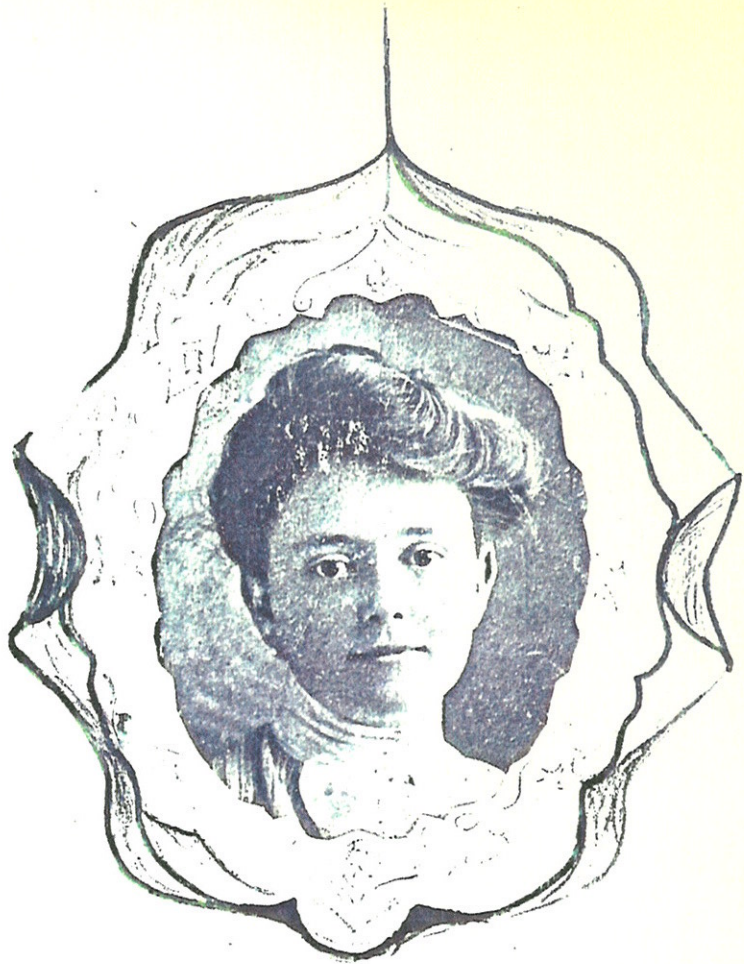


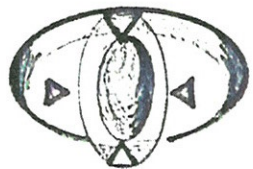
TALES  
OF THE  
LAND of the BEARDED TREES



MARGARET DOORLY FROHNE



MARGARET DOOLEY FROHNE





These stories are written for my  
my children and grandchildren.  
They are letters really, written into  
this book directly in ink and  
uncorrected, just as I remembered  
stories Mother had told me, or  
things I had seen.



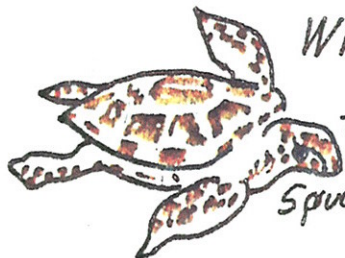
Illustrated by

Margaret Frohne & daughter Joan Abbott

- The events in this book took place during the last decade of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.
- This book was published in 1979 in San Diego

# DAVID

## A Land-of-the-Bearded-Tree Story



When some Portuguese sailors found our little island, squatted low in the Caribbean Sea, in the year 1536, they also found quite rightly the name for it. They called it after the things that most surprised them: "Barbados" the land of the bearded trees!

One of these huge fig trees grew in our driveway, shading our front door.

There was no seat in our house so much in demand as our front door step. It was just the right height for comfort, it was of cool cement and, above one,



the thick rope-like roots hung, swaying in the breeze from the branches of our bearded tree.

On school mornings, all through the years of my childhood, our Mother sat on these steps surrounded by three or four of her younger sons, 'hearing them' their spelling, Latin



conjugations, multiplication tables,  
the book in one hand, and a small but

effective, tamarind switch in the other. She made sure that no child of hers went off to school with unprepared lessons.



In the living room our Father would already be giving his first music lesson. All day long pupils came for singing, violin, flute or piano lessons. All ages they were, of all classes, and some of his favorites had even a lick-of-the-tar-brush.

During vacations and on Saturdays my brothers made an early get-away to play cricket, bathe in the sea or just to hunt around, boy-fashion, for any little excitement they could find.

But I, the youngest of ten and the only girl, had to stay at home. No boredom can equal that experienced by a child who must play alone and yet there was a daily chore I dreaded even more



than having nothing to do. It was watching my mothers' birds while they had a sunning outdoors. I hid, I dodged, I shammed

sudden and awful pains, but in spite of that I almost always

got nailed, my brothers already  
safely away, to sit on our doorstep  
for a long morning hour, dreadingly  
watching those miserable birds, lest a  
cat or dog scare them while they  
bathed in their oval white china tub,  
and shook themselves dry and bathed  
again and sang and sang!

An hour a day, every day, all  
vacation and every vacation,  
and only on one day can I  
remember being rewarded.

A wonderful thing happened  
there, while I watched the birds,  
and assuredly I had a front  
seat for a perfect drama.





Also I never again had, was obliged to do this hated task. A substitute, willing indeed, was always ready.

On this particular morning a colored servant was helping mother bring the cages out, remove the trays, feeding glasses, and to slip the baths under, on the grass.



A scrap of lettuce and hard boiled egg was stuck between the bars of each cage, though the mocking bird demanded and got, fresh banana.

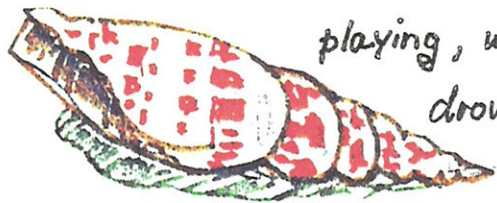
So many canaries and  
gold-finches, waxwings and love  
birds! That was the trouble with  
Mother. She was a collector.



Old china everywhere and  
still wanting more! Stamps. Who else  
had a cut-in-half Barbadian, perfect,  
with its entire envelope and postmark?  
Nobody. Books and books of stamps,  
boxes and sheets of "exchanges."

And children! Largest family on the  
Island and yet I had heard her say,  
only a few days before, that she would  
like just one more son! . . .

This day was a hot one, and the only  
sounds, the birds singing and a pupil



playing, were lullabies to my  
drowsy thoughts. I was  
a healthy little girl,  
rather too plump for beauty, and with a  
great mop of curly red hair, which  
I now rested against the door jamb  
and so slept.

