Hill and when they had gotten most of their uniforms and knew a small amount about artillery, they were sent off to their first encampment - all the way to Laurel, Maryland, but it was a very sad parting to some of their wives. Dad had spent so much time in construction camps that the rigors of camp life presented no problem to him, but to nearly every other man in it sleeping on straw on the ground and eating canteen food was a major calamity. Before long they were transferred to Fobyhanna, Pennsylvania, where at least they had canvas cots, but they also had mules, and mules can be fearsome creatures to uninitiated men. While many of the men were fox hunters and some even steeplechasers, few, if any, had served in the capacity of grooms! One of the privates was not a horseman but he was the president of a company that produced tenting for the Army. When the Secretary of the Army was trying desperately to put the Army under shelter and unable to find Howard, he was finally located currying a mule!

Dad was sergeant of the Fifth Section which he and every man in it declared was not only the best section, but the only one that really mattered. They spent a glorious summer. Dad gained twenty-five pounds. The men left camp when the spirit moved them and not when the captain gave permission. One even brought the one and only bugle home with him and serenaded the people on the train between Tobyhanna and Baltimore. It must have been a high old Battery to command.

When fall came and war seemed not far away, either General Wood or somebody else in the War Department decided that Battery A had good officer material in it, so married men with dependents and needed business men were sent home and the others sent to an Officers' Training Camp. Dad came home and quickly went about building cantonments:- buildings and roads at Camp Meade, at Pig Point, Virginia, at Norfolk, etc. That kept him busy throughout the war. My work was with the Council of Defense, but you children were little and I was needed at home and so I played a very minor part in war activities.

The first World War was the "war to end all wars" but so very many grievances throughout the world were left unsettled that it was only a question of how long peace could be preserved, and by 1939 there was no hope of keeping it. Dad was not well then but I seemed to be going strong. The people at the University of Maryland knew Father, and some knew me on account of my interest in soil conservation. It was not long before I found myself as Chairman of the Maryland Victory Garden Committee. As generally happens, the more you do the more you can do. Besides this, the work at Burnside had to go on. The dairy part was less work by that time as we were shipping in cans and not bottling; but the real estate business took a lot of time. I also continued a curtailed job at the Union Memorial Hospital where I was a Board member; made Red Cross bandages as time permitted, and served on a few of the War Committees whose chairman did nearly all of the work as I did on the Victory Garden Committee. The National Victory Garden Committee met every so often with the regional set-up in New York, Harrisburg or Washington and it pleased me not a little to find that in Maryland we worked more harmoniously and really more efficiently than in most of the other states. This was due in large part to the help and cooperation of a few of the men in the Department

of Agriculture at the University of Maryland and especially the head of the Home Demonstration Agents, that splendid woman, Miss Venia Kellar, all of whom gave me generously of their time and advice.

XI. A QUIET WEEKEND

One day Carrie said to me: "Mother, this coming weekend promises to be very quiet, with Be going off on Saturday to begin his second college year and nobody coming. Let's let Chal have a friend here with him. This whole winter has been so hectic with people coming and going that he hasn't had anybody for ages and this is a good chance."

"Certainly, dear, I think that's a lovely idea," I agreed and so it was arranged that Siff Pearre was to come back from school with him on Friday. My only two special jobs for Saturday were to give some time to a certified accountant who was to go over the farm books during the morning, and to drive up into the country to collect our yearly supply of baby chicks which had been ordered months before. That could be done and still have ample time to drive Be into town (only twelve miles away) for his train in the afternoon.

Friday afternoon came along and things were calm and quiet. The last of Be's name tapes were sewed on and the last of his garments packed. Then the telephone rang. There may be peaceful messages that come in on telephones, but not on our telephone. A voice this time said, "Aunt Ellen, I'm going down to the University tomorrow and want to spend the night with you." "Fine," I said. "Come on. There's always a bed and welcome for you here at Burnside, Joe." At about six o'clock Dad came in all dressed up in white tie, tails and decorations, on his way to the Maryland Club for a dinner of the Society of the Cincinnati, which was dear to his heart, and a few minutes later in came Andrew and Pam for a last night's dinner with Brother Be. Somehow or other Carrie got all mixed up with Chal and Siff and came out of the huddle with a promise to take them to the movies after supper, and nothing would do but for Be and me to go too. Before long we found ourselves eight miles away in a country town, but the movie had the good grace to be funny.

Up early Saturday morning to clear the decks - literally a desk - for the certified accountant; an ordeal for me as the figures that find themselves in my books so rarely seem to stay close to reality. At breakfast Dad said quite casually, "Good old Billy Beall came over for the dinner last night and wants to come out for the weekend. He's in town and I'll go in and bring him out a little later this morning." It was a bit surprising, but I soon recovered with "Well, if he's coming, go soon so we can take him along when we go to get the chickens." Being a city-slicker, I knew he never had had that experience.

A little later, again the telephone and there was dear, thoughtful Brian Dancy saying, "Ellen, Lord knows how many people you have around there. Can't you and Bart and Billy come up for lunch?" "Can't be done, Brian, as much as I would love to. There just aren't enough minutes to do that and to take Be to the train this afternoon."

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"Well, if you change your mind, come on. We have half a turkey." That half turkey plus Brian, plus his charming wife, kept growing more and more desirable in my mind. After a quick consultation with Dad, I called them back and asked them to come to supper with the turkey. I would add a bountiful supply of really good oysters, which had just been given to us, and which we were to pick up on the way to the train. So it was arranged.

Soon the C.P.A. and I were deep in the maze of my books, but before I had time to give him much help, Be announced that it was time to go for the chicks and at that moment in came Dad with Billy. Poor man. Before there was time for a proper welcome, he was rushed off not knowing exactly what was happening to him. That was a lovely drive; no engine trouble, no tire trouble, and the acquisition of 250 beautiful yellow, fluffy chicks all packed into their big box which Billy and Dad, being on the back seat of the car, had to carry all the way home.

The minute I was in the house I rushed to the C.P.A. who I knew was tearing his hair out, and with reason! And again the telephone rang. In a moment Dad came in to say in a subdued sort of voice that Eben, our beloved lawyer, would be here in a few minutes to get some information about taxes. It had been months since Eben had asked for anything like that, and still longer since he had asked for it suddenly, but he did that day and somehow the information was found and ready for him when he and his wife came in shortly after.

