



Isabel Bacheler Smith
Artist, Teacher, Mother & Peacemaker

Smith

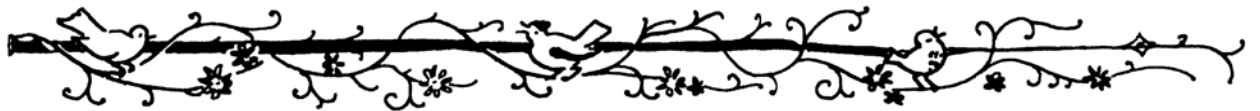




Ex Libris

My books are very dear
to me, for they make me
glad and wise. Fixing
beauty in my heart
chasing shadows
from my eyes.

Isabel Bacheler Smith



Artist, Teacher, Mother & Peacemaker

1898-1985

 Smith



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*All names of living descendants and relatives have been removed from this online version.
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INTRODUCTION



Isabel Smith



FOREWORD



As Isabel's oldest grandchild and namesake, ■■■ Isabel, I was fortunate to spend a significant amount of time living with my grandmother through the years. I appreciate being invited by my youngest cousin (her youngest grandchild) ■■■, to share some of my precious memories of her.

My Grandmother Isabel had the greatest positive influence on my life of any person. I adored her! Though we were fifty years apart in age, I was influenced by her to share many of her perceptions, philosophies, and spiritual beliefs. Even though she lived with me on several occasions after Grandpa's passing, it was the ten summers I shared with her and my grandfather, Monroe, at their summer cabin and "Friendship Center" in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, where I spent my most formative time with her. The following memories are a snapshot of those summer days.

My grandmother was quiet and gentle, yet strong. She read spiritual books every day, including books by Fosdick, Teilard de Chardin, Ghandi, and the Bible. I never heard her yell, raise her voice, use a swear word, or speak disrespectfully. She was an inseparable team with Grandpa, and together they introduced me to the local Cherokee people, to the Appalachian "Hillbilly" neighbors, to peace and civil rights activists who came from afar to visit, and to Japanese friends. They opened their doors to all people and asked only for a morning of sharing in chores in trade for the room and simple fare they offered. She reached out to neighbors and to the poor; she and Grandpa chose to live among common people rather than with the rich.

Grandpa Monroe was always non-stop movement, on the go, dynamic, fearless, full of ideas for projects and tasks, and problem-solving. He seemed to stop moving only to eat or take a daily 10-minute "cat nap." As Grandpa came

and went with his tasks, I was most often at my grandmother's side, listening to her stories and helping her in the kitchen. She gave me chores that included setting the table for as many as 80 guests, food preparation including canning and making jelly, picking jars of blackberries, and going down the hill to the sweet and toothless Mrs. Blakeley to buy homemade butter and bottles of milk from her cow. We would eat at the plywood tables on the deck facing the "hollow" below, the wild rose canopies draping over the trees, the low ever-present "smoky" clouds hanging over our cove—it was our piece of heaven!

My grandmother loved simple natural beauty, handmade dishes, minimalist decorating with vases of wildflowers, and bedcovers of handmade tapestries or Indian prints. I remember the big handmade calligraphy quotes on newsprint paper that she would hang over the fireplace, such as, "The beauty of the house is order; the joy of the house is Godliness." She made a sign by the paths that requested passersby to pick flowers only if there were at least 20 more remaining. She reveled in the beauty of nature, in drawing, in creating simple beauty around her, and in teaching and helping others.

My grandmother taught me, through her example, to have a strong moral code and an appreciation for work and thrift; for the outdoors and nature's beauty; for living simply, working with others and for desiring to leave this world a better place. I wish I had her artistic ability, her knowledge of art, poetry, religion, and philosophy, her strength and courage, her mirthful laughter, her generosity, and her courage.

I wish to thank my cousin ■■■ for his countless hours of gathering the information and the artwork for this book. Surely it will be a treasure for our families and others for decades to come.

■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■■

PREFACE

For most of my youth, I had the impression that our family had very few drawings done by my grandmother, Isabel Bacheler Smith. I heard numerous stories of how she loved to draw and sketch, yet I had seen almost none of her artwork. I knew she was an artist, but I had no idea of the magnitude of her work. As I grew older, we came into possession of more and more of her drawings; the appearance of many of these works was almost miraculous. As it seemed that the lot of digitizing her artwork fell upon me, the desire to publish a book with her completed works grew with each newly discovered treasure. During a period of about five years, I scanned close to 1,000 drawings. The work of editing, organizing, and cataloging was an enormous process, yet with each new drawing, I became increasingly more motivated to publish a book. This book is the culmination of that dream!

Isabel's artwork comes from eight main sources: 1) printed artwork from several books and magazines illustrated before she married, including *Early Poems of John Milton*, the *School Arts Magazine*, and several volumes of John Martin's *Big Book* series; 2) baby books she created for her sons, Stephen and ██████████; 3) a history written by her husband Monroe about the first two American Youth Hostel (AYH) European trips in 1933 and 1934, which contained small sketches by Isabel; 4) the *AYH Knapsacks*, printed from 1936 to 1948, mostly illustrated, designed, and typeset by Isabel; 5) one of her remaining personal sketch books; 6) a poem book illustrated by Isabel for Monroe; 7) paintings and sketches of a 1950 Youth Argosy trip around the world; and 8) other miscellaneous notes, letters, and sketches in the possession of several of Isabel's posterity.

Within this book, I have tried to show Isabel's different styles of artwork. Her work includ-

ed pencil sketches, paper cutouts, ink drawings, watercolors, and zinc etchings. With no copy machines or digital printers, all drawings that would be printed, had to be made into zinc etchings. The drawing was transferred to a zinc plate, where a chemical was used to 'etch' the plate so that a 'negative' was created. The etching was inked and then used for printing. Though the original artwork was not an etching, I have labeled any non-original works (that were printed in books) as zinc etchings to help distinguish original artwork from printed art.



Zinc etching block (see image 4.2)

Isabel was also very skilled in the art of calligraphy. Her illuminated works in this book are examples of the lettering she created by her own hand and special pen. Each chapter page and the beginning letter of the chapter text are from her original calligraphy. In order to do this, I created an alphabet of letters and numbers that I took from her lettering that I then used in this book.

Also included in this book are several of Isabel's poems and writings. The poems come from various sources, including a poem notebook, as well as other printed articles and letters. It is my



Isabel with grandson, and author, ██████ in 1982

hope that as you read her poetry and writings, you will see that she was not only excellent in sketching, drawing, and calligraphy, but also in expressing her feelings through words. Many of her writings are so vivid that the reader can almost feel the cold wind on their face, or hear the crunch of the leaves beneath their feet.

To introduce each chapter, I have written a short history about Isabel's life. I have written her history in her own words, as much as possible. My objective was to show her character, feelings, and remarkable spirit through her own words, and through the people who knew her best. To increase readability I have standardized dates, punctuation, and spelling, as well as avoided using brackets and ellipses when adding or removing phrases in non-published works (such as family letters, or recordings). When adding or removing text, such as dates, names, or clarifying the original meaning, I have noted in the endnote that the quote is 'paraphrased' instead of being a direct quote. However, in each case I have been very faithful to these original documents, and only made changes when it would help the overall flow or clarity.

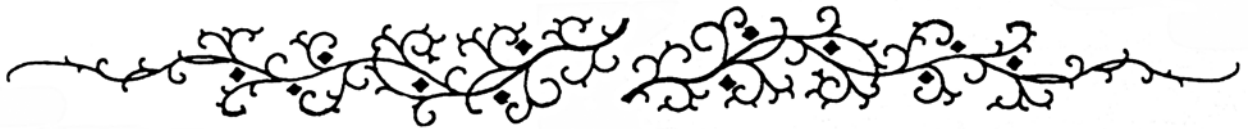
I dedicate this book to my father, ██████. It was because of his bedtime stories that he told me each night, which inspired me to want to share these powerful stories with others. I would like to thank my mother, ██████, for the countless hours she helped in not only editing the manuscript, but also in pouring over the pages of the final book to help with the page layout, order of pieces, and artwork descriptions. I also want to thank my father and cousin ██████, ██████, for helping to edit the stories, and to make sure that all the details were correct. I could not have done this without their combined efforts.

My greatest hope is that the legacy of Isabel will live on through her own works. Her artwork, poems, and words do far more justice to tell of who she was than any words I could write to describe her. Though I do not remember her (she died when I was four years old), I have grown to love her and to have great respect for her as an artist, teacher, mother, and peacemaker.

████████ Smith
Youngest grandchild

CHAPTER 1

FIELDS OF BEAUTY



1898-1929





Isabel Bachelor was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on the cold winter day of December 12, 1898, to Francis Peck Bachelor and Rebecca Hope Fuller. She was the fifth of seven children. Her father, the minister of the local Congregational Church, called Isabel the “Little Stranger” because she “was a little child of heaven, and was a stranger to the ways of the world.”¹

Childhood Memories

“My first memories are, I think, of loveliness. There were seven of us children, and mother and father felt that the village school was not a good influence, so none of us went to school until we were in high school. But in the meantime being seven, and being seven very clever children, and very energetic and very delightful, there would be just one in the family who would be sort of laughable, which was myself. I felt very lonely. I felt that everyone else was smarter than I was



“Little Stranger” - Isabel in 1902

and everyone else had more of everything than I had, so I sort of tagged around and filled in the chinks as best I could. I was always hoping that someday I would be more like them. I can remember the desperate, desperate loneliness that I had because of this feeling.

“As children we would pack up a lunch and go off into what we called the ‘fields of beauty’ that were skirted by forests or were skirted by unknown magic land beyond us. These ‘fields of beauty’ we just simply adored, and there I found my companionship. I found it in the grass, I found it in a little stream, and I found it in the shadows of the trees, and this was a source of great solace and comfort to me.”²

“Because the salary of a young minister was so lacking in amplitude, we youngsters not only wore the clothes that came down through the line from one child to another, but we had very little in the way of toys. This didn’t seem to us a deprivation in the least because we enjoyed our lives so much. The experience we had in our home of having dramatic productions that father and mother supervised, and charades, and sorts of games was a treasured thing. We also created our own toys. We made hollyhock dolls, green apple dolls, acorn dolls, and for all of these dolls, we made little houses and homes, usually out underneath the trees in the spreading roots of the trees, on the edge of the forest that was close to our house. These grew into little villages of little log houses with all kinds of animals that we had made, and all kinds of little people to live in the houses. I’ve always felt that this was a rich heritage because it quickened our imaginations and gave us a creativity that we would never have had if we had been presented with readymade toys that were complete in every detail and needed no imagination to make them work.”³

Schooling

“Father and Mother taught us at home. I remember one morning when we were all gathered around the kitchen table with our books and papers and pencils that the truant officer called. Mother was peeling potatoes and listen-



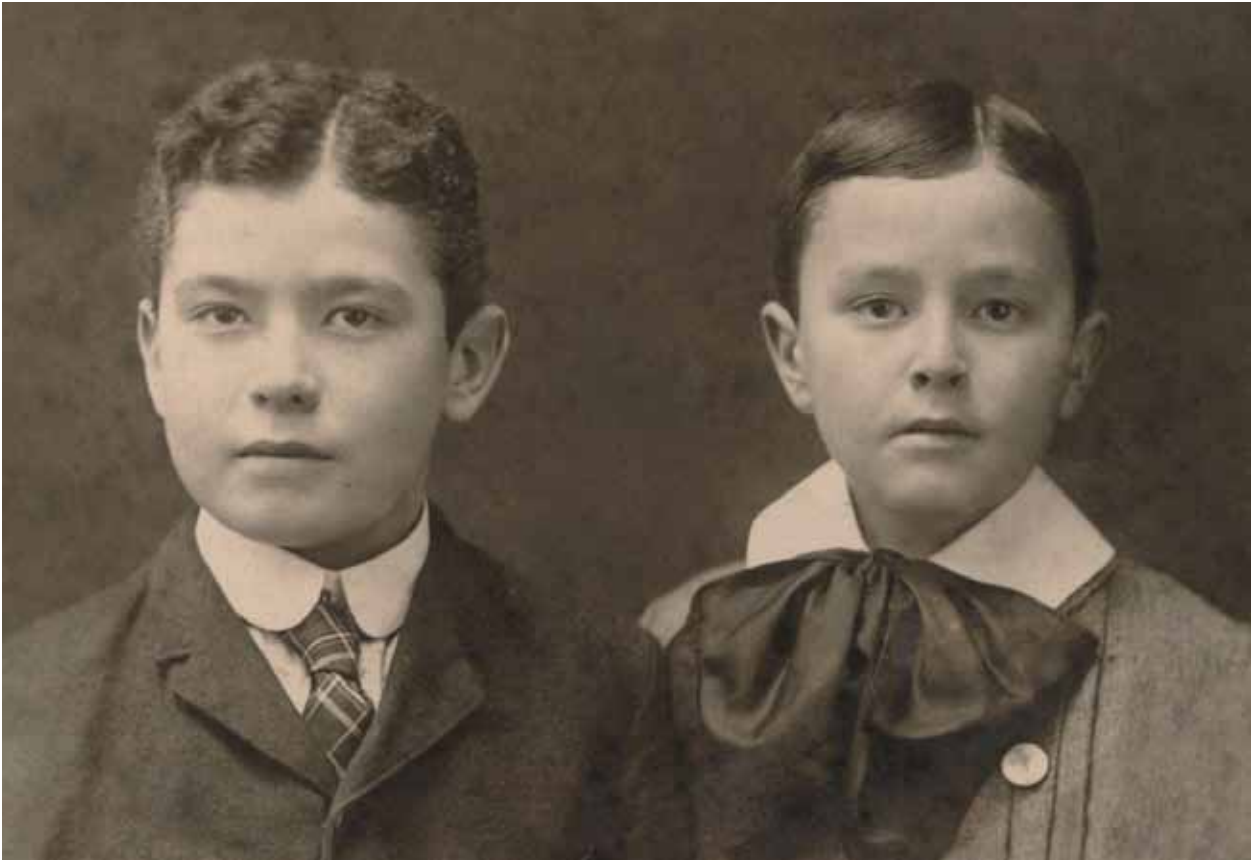
Frances, Theodore & Muriel Bacheler in 1894



Robert, Theodore, Muriel, Frances & Isabel Bacheler in 1901



Robert & Isabel Christmas 1903



Theodore & Robert Bachelier in 1906

ing to our lessons and he came into the kitchen, and was visibly, very much disturbed. He said, 'Mrs. Bachelier, I have not come to trouble you previously, but I feel it my duty to come and to express to you the disturbance that the Board of Education feel here in the local community. You have seven children and not one of them attends school.' And Mother said, 'Yes, that is true, they don't go to your school, but they do go to school here. Would you sit down for just a moment and listen while Frances gives you a little resume of what she has been learning in history this morning, and Theodore and Robert will show you their arithmetic, and Muriel will go over her geography lesson,' and so forth; she went through all the line, including the littlest ones who were just learning to read. The truant officer stayed for most of the morning, and when he got up he brushed his hands across his eyes and said in a visibly emotional voice, 'Mrs. Bachelier, I have been very much affected by this beautiful school of yours. I only wish that we could have you as one of our teachers in our own public school.' We never again were troubled by a truant officer.

"When I was twelve years old I went to the Norwich Academy, which is one of the oldest schools that we have, and which is beautifully located on a fairly large campus with a number of buildings. It joins the Slater Museum, and the Art Gallery and the Art School. I not only went to the classes of the Academy, but I attended at the same time the Art classes of the Art School, and then Saturdays' taught in the little children's art classes. Mother's sister, Charlotte, was the director of the school, and I had the privilege of being in a good many of her classes. She herself was a painter of distinction, and although she painted under various *nom de plumes* [pen names], she had paintings in a number of the museums abroad."⁴

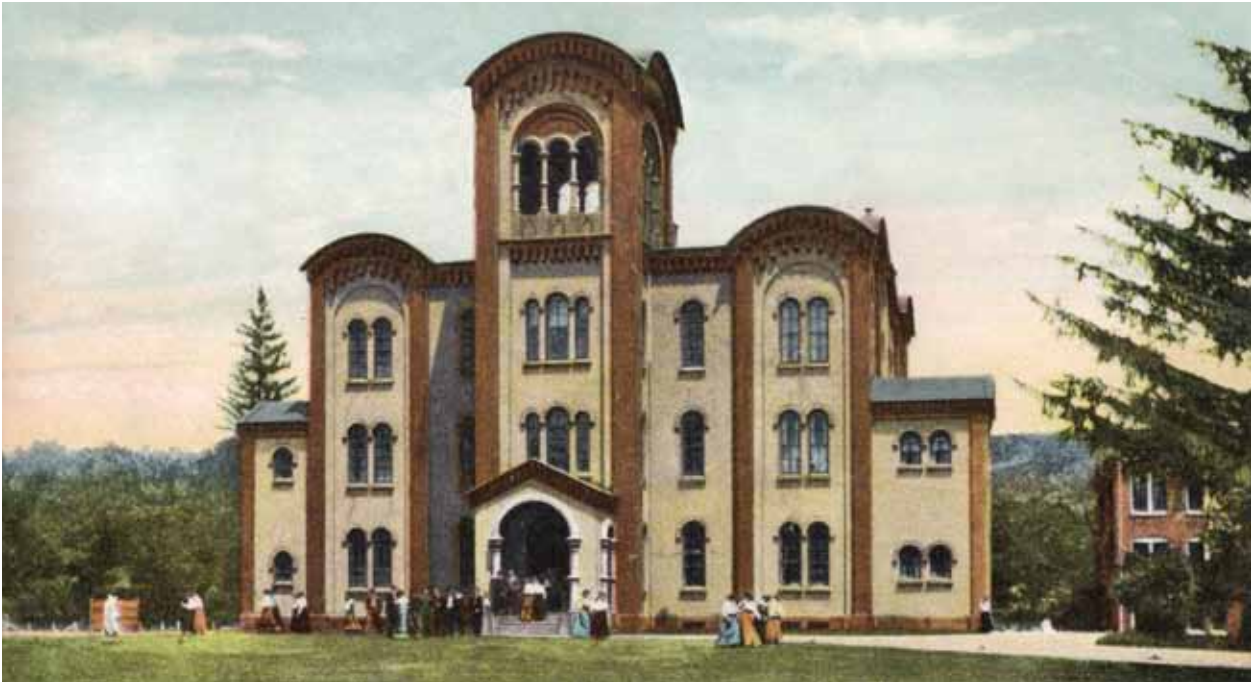
While at the Norwich Academy, "there was a girl called 'Oily Ann' that nobody wanted to have anything to do with. She had horrible skin with acne and greasy hair and dirty clothes. She was skinny and she shuffled when she walked. I made it a point to walk with her every recess and eat my lunch with her. I had a bid from one of the sororities to join a sorority, and I thought it



The Bachelor home in Talcottville, Connecticut about 1930



Bachelor Family in 1908 (standing: Muriel, Theodore, Frances; sitting: Francis, Christine, Robert, Rebecca, Clementine, Isabel)



Norwich Free Academy about 1906

over and I thought, ‘Sororities weren’t good because they’re just nice to their own kind, and you were supposed to be nice to people who were not nice.’ So I didn’t join the sorority.”⁵

“At the end of five years [in 1917], I graduated not only from the Academy, but from the Art School as well, and was happy to receive the *Good Citizenship* prize, the *Public Speaking* prize, and the prize for *Originality and Design*.”⁶

Art Teacher

“When I graduated from the Art School and the Academy, I spent one year with cousin George Inness Jr. in his home in Tarpon Springs, Florida. George Inness Jr. was one of the most distinguished artists that America has ever produced, and this of course, was a rich year for me. At the end of that year, I got a job teaching in the Hartford Public High School, which was a school of 2,000 pupils. My sister Frances was head of the art department of the combined schools, and my sister Christine was also one of the teachers. We taught arts and crafts and drawing and pottery, and used a big kiln where we fired our own pottery, and a very high standard of art was maintained at this department. We had not only the children who elected art, but also all of the boys and girls of the manual training department. The boys of this department used to sometimes

come into our classes with a rather swaggert and a disgust of the idea of a boy who was more interested in mechanical things than anything else, being forced into an art class. But none of them left with that attitude. They left with an attitude



Yearbook picture of Isabel in 1916



Bacheler family about 1917 (rear: Rebecca, Muriel, Christine, Francis; front: Isabel, Clementine, Frances)

of appreciation and enjoyment for what they had done. It was always our theory that anyone who could learn to write, could learn to draw, and learn to make things that were beautiful.”⁷

“I did a very humble sort of thing, but was able to feel a delight in introducing my youngsters to something that was so very deeply moving—which was just love of beauty. I felt as though I were taking them across the ‘fields of beauty,’ as I had followed them as a child, again hearing the brooks and watching the grasses in the sunlight. It was something which the children were, oddly enough, happy to receive and enjoyed its impact. It was a very real thing and we were very, very close together. I never felt that there was any sort of a real problem.

“One day I forgot my class—the schedule varied from day to day—and I thought it was a Tuesday schedule, and it was a Wednesday schedule. I went off in the park to look at the trees and watch the leaves in the sunshine and picked up some colored crayons at the corner art store. When I came back, I opened the door of my classroom to find it filled with pupils. The principal of the Broad Street building

and the principal of the Hopkins Street building were both standing there, and it suddenly dawned on me that I had made a mistake on the schedule. I was horrified! And when I said to the Broad Street principal, ‘Oh, I’m so sorry!’ he said, ‘Don’t make any apologies, Miss Bacheler. I wish every teacher in the building could be as sure of perfect discipline when absent as when present. There has not been a sound. When I came in the room it was as quiet as a barn and everyone was working very diligently. This is a tribute to you!’

“Shortly after this, one day I was listing the marks in the teachers’ room downstairs and I heard a bevy of teachers discussing a boy by the name of Francis de Vohl and the remarks ran: ‘Isn’t he terrible!’ ‘Do you have him in any of your classes yet?’ ‘I can’t do anything with him, can you?’ ‘No, not a thing!’ ‘He’s awful!’ ‘He certainly deserves to be expelled!’ ‘I think he has nothing but a life of crime ahead of him.’ ‘He’s really terrible!’ And I thought to myself, ‘How strange, because I have a Francis de Vohl in my classes and he’s a marvelous exception. He’s a very good friend and he’s always doing such kind things for me, and it isn’t a very usual name. I wonder if it

can be a different spelling or I've heard correctly.' I spoke up and I said, 'I have a boy by the name of Francis de Vohl in my classroom and he doesn't seem like that at all. Are there two Francis de Vohls?' And the teachers looked at me as though I were a moron, and said with a great deal of expression, 'There is only ONE Francis de Vohl!' They turned their backs on me and I missed the remarks. I realized I made a great mistake. However, Francis de Vohl, after a short expulsion came back and we continued to be good friends, and I worked with him and helped him with his scholarship at Norwich Art School, and he became a successful professional.'⁸

In addition to working as an art teacher at the school, Isabel and her two sisters, Frances and Christine, were instructors for the school sketch club. The club was for students who desired to learn about art outside of the classroom. The students would spend the afternoons roaming the forests of New England with a sketchbook in hand, and teachers at their side to help them appreciate and love the 'fields of beauty.'

While teaching at the Hartford Public High School, on June 23, 1921, all the teachers in the art department took a 51-day trip to Europe to study art. Included in the group were Isabel and



Passport picture of Isabel in 1921




Hartford Public High School facing Hopkins Street about 1906

her two sisters, Frances and Christine. They left New York City and arrived in France after seven days at sea aboard the S.S. *Paris* steamship. They traveled to Paris and the Louvre, then to Luxembourg, Switzerland, Scotland, and London. While in Europe, they visited many of the great art museums and studied the art of the masters.⁹ On August 13, 1921, they returned to New York City, porting at the historic Ellis Island.¹⁰

This was only the beginning of many trips that Isabel would take to Europe. Within the next few years she traveled again to Europe in 1925, 1926, and 1928.¹¹ Each trip she endured the seven to eight days travel each way, across the Atlantic Ocean. During one of her trips “she went abroad to illustrate a book that was published by Burns, Oates, & Washbourne, Ltd., of London.

As she sketched and painted the old world, her realization deepened of the bond among all people. She realized that she loved art for the sake of humanity, not humanity for the sake of art.”¹² With at least 14 trips to Europe throughout her life, Europe had become like a home away from home.

Isabel worked at the Hartford Public High School from 1920 to 1929, taught hundreds of students, and created hundreds of works. She was a well-known contributor for her illustrated articles and poems in the *School Art Magazine*, a publication devoted to Stanford University art and industrial work. In addition, she illustrated for several books, including *Early Poems of John Milton* (1929), and several of *John Martin’s Big Book* series (1920’s to 1930’s). 



Isabel, Frances & Christine Bacheler at Hartford Public High School in 1921

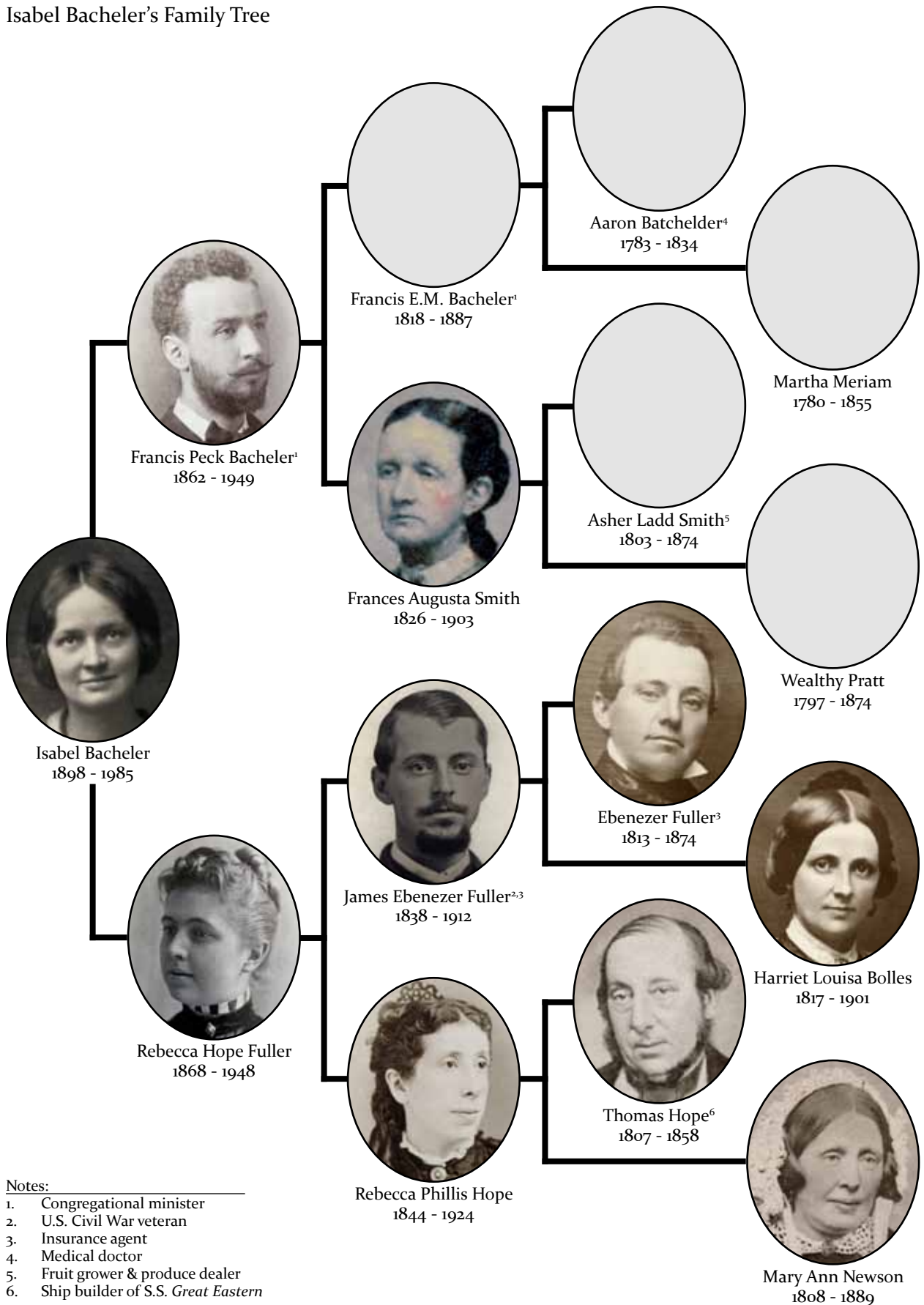


Frances, Isabel, Rebecca & Francis Bachelar about 1925



Rebecca & Francis Bachelier

Isabel Bacheler's Family Tree



Notes:

1. Congregational minister
2. U.S. Civil War veteran
3. Insurance agent
4. Medical doctor
5. Fruit grower & produce dealer
6. Ship builder of S.S. *Great Eastern*

(Chapter page)
1.1 L'Allegro
Early Poems of
John Milton (1929)
Zinc etching



1.2 Boy with rabbit
Pencil sketch

Wishing Stones

I haven't any playmate
And I want one very much.
My rabbit doesn't like my hugs
But hides down in his hutch.

My kitty cat is fat and old
And doesn't like to play.
My billy goat chewed off his rope
And then he ran away.

So I shall hunt a wishing stone
I'll hunt till it is night.
A wishing stone is grey and small
With a little ring of white.

When I find it I shall turn it once
Then twice and one time more,
And then I'll hold my breath and wish
(That's what those stones are for).

You simply couldn't ever guess
My wish – what it will be.
Twill be a little fairy girl
To come and play with me.

(Facing page)
1.3 Valentine card
Drawn about 1909, age 10
Colored pencil on ink



i hav a house an' garden
AND a little GARDIN GATE
So now you SEE i'm REDDY
TO HEV a LITTLE MATE

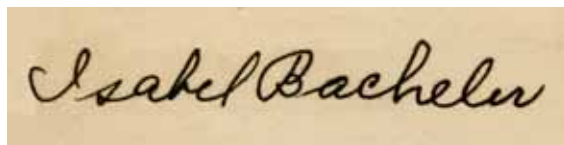


PLEASE DONT this hint
decline
But Quickly BE my
Valentine!





1.4 Robbie the bird & Lady Love
1914 letter to Aunt Margaret Fuller
Pencil sketch



1.5 Isabel Bachelor signature, age 15
1914 letter to Aunt Margaret Fuller
Ink signature

(Facing page)
1.7 Spring, winter & summer
1914 letter to Aunt Margaret Fuller
Pencil sketch

1.6 Little girl pointing
1914 letter to Aunt Margaret Fuller
Pencil sketch

S p r i n g.



W i n t e r.



S u m m e r.

1.8 Boy with baseball bat
Drawn in 1915, age 16
Pencil sketch



1.9 A Call
1916 *St. Nicholas*, vol. 43
Zinc Etching

Isabel was awarded the Silver Badge for this drawing she submitted at age 17.

(Facing page)
1.10 The shoemaker
Drawn in 1915, age 16
Watercolor on pencil





Sketch.

Isabel Bacheler



1.12 The tool house
Colored pencil on ink

(Facing page)
1.11 Girl with birds
Pencil sketch



1.13 The Puddle
 1921 *School Arts Magazine*, vol. 21
 Zinc etching

I wish I were a puddle
 All blue and bright and wet,
 The shining sky above me,
 The grasses near to love me
 And pebbles circling round me,
 like pretty jewels set.

I wish I were a puddle
 Sprawled out both flat and free;
 The big winds would not mind me,
 In my hollow they'd not find me,
 But playing past the little winds,
 sweet breathed, would dimple me.

I wish I were a puddle,
 A mirror for the field mice,
 A mirror for the silvery clouds
 That sail so drowsily;
 A puddle witched by a fairy,
 Shimmering winged and airy,
 I'd mirror her two laughing eyes
 as she gazed down at me.



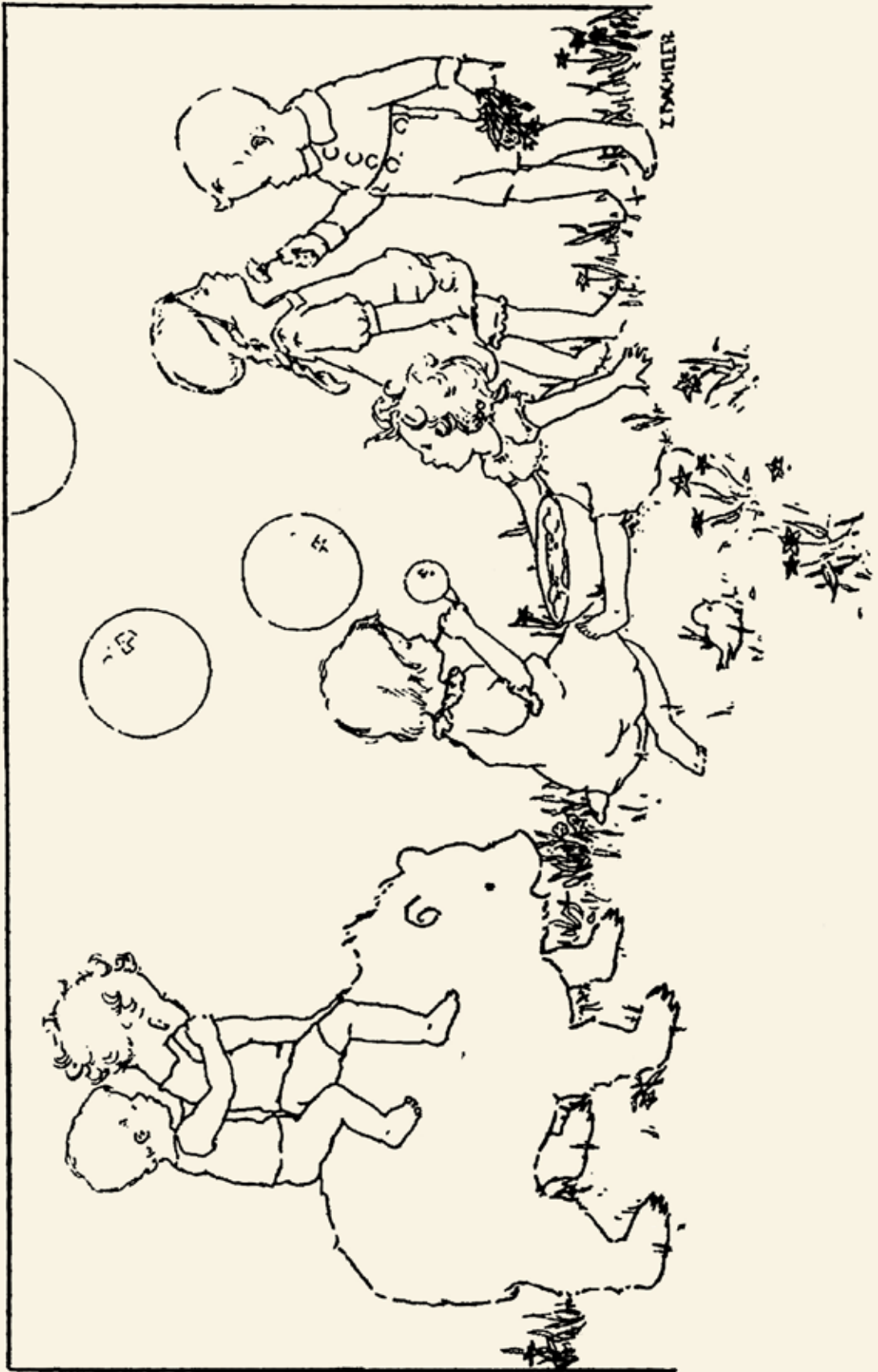
1.14 A Lullaby
 1921 *School Arts Magazine*, vol. 21
 Zinc etching

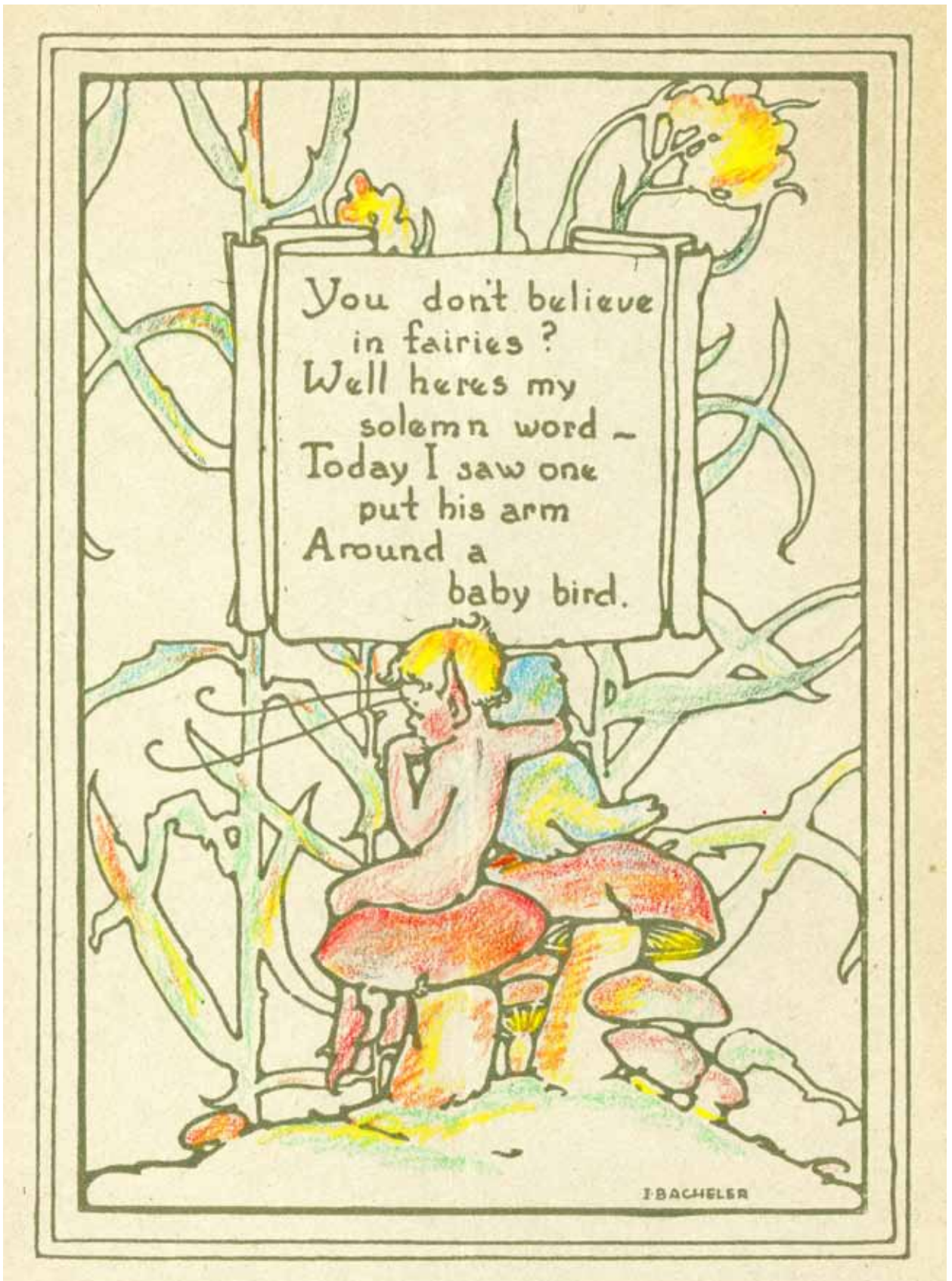
Sing a tiny lullaby tune
 Of a little baby's silver spoon
 That mama bit when she was small,
 And that's the end, and that is all—
 Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 Your mama once was a baby.

Sing a sleepy hushaby song
 Of a little shoe about so long
 That papa wore when he was small,
 And that's the end, and that is all—
 Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 Your papa once was a baby.

Dream my darling pretty dreams
 As light and gay as the moon's
 white beams,
 Of your fluffy dog and your new
 blue ball,
 And that's the end, and that is all
 Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 Oh, you are my darling baby.

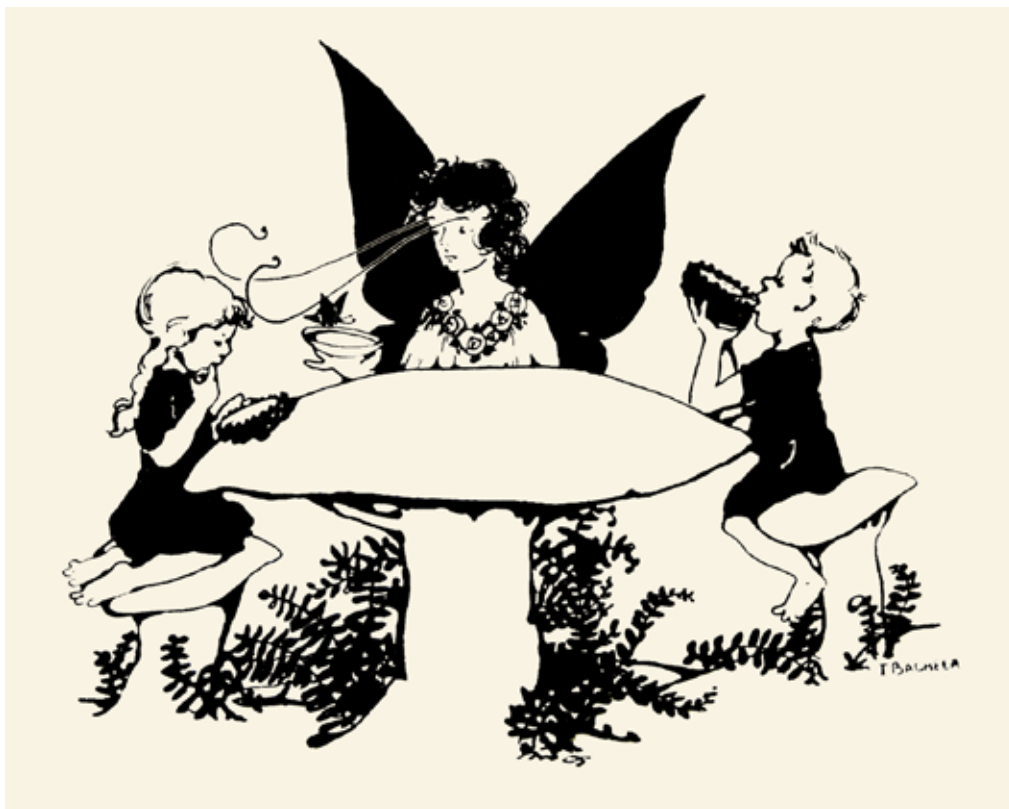
(Facing page)
1.15 Children at play
 1924 *School Arts Magazine*, vol. 23
 Zinc etching





1.16 You don't believe in fairies?
Colored pencil on zinc etching

1.17 Fairy eating
with two children
1921 *School Arts*
Magazine, vol. 21
Zinc etching



1.18 Sleeping fairy
Printed card
Zinc etching



“It is one of the highest joys to lead young hearts through the woods of life,
helping them to see the beauty that surrounds them.”
(See page 468-469 for full article)

1.19 Boy & girl in forest
1921 *School Arts Magazine*, vol. 20
Zinc etching



1.20 Pets
 1922 *School Arts Magazine*, vol. 21
 Zinc etching



1.21 Bobby gets a new idea*
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 7 (1926)
Zinc etching

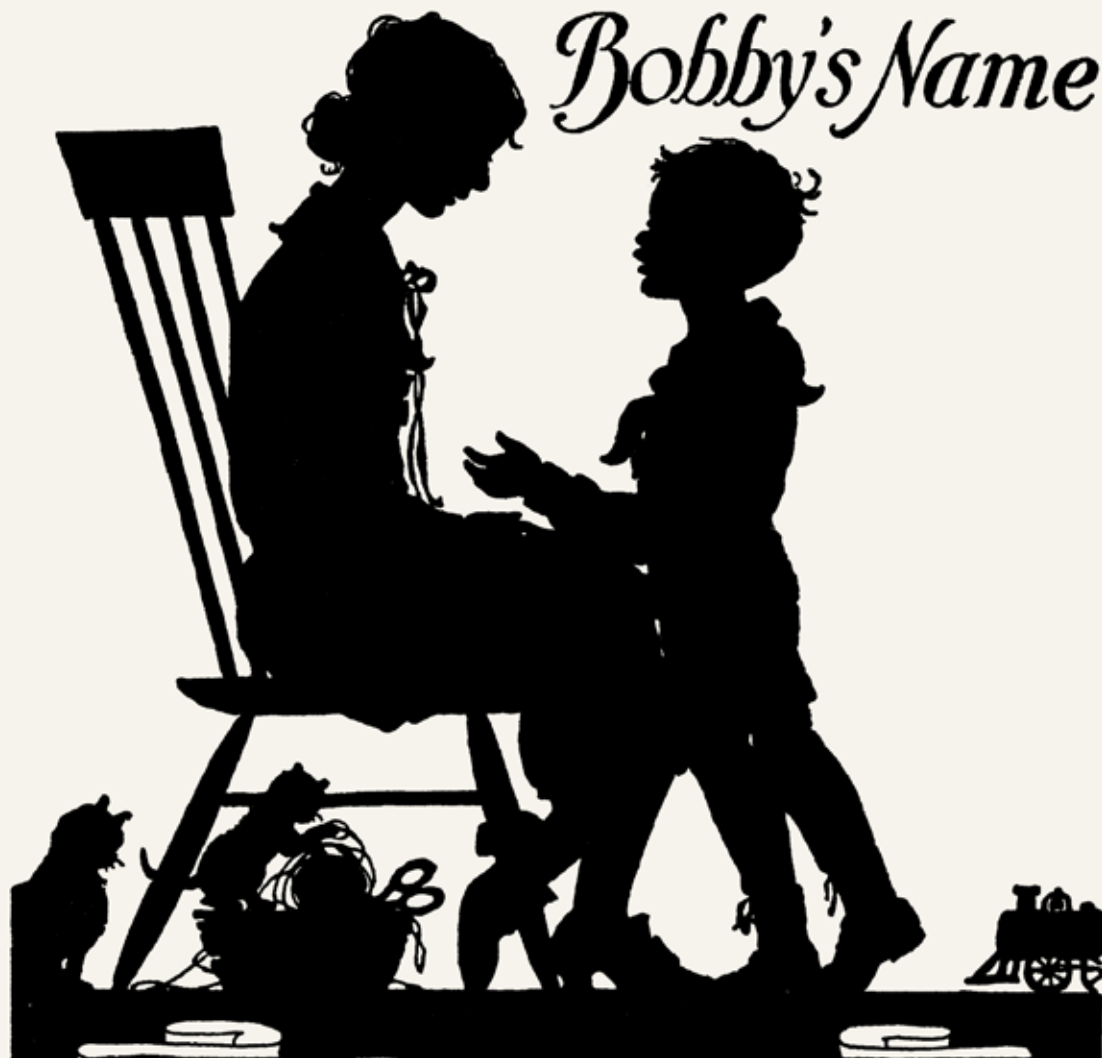
1.22 Bobby's toy train*
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 7 (1926)
Zinc etching



1.23 Two legs or four*
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 7 (1926)
Zinc etching

*Unsigned artwork probably drawn by Isabel

Bobby's Name



THE Grown-ups called him "Bobby Why"—
Of course you'll guess the reason,
The many things he wished to know
Both in and out of season.

But such a quick, attentive ear
He lent to their replies,
They had to change his name, and now
They call him "Bobby Wise"!