The silence was split by a street  
cry, a cross it was between a wail  
and a shriek and a bit of grand opera:

Your sweet potatoes are passing!

Your tannie edos, your yams

In a twinkling the place was alive with  
horrified excitement - no hospital insist-  
ing on "Silence" more strictly than the  
rule in our house, where music was supreme.

My mother appeared in the doorway,  
one finger to her lips, in warning.

And our little negro cock, Georgie, came  
running from the

Service entrance.

Approaching was  
a huckstress, accompanied

by a negro boy,

both smiling

broadly.

Now it happened

that the little

negrow woman

who had sold us

vegetables for

many, many years



- as long as I, aged seven, could remember - had, a few weeks before collapsed of a heart attack under her heavy load of merchandize. She was dead. We had loved her very much - a gentle little lady who never tried

to sell us chickens weighted with bits of bread stuck under their feathers as was the practice. Her fruit was fresh and inviting. Mangoes, bananas, stem apples, good small golden plums. Soppodillas



grapefruit, oranges, and sometimes the most wonderful of fruit - shaddock -

a super grapefruit, deep pink inside.

Her vegetables included sweet potatoes,

yams, edoes, great round breadfruit

(the trees were brought to the West Indies by the Bounty from Pitcairn Island)

plantains, which are like coarse, green

bananas, but bake deliciously, and

bonavis beans, peas and so forth. A

couple of fowls, their

legs tied together,

peeped over the edge of the

tray, perched on top of

A terrific load!




Between her head (swathed in a clean white cotton kerchief) and the tray, there was a heavy coil of rather soiled padding on which the tray rested. Her shirt was held up by a short rope tied below the waist. Her arms rested on her hips in a kimbo style.

The tall, slender, old colored woman accompanied by the boy with the ingratiating grin, had evidently taken over our former hocksters' route and was bidding for our trade.

Georgie helped the woman "do" with the heavy tray. But there was no answering smile.  
"What-fuh you got to make all dat noise!"



Diana's smile just widened. Years later she became our gardener and we used to call her "Diana the Goddess" - her figure was so majestic. I think she must have been a descendent of that graceful tribe of Africans, the Ashanti. She now addressed herself to my mother who had seated herself next me on the doorstep.

The long and short of it was that  she was a neighbor and close friend of our former huckster, who had given her instructions that if anything happened to her, Diana was to take her little son and give him to Mrs. Dooley, who would feed and care for him



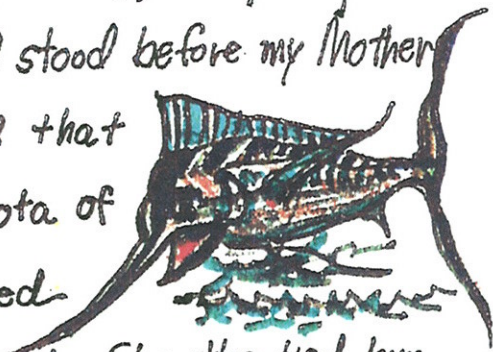
and train him to be a good house servant. And having delivered herself quite simply of this dictum she waved the small boy toward us with a final queenly gesture. "Missus," said she, "this is your boy, David."

And, equally dignified, the young negrow came and stood before my Mother

Mother explained that she had a full quota of servants and no need

no room for David. She thanked him and wished him well and asked Georgie to see they were fed after the selection of the fruit and vegetables.

I forget just how it happened - I



rather think my brother Nattie, delicate and frail, was in some way involved. Perhaps the black goat, someone called Willie Edgehill had given me, had pulled pulled Nattie around from the back of the house - something like that. Anyway David, stronger and a few years younger helped one of my brothers in some rather dramatic fashion - rather distinguishing himself for quickness and pluck - and the affair began to assume a different look of possible outcome. When Diana departed with her tray, it was considerably lighter, her stomach was full - probably with salt fish and cucu,



and David was left behind. He was now  
Mother's boy!



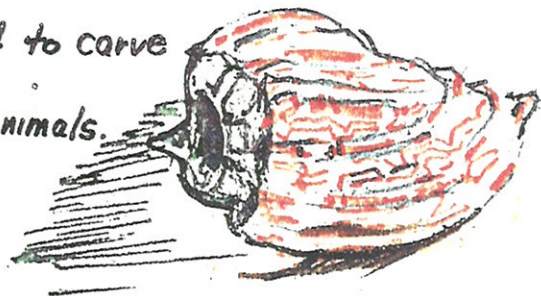
David came to us dressed in a white  
shirt and long white cotton pants.

And that is the way mother kept him for  
the next few years. No shoes, probably  
no underwear, but a clean suit over  
a clean body every day. He was about  
eleven years old and from the very  
beginning it was evident that he was  
able to hold his own with the other  
servants and with the nine white  
Young masters he had so suddenly  
acquired.

The servants helped him clear an

empty room in the unused servants' house and it soon became a thing of color and interest for the walls were bestrewn with calendars and discarded pictures. An old mat or a small rug - a bit of cretonne - home-made shelves, filled with odd things that interested him - and a mended white bedspread which he himself kept washed. He was quite gifted in an artistic way and painted large seashells with designs suggestive of Mexican art.

He liked to carve  
crude animals.  
and he



educated himself through association with my nine brothers, learning to read and write and especially to count money and change accurately. Since he earned not a penny, he began doing little extra favors - for pennies - or even for pins!



We all played a betting game, racing boats - small boat-shaped pieces of wood, which ran from our outdoor bath, in a sort of cemented trench. Where the trench crossed our driveway it was covered with a stout board - and the first boat to appear from under the board was the winner and the owner of all the pins each of us had bet.

So it was that a certain number of pins  
would fetch a penny!



Once I remember when someone gave me  
a box of Cadbury's chocolates and I  
opened the box to offer one to each  
greedy brother Harry swiftly hit the  
bottom of the box and all the candies  
leapt out, and there was a wild scramble  
on the grass - while I, howling, ran to  
mother for comfort.

Later David cornered me. "Miss  
Margaret, don' yuh let that happen again!  
Es yuh get another box - yuh take out  
what yuh want and give me the rest,  
and I will sell em to the boys - one by one  
and give yuh de money, all excep'  
one cent!"

And that's just what I did - and it worked!  
Being quite greedy I removed the entire  
top layer, which of course had the specials  
and David sold each of the bottom layer  
for 1¢ a piece to my brothers, although  
some was "on tick" and hard to collect.  
But he always collected, and he always  
brought the pennies to me.