In order to hear themselves think, everybody separated into small groups all over the house, upstairs and down, and during those minutes Carrie left for a wedding and then to model in a fashion show with a party following. Soon the boys came charging in from the farm, yelling for lunch, which we had a little later in comparative quiet.

At two-thirty Be wanted to leave. He was to pick up the oysters on the way to the train. I drove him in. I wanted to be with him as long as I could and also I wanted to see poor old Andrew, who was at his apartment. He was feeling very sorry for himself. He had parted with two wisdom teeth that morning. Sitting with him was really quite restful, but it couldn't last long as Carrie didn't know when she would be home, nobody knew when Joe was coming, and the boys were on the loose. Dad and Billy had gone to Brian's for the afternoon.

As I came up to our door, I saw Carrie's car which meant that she was home. But my delight was tempered a bit when she said, "Mother dear, I've a surprise for you. There'll be a party here tonight. Marshall called and said that a bunch of boys were down from New York and he wanted to bring them here. But don't worry, the people who are coming to dinner will be gone before they come. They rarely come before ten or ten-thirty."

Well, there were things to be done. Good old Emory needed help with the supper. He had to open oysters for nine people all but one of whom went after them in a big way. While Carrie and I were scurrying around, Joe appeared. He was given as big a welcome as

always, and promptly put to work. In ~~the~~ time came Peggy and Brian with the turkey, all dressed up in the most delectable sauce. That was a good meal. Somehow that kind of a meal always is.

After dinner we had a nice, quiet, really delightful evening which broke up just before Carrie's crowd of boys appeared. I went on to bed knowing that Carrie could well take care of them, but just sheer numbers made it a noisy party and there were three telephone calls coming in between midnight and two a.m. Have never yet had an explanation. I did wish the phone rang somewhere other than in my room!

At seven a.m. Sunday morning the boys, sleeping in a room next to mine, began chirping like birds. It was an unheard of hour for either of them to chirp, but chirp they did and my eyes flew open at the unexpectedness of it. A peep out of the window showed that it was snowing - of all things. Well, no matter what the weather might be doing, we had to go to town. Dad's great niece was to be baptized at the beginning of the eleven o'clock service at Brown Memorial Church. Siff's things were packed and both boys were cleaned up and gotten ready for church. Then Bill decided to go with us and go on back to Washington. He, like many city people, was sure that a few snow flakes spelled snowbound when he was caught way out on an isolated farm. Joe created a mild sensation when he appeared at nine-thirty ready to go on down to the University.

Just what happened to Carrie for lunch is a mystery; maybe she slept through the day, but Chal had lunch with Siff and Dad and I went to Carolyn's, who had a beautiful party following the baptism for the in-laws who had come up from Richmond. Home we came quite early, hoping for some rest. We knew that Wheadon Grant was due in Baltimore from New York at five forty-five and that Dad would have to go back for him. We hadn't had time to even begin to rest when the bell rang and in came two people begging for one of our houses. Most unfortunately one roof won't stretch into two, and even an hour and a half's conversation won't work miracles!

Emory was off as usual Sunday night, and the Edgar Allan Poes were coming to supper to talk over some business with Wheadon. I was chief cook and bottle washer. Supper was not flossy! After supper Wheadon took over the conversation and never have I heard a more interesting talk on investments and geology - two subjects that can be deadly, but in the hands of an expert such as Wheadon can be, and were that night, very much alive.

The next morning Wheadon left, the workaday world was off to its regular Monday morning start and the "Quiet" weekend was over.

XII. JAMES AND EMORY

How could anybody write adequately about James and Emory? James came in 1898 when he was sixteen years old to exercise the horses and has stayed to be not only our butler, but our dearly beloved friend and counselor. Few people are born with the native wit that he has always had and few have such a heart. The combination made him indispensable through three generations. Read Sam's account of him for many of the worthwhile and comical events that have taken place through the years with James playing the central role. I must add just this bit to pay my just and true respect to the man who throughout his life has contributed more than he will ever know to the physical and mental comfort and the pleasure of us all.

And Emory. How could our overflowing household have gone on for these last thirty years without his never-failing care? I have often wished that I could number the meals that he has prepared. Because they were always good, he has contributed much to both the health and happiness not only of the family, but also to the seemingly endless procession of people whom we have had the pleasure of bringing into our home. Actually in these nearly thirty years that he has been with us, he has spent only six nights out of this house and those because his room was being changed; a record that I think can hardly be equalled, except by James. There have been comical moments of course. Emory's most constant living companion has been a canine one, Bully, and his most constant conversational companion is himself. Many are the times that we have wondered what it was all about, but rarely have we found out. One of the things that he will not put up with is being asked what kind of food is being prepared for the meals, an idiosyncrasy that most of you have discovered when he chased you out of the kitchen with a large carving knife. And then his car. The vintage is unknown but it takes him daily to the gate to wait for the afternoon papers which he distributes around the place and, on his days off, it takes him "back up home" to the house he and his sister own on the Caves Road. The only other place it goes is to Stevenson for his supply of pipe tobacco, but few automobiles give more pleasure than that one does.

We are all agreed that it has been a privilege to have had under our roof a man of such humility, integrity and honor.

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1974
A HISTORY OF THE BUILDINGS AT BURNSIDE
AS FAR AS I KNOW IT

34-153

When Burnside was bought in 1860 by my grandfather, Samuel M. Shoemaker, there were these buildings on it:

(1) A log cabin of two stories that was covered with hand-hewn shingles, a small stone dairy and (2) a small house just west of the present big house built in the late seventeen hundreds. This house was too small for grandfather's family and so the (3) big house was built, the exact date of which is unknown but probably just before the Civil War. It was a large wooden house with a Mansard roof of blue and red slate shingles on top of which was a cupola about 12' x 12' square. Beginning with this and going down to the stories as they come--in the cupola was a very large wooden box in which were costumes of every variety, hoop skirts, old slippers and high-button shoes, lovely old evening dresses, costumes made for the charades that my grandmother loved to put on, even Aunt Augusta Boylston's wedding dress, all of which we children were allowed to play with. (Most unfortunately, the greater part of that disappeared when in 1910 the Mansard roof was taken down and the present gabled roof put on.) On the front of the cupola was an arrangement which held a huge American flag, proudly displayed every 4th of July. That flag is still in good condition in 1974! The ascent and descent to the cupola was made by a winding iron stairway coming up from the third floor.