ELEANOR C. HALL

ISABEL

BACHELOR

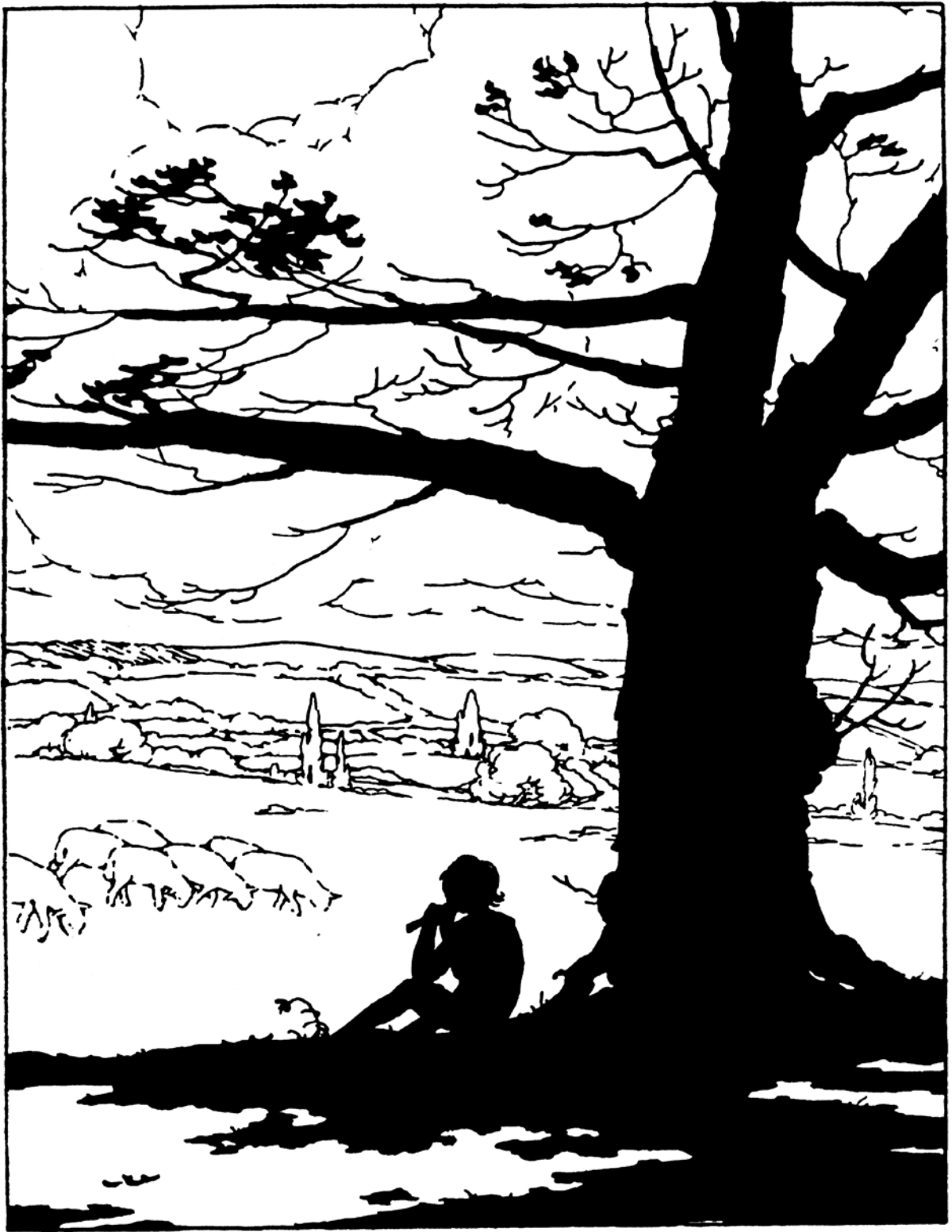
1.24 Bobby's name
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 2 (1931)
Zinc etching



ISABEL

BACHELER

1.25 By hedgerow elms
Early Poems of John Milton (1929)
Zinc etching



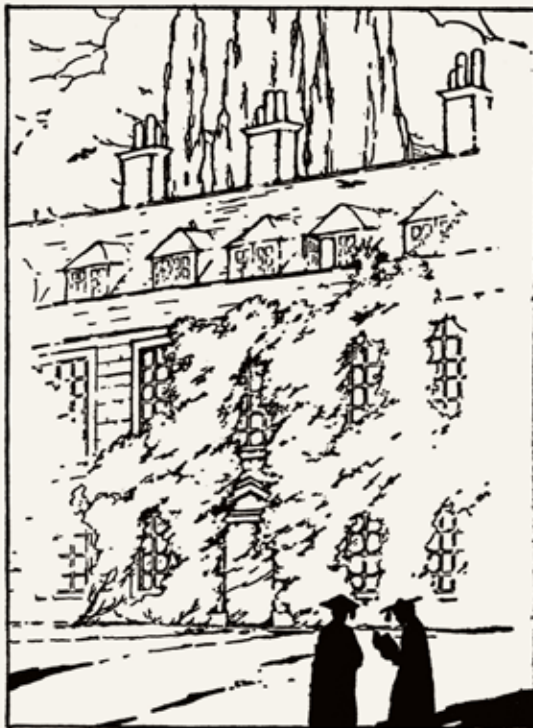
1.26 Where the nibbling flocks do stray
Early Poems of John Milton (1929)
Zinc etching



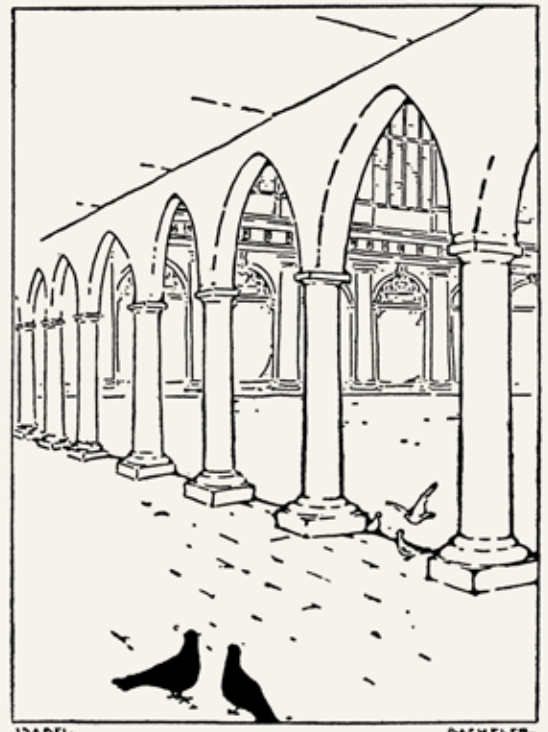
Horton Church



Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles



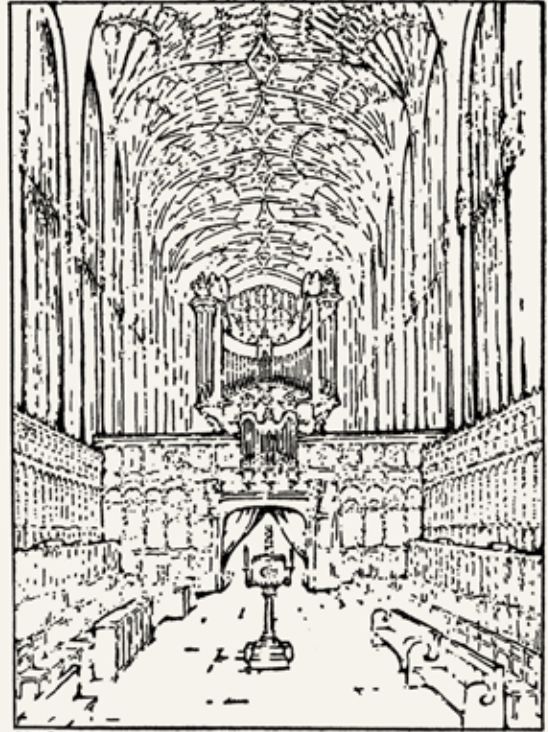
Milton's rooms at Christ's College



The studios cloister's pale - A A A



13ABEL King's College Chapel. BACHELER



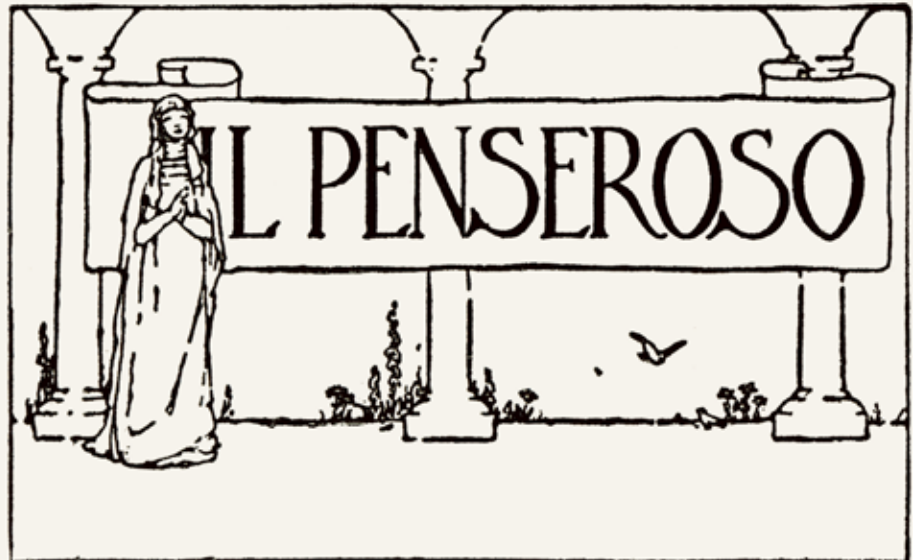
13ABEL The Interior of King's College Chapel. BACHELER

(Both pages)

1.27-1.32 John Milton story illustrations

Early Poems of John Milton (1929)

Zinc etching



1.33 Il Penseroso

Early Poems of
John Milton (1929)

Zinc etching



ISABEL BACHELER

Ye valleys low..



ISABEL BACHELER

The flowy kirtled Naiades



ISABEL BACHELER

Offering.. his orient liquor...



ISABEL BACHELER

Soon as the potion works..



ISABEL

BACHELER

(Both pages)

1.34-1.38 Poem illustrations

Early Poems of John Milton (1929)

Zinc etching

1.39 Retains her maiden gentleness

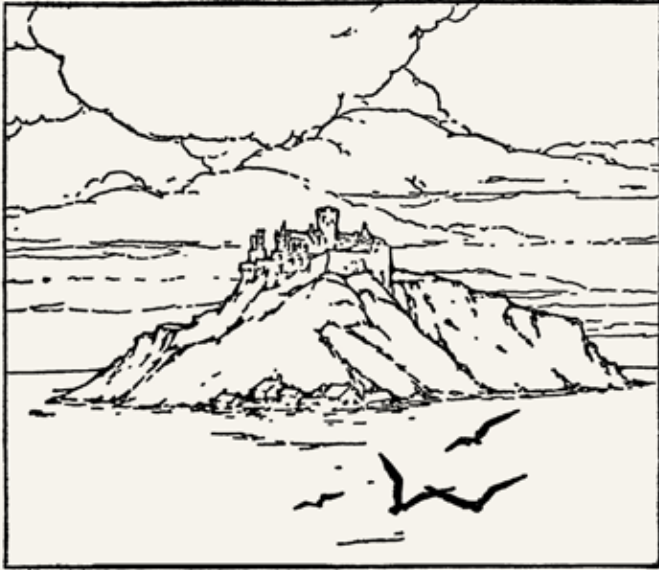
Early Poems of John Milton (1929)

Zinc etching



ISABEL

BACHELER



ISABEL

BACHELER

The guarded mount

1.40 The guarded mount
Early Poems of John Milton (1929)
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
1.42 Towers & battlements
Watercolor on ink

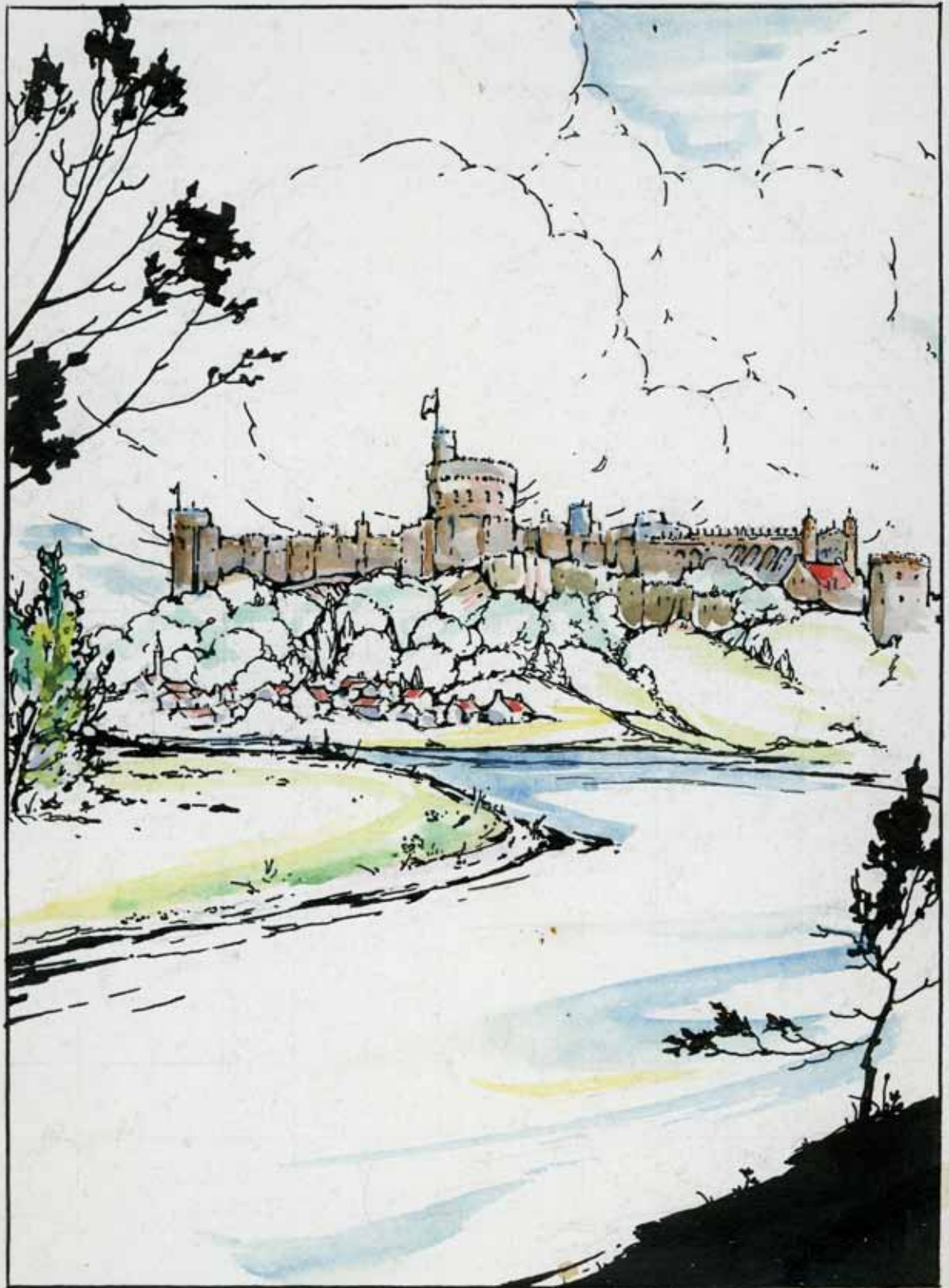


ISABEL

BACHELER

Ludlow Castle

1.41 Ludlow castle
Early Poems of John Milton (1929)
Zinc etching

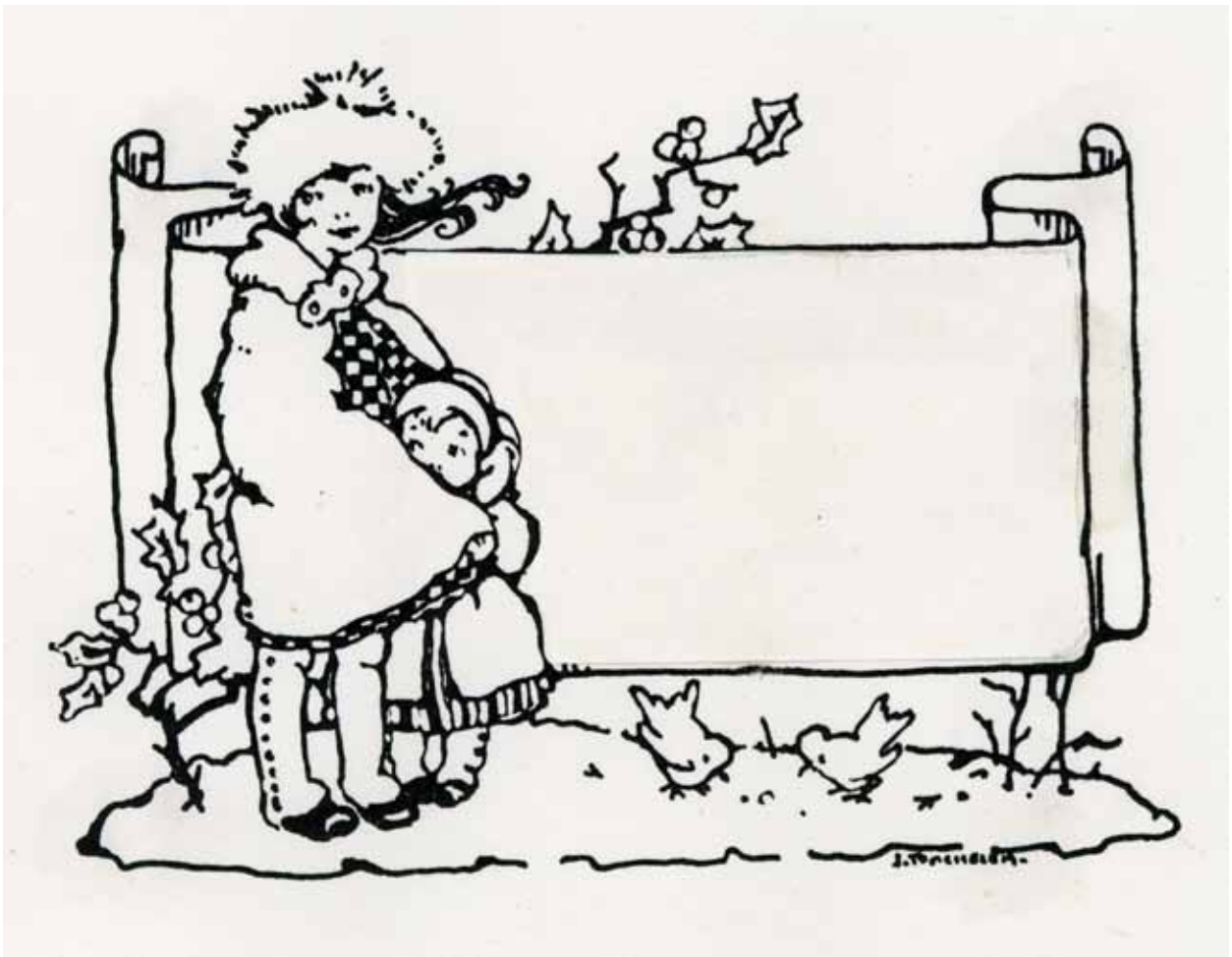
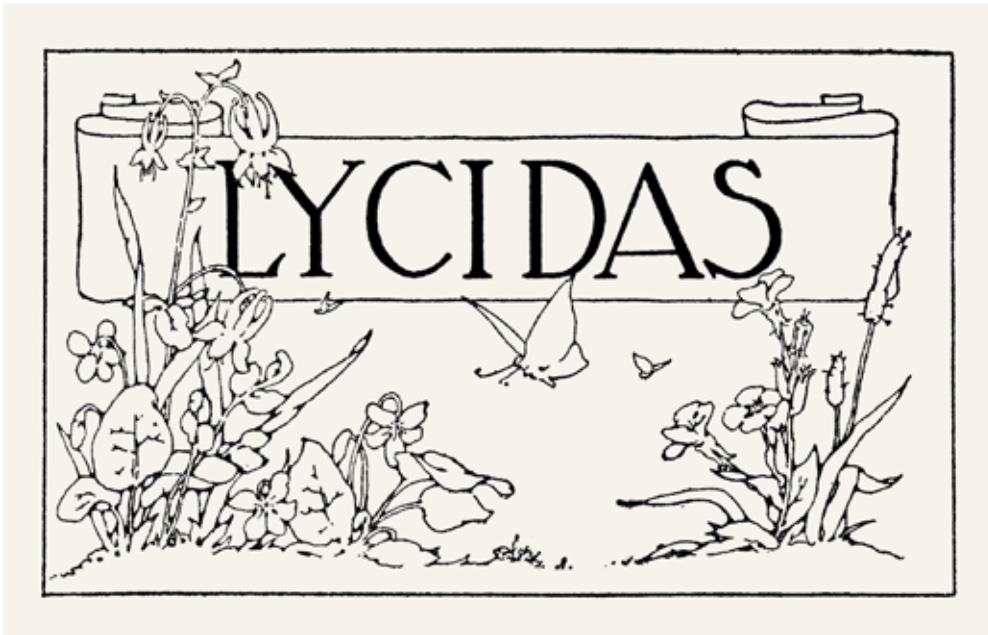


ISABEL

BACHELER

Towers and battlements it sees...

1.43 Lycidas
Early Poems of John
Milton (1929)
Zinc etching



1.44 Name plate with two girls
Ink drawing

THE WATCHMEN

A LIE-AWAKE SONG

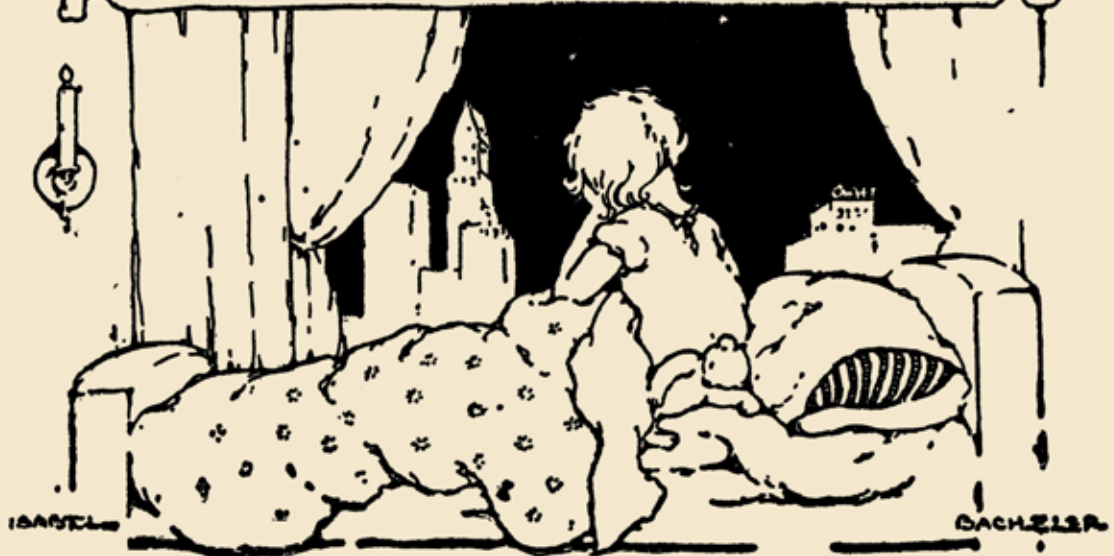
THE watchman goes through the hotel,
Parlors and corridors and all,
To see that we are safe all night,
I hear him passing in our hall.

My window opens on a court
That's like a deep, dark well at night,
But at the top I see the sky
And there the stars are very bright.

To-night I saw that **W**
Of stars they call some lady's chair,
But it was gone in half an hour,
And quite a different star was there.

The world is like a big hotel,
And all night long the watchmen keep
Walking the sky till daylight comes—
Then they go home to heaven and sleep.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.



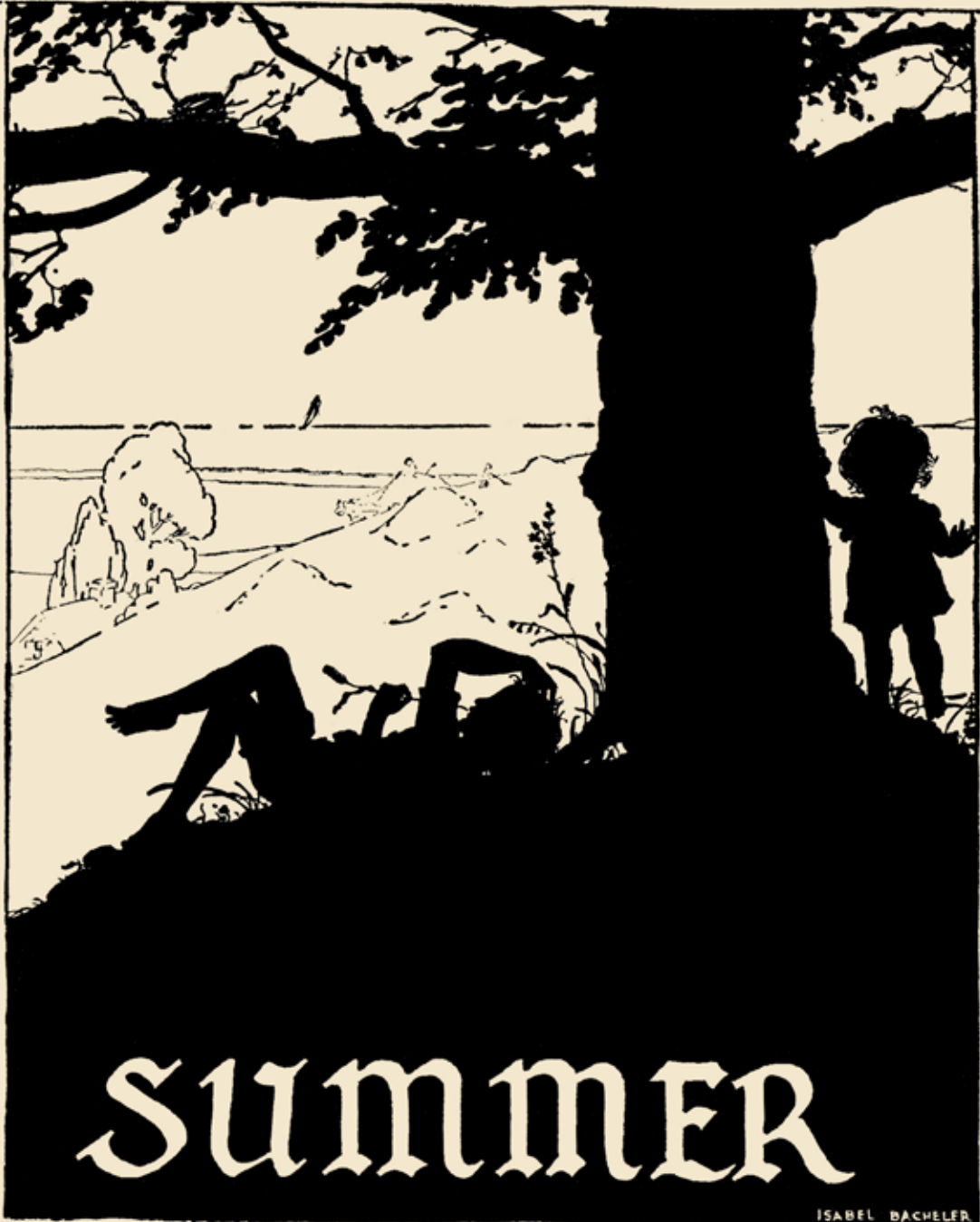
1.45 The watchmen
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 2 (1931)
Zinc etching

To fly kites is the finest fun, but when the wind blows chill
The baby's nose gets cold and red as tho' 'twere winter still.



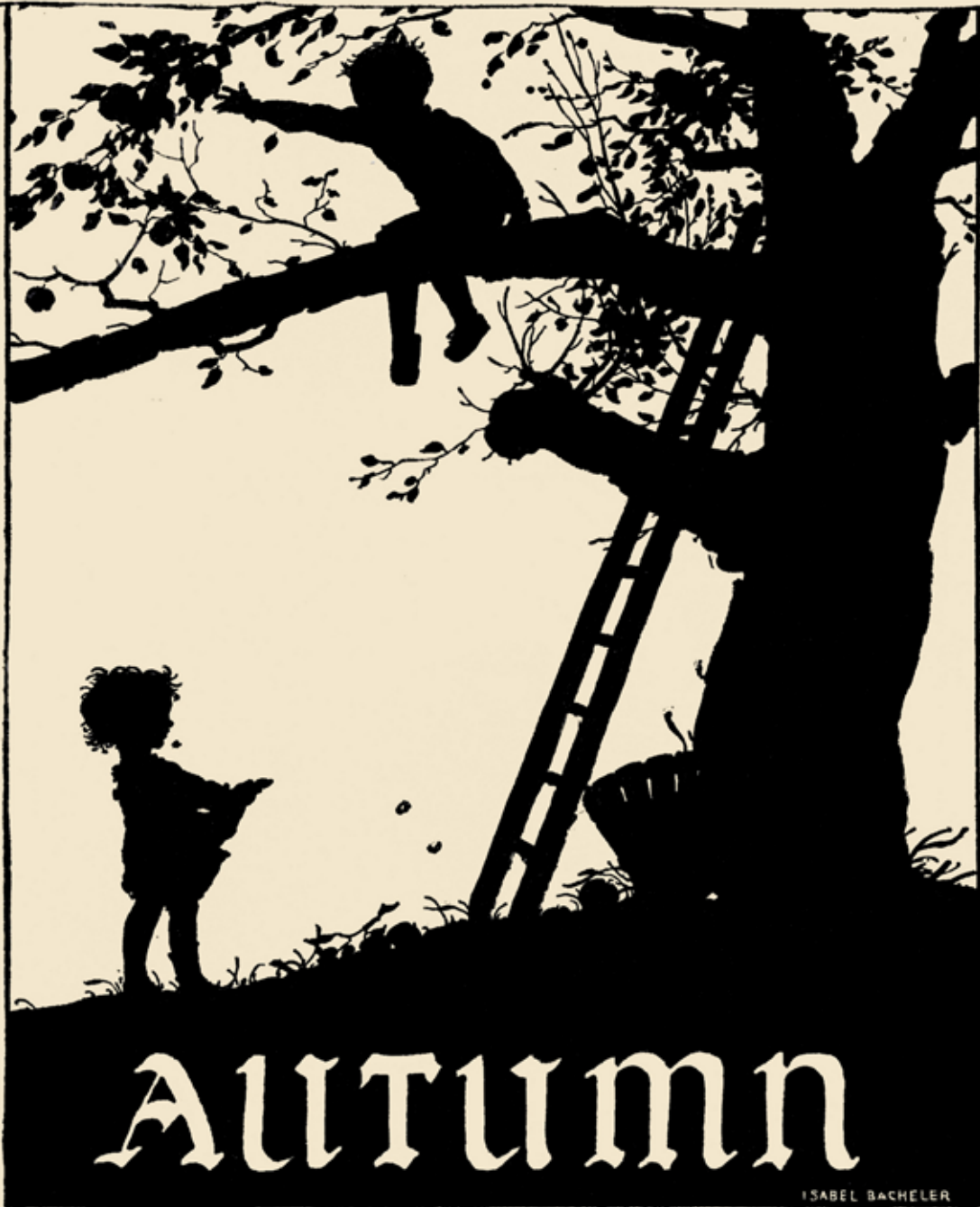
1.46 Spring
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 14 (1930)
Zinc etching

The little birds that in the spring were baby birds are flying,
With wings grown strong, and dreamy Tom beneath an oak is lying.



1.47 Summer
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 14 (1930)
Zinc etching

Dick loves to climb in apple trees (he is a fearless brother),
And Joan's small apron he will fill with rosy fruit for mother.



1.48 Autumn
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 14 (1930)
Zinc etching

In sweaters, mittens, scarfs and caps and woolly leggings hiding,
We find our husky Dick and Jack all bundled up for sliding.



1.49 Winter

John Martin's Big Book, vol. 14 (1930)

Zinc etching

PETER PAN PLAYS

YES, Peter is playing a tune, my dears;
Peter is playing a tune.
It is filled with the sweetest of sounds,
my dears,
Of the wind and the grass and the moon;
The little low wind that caresses the grass,
And the stars and the brook and the moon.

Peter is playing a tune; no sound
Comes from the little birds' throats.
They listen to Peter with happy dismay—
At the tender joy of his notes.
They listen to Peter in wonder to hear
The flow and the joy of his notes.



1.50 Peter Pan plays
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 2 (1931)
Zinc etching

Bruin grew drowsy and sleepy, he did,
While Peter was piping, my dears,
So Peter, the mischievous scamp that he is,
Is tickling old Bruin's soft ears.
He's the veriest rascal, is young Peter Pan:
He's tickling old Bruin's soft ears.



1.51 Peter Pan tickles Bruin
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 2 (1931)
Zinc etching

Peter is playing a tune. The nymph
Darts out from her shadowy nook:
The baby nymphs, too, in their chubby-like ways
Try to twinkle and dance like the brook.
They all want to *dream* when he plays of the wind,
But they *dance* when he plays of the brook.



1.52 Dancing nymphs
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 2 (1931)
Zinc etching

Peter is tickling the bear, my dears,
He's tickling old Bruin, the bear,
And meanwhile *who's* trying to toot on his pipes?
But good little Peter won't care!
You see he is merry and loving and gay,
I'm sure, *very* sure, he won't care.

Listen to-night in your beds, my dears,
If the shadows are quiet and deep,
And a white fairy light makes a path to the moon—
For Peter may pipe you to sleep!
You'll hear of the stars and the wind in the grass,
If Peter Pan pipes you to sleep.

ISABEL BACHELER

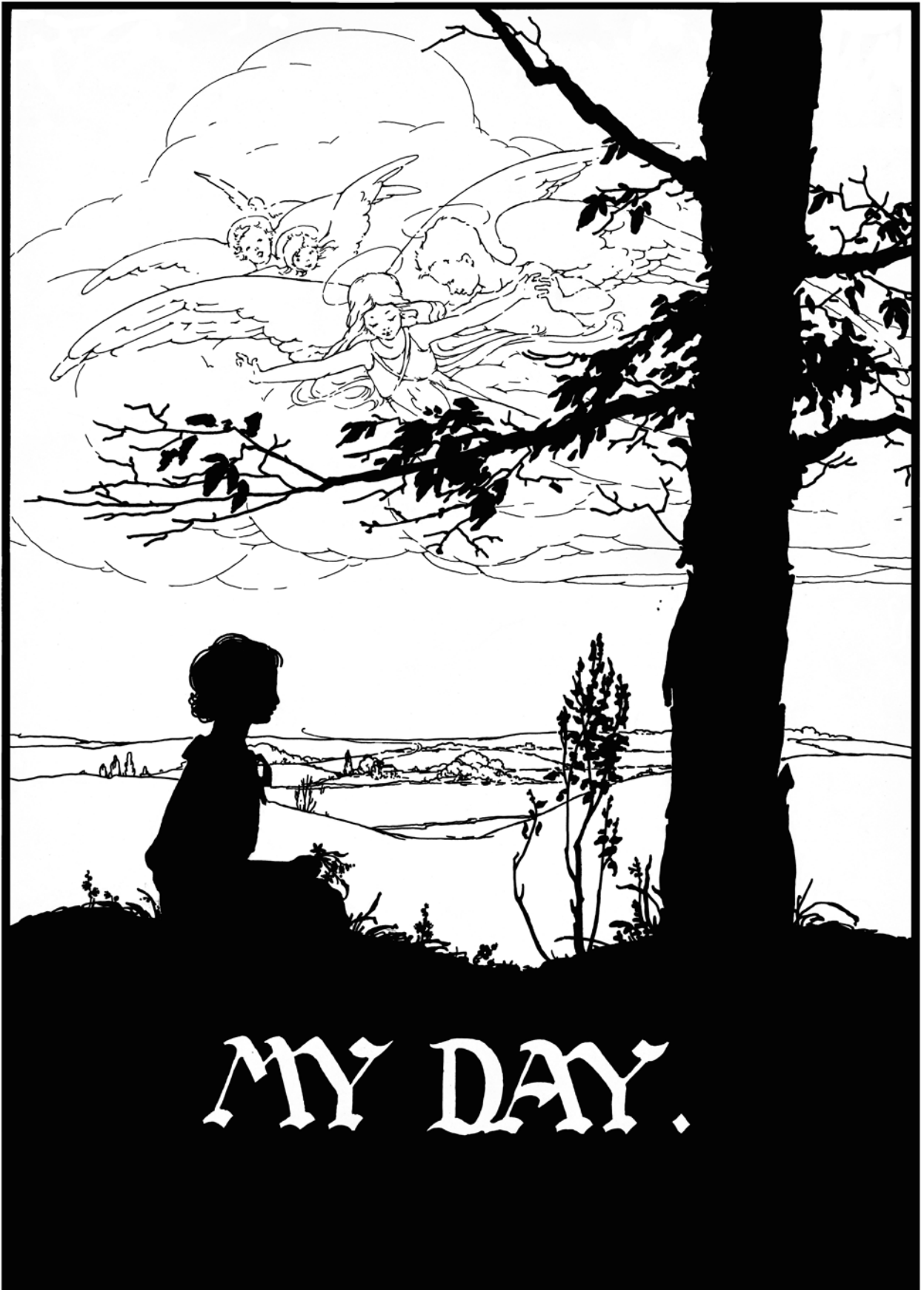


1.53 Rabbit playing the pipes
John Martin's Big Book, vol. 2 (1931)
Zinc etching



1.54 My hilltop
 1923 *School Arts Magazine*, vol. 22
 Zinc etching

(Facing page)
 1.55 My day
 Ink drawing



MY DAY.

CHAPTER 2

FAMILY YEARS



1929-1944





After leaving teaching to study art, Isabel met her future husband, Monroe William Smith. “At the time,” Isabel recalled, “I had taken a year to study in New York City and was living at the Studio Club. At the Studio Club, one of my good friends was Winifred Smith, Monroe’s sister. In fact, I met her before I met Monroe. She called Monroe one day on the telephone, and said, ‘Come down and meet my friend, Isabel Bachelor. I think that you would like her very much indeed.’”

First Date

Isabel continued, “Monroe was teaching at that time at the Peekskill Military Academy. He came down to an exhibit that was held at the Studio Club in which a good many of my things were shown, and there was considerable festivity and dancing and so forth. As he was introduced to me and danced with me, he proposed! I thought that this was pretty fast work, and he



Harry Fosdick's Baptist Church on Park Avenue, New York City

probably knew that I was a little country girl and pretty naive, and that this was all sort of a joke! So I treated it, more or less, as a joke. Then he asked for a date the coming week and I told him I was busy the whole week. Then he said, ‘Well, how about Sunday,’ and I said, very primly, ‘I always go to church on Sunday,’ thinking that this fast and handsome young man probably never went to church. His response was, ‘Well, fine, I will take you to church. What church do you like to go to?’ And I said, ‘Well, I like to go to Harry and Mrs. Fosdick’s church.’ And he said, ‘Great, I’ll come and pick you up and we’ll go to church together.’”

“Well, I always left for church an hour or so early because at that time Dr. Fosdick’s church was so popular that one couldn’t even get a seat if one didn’t get there very early. After the main part of the church was filled, the basement below was filled and you had to listen to the minister over the loud speaker, and there was apt to be a group also standing outside. It got time that I felt it was necessary to leave for church in order to have a place to sit, and no Monroe had turned up. I thought, ah, he doesn’t even know what the condition of the church is. He probably will get there too late to even get in. And sure enough, it got to be about 15 minutes before church time and he hadn’t arrived. Finally, a taxi drove up, and without saying very much, I greeted him and we got into the taxi and went off to church, and I thought, he’s going to find that we’ll stand out in the street. When we got to the church, to my amazement, he brought me up to one of the ushers, who bowed very courteously and ushered us up to the front of the main body of the church where two seats had been reserved for Monroe and me! I realized that he not only knew that the church was extremely popular, but that he had made ample arrangements ahead of time.”³

Engaged

After dating for a time, Isabel concluded that they were probably engaged (though Monroe never had formally proposed). She later re-



Isabel & Monroe happily married on their wedding day June 23, 1929

called, "I finally came to the point that I thought we were really engaged and I was rather shocked when Monroe said to me one day, 'You know, I have the opportunity to teach in a select school and the only objection is that they want a married man, and I'm not married. But I told them that I expected to be soon, and I think that would probably make it all right. Would you like to come with me while I have the interview?' And I thought, 'Well, he wants me to be a sort of chaperone and I'll be happy to do it.' So I went and I looked around for the girl who had got on the train, and I didn't see her, and I couldn't make her out, and I thought that I'd see her later. And so that's the way Monroe proposed.

"After the proposal he said to me, 'Now should I be the principal of this select boys' school? I also have a chance to install documentation units in libraries, or take a job with the Boy Scouts. The highest paid position is the

select boys' school, and the second one is the installation of documentation units, and down on the bottom of the list is the Boy Scout job.' I thought, 'Well, money isn't all that's good in this world' and thought, if he's with Boy Scouts he is out of doors in sunshine, and rainstorms, and in contact with boys who are poor and rich and every variety; and maybe I could do something with Girl Scouts. Actually, I became a Girl Scout Leader and we did Boy Scout and Girl Scout things together. And my reply was, 'I'd like it if you were a Boy Scout Leader; and he became a Boy Scout executive.'¹⁴

On June 23, 1929, Isabel and Monroe were married by her father, Reverend Francis P. Bachelor, at the Talcottville Congregational Church in Vernon, Connecticut.

Betty Gets a New Mummie

Monroe, at the time of their marriage, had a three-year-old daughter, named Mertie Elizabeth (Betty) Smith, born on October 5, 1925, to Monroe's first wife, Hilda Elizabeth Melin. Hilda drowned in a canoeing accident on October 14, 1926, nine days after Betty's first birthday. Monroe and Hilda went canoeing on Lake Mahopac in New York, when Monroe left Hilda in the canoe next to the shore so he could explore one of the islands. Hilda apparently decided to paddle the canoe out on her own, and stood up in the canoe to wave to Monroe while he was climbing the small island hill. When Monroe saw the canoe overturn, and Hilda "struggling in the water almost 200 feet from shore, he swam out and dived for about 20 minutes but found the water too deep. He was unable to locate his wife."¹⁵ Monroe cried out for help, and soon a local group of people on the shore heard his exhausted yells. One hour later, they found the motionless body of Hilda at the bottom of the lake.

Monroe was devastated and heartbroken. To add to the tragedy, Hilda's family tried to kidnap Betty because they adored her so much and didn't want her to be raised by the seemingly reckless Monroe. To protect her, Monroe sent Betty to his aunt Emily for six months, then to the Morehouse family in Southbridge, MA, until he found Isabel and married her.¹⁶ Knowing that this precious child needed a mother, Isabel raised Betty and loved her as her own daughter.



Monroe, Betty & Isabel in 1929



Isabel & Monroe in 1933



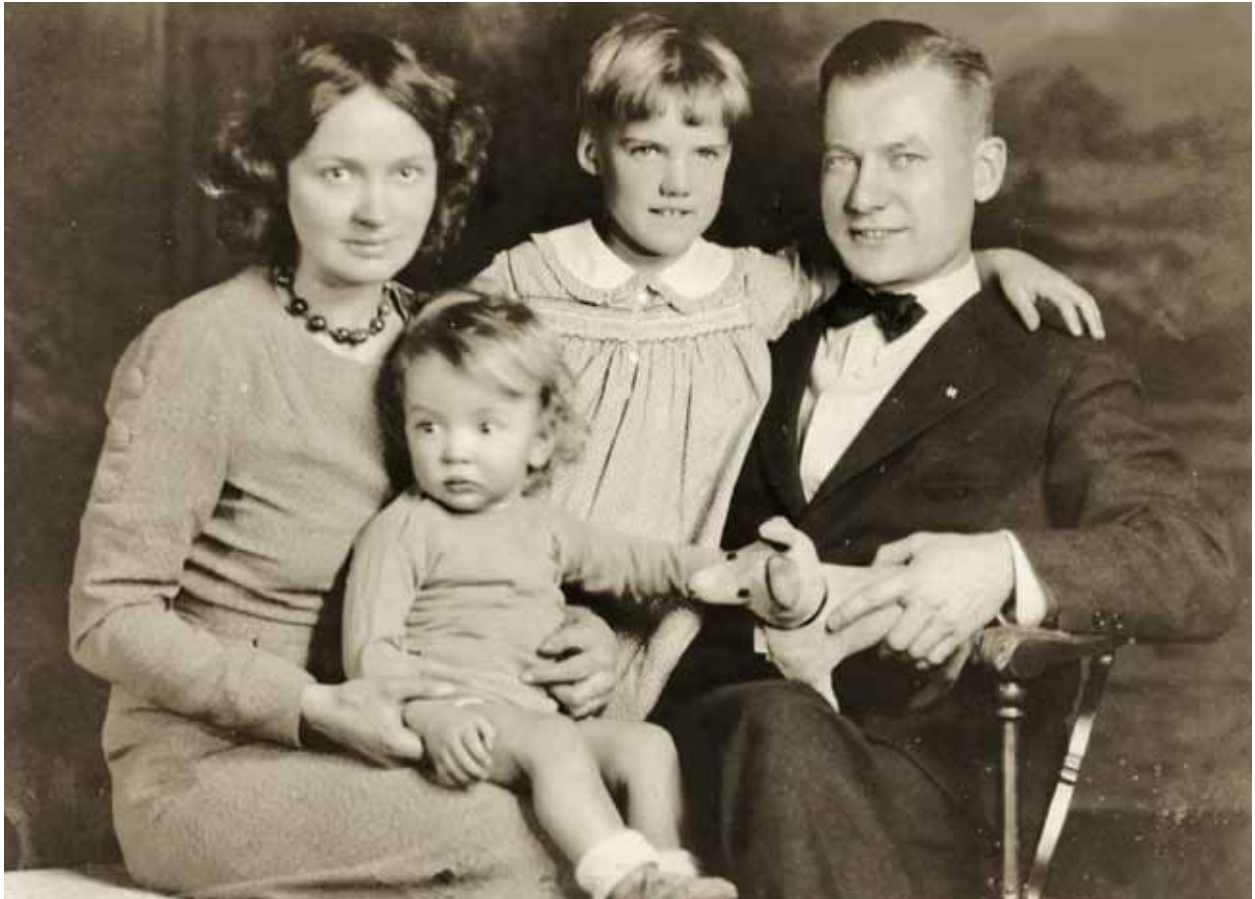
Isabel & newborn Stephen in 1931

Almost two years after Isabel and Monroe were married, Isabel gave birth to her first baby, Stephen Bachelier Smith on April 13, 1931.

Special Indian Guests

In September 1932, Monroe surprised Isabel, Betty and Stephen with some very special guests that he wanted to bring home. “Is it okay,’ he said, ‘if I bring an Indian home for supper tonight?’ ‘Oh, sure, Monroe,’ Isabel answered enthusiastically. ‘Just one?’ ‘Well, uh, no,’ he said, slightly hesitant. ‘There’s an Indian Chief, and a Squaw, and ... well,’ he concluded, ‘the whole family.’

“While the group was making its way to her home, Isabel took a cupboard inventory and concluded she could take care of it. The Indian family [which ended up being seven in total] was charmed by her friendship and hospitality to the extent that instead of spending one night, they stayed two weeks! Isabel spread the larder around as well as she could, and she enjoyed a genuine rapport with the young Indian woman,



Smith Family in 1932 (Isabel, Stephen, Betty & Monroe)

who had a child only a little older than Stephen.

“One night while she was giving Stephen a bath, Isabel asked the young woman if she would like her baby to share the bath. The young Indian woman said yes, but she almost instantly regretted it when she put her youngster into the water and he let out a scream that could be heard halfway to Rochester. Isabel was terribly concerned. ‘Goodness, did I burn him?’ she asked. The young woman put her hand in the water and shook her head. ‘It’s not too hot,’ she said. ‘He’s never been washed anywhere but in the creek.’ He expected it, of course, to be icy cold.”¹⁷

Two weeks after the grateful guests left, Monroe and Isabel were formally adopted into the Tonawanda tribe. Isabel wrote: “That evening was the time set for Monroe and me to be adopted by the Indians, so leaving the children for the night with a neighbor, we left for the 10 p.m. initiation, 50 miles away! We danced two



Chief Johnson of the Tonawanda tribe at Monroe's Scout show



Squaw & son who stayed with the Smiths in 1932

Indian dances, were led around to a soft chant, were grunted over, fed peculiar food (among which was corn ground up with lard and sugar!) and at last presented with Indian names: I, being *Jo-yo-da* and Monroe, *Hi-i-ways*. We were then speechified over in a long Indian oration, no word of which I understood, but at the end the announcement was made that we were formally adopted. All this took place in the ‘Long House’ or ‘Council House,’ and when I tell you that the ‘feather dance’ was led by ten or twelve braves, you have some conception of the pageantry of the ceremony. We left the reservation about 1:30 a.m., I believe, and were comfortably tucked into bed by 3:00 a.m. By the way, the Indians worship Monroe. They got all teary and hugged us while one old squaw kissed me, again and again! Ugh! Ugh! I liked them but thank fortune there are 50 miles between us!”¹⁸



Isabel & Betty in 1933

Betty & Stephen

Betty, like her mother, loved the outdoors, and to travel. “When Betty was nine, she hiked, biked, and flat-boated the whole summer with three other little girls. She wrote to her mother, who was abroad, ‘I’m compitunt to take out a sponsored trip next summer.’”¹⁹ Isabel, of course did not agree; she was far too young!

When Stephen was about six years old, Isabel wrote of an interesting experience she had with her son. “One afternoon [in October] I glanced out of my bedroom window to see Stephen walking serenely along the edge of the porch roof. Going to the window I called him as quietly as possible, ‘Come here, Stephen.’ ‘Why Mummie?’ He came to the window. ‘You might trip and fall over the edge, darling.’ ‘But I can’t, Mummie. Santa Claus is holding my hand.’ Then I noticed Stephen’s right hand stiffly extended, holding an imaginary one. ‘Oh, I see. How nice to have Santa here. Let’s invite him in to lunch.’ With Stephen inside, I shut the window with

vigor and was about to lock it when Stephen shouted as though hurt, ‘Mummie! Mummie! Stop! You’ve shut the window on Santa’s leg! Open it, quick!’ Of course I did. We rescued the leg and comforted Santa who was brave and jolly as all saints should be. And he turned out to be a veritable household saint, for his residence became our home.

“That night I found Stephen clinging to the edge of the bed, dangerously near to falling out. ‘Scramble in little man so I can tuck you in.’ ‘I don’t want to crowd Santa. He’s lying wite beside me,’ was the explanation. Tact and persuasion, and Santa’s own hearty assertions that he had too much room, and felt less lonesome if Stephen weren’t so far away, were alone capable of luring Stephen back into a modest half of his small bed. The good saint eats with us, works with us, plays with us. He even talks of going to first grade along with Stephen.