What actual work did he do, in a  
house where there was already a cook,  
a butler, and two maids? Why, chiefly  
he waited on Mother. Her birds  
were now his job and he loved it. With  
his



he climbed on our mahogany  
chairs in the dining room and

Carefully unhooked each cage to be cleaned, after he had helped serve our breakfast, and had cleaned the steel knives we had in those days, using a long thin board dusted with bath brick. He looked rather like someone playing a bass viol! A virtuoso!



He soon learned the names of all our friends and of Father's pupils and knew the hours at which the latter were expected to come for their lessons. If one was too early



he offered a seat and produced a magazine with grave courtesy, always splurging heavily on the pupils' correct name. It was before the days of tips, so there was no ulterior motive. David was acting from morning to night, and he always played the part of the hero.

Indeed he did, for once when the boys were playing in a deep sandy cave, it began to fall in. My older brothers rushed out safely, but David, with little Nattie in his arms, got caught by the legs and had to be dug out. It might have been very serious had he run away too and left small Nattie to be smothered.



And so he grew, and was beloved by us all except, alas, by my Father. Between Father and David there was a jealous rivalry. We children were away at school most of the day but David was always there - a devoted little colored boy digging beside Mother in the garden, Making lemonade for Mother, unastid, when she looked jaded. Running errands! Fussing with her birds - why several times when he saw an escaped canary hovering over the cages of our birds sunning outdoors, he would produce an extra, old cage, bait it - open the door and place it close beside the bird it had seemed attracted by. It would hop the strange



canary and, quick as a wink, he would flip the door shut - and, lo, Mother had another bird love, and at no cost at all! Believe it or not, he caught three canaries that way - and all seemed glad to be back in a cage.

Father was the sort of musician who not only taught but played the organ at the Cathedral. He liked Bach fugues and the music E. Power Biggs liked to play. But David was a lusty young negro, with a loud whistle and a penchant for street songs. That whistling drove Father mad and David could never remember to be seen and not heard.



At eighteen he was boss of all he surveyed.

Our butler had been found another position and David, now a wage earner, saw to it that our table cloths and huge napkins were kept immaculate and flowers always arranged in a

claret-colored epergne, made to represent four large tulips.

was always our

centerpiece. Where on earth can it be now?



This

on

Georgie, our dear little cook, had married Rock, the coachman of Father's close friend, Mr. John Locke. (His son, by the way, was the W. J. Locke who wrote such novels as The Beloved Vagabond.)

Georgie took no nonsense from David


and he accepted her role as 1st  
servant, this in spite of the fact that  
Susan Knight was called our "housekeeper"  
and fancied she had a superior status  
because she made our clothes - and  
very badly, too!

People began asking Mother whether  
David wanted a well-paid job as butler  
(in as tactful a way as such an outrageous  
suggestion might be made) Mother  
talked to David about it and she  
frankly told him she would have to  
give him up before too long, as he had  
become entitled now to more of a wage  
than we could afford to pay.

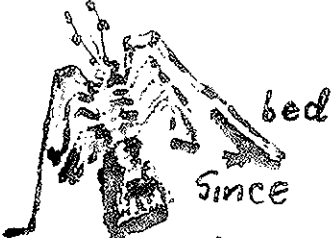


I wonder if he would ever have left her?  
What actually happened was even more tragic.

One day when Father was especially irritated by David's dumptiousness and his whistling he impulsively dismissed the young negro. Now in Barbados it is understood that in such cases, after a brief respite for all parties to recover their good temper, the servant returns penitent and is gladly received back, humbled and more devoted than ever. The master and mistress more patient.

David left the morning   
Father dismissed him, and it was a silent, miserable day! After dinner some friends came in for music, as was usual in our home. Captain Barton, the

A.D.C. to our Governor and one of our best beloved friends, brought Mother a book to read. It was Carlyle's French Revolution, which to this day I have never wanted to read.

We children went to bed before the grown-ups.  Since David always locked up the house for the night - (a matter of closing and locking some thirty shutters but leaving windows open inside for the breezes to blow through) This particular night we all just went to bed and everything was left open - for David was not there, and nobody thought of it.

Mother was awakened in the

night and, feeling unhappy about David, could not go back to sleep. So she lit a kerosine lamp and went into the dining room. The table was covered with a lovely old Paisley shawl, the epergne of flowers in the center. She then went back to her bedroom to get the book and her glasses.

As she returned to the dining room, the Paisley shawl and was raised from under the table there emerged a perfectly natted lightly colored man, his body shining as if it were varnished!



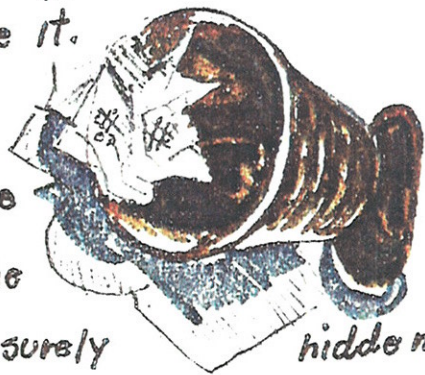


He ran quickly to the kitchen-way and disappeared.

Terrified, Mother wakened Father and in no time we were all awake, phoning for the police, looking to see what was missing, and finding our dog dugged outside.

Our silver (which was, after all, only plate) was also outside and a silver bell with a sheet of scratch paper, on which Nattie & I had played tic-tac-toe earlier in the evening, wrapped around the bell's tongue to silence it.

Under our bed there was a large oily spot and the police said had surely



hidden there during the evening. He had probably

oiled his body so that he would be hard to catch. (This proved to be true when the thief was caught, a year later, on another job.)

Almost immediately the police had decided that our discharged butler, poor David, was guilty.

retorted

was a  
young man  
colored



My Mother  
that David

thickset  
very dark in  
and the thief

was tall and light-skinned.

"Oh, he didn't do it himself - He just put someone else up to it."

Persecution began. Mother would have no part in it and David came to her for advice. At first we thought it would blow over; but since the police failed to find

the real thief, they had to have a goat, and David admitted that he had told many of his acquaintances that he had been dismissed, which, to a house-thief, would suggest that there would be nobody on guard, once the other servants had left for their homes.

Father was well liked by the police force because he had helped their rather good band finding them a young French man as leader and giving them music, of which he imported large quantities for various musical organizations and for his pupils' use. But even Father could not clear David's good name now! Finally Mother gave



him some money and advised him to go to America and start all over again. Being of an adventurous spirit and feeling confident that he could hold his own just about anywhere, David decided to go.

Years later, long after my Father's death, we too came to America. One day my brother, Arthur, gave an order for an ice cream soda in a drug store. The colored man behind the counter stared at him and came around, and held his shoulders: —




"Mr. Arthur! he whispered hoarsely,  
"Yuh en know me? I 'se David!"