The second and third floor together had nineteen bedrooms but I don't remember the exact division. I do remember that all of the windows on the third floor were of the dormer variety and that it had only one bathroom, that the housekeeper lived there and that it was hot in the summertime! All of the bedrooms on the second floor had a basin with running water, a bell to summon maids, quite a large transom and nearly all had a small cupboard, wardrobes being the style then. There was a bathroom next to my grandmother's room and only one bath for the rest of the rooms! Maybe a huge bathtub was

supposed to make up for the lack of numbers.

About the first floor--every generation's needs are different. Father wanted his office to be in his home so while all of the mahogany doors and the three marble mantles were untouched, other changes were made. On the east side of the house and to the right of the front door was the parlor (39' x 17'). This was about 3/4 of the way to the north making a smaller parlor and a very small room as the east wall was cut back all the way to the roof making it possible to get light in the room (then a billiard room) that Father was to use as his office. The billiard table was removed and many cupboards, shelves and other office paraphernalia took the place around the walls where long cushioned seats used to be. This was again replaced in 1947 when Sam, my brother, replaced them by shelves for his library. To the north of this is a door leading to what is now the entrance hall from the porte cochere but was originally where the backstairs started and still back of this on the northeast corner of the house where a smaller office is was the summer kitchen--for many years old Hannah held sway and beginning with the first fruits of the garden she canned and canned and pickled and pickled and preserved and preserved in endless amounts so that by the time that the last harvest was in there was enough to carry through the winter four white people, ten colored people, all serving the family and an entirely unknown number of family and friends.

To the west side of the house on the left of the front door was the room that is now there (incidentally it was where the stage was erected for the charades that my grandmother enjoyed so much). Back of that was the dining-room as it is now only then it had a curious kind of partition with a huge central opening so that the dining table could extend seemingly endlessly. Just behind one side of the partition was a large water cooler, the water from which we children thoroughly enjoyed. (Sometimes the elders may have found it empty.) About eight feet beyond the partition was the regular wall which partitioned off the large room where the white employees had their meals and it was also

the butler's pantry with many cupboards with shelves all of which seemed to be full of a vast amount of various kinds of crockery. On the northwest corner of the house was the large kitchen with its very large steel range which gave off terrific heat during the summers which was when the house was occupied. The front of the house and part way down both sides was the same wide porch which was a part of the original house only there it was made of wood but was replaced with concrete when the other alterations were made in 1909 as was the stucco all over the house. The slate terrace, granite steps and big iron urns are as they have always been. The rocking chairs on the porch have been there for not less than seventy years. They are products of the surrounding country of Bedfore, Pa. and were brought from there by a man driving a wagon and mule. Some were used at the cottage but all have been at the big house since 1910.

(4) On the north side of the house and separated by a narrow cobblestone road was a square building used to house the laundry and sleeping quarters of the colored people except for the two colored coachmen who were housed in the carriage house but fed in the big house.

In 1908 or 1910 this house was put on rollers, rolled down the road to the north of it, down to the stream, across that and up that little valley to where it now stands and it is big enough to house two families--one rather large!

Before leaving the tale of the big house, both the heating and lighting arrangements should be told. In it were two large hot air furnaces--totally inadequate to heat such a large wooden, uninsulated house so every room had a fire place and in 1908 when my grandmother's house was not opened she and my family spent the winter, a very cold one, there and Ed Laramore (one of the employees) came early every morning silently into the bedrooms to stoke up the fires and then to keep all 23 of these going all day and all evening. But oh! what glorious coasting and sleighing there was that winter! Sleds, toboggans, one one-horse sleigh, one two-horse sleigh and the four-in-hand sleigh--everything that would move on runners. The lighting when the house was built was the same

as all others--lamps and candles but when acetylene gas came on the market, that was installed. The requirements were that the gas be stored in a building separated from the house in which it was used and so (5) a building 24' x 24' was erected over a deep hole then used as an ice house! No less! Low ceilings could be used for the gas but upstairs was to be used for the storing of the many trunks used by the travel-loving family so those ceilings are much higher and still are and even with the lovely addition put on by Helen Shoemaker for her daughter and her family, it is still called by its long ago given name of the Trunk House.

The Trunk House was first converted into living quarters for Seymour, our longtime coachman and afterward chauffeur, when automobiles took the place of carriages, around 1909. Not many years after Father's death in 1933, Seymour was unable to drive and the house stood empty until the 2nd World War came and houses were badly needed and it had another small renovation and became the 2nd house to be rented. In 1972, the old stone dairy which stood just 3' from the Trunk House was converted and is now used as a library.

(6) If only there was a record of the little stone dairy that was on the place when it was bought! We think the cooling water came from a spring--but where was the spring? Anyway, it was used as a dairy as long as old man Dorsey lived and only given up when electricity came and refrigeration was available. It stood empty until Court and Sally shoemaker Robinson made it into a study for Court in 1973.

(7) If only there was a record of the Log Cabin! All we know is that it was on the place when it was bought and stood empty until the herdsman's house was added to on the east side and then occasionally used for extra rooms for the employees. In 1936 when Andrew and Pam needed a house, I put it in order for them and a lovely little house that was. Unfortunately the man who put in the heating arrangement failed to put in proper insulation in going through the heavy logs and one evening, after they had moved in all of their things, it caught fire and was only put out after five fire engines arrived, many, many people as

spectators of varying sorts and lots of water and smoke damage to their possessions. However, we were most fortunate that it was put out as it was totally surrounded by huge trees and if they had caught, there would have been little hope of saving the Big House. My mother's immediate decision was that the building had to be moved--she didn't care where. The result was that we did move it to where it is now, but in doing it we had to have the east wall which is as it was then--an intricate part of the Dandridge House. Also it had to be turned around to get the living room on the proper side of the house and accounts for the dormer windows facing the north instead of the south as they should. One curious thing happened--where to get the water supply was a bit of a problem and it had to have a cellar for the furnace. While the cellar was being dug, a pipe appeared running diagonally about 8" from the southwest corner and the water came gushing out. That was a mystery until it was remembered that several years before there was a chicken yard on the hill northwest of it and which was cut off, but the pipe was left and today the water still supplies the house from that same pipe. The first addition to the house was a porch on the north side, afterward made into a room. Then a garage was wanted and a corrugated metal one was found and moved down from somewhere in the woods to the north (the history of that is unknown) and then some occupants of the house wanted a bedroom where the garage was and then that was built. That room and other additions have done nothing to the quaintness of the cabin but they have made it a more comfortable abode.