“Then, of course, there is God. Stephen knows more, I sometimes think, about Him than all the rest of us put together. ‘Do you know, Daddy, how God



Stephen Smith in 1933



Stephen & Betty Smith on the roof about 1932

makes the rain? Well, I'll tell you. He fills his pails with water down in the rivers and then He flies on his two white wings high up in the sky. And when He gets there He spills the water out and that's the rain. Do you see, Daddy? 'Course you can't really see 'cause His rivers are in Heaven and that's far, far, far off. Heaven is the name of the town where God lives. Do you see, Daddy? But it's not these ridiculous explanations of Stephen's that prove his knowledge of God. It's the unearthly sweetness of his face that makes you know that the angels are his big brothers, and that God and God's heaven are close to him."²⁰

Isabel, on another occasion wrote of Stephen: "Two nights ago between three and four in the morning I wakened and was immediately conscious that someone was whispering excit-

edly in the next room. The whisper was one I recognized at once as being Stephen's own. Was he talking in his sleep, I wondered? Tip-toeing into his room adjoining, I found him wide-eyed and very glad to see me. 'Mummie!' He drew me down on the bed, 'Mummie, a shadow came and took my hand. We went to such a beautiful place! Please, Mummie, may I get right up and draw it?' I stroked his alert little head and told him he'd have to wait till morning to make his picture. Very sweetly, he acquiesced, hugging me goodnight and waving me goodbye in the moonlight as I slipped into my room. But his whispering continued. 'Dear Shadow, please come back. I like your lovely place. I like the path. Take me with you again! Anyhow, I'll draw it in the morning. I'll take all my pencils and crayons, Shadow,



Isabel ready for winter traveling about 1936



Isabel & Monroe in 1937 prior to her tragic accident

and a big piece of Mummie's bestest paper...' And so on until the darkness began to fade. Last night when I was tucking him in, he told me once more about the Shadow. 'Maybe he'll come again tonight! It's such a lovely place we go to. Have you been there, Mummie?' Oh darling Stephen, lying awake over a lovely dream! Yes, I have been there, time and again!"²¹

A Tragic Car Accident

On November 1, 1938, when Betty was thirteen and Stephen was seven, Isabel was traveling during a heavy rainstorm, on American Youth Hostelling business; Isabel was at the wheel of their Nash with Monroe in the passenger seat. As she drove, she approached a slower moving truck in front of them. "Isabel turned out

to pass, and as she did, something on the rear of the car—possibly the bumper or the bicycle carrier, hooked into the bumper of the truck. In an instant, the two vehicles were skidding together on wet leaves. The truck turned over five times; the driver was slightly bruised. The Nash bounced against three different trees before coming to rest."²² The vehicle was a total wreck. Monroe had remained in the car and had extensive bruises on his entire arm; while Isabel had been ejected from the vehicle. As they searched for Isabel, they saw a pile of bloody rags caught against a rusted barbwire fence, only to find that the pile of rags was Isabel's mangled body.²³

They rushed her to the hospital in another vehicle and "after several x-rays found that no bones were broken. Nine stitches were taken in



Isabel & Stephen ready for a bike ride together about 1938

her forehead, both arms were battered, the right knee, and back were bruised.”²⁴ “The muscle of her left leg was gouged out enough to fit in a baseball. Seventeen places on her spine were thrown out of line.”²⁵

Monroe stayed with Isabel for the next 36 hours, and then left for several previously scheduled speaking engagements. He traveled to Denver where he was notified about two weeks later, on November 19, to return at once, as Isabel’s condition had worsened. He chartered a plane and flew for twelve hours to arrive at her bedside. Isabel had a temperature of 105.6 degrees and had developed lockjaw. The doctor treating Isabel had not given her a tetanus shot, and had laughed at the idea of an infection until she finally had to summon an ambulance, pay his bill, and go to the Battle Creek Hospital where five doctors analyzed her case as lockjaw. The doctors told Monroe that her chances of survival were very slim, yet her temperature dropped on his arrival.²⁶

Lockjaw, or tetanus, is caused by a poison from contaminated soil that is introduced into the bloodstream, generally through a wound. The poison “blocks nerve signals from the spinal cord to the muscles, causing severe muscle spasms. The spasms can be so powerful that they tear the muscles or cause fractures of the spine.”²⁷

For the rest of November and the entire month of December 1938, Isabel remained at the hospital with such intense pain that she required morphine on a daily basis. “She would go into convulsions in which her jaws would snap closed, sometimes biting off a piece of her tongue. She had excruciating pain when her head would jerk back causing her spine to violently bend backwards far beyond the normal curvature. She was completely paralyzed and fed only by a tube.”²⁸

During these long days and agonizing nights, the doctors gave Monroe little hope that Isabel would survive the lockjaw, let alone live a semi-normal life. To help motivate Isabel, Monroe placed pictures of Betty and Stephen in her

hospital room where she could see them. Isabel's courageous spirit would not give up, and her family gave her reason to keep fighting.

Isabel's nurse apparently became fond of her, seeing in Isabel an unceasing determination to overcome. She would go to Isabel's bed and manually wiggle her toes, one at a time, while speaking words of encouragement. She would then try to get Isabel to bend a toe on her own. Weeks passed with no progress. Then one day Isabel was able to bend one toe just a little. The nurse cried out in joy when she saw Isabel move. The nurse said she knew at that moment that Isabel would eventually recover.²⁹

When Isabel finally was able to rouse enough energy to move her quivering lips, her first words to Monroe were: "I am in such pain, Monroe, I need brave thoughts!" She then quoted a favorite poem that spoke of strength on the battlefield. Upon hearing this, Monroe said, "As I stood



"She is one of the rarest souls on earth" - Isabel about 1939



Isabel & Stephen about 1938

there quietly with tears in my heart, I knew it was her rallying spirit that made her cling to life, to us!"³⁰

When it became apparent that she would live, she went through a great deal of therapy. Exactly two months after the accident, on January 1, 1939, Monroe took Isabel home from the hospital. Isabel would become the first person to survive lockjaw in the Battle Creek Sanitarium! Shortly after arriving home, while lying in bed in great pain, Isabel "came to the realization that she was addicted to the morphine. There was a good legitimate reason for the prescription, as she continued to suffer excruciating pain. Isabel realized that she must break the habit, even if it meant terrible suffering. The choice was hers: break the addiction and suffer the pain, or keep the addiction, and numb the pain. There was no question in her mind! She pulled herself out of bed, dragged herself painfully across the large bedroom floor, through the bathroom door, and to the toilet. This journey was laborious as well as painful, taking over an hour to accomplish. She said that she knew that there would be no turning back in her decision as she flushed the pills down the toilet. Fear gripped her mind as she watched the pills swirl down and out of sight. Could she endure the pain? Only time would

tell. Even though she continued to suffer pain for the remainder of her life, she never looked back on the decision she had made.”³¹

On January 4, 1939, Monroe wrote about Isabel’s recovery from lockjaw: “Isabel slept last night without any dope, the first time in six weeks. Today I took her out and we walked the length of the porch several times. She is gritty. She is plucky. She is brilliant. She is talented. She is courageous. She is devoted to the finest living. She is one of the rarest souls on earth. Her struggle has been amazing. Her doctor told me she is the only person he has known to get over the very dreadful agony of lockjaw. She seems to be coming out of it, and out of her dislocations, and out of her cuts and bruises 100%. We are very grateful. We are very happy. She is beginning to feel herself and will, I know, go thru her convalescence with all her ambition for good health. Seldom does God make so glorious a person as Isabel. Fortunate indeed is a man to be wedded to such a character as Isabel, my darling.”³²

Isabel received thousands of letters from all over the nation and world. Even Mrs. Roosevelt,

the wife of the President, sent Isabel two dozen carnations from the White House. Isabel was truly loved by many the world over.³³

██████████ is Born

“Of course Mother was not supposed to have any more children,” recalled ██████████. “Mother felt Betty was her own daughter, but she had given birth to only one child, my brother Stephen. Mother was one of seven children and she longed for more. After my mother learned to walk again, she started thinking about having another child. No, she was not supposed to have another child! The doctors were amazed that she lived, and even more so that she could walk. But surely, she understood that she could not become pregnant. The stress of a baby growing in her and the trauma of its delivery could kill her. Still, my mother decided to have another child.

“Circa August 1941, my mother was standing at a pulpit in an auditorium speaking to a group. In the group was the doctor who had helped her recover from her bout with lockjaw. He had not expected her to live. He had not expected



Isabel with her new baby ██████████ in 1942



Monroe, Isabel, [REDACTED], Stephen & Betty Smith in 1943

her to walk. And there she was, less than three years after her accident, standing, speaking, and pregnant! He wept openly as he listened to her and saw living courage. It has been said that the greatest battles are not fought on the battlefield but in the heart of man. She is the epitome of courage. She survived through sheer faith and willpower.”³⁴

Three years after her accident, and ten years after the birth of her first son Stephen, ██████ Smith was born on ██████. “It was difficult for her,” ██████ wrote, “and my birth nearly did take her life. I came home from the hospital two weeks before my mother did. As she could not nurse me, my father purchased a goat, milked it, and fed me the goat’s milk. My mother did not speak about what she went through for me. She acted as if there had never been a problem. I only learned this in later years from my father and others. When I confronted my mother with what I had heard, she would smile, look at me with a depth in her eyes, and simply say, ‘Yes, that did happen.’”³⁵

Though she never again had convulsions after conquering lockjaw, for the rest of her life Isabel had to endure great pain throughout her body. However, she never complained, and very few people knew of her daily struggle with pain. According to ██████ one of the most amazing parts of the story was not that Isabel recovered from lockjaw, not that this was not a true miracle, but that she “never harbored any resentment or ill feelings towards the doctor who neglected to give her a tetanus shot. She loved people too much to get caught up in those things. She really loved people.”³⁶

“One of the many great attributes I recognized my mother having was that she endured her suffering with quiet and grace; instead of complaining she regularly thought of and spoke of her blessings. She had a wonderful, gracious, consistent, and cheerful countenance and attitude, resulting in a majestic bearing. She truly was a noble peacemaker. I can say that any ability I have to love others I learned from her. I love her with all my heart.”³⁷ ~~11-36~~



Isabel, ██████ & Monroe with Robin the sheepdog in 1944



"I love her with all my heart!"



(Chapter page)
 2.1 Isabel & two younger sisters
 1937 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

2.2 God sent His Son
 Stephen Smith's baby book
 Colored pencil on zinc etching

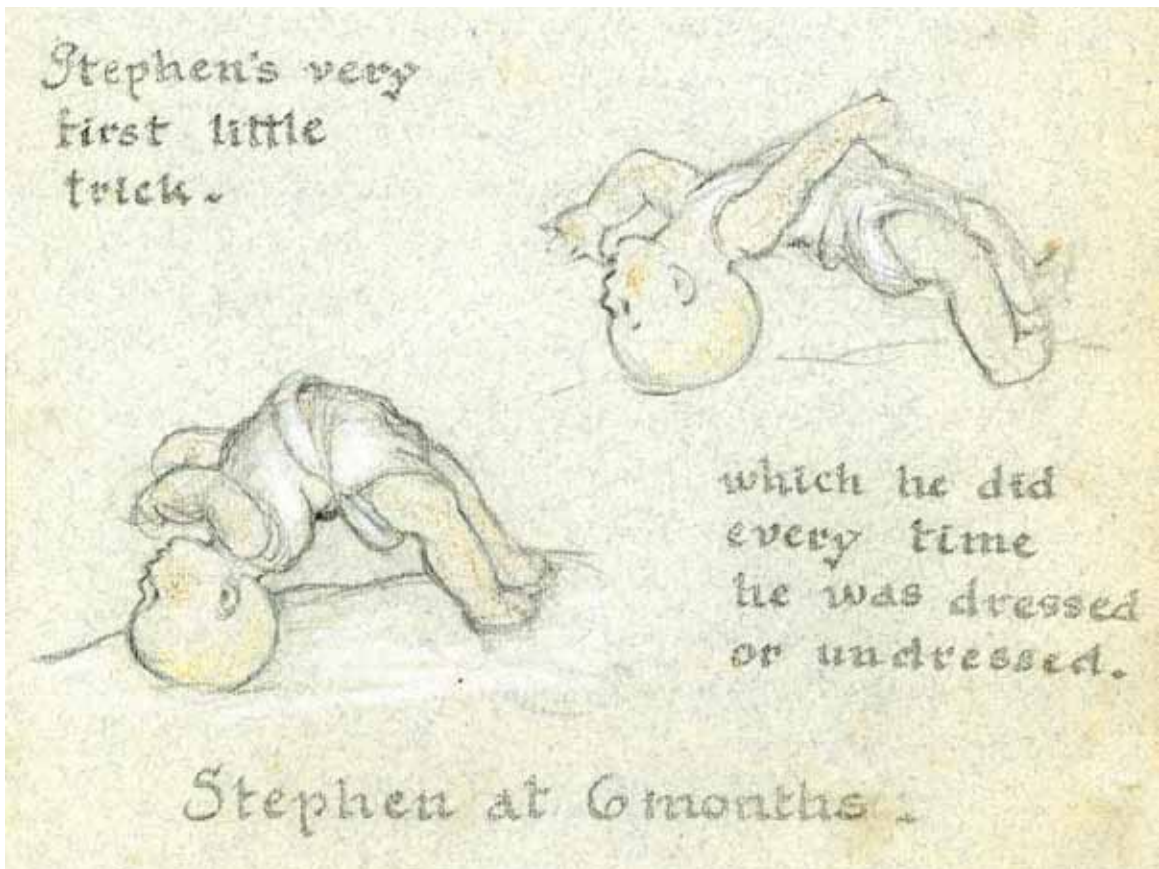


2.3 Stephen's baby announcement
Stephen Smith's baby book
Zinc etching



2.4 Fingers discovered!
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil

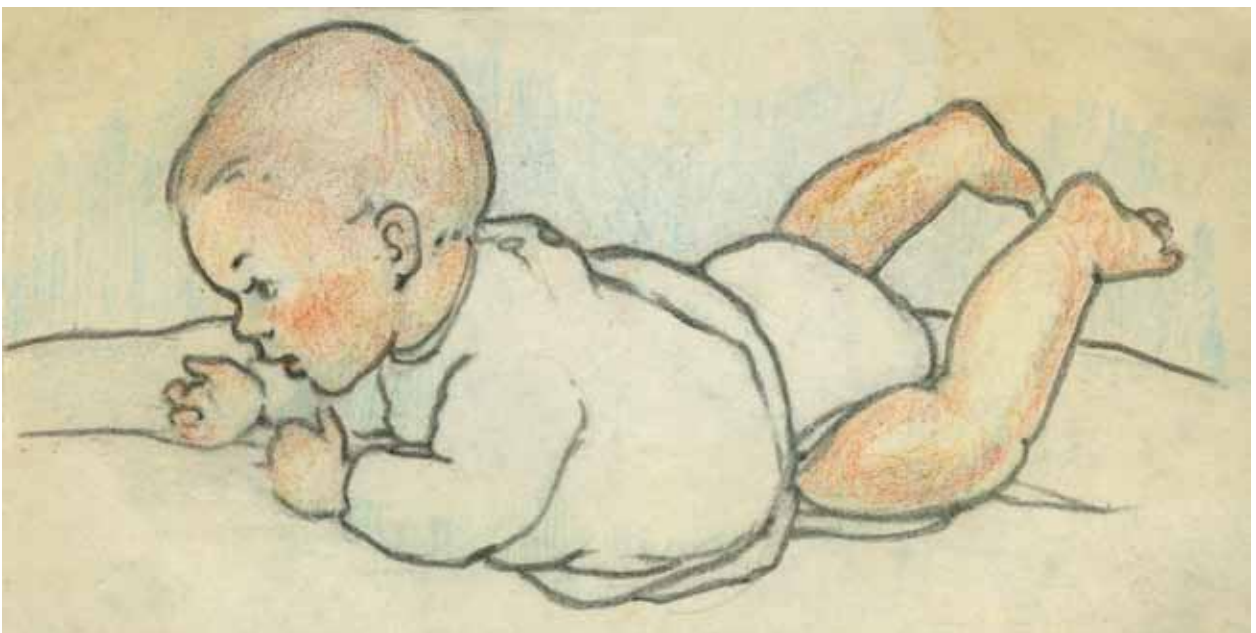
2.5 Stephen's trick
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.6 Baby scale
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.7 Stephen as baby
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



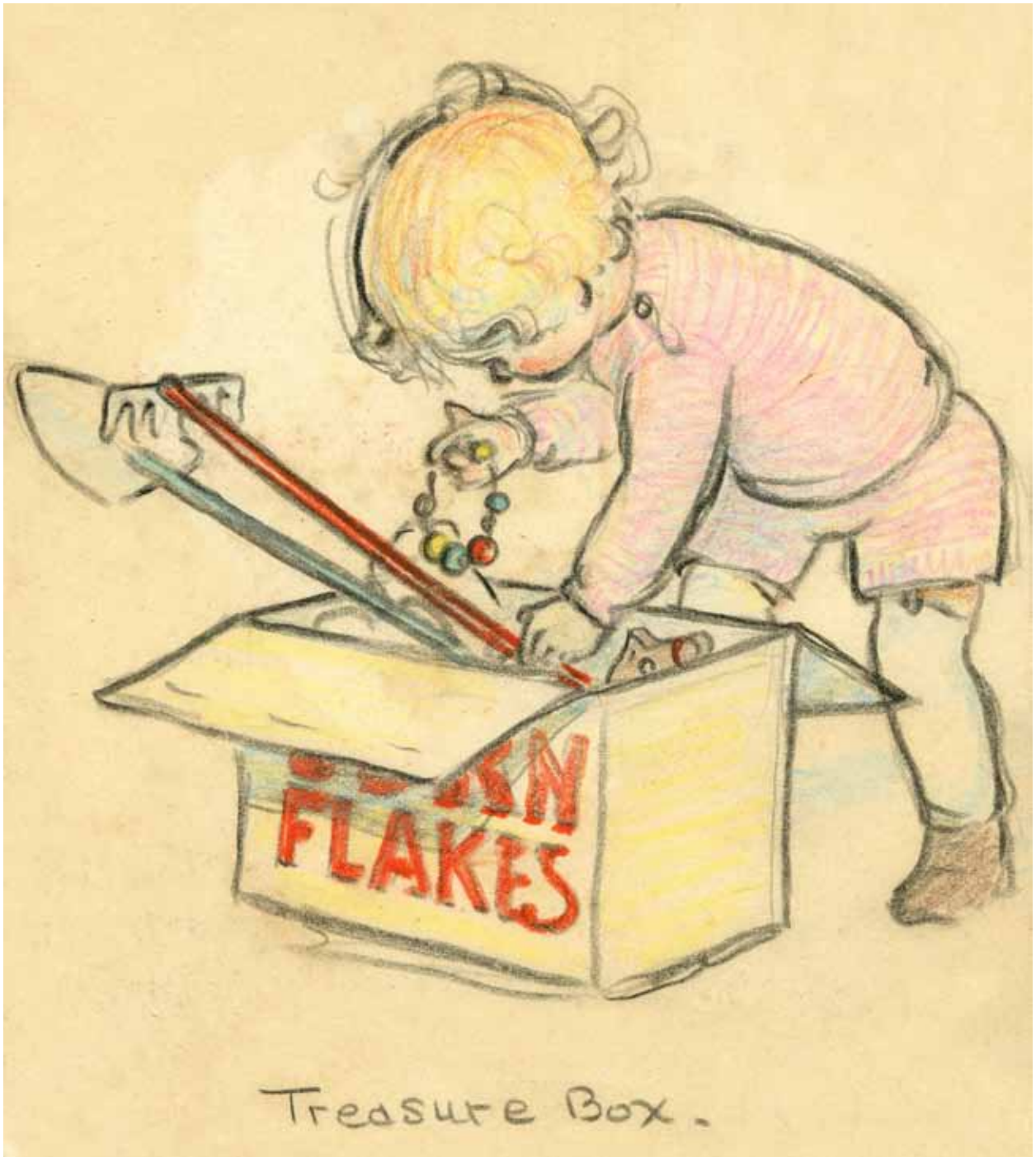
2.8 Stephen as toddler
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.9 Stephen as toddler with teddy bear
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.10 Stephen as toddler with kitten
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.11 Treasure box
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil

(Facing page)
2.12 The diminishing glass
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



The diminishing glass.



2.14 Fragrance
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil

2.13 Music
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.15 Little troop mascot
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil

“Marcia Graver presented the little troop mascot, Stephen B. Smith (14 months of age), to Mary Alice Hughes, senior patrol leader, who accepted him in behalf of the troop.”



2.16 Little troop mascot
Stephen Smith's baby book
Colored pencil



2.17 Isabel, Stephen & Betty
Stephen Smith's baby book
Ink drawing



2.18 Stephen & Betty on bikes
1937 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching



2.19 Betty & Stephen Smith
Drawn for 1936 *AYH Knapsack*
Ink drawing

2.20 Stephen holding Santa's hand

1937 *AYH Knapsack*

Zinc etching

(see story on page 66)

“Come here, Stephen.’ ‘Why Mummie?’ He came to the window. ‘You might trip and fall over the edge, darling.’ ‘But I can’t, Mummie. Santa Claus is holding my hand.’”



2.21 Stephen at barber's

1937 *AYH Knapsack*

Zinc etching

Stephen “climbed slowly into the chair, viewed the barber's bald pate a little dubiously, and remarked ‘Please, Mr. Barber, I don't want my hair cut on top like yours.’”



2.22 Betty & Stephen singing

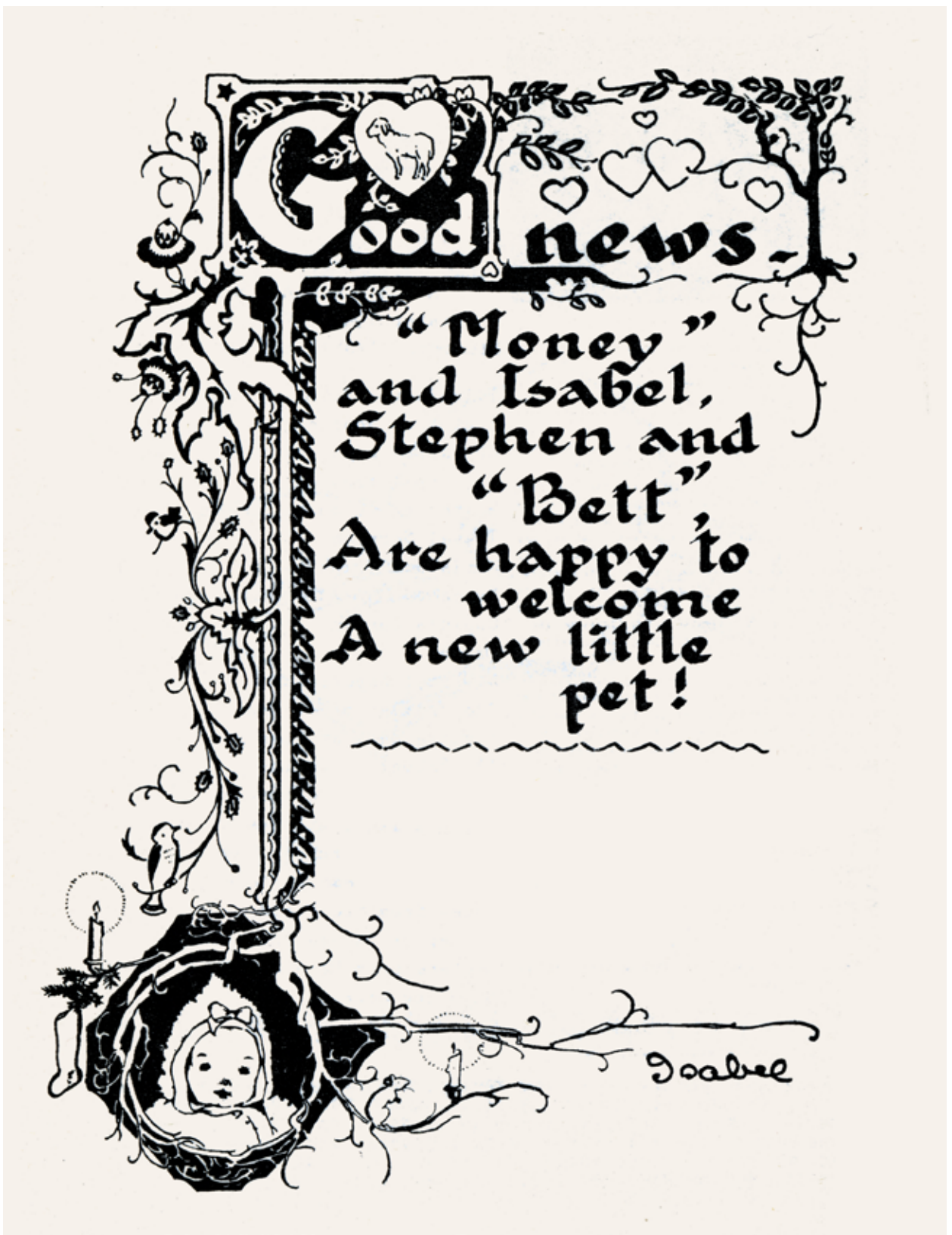
1937 *AYH Knapsack*

Zinc etching

Little Betty loves music and “makes up little songs, words and music on the piano, which she teaches to Stephen.”



2.23 Betty & [REDACTED]
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



2.24 Good news
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



2.25 [redacted] one month old
[redacted]'s baby book
Colored pencil



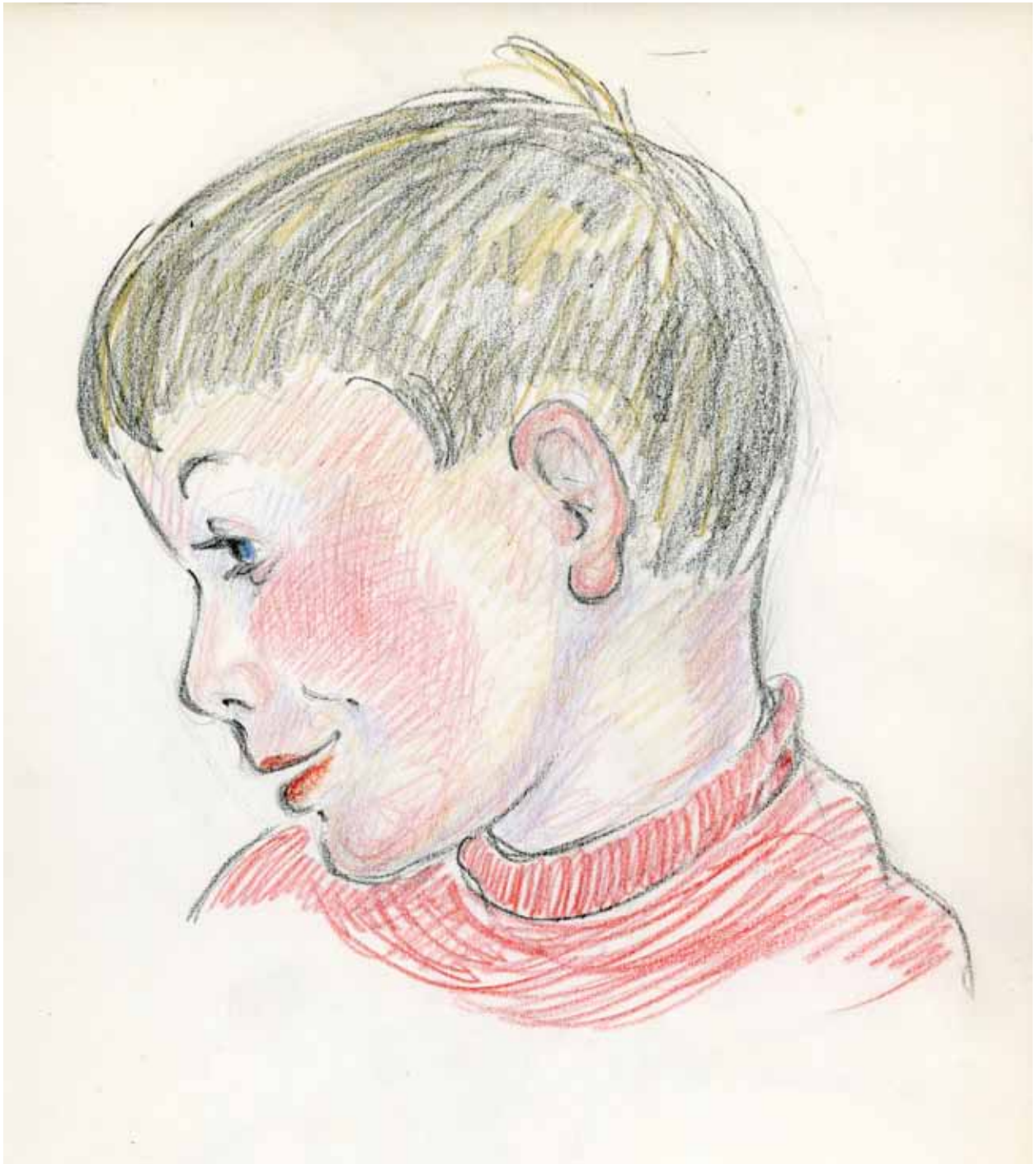
2.26 [redacted] playing with elephant
[redacted]'s baby book
Watercolor



2.27 [redacted] tumbling on arm chair
[redacted]'s baby book
Watercolor



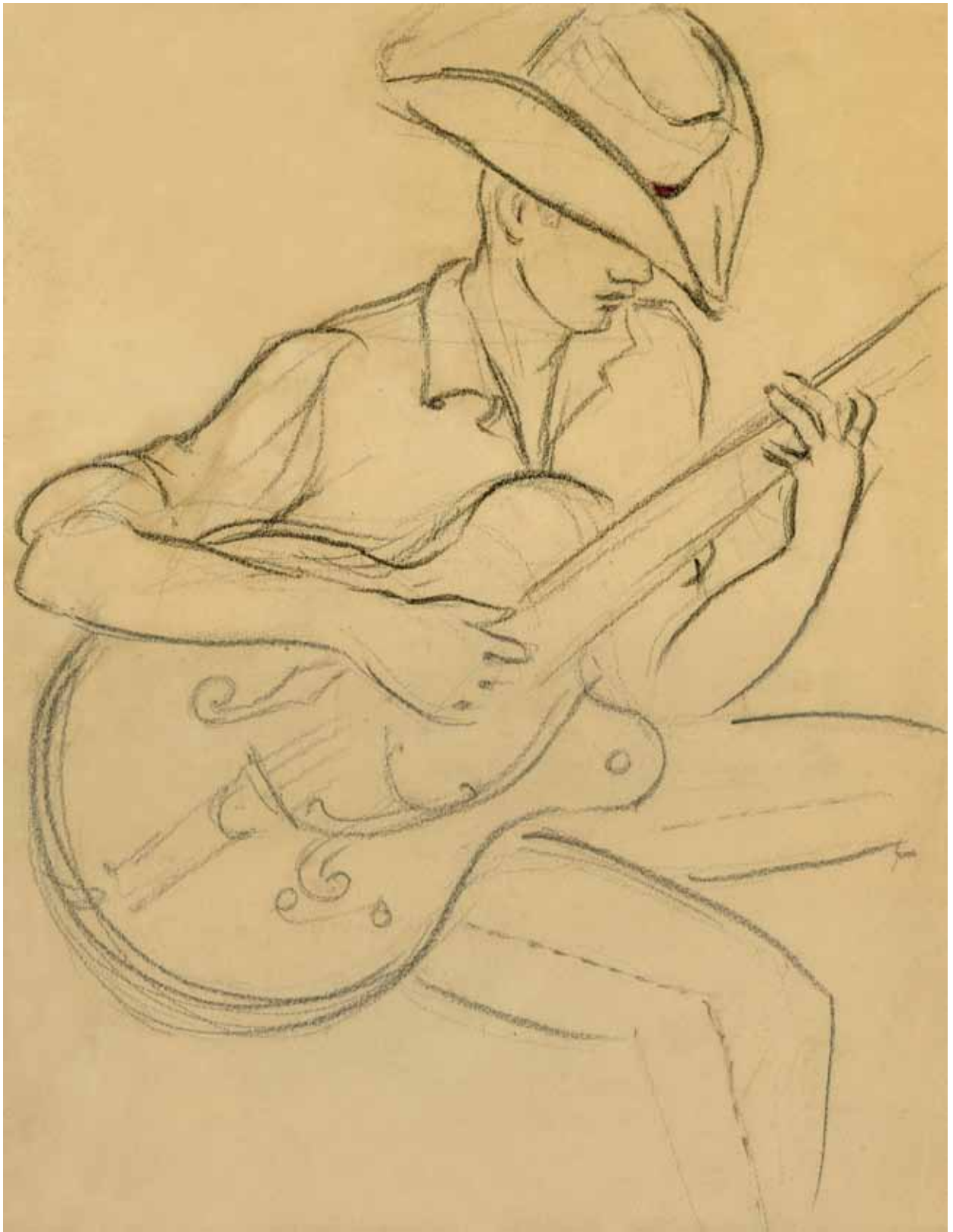
2.28 [redacted] playing
[redacted]'s baby book
Watercolor



2.29 [redacted]
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

[redacted]
(Facing page)
2.30 [redacted] with baby goat
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor





2.31 XXXXXXXXXX playing the guitar
Pencil sketch

2.32 Family cabinet
Painted wood cabinet



2.33 Bird with flowers
Painted wood cabinet





2.34 Granddaughter reading
Painted wood cabinet door



2.35 Grandson [redacted] with baseball bat
Painted wood cabinet door



2.36 Granddaughter [redacted] with birds
Painted wood cabinet door

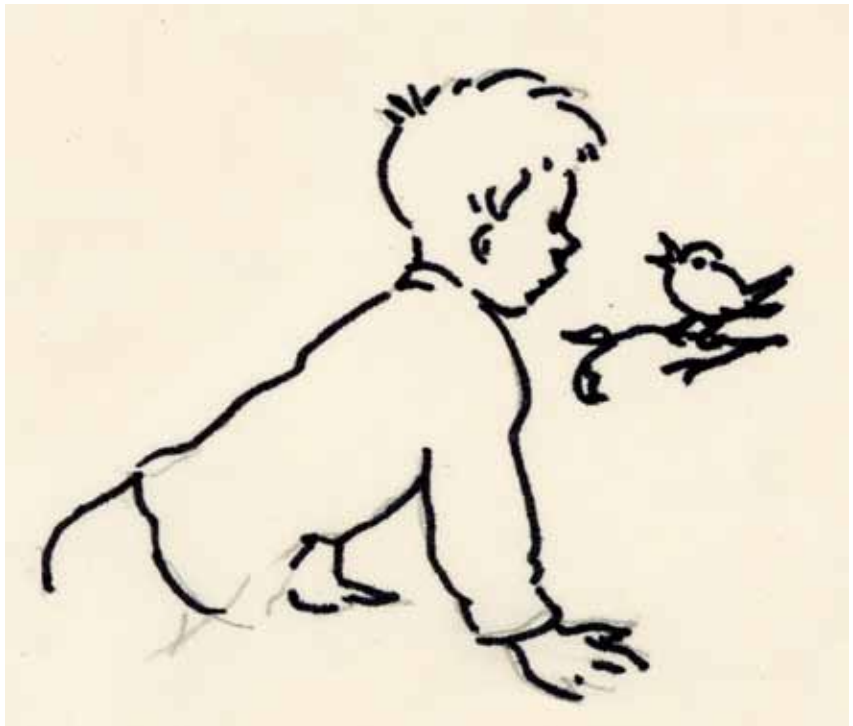


2.37 Granddaughter [REDACTED] in crib
Painted wood cabinet door

2.38 Granddaughter
██████████ playing the piano
Ink drawing



2.39 Grandson ██████████
looking at a bird
Ink drawing





2.40 Granddaughter [REDACTED]
Colored pencil

2.41 Grandchildren

██████, ██████ & ██████

1975 family letter

Ink drawing



2.42 Here is my heart

1979 letter to Smith

grandchildren

Colored pencil



2.43 Granddaughter
in highchair
Watercolor



2.44 Teddy bears
Watercolor





2.45 Monroe Smith with Nehru
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



2.46 Smoky,
Monroe's plane
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



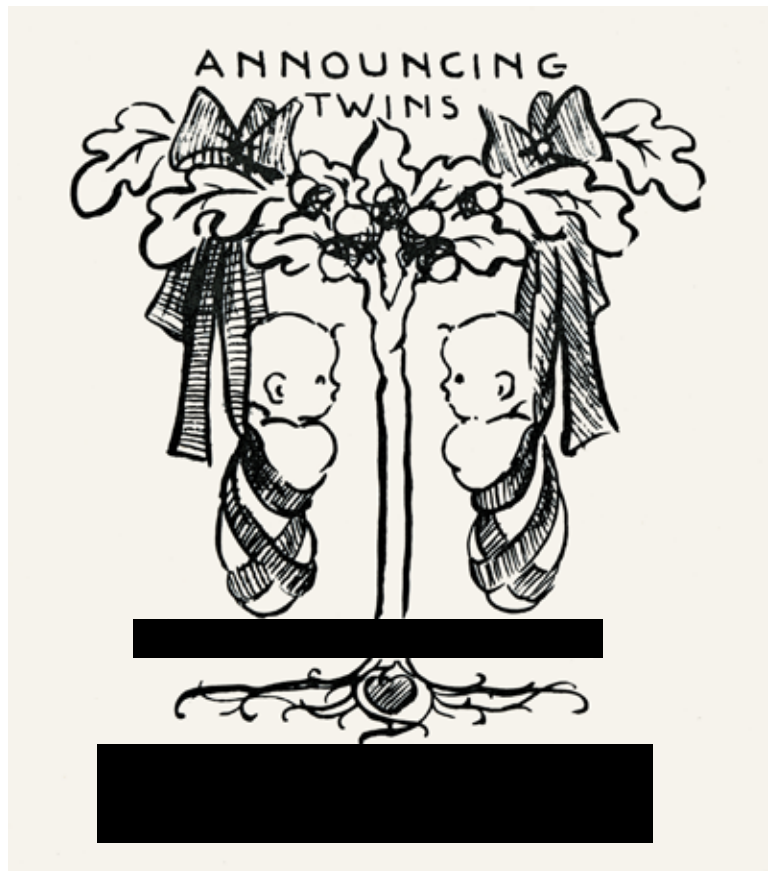
2.47 Monroe Smith
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



2.48 Monroe Smith
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



2.49 1906 Bachelor family Christmas
 (Isabel in center)
 1940 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



2.50 Announcing Twins
 1943 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



2.51 Frances & Muriel on roof
Sketch made at Oct 1977 Family Home
Evening at [redacted]'s home
Pencil sketch

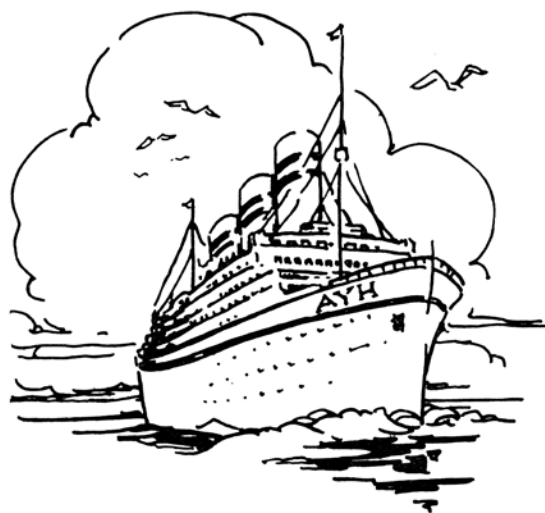
“Frances and Muriel (Isabel’s sisters) standing on the porch roof talking; ‘Our daddy says if you have faith you can do anything! I think that I can fly.’ ‘So do I, Pansy.’ ‘If we jump it will give us a good start,’ ‘Yeah, but Pansy, don’t you think it would help to have a bath towel to land on?’”

CHAPTER 3

FIRST YOUTH TRIP TO EUROPE



1933-1934



During the summer of 1933, Isabel, Monroe, Betty, Stephen and 13 others embarked on an eight-week journey to Europe. Isabel wrote in a letter about the events leading up to the voyage: “From 1928 to 1932, Monroe was a Boy Scout Executive. He had charge of 100 troops, 3,200 boy scouts, and over 500 committeemen, scoutmasters, etc. He enjoyed those five years very much but decided to go to Europe to complete his Doctorate at Heidelberg.”³⁸ “While he was a Boy Scout executive, we read an article saying that Dr. Alexander of Columbia University was sending a group of young people to Europe and that it was called an Experiment in International Friendship. We wrote to Dr. Alexander and told him how interested we were and he asked if we would be in charge of the project, which we were delighted to do. We told our little scouts all about it and only a few days before we were to go there was an



Stephen on the steamship in 1933

article in the New York Times headed: ‘Stay Out of Germany or Get Hurt.’ And Germany was the country we were headed for. Every single one of the Columbia prospects withdrew so that there was no group at all and some of our little scouts said, ‘Oh, we’ll go, we’ll go, we’ll go!’ So we made up our own group with the same heading and we went abroad and we had a wonderful time in Germany.”³⁹

The small group of 17 left on July 5, 1933, less than six months after Adolf Hitler had been appointed chancellor of Germany. Monroe stated that “Indeed it seemed to us a most valuable time for children to cross. Now if ever, to be sure, they would see history in the making. That in itself would be of vital appeal. But greater still, there would be the opportunity to help shape history at such a time and perhaps to help it turn its course. No wonder that we as leaders were filled with high hopes as our steamer drove its mighty way across the sea.”⁴⁰

The group had planned to stay at hotels while traveling, however, upon arriving they found their budget to be insufficient, and decided to stay the way the German youth stay—in Youth Hostels. This was the first time Isabel and Monroe had heard of hostels, and as they traveled the country by hostelling, they fell in love with the concept. In September, at the end of the eight weeks, Monroe left Isabel, Betty and Stephen in Germany, and took the other youth back to New York to their families. He then immediately returned on the same boat back to Germany to stay until February 1934; their purpose, to study hostelling so that they could bring it back to the United States.

“We met Richard Schirrmann, founder of hostelling” Isabel recalled, “and were invited to the International Conference of Youth Hostels in Germany. There Richard said that although he had had many professors and many professional people, and a great number of learned enthusiasts who thought they would take hostelling to America, they had all failed. They had come with neatly pressed suits and shiny glasses and notebooks, but they hadn’t come in shorts and with

bicycles and knapsacks, and without spirit, and while they failed, he felt that we would be the ones that would succeed.”⁴¹

While in Germany, the Smiths not only learned of hostelling, but of the ravages of World War I. On several occasions they shared lunch with a boy with homemade crutches who had lost his leg in the war—a powerful reminder of the atrocities of warfare. They met with native Germans, fearful Jews, patriotic Nazis, and friendly youth, all who expressed their concerns and hopes for the future of Germany.⁴²

The Dream of Hostels in America

While Isabel and Monroe were bicycling on their own through Germany, Isabel wrote her feelings of establishing the Youth Hostels in America: “It was a very chilly, wet autumn day. Money (Monroe) and I had for weeks biked from hostel to hostel. For the most part, the dour days of fall, that usually arrive earlier than do our cloudy autumn ones, had delayed their visitation. But at last the cheery sun had deserted us. All day long we had biked in a drizzle. Wet, cold, tired, very hungry we pedaled our way along, cheered only by the thought of a hostel to welcome us in the



Betty Smith in Europe in 1933



Traveling to Europe in 1933 (Stephen on far left held by uncle Theodore Bacheler, Monroe fourth from left, Isabel & Betty on far right)



Stephen & Isabel playing in the snow in Europe in 1933



Stephen, Betty & German friend Trudi playing in puddle in 1933 (colored by Isabel)

little town, now with evening closing in, only ten kilometers ahead. Then suddenly Monroe's bike lurched—his right pedal, for no rhyme or reason, had broken clean off! Oddly one can't bike with a little thing like a pedal gone, so Money suggested I ride ahead while he looked up a blacksmith. I thought an instant, saw the hot meal I'd have all ready for Money, and agreed.

"There is a saying among hostellers abroad, 'In looking for a hostel, unless otherwise directed, go up!' Tonight was no exception. As I pulled wearily into the little town, my enquiries led to the fact that the hostel was in a rare old castle on the top of the mountain. 'Not high, nor far. Fifteen minutes by the path—an hour and a quarter by the road, and you'd better go by the road!' 'Can you take a bike up the path?' 'Oh yes.' Humph! That settled it! Fifteen minutes against an hour and a half! So for the path I headed. Ten minutes later I was dizzily wondering whether it would be easier to push on up or climb down. Twenty minutes later, I definitely decided I could do neither. I'd sit on the steps (yes, the path was for the most part steep steps) with my bike braced against a tree, and wait for Monroe.

"But a bit of waiting, wet and cold in the evening air made me chatteringly longing to struggle on. Shakiness and weak knees however, made the thought intolerable. If only I had something to eat, I'd probably be able to do it! In a flash, like an answer to my longing, came a sudden thought—the hunk of hard black bread in my knapsack! My stiff fingers were clumsy in getting it out, but when finally I was gnawing it, dog-and-bone fashion, how good, how wonderful that humble fare tasted! The effect of the rest and food was more miraculous than I'd anticipated. I again lugged my pack-laden bike a few difficult steps and I found myself at the top. I had stopped nearly at the summit. There like a sand-pile mountain with crest patted flat by childish hands, was a welcoming even space, circled by forest trees. In its center loomed gloomily a sprawling, utterly unbelievable giant shape that must be the castle. As I gazed wonderingly, the dark sky lightened, clouds broke, and a little moon quite smilingly moved out to greet me. Its light revealed the silver outlines of the castle, the silver sward, and the gleaming edged mysterious depths of the forest.



Isabel biking in Europe in 1933

"Is it such a little thing to find the young moon, flitting thro' the tree boughs in her silver shoon, seeking for the wind flower, there along the sod? Is it such a little thing? I think it's God!"

"The lines came to my mind, and though there were no wind flowers, the poem was pat. I was being so sweetly and cheerily welcomed. I walked reverently along the path that joined the road here and led over a real drawbridge, spanning a real moat to the castle. A slight rustling in the leaves of the moat drew my eyes—and there, nosing in the leaves, was a doe and two little fawns! Dappled light in shadowy interstices of leafy oak boughs above the moat, dappled flanks of little fawns, a tremulous magic seemed to play over all.

"Within, an ancient couple stared their surprise at my coming, then smiled shyly and told me '*Willkommen.*' The Youth Hostel was across

the courtyard. Stepping within the heavy door one experienced a refrigerator's gripping cold. However, there was a black, ugly, but comparatively modern little cook stove in the room's center. To my question about fuel—oh, one simply gathered faggots in the forest! So out to forage, with God's little candle to light my way, as the family flashlight was with Monroe. Two trips, three trips with arms laden, and the woodpile's size satisfied my eagerness for prospective warmth and cooking possibilities. As the last armful clattered down by the door, darkness seemed to stalk behind me. I glanced away from the light that streamed from a little sputtering kerosene lamp, out through the open door to re-discover my moon. But it was not there! White, slow, flakes—yes, snow—were now drifting across the lamp-lit doorway. Those chilly flakes served to accentuate the blessed fact of roof and walls and stove! Jubilantly and songfully I made a roaring fire!

“At last Monroe was there (much delayed by difficulties in getting the pedal mended), at last we had eaten gaily and sparsely. At last, we were deep in our bunks with the wind roaring outside and our fire roaring in the crooked black stove.



Isabel with friends in Norway in 1934

I dozed and wakened, and lay there dreaming. And the dream was so beautiful, so exciting, that like small Stephen, I could scarcely go to sleep again. It was a dream that had become daily, more important, more necessary to Money and me. Youth hostels in America! *Youth Hostels!* I too, for all my weariness, could scarcely close my eyes. It may have been a little the hunger that still gnawed, for food there on the mountain top was hard to get. But in any event, I too saw a picture, many pictures. In spite of weariness and wet and cold the day had been so beautiful. Young Americans must have that too! Oh, I could even wish for them the victory of such a tough climb to the top and the grateful taste of crusty bread. Earth's close comradeship, unforeseen adventure, hardness, and then a little moon's welcome over a sturdy youth hostel roof, warmth, a bed—the great world-circled band of friendly youth who go a hostelling, joined by young America.