# MOTHER


## Another Land-of-the-Bearded-Tree Tale

It takes courage to attempt to tell about Mother's life. It was so chock-full! Ten children and five cancers and a crippled leg should have kept her half sick most of the time. But she was never sick!



When she was fifteen she was riding a little girl on her back. She tripped on a large square of red paving stone on the terrace and fell, but, trying to keep the child from being hurtled over her head, she threw her body back with a jerk. Her hip was broken. A doctor was called. He was a great believer in "shamming children"

who wanted to escape from attending school. He said there was absolutely nothing wrong with Mother. My grandmother was a rather rigidly good woman - the matriarchial type, with a suitable name, Christian. While Mother's meals were sent to her room, the other children were ordered not to play with her. Kate was being naughty.

One day an old uncle living in the north part of the island drove down to see his sister. "But, no", he said, "I didn't really come to see you - it's three weeks now that you tell me Kate has been shamming and I don't believe it. Hopping  around on one leg indeed!"

Something's wrong!" And he ran off to Kates room. He was a doctor and he returned mightily subdued. "My God, Christian, her hip is broken - never set - She's going to be a cripple!"

It was arranged that Mother should go to England to be examined by a great surgeon. She lived at a school in Bristol, but for a year she attended no classes. Desperately lonely, she set herself the task of learning the entire book of Psalms, and all her life it was great fun to read her the first verse of any psalm, to hear her gaily and rapidly continue to the end, with hardly ever a single mistake - a sweet



wide smile on her face and eyes shining with downright pride that she had never forgotten them. (Most of us are delighted if we can get through the 23rd!)

When her education was complete and the doctors had done all they could for her, she came home to make her debut.

"Oh, poor Mrs. Carrington - you know Kate can't dance or anything. She is a horrible cripple - one leg is six inches shorter than the other. I bet she never gets married!"

Although they were right about the six inches, Kate Carrington walked gracefully without the slightest limp. Mercifully long skirts hid the one flat boot



and its high-heeled



mate. Kate had lovely, wavy bronze hair and dimples and, even if she could not dance, the men all fell for her. She was so gay - so utterly kind - and the English climate had given her such a lovely complexion. But she never joined in the songs for poor Kate had no ear for music at all, and at that time home singing in the evening was one of the most popular pastimes, and the way the young men usually met and fell in love with their future wives. (On one occasion, when "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" was being sung, the old Christian heard one young man changing the lyrics from "Everyone who knew her felt her gentle power" to "Everyone who felt her knew her gentle power."



She called the young man aside. "Get your hat" said she crisply "and never darken these doors again!" )

Sometimes the piano was played by a young man of less distinguished family than that of the Carringtons. He was a clerk earning a very small salary - but he certainly could play! He and the tuneless Kate fell deeply in love.

Christian said NO  
Kate's spirits drooped -  
She became so thin her  
fashionable clothes no longer fitted her -  
For the young man no longer came to the  
house. Christian held out for a year and  
then gave in. For a rather amazing





thing happened. On the death of the organist of the cathedral, young Edward Dooly had been asked to act as substitute and had so pleased the congregation and the Bishop that he had been given the position. Also he had given up his job as clerk and now gave piano lessons.

Well!

He and Kate were married. The man whose life was music - and the girl who was never quite sure if she should stand up when the first bars of "God Save the Queen" was played!

They lived on Pinfold Street and in 11½ years there were: -

Edward and Kate - AND

Martin, Charley, Edward, Max, George,  
Johnnie, Harry, Arthur, Nettie + Margaret



I got back into my bed and cried and said I had a stomach ache. Susan came and told me I had to go to school, stomach ache or no. I cried louder and Mother called out from her adjoining room to Susan. "Let her stay, Susan. Just be quiet, my sweet Rose, and good. Dr. Archer is going to fix something for Mother."

And so true,  
Dr. Archer and Dr. Bowen  
arrived together.  
I heard them chatting  
with Mother and she was  
laughing. After a while I heard her  
say very slowly and laboriously:  
"Don't tell Dr. Archer, but I really



like Dr. Bowen much better than I do  
him.'

And Dr. Archer answered; "That's  
all right, old girl - Bowen doesn't cut  
you up like I do!"

This conversation  
struck me as most factless,  
since I did not understand that Mother  
was already under anesthetic.

In a week she was up and  
around and the whole business  
was forgotten. No operation, no nurse  
and no talk about cancer. Mother  
told me once, "If ever you have a little  
lump, don't wait - have it cut out  
and forget it, before it's as big as a pea!"

# GRANDMOTHER

My grand mother Christian's husband had died before the birth of their last child, and even though he left her rather well off, she was the head of a large family. And the family home, Evelches, was really what is called in Barbados a sugar "estate", with a wind mill to pump water and another to grind the sugar cane and a house for the manager. On the back edges of the place lived the tenantry in small 2-room houses and huts. These people usually worked on the place, or even as house servants.

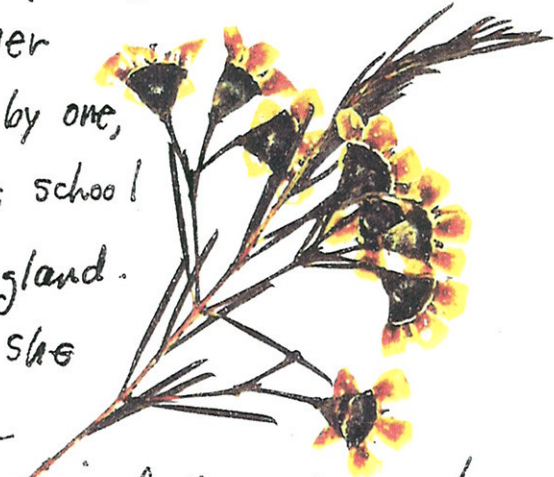


She was a great believer in education. Indeed when her first child, Richard, was three years old he already knew the alphabet and could distinguish the letters in print and spell such simple words as CAT. But the other babies came along and, by the time he was five, Richard was a normal little boy, entirely illiterate!

She sent all her daughters, one by one, to Miss Kemp's school in Bristol, England.

Of her sons, she selected two -

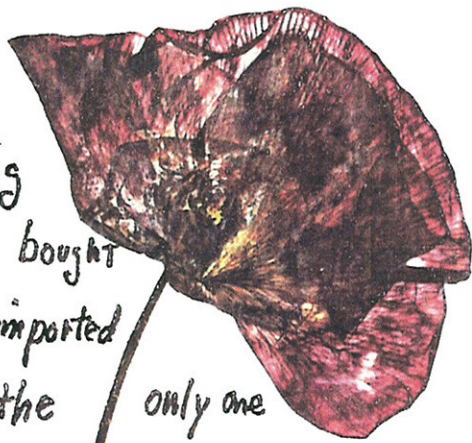
who had distinguished themselves at Codrington or Harrison Colleges, to go on to Oxford. This was an expensive





undertaking. George became a prosperous lawyer in Barbados and John was knighted by Queen Victoria when he was appointed to be Chief Justice of Hong Kong.