(8) The house to the northeast of the big house was built for the herdsman and his wife who was affectionately called "Mam Dorsey", who for well over 40 years produced in the little stone dairy the most delectable butter and cream ever tasted. It was to this house that we came to broil the steak and whatever else was bought for lunch when Father, in a horse drawn vehicle came to make his frequent trips to Burnside from our town house which we occupied during the winters until 1908. After the advent of producing milk for the Walker Gordan laboratories and even cows and horns had to be scrubbed and scoured, old Man Dorsey

found it hard to cope with and so they retired to a little house in Stevenson which they had long ago bought for their old age. At the same time Father had become interested in producing the best corn for silage that could be had and so a man was found who was willing to learn (and learn he did!) and he with his family lived in it as the farm foreman until after Father's death. After that came first one and then another superintendents--neither too successful and after them the cry came loud and clear that houses were badly needed as the 2nd World War had started and the Armed Forces were bringing many men and their families to the east coast. It was then that this house became the 3rd house to be rented. Several people rented it and then came the Dandridges--what would life have been here without the Dandridges! How welcome they have been and what a delight it has been to have them all of these 27 years and hopefully for many more.

(9) To the east and across the stream on a quite sharp little hill, is a twenty-four by twenty-four foot building that started life as a lowly garden tool and winter vegetable house but time brings many changes and when our gardener died and we wanted his widow to have a house it was converted into a wee little house for "Missmiff" (Mrs. Smith) who lived there for many years. After she no longer had any use for it, it continued on as another rented house. To the south of that and at the end of the large vegetable gardens is a building (10) that started life as a bowling alley which accounts for its rather peculiar shape. Many years ago it was turned into a gardener's house which it has been ever since.

Between the bowling alley and the Big House (well removed from both) was a large covered hexagonal summer house with lattice walls which had to be taken down sometime in the forties as it was about to collapse. (Would that it was still there and could talk as it witnessed many courtships in the early days of Burnside.) (11)

To the east of the Big House is another large summer house built over a cellar which was used as an ice house until electricity came in and all of the needed ice was made in the one-of-a-kind ice making machine in the stone dairy. (12)

In this summer house the courtships took place just as they did in the other one.

(13) Immediately to the east of the summer house was a huge conservatory (not unlike the ones in the public parks) in which were grown palms, great ferns and all of the plantings of the victorian age such as rubber trees, etc. One of my mother's stories to tell was that miniature peach trees were grown in large pots in the conservatory and that when the peaches were ripe, the potted trees were put on rollers, rolled around the diningroom table and each guest chose his own peach! The conservatory was torn down prior to 1884 so it had a short life, but the north foundation still stands as the wall behind a flower garden.

(14) Connected to the conservatory were three large greenhouses and what beautiful things they were. The flowers and plants were grown for my grandmother's pleasure and all through the winters when she was living in Baltimore, they were sent to her. But her special delight was to have enough grown to decorate both Emanuel Church in Baltimore and St. Thomas' Church, Garrison Forest, at Easter. This was done by Father with the help of two or three greenhouse men and one young daughter who gave little assistance but thoroughly enjoyed it. There were two really beautiful things at Emanuel. One was the great mass of Easter lillies making a fourteen by eight foot cross, erected high above the altar. The other was the literally hundreds of lillies of the valley on the sloping windowsill under the Eccleston window. After my grandmother's death in 1907, the greenhouses went along in a sort of half-hearted fashion until Father's death in 1933 when they were continued as a business. We had an especially fine grower and a lot of the designing and business was fun, but some was plain, hard work, especially at holidays such as Christmas and Easter and more particularly the Batchelor's Cotillion when orders came rolling in for bouquets and added designers were needed. This continued until World War II broke. At that time were needed new glass, a new furnace and other replacements, none of which were procurable and so it seemed best to take them down.

(15) Again to the east and beside the entrance from Park Heights Avenue, a house was built for the head gardener. This was built in the late 1890's and was lived in by a gardener until Bart Jr. was married and at that time a den was added. He and his family lived in it until 1948 when he and his family moved to Virginia and another house became rented.

(16) The house, known as the cottage, directly north of the Big House was once a tenant house probably built at about the time of the Big House as, at that time, nearly all tenant houses were near the main dwelling. It consisted of a full basement; above it two rooms on all three floors with a stairway running between them, starting at the front door which was then on the east side of the house. When Father was married in 1884 another full cellar and two more rooms on each of the three floors was added. On the second floor, one of the rooms was divided and made into two baths and another bath was put on the third floor. Just a few years after that still another full basement was added and again two rooms on the first and second floor, but none on the third. At this time the kitchen was brought up from the basement to one of the first floor rooms and the other was divided between the butler's room and a cold pantry. On the second floor another bath was added on the southwest corner. Miraculously the whole thing became an extraordinarily well coordinated structure. In 1939 I rearranged the whole of the first floor only, taking down two walls and adding two partitions. The major wall was the south wall of the kitchen, eliminating the stairs to the back door, boarding over that space and thereby making it into the livingroom that it is today. The minor was taking down the partition between the butler's room and the cold pantry, making it into either a den or bedroom whichever was needed. When it became a bedroom, a bath was needed so a partition was put across the room to the east of it, making it into a bathroom and also a room for faithful Emory. By cutting a door, the washroom was made available to that room, it having formerly opened into the northeast room which was then closed off. The front door opening on the east side was closed off and the hallway made

into a butler's pantry. The small porch was put on the southwest corner to balance the bay window on the southeast corner of the house and the front door was put between the two, opening into the center room.

What a winter that was, with a family of five, a trained nurse for Chal, then four years old, Emory and carpenters, electricians and plumbers all over the place. When the years went by and distances in the large kitchen and pantry became difficult for Emory, the wall and fireplace between the hall and the kitchen (the northeast room) were taken down and made into a room and the small kitchen that it now is. (The greatest rearranging mistake in the house!) However, it has been an extraordinarily comfortable house and sheltered a great many people.