“Not only did we dream that night, but many days and nights. And it was well. Arriving here few people believed in the practicability of hostels in America. Of course, in those days I didn't dare to talk of crusts of bread and hardness and frail moons. We simply outlined the educational and cultural value of extensive travel made possible for youth by the very inexpensive youth hostel way of doing it. We told of the numbers of youth already hostelling in Europe and of




Isabel & Monroe with German friends in 1933



Isabel with two German friends about 1934 (colored by Isabel)

their eagerness to hostel in America, of the sanity and friendliness resulting from such travel, and of the need of putting an American link in that great friendly chain. But listeners scoffed and doubted. We must quite candidly, be a little mad! It was different in Europe. The tempo here was faster. So many cars! So much sophistication! A different youth entirely.”⁴³

“And so hostelling came to America. To me it was a chance to bicycle and get strong, but that wasn’t the big thing. It was because we were able

to extend the ‘fields of beauty’ and a chance to show ‘fields of beauty’ to youngsters—to bring the sunrises and the sunsets and the clover and the brook and the pebbles to them. It would teach youth how to really measure a man, and how to know God, and how to make dolls His way. In other words, hostels would mean all the beauty of the fields would be here; and that was knowing God’s whole world without any boundaries, and without any walls, and only His tenderness and compassion.”⁴⁴ 

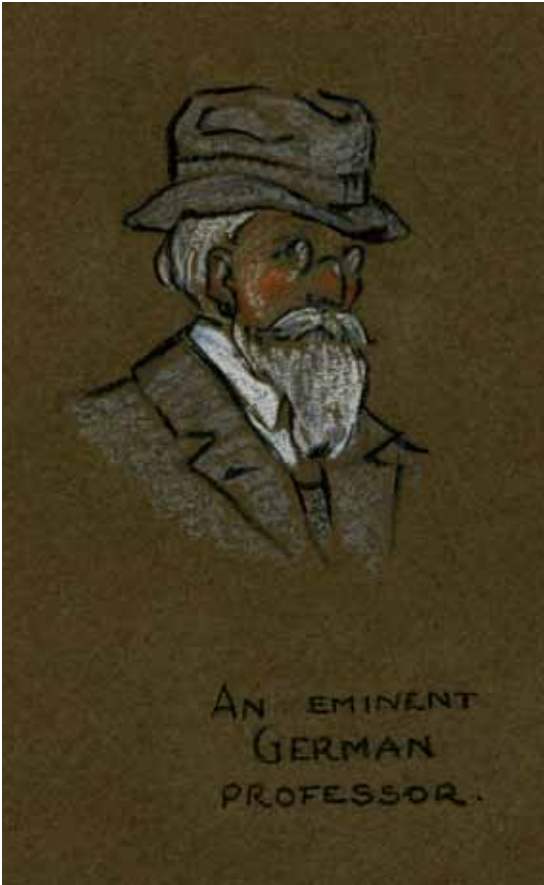


“ WHAT USE TO BUILD A HOME OF SWEET
CONTENTMENT, TO REAR GENTLE CHILDREN -
IF ”

(Chapter page)
3.1 AYH steamboat
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

3.2 Bomb of war
1933 Germany Trip
Watercolor on ink

3.3 German professor
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil



3.4 German woman
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil

Inntaler Tracht, worn in Törrwang.
(On July 16 we ride our bicycles to Törrwang)



The hard battle of Life makes a worker of every little German. This sort of work in the out of doors is one thing, spending long hours in sunless factory and shop is quite another. Hitler would take the children out of the Fabrik and Laden. One plank in his platform is **Abolishment of Child labor.**



3.6 Two women in Marburg
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil

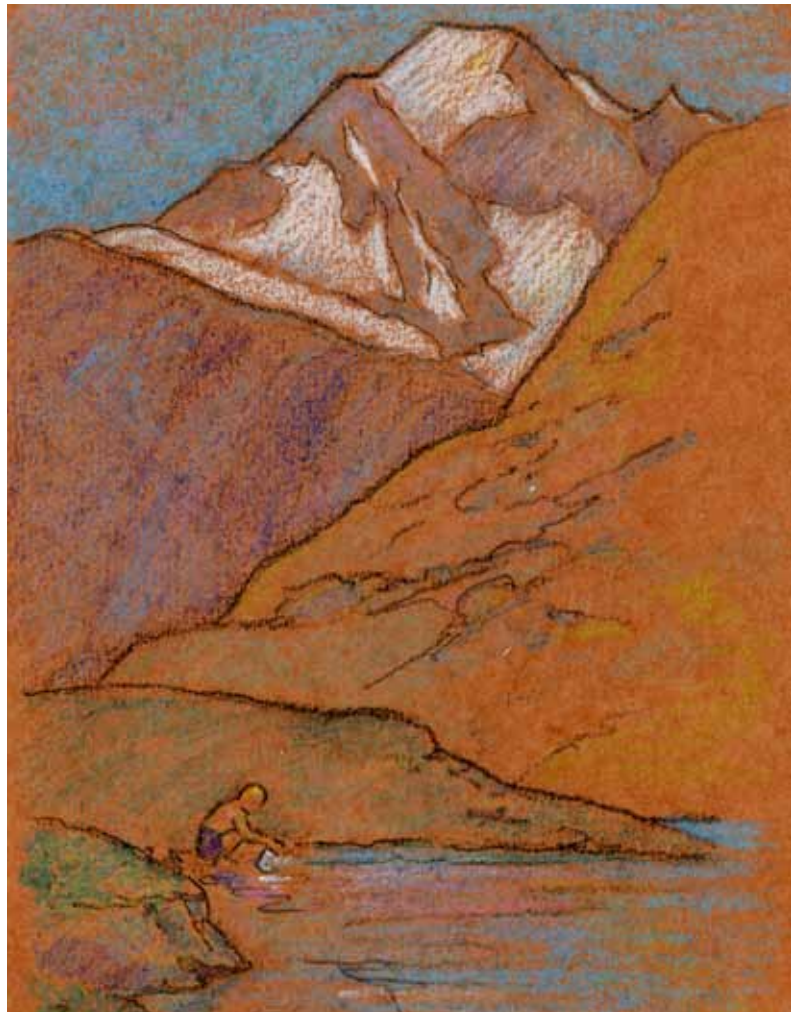
(Facing page)
3.5 Gathering wood
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil



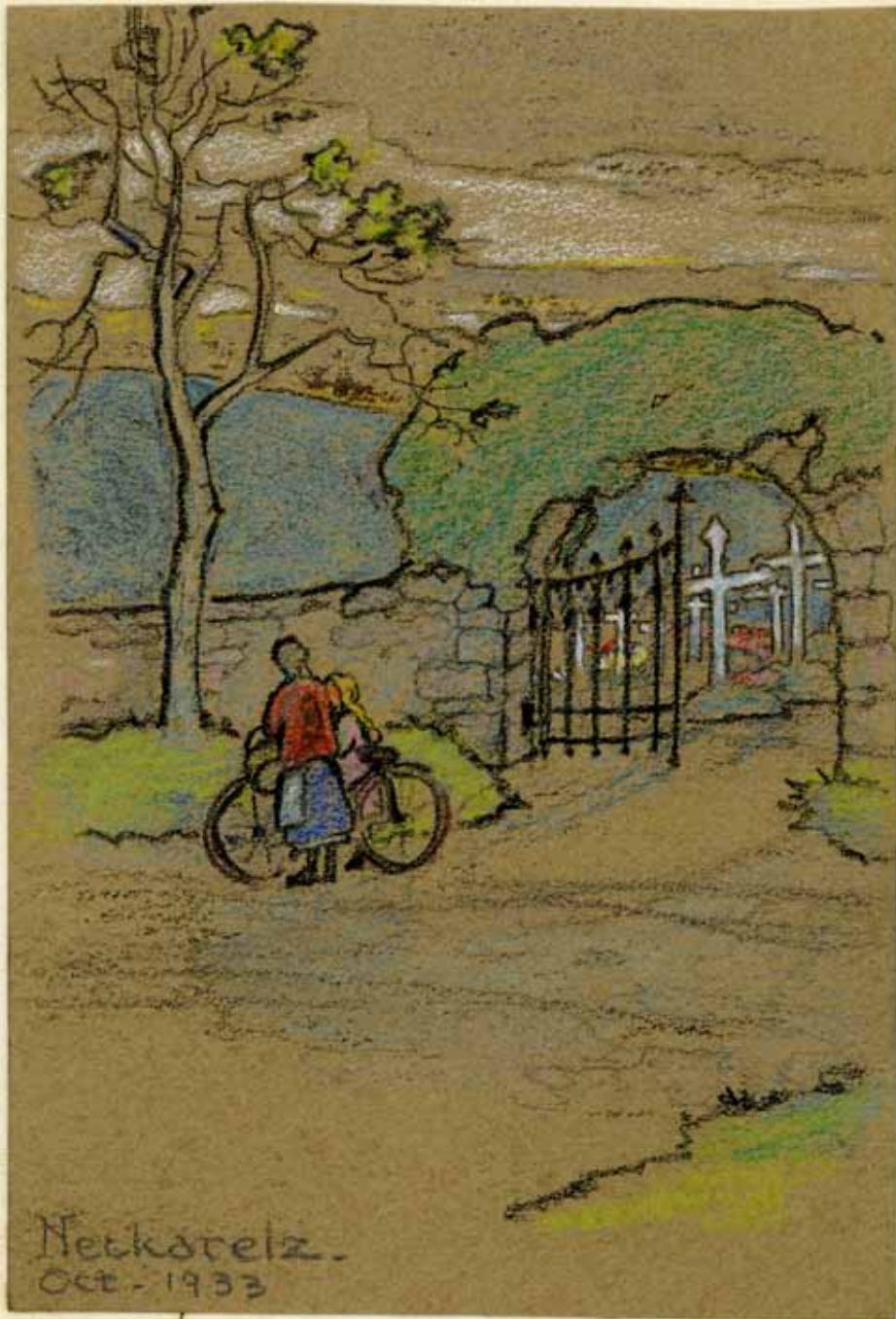
3.7 Hans, my special friend
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil



3.8 Switzerland lodging
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil

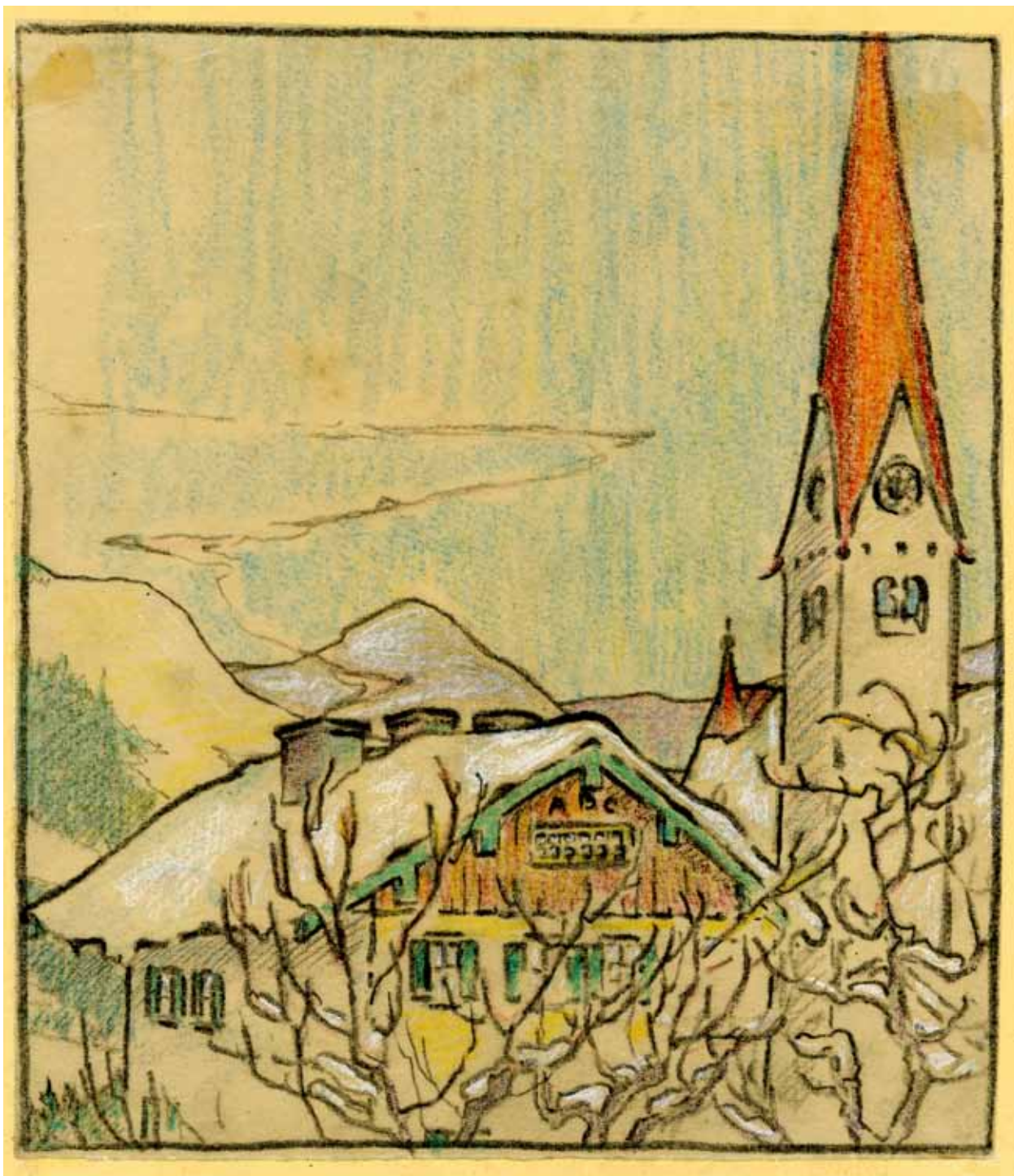


3.9 German landscape
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil



A German Hausfrau with basket and
bicycle, stops to chat. ~ We will meet
bicycles but few cats in our
Wanderungen ~

3.10 German Hausfrau
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil



3.11 School, home and church spire of Torwang
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil



3.12 German town
1933 Germany Trip
Colored pencil

CHAPTER 4

AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS



1934-1948





nly one month after returning to the United States from their first trip to Europe, Isabel and Monroe founded the American Youth Hostel Association on March 16, 1934, with its headquarters in Talcottville, Connecticut, the town where Isabel grew up. Their statement of purpose was, “To help all, especially young people, to a greater knowledge, understanding, and love of the world by providing for them Youth Hostels, bicycle trails, and foot paths in America, and by assisting them in their travels here and abroad.”⁴⁵

To help advertise and bring in donations to the new, penniless organization, the couple planned a two-month adventure to Europe for the first group of youth hostellers. They would travel from July to September 1934 through Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, and Switzerland.⁴⁶ After returning home to the United States, Isabel wrote, “That fall found us look-



Isabel Smith aboard the S.S. Albert Ballen in 1935

ing for our first hostel, determined to open it at any cost. This time we travelled by car; but even so it was often rugged and simple hostelling. Evidently, our own pockets would need to supply the wherewithal to start the thing in America. We must therefore conserve every cent. We ate frugally, and at night slept in the car or on the ground.”⁴⁷

By December 27, 1934, the first hostel was established and dedicated in the Schell Chateau Mansion in Northfield, Massachusetts. “The decision to make the Chateau, which is one of the show places of the Connecticut valley, the American center for the movement was born of many things. In the first place, it is as near like the Castle Altena, the original hostel of the world, as any building in America. Secondly, it was chosen because Monroe had lived in Northfield, graduating from Mount Hermon [located near Northfield] before he attended Wesleyan University; and third because it is easily accessible to the Berkshires, the White Mountains, and the Green Mountains.”⁴⁸

The excitement of the youth around the area was almost instantaneous. During the first week of operation in the Chateau, “250 boys and girls of high school and college age spent a five-day Christmas vacation there, and during the next two months 1,000 more visited it—this even during the winter, when rugged living really is rugged.”⁴⁹

By June 1935, when the lease on the Chateau ended, the Smiths moved the headquarters to 88 Main Street in Northfield, to one of the oldest historic homes in the town. It was originally built in 1795, and at one time housed the town’s first post office. The huge home and barn would house the Smith family, AYH headquarter offices, the house parents and their family, and enough beds for 60 overnight guests.

Schirrmann Travels to USA

As part of the dedication for the new headquarters and hostel, the Smiths planned to bring Richard Schirrmann, the 1909 founder of hostelling, from Germany to Northfield. They would



First AYH Hostel located in the basement of the Northfield Chateau Mansion



Smiths home and the Richard Schirrmann AYH Hostel on 88 Main Street in Northfield about 1936



Richard Schirrmann & Monroe about 1934



Isabel aboard the S.S. Statindom in 1936

name the hostel, the *Richard Schirrmann International Hostel*, in his honor. Invitations were sent to President and Mrs. Roosevelt, [only Mrs. Roosevelt could attend], but, the Nazi regime would not grant Richard a visa. Letters were written back and forth, and finally Isabel traveled to Europe to see if she could personally persuade the government to grant him a visa.

“I went to the headquarters of the Nazi regime,” Isabel recalled, “and told them that I wanted to bring Richard back with me to the States. They said, well, they were very sorry, but he could not leave the country. Their leader was not there, so they wouldn’t be able to do anything about it. I said, ‘Well, now, let me make a note of this, because President Roosevelt is expecting us. I will tell him that Richard can’t leave the country, and the reason he can’t—is that you can’t get permission from your Head?’ I said ‘I’ll just jot this down,’ and I did. ‘But,’ I said, ‘you know, in our country, if we had an impasse like that, we would use the telephone, and we would call the Head.’ They looked dumbfounded, and they finally said, ‘Well just a minute.’ Of course, I speak enough German that I could understand what they were saying. They were saying, ‘This has gotten to be a very embarrassing situation. What shall we do?’ And on and on.

“Finally the result was that I got permission for Richard to go. But when I contacted Richard, he said, ‘Oh! I didn’t think I could possibly go. I’ve turned in my ticket, and I don’t have anywhere-withal to get on the ship and go with you.’ I said, ‘Well, I will see what I can do about that.’ I told him, ‘I want you to come with me to the ship.’ And we came to the ship. I asked if I could see the Captain. A very nice gentleman gave me an interview, and I told him that I wanted to take Richard on the ship that was sailing at midnight. I said, ‘I’m awfully tired, I’ve had a big day. But if there isn’t any way that you can manage to get Richard passage, come and waken me before the ship sails, and I will stay behind.’ He said, ‘I’m very sorry that it happens this way, but we can’t take any passengers without tickets.’ So I went and lay down in my bed, and at ten minutes of twelve the Captain came in, and he said, ‘It’s all right, you can go.’ I said, ‘How marvelous! What happened?’ And he said, ‘Well, I advanced the money personally.’



Monroe, Isabel & youth hosteling in Germany

“The vessel on which they were traveling was the *Volendam*, of the Holland-American line, and while it was crossing the Atlantic Isabel faced another difficult task—that of getting Schirrmann to write out a speech in advance. The National Recreation Congress was meeting soon in Chicago, and Monroe had promised that Schirrmann would speak; Isabel would translate. For all his international interest, Richard had never learned more than a few words of any other language than German. Since he always spoke from the heart, without notes, in a rather flowery German, instant translation was difficult.

“Isabel told him, ‘You know, Richard, my German isn’t very good. I would like it if you would sit down and write out all that you are going to say and let me have the text so it will be easier for me to translate.’ ‘Oh, you’ll do beautifully,’ he said. ‘No, I won’t, Richard, I need to have that script.’ They compromised on his terms. All the



"My mother Isabel had immense courage"



Isabel, Monroe & Richard Schirrmann at stone fireplace behind Northfield Youth Hostel in 1935

way across the ocean he talked and talked while Isabel wrote and wrote and then laboriously worked out a translation.

“They arrived October 1, 1935, and Monroe was on the dock in Hoboken to meet them. They left for Chicago that very night by car, Isabel well prepared for the conference. Speaking to the audience there, Richard poured out his soul in rapid German, and naturally enough, not one word resembled anything Isabel had written. She guessed there were not five people in the audience who understood him, but by some strange process the message got through, and the listeners were fascinated.”⁵⁰

On Richard’s return to Germany, because of his ties with the United States, a militant Nazi was asked to guard his home (the Altena hostel), “and given instructions to make Schirrmann’s life intolerable by every means including physical violence.” The Nazis invited Richard to a conference on the pretext that he was to give a talk, and instead beat and attacked him with tear gas, nearly blinding him.⁵¹ The next year, in September 1936, Richard again needed to pass through the German border for a youth conference in Denmark, however, this time the Germans would not give him permission. █████ related the following: “My mother suggested

that she and Richard take a bike ride through a German checkpoint manned by German soldiers. Once past the checkpoint they would be past the reach of German restriction. My mother stopped at the checkpoint and said that she and her husband would be returning to the United States and she showed her passport and papers. Speaking English and having the appearance in every way of being an American, she was able to convince the soldiers to let her pass through. She then motioned for Richard to hurry up and positioned herself in such a way as to have him pass by on her far side, and thus avoid examination. Richard smiled and waved to the soldiers as he passed through undetected. Had he been stopped it would have been immediately apparent that he was a native German, as Richard spoke essentially no English.

“I thought of how my mother had immense courage to do this, for if the design had ever been revealed, she would have been punished as an accessory to Richard’s escape. I expect that the punishment would have been more severe than I can imagine. My mother was courageous, yet very modest. She was not one to tell this story as she was inclined to minimize her exploits. Further, though my mother never said that Richard was her husband, I think that she may have re-



Stephen, Monroe, Betty & Isabel biking together in Northfield in 1935



Isabel & Monroe dancing in the Northfield Youth Hostel in 1938



Isabel skiing on a cold winter day

flected on the experience as one in which she was less than proud of, as it would tarnish her reputation of complete honesty.”⁵²

The Growth of AYH

By the winter of 1935, less than two years after being established, a local newspaper reported on the growth of the AYH chain of hostels: “Stretching through Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont is a 500-mile chain of 35 hostels located not more than 15 or 20 miles apart. The distance between them can be covered comfortably each day over trails or highways, either on foot or by bicycle. This chain has been in operation since June, and to date nearly 2,000 youth have tramped or hiked over the loop through these three New England states.”⁵³ (See image 4.63 for New England trail map)

On one of Isabel’s trips through this New England chain she wrote of a “lovely night” and a “raw misty day:” “We were traveling close to the route that today is the original New England ‘loop’ of youth hostels. Night found us in a forest, and a wet fall forest is hardly an appealing

spot for a night’s camp, especially if you’re a little tired of sleeping on the ground and the car is full of luggage. The road grew rough and rougher. Wet leaves swished against the car. Then suddenly there was an opening, a bit of pale gold sky showed close to the horizon, and in dark outline against it—a tiny shack! Here is a bit from my diary written that night before the log fire in the cabin. ‘I’m sitting at a wobbly table lit by a poor piece of an oil lamp that Monroe reconstructed from some discarded bits he found about. Here again I feel loved of Heaven. And what dull mortal could feel otherwise? A fairy woods, a wide view of blue mountains, lit by a strip of happy gold for day’s farewell, an open hill’s crest of grass (very green and wet and soft for one’s feet), this bare cabin with unlocked door to welcome us that reveals to our amazed eyes a bed with springs (our coats and blanket from the car make perfect bedding), this table and two chairs—all specially for us of course. Even if there had been no little sign by the door saying, ‘Hikers and skiers here in the forest, welcome. Just sweep up and leave the wood box filled when you go,’ we would have known we were welcome—the shack so clearly was meant for us! Our own angel had once again leaned out of Heaven, and had



Isabel, Stephen, Monroe & Betty biking about 1938

stretched the gold strip of sky to lure us here. Assurance was doubly sure when the little road down, which I just ran thru' the wet trees, led to a trim clean pool, deep enough for diving, sandy bottomed for the toes, fresh smelling as rain. And in the rain, a caressing little rain, we had our swim before supper. What country for a youth hostel trail! What a spot for a youth hostel!"⁵⁴


In only a few years, American Youth Hostels grew rapidly. In 1933 seventeen hostellers traveled on the first trip to Europe. In 1934, the trip increased to 34 participants. In 1935 there were 161, and by 1936 there were 827 American Youth Hostellers that had traveled to Europe that year.⁵⁵

In addition, in 1934, the year AYH was founded, there was only one hostel. Just four years later there were 209 hostels around the nation, with 34,782 overnights recorded for the year of 1938. In 1947, two years before Isabel and Monroe left AYH for Youth Argosy, there were 2,580 overnight stays that year at the *Richard Schirrmann International Hostel* [the Smith's home in Northfield], 20,983 AYH passes issued, 185 chartered hostels with 3,516 beds and 57,000 overnights

registered, which was one quarter of all hostelling for all youth hostels worldwide.⁵⁶

AYH Knapsack

In 1936, the first quarterly issue of the *AYH Knapsack* was published by Isabel and Monroe as editors. The book contained designated routes and locations of hostels around the United States and of sponsored trips around the world. These booklets were almost entirely illustrated, designed, and typeset by Isabel. Over 400 individual sketches, and numerous articles by Isabel were included in these booklets from 1936 to 1948.

"You see it's not just our dreaming, nor Money's wonderful determination, nor my love of beauty, nor courage, nor cash (of which there has been rather little), that has made hostels here come true. It is because at every step of the way we have felt God's love making bright our path! Our hearts are deeply grateful that we have been vouchsafed the privilege of helping God make a lovelier world, grateful that a heavenly Presence came and led us by the hand."⁵⁷ 



Winifred (sister), & Monroe on left, Isabel 4th from right, with youth hostellers June 1936



"It's not just our dreaming ... that made hostels come true. It is because ... we have felt God's love making bright our path!"

(Chapter page)
4.1 AYH logo
From original 1938 AYH poster
Ink drawing



4.2 Two young hikers AYH logo
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.3 Two hikers AYH logo
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.4 Girl on bike AYH logo
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.5 Three young hikers
First advertisement poster for AYH
Ink drawing



4.6-4.12 AYH silhouettes
1936-1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.13 Hosteler hiking
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.14 Hostellers biking
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





4.15 Waving goodbye
 1936 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



4.16 Fireplace singing
 1936 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

(Facing page)
 4.17-4.19 Biking silhouettes
 1936 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching





"How many miles to the sun?" he smiled
In answer to my "Where are you going?"
Lilacs were caught in his handle bars,
His pedals were mud, his eyes were stars,
His hair was blowing.

What could he find in clouds that were piled
As black as night in the early morning?
The daily paper, punctual, furled,
Lay on my stoop with news of the world
And doubtless a warning.

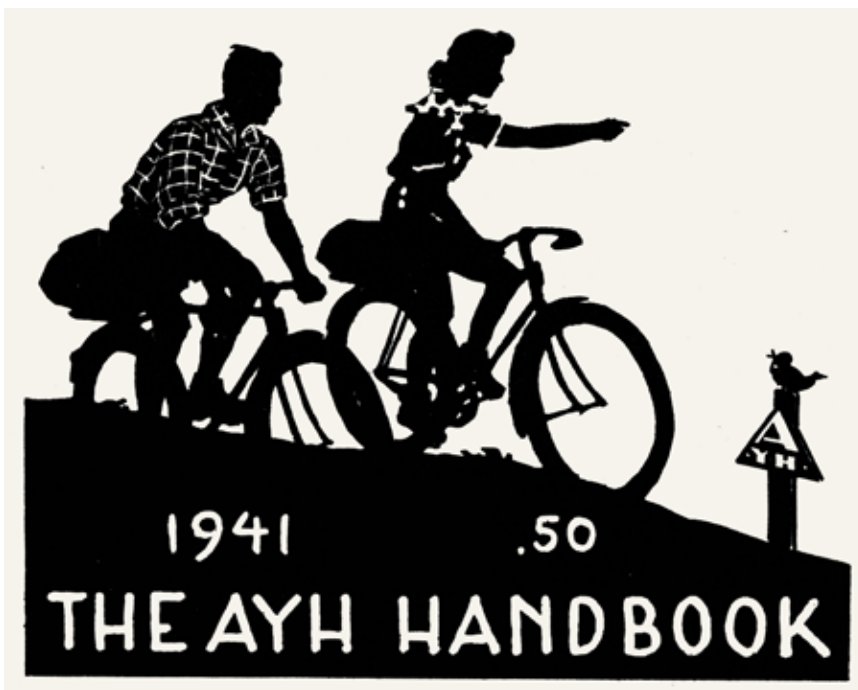
But under the oak beside his bike
The man lay down and the storm was over.
Grass turned yellow and branches blue...
After a while he laced his shoe
With heads of clover.

Where was he going? What was he like?
The sun came out in a burst of sprinkling.
He sprang to his bike. I see him still...
Taking the turn and topping the hill,
His spokes are twinkling.

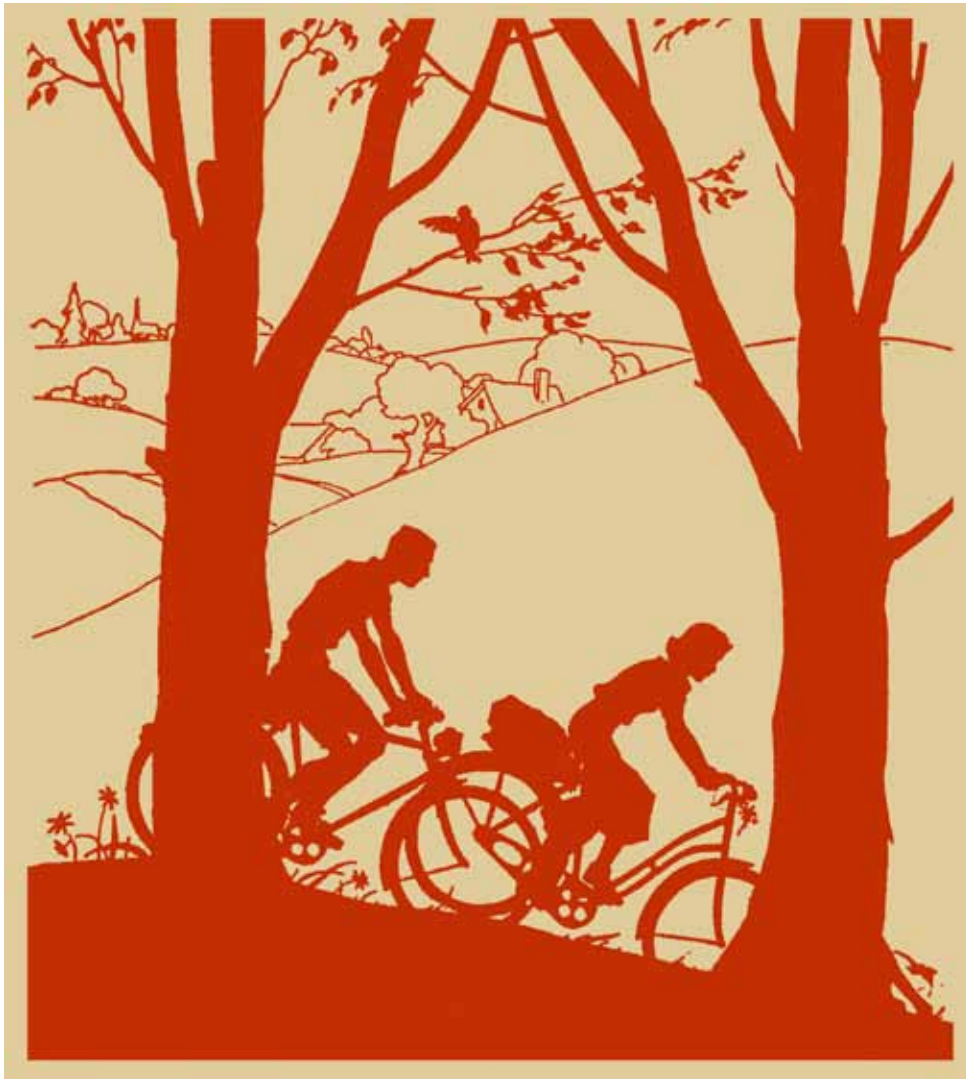
Marion Strobel.

4.20 Man and Bike
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.21 Two bikers
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.22 Girl on bike
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.23 Two bikers going downhill
1937 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching

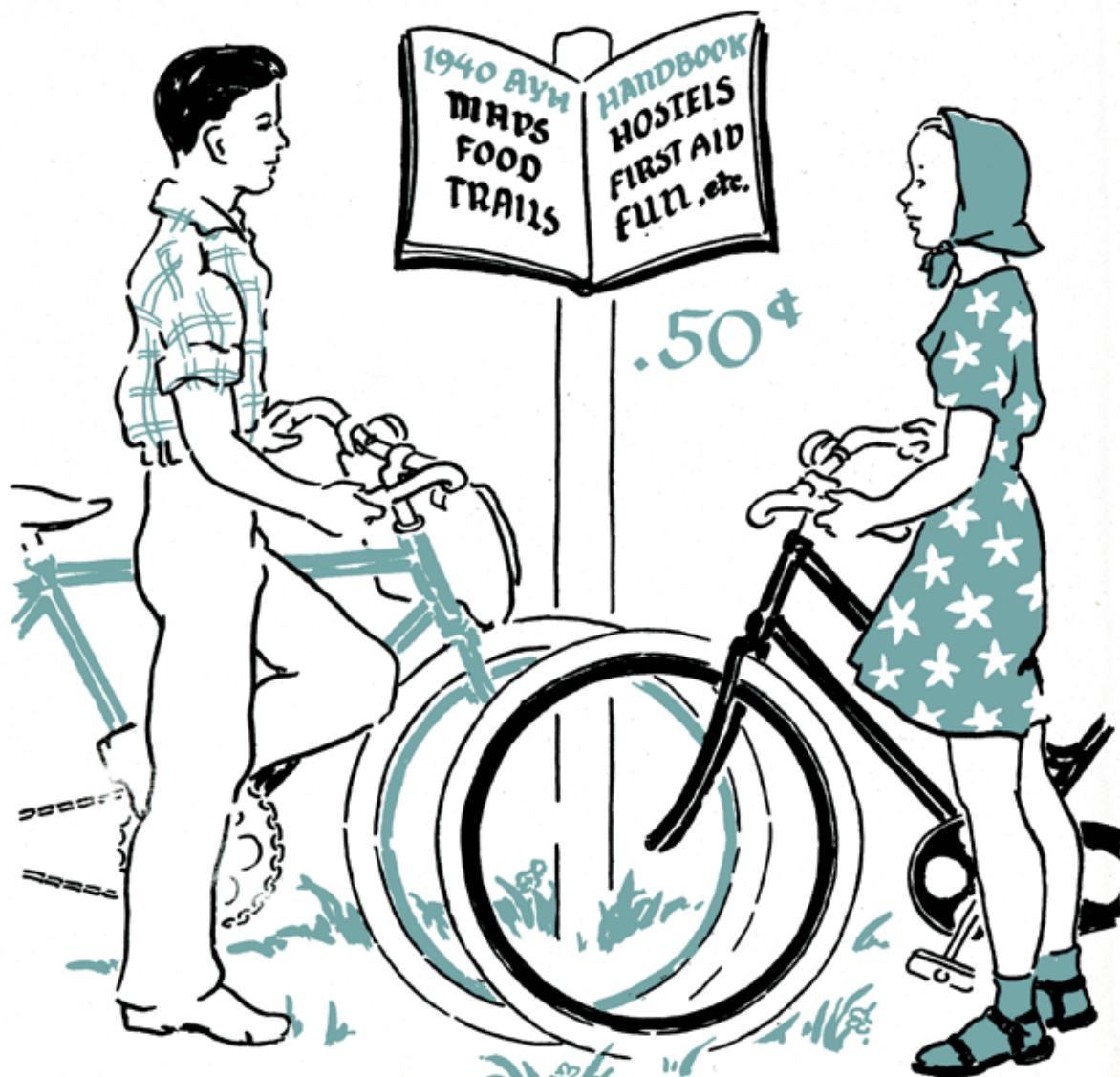


4.24 Two bikers loading gear
1937 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching



4.25 Two bikers resting under tree
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

BEFORE STARTING, HAVE



THE GUIDE TO YOUR HOSTEL NEEDS
NEW 1940 AYH HANDBOOK

4.26 Before starting
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.27 Be fit, have fun!
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



Down Hill on a Bicycle.

The rolling earth stops
As I climb to the summit,
Then like a plummet
It suddenly drops...

Down, down I go -
Past rippling acres;
Hillsides like breakers
Over me flow.

Wildly alive
I hail the green shimmer
Fresh as a swimmer
After the dive.

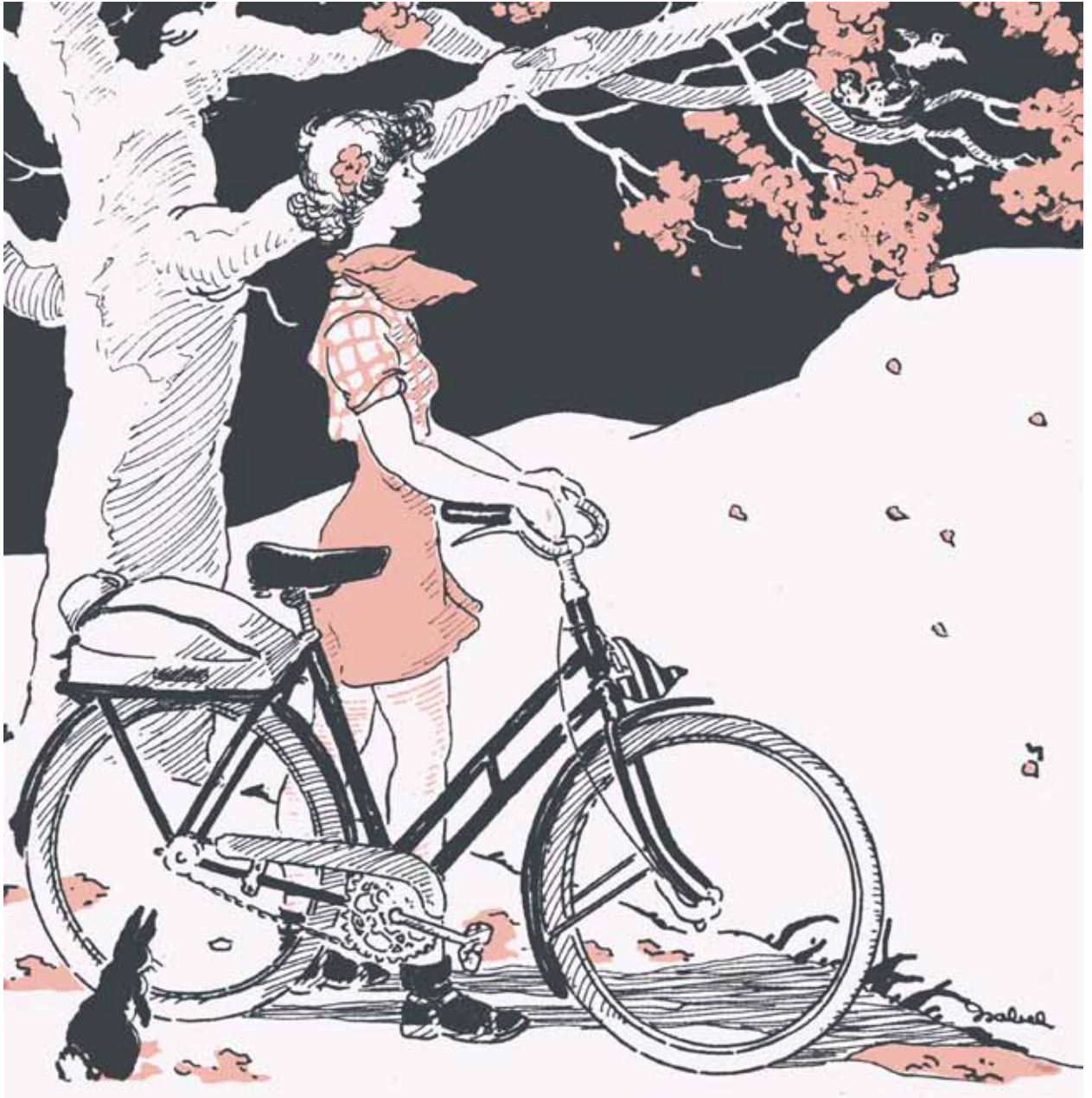
Like banners unfurled
The skies dip and flourish --
The keen breezes nourish,
While the bright world
Is a ribbon unrolled
With a border of grasses;
And tansies are masses
And splotches of gold.

Still I whirl on --
Startled, a sparrow
Darts from the yarrow.
Flash -- and is gone --

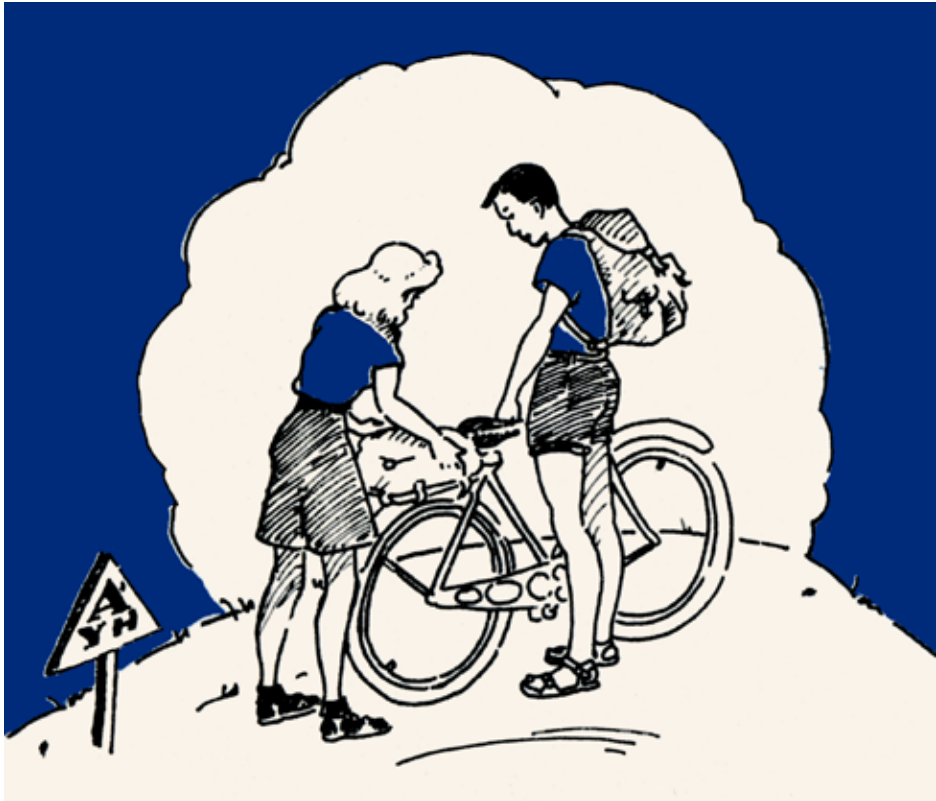
Louis Untermeyer.

(From *Challenge* by Louis Untermeyer. Used by permission of Hareourt Brace and Co. Inc. holders of the copyright.)

4.28 Down Hill
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



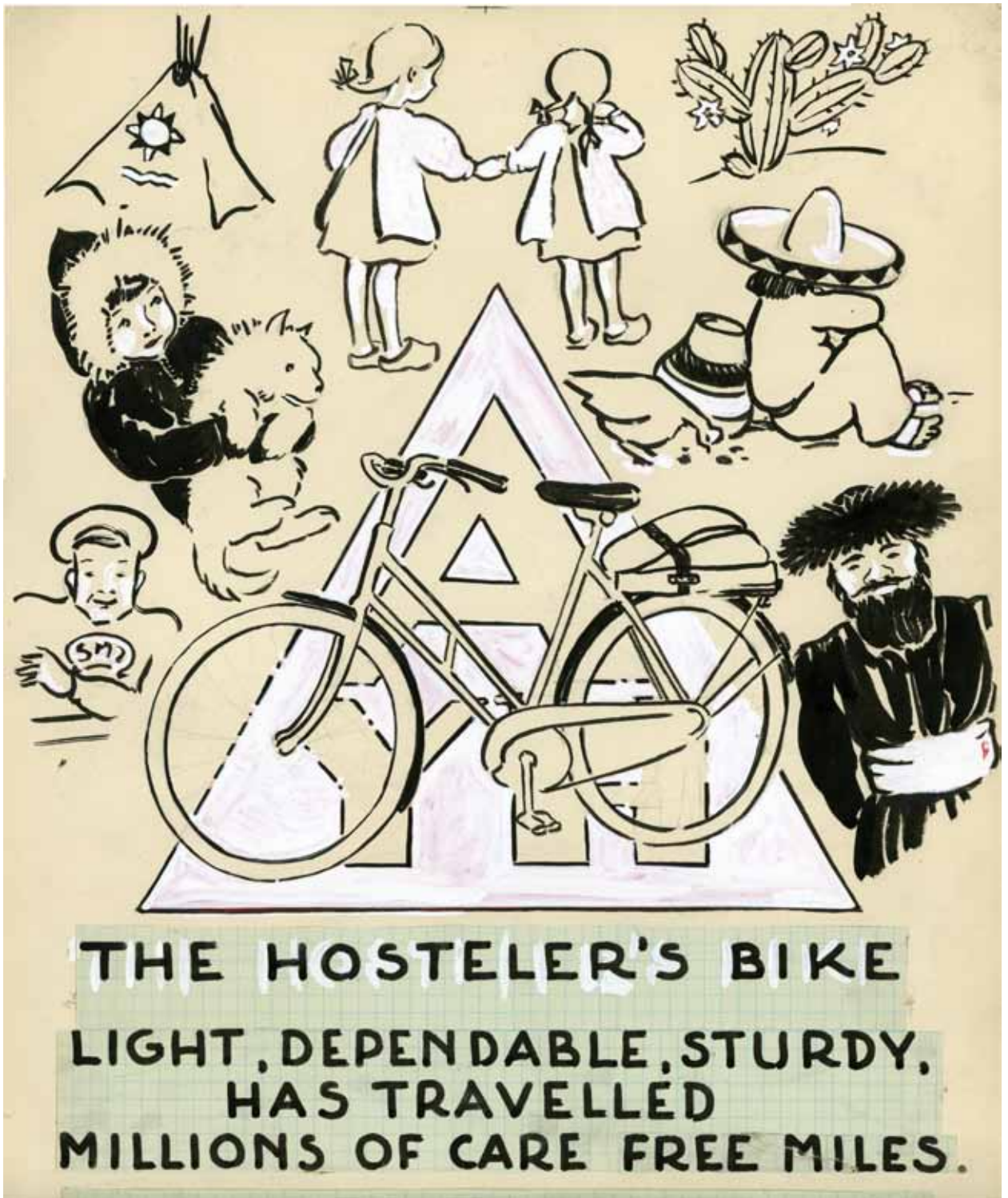
4.29 Girl standing with bike
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.30 Two on hill top
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.31 Boy and girl bikers
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.32 The hosteler's bike
Original 1941 AYH sketch
Ink drawing



4.33 Two bikers
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



WOOD SMOKE BY THE WAY

4.34 Hosteler cooking
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.35 Biking landscape
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





GO WANDERING !

4.36 Go wandering!
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



LONG HORIZONS

4-37 Long horizons
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4-38 Downhill skiers
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.39 Skier
1946 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.40 Cross-country skiers
1946 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.41 Two skiers
Original 1939 AYH sketch
Ink drawing



4.42 Three skiers
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4-43 Two getting ready to ski
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.44 Young skiers
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.45 Horse & sleigh
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
4.46 What went you to see
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



What went you, hosteler, for to see?
A sign or wonder-thing maybe?
Some marvel or a holy sight
As clerks in chronicles do write?
For you have done and come again -
Now tell us plain.
I saw the sky from rim to rim
Full-filled with light up to the brim
As though it were a mighty cup
To God's lip holden up.
I saw a river and a down,
A harbor and a little town,
A marshland blue with irises,
I saw all these.
Saw too a sedgy pond where lay
Lillies like anchored stars that Day
Had ravished from the summer night
And kept them there a-light.
I saw a hillside gold with furze,
And wild-rose banks and junipers
Distilling fragrance pungent sweet:
I saw a path that called my feet
To go with it as any friend
To heart's desire at the end.
Sooth all of these! But mid them all
Did nothing wonderful befall?
No miracle?
Yea, but I have no word to tell
Of the great thing that happened me -
I saw the sea!
Oh wide and blue and infinite!
League upon league of space and light!
I think that down this sapphire floor
One might walk straight to Heaven's door
And lift its golden latchet-bar,
Nor find it far,
Or very strange, as one would guess,
After such earthly loveliness.
Poor hosteler, is this all your store
Of tales to tell? Is there no more
Than this that any man might show?
Yea all is told. How should you know
That I have looked on Beauty's face
And being far from men a space
Have found at springs of Quietness
The hands that heal, the hands that bless,
Have known the sun and wind and trod
The holy earth and talked with God!

Arthur Ketchum



4.47 Hosteler with knapsack
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

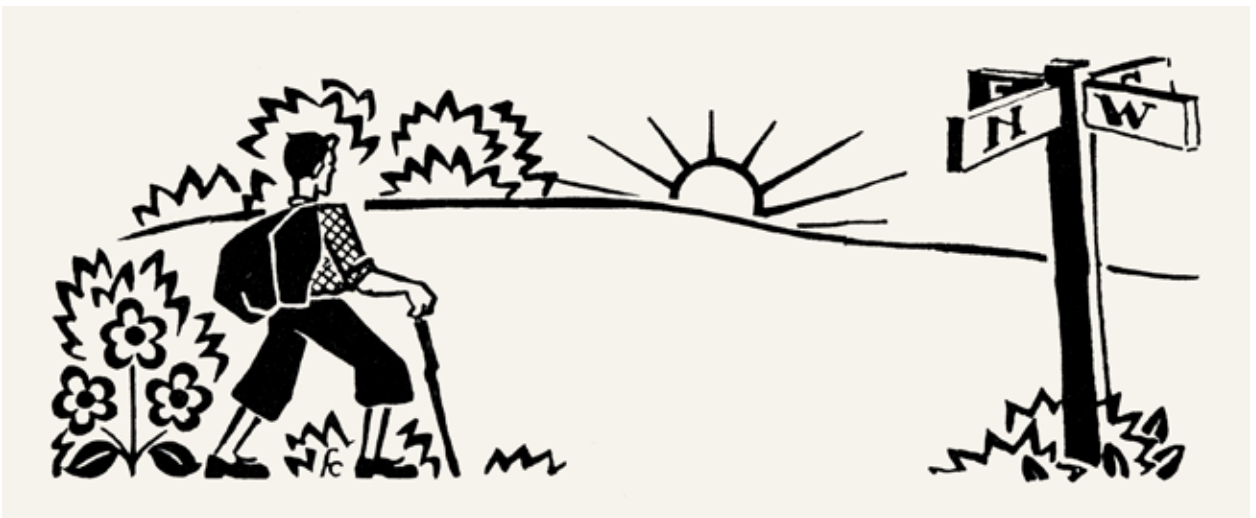


4.48 Two young hikers
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4-49 Two hostellers
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4-50 Hiker
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

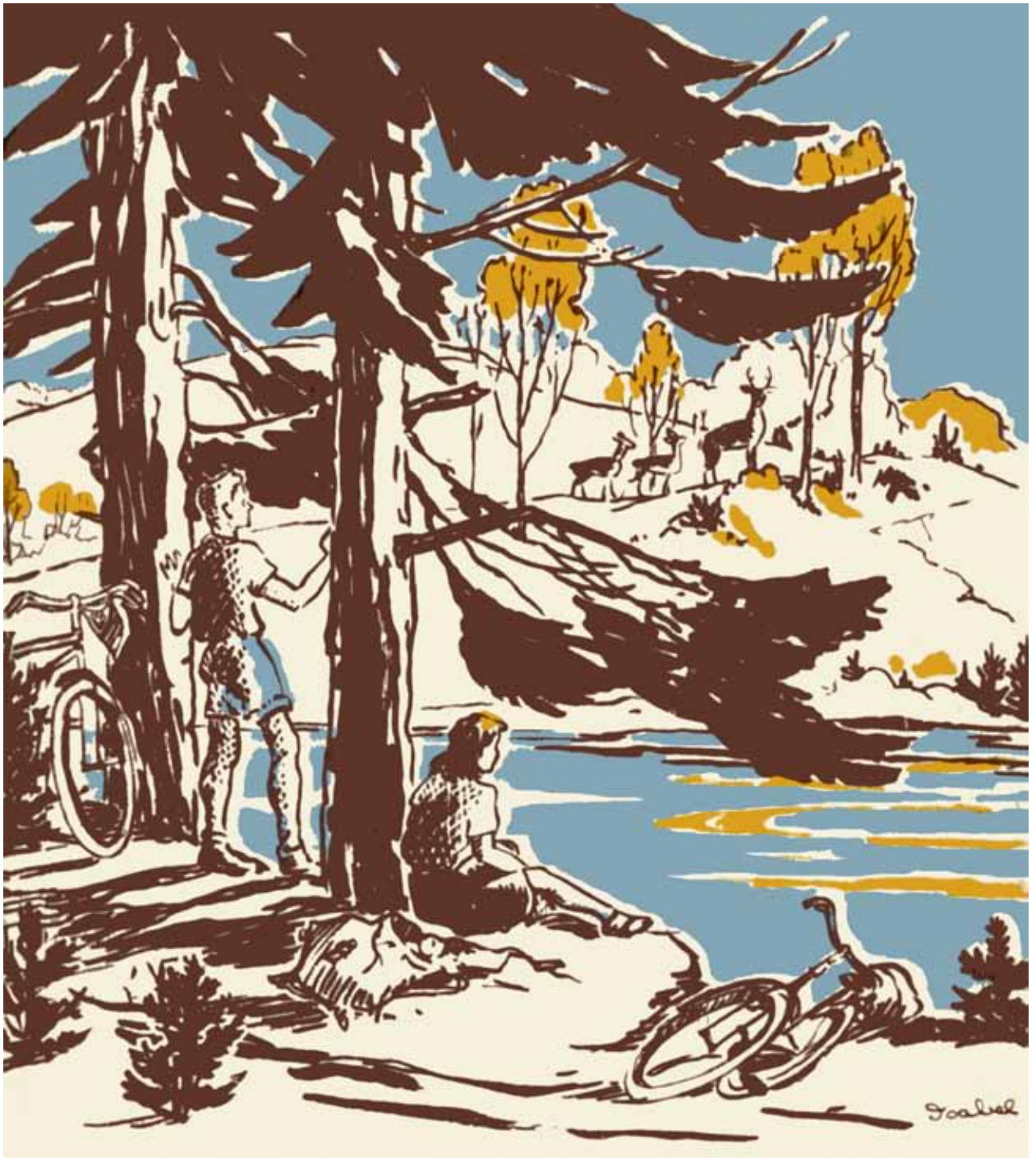




4.51 Hostellers resting
1945 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.52 Relaxing in stream
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.53 Mountain lake
1948 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.54 As it should be
1945 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
4.55 The thrill of new trails
1938 AYH advertisement
Zinc etching





HOSTELING

Hosteling means a lot to me. It is a knapsack stuffed not too neatly with just enough to last a week or so; it is a pair of walking shoes and a pair of legs swinging along at a pace that is never tiring, never hurrying; it is a rut-filled road in a country that is really God's.