Christian's conscience got her into some amusing mix ups. She once bought a bonnet, freshly imported from England and the only one of its kind. When she took it out of the box, the entire family and some of the servants watched as someone discovered, under endless folds of white tissue paper, ANOTHER bonnet, an exact duplicate! This was an outrage



for she had been assured it would be unique and no other lady would have one like it! "Both go back," she insisted, "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole!"

But when she returned the two identical hats and indignantly explained the situation to the clerk, he implored her to keep them both and to say nothing. "Ma'm, he implored, "the mistake was not mine - Only one was ordered - the English exporter is to blame. But I will sorely lose my job for delivering to you two and not noticing the error. I have a large family - Oh, please, Ma'm, have mercy and say nothing!"





So Christian  
the two  
she had done  
But her  
her the  
when she  
all decked  
"Why

came home with  
bonnets, feeling  
a good deed.  
Children teased  
following Sunday  
came down  
out for church.  
my word"  
cried George,  
"the old lady  
is wearing  
the stolen  
bonnet!"

"I am not! How dare you say  
such a thing - this one is my bonnet -  
the other is in the box. I shall  
never wear it!"

But they were laughing so and having such a wonderful time that up she went and put on her old bonnet. "There," she snorted, "I shall give one away and then you will please forgive the entire matter!" She gave it to her brother's wife, who lived too far away in the country to go to town very often.

For although the island was a 21 miles long, the heat was so intense that a horse could not safely make the journey in one day.



Christian herself had once bought a handsome mare. "Drive her to Codrington,"

She ordered the coachman, "and show her to my sons." When the horse and buggy reached Codrington the man gave the animal a drink of water. In an hour the horse was dead! Christian had already made the first down payment. She had to make two more for the dead horse! But she stood by the man and would not dismiss him. "It was my own fault," she insisted grimly. "I should have known better."

She was a game old soul, after all!



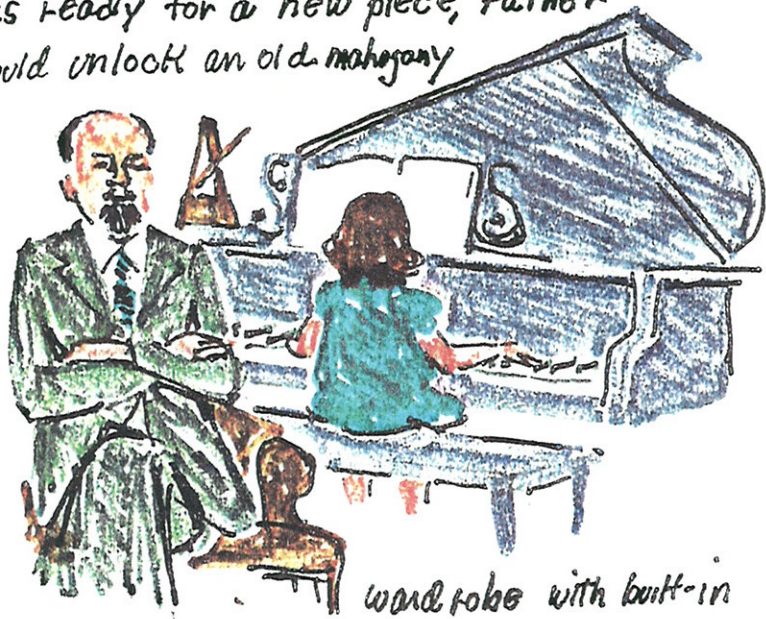
[This is a dried cotton plant leaf picked  
on the West Indian island of Montserrat]



My father came of a very musical family.

But only Wiltshire (later a Canon in the  
Episcopalian Church) and Annie had received  
musical instruction. Father had never had one  
single lesson. Later, when the old Cathedral  
organist had become interested in him  
(because every Friday evening Father came  
to watch him practice.) Some sort of  
sketchy instruction was his and the  
permission to come alone to the organ loft  
to practice! This was how it happened  
that when the older man died the  
younger was ready to take his place.

He played simply, almost dreamily and he liked slow, rather sad music. When a pupil was ready for a new piece, Father would unlock an old mahogany



wardrobe with built-in shelves and select two or three pieces from which he played excerpts, so that the pupil might himself chose the one he wished to play. Father was not a bossy sort of person. He was sensitive, and so he was very careful not to in any way hurt someone else. Never the less if he had a pupil who made

no headway he simply advised him to stop taking lessons. Sometimes this made the mothers a bit mad!

Father played the organ, the piano and, quite beautifully, the violin. Major Haynes, who was killed by being thrown by his polo pony, left him a very valuable violin, which he loved above all things.




He taught singing at two colleges. I feel I must, in all honesty, admit that it was entirely "by ear" singing, as was the excellent work done by his church choir, made up of black men and boys.

Pupils began arriving at 7 A.M. and by 5 p.m. his day's work was done,



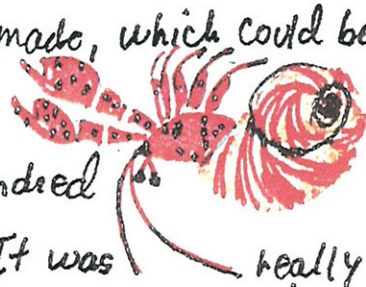
and, more than anything he wanted a drink. Indeed he probably wanted several but Mother was his bar-maid and no more were forthcoming. Then we had an early dinner prepared by little Georgie Rock and served by David and a housemaid. No one was supposed to be late for meals. For by eight o'clock musical friends, former pupils, orchestras and bands in which he was interested began to arrive by invitation.

 This was his fun. Each year he gave a pupils' concert and a comic opera.

Tickets were sold for the latter, but we always lost on them, any how.