A word about some of the happenings here. It was in the present diningroom and at the same table that is there now, many of the ideas of cleaning up the then milk supply were discussed and had far-reaching effects. The youngest daughter, Carrie, was the only child born in this house but all six and then our grandson, Chal, grew up in it. Our oldest daughter, Tieta, became a collector of people and so it was in the Sunday afternoons of 1927 and 1928, the house and surroundings rang with the happy voices of teenagers. The whole family enjoyed it and the teenagers must have enjoyed it too or they would not have returned so often! The years go flying by and much too quickly; the children grew up and married and had their own lives to lead and at eighty-eight I am living alone with memories. Some of great sorrows and many of great happinesses, but always with great appreciation of the glorious surroundings with which I have had all through my many years.

(17) Some time in 1860+, north of the cottage and west of the farm yard, up on a lonely hill surrounded by great oak trees, a house was built for my grandmother's coachman (Old Chris), a fine old German who drove her for many years in one or the other of her two glass carriages. After his death, the house was occupied by one of the foremen on the place and so it remained until it joined the ranks of "rented houses". One comical episode in connection with it--the inside

of all of the tenant houses were always whitewashed, presumably as a cleansing agent. When the first renting tenant moved in he wanted to paper it. He was told that the lime in the whitewash would eat through any glue but, no, he must paper it and so he did. In a very short time he reported that he thought he was living through a bombardment when the whole thing from attic to the first floor came crashing down to a huge and crumpled pile!

(18) Some time during the eighteen seventies or early eighties when the daughters were married, Grandfather built a house for each of them, but while the first bride was waiting for her house, he built a smaller one which apparently was lived in by each of them as they married and it became known as the Honeymoon House. Years later when they were all married and gone, the Walker-Gordan Laboratories came into being and more employees were needed to take care of the growing herd, and the bottling plant, and the house became a boarding house for the single men. This arrangement held until 1945 when he decided to close down the dairy, as by that time labor was very difficult to get and very expensive and it seemed wiser to dispose of the herd. That meant that the house was empty and it stayed that way until one fine day while sitting quietly on the porch, Mrs. Edward Parke (wife of the then head of the children's department at the Johns Hopkins Hospital) appeared and announced, in no uncertain terms, that she wanted what was then still known as the Boarding House for their friends--a great family. I answered in equally certain terms that I had no idea of renting it--that it had not been occupied for years and was in frightful shape; cobwebs hanging from the ceiling, the furnace out of order--everything out of order. It fazed her not at all and she left saying that she would bring the gentleman to see me. In short order she returned bringing that dear and wonderful Dr. Barry Wood. He hadn't been here five minutes before I knew that he was going to have that house no matter what had to be done to it. Much had to be done and it was scarcely habitable when they returned from their summer vacation and moved into it and became some of our most cherished friends.

(19) Just to the north of "the Cottage" is the barn yard, separated from it by a long and high wall so that the yard could be levelled and paved with cobble stones. Here was built the first cow barn on the place. It held 20 cows and had storage space above for hay and other feed. In 1956 or 1957 it was struck by lightning and burned, but the west wall still supports the graded road leading to the house on the hill.

(20) On the east side stood a huge stable, one hundred and thirty by thirty feet which stabled two six-mule teams (magnificent creatures, none under sixteen hands and always beautifully groomed), an extra mule or two in case one should be lame and a horse and cart whose function it was to pick up trash of any variety all over Burnside. In it were also the harnesses and small farm equipment. Most exciting to us children was a wonderful old contraption known as "The Ark". It was built like a stagecoach with seats inside facing each other and a high seat outside for the coachman and it was slung on leather straps instead of springs. It must have been frightfully uncomfortable! However, that was the conveyance that took Grandfather's household to and from the Green Spring Valley Train. That great loft held a vast amount of both hay and other feed and the very day that the men had unloaded a whole carload of hominy chop at the siding at Eccleston Station, and stored it at the barn, the barn caught on fire from a defective electric wire (about 1919) and the entire thing burned down with the hominy chop smoldering for nearly two weeks. All of the mules were saved and some harness and implements, but the horse did that curious thing that horses are prone to do. In spite of anything that the men could do, he rushed back into the barn and was lost. The barn was replaced in about the same dimensions, using timbers cut in the Burnside woods. By about 1947 mechanical machinery had replaced horse and mule power, making such a barn unnecessary. Beside this the heavy weight of the feed in the loft had taken its toll of the rafters and it was replaced by the small building that is there now.

(21) At the south end of the barnyard, extending from one end to the other of the stone retainer wall, was a shed where were kept the larger pieces of farm machinery and of which there was a great abundance of every variety.

(22) The fourth building in the barnyard was a corn crib, running south from the small cow barn and opposite the big barn. It was wide enough and long enough to make a storage place for the two big farm wagons--one behind the other. On either side of this space was a building about eight feet wide, twenty-four feet long and fifteen to eighteen feet high, supporting the roof and more storage space over the wagons. The sides of the cribs were built to give proper ventilation to the large amount of dried corn on the cob all grown on Burnside. After the herd was gone in 1945 and feed was no longer needed, that building was also torn down--the brick supporting pillars were put on sleds and taken to the Park Heights Avenue entrance to Burnside where they now serve as gate posts. It is rather remarkable that they are still intact as they are well over a hundred years old. (23)

(24) At the top of the hill to the east of the barnyard stood the carriage stable consisting of two buildings each forty by sixty feet, one several feet behind the other, but joined together and in the right angles formed by this arrangement was a small room used as a tack room. In one of these buildings, carriages were kept and also were the straight stalls for some of the horses. The rest were stabled in the box stalls in the annex building. In the tack room all of the harnesses and saddles were kept in glass doored cupboards, polished and beautifully kept. In another corner of the carriage house was a concrete floor, running water, sponges, big chamois skins, soap, etc. for washing the carriages as they came in. In the storage space were the carriages in which were kept my grandmother's two glass carriages, my mother's carriage for a pair of horses and her four-wheeled cart for one horse, my father's buggy, a high two-wheeled cart and the Tally-ho. How they were all fitted in seems quite remarkable, but somehow they were all housed. The only remaining things are the Tally-ho (given to

Murray Sullivan, a cousin) and a huge round wall clock which belongs to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Shoemaker Johnston. Under the roof of all of this were the rooms for the grooms and storage space for grain and hay. In one of the rooms was a large zinc-lined chest in which were kept the coachmen's winter livery (the livery overcoats and top hat are at the Maryland Historical Society) and the lap robes. Some of these were made of a material that looked like heavy velvet and were beautifully lined and then there were three or four black bear lap robes and two made of buffalo skins, also well lined. How good they all felt on cold snowy, blowy days when we had hot bricks wrapped in newspapers at our feet and those fur robes wrapped around us. They were especially good when we were in the four-in-hand sleigh with the horses prancing along and the sleighbells jingling!