Hosteling is homey hostels and their cheerful house parents; it is the odors of clean hay and fresh turned earth; it is roads that lead everywhere and nowhere. Hosteling is adventuring, it is travel at its best.

Hosteling is people too. It is the Vermont farmer with his great talk of weather and crops; three nurses from Cleveland who shared their freindship as well as their salt; the woodcarver at the post office in lower Waterford; the Brooklyn boy who was as amused by my accent as I was at his; the artist putting bits of beauty onto canvas; the musician with whom I lunched atop Mt. Mansfield's 4000 feet... Hosteling is the friendliness of new faces.

Hosteling comforts a rebellious spirit and shows it what is truly good; it feeds a hungry body with a pure simple food and a hungry mind with a pure simple philosophy. Hosteling is life at its kindest and best.

Hosteling really is the thrill of new trails.

John W. Burks,
hosteler.



4.56 Hosteling
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

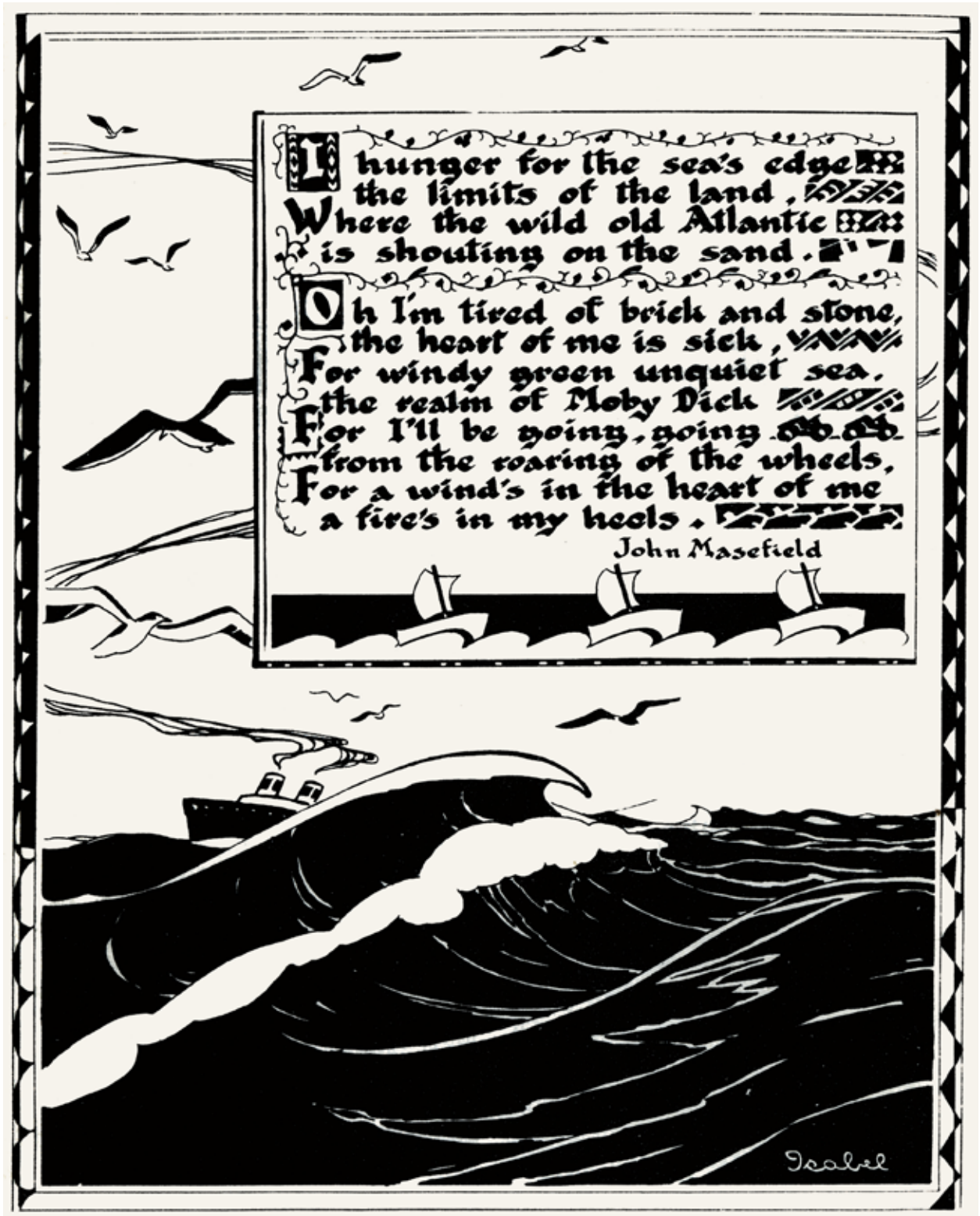
4-57 Steamboat
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4-58 Two on steamboat
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.59 Friendship
Original 1938 AYH sketch
Ink drawing



4.60 Hunger for the sea
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

GEORGIE GRUMBLE, HOSTELER MALUS.

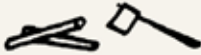
WAS IT YOUR GROUP THAT STREWED THEIR BELONGINGS OVER THE COMMON LIVING ROOM ?



WHO BORROWED THE HOUSE PARENT'S DISH TOWEL AND RETURNED IT BADLY SOILED ?



WHO USED UP THE WOOD SUPPLY AND DIDN'T REPLENISH IT ?



THE BUNK ROOM, MEAT WHEN YOU CAME, WAS NOT ATTRACTIVE WHEN YOU LEFT.



THE BLANKETS WERE SO CARELESSLY FOLDED THAT THE ROOM



LOOKED BADLY. LITTER WAS LEFT ON THE FLOOR.



YOU DID NOT MIX WITH THE LITTLE GROUP FROM THE MINING TOWN.



YOU CRITICIZED AND COMPLAINED.

WE MISSED IN YOU THE SPIRIT OF COOPERATION AND FRIENDLINESS BY WHICH THE REAL HOSTELER IS KNOWN.



22* 21@ 23* 21@ 22* 21@.



IT IS TOO BAD THAT **GEORGIE GRUMBLE** IS EVER FOUND IN OUR HOSTELS. **H**OWEVER A LITTLE SHIFTING FROM THOUGHTLESSNESS TO CONSIDERATION TRANSFORMS HIM. **I**F

YOU ARE A **GEORGIE GRUMBLE** HOW ABOUT A RIGHT ABOUT FACE



A. Y. H. ?

JOHN GOODFELLOW, HOSTELER BONUS.

OTHERS LIKE TO HOSTEL WHERE YOU HAVE BEEN.

HOUSE PARENTS HOPE YOU'LL COME BACK SOON.

YOU TOOK THE INITIATIVE IN GOOD HOSTEL
PROCEDURE.

DIDN'T

WAS 10 O'CLOCK

NEEDED A WOOD

FRIENDLY TO THOSE NEW GREEN HOSTELERS.

YOU SHOWED THEM THE ROPES AND
MADE THEM FEEL AT HOME.

YOU DIDN'T MAKE EXCUSES WHEN YOU WERE ASKED
TO PLAY, OR COMPLAIN ABOUT THE PIANO.

YOU NOTICED THAT BROKEN CHAIR



AND MENDED IT.

YOU HAD THE SPIRIT AND THE
FOR YOUR BEING THERE.

HAPPILY FOR HOSTELING

MANY **J**OHNS **G**OODFELLOWS ARE FOUND WITHIN
ITS RANKS. IN THIS YEAR OF 1943 (OUR

YOUTH **H**OSTEL **I**MPROVEMENT **Y**EAR) FINE

HOSTELERS ARE MORE THAN EVER NEEDED. IN

IMPROVING OUR HOSTELS

AS HOSTELERS

YEAR THE



TOO



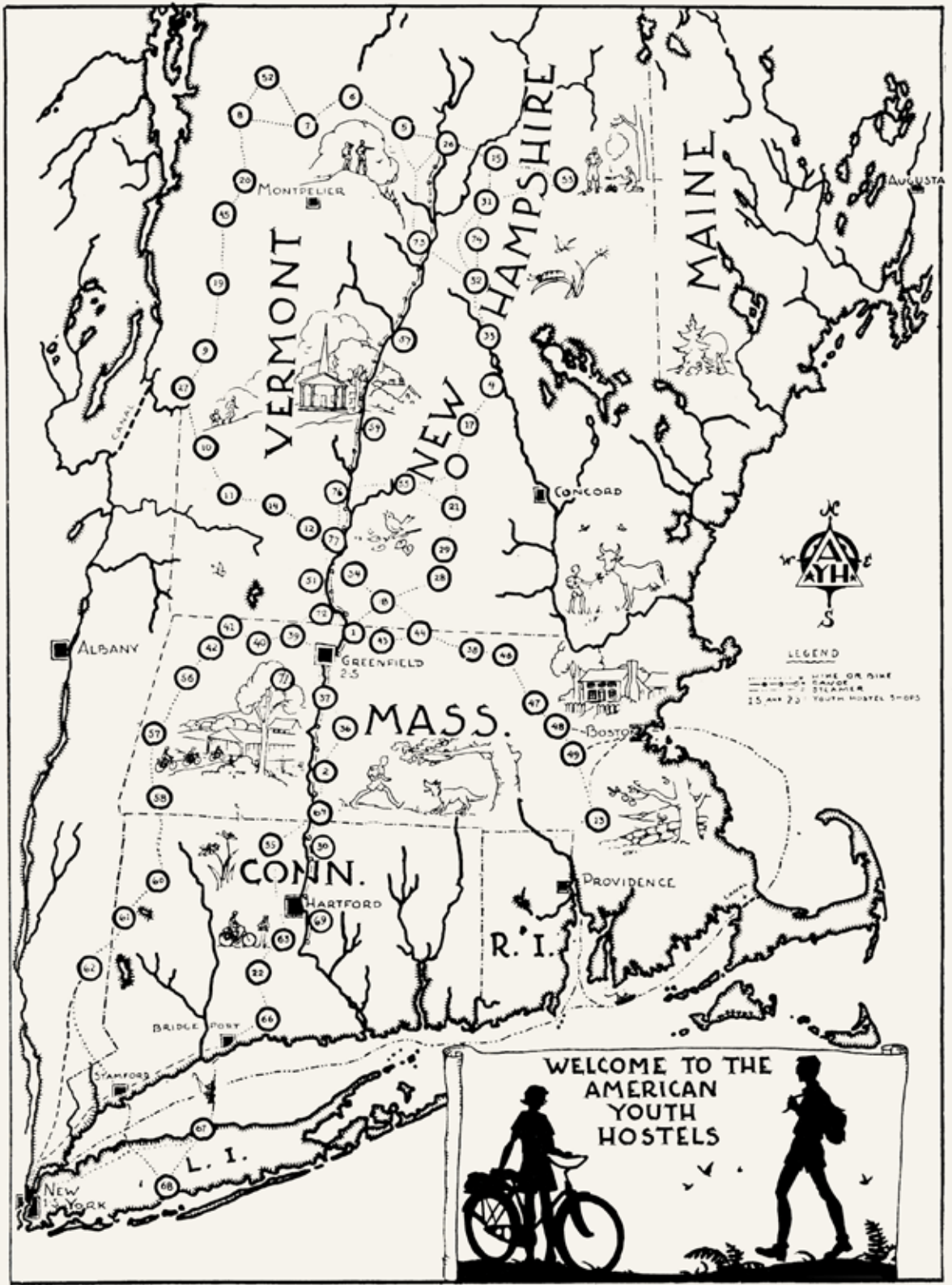
LET'S IMPROVE

AND MAKE THIS

BEST YET FOR

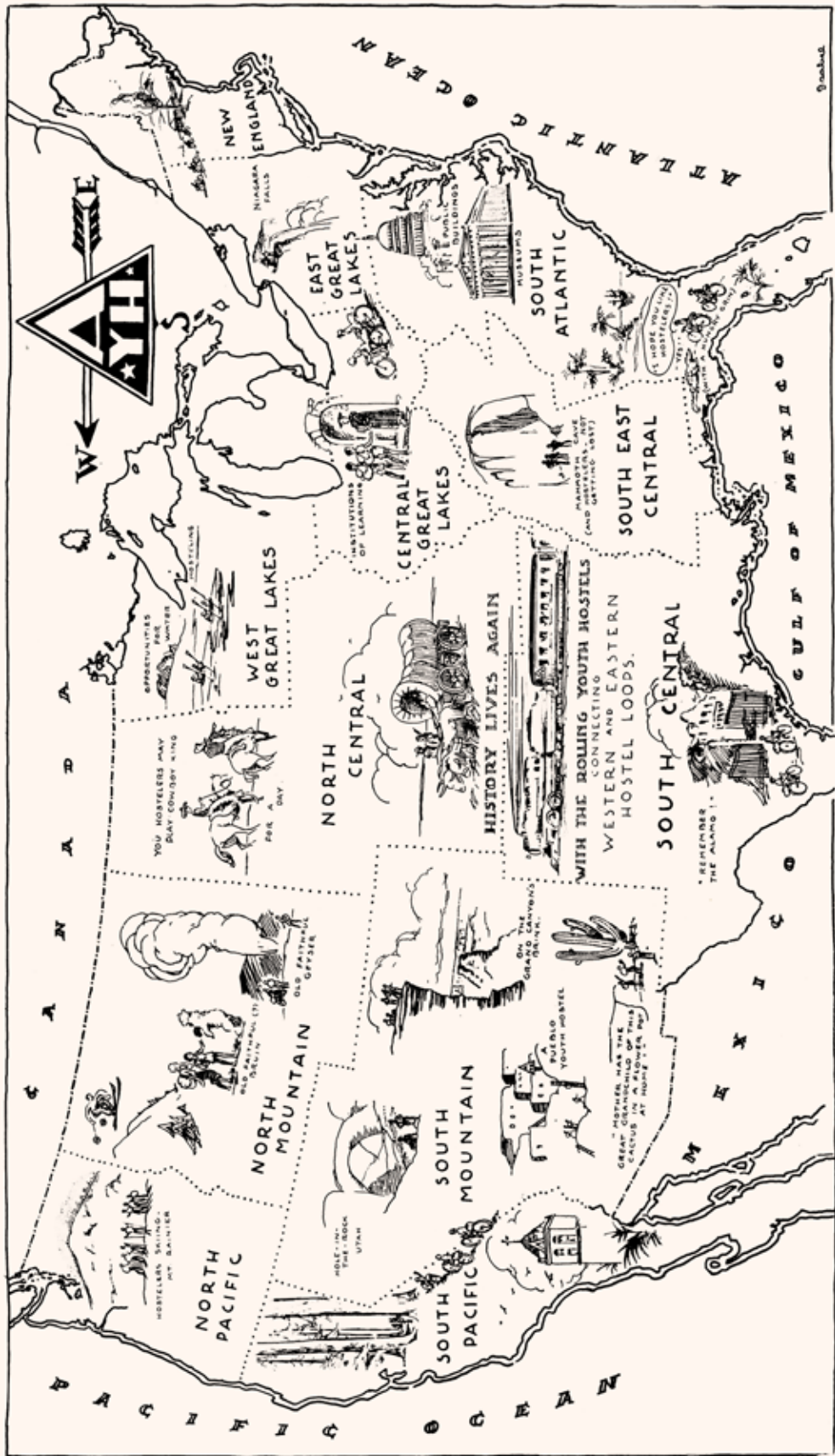
AYH.

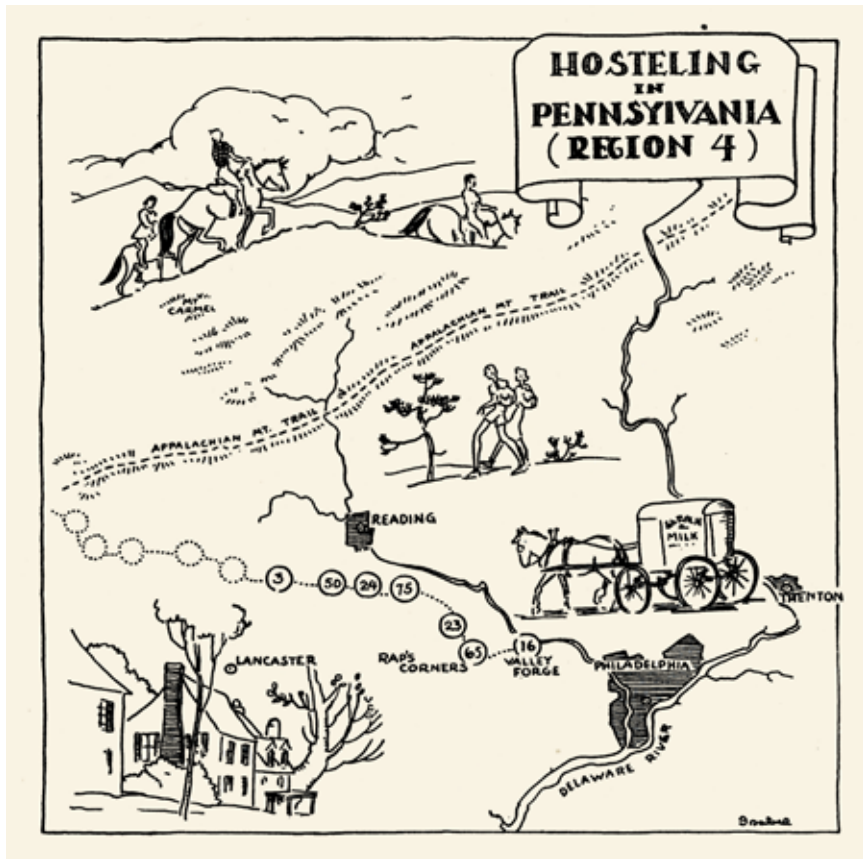
4.62 John Goodfellow
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.63 New England trail map
 1936 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

(Facing page)
 4.64 United States map
 1936 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching





4.65-4.67 AYH route maps
1937, 1942 & 1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.68 New England home
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.69 Oige, Ireland youth hostel
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





4.70 Mountain hostel
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.71 Vermont hostel
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





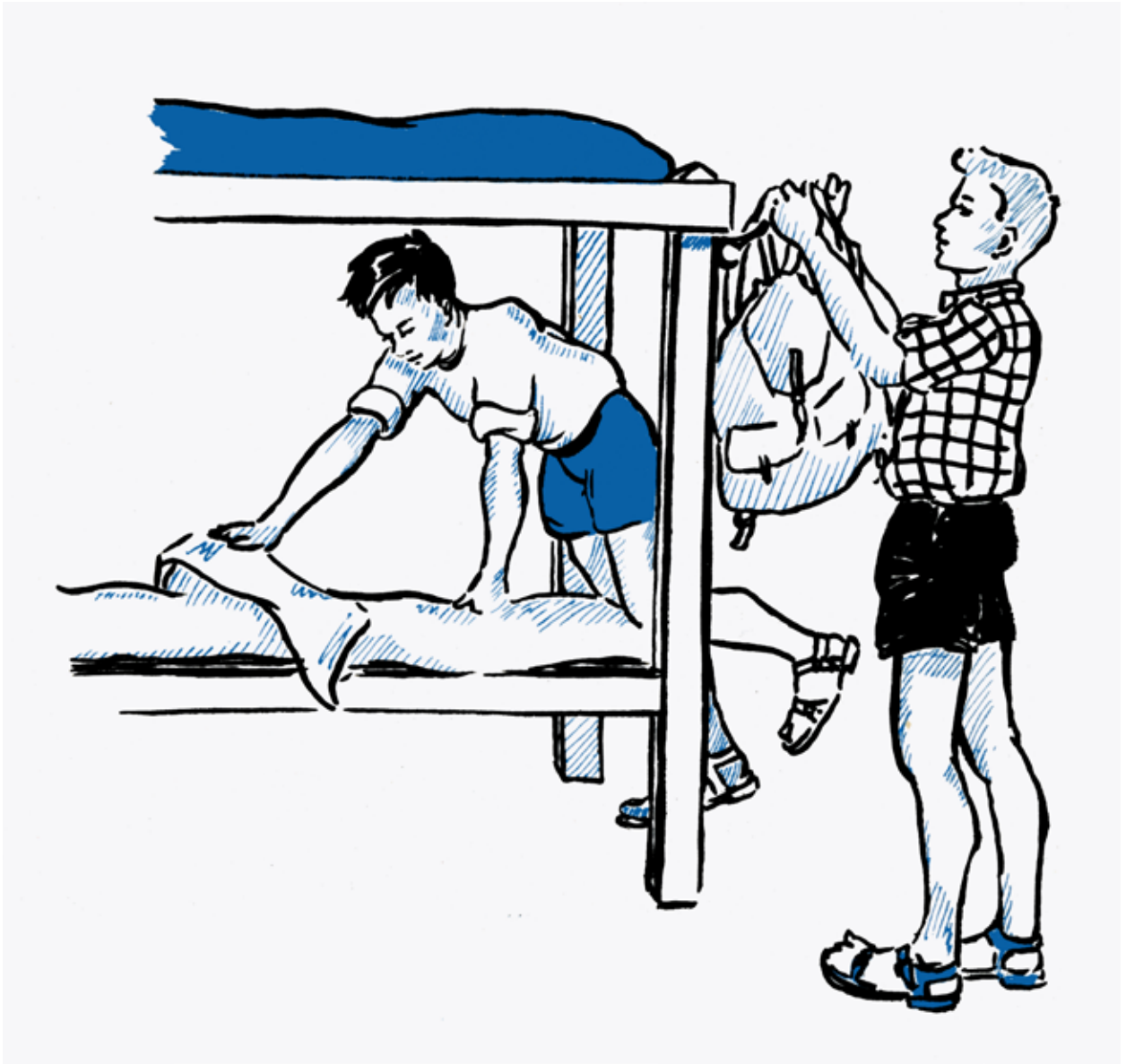
4.72 New England hostel
1948 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.73 Northfield, MA headquarters
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.74 Meredith, NH farm camp
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



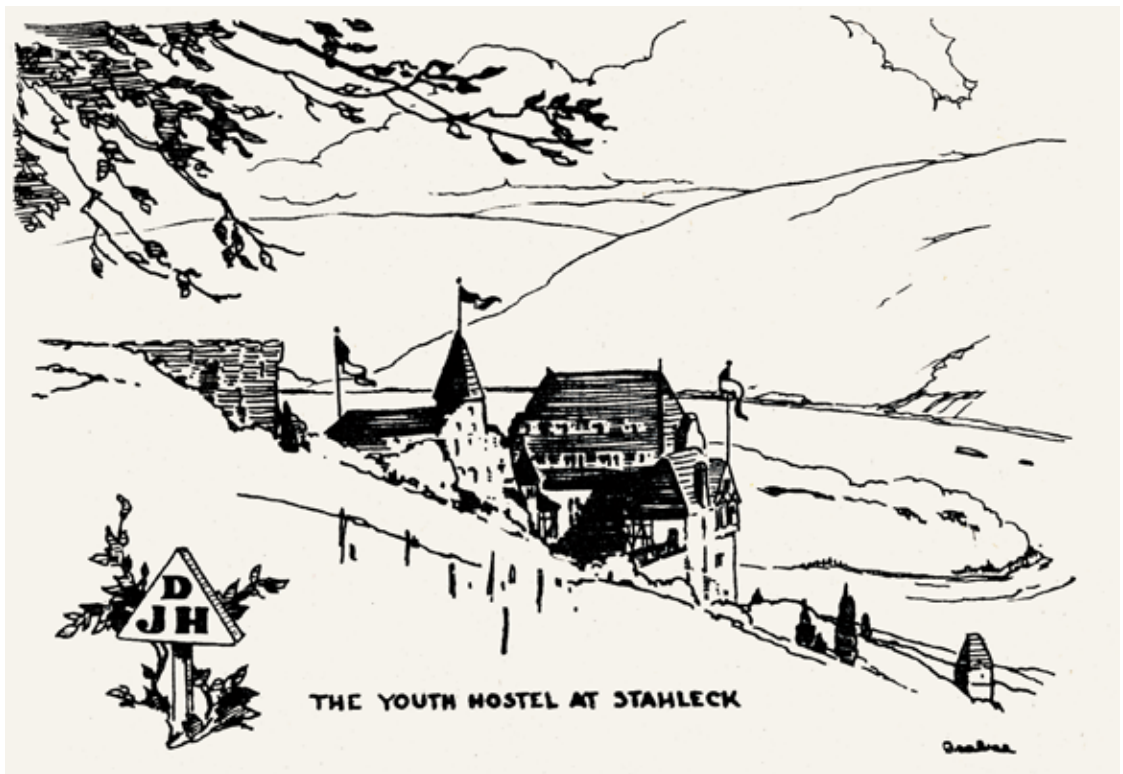


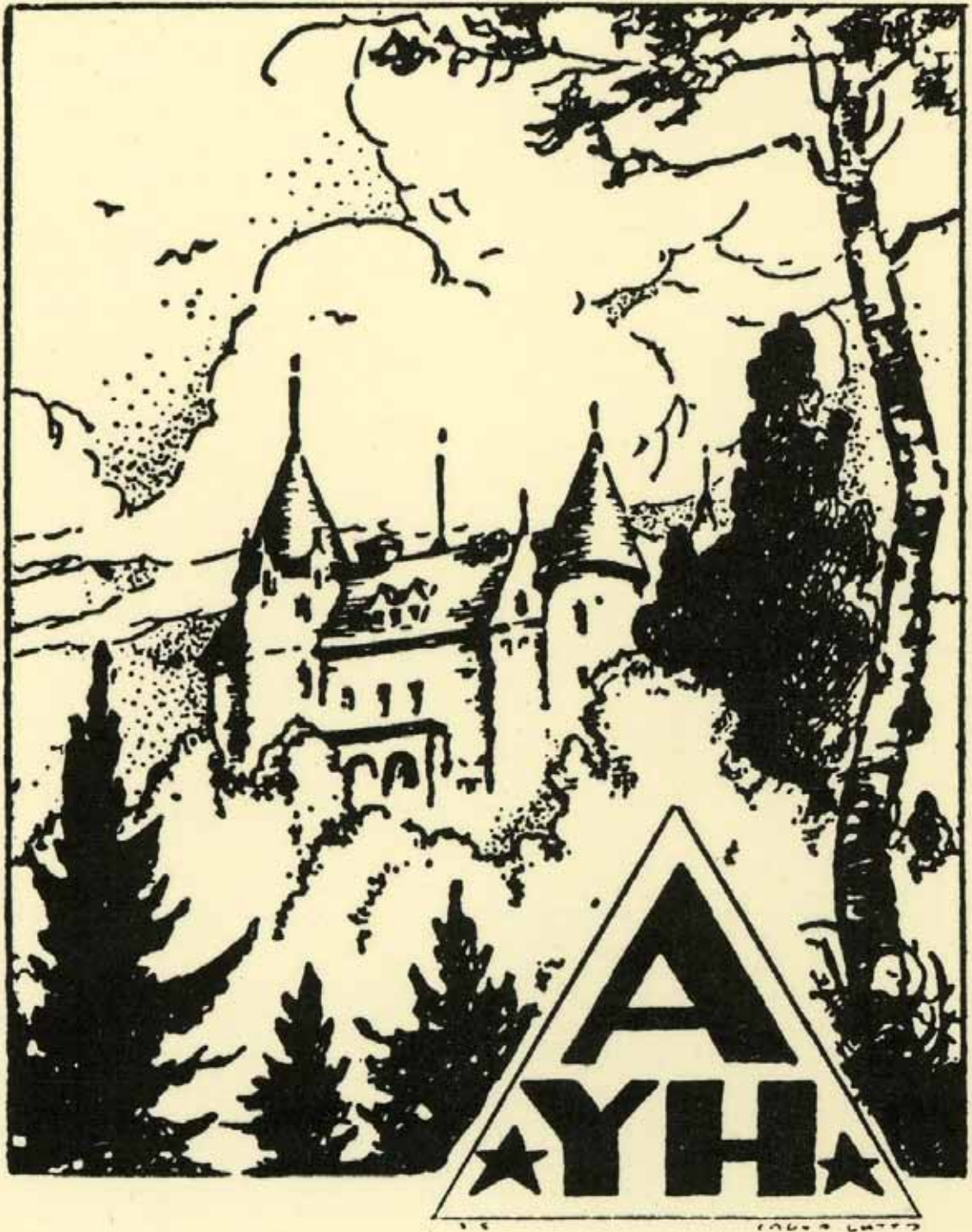
4.75 Boys making beds
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.76 Cove castle hostel
 1946 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

4.77 Stahleck, Germany hostel
 (First German hostel)
 1948 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching





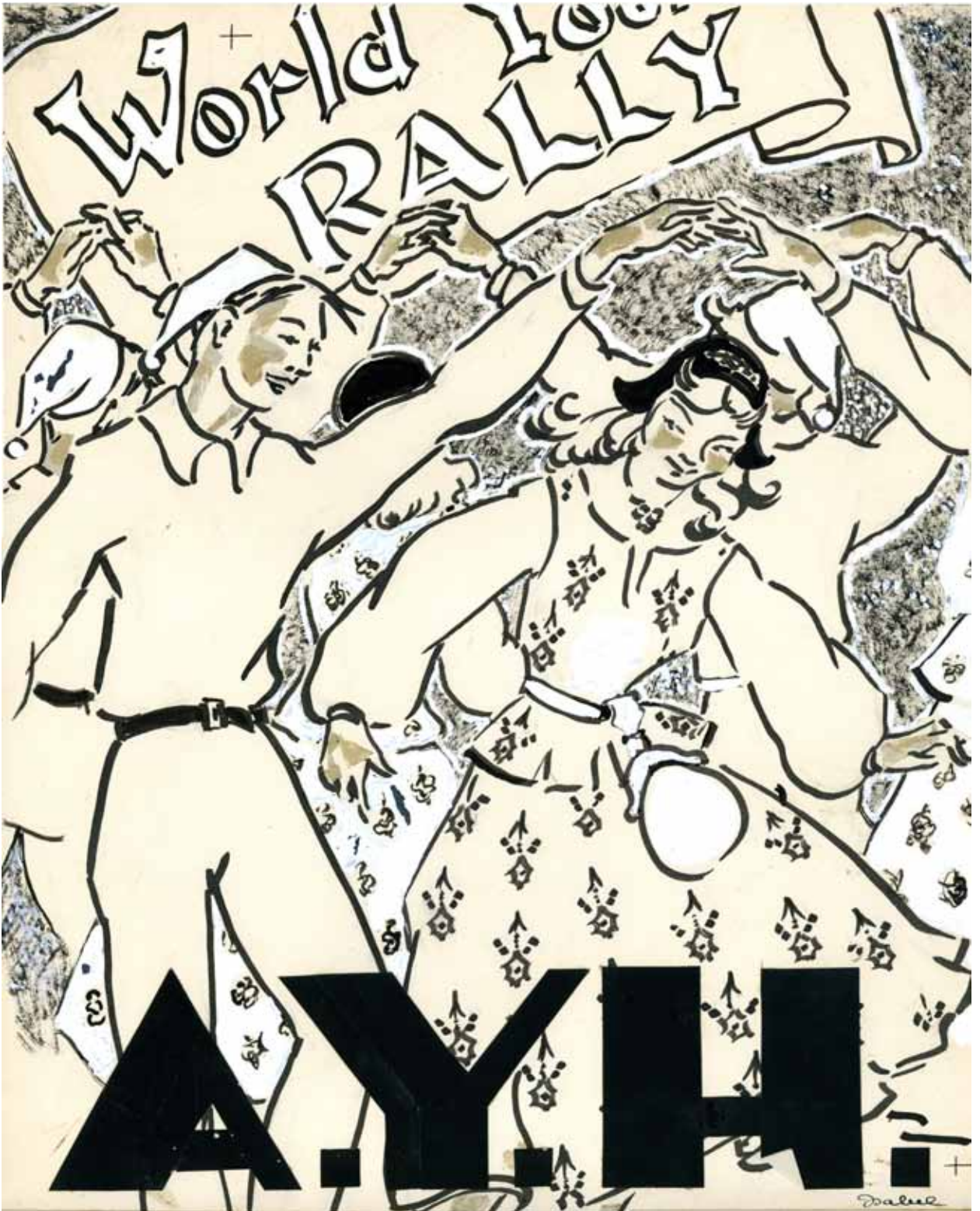
4.78 Schell Chateau castle hostel
(First American hostel)
1946 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.79 Youth Rally
1948 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



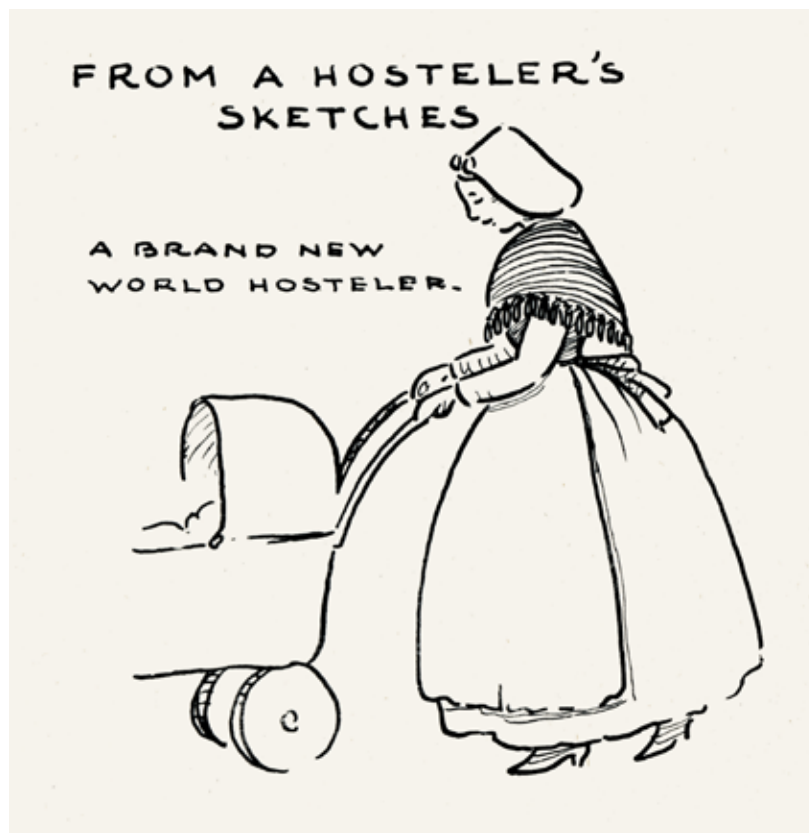
4.80 In Ireland
1948 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





4.81 World Youth Rally
Original 1948 AYH sketch
Ink drawing

4.82 From a hosteler's sketches:
A brand new world hosteler
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.83 Music at the conference
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

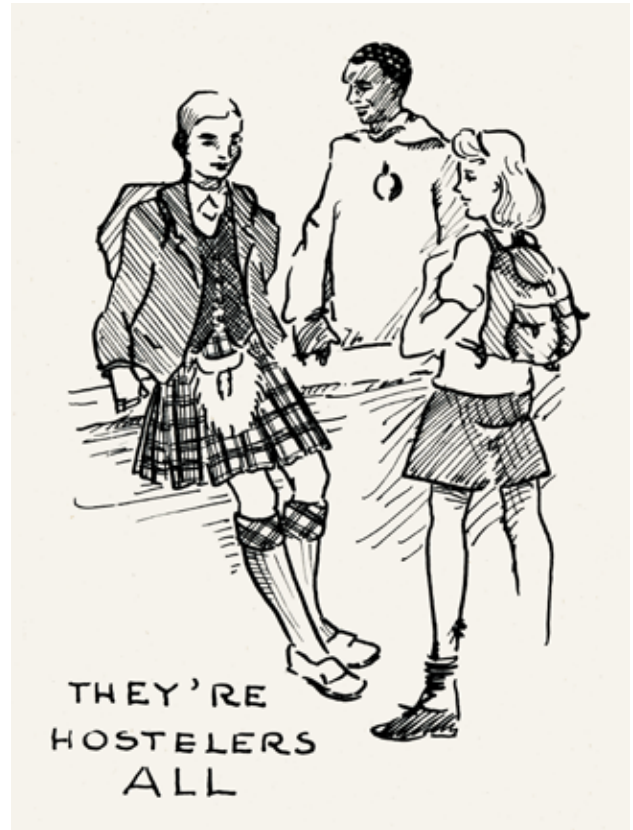


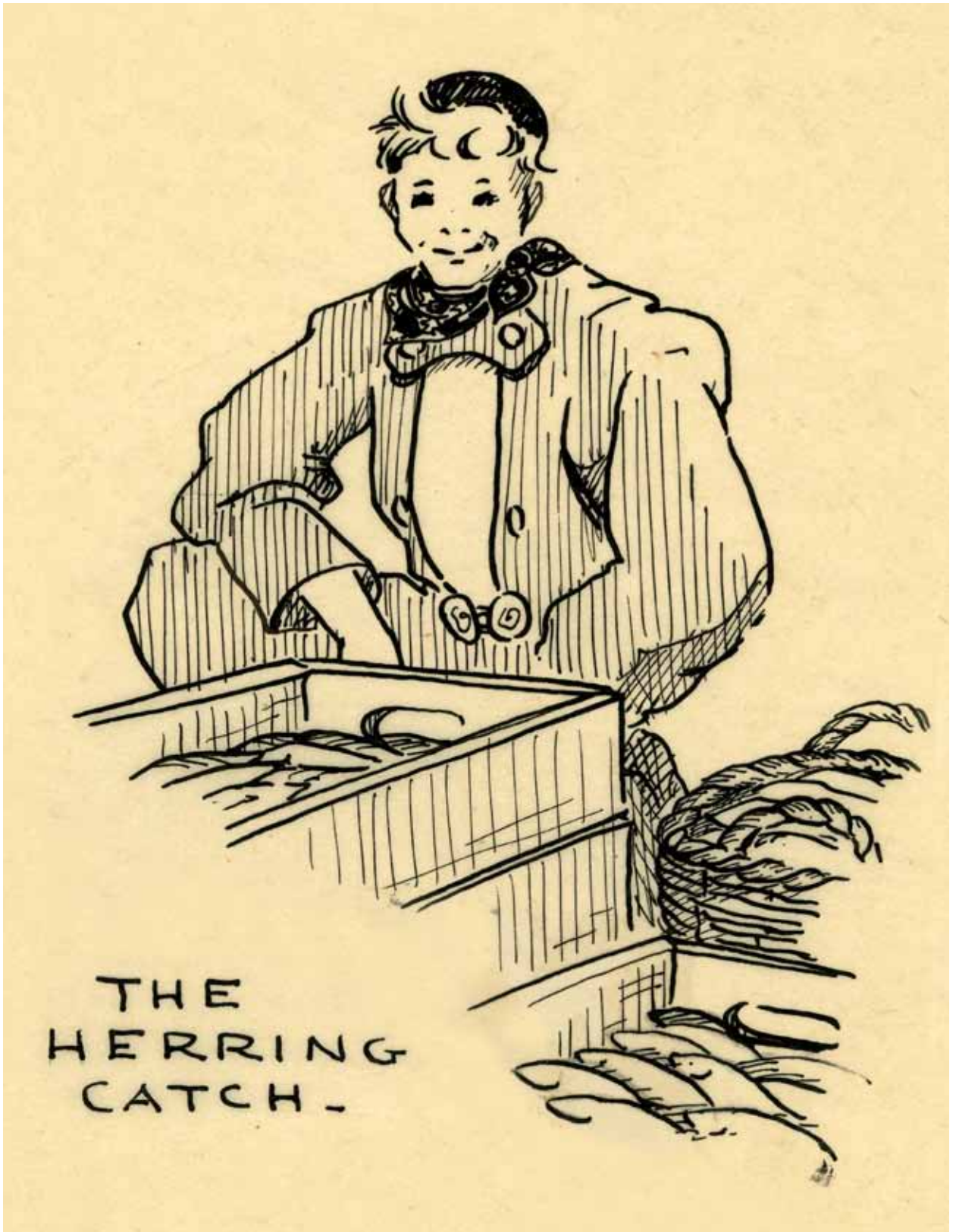


4.84 Charming villages
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.85-4.88 Hosteler's sketches
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





4.89 The herring catch
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing



4.90 Improvement year
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.91 *Hosteling parents*
1948 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching

A House Mother Prays at Twilight

Let there be laughter, gentle words
and singing

Under the shelter of this roof tonight,
May tender thoughts
from heart to heart go winging
Beneath the candle-light.

These whom I love
may wander far hereafter

But this good night is mine
to make them strong
And who can measure
all the power of laughter
Or tell the strength of song?

Lucille Hargrove Reynolds



Isabel

4.92 A house mother's prayer
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.93 Fall Knapsack cover
Original 1939 AYH sketch
Ink drawing



4.94 Take a look at the world
Original AYH 1942 sketch
Ink drawing



4.95 Two hostelers stop for lunch
Original 1942 AYH sketch
Ink drawing



4.96 AYH Handbook
 1939 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

AYH 1942



SPRING



SUMMER



AUTUMN



WINTER

AYH HEADQUARTERS, NORTHFIELD, MASS. 1942

4.97 Seasons
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



A.Y.H.

KNAPSACK

SPRING 1941 VOL. 6 NO. 1



SPRING AIR, BIRD SONGS,
 SUNNY SKIES - ALL CALL
 "GO HOSTELING!"

(Both pages)
 4.98-4.99 Spring air
 1941 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



4.100 Peace
1945 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
4.102 Checkerboard
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.101 AYH hostels
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.103 AYH Handbook
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.104 AYH welcome
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

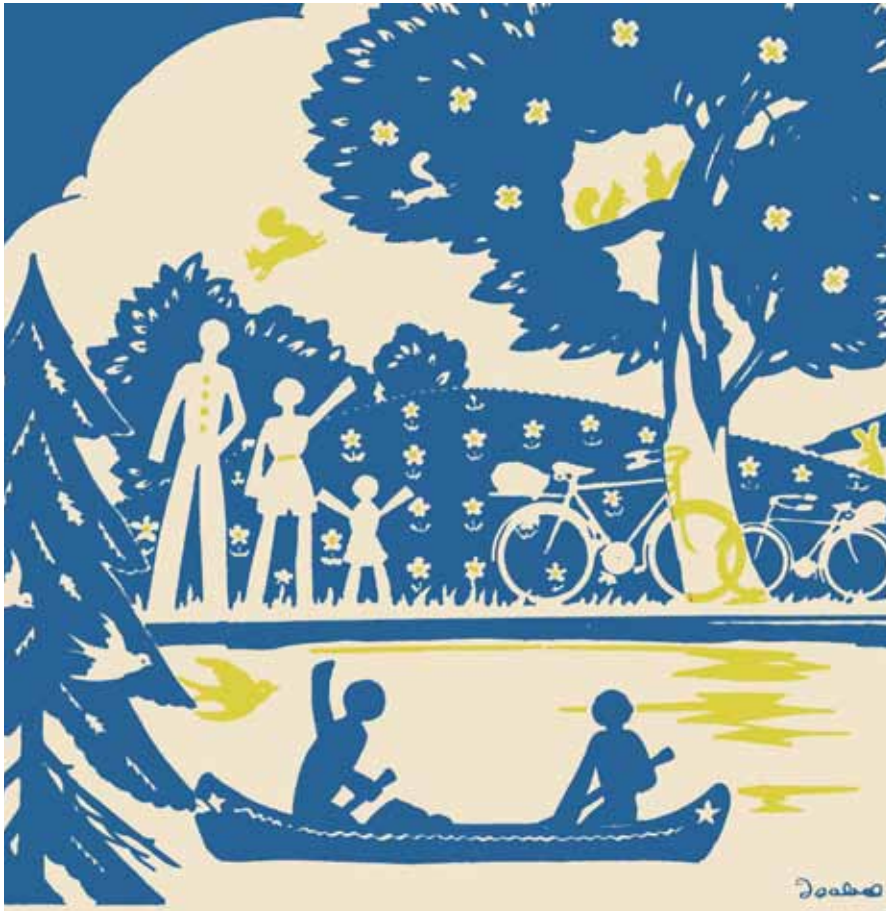
4.105 Farm camp
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



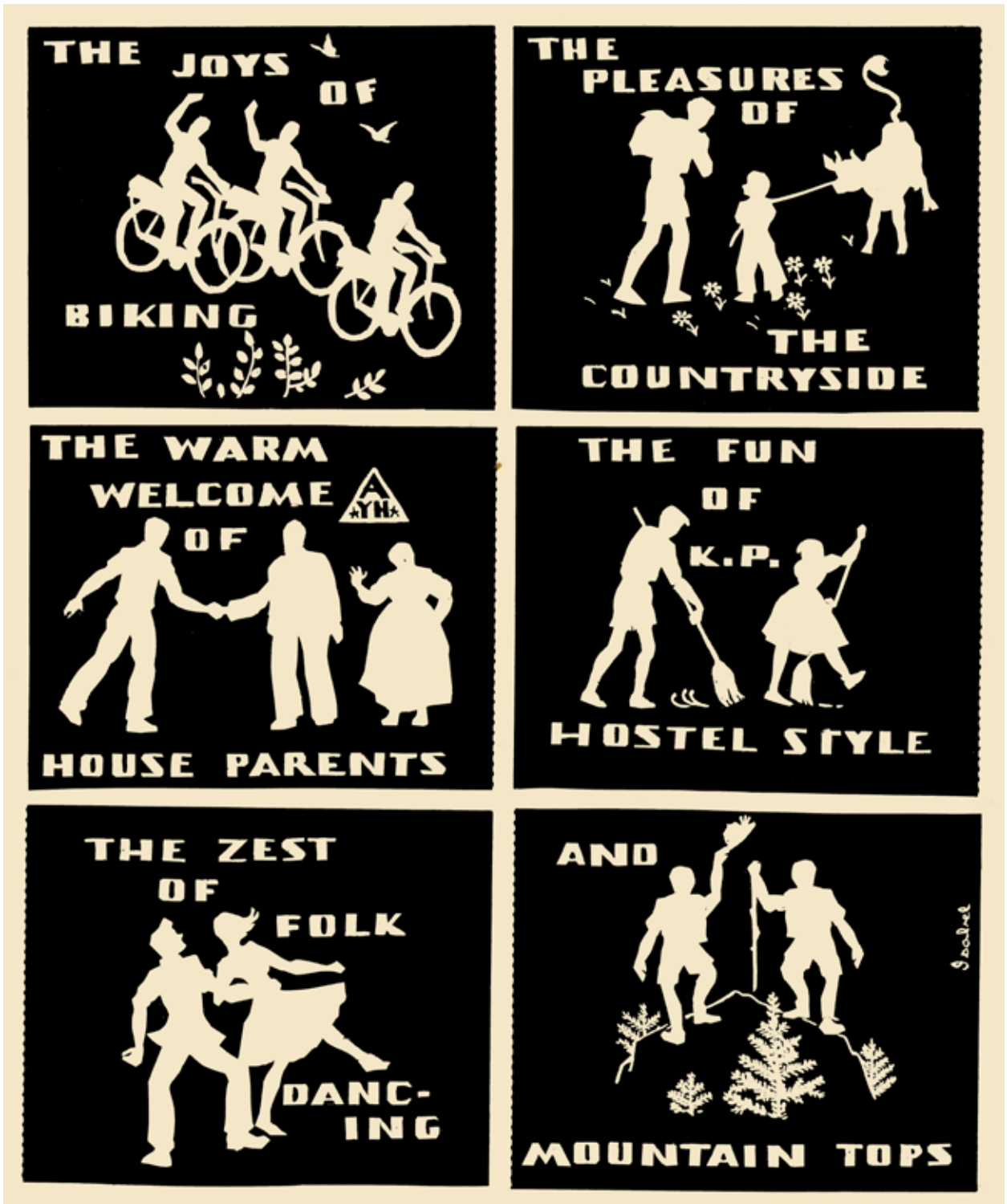
4.106 Hostellers
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.107 Fixing a hostel
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.108 Canoeing
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.109 The joys of...
Original AYH poster
Paper cutout

4.110 Youth hostel world
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.111 Use handbook
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



(Both pages)
 4.112-4.123 AYH stick figures
 1940 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching





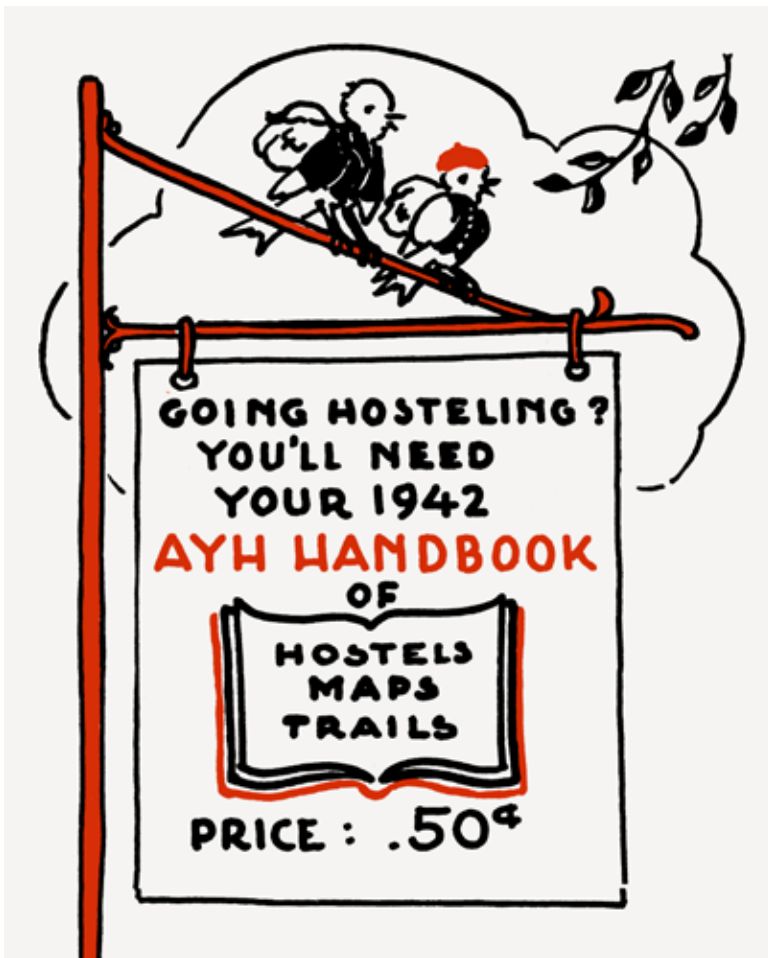
4.124 Just hostel
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



**PUT AN AYH HANDBOOK
IN YOUR POCKET**

4.125 AYH Handbook
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

4.126 Going hosteling?
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.127 A day...
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

T

he two young men set off on foot which was after all a better mode of travel than the gig, as the weather was very cold and very dry.

|| Better than the gig! When were travellers by wheels and hoofs seen with such red-hot cheeks as these? When did their laughter ring so upon the air?

|| No man in a gig could have such interest in the milestones. No man in a gig could see or feel or think like merry users of the legs. How as the wind sweeps on, upon the breezy downs, it tracks its flight in darkening ripples on the grass, and smoothest shadows on the hills! Look round and round upon the bare bleak plain and see even here, upon a winter's day, how beautiful the shadows are! The loveliest things in life, Tom, are but shadows; and they come and go, and change and fade away as rapidly as these!

from *Martin Chuzzlewit* by Charles Dickens.