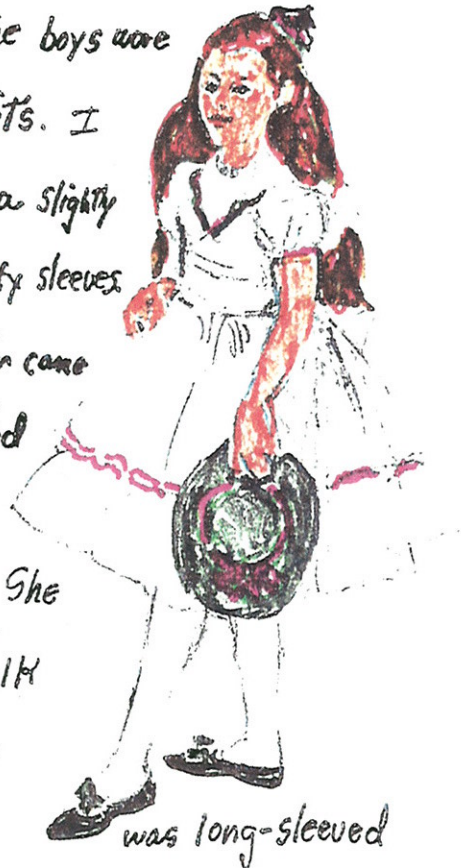
Mother thought it was the rental of a hall that made these affairs so expensive,

so she arranged with the owner of the house  
we had rented so many years that the  
wall between the large living room and  
equally large dining room should be torn down  
and lacy jaloucies made, which could be  
removed, the 3-piece  
stage set up, and a hundred  
hired seats placed. It was really  
a miracle. The verandah on either side  
could be used as an overflow and the hall  
thus formed was cool and attractive.



Lifting his two precious pianos up onto

the stage was the only critical moment. However there was a whole home-made army of young men, his own sons, to do the work. When it was done we all hurried to dress. Most of the boys wore their Sunday Eaton suits. I wore thin cottons, with a slightly low neck and short puffy sleeves. My wavy auburn hair came to my waist and was tied with a ribbon. My mother wore tussore. She always had one raw silk skirt and two tightly fitted bodices - one was long-sleeved and high-necked, the other cut low with a cotton fastener. She also had



this same outfit in black corded silk  
and these two costumes were replaced  
when they wore out. Then the tussore  
skirts were made into dresses for me  
and when I got married I went right  
down to 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. and bought the very  
best tussore I could find!



At concerts the boys seated the guests and  
set up the music stands and one was chosen  
to turn pages of music. They all looked so  
handsome and so thoroughly scrubbed, their  
patent leather low shoes shone on the stage  
and they each one knew exactly what

to do and how to do it. They were all hosts!  
David, too, was a very important personage  
on the occasions. Even when he was young  
and barefoot he was allowed to assist with  
the arriving guests, showing the coachmen where  
they could drive to and remain during the evening.

And when the Governor and his  
wife arrived he would dash  
in and find Mother, to see  
they were properly greeted.

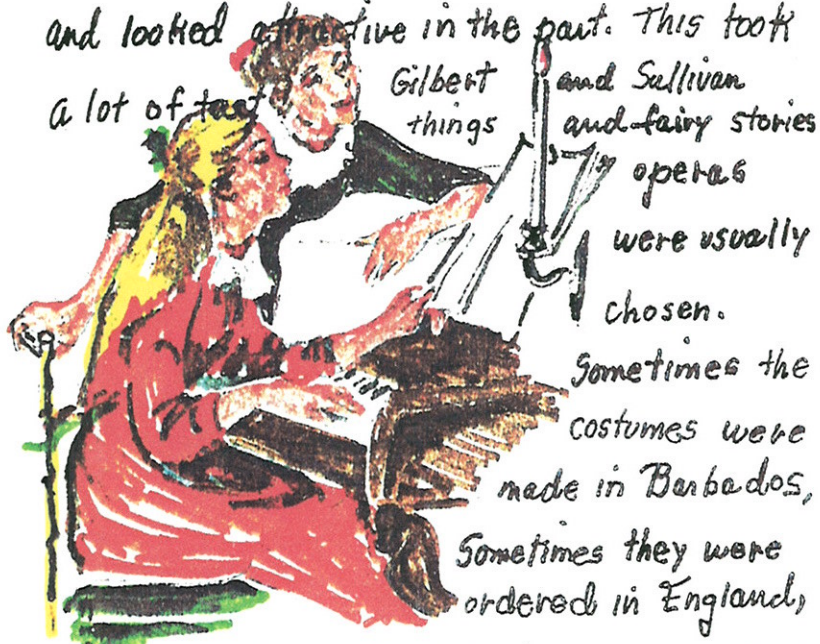


Then Father would play the  
National Anthem and

Everyone would stand as soon as Sir James  
and Lady Hay had found their seats, in  
front of which they remained standing for  
the hymn. It was all lots of fun and very gay.  
When an opera was produced it was a great

deal of work and expense, even after we had our own hall.

Sometimes grown ups took part; sometimes it was entirely for children. It required an orchestra, scenery of a simple sort, a certain wellmade costumes and a cast, selected one by one because he or she could act, sing and looked attractive in the part. This took a lot of ~~fast~~ Gilbert and Sullivan things and Sullivan and fairy stories



operas were usually chosen.

Sometimes the costumes were made in Barbados,

Sometimes they were ordered in England,

but always they cost a lot of money and so often the loveliest girls with the best voices

were not able to afford them. So, of course, Father offered to see they were furnished to such performers. Once in an opera for children when the costumes arrived from England they were simply gorgeous and encrusted with mock Jewells, set in brass and sewn on. My brother Harry was Oberon and Milly Howell was Titania. I was Tippitiwigit - a court jester - a plump little girl in orange, blue, and green cotton satin, cut in points with bells on the tips of the points and a tall pointed cap. Pointed satin shoes with more bells. And I sang a song and everybody clapped and clapped because I was Father's only little daughter and they were having a good time.



## COUSIN ANNIE

About this time a distant cousin of Mother's offered to teach Milly Archer, who was about six years old, and me, to prepare us for school next year. To Mother and Mrs. Archer it seemed a most generous offer, but Annie said that she was lonely and had little to do.

She was over forty, not what you would call a maiden-lady, but just plain old maid, for she bitterly resented never having had a proposal. She had a rather yellowish complexion and her nose was too hooked and long. But Milly and I were very happy with her. She was clever, could






draw funny little sketches, play and sing a little and write catchy little verses. And she was tremendously interested in every little thing we told her. We were flattered and were careful to remember all the juicy little items we could gather, about the goings-on or in our families, or about Father's pupils or Dr. Archer's patients.

So much is said before children and it means nothing to them. But now our ears were wide awake, for Annie so enjoyed hearing all these gossipy stories. And Millie and I were very fond of each other and Mother and Mrs. Archer delighted to know we were safe and happy.

Usually the Archer's coachman took and brought us back, but sometimes when



Father had choir practice he would walk across the street from the Cathedral to Annie's house and he and I would walk home together.  Annie was delighted when this happened. She offered Father lemonade with nutmeg grated on the top and asked his advice about his music and detained us as much as she could. And he was so impressed with her kindness to us that he even downed the awful lemonade.