(25) To the east and across the road from the carriage stable, was a log building about twenty-four by twelve feet with a partition across the center. What it was built for is unknown but I have known it to be used to house different kinds of animals including Sam shoemaker's two donkeys, Miss Lavinia and Charlie Kick-up, calves, colts, etc.

(26) A little square building, standing between the carriage and log stables, had a pointed roof with a little cupola and finial on top. It was always painted gray to match the main stable and had white trim including the finial. This was built to house Uncle Ned Shoemaker's four-in-hand of goats and as the generations came along, it was used for their goats as well. Its last use was to house a milk goat to provide milk for some doctor's baby who was unable to digest cows' milk.

(27) Now come the barns. All very large and the best that could be built. The first and largest was built during the eighteen sixties--it held 36 cows (18 on each side). Also windows down each side. It had a hip roof covering a hay loft and a sort of dormer door (not window) on either side providing access for the grain and hay to be stored there. Then there was another milking barn to the northeast of the first one (28), providing stalls for 36 cows. To the north of that was a smaller barn (29) for the calving cows, ailing cows and young calves.

There were also stalls for bulls. (30) At right angles to these barns was a smaller one housing heiffers and in some way partitioned off were the hogs. (This one was torn down before the dairy business started.) All of these were built prior to 1880 and probably much earlier than that. In line with this building was a line of four tile, two-stack silos--date unknown. (31). (32) Two more cow barns were built on this same flat hilltop and east of the older barns. The first was built in 1905, holding 36 cows and the second in 1906 for 48 cows. (33) There was also specially constructed two small stables west of the stone dairy in which were stabled the particularly fine bulls; one being named Ne Plus Ultra! (34) At about this time (1906) two more silos were built. These were immense structures of red, glazed tile so that the combined held vast quantities of corn and soybean silage all grown on Burnside. Those were busy days when the corn was ripe and it was cut and hauled by the two six-mule teams from the fields up to the silos where it was chopped, blown up into the silos and there fell into the silos where it was mixed with molasses to become proper silage. There were always a varying number in the herd (cows, bulls and calves) the largest known being about two hundred and twenty-five. That number took a great deal of provender and it is unlikely that any animal ever went hungry on Burnside! In 1938 a barrack was built to the north of these buildings but was used for only a short time.

After the herd was gone in 1945, the large question arose as to what to do with all of these many and large buildings. Many consultations were held with many people. Every structure was too big, too close together and all except the two tile silos and the last barn built were of frame construction and all much too costly from the tax standpoint. So, with heavy hearts, all were demolished except the last barn built in 1906 which is now a school. It was first converted into a house in '47 or '48 and all of the lumber needed came from the first barn built, and beautiful old lumber it was. The total of this, including the rehabilitation of the houses, took nearly three years--three men regularly, sometimes four--quite an operation!

(35) The second dairy built on Burnside was a curious contraption built as I remember it as sort of a trial balloon in 1904 when Father first became interested in producing clean milk. It stood between the Trunk House and the Dandridge's (named long afterwards when the Dandridges came), as it was considered wise to have the cow barns and the dairy well separated. The milk was conveyed from the barns all the way down to it by two bullocks--a long and slow process. It was demolished when the Stone Dairy was finished and in use in 1906.

(36) The Stone Dairy was an extraordinary structure. It had to hold everything needed to produce clean milk. It had to hold everything that touched the milk in totally clean condition, such as sterilizers, boilers to produce the steam for them, ice (all made at the dairy) to get and keep the milk cold, the way to get the milk from the barns to the dairy and the proper distribution of it. Needless to say, this took many levels and many divisions of inside space--every partition of concrete or stone masonry and the outside and small inside walls being made of 13" masonry and the floors, ceilings and roof of concrete. An amazing piece of architecture, to encase all of this in a building 33' x 73' with only one small overhang over the present side door. This overhang was where the little trollies came from the barns with their load of 4 buckets of milk on a monorail with electric wires overhead. This journey was made very sedately so as not to churn the milk, but in time to have the milk go over the ice water filled coolers and be cold in five minutes, a necessary procedure to keep down bacteria. One great difficulty in this building was that many of the utensils needed were not in existence at that time and were the product of Father's imagination carried out and made by the employees on the place.

After the bottling stopped in 1942 and the milk was shipped in five-gallon cans, the building was no longer in use. Again the question of what to do--again many consultations nearly all resulting in the opinion that in no way could it be converted into a house. That is a very good incentive to do something and so it was,

and so it stands today, divided into two quite lovely and liveable apartments.

Many houses were needed for the various employees; some so that they could have an oversight of the animals in the pastures. One (37) built before 1880 was in the ice pond field to the west of the main part of the place; another (38) of the same vintage at the foot of the Baetjer place on the Valley Road; another (39) on Park Heights Avenue, housing two families, when the road was constructed in 1904; (40) two more on Park Heights Avenue nearer the barns in about 1925 and four more in the woods to the north of Burnside, making, in all, sixteen houses--two for two-families. Some of the households had an extra man or two living with them and there were quarters in the carriage stable for two or three of the grooms. The single men had their meals in what was originally the Honey-moon house, then became the Boarding House and now is one of the rented houses.

(41) In the valley fields were two barracks, one to the west near the border of Burnside and Chattolane and the other down toward Park Heights Avenue. The housing over the water pumps was also there.