(Both pages)
4.128-4.129 To all merry users
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



To all merry
users of the legs ~
a very jolly Christmas !



From
Doabel and Monroe.



4.130 Happy hosteling!
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.131 Toy soldiers
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.132 Christmas cards
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



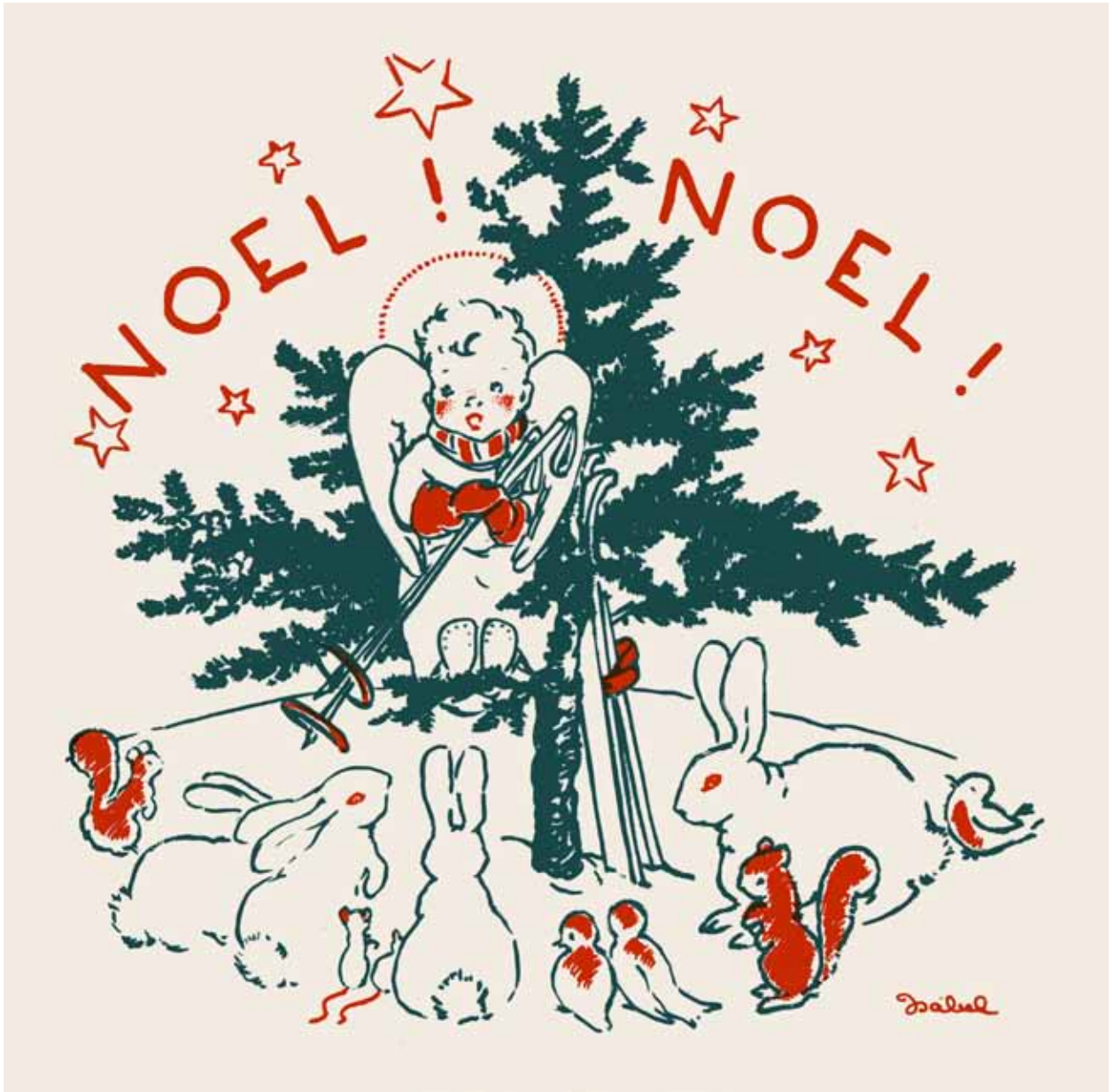
4.133 An invitation
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.134 Christmas wreath
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.135 Christmas mice
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



4.136 Noel, Noel
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

CHAPTER 5

YOUTH ARGOSY



1948-1962



In the summer of 1939, less than one year after Isabel had contracted lockjaw, Isabel and Monroe again traveled to Europe. Despite the dangers of a possible looming war, they planned to attend the International Association of Youth Hostels Conference in Ardgartan, Scotland. Isabel and Monroe left on about August 16, 1939, aboard the famous S.S. *Normandie*, “the most powerful steam turbo-electric-propelled passenger ship ever built.”⁵⁸ The S.S. *Normandie* was considered by many to be the most luxurious ocean liner in existence, and was the second fastest, only to the S.S. *Queen Mary*.

Stephen’s nanny, who the Smiths had hired only a few months earlier, wrote of the farewell of Isabel and Monroe: “Stevie and I went aboard

the *Normandie* to help Isabel and Monroe carry some of their things aboard and to get a look-see at the fabulous liner. We had but a few minutes, when the bell rang and loud speakers blared, as the gang plank was about to be removed. I grabbed one of Steve’s hands and he grabbed Isabel with the other. I led the way up to the deck and through the rail to the gangplank. But Stephen wouldn’t let go of Isabel and dragged her along with us. She grabbed the boat rail and tried to pry loose from Steve, pleading with him to let go. There we were, in the middle of the *Normandie* gangplank, with the ship officers scolding us and the tough dockworkers shouting and cursing at us and jerking the ropes in their hands. But Steve wouldn’t let go, and to complicate and



Isabel & Monroe planning their world travels

prolong matters he turned on the dockworkers and gave them a sermon on the evils of swearing and vile language. They listened in amazement, their mouths hanging open; then they tried to coax us off. Isabel finally pried loose. I ran down the gangplank, pulling Stephen behind me. The men impatiently started to raise the plank so we had to jump the last step. Thus was the sailing of the mighty, famous, and beautiful *Normandie* delayed several minutes on her very last trip out of New York Harbor.”⁵⁹

Beginning of World War II

They arrived in Europe on about August 21, 1939. However, only a few days before the International Conference, scheduled for August 26, the Conference itself was canceled because of the concerns of war. Nevertheless, according to Monroe, the trip was still very worthwhile.

Monroe wrote, “The Youth Rally took place as scheduled in a most beautiful setting surrounded by the Highlands of Scotland and close to Loch Lomond. Here were gathered at least



Talking and singing to Japanese college students



Isabel & Monroe traveling in Europe on bicycles

1,500 youth from many lands. The hostel itself could not of course accommodate so great a host, but in the country around it, on all sides, were tents in profusion: tents under great trees, lined along the lake shore, tents nestled beneath the brow of a hill, tents clustered on the wide-stretching garden's edge, tents, tents, tents everywhere. And there amid the tents—laughing, talking, singing, dancing, chatting—were these happy comrades of world's long hostel trail. At one end of the garden was a wooden platform for speakers with necessary amplifier.

“Isabel spoke, telling of hostelling in America and of the eagerness we all feel to welcome the Europe hosteller in our own hostels. I, too, was called upon to speak, and in doing so, I was stirred by the warm, responsive glances of the youth before me. Faces were eager, happy, and welcoming. We felt a pang in all this happiness to know how closely rested the cloud of war, so soon to break.

“As it happened, it was only a few days later that we saw the full significance of war at close range, the blackouts, the massing of troops, the

shipment of thousands across the channel to their slaughter. We were shocked by the listlessness of men and women to the waging of a war which will cost each country thousands of lives each day, and tens of millions of dollars each 24 hours, a war which all realized would result in no possible good. Everywhere there was the feeling that nations were muddling into war. We came away convinced more than ever of the folly and stupidity of war.”⁶⁰ “It is both sad and ironic to think that so many of those young men celebrating together would soon be fighting each other as bitter enemies.”⁶¹

On September 1, 1939, to the Smith’s great dismay, Germany invaded Poland and World War II began. Their trip to Europe was abruptly ended, only twelve days after arriving. They booked passage on the S.S. *Athenia*, with 1,103 other passengers who were likewise fleeing Europe; 311 of these were Americans. They would leave Liverpool on September 2, 1939.

One day later, on September 3, while the S.S. *Athenia* was only about 60 miles from the coast of Ireland, it was torpedoed twice by a German U-30 submarine. The ship slowly began to sink, and within 14 hours it had disappeared below the dark abyss of the ocean. Nineteen crew members and 98 passengers were killed. This marked the first English-speaking casualties of the War. This same day England and France declared war on Germany.

The tragic news reached the nanny of Betty and Stephen the next day. She wrote, “Learned today of the sinking of the *Athenia*. The bread man told us about it, and said the radio announcement listed Isabel and Monroe as being registered on the boat and among those missing. I nearly fainted. What a terrible, terrible day, trying to stifle my own emotions so Stephen wouldn’t wonder, and trying to keep Stephen from over-hearing the talk among the students and staff. I finally phoned Northfield tonight and learned Isabel had written to Muriel, and that you two had not sailed on the *Athenia*. I feel like going out on the hilltop back of the barn and shouting the ‘Hallelujah’ chorus.”⁶² For whatever reason, Monroe and Isabel never boarded the S.S. *Athenia*, stating that they were unable to book passage any sooner. Instead, Isabel left Europe two days later on September 5, 1939,



Monroe at his office desk in Northfield

aboard the S.S. *Statendam*, and Monroe left on September 9, aboard the S.S. *Aquitania*.⁶³ With the news of the sinking of the S.S. *Athenia*, it is assumed that Isabel and Monroe felt it would be safest to travel on separate steamships in case of another disaster. One can only image the fear that gripped Isabel’s thoughts as she traveled for nine days in the very waters where the German U-30 had sunk the *Athenia*, not knowing if she would ever again see her dear Monroe, or their two sweet, young children. But God watched over them, and they both arrived home safely.

Founding of Youth Argosy

With the outbreak of World War II, all AYH travels to Europe were canceled until the situation in Europe improved. In 1945, as the war drew to an end, Isabel and Monroe began dreaming of ways to help the war devastated countries of Europe. They imagined multitudes of youth traveling at their own expense to help rebuild Europe. Yet, even at the close of the war, voyages were restricted to military and other official govern-

mental travel. To accomplish their vision they would have to find some way to get permission to send thousands of youth across the ocean to Europe, for as little cost as possible. Thus began the dream of the organization of Youth Argosy!

Isabel wrote of the founding of Youth Argosy: "When the war ended Monroe went at once to the State Department in Washington, in June 1945, and asked Mrs. Ruth Shipley, head of the Passport Division, if she would approve passport applications from his youth hostellers so that they could go immediately to Europe working in groups to rebuild bombed youth hostels in France, Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg. He explained that they would not live on the European economy but would take all their own food, not only for the Americans, but for hungry European guests as well. They would take their transportation in the form of bicycles, instead of using the European railroads. The hostellers

would use sleeping bags so that they would not even need shelter. And he would take hammers and nails, putty and glass, tools and equipment with which to rebuild bombed youth hostels by invitation from their Ministers of Education. Mrs. Shipley told Monroe she had already turned down 86,000 applications for she felt Europe was in no condition for tourists, but that for Monroe's purpose she could give passports to all whom he selected.

"He then went to the U.S. Maritime Commission and the U.S. Coast Guard and asked for a ship, though much of America's shipping was at the bottom of the ocean. They gave him the troop ship *Ernie Pyle*, which he loaded with hostellers, and ten tons of lumber, glass, hammers, nails, putty, etc., plus food for the entire summer, bicycles, and sleeping bags and off they went during the summer of 1946. In Europe they set to work rebuilding bombed youth hostels, not only in



Smith Family in 1948 (████████, Isabel, Monroe, ██████████, Betty, ██████████ & Stephen)



Monroe & Isabel Smith about 1947

the four countries mentioned, but in Germany as well. Monroe went to General [Joseph] McNarney, whom General Eisenhower had left in charge of the American troops in Germany, and with McNarney's approval he conducted a study going into every *Gau*, or state, meeting with each of the German Ministers of Education. When Monroe completed his report to General McNarney, the General gave his permission for the Youth Hostel movement in Germany to become a national organization, even before the German Boy Scout movement.

"While in Germany Monroe met John D. Rockefeller III, and interested him in youth hostelling to such a degree that, upon his return to America, Mr. Rockefeller became the active President of AYH, and John H. Winant, who was President, became the Chairman of the Board. Monroe continued as the National Director.

"When Monroe returned to the United States many organizations appealed to him regarding transportation, asking how he had been able to take AYH members to Europe when the Passport Division had forbidden their own groups from going. Monroe invited them to send representatives to a meeting to discuss the matter of purposeful travel. Thirty-five organizations did so, and from this meeting a National Student Council Travel organization was created, with Monroe



Monroe flying on Pan American Airways about 1948

as Chairman. Monroe worked closely with the Passport Division screening applications from these organizations. He went to Europe and met with the Maritime Commission of the Dutch government with the result that two ships, the S.S. *Scythia* and the S.S. *Samaria*, were turned over for student travel.

"By the following winter of 1947, over 8,000 applications from students were received for student travel to Europe. The S.S. *Scythia* and the S.S. *Samaria* could handle only 650 passengers each. Monroe then investigated the airlines and found that the Transocean Airlines, the Seaboard & Western Airlines, and the Flying Tigers Airlines would charter their planes to him for \$15,000 round trip going over one day, resting a day, and returning the next. This meant that with 50 seats the cost per seat each way was \$150 as compared with the regular ocean cost of \$750 round trip. There were two problems if the low cost was to be passed on to the students. One was the problem of flying with one empty seat—ever. The other was getting a full plane on the return trips. The airline of course did not care



Germany after the ravages of WWII

whether they flew full or empty. Monroe suggested that the Student Travel Council charter some planes but Dr. Duggan said his hands were full with the two ships. He suggested that AYH charter planes but Mr. Rockefeller said the main concern of AYH was to set up youth hostels in America. Both men suggested Monroe set up a special organization to handle the proposed air service.

“Thus Youth Argosy was born. Monroe immediately chartered eight round trip flights costing \$120,000 for the first summer of 1948. He charged \$170 a flight, splitting the \$20 markup between Youth Argosy and the sponsoring organizations. The next summer of 1949, he chartered 108 round trip flights and two ships from Europe. Youth Argosy consistently remained in the black only because of meticulous booking. One summer he took 5,000 students to Europe and brought them all back safely, as usual.”⁶⁴

To solve the issue of an empty return flight, Monroe brought over thousands of European refugees to the United States. Isabel wrote of one summer: “Most of these refugees were pregnant mothers in need of better food than the refugee camps in Europe provided. So it was a blessing

to them and to the refugee officials to have these mothers in America two months earlier than expected, for they were scheduled to come by ship in August. Instead, 3,000 of Monroe’s students” traded their air seats for the refugees and returned on those ships.⁶⁵

Isabel & Monroe Resign from AYH

However, newly appointed President John D. Rockefeller III, felt very uncomfortable with Monroe’s new organization. With only a \$20 booking fee, and having to pay the full rental price for the DC4s upfront, they could lose thousands of dollars if they did not sell every seat. Monroe, however, was not concerned; he would rather have a smaller markup and allow more students to go than make a large profit. Rockefeller told Monroe he could not continue under the name of AYH because of the huge risk involved and took this as an opportunity to sever the relationship with Monroe.⁶⁶ With an already growing rift between the two, both men wanting control of AYH, Rockefeller told the board of directors that Monroe “was not working with the organization,” that he “had demonstrated an incapacity to cooperate,”⁶⁷ and asked Monroe



Isabel & Monroe traveling with the Transocean Airlines



Isabel & Monroe with Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, the last Shah of Iran (center) during Youth Argosy travels in 1949



Isabel & Monroe with Jawaharlal Nehru, the first prime minister of India in 1949

and Isabel to resign as the National Directors of American Youth Hostels. In the spring of 1949 Isabel and Monroe, the founders of this 20,000 membership organization, stepped down and were no longer associated with American Youth Hostels.

A year before their resignation, on May 11, 1948, Monroe and Isabel had already established Youth Argosy. The headquarters of AYH had moved to New York, and the old headquarters building for hostelling in Northfield, which was across the street from their home, was used as the new headquarters for Youth Argosy. The stated purpose for the organization was: "To help all, especially young people, to a greater knowledge, understanding, and love of the world by assisting them in their travels both here and abroad, to enable youth not only to enjoy the educational and cultural benefits of travel, but also to win them to a keen appreciation of the out-of-doors, that they may thereby develop happier, stronger, cleaner and more wholesome lives; to make pos-

sible wide friendships that will link youth with youth the world over."⁶⁸

Growth of Youth Argosy

During the four years that Isabel and Monroe led Youth Argosy, they again published several booklets for the members of the organization. Once again, the art of Isabel filled the pages of these booklets. In 1950, Isabel and Monroe accompanied youth from around the nation on a trip across the globe. They traveled to China, Egypt, Greece, Hawaii, India, Iran, Israel, Italy, Japan, Pakistan, Siam, and Turkey. During this trip, Isabel painted over 40 large watercolors of the people and places she saw.

By 1952, Youth Argosy reported 16,626 air passages and 9,276 sea passages, for a total of 25,902 passages for the four years of operation since May 1948.⁶⁹ Thousands of youth had traveled around the world at a reduced price because of the efforts of Isabel and Monroe. The airline companies were not happy with Youth Argo-



Youth Argosy takes over AYH headquarters building in Northfield—renamed Friendship Center



Betty & other Youth Argosy women at the Northfield headquarters

sy taking away some of their business, so they spent around \$150,000 to try to kill the organization. Monroe, tired of the court fights, and the headaches of acting as a travel agent, went to the presidents of Pan American and TWA to try to negotiate a deal that would benefit both parties. Isabel wrote of these events: "Repeatedly Pan America and TWA tried to stop Monroe's flights and he constantly had to go to Washington to intervene with the Civil Aeronautics Administration. At the same time he met with two airline boards. Finally, he told Juan Trippe, President of Pan American Airlines, and Ralph Damon, President of TWA, that he would gladly close the Youth Argosy business if they would introduce a coach ticket for half fare, just as the railroads had a coach ticket for half the Pullman fare. Finally, the two boards voted to do that and all airlines in Europe followed suit. Double-spread advertisements in the New York Times by the airlines announced a fare comparable to what Youth Argosy had been charging. Monroe kept his promise and closed the headquarters of Youth Argosy."⁷⁰

A Ranch in Florida

In the committee minutes of Youth Argosy, dated February 19, 1952, Isabel, acting as clerk, wrote: "Voted that inasmuch as Youth Argosy has so largely aided in bringing about the universal reduction in air transportation costs across the Atlantic by 50 percent, and inasmuch as its overseas activities appear this year to be automatically curtailed, the attention of this committee is turning to the developments of Youth Argosy's ideals along the lines of educational cooperative community living in the country, as also fulfilling the deeper purposes of Youth Argosy. Moreover, rather than have Youth Argosy exhaust its assets by persisting in the operation of its overseas program in the red, it seems wise to invest at this time an amount sufficient to purchase and develop a portion, or all of two tracts of land in Boynton, Florida. This property shall be used as a Friendship Center for establishment of a truly nonprofit cooperative community that shall further the purposes of Youth Argosy."⁷¹ "We like to

visualize student weekend house parties in this homey atmosphere with swimming, horseback riding, and evening talks before the fireplace.”⁷²

On May 26, 1952, this 330-acre tract of land was purchased in Palm Beach County, Florida, adjacent to and east of the Everglades. In October of that same year, Isabel, Monroe and ██████ began moving their belongings to the new Friendship Center, in Delray Beach, Florida. As there was no home on the ranch, they stayed in a small travel trailer in town. Over the next several months, the Smiths cleared the raw wild land of the palmettos, stretched five miles of four strands of barbed wire for fences, built a barn, dug wells and canals, and planted Pangola and Pensacola Bahia grass. The ranch was nearly ready for cattle. Isabel worked on the ranch from before sunup to after sundown each day alongside Monroe and ██████. In addition, Isabel completely designed the ranch home that was built during those same few months.

Isabel Breaks Her Back

After about five months of helping on the ranch, Isabel broke her back on February 22, 1953. In a letter written the next day, Monroe recounted the tragic events of that fateful day. “We were loading five Shorthorn bulls and cows into

our big cattle truck toward evening, to run them down to the Delray Gladioli Festival in time for the opening. We had gotten four in the truck and were having difficulty with the fifth. I had two gates on the truck—one was a sliding door half the width of the truck, and the other was a ramp so you could load your cattle, either from a platform or from the ground. The tailgate which extends 11 feet above ground and weighs about 200 pounds was ready to be chained when Big Red threw his weight against it. Isabel was standing on the ground beneath it and was struck on the head and knocked down. All I could see of her were two fingers sticking out at the end under the edge of the gate. I hastily lifted the gate back up, smashed the bull’s nose with one hand to drive him back and locked the gate. I did not move her as it was evident she probably was hurt badly. Fortunately, ██████ (██████) had arrived with the station wagon so I left him with Isabel a few minutes while I sped back and got a mattress and blankets. With a gate as a stretcher and the mattress on it, Isabel herself rolled on to it and we lifted her into the wagon and drove carefully to the Good Samaritan Hospital in West Palm Beach to have x-rays taken immediately upon our arrival. Throughout it all she never lost consciousness, although the tailboard struck the



Aerial view of the Delray Beach ranch



██████████ on Farmall Super M with horses at Delray Beach ranch



Isabel, Nenia Palasanian, Monroe & ██████████ on Delray Beach ranch about 1954

back of her head where Dr. Norly put six stitches. She believes, and I believe, she will recover completely.

“Please help our belief and daily pray for her complete recovery by summer. We cannot ask more in my opinion. Please pray to God that we may soon be joined together here on Friendship Center ranch and that in six months Isabel may again be riding with [REDACTED] and me. Please pray every day for her recovery, for her easement of pain, for her courage, and patience. God bless us all, wherever we are. Affectionately, Monroe”⁷³

Monroe later wrote, “After they examined her they found she had a broken back and they said she could never walk again. But brave Isabel put her mind on her problems and we all did too, and in six weeks she walked out of the hospital and recovered. She said the ride in our ranch wagon on the box springs was twice as comfort-

able going to the hospital as the ride back home in the ambulance. Needless to say, she has suffered much, but there have been rewarding aspects of the experience which she treasures. Isabel is grateful for the enduring love of so many and for their daily prayers for her recovery.”⁷⁴

With the tragic accident of Isabel, and the immense task of caring for a 330-acre ranch, the complete fulfillment of their dream of establishing a large school was never realized. Small numbers of students did work the land to learn of hard work, but never to the extent that both Isabel and Monroe had hoped and dreamed of.

Isabel Homeschools [REDACTED]

They were able to open a small school in September 1953, after Isabel had recuperated from her accident. For the next several years, in addition to helping on the ranch and keeping the



Isabel painting picture of [REDACTED] “our littlest hostler” (see image 2.28)



Isabel traveling in Japan with Youth Argosy in 1950

house, Isabel homeschooled ██████ and two other students.⁷⁵ ██████ was almost 12 years old. She taught him English, geography, history and social studies. She also tried to teach him algebra and the sciences, which she struggled with herself. Monroe would help with these subjects, as he excelled in those areas, but Isabel did most of the teaching.

“I recall times when I would try to give her a difficult time,” wrote ██████, “and she would start to chuckle. Then I would realize that she was on to my antics, and I would start to chuckle. Then her chuckle would turn to a laugh, and I would laugh, and before long we would be howling uncontrollably with tears streaming down our faces.”⁷⁶

Isabel also kept many good books in their home. ██████ wrote, “I learned at a young age to pull a book off the shelf and to enjoy reading it. She had beautiful works of art, in picture, statue, and relief. I simply saw and heard only good things in our home. Our home was plain and uncluttered, but adorned with these simple good things. It was a home of order and peace. My mother spoke French and German, and could carry on a conversation in Italian or Spanish. She would quote poems as part of her conversation.

Her language was refined but she never used ‘big’ words to show off her knowledge. She also never used a coarse word. But she had an extensive vocabulary, and would quietly weave some of the words into stories she would tell.”⁷⁷

By April 1955, they had welcomed several thousand people from 16 different countries, of varied creeds and races, to their home and Friendship Center, which existed to help all, especially young people, to a greater knowledge, understanding, and love of the world. They wrote, “We see the world not only as an aggregation of mountain peaks, beautiful lakes, vast plains, strange deserts, and mighty oceans, but more particularly as a great family of peoples created by a loving FATHER.”⁷⁸

In 1955, when Youth Argosy was experiencing financial problems, the board resolved to sell 227.5 acres of the ranch, and to significantly curtail future operations of Youth Argosy. The organization would continue, still working with youth, but mainly for the purpose of paying out the retirement funds to its past employees.

Over the next several years, small tracts of the ranch land were sold, until in 1962 the last portion was sold and the Smiths purchased a home in Delray Beach, at 2910 Bobolink.⁷⁹ The

house was located in a rather undeveloped part of Delray, surrounded by wide fields and nearby groves of pine trees and Florida holly. There they planted a number of young trees, such as orange, grapefruit, avocado, calamondin, loquat, lime, mango, coconut palm, tangelo, as well as rose bushes, Florida cherry, holly, and hibiscus.⁸⁰

Putney Graduate Trip

In 1956 Monroe was asked to head a group of about 20 graduate students from Putney Graduate School on an eight-month tour of Europe. The students would each write their thesis while studying in Europe and then present their findings on their return. With most of the farm sold by 1955, and all of the cattle sold, Monroe, Isabel, Stephen and ██████ all left for this once in a lifetime opportunity. They left from Canada and arrived at La Harve, France on September 24, 1956. For the next eight months the Smiths and the graduate students traveled through Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Lichtenstein, Luxemburg, Monaco, Portugal, Spain,



Isabel & Monroe in Europe during Putney Graduate Trip

and Switzerland. They returned to the United States, arriving in New York City on May 15, 1957. It was a trip they would never forget.

School Teachers

After traveling to Europe with the Putney Graduate School, Isabel and Monroe spent almost two months in Mexico during the summer of 1958, to help Stephen set up an observatory. That same year, on July 30, 1958, Isabel and Monroe bought an 80-acre mountain property near Bryson City, North Carolina, with the hopes of having youth camps there during the summers. That fall, Monroe began teaching social studies at Deerfield Beach Junior High School. He taught 200 pupils every day. During this time, Isabel also taught almost full-time and volunteered at the local 'Negro' elementary school and high school. Both Isabel and Monroe integrated into their classes the lessons they had learned on their many travels around the world. By the summer of 1959, they had the first 'summer science camps' near Bryson City. Over the next several years, Isabel and Monroe taught during the school year and held these camps during the summers at their beautiful mountain property near Bryson City. 🏡



Isabel admires beautiful hibiscus flowers at Delray Beach ranch



Poster advertisements for Negro School play by Isabel in 1959



Isabel teaches pupils in Monroe's Geography class at Deerfield Jr High School about her Youth Argosy World Trip adventures in 1962

Youth Argosy



PRICE .25

VOLUME 3

WINTER 1950-51

(Chapter page)
5.1 Steamship
1952 Youth Argosy Handbook
Zinc etching

5.2 Youth Argosy cover
1950 Youth Argosy Handbook
Zinc etching



5.3 Two boys in river
Youth Argosy Handbook
 Zinc etching



5.4 Woman praying with child
1949 Youth Argosy Handbook
 Zinc etching



5.5 Woman praying with children
1950 Youth Argosy Handbook
 Zinc etching

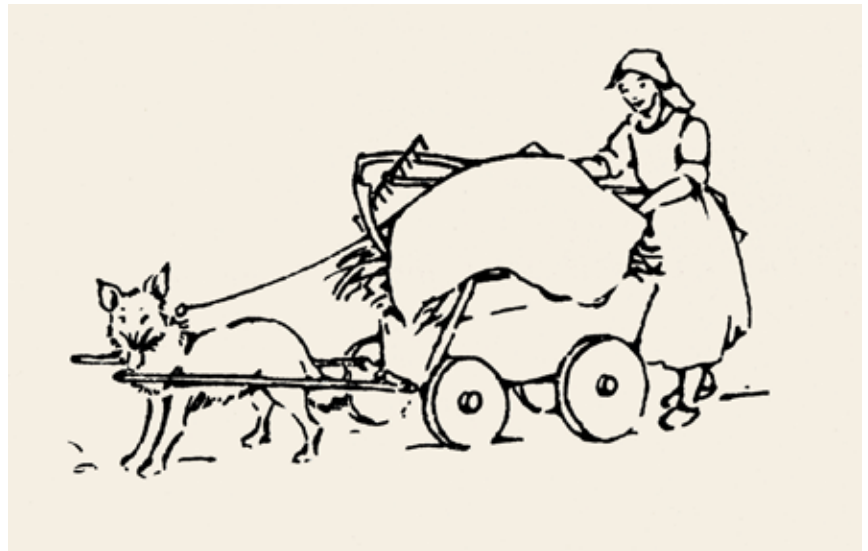


5.6 Man with two llamas
1952 *Youth Argosy Handbook*
Zinc etching

5.7 Woman painting island
1952 *Youth Argosy Handbook*
Zinc etching



5.8 Woman with dog cart
1950 Youth Argosy Handbook
Zinc etching



5.9 Native American women
1952 Youth Argosy Handbook
Zinc etching



5.10 Woman & children in Denmark
1952 Youth Argosy Handbook
Zinc etching

DENMARK



YOUTH HOSTEL RALLY.

5.11 Denmark: Youth Hostel Rally
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

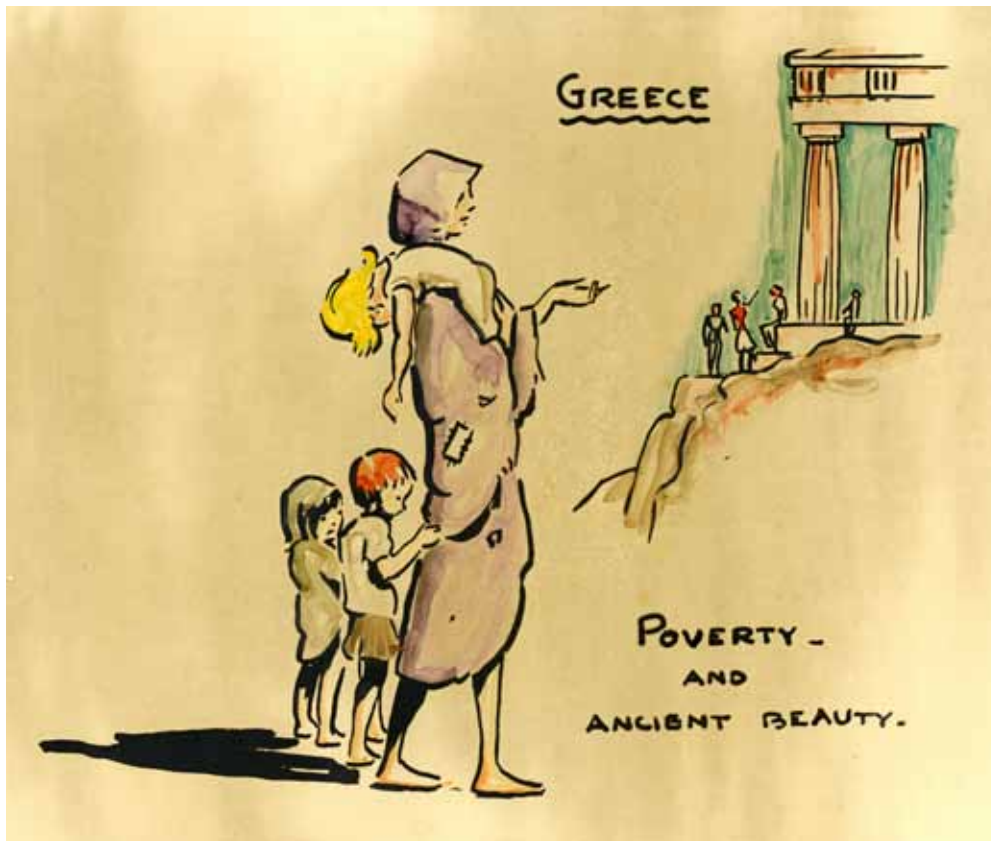


5.12 Arch of Titus
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.13 Italian boy
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

5.14 Poverty in Greece
1950 Youth Argosy
World Tour
Watercolor



5.15 Rich man in Egypt
1950 Youth Argosy
World Trip
Watercolor



5.16 Pyramid & camel
1950 *Youth Argosy* cover
Zinc etching

5.17 Stepped pyramid of Djoser
1950 *Youth Argosy* World Trip
Watercolor





5.18 Egyptian man
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.19 Woman with baby
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



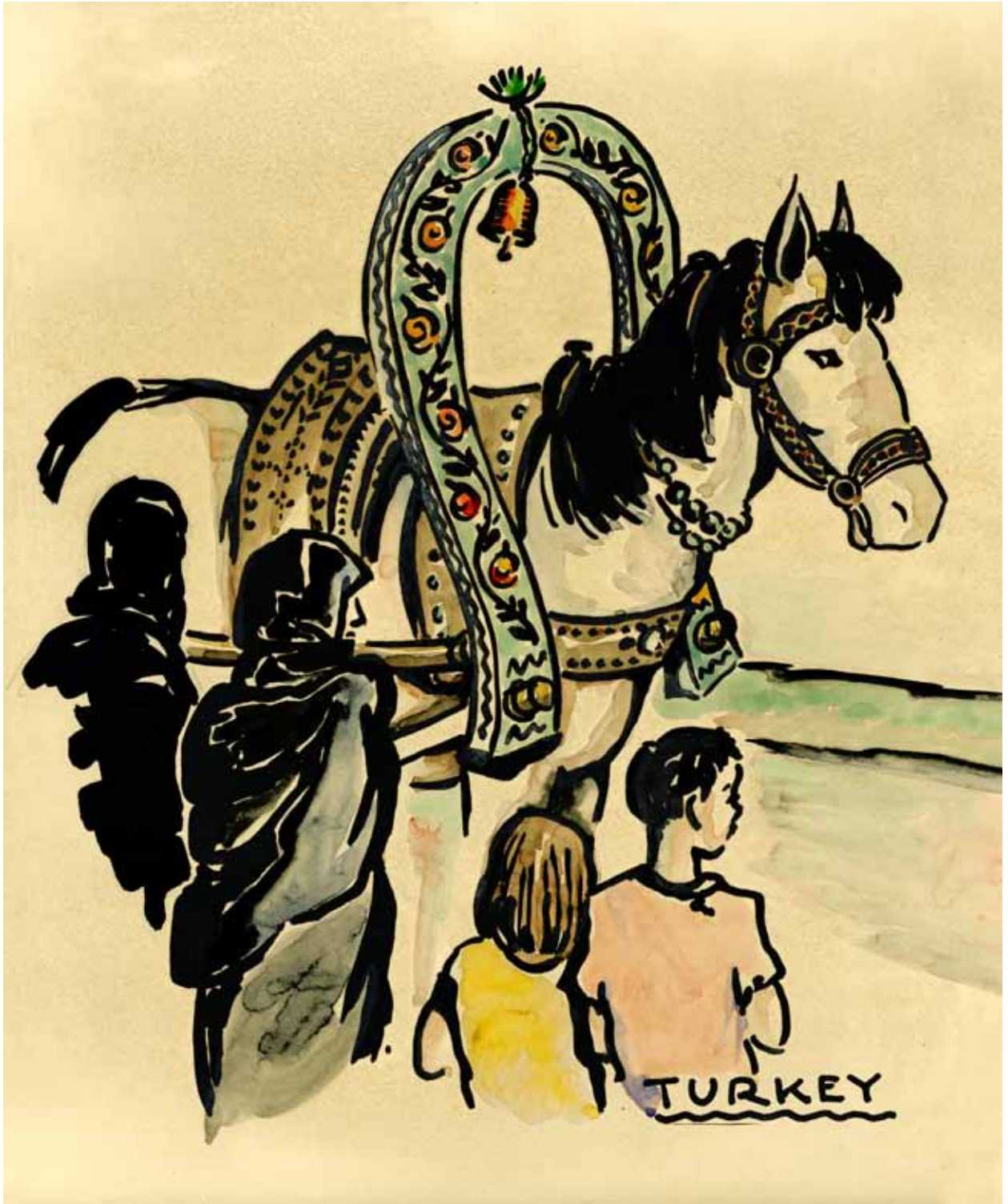
5.20 Women gathering straw
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

(Facing page)
5.21 Woman on camel
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

EGYPT



CAMEL BACK - WITH SLEEPING BAG AND KNAPSACK -



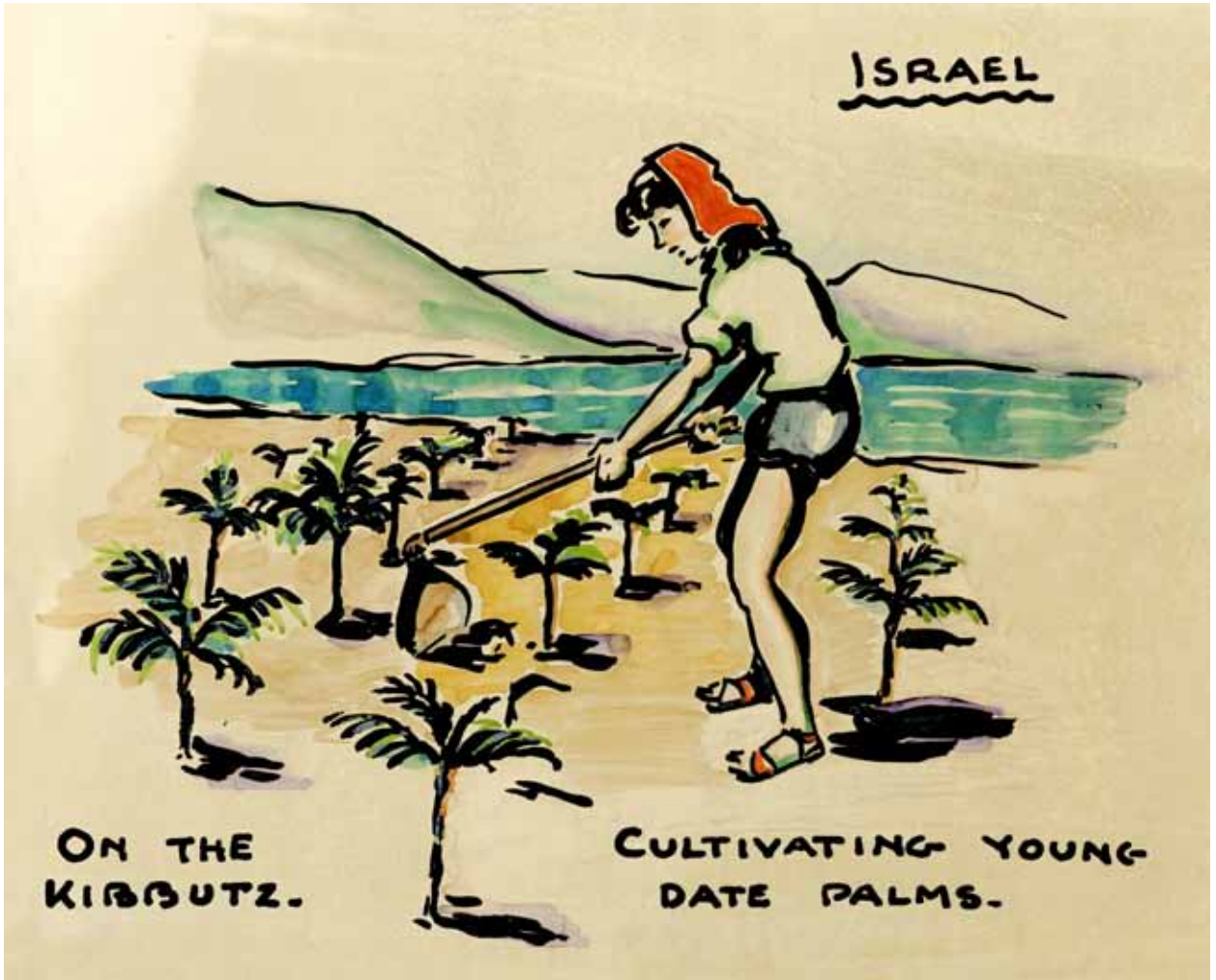
5.22 Turks and horse
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.23 Turkish boys
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.24 Old Israeli shepherd
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.25 Woman cultivating
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

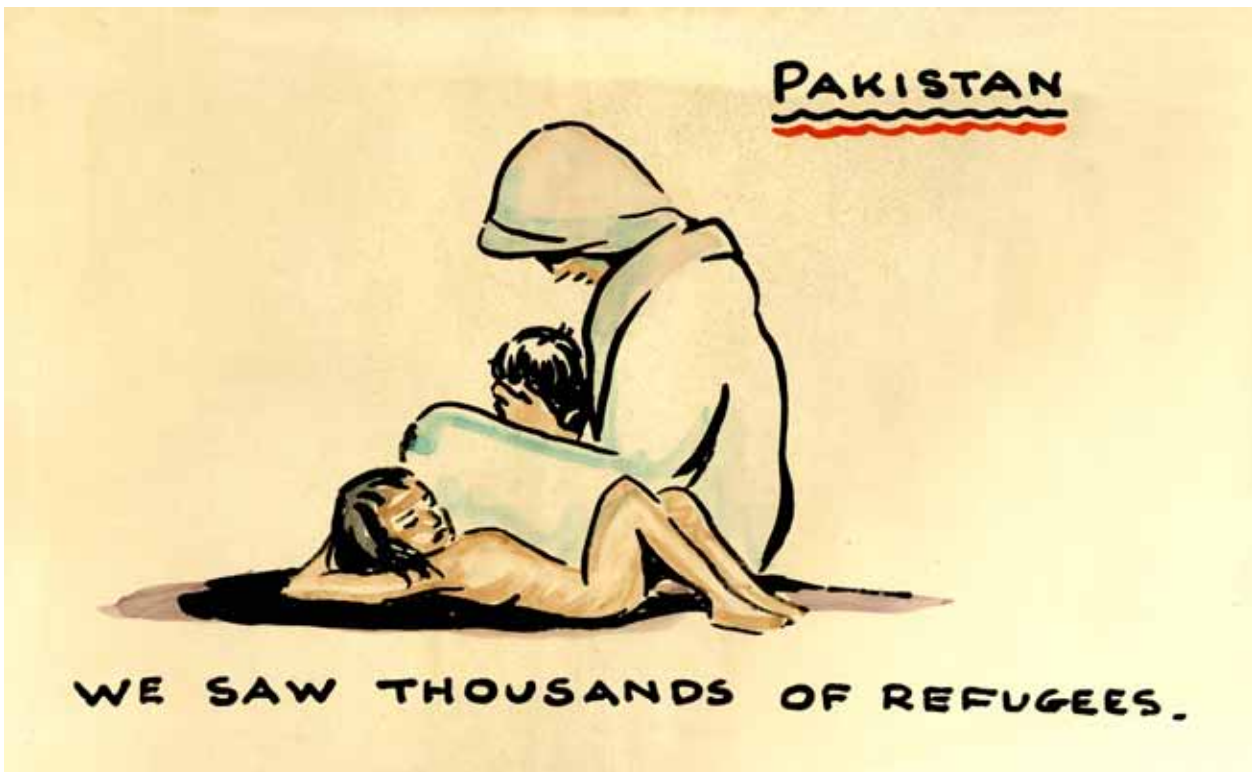


5.26 Refugee camps
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.27 Refugees at night
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

5.28 Refugee woman with children
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

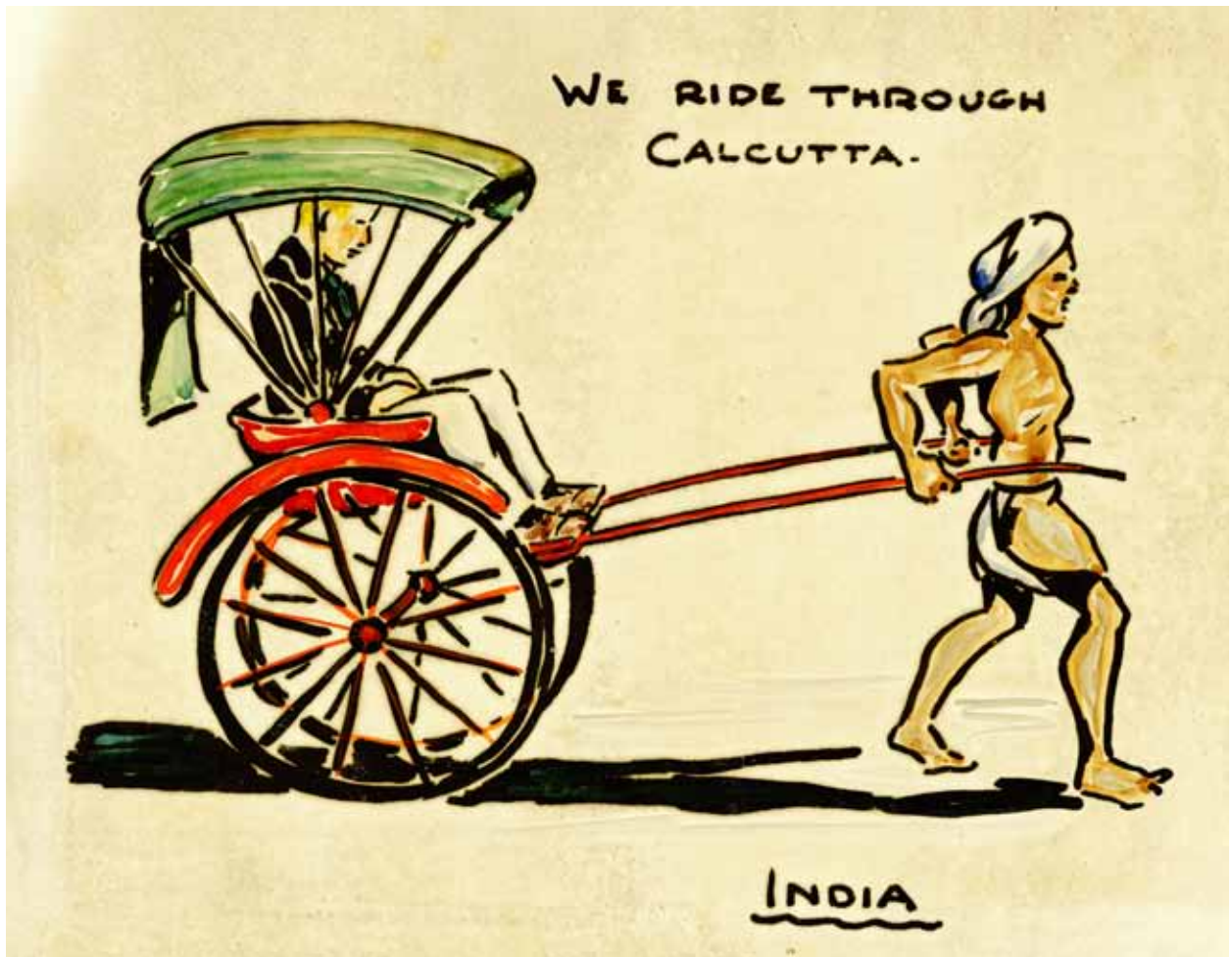




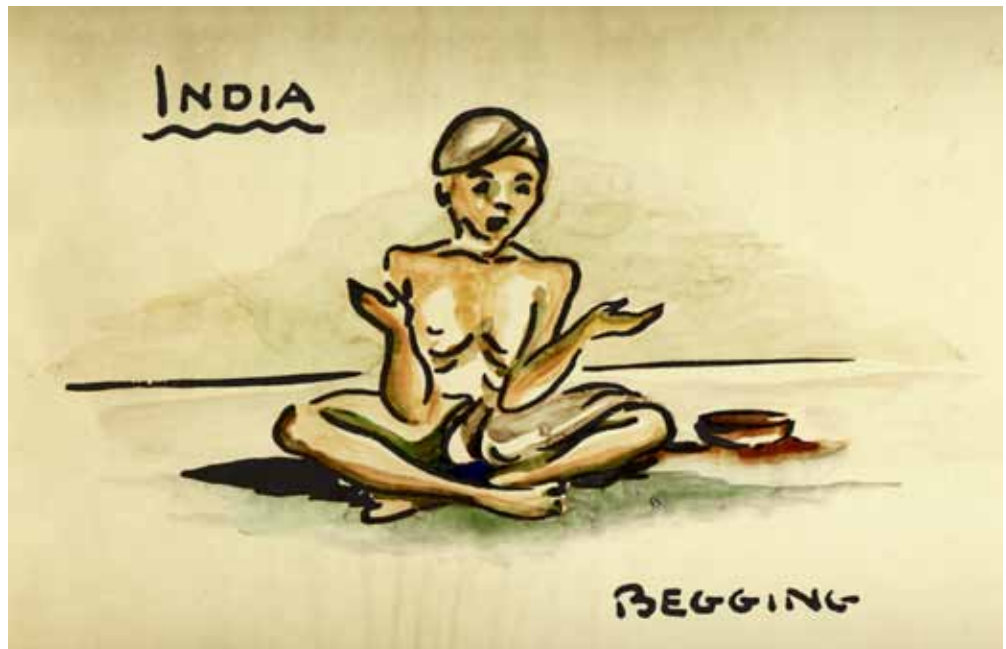
5-29 Man on donkey
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5:30 Shah of Iran
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.31 Calcutta ride
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



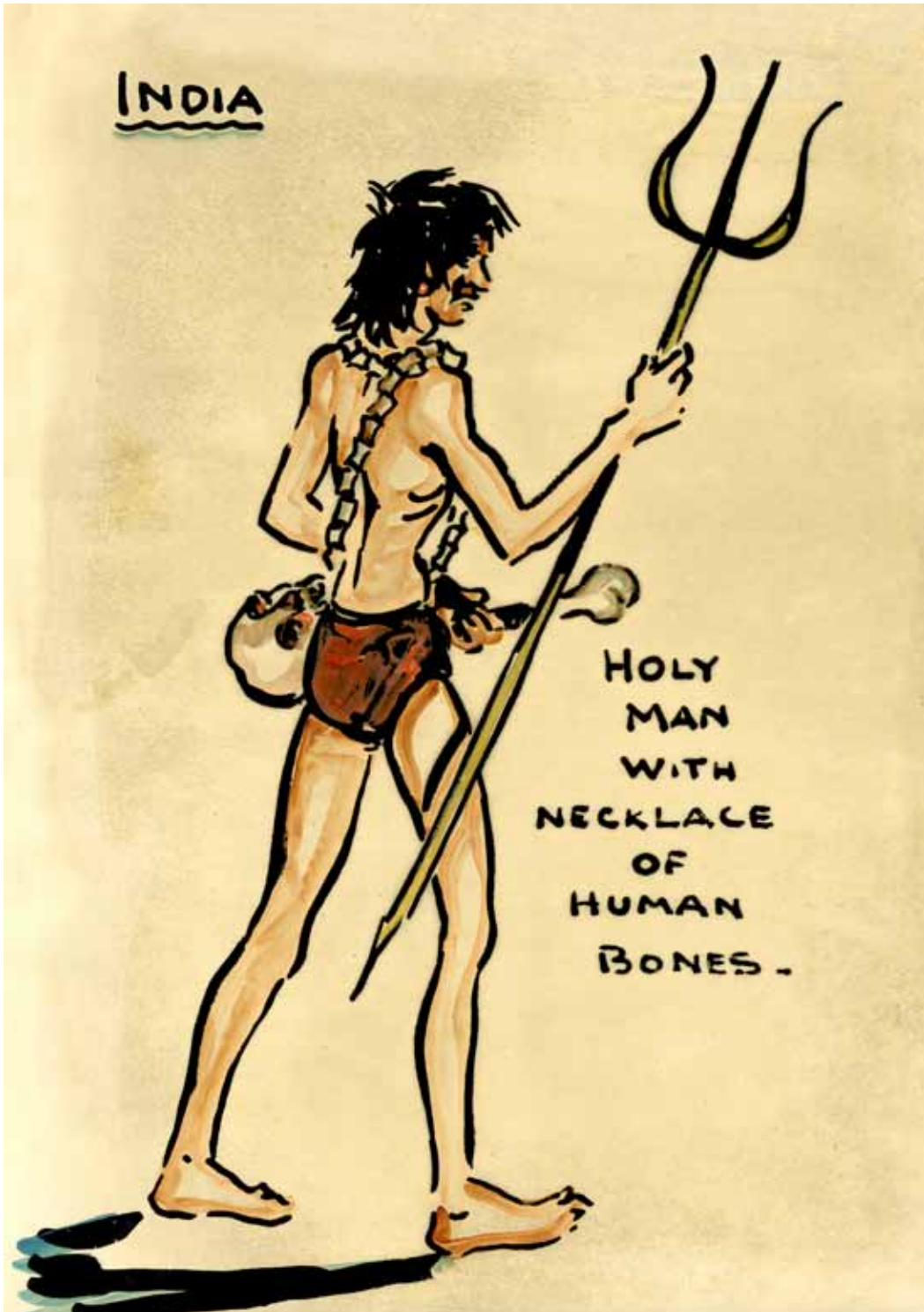
5.32 Begging
1950 Youth Argosy
World Tour
Watercolor

INDIA



HE STOLE BREAD !