On these occasions she kissed us children and displayed great affection. One the way home one afternoon I said to Father, "I wish she wouldn't slobber all over me when you come."

For some ~~minutes~~ reason he didn't say another word all the way home and he

honor came again to get me.

Something was making Father very unhappy

Mother noticed it had something to do with the

mail, which Susan always put on an old

mahogany desk in the living room, very

quietly, so as not to disturb the lesson in progress.

Mother told Susan she thought the envelopes

containing bills might be worrying him, even

though he left them unopened for Mother

to attend to. "Bring the mail to me first,

Susan. I'll take the bills out!

But he was still depressed and

irritable and even suspicious

if Mother left the house.

One day she noticed that

he had had several letters

addressed in a somewhat peculiar handwriting.




She opened the one that had just come and found that it was an anonymous letter... about her!

"Why dont you make it your business to find out where and with whom your wife spent Tuesday evening while you were at the Cathedral, practicing?"

Thinking back she could remember that she had indeed been away on Tuesday evening. Next door with old Fanny Speed!

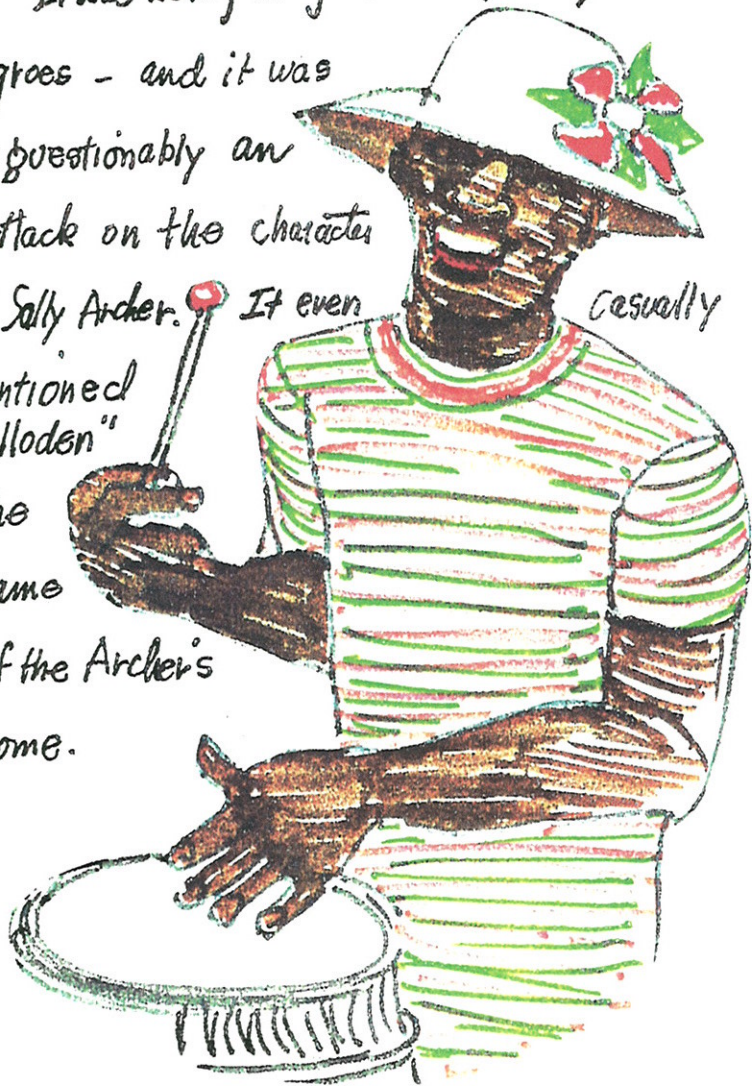
And one morning when the Archer's buggy stopped to pick me up, Mrs. Archer was there. She came in to see Mother.

"Let's go to your bedroom, Kate. I want  to show you something"

It was a cheap sheet of paper with verses written on it. "Sally in our Alley"

was the title and it was to be sung to that  
tune.

It was being sung as a calyso by the  
negroes - and it was  
unquestionably an  
attack on the character  
of Sally Archer. It even  
casually  
mentioned  
"Colloden"  
the  
name  
of the Archer's  
home.



"And that's not all, Kate!", sobbed Mrs Archer,  
Dr Archer is getting unsigned letters nearly  
every day about my 'unfaithfulness!'"

But they could not find out who was  
writing these threatening letters, until one  
day, out in her little garden, Mother saw a  
bit of paper under a hedge and she picked  
it up. "Annie's writing," she thought. But  
when she read it, it was a part of one of  
the anonymous letters!!

She went to the telephone

and called the lady who was  
tutoring Nelly and me.



so kindly

"Annie", she said, "you remember I  
told you I was getting anonymous letters?  
Well, they are written by an enemy of  
yours! The person is copying your writing!"

Milly and I soon stopped going to Annie's for instruction - for Annie announced she was going to live in England. Before she left she gave each of us a nice present. I think she needed love and a fuller life. In many ways she was a really fine woman. Anyway Milly and I loved her. But there were no more anonymous letters following Annie's departure!



# BROTHER MAX

And now a very terrible thing happened in our family.

My brother, Max, was accused of taking money from a petty cash drawer at the office where he worked as a clerk. He was only seventeen and a gentle soul.

It was a small business: Mr. Clinket, Max

and a porter. The porter was also accused. Max

said "Yes." He had sometimes

borrowed small amounts -

perhaps one pound at a

time and mostly replaced it. He said both

Mr. Clinket and the porter took cash and he

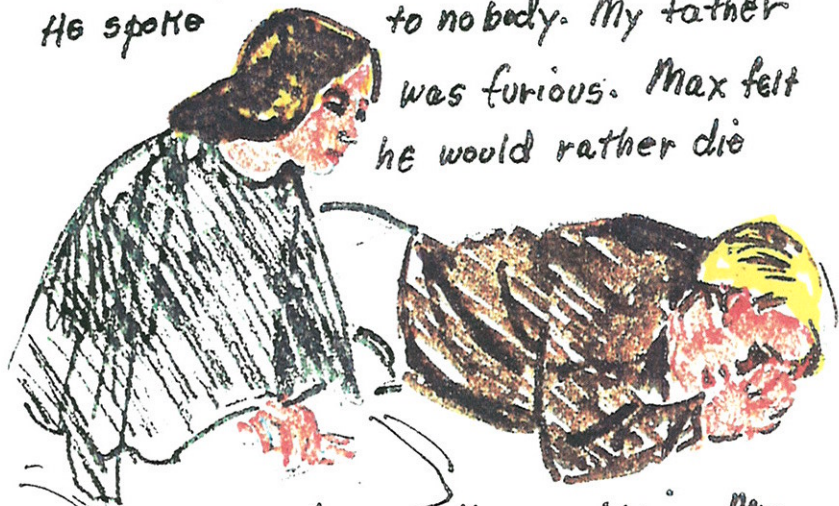
supposed they, too, mostly replaced it.