There were three shops as all of these buildings required constant attention. (42) One was a carpenter shop where much of the lumber used was cut in the Burnside woods. The second (43) was a blacksmith shop where all of the metal work, including shoeing the horses and mules, was done. These two originally were over the hill to the west, but when fire destroyed them, new shops were built on the hill to the northwest of the farmyard. When the Stone Dairy was built, the plumber shop (44) was placed as a sort of adjunct to that and the function of the plumber was not only the care of the plumbing in all of the buildings on the place, but also the water supply itself. No small job for two carpenters, one blacksmith and one plumber (who happened to be a Tinner as well!)

There are the remains of a small stone building (45) near the stream on the west of the place. What it was used for has always been a mystery and, unfortunately, it still is. Wouldn't it be fun to know?

Because there are fifty-two buildings shown on the insurance plat drawn in 1907, it is obvious that some have been forgotten, but essentially this is the record of the buildings on Burnside.

Ellen W.S. Johnston

P.S. How could I have forgotten the chickens--those worthy small creatures that have given us so much. Their house was on the knoll, west of the Cottage. Their numbers, as far as I know, were never counted but enough to supply both my grandmother's house and ours with an ample supply of eggs and plenty, both of fryers and roasting chickens. How greatly I enjoyed those huge platters of fried chicken and mush being served to her varying, but often large, number of guests which she generally had for Sunday midday dinners, so how could I have forgotten those fine birds that gave us such excellent sustenance.

One more remembrance is that of a large scale set in the road between the greenhouses and the gardener's house, a necessary adjunct to a place run as this one was.

GRANDFATHER

In giving an account of Burnside, it is necessary to go back to its beginning as far as our family is concerned.

Grandfather had many interests but his genius was in transportation, and he became one of the early developers of that great industry that we know today.

This interest made Burnside possible and the reason for Burnside was that he wanted to remove his family during the summer months from the hot streets of Baltimore to a cooler country place. So between 1860 and 1862, 467 acres were acquired. At that time, there were no land developers or landscape architects and so the layout of the place was Grandfather's and it has remained largely as he did it to the present day (1972). This included the roads, the main house with its laundry and quarters attached, horse and carriage stables, farm stables, cow barns, both for the milking herd, dry stock and bulls, goat house, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, greenhouses, vegetable gardens, grape arbors, fields planned both for pasteurage and for raising feed for the animals, and last but certainly not least, the water supply for all of this.

For the early years, pipes were laid in from springs lying all over the place and a stream was dammed for an ice pond so that the six ice houses could be filled every winter. Needless to say, all of this took much labor so several houses were built to look after them. A great many of the trees that were planted during his lifetime are still standing, including one that my grandmother drove to Gettysburg following the great battle there to acquire.

Today (1972) with the exception of the greenhouses and one barn in the farm yard, all of the stables have been torn down. Again an exception and that is one cow barn that forms a part of the present Valley School situated at the northern part of the place where all of the cow barns were originally.

Even by today's humanistic standards, Grandfather was generous. It was not only of his wealth but of himself that he gave to his family, but to wherever there was need: people, church and country. Most unfortunately we have few anecdotes about him, but one or two will suffice.

One was that one of his prized horses, while being led out of the stable on any icy morning, fell and broke his leg. That meant that he had to be shot. It is easy to know how the boy felt about it, but Grandfather only put his hand on the boy's shoulder with 'Son, I am glad it was the horse and not the boy!'. Another was that Grandfather and Mr. Rutherford Hayes became friends through their interest in one of Grandfather's special interests, purebred Jersey cattle. Later on when Mr. Hayes became President, Grandfather gave him a cow. The acknowledgment that he received said that the cow was very happy grazing on the Whitehouse park and that he (the President) would be very glad to have another cow provided she would only give rum!

At any rate, we know that he was a man of many parts and a true example in this business of living.

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Father had always spent his summers at Burnside. When grandfather died in 1884, he was only twenty-three years old; it must have been a little overwhelming to suddenly find himself having to take on the responsibility of managing this large plantation for that is what it really was.

Before many years went by, he was asked to go on the Baltimore County School Board and that was the beginning of his service not only to the County but also to the State and, through that, to the country. He was always a perfectionist so he quickly decided that Baltimore County must have the best schools that could be had. His first move was to find for them Superintendent Dr. Albert Cook. After some years when Gov. Albert Ritchie asked the Carnegie Foundation to recommend the top man in the U.S., they told him that Maryland had him already in Baltimore County. Father's interest in schools never flagged until his death. In the meantime horses became of more interest to him and there was always a stableful, many good enough to show. And the purebred Jersey cows were replaced by purebred Guernseys. Then milk production here became fairly well known and when a Mr. Gordon came asking for some clean milk, he was referred to Burnside and thus began his second absorbing interest.

In the early 1900's calories had just been discovered by the great Dr. McCallum of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and nothing was known of the contents of milk or of the disease carrying qualities. Discovering these fascinated Father and many doctors, vets and bacteriologists found their way to Burnside, both to find and contribute any available knowledge. The two worst cattle diseases were Bangs Disease and Tuberculosis, both virulent across the country. Here at Burnside and at two or three other centers, research on the control of these was started. Six animals here at Burnside were inoculated with Bacillus, following which all showed the disease. All were killed here for postmortem, witnessed by many doctors and vets. The disease is incurable in cattle and so they have to be killed. This knowledge slowly spread and now no milk from infected animals can be sold in the U.S. even with pasteurization which was unknown in those days.

Then came the question of how to care for the milk from clean herds. There was no known proper equipment and that is when Father's inventive genius developed and also his consuming interest in agriculture as the animals had to have the proper food as well as the proper care which meant proper cleaning of the cows and then a means of keeping them standing after they were cleaned. So father invented Stantions now used everywhere. Then came covered milking buckets so that no dirt would fall into them during milking--then it had to be quickly cooled to keep down the growth of bacteria. Then it had to be gotten to the dairy so a trolley line was built with little cars carrying four buckets each which went immediately to the dairy, went over a cooler with ice water running inside of it--then a large supply of ice was needed. So Father's engineer, with many suggestions from Father, evolved an ice-making machine unlike any that had been made before and I am sure that none has been made since, but it produced ice 50% harder than natural ice and that was good for packing the bottled milk on its way to Baltimore for delivery. All of these things needed housing so while

they were being invented and made, a large stone and concrete dairy was built which also included the boiler rooms and sterilizing equipment for the milk bottles and cans, and also for the men's clothes.