5.33 He stole bread!
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.34 Holy man
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

(Facing page)
5.35 The sacred cow
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor





5-36 Rickshaw
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

5-37 Man caring water
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor





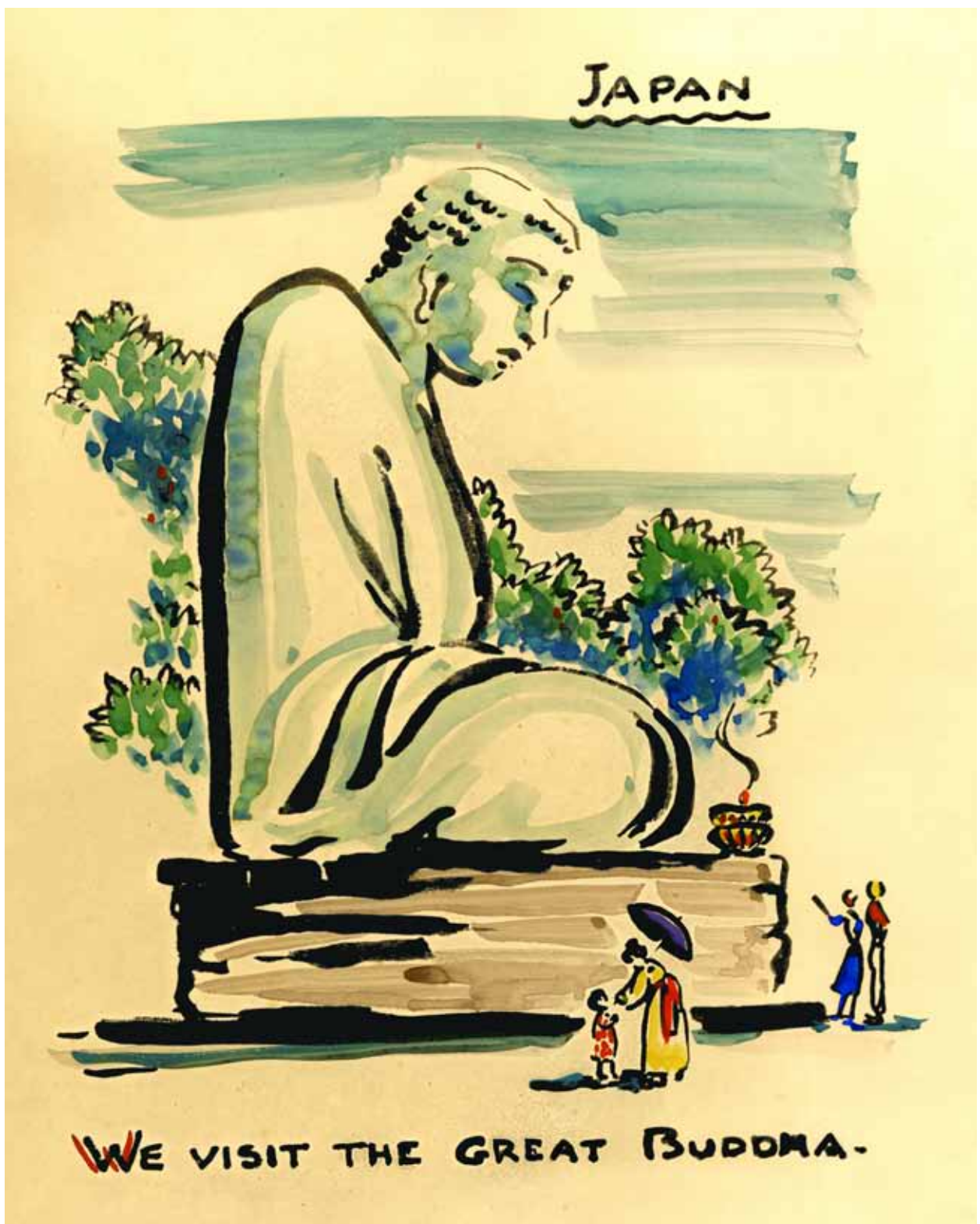
5.38 Monee?
1950 Youth Argosy
World Trip
Watercolor



5.39 Children in Japan
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



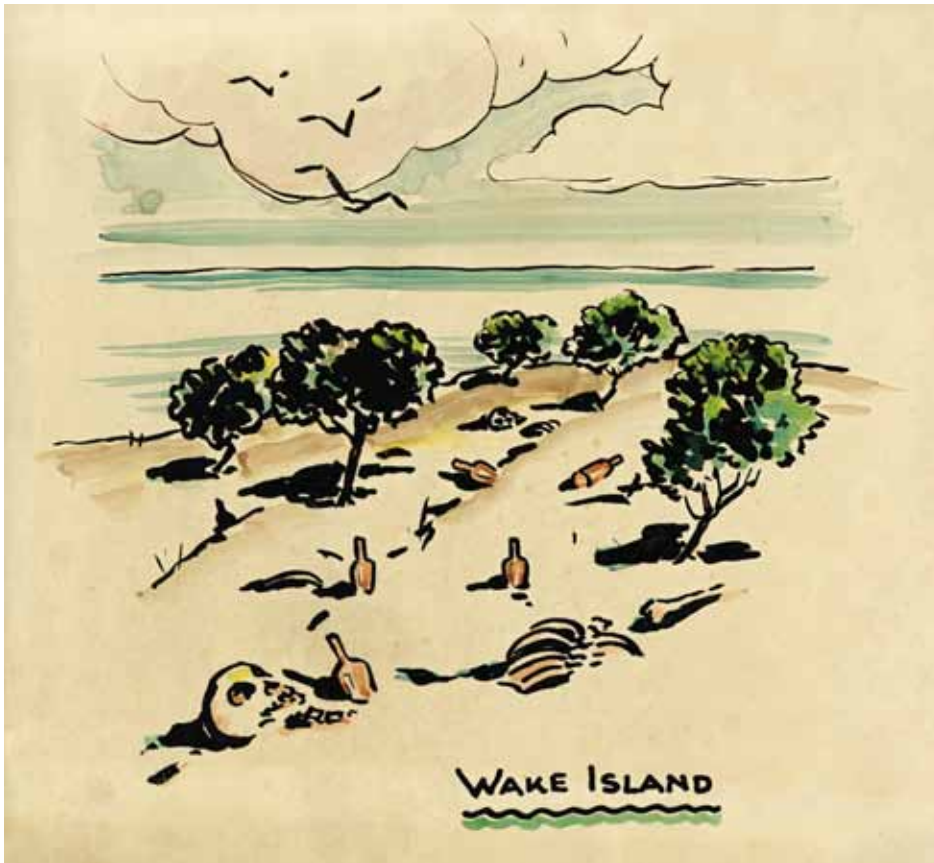
5.40 Woman and child in Japan
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



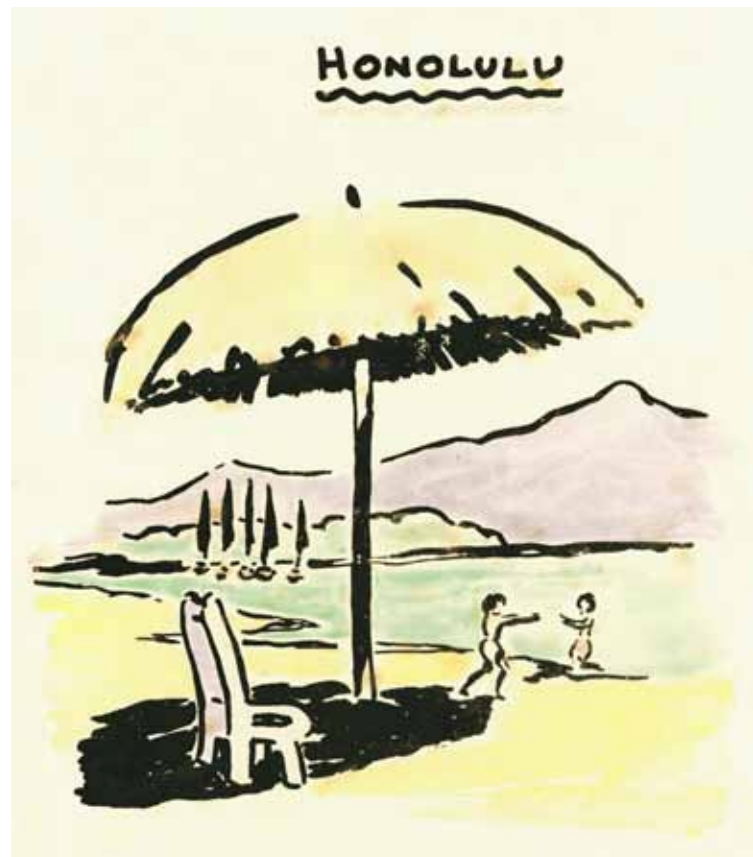
5.41 The great Buddha
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5.42 Wake Island
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5-43 Wake Island
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5-44 Honolulu
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

HONOLULU



5-45 Woman and children
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor



5-46 Siamese Hut
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

(Facing page)
5-47 Siamese woman holding child
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor







5.49 Waving boys
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

(Facing page)
5.48 Siamese youth holding child
1950 Youth Argosy World Trip
Watercolor

CHAPTER 6

PEOPLE AND PLACES



Over the years of travel, Isabel always had a sketch book with her and loved to draw the scenes she saw. Her pen and pad was her camera, her eye the lens. She drew hundreds of drawings of people, and in particular, she loved to draw children. Everywhere she went, crowds of people would swarm around her as she began sketching the faces and places she saw. Many of these drawings were later included in the *AYH Knapsack* and *Youth Argosy Handbook*.

Though Monroe loved to be the center of attention, Isabel was more reserved and quiet. She was a simple person, and preferred that no attention be drawn to her. Yet, people were naturally drawn to her because of her goodness, and incredible heart. Isabel loved people, and they loved her. She loved nature, and she loved God who had created both man and beast. In the 1938 *AYH Knapsack* Isabel wrote of her love of sketching, traveling, and people with the hopes of helping others to gain a similar love.

Seeing Things

“Shorts, swimming suit, mess kit—yes take those. But there’s one thing I never tell a hosteller to take with him. That’s a Sketch Book. The reason that I don’t is that he might laugh me to scorn before starting, while after he’s out for a while he’s apt to pick one up anyhow. You may not believe that, and of course I can’t speak for



the hundreds of hostellers whom I’ve never seen, but speaking of those who have been hostelling with me I’d say that the majority lapse into some sort of sketching before their youth hostel trek is done. If one or two in a youth hostel group start out with sketch books (small pocket size preferred) and colored pencils, the contagion is amazing. No one is really immune. Even Tom Burleigh who bikes farthest and fastest of us all, was found at night fall in a corner of the hostel day room drawing rather crude but very funny things, pictures of a sort, that he’d seen along the way and remembered well enough to jot down. I wish I had some of his sketches here for illustrations. I guarantee they’d show you a brand new Europe! Tom, incidentally, was always the center of an uproariously laughing group of foreign hostellers who adored his pictorial interpretation of their native ways and countries.

“If I inadvertently mention a sketch book before starting out I’m apt to be bombarded with ‘For mercy sakes. I’m not a Mike Angelo!’ And ‘Sketching en route? While you’re hiking and biking? How in the world! WHEN and WHERE and WHY would you expect me to do it?’ To such questions (if asked), I reply meekly, ‘A small sketch book and colored pencils weigh but a few ounces, can be tucked with no trouble at all into one’s *wanderbag*. As for using it—next to a dictionary it is, for example, the most practical way I know of speaking foreign languages. Peasants may not understand your sign language but they know in a minute that you want to buy fruit, apples, grapes, oranges, with a mere flourish or two of your bright pencils. Your stumbling pronunciation of *Auberge de la Jeunesse* may sound like Greek to friendly Jacques but the worst drawn triangle with its AFJ is at once understood. In the hostel at night a Swiss girl asks you if you are ‘lifing een Noo Yok?’ You shake your head realizing that your linguistic abilities are even worse than hers, but soon you’re laughing together over your rough sketch of the eastern shore line of the United States, with your *Heimat* [homeland] Florida at its southern extremity. Then you draw the sun (grinning widely to denote ex-



Isabel sketching on the side of the road in Europe



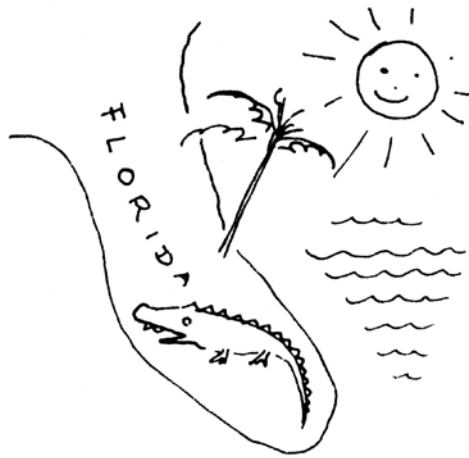
Isabel appreciating the beauty of nature while looking over a mountain valley



Isabel admiring the Parthenon in Athens, Greece



Isabel drawing a portrait while in Europe about 1948



tra warmth) and a palm with a somewhat nosey crocodile asleep on the shore of an ocean, whose waves indeed suggest a beauty parlor, but whose identity is quickly comprehended.

“But it’s not only for the purpose of utilitarian explanations that one draws. You do it because you ache to. Hostelling means seeing the world, not glimpsing it from a whizzing car or train, but truly and meditatively seeing it. That means loving it.

“When our little Betty was seven she went with us to Europe for our first hostelling. We arrived one noon at an Alpine hostel. ‘Mummie,’ said Betty, ‘I think you’re tired. You can stay here and rest, I’ll be back in a few minutes.’ ‘Where are you going in those few minutes, Betty?’ I asked. ‘To the top of that mountain and back,’ she replied with such a rapt glance that I knew what she was feeling. Days later when we had discovered the mountain together, she asked her Daddy, ‘Monroe, which country is beautifulst?’



Europe or America?’ ‘What do you think, Betty?’ he queried. ‘Well,’ said Betty, ‘I think America has the beautifulst Lake Ontario and Europe has the beautifulst Alps, It makes such an interesting world!’ Older hostellers discover ‘an interesting world,’ too, and having been caught in its lure, they long to keep its pictures. You should see Betty’s and Stephen’s pictures of youth hostels and mountain ranges!

“Of course you can preserve your trip remarkably with a movie camera and colored film, but many of us hostellers can’t afford that luxury, Also, in many places one may sketch when it’s too dark to photograph, nights at the hostel itself, twilight and dim mornings on the trail. One of the times that I enjoyed much using my sketch book (albeit under some difficulty) was in the Catacombs of Rome. I held my sketch book and lighted taper in one hand while I sketched with



the other, old inscriptions, early Christian symbols, a passing quiet-sandaled monk, shadowy corridors. In the fun of sketching I didn’t notice that my comrades had gone on or that the little taper was fainting, bending farther and farther over in my hand. Suddenly it went out and left me in the dark. The stories of brave early Christians who hid successfully in those weird subterranean vastnesses came to my mind. Now when I look at those sketches I again feel the cold wall into which I ran head on, and smell the frightening mustiness of that lonely underground crypt. Sketches do that—bring back keenly, poignantly

the time and place of your sketch, whether or not the picture is particularly well done.

"As for 'Sketching while you hike or bike,' it's easy as pie, I don't mean of course while you're actually in motion tho' even that 14-year-old Joan Merriss accomplished. She not only could change her socks, get into her rain cape, read a map, jot notes in her diary, all while merrily



JOAN

wheeling along on her bike, but she could and did fix flying little sketches in her diary-sketch book too.

"Sketching while you're hostelling means that you layout an easy daily itinerary that will allow time for stops. You leave the hostel bright and early, having made up your bunks, packed your knapsacks, tidied a bit, eaten a hearty breakfast, washed up, and gotten your passes from the house parents. About ten, perhaps, you're all feeling hungry again. The spot is a heavenly for-



A RED-ROOFED VILLAGE

est, high on the mountainside, up which you've been toiling. Thru the trees there shines a valley of bright fields flanking a red-roofed village, a line of blue mountains beyond. You open your

wanderbag and take out a hunk of bread, a bar of chocolate, an apple. There, too, is your friendly little sketch book. You turn its pages and nibble thoughtfully at a chocolate sandwich. Yesterday's sketches are surprisingly recognizable.



IN THE CABBAGES

That peasant woman and her baby in the cabbages aren't bad at all. Much better than the day before. Exciting! Could you do the roofs there between the trees? Two great grey trees like cathedral columns, with that pattern of brightness, a window, beyond. You could try. Hank, who can't draw worth a cent, is standing importantly against a great spruce with his sketch book out! Well, if he can, here goes! The grey of the trees is just the color of that new pencil you bought in Paris. Fun! Half an hour later you started on and are sailing down the coast that rewards each push up. As the pinesweet wind whistles in your ears you say to yourself, 'It didn't do the spot justice but I can touch it up tonight at the hostel. And I'm so glad I stared and stared at that valley. I saw more and more loveliness every minute. I'll never, never, never forget it!'


"Midday with its longer stop means another sketch perhaps. In a few days, it's intoxicating to see how you've improved. It's great sport, too, to 'compare notes' or sketches with those youth hostel comrades of yours who have 'caught the bug.'

"One morning this past summer I drove from Northfield to Greenfield, a distance of 16 miles, to do some errands. Outside Wilson's Youth Hostel Shop, I noticed two girls packing a newly acquired purchase into a bike bag. 'Hello,' I ventured, 'Are you hostellers?' 'Yes, are you?' Smilingly I nodded 'Yes' in answer. 'We're bik-



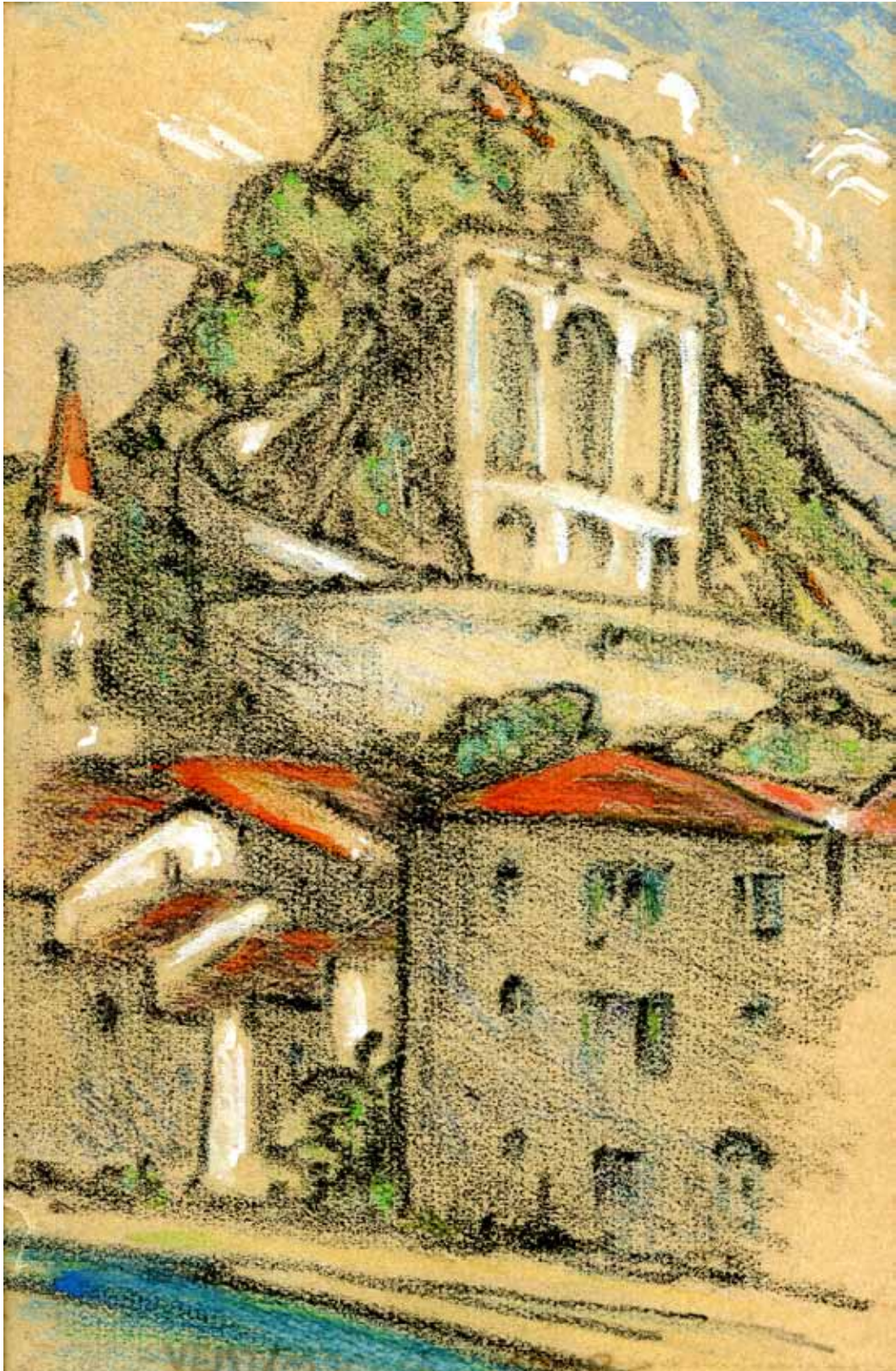
ing to Northfield.' they went on, 'where are you going?' 'Northfield.' with more smiling to myself. 'Biking?' 'No.' 'Hiking?' 'Why, no.' I started but they interrupted. 'You're NOT going by CAR! SISSY!' Even I, you see am not free of the hostellers scorn of him who lazily travels by auto from hostel to hostel, though I should add that this specie of animal is practically extinct. The bona fide hosteller prefers to go under his own steam, hiking, biking, flat-boating, horseback riding, or skiing, as the place and time of year suggest. A sketch book fits into every kind of hostelling. As

your flatboat takes a lazy river bend, your sketch book itches to be out in the sun. That exciting 'wild wasser' bit demands a cartoon born of the group's hilarious reminiscing as you loll safely on a flowery bank. Skiing—well Ellie did a rare sketch with her ears packed full of snow. And so it goes, if you become a youth-hostel-sketch-book fan.

"Once a hitch-hiker, trying to defend his mode of travel, weakly said that he discovered many interesting people among those who 'fell' for his beseeching thumb. Well, if it's discovering people that hitch-hiking does, sketch-hiking and sketch-biking, and all the other kinds of sketch-hostelling, too, do it a thousand times over. For it's not the pictures of snowy peaks and passes, roaring rivers, placid pools, quaint towns and lofty tower—no, not even catacombs that give me deepest pleasure. It's the people there, friends all—shy, kindly, curious, warm. You'll find it so too. And 'Mike Angelo' himself had no more joy I think in his saints and arc-angels than you will have in the friendly faces of your sketch book gallery."⁸¹ 

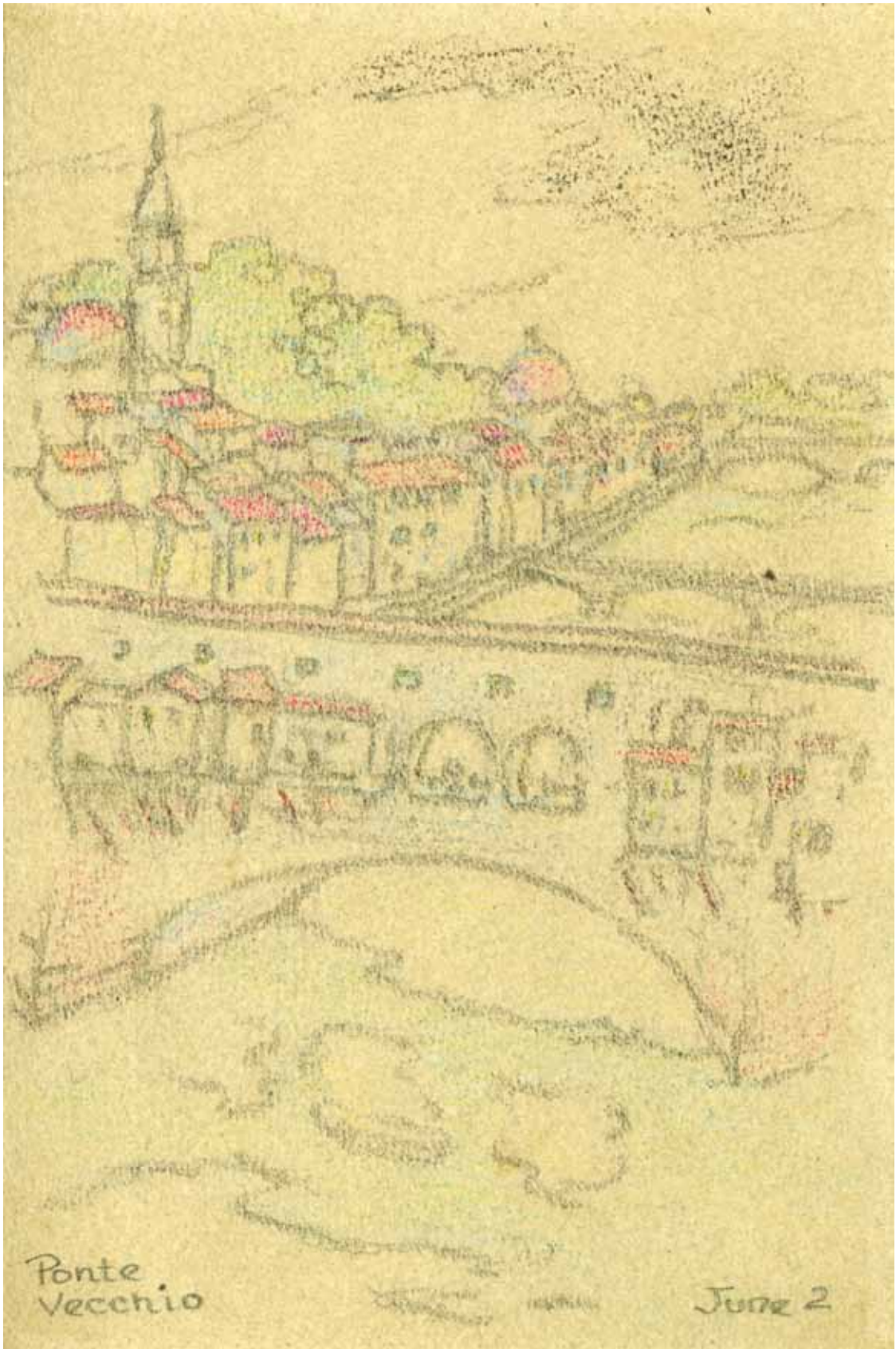


Isabel noticing the beauty of broken ceramic

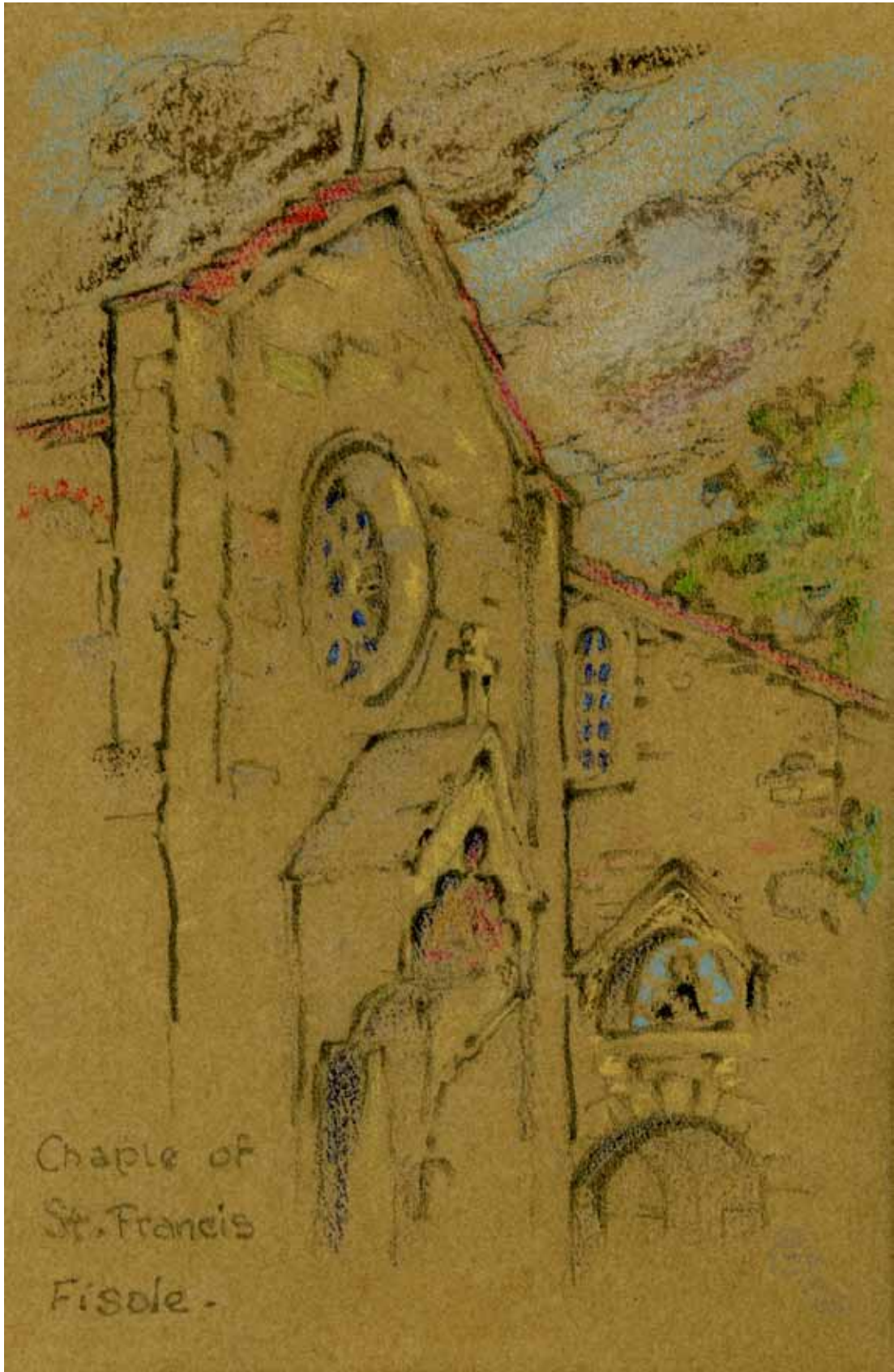


(Chapter page)
6.1 Old woman with pine
1938 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching

6.2 Buildings on a hill
Colored pencil



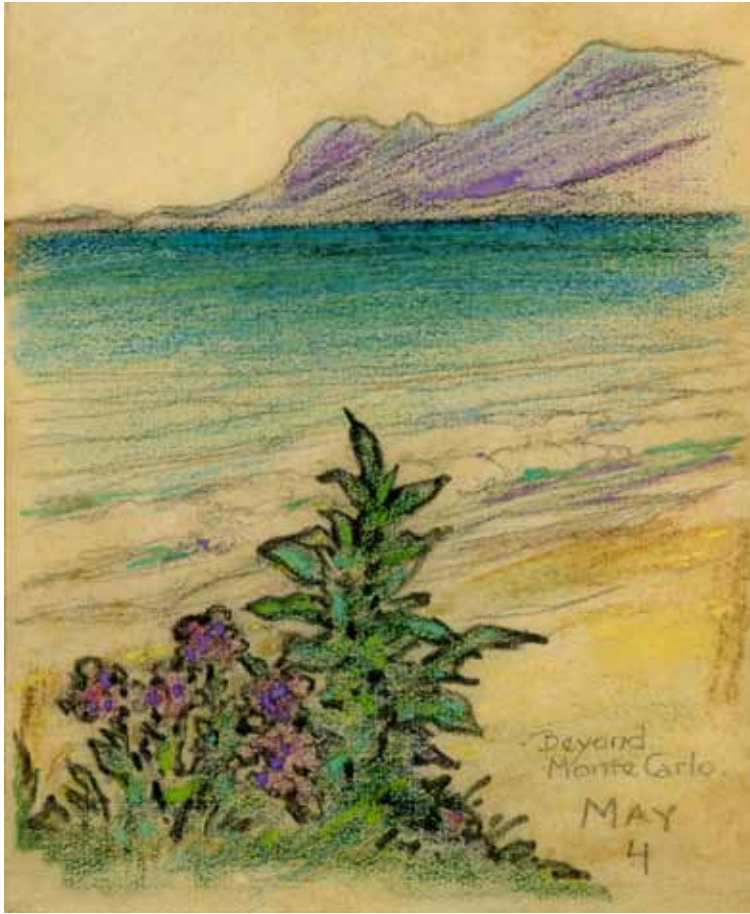
6.3 Ponte Vecchio, Italy
Colored pencil



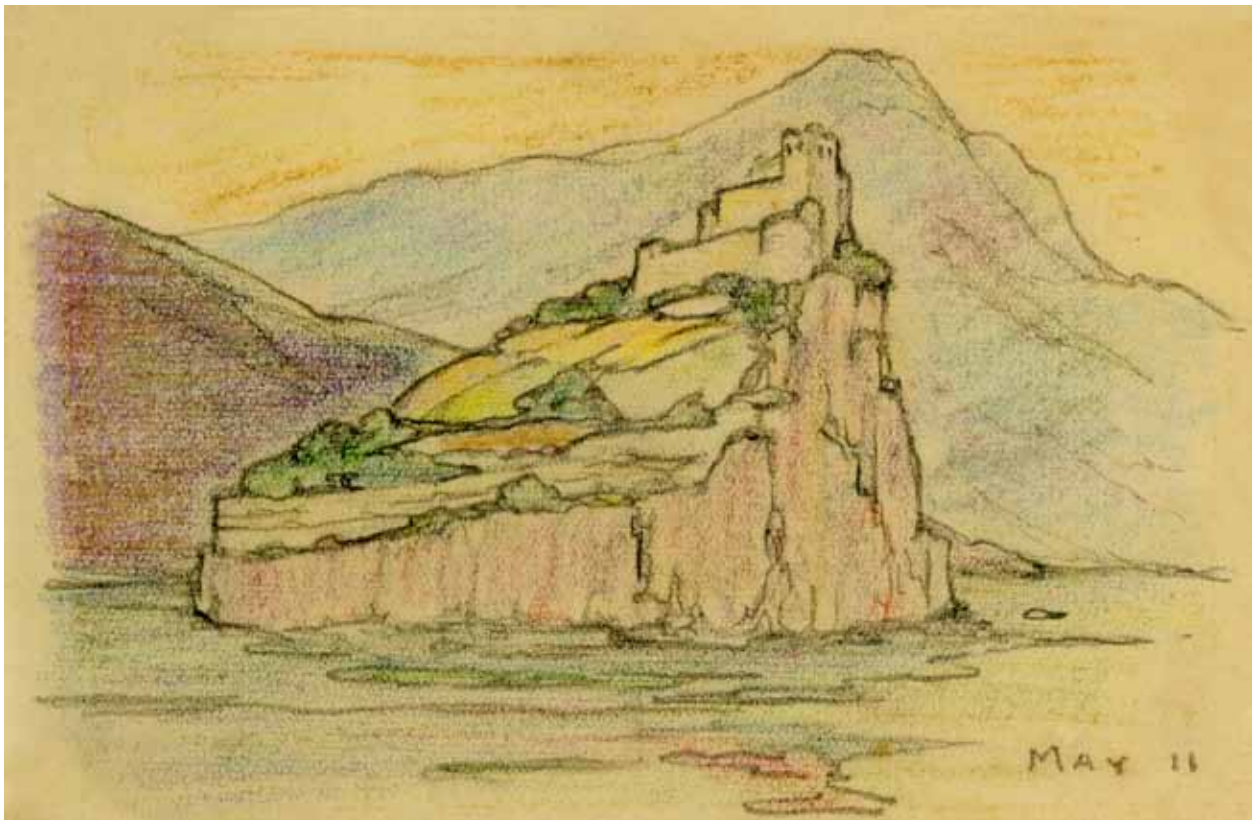
6.4 Chapel of St. Francis, Fivole
Colored pencil



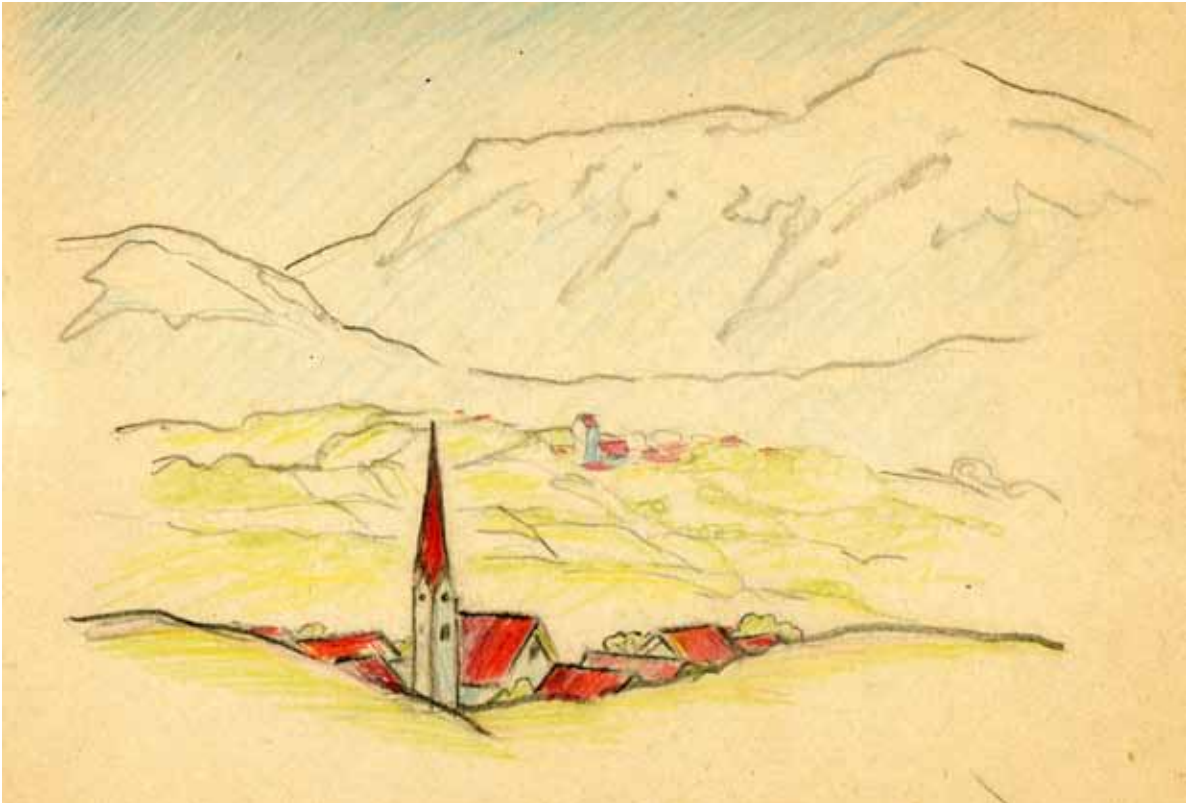
6.5 Savannarola's Bell Tower
Colored pencil



6.6 Beyond Monte Carlo
Colored pencil



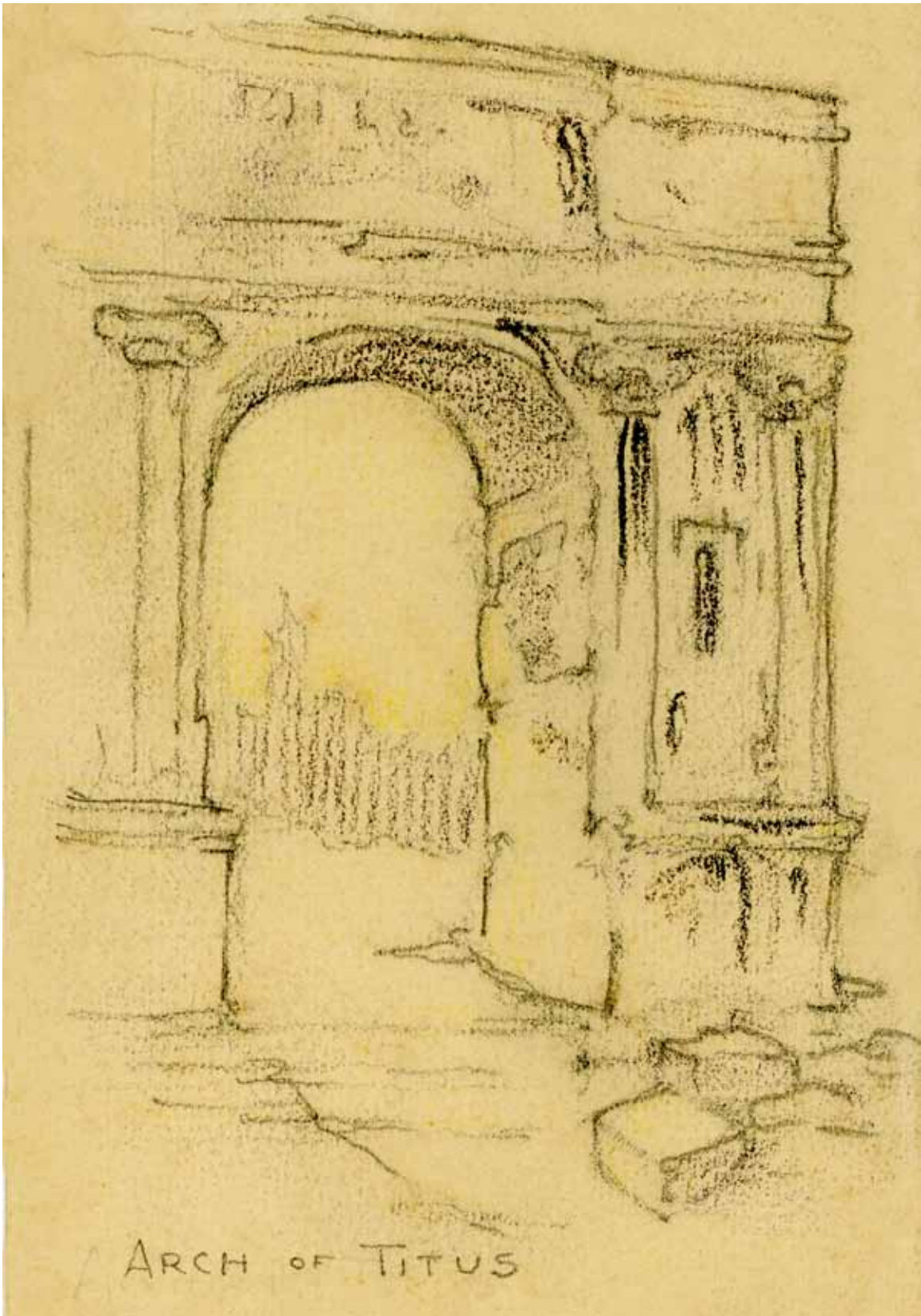
6.7 Castle on hill
Colored pencil



6.8 Church in the hills
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

6.9 Capri, Italy
Colored pencil





6.10 Arch of Titus
Colored pencil

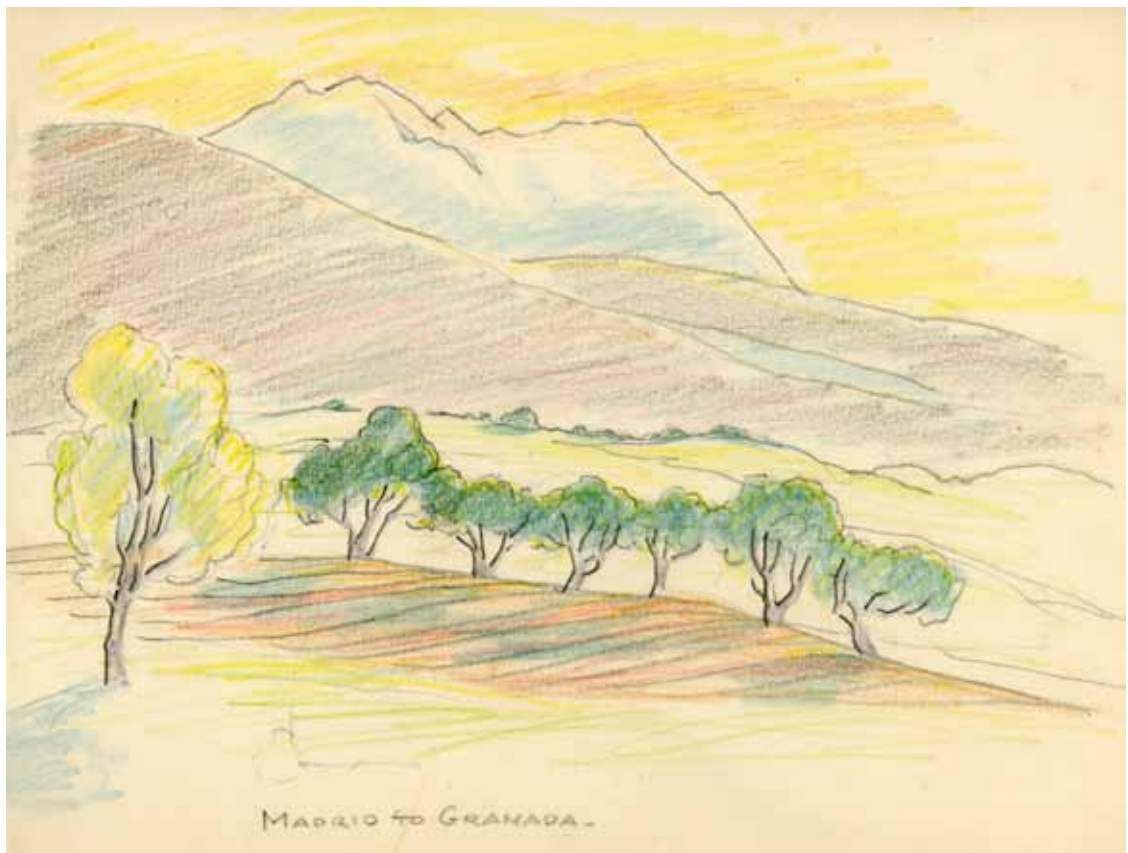
(Facing Page)
6.11 Rue St. Honoré
Colored pencil

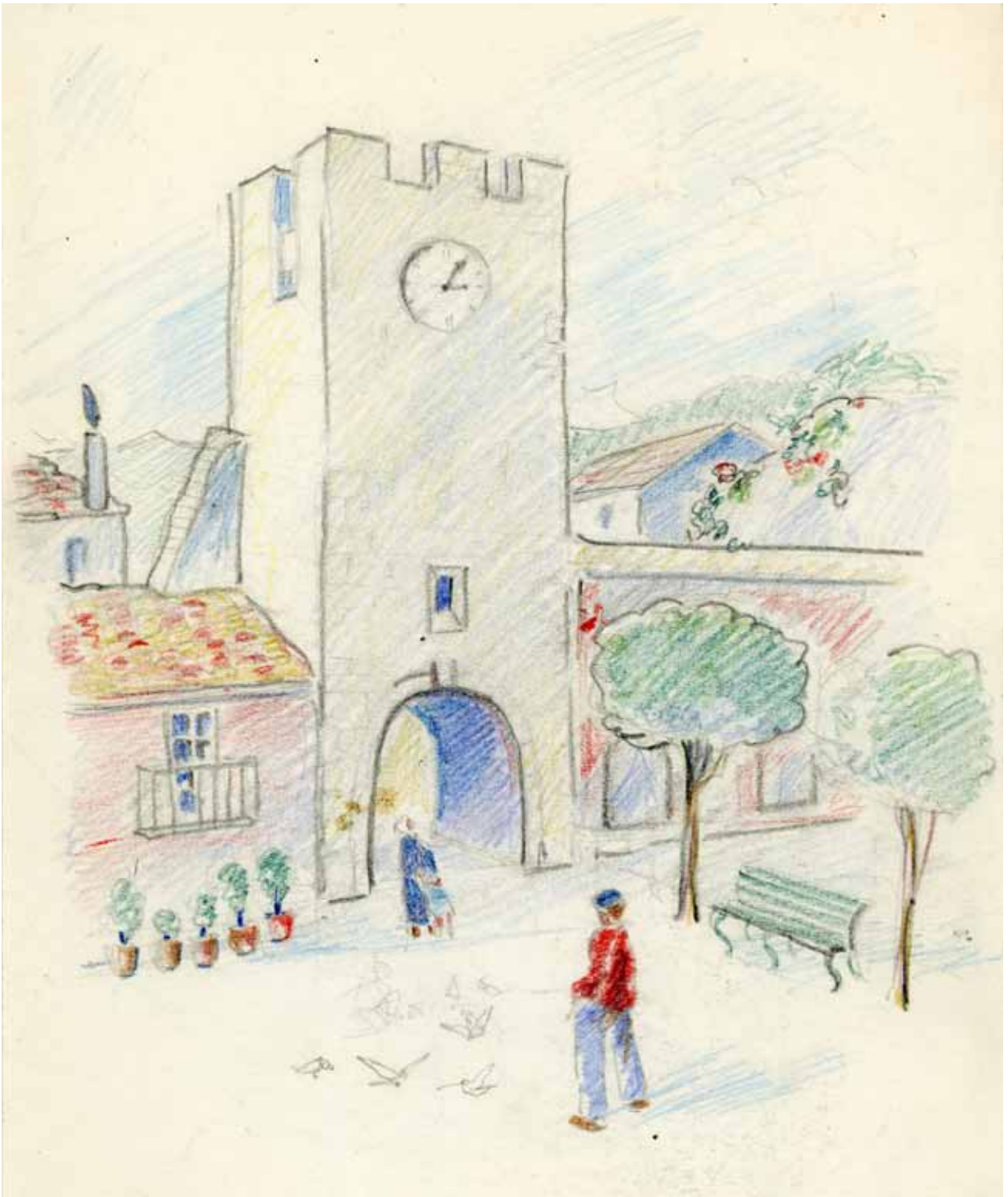




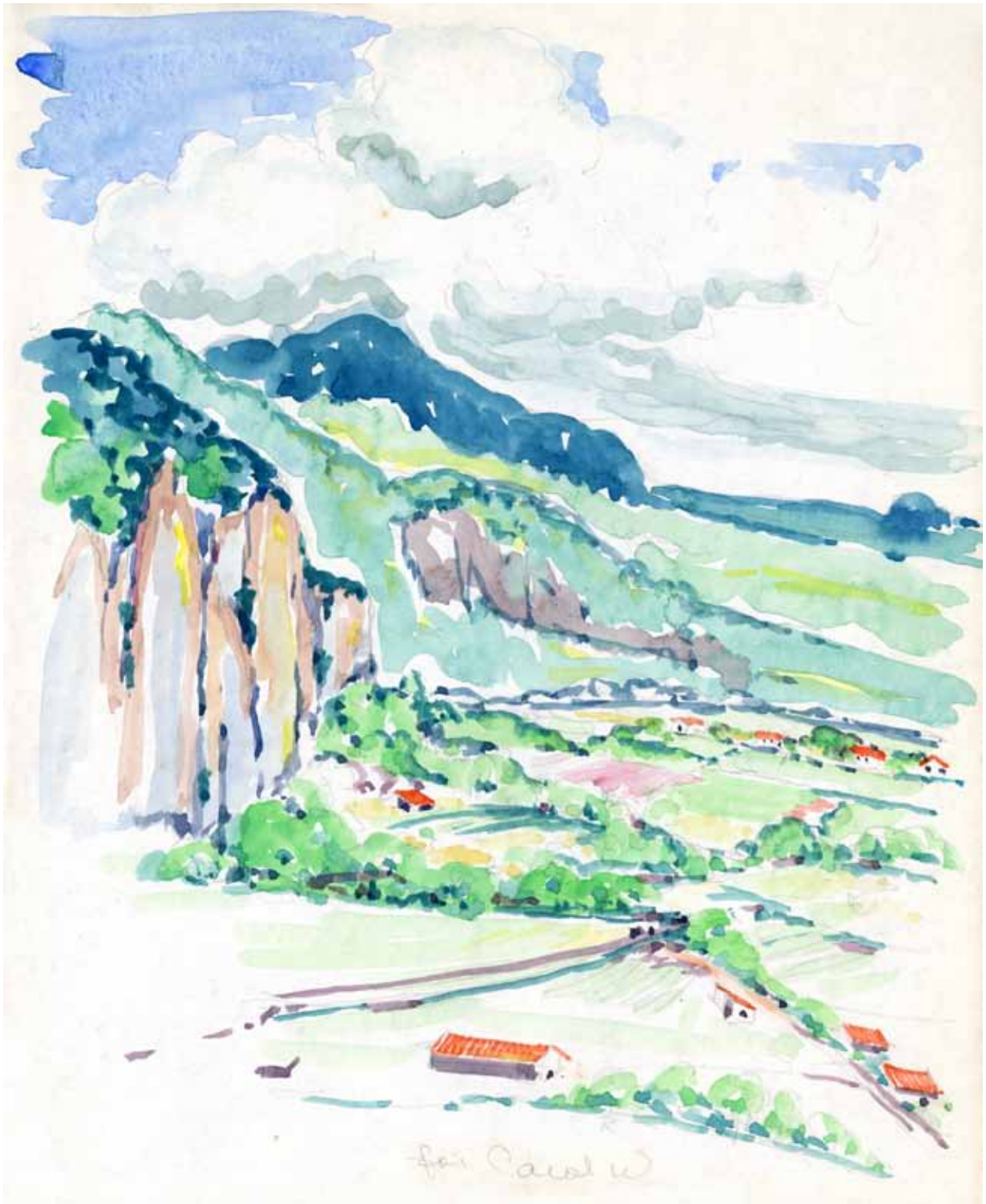
6.12 House on a hill
Colored pencil

6.13 Orchard
Colored pencil





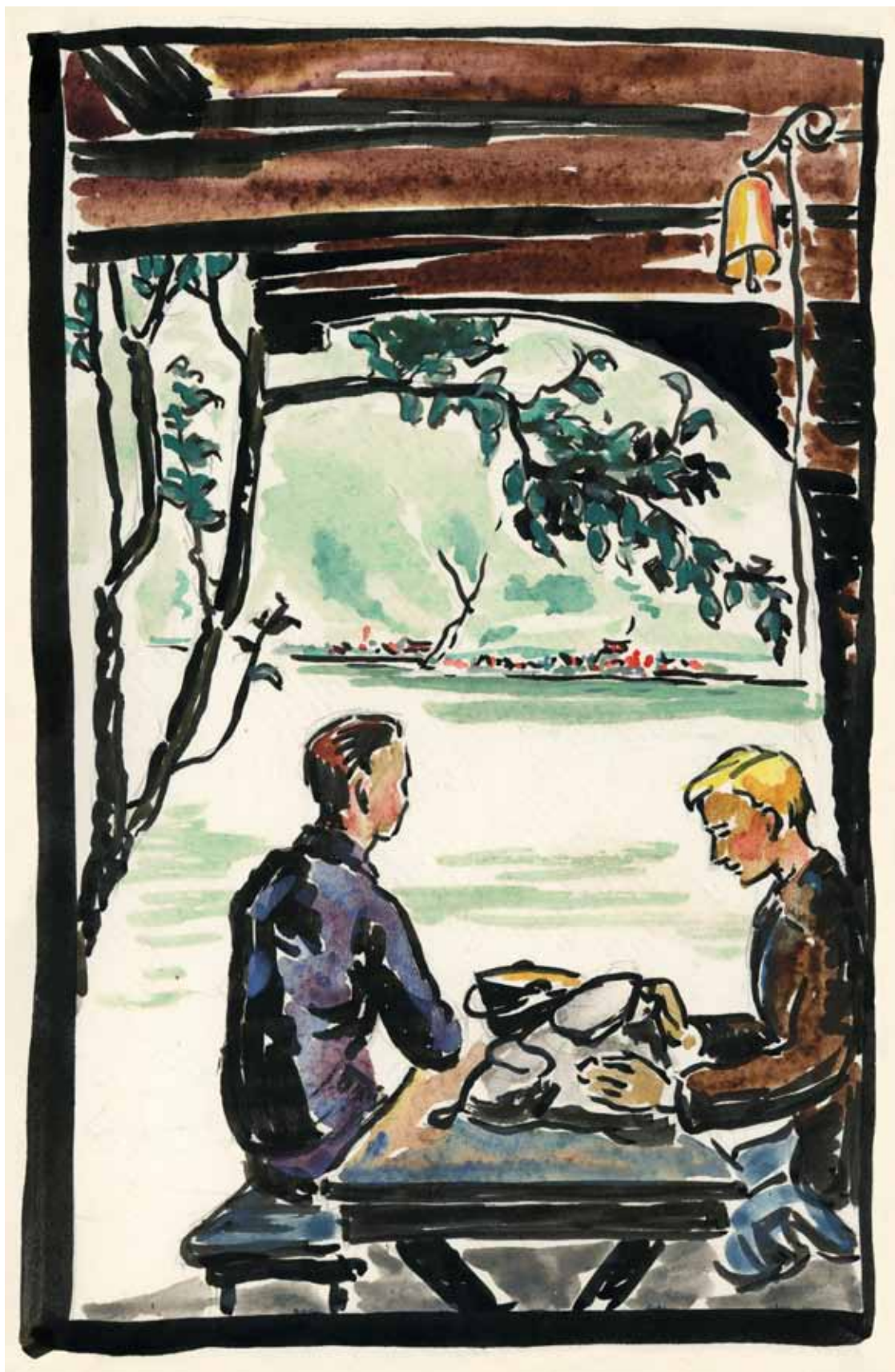
6.14 Village with clock tower
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.15 Hilled village
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor

(Facing page)
6.16 Hong Kong
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor





6.17 Rotschuo, Switzerland YH
Watercolor



6.18 Christening at Kilbride
Watercolor

6.19 Breakfast at YH in France
Watercolor





6.20 Women and child on bicycle
Watercolor



6.21 Woman with baby
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor

Picking up spilled
tortillas
from street.

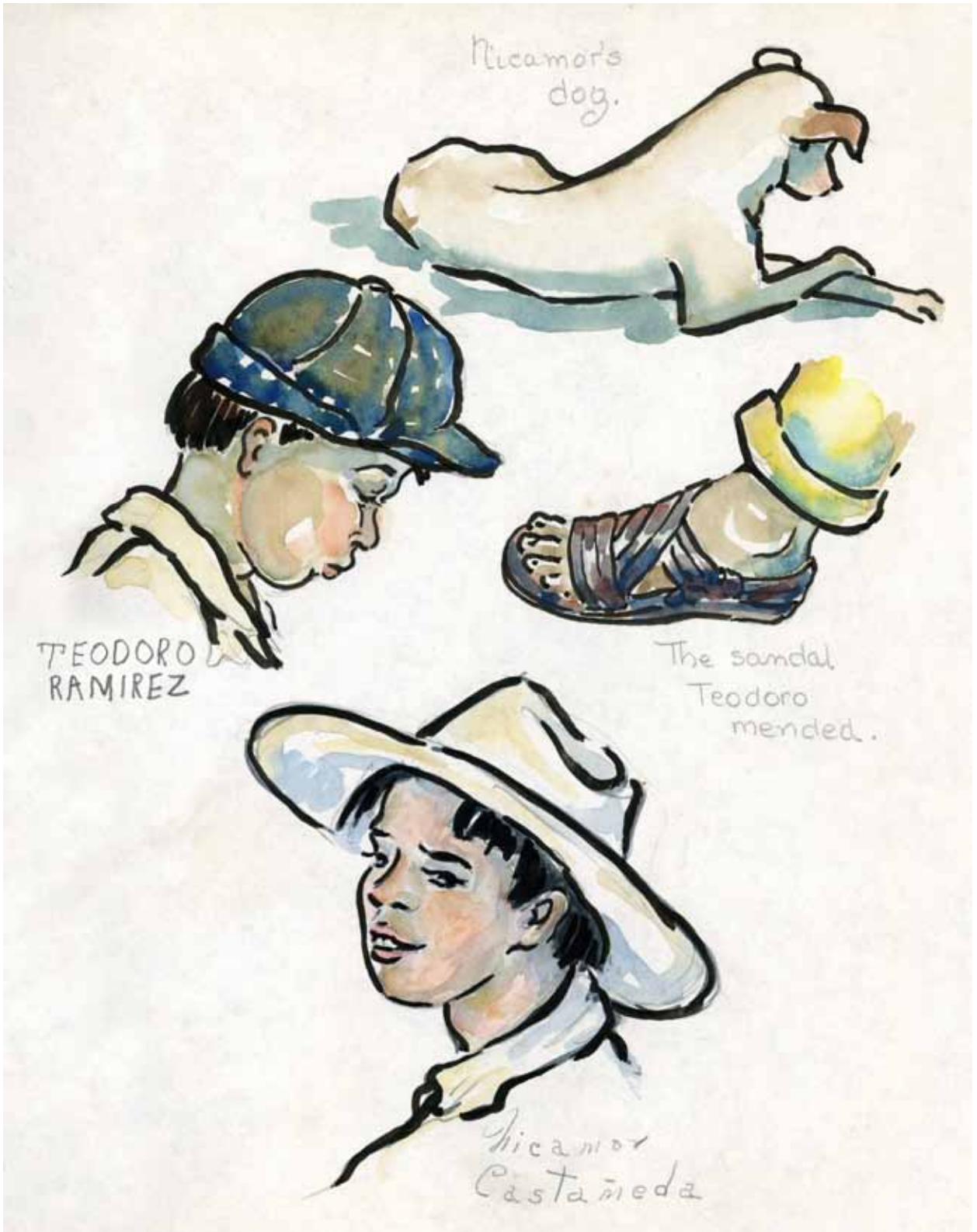


After dropping two
baby pigs, squealing
down the market
street, she
carries them
with her flowers
and other wares.



Caral

6.22 Latino man & woman
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor

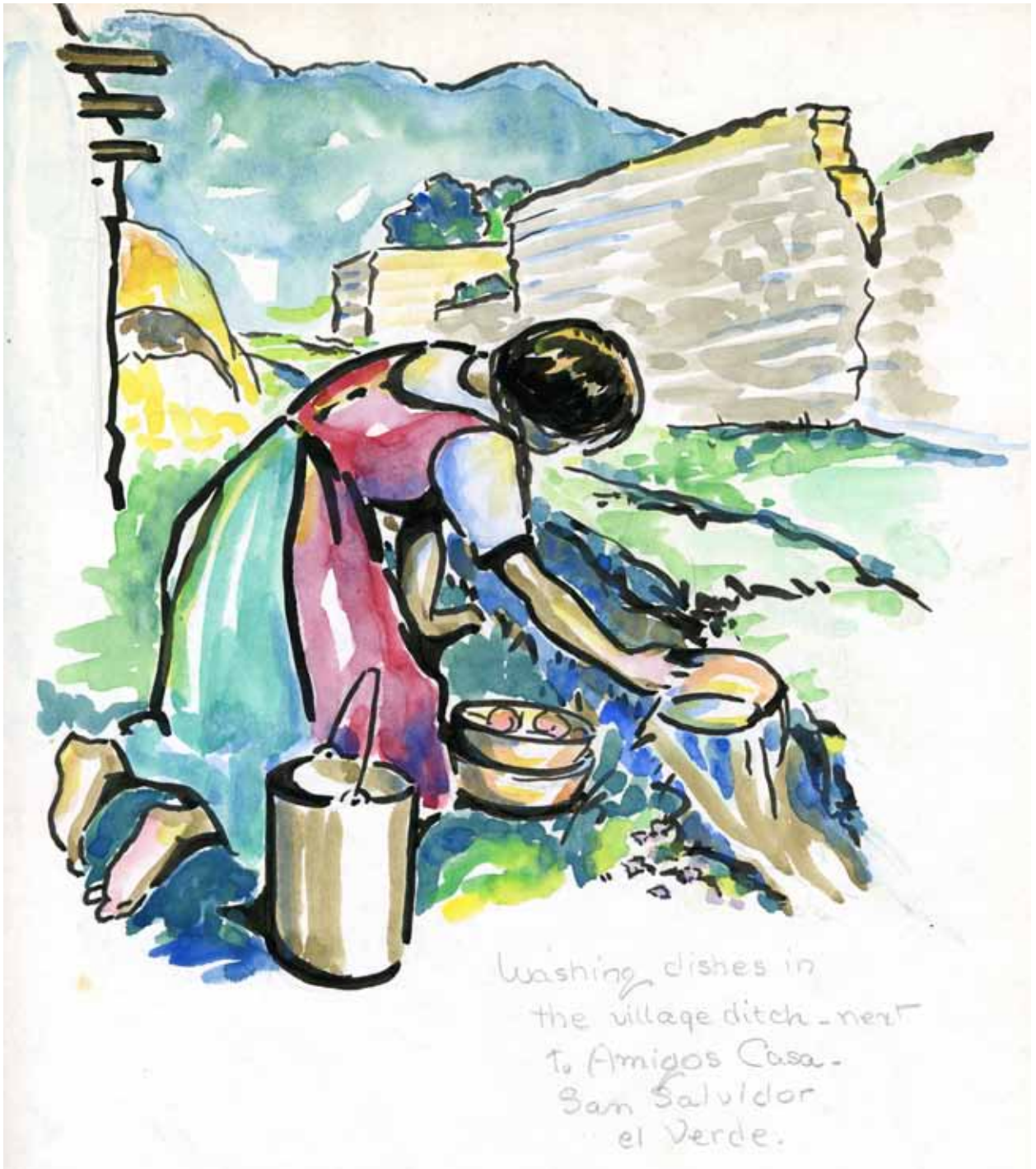


6.23 Latino boys & dog
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



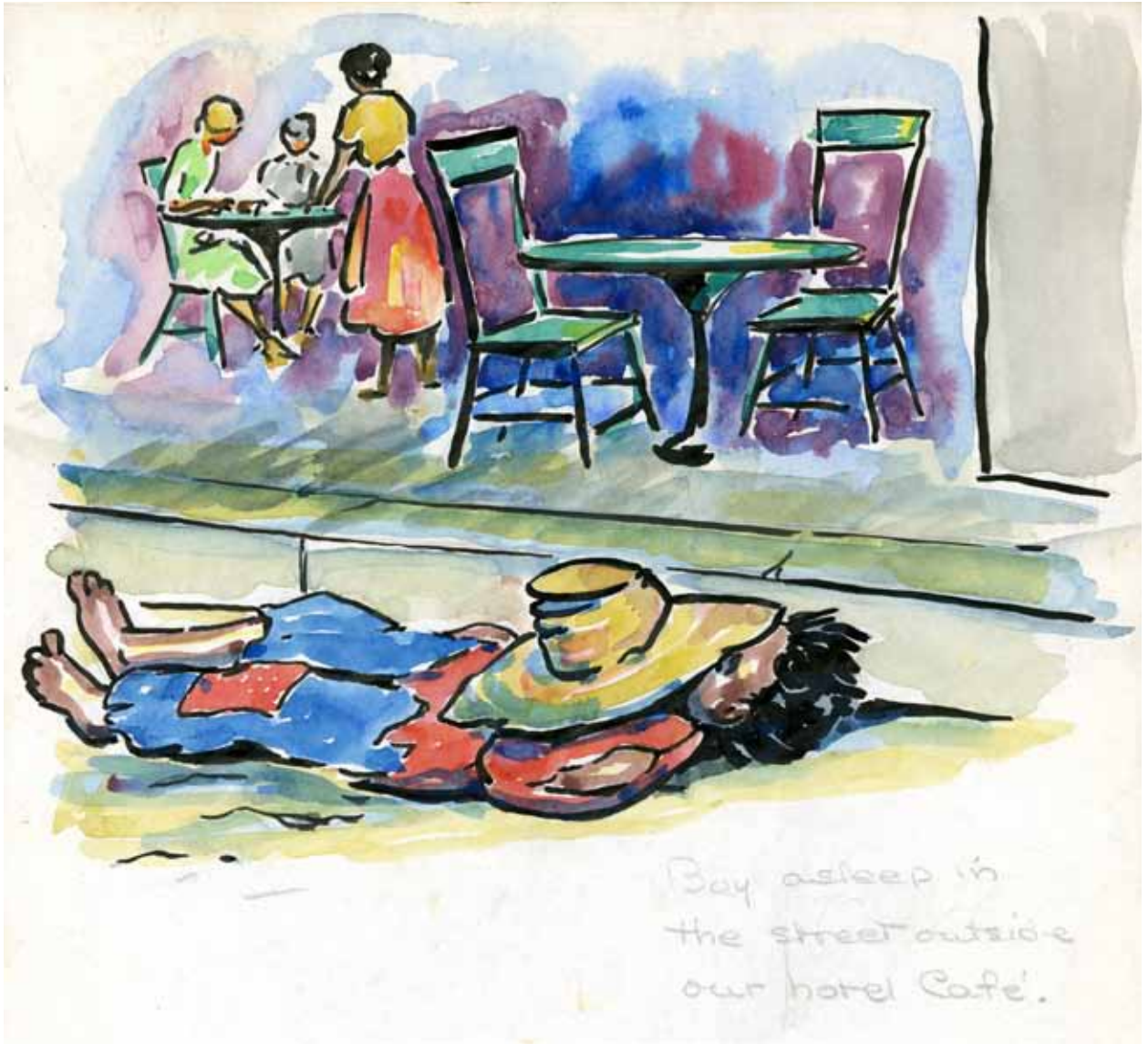
Ruins of Mitta with cathedral in background
made of stones of 3 Tepetec temples.

6.24 Ruins of Mitta
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



Washing dishes in
the village ditch - next
to Amigos Casa -
San Salvador
el Verde.

6.25 Woman washing dishes
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



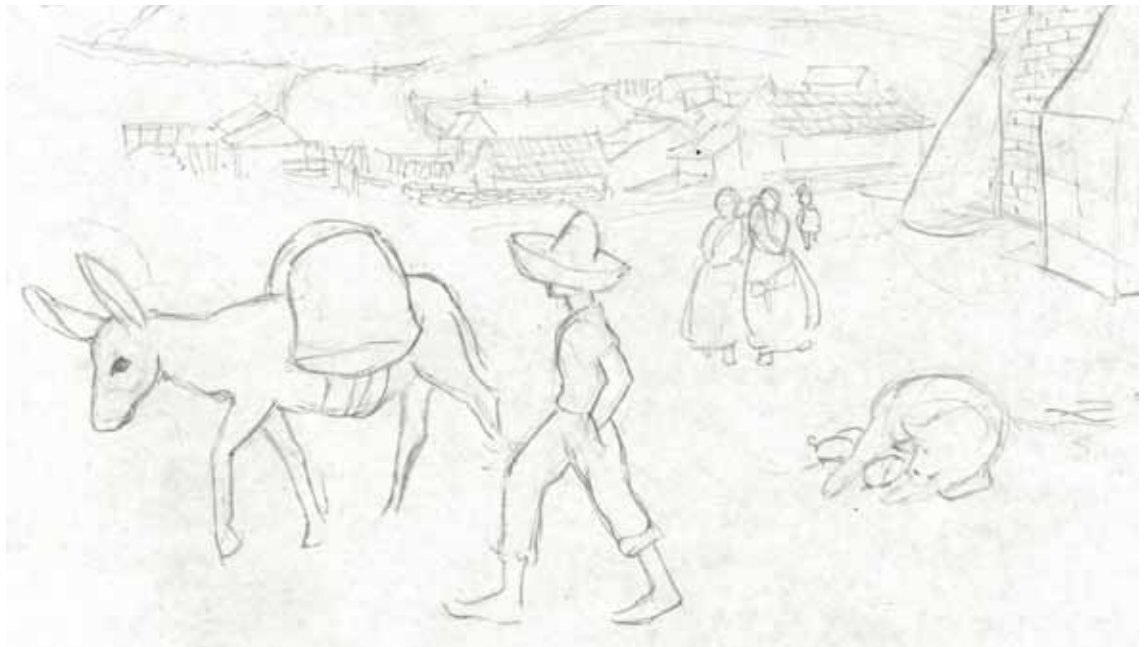
Boy asleep in
the street outside
our hotel Cafe.

6.26 Sleeping boy in street
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



6.27 Latino pueblo
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch

6.28 Latino man & donkey
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch





6.29 Latino children
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing

(Facing page)
6.30 Latino man & woman
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing

blind
neggar



Market

Carrying baby
+ child stuck
+ Treason =



Caesal



6.31 Woman with child
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing

(Facing page)
6.32 Waiting their turn
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing





6.33 Boy carrying water
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing

(Facing page)
6.34 Little watchers
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

The mangy dog that Steve
wanted to bring home -



The two little
watchers at
breakfast -



June 18



6.35 Latino girl with goat
1948 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching

6.36 Mexican wagon
1940 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching





SOUTH AMERICA

6.37 South American couple
AYH Meredith School pamphlet
Zinc etching

6.38 Mexican landscape
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





A little urchin carrying
a burning torch of
corn stalks.

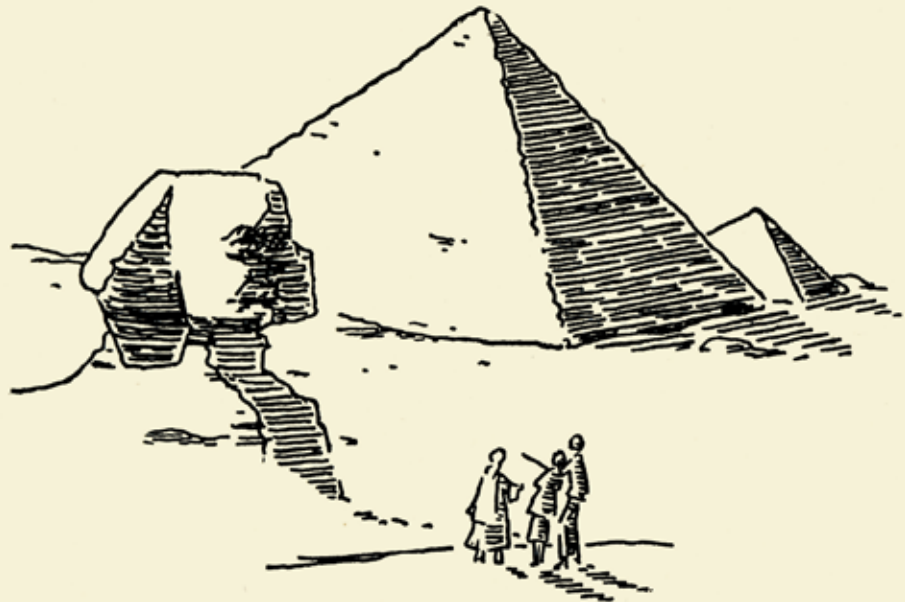
6.39 Little urchin
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.40 Special launch
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

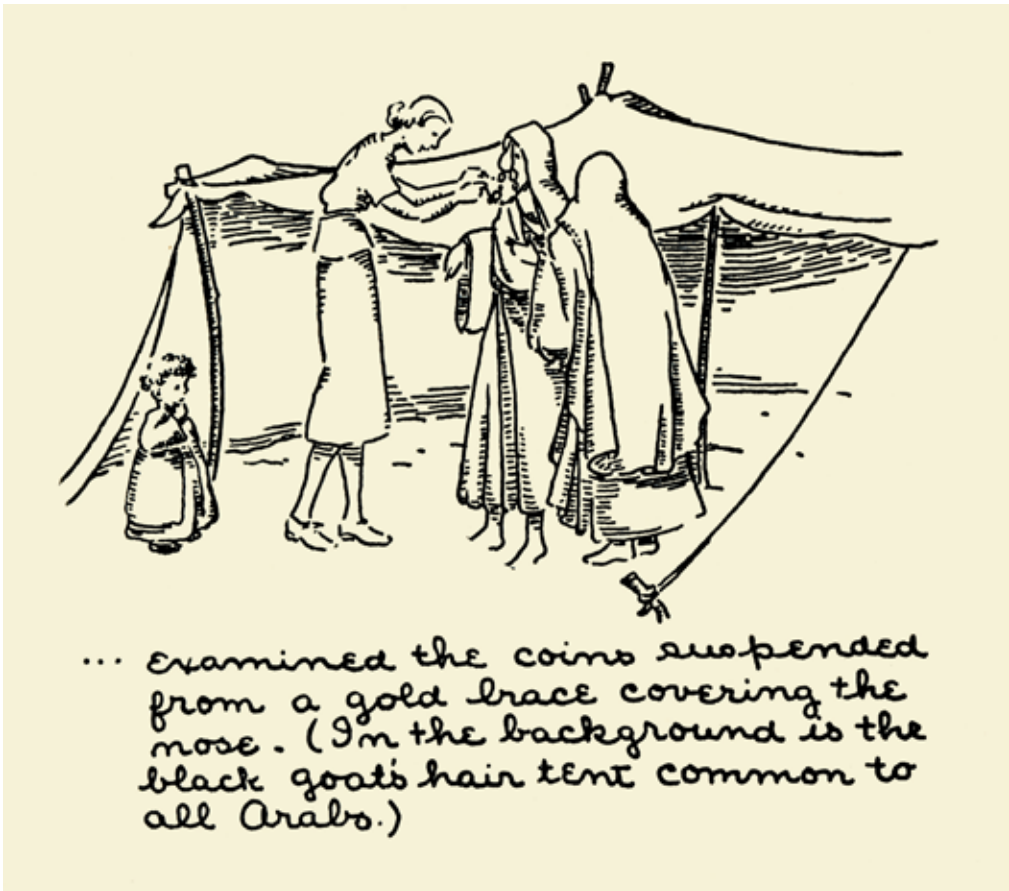


Mr Ayoub had ordered a
special launch.

6.41 Pyramids of Giza
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



The pyramids of Giza



6.42 Ornate veil
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.43 Silk stockings
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.44 White camel
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

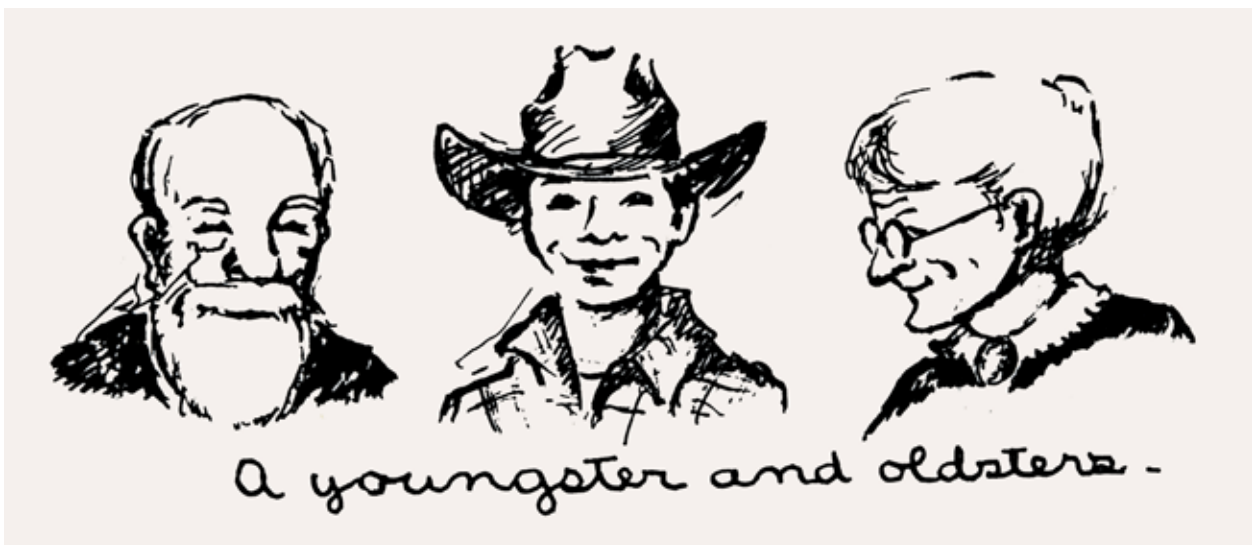


A white camel was
always in readiness.



His beloved Arab
steed -

6.45 Beloved steed
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.46 A youngster and oldsters
1975 Family letter
Ink drawing



6.47 Three boys
1975 Family letter
Ink drawing



6.48 Woman cleaning pot
Paint



6.49 Family with adopted son
Ink drawing



6.50 Small girl
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing



6.51 Three dancers
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.52 Dancers
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.53 Lively dancers
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.54 Dancing in wooden shoes
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



6.55 Couple dancing
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



6.56 Do it like this
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch

6.57 Dancing to the banjo
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch



6.58 Joyous thanksgiving
1946 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.59-6.60 Dancer silhouettes
1937 & 1946 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.61 Around the world dancers
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





6.62 Happiness at Meredith AYH camp
 1940 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



6.63 Old woman caring for pig & girl
 1936 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



6.64-6.66 Farm silhouettes
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.67 Youth with horse
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





6.68 Horse drawn carriage
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.69 Denmark wagon
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.70 Boys on horse
1951 *Youth Argosy Handbook*
Zinc etching



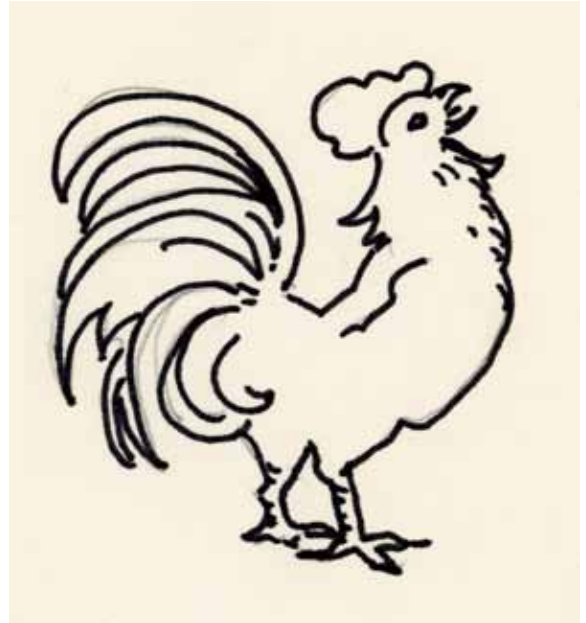
6.71 Two Dutch farm workers
1952 *Youth Argosy Handbook*
Zinc etching



6.72-6.74 Countryside cutouts
1944 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching



6.76 Crowing rooster
Family letter
Ink drawing



6.75 Child playing
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.77 Country family
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.78 Girl carrying fruit basket
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.79 Boy picking fruit
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.80 Girl with deer
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





6.81 Boy milking cow
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.82 Mother working with son
AYH Meredith School pamphlet
Zinc etching



6.83 Boy feeding baby goats
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.84-6.85 Boys with plow horse
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





6.86 Two girls with horse
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.87 Gathering hay
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.88 Loading hay
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



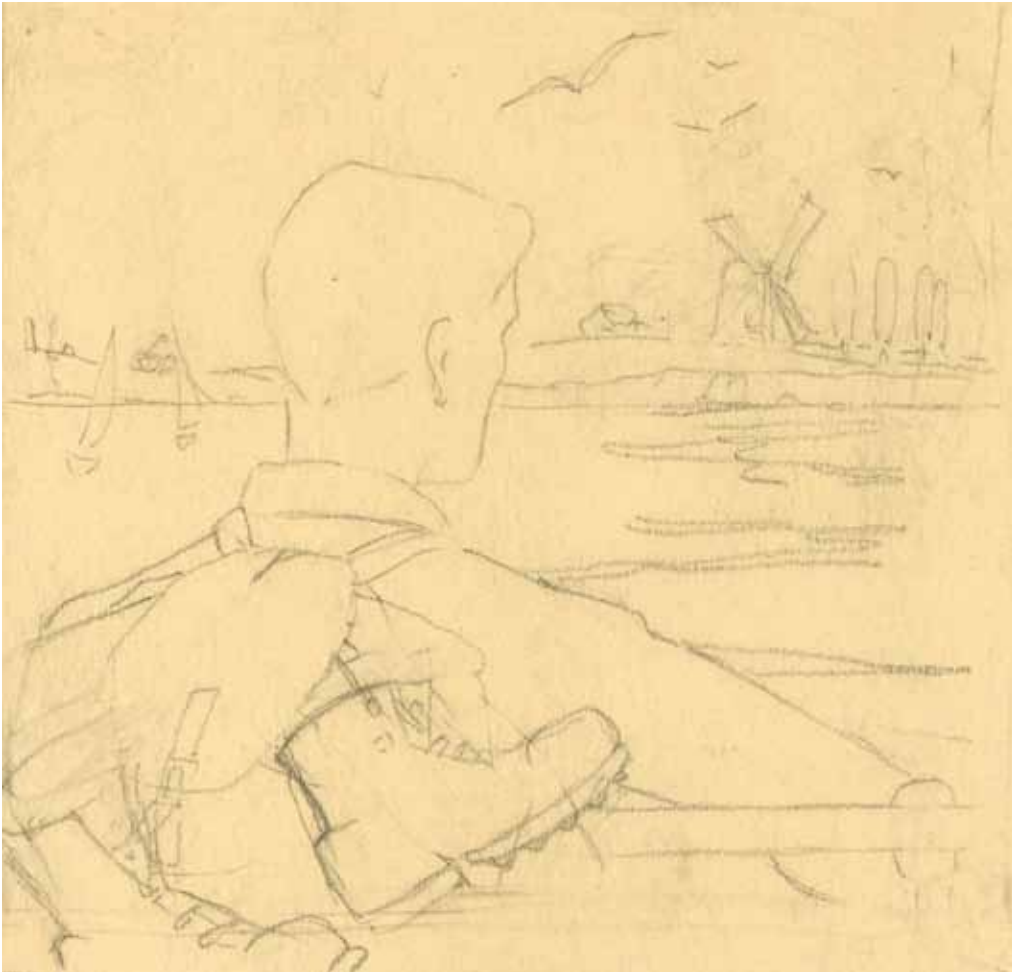
6.89 Boys on hay rake
1943 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.90 Hostellers sitting by tree
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch

6.91 Hosteler enjoying the view
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch





6.92 Hiker
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch



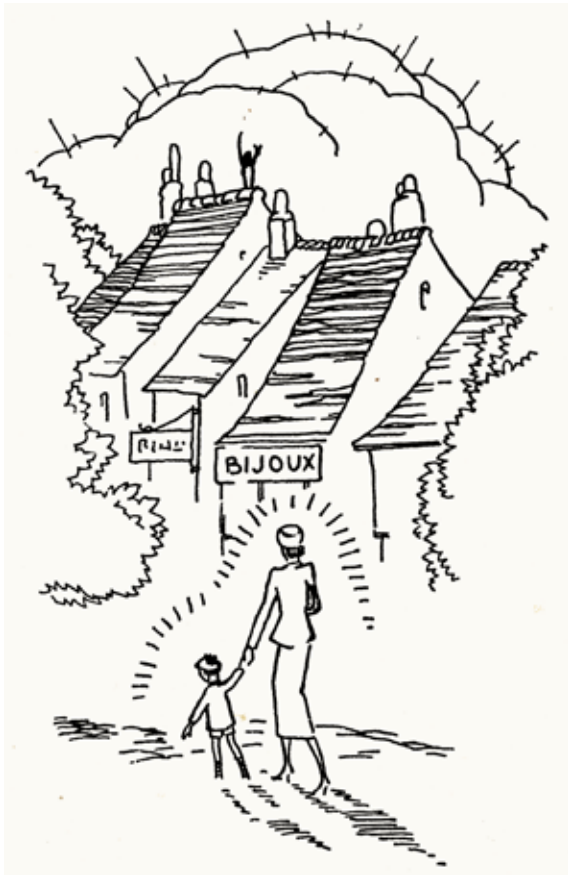
6.93 Mountain hikers
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.94 Hiker buying beans
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.95 Richard Schirrmann
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.96-6.97 Boy with mother
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.98-6.99 Holland sketches
1937 & 1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.100 Woman & girls in Switzerland
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.101 Girl writing
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.102 Girls with bikes
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.103 Boy playing guitar
1946 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.104-6.107 Faces
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.108 Woman
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.109 Woman in jacket
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.111 Man with staff
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.110 Woman in rain
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



6.112 Bikers in rain
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

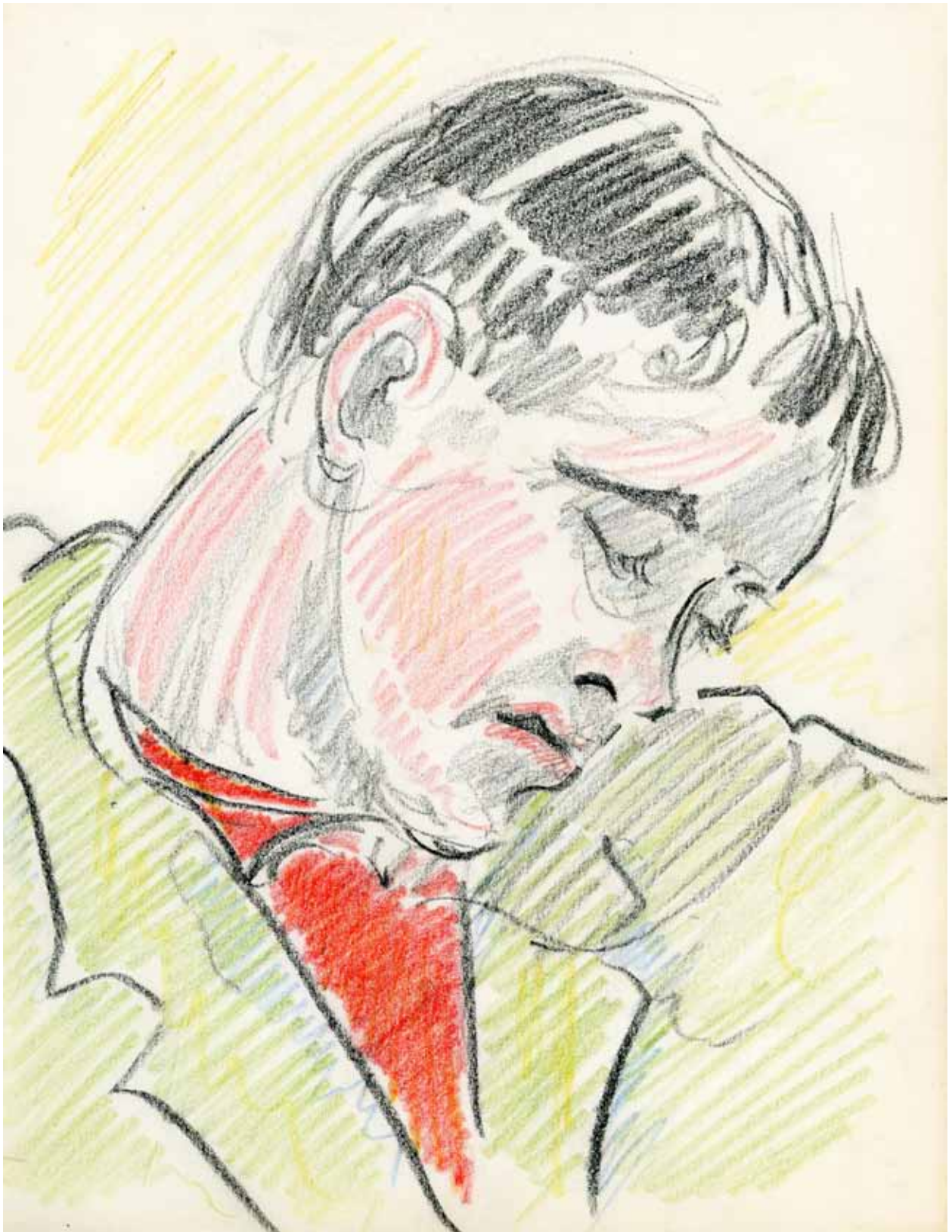




6.113 Man with beret
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



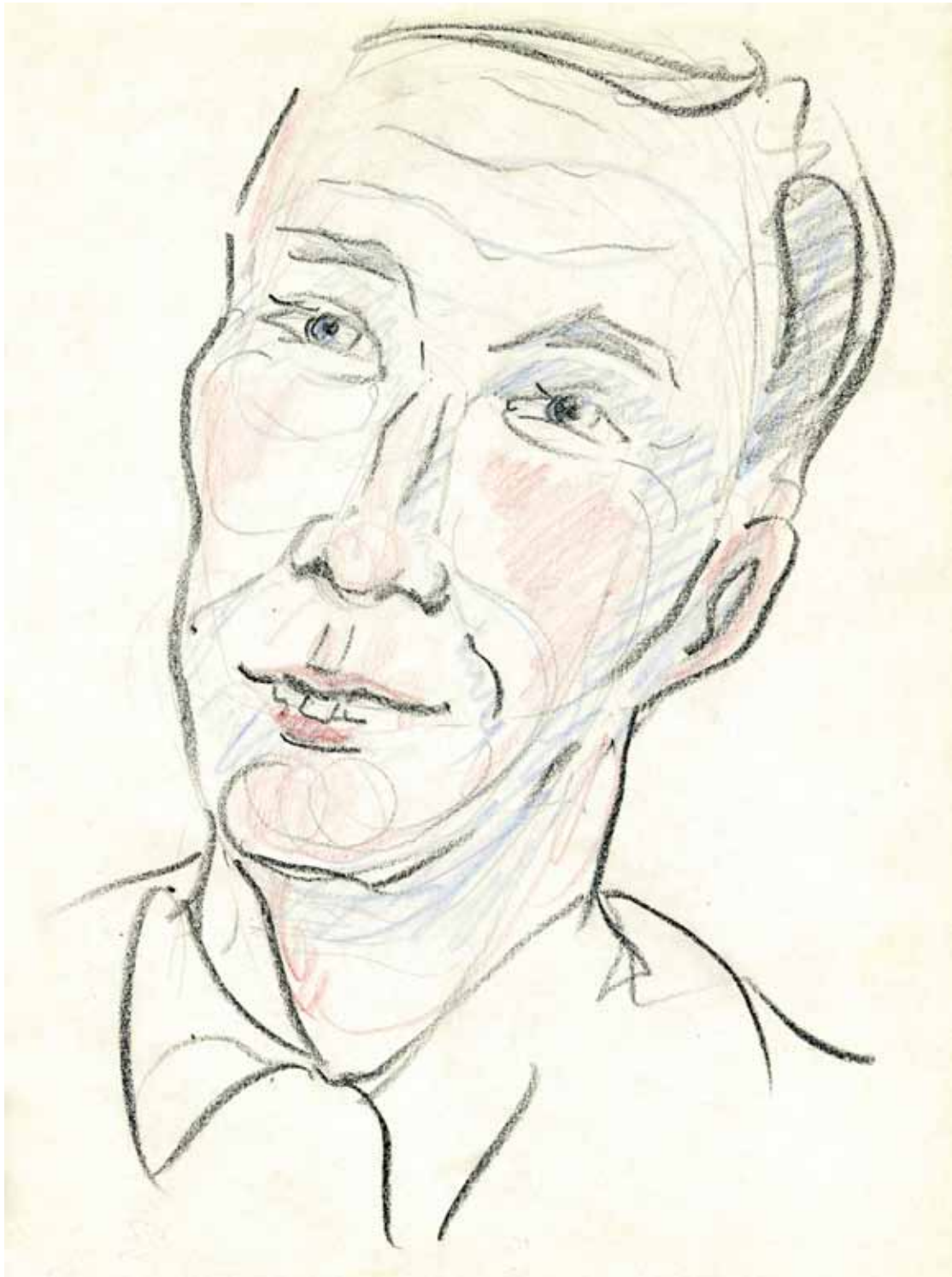
6.114 Alfredo Singulari
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil on ink