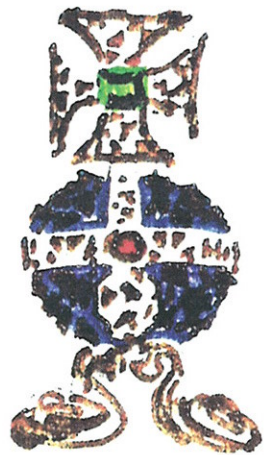
But Mr. Clinkett insisted that quite a bit of money was missing, though he could not explain how he could have kept "quite a bit" lying around in an open drawer.

Mother repaid the entire sum but Max's spirit was broken. He actually lay around, face down, in bed, on a sofa out on the grass. He spoke to nobody. My father was furious. Max felt he would rather die



than apply for another position. My father felt that it was up to Max to prove his worth and his honesty. All our happiness seemed to have vanished.

Half the family felt as Father did; the other half sympathised deeply with Max. After a month or so he left the island forever. He joined the army in England and fought in the Boer war and the World War. He wrote to Mother until she died and after that he wrote to me and left me a small sum of money, his watch and his three medals, when he, too, died. I don't think he ever knew a minute's happiness.



## the FAMILY GROWS UP

Some very happy years followed. Martin was about twenty-one now and worked in the Colonial Bank, of which John Locht was local manager. Charley was in the same bank in Trinidad and lived with our uncle, Canon Wiltshire Doorty, and his family. Edward was to be a lawyer and was with Catford's firm. Max was in England, in the army.

George was just starting to earn some money.

John, Harry, Arthur, Nattie and I were still in school. There were no public schools and education was extremely costly.



Johnnie competed and won a good scholarship.

He was rather shy and inclined to be religious.

He was tall, broad, and good looking, with deep dimples.

We were rather popular and some of us were always asked to the current parties or dances.

We knew everybody and were usually invited to

visit at the various sugar estates, during vacation.

We were far from being well off. Father earned

about sixty dollars a week - a lot for

those times - but we were such a large family

and had to have so many

servants that the money was never enough. Also music teachers are not very promptly paid. Captain

Barton happened to mention one day, to Mother, that Major Kelly (who lived in splendor at Queen's Home

and was in charge of two regiments on the island) was ordered home. "Oh dear", said Mother, "he

is greatly behind with paying for his daughter's lessons and music."

Bart's told the Governor, who had enquiries made, only to discover that the gentleman owed money right and left. He was ordered to pay all bills before he departed.



One day Mother said, in my hearing "Nobody has paid for lessons and it's the 6<sup>th</sup> of the month. I haven't a cent in the house!"

At dinner we had a fine meal and that puzzled me! Where did it come from? So I so I said so - and Father was dreadfully upset. "Is this true, Kate? And he ate no dinner at all, he was so worried. And Mother gave me an awful howling out.

Father always had 2 free pupils. One Episcopalian and one Roman Catholic, chosen because they were especially talented and not well-off enough to afford lessons. He always had a large waiting list of paying pupils and a great many requests for free lessons. People asked him to play at concerts; to write music for poems they had written; to listen to them hum a tune and to put it to music for them; to transpose music to another key, and all sorts of things of a musical nature. Band masters asked for audiences and critiques and

People putting on amateur theatricals asked for the loan of our home-made auditorium!

Mother was a whiz at fixing flowers and she was asked to make wedding bouquets and funeral wreaths and decorations for special events. and <sup>when</sup> she was asked to make a wedding bouquet

for Mrs Deighton's Silver anniversary I remember how she hung the silver cornucopias Father had made and which she had filled with her best flowers - just before the party and in her best dress.

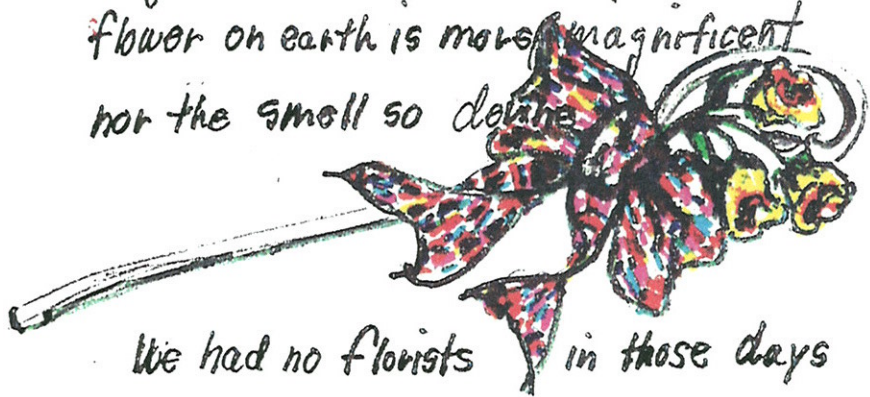


If a close friend was having an important dance or dinner she would phone Mother long ahead of time and ask for help. Mother then phoned her other friends and asked for flowers for that day. She knew just what would be in bloom in which garden!

the <sup>m</sup>old Diana, with an enormous basket on her head, would collect the flowers on that morning and mother would go to

to the friend's house and arrange the flowers.  
for that day.

For a dinner she especially liked to  
secure a few night blooming cereus.  
Entirely unopened she placed them in  
a low bowl in the center of the table -  
and a half hour before dinner time, as  
it grew dark, they would open up! No  
flower on earth is more magnificent  
nor the smell so divine.



We had no florists in those days  
and she really trained many of her  
friends to make wreaths and crosses  
of great beauty. For funerals we used  
only white flowers in those days.

When Alice Locke was married to Major Hyde we bridesmaids carried shepherd crooks painted white. A few lovely deep yellow Marshal Neill roses were tied, near the top, with a bow of 4-inch wide regimental ribbon in a riot of colors. A big loopy bow of that rich regimental ribbon produced a stunning effect with our soft white silk gowns, bronze stockings and shoes - all imported from England in our correct sizes.



As we left the cathedral all the officers were lined up with crossed swords. And Father played lovely music, for Alice was one of his favorite violin pupils.





In closing my story of those long  
gone days on a far away island, I can  
truthfully say, in spite of pains and troubles,  
the world was a very happy place and  
Queen Victoria a wonderful and wise ruler!