It is needless to say that vast quantities of water were used, so a 360 foot well was dug down in the valley in one of the pasturage fields and where water was struck it spouted up to within a few inches of the surface and pumped up to over 100 gallons to the minute. Its analysis is the same as the Chattolane water, its taste is delicious and was a heavenly blue in the bathtubs. This needed pumps so two 10 foot overshot pumps were put in and these were powered by the stream running over the pumps and coming to the pumps in a 14" wooden pipe with a fall of 1-1/2" in over nine hundred feet. An incredible thing that some engineers said could not be done but again an example of Father's genius. It came up through that field, under the county road and on up the side of the main stream in a 3 foot pipe to a central point where it went to wherever it was needed on the place or to the highest hill on the place (just west of us) to two 48,000 gallon reservoirs. So if there were breakage of any kind in the pumps or line, we were never without a plentiful supply of water.

As the finished product was to be totally supervised even the boxes and inside metal containers were made in the carpenter and plumbing shops here on the place. What an extraordinary operation it all was!

Just what prompted Father's interest in roads I am not quite sure, but automobiles were beginning to come into use and certainly the roads with their bumps and humps and flying dust were far from ideal both for carriages and for our wagons carrying the milk to Baltimore, so he set to work to remedy that. Two things were done. One was to find a road engineer (few available then), to set up a road commission, and to have a law governing the roads. This resulted in a law known as the Shoemaker Road Law and used for many years. The other was the gift of land from my grandmother, from the Valley Road to the Green Spring Valley Railroad bed and a gift from Mr. C. Morton Stewart for land from that point to the Cockey property and on to Pikesville for an extension of Park Heights Avenue up to the Valley Road. On the Burnside land was built the first experimental road in Maryland and on Burnside was built the first road as Father thought they should be built. The proof of the correctness of Father's building is that since it was built in approximately 1905 or 06, to 1972, it has never been resurfaced but twice and is today in perfect order.

Going back a bit--again I will never definitely know what triggered Father's interest in the University of Maryland, then an agricultural college, but my guess has been that having to have more feed for the growing herd, he felt the need of a first-class agricultural college where information could be had for the needed information and then began an absorbing interest which lasted for the rest of his life and it also coincided with growth of technology into what had always been an agricultural country. At any rate, he poured most of his energy into developing a small Land Grant Agricultural College into the University that it is today. Needless to say, this took the wisdom and interest of many people and as a Land Grant College, it required the interest and funding of the political parties. Several times the story was told

to me that the then Governor Conruthers bitterly opposed appointing Father to be the chairman of the newly appointed Board. One of them said to him, "Governor, he will give you a lot of trouble if you appoint him, but he will give you a lot more trouble if you don't". The Governor appointed him and he served in that capacity to the end of his life.

All of the foregoing seems to be more a record of Father's achievements, but actually they were the outgrowth of the needs of Burnside and contributed much to the general well-being of the place into the 111th year of its occupancy by our family.

So often I have wondered how those men of early vision must have been frustrated by so many around them. After all, in 1970, 90% of the early scientists were still living and it has only been during that time that America has turned from being a totally agricultural country to one filled with technology.

After Father's death in 1933, the following was an extract from the P.T.A. news:

"For his pioneer work on the State Roads Commission with which he had more to do than anyone else, he was known as the 'father of good roads'. His was the dominant mind behind the rejuvenation of the University of Maryland. Through his effort more than those of any other individual, dairy farming in this state was lifted from a hit or miss business to a highly scientific industry. For 32 years he served Baltimore County as a member of its Board of Education and for seventeen years of that period was Chairman of that body. As we count time he lived seventy-two years; but reckoning in terms of source, he lived far longer than that, still lives and will continue to live indefinitely".

After Father's death in 1933, Burnside came to Mother and naturally she wanted to stay here for the rest of her life. And so began the third phase of life at Burnside.

The milk business was beginning to feel the inroads of the general nationwide clean-up of milk, plus pasteurization, plus the fact that the kind of labor needed was becoming more and more difficult to get and to hold, so it was decided to ship the milk in bulk and not in bottles, and in 19 , with taxes soaring we decided to sell the outlying fields and woodland, dispose of the herd and hold only approximately 100 acres on which are the buildings with plenty of space around them. With the herd gone and less men to be housed, something had to be done with stables and the houses. Demolishing is almost as difficult as building, but in time primarily because of taxes, all six of the silos and all but one barn (a garage shed now) and one stable were torn down. That stable now forms a part of the Valley School and lies just to the north of the property.

The second World War was coming on by then and the need of houses was acute, so gradually as we found people who we would enjoy having near us, the houses were put in order and rented. The greenhouses remained, having immediately after Father's death, been made into commercial houses rather than those just for pleasure, and so they stayed until the beginning of World War II when they were in not too good physical shape and needed replacements of various kinds; all next to impossible to acquire. Added to that I was putting a great deal of time there and was interested in being more free for war work and so they were torn down. Through three generations they had given a great deal of pleasure and we hated to see them go.

As of today, the center of the place is still intact with thirty dwellings occupied by fifteen families (two of them being double houses) four lived in by members of the family and the rest rented to people who we are glad to call our friends.

BA-153





153 G.S.V.H.D.
Burnside Main House
fr. S.W.
L. Eaton 2/79
Md. Hist. Trust

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153 G.S.V.H.D.
Cottage on Burnside
fr. S.E.
L. Eaton 2/79
Md. Hist. Trust

75

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153 G.S.V.H.D.
Burnside - Old house
fr. E.
L. Eaton 2/79
Md. Hist. Trust

E

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153 G.S.V.H.D.
Overseers Cottage
Burnside fr. S.E.
L. Eaton 4/80
Md. Hist. Trust

D

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153 G.S.V.H.D. A
Bowling Alley - Burnside
fr. S.E.
L. Eaton 4/80
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153 G.S.V.H.D.
Burnside Out building
fr. S.E.
L.Eaton 2/79
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B

BA-133



BA 153 F

Burnside

Cottage

GSVHD

Valley Rd.

JTW

3-79

Md. Hist. Tr

From SE

153

L.P. 3/79

E.

BA-153



BA 153 H
Burnside
Cottage
GSVHD
Valley Rd.
JTW
3-79
Md. Hist. Tr.
from SE

Cottage
LB
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BA-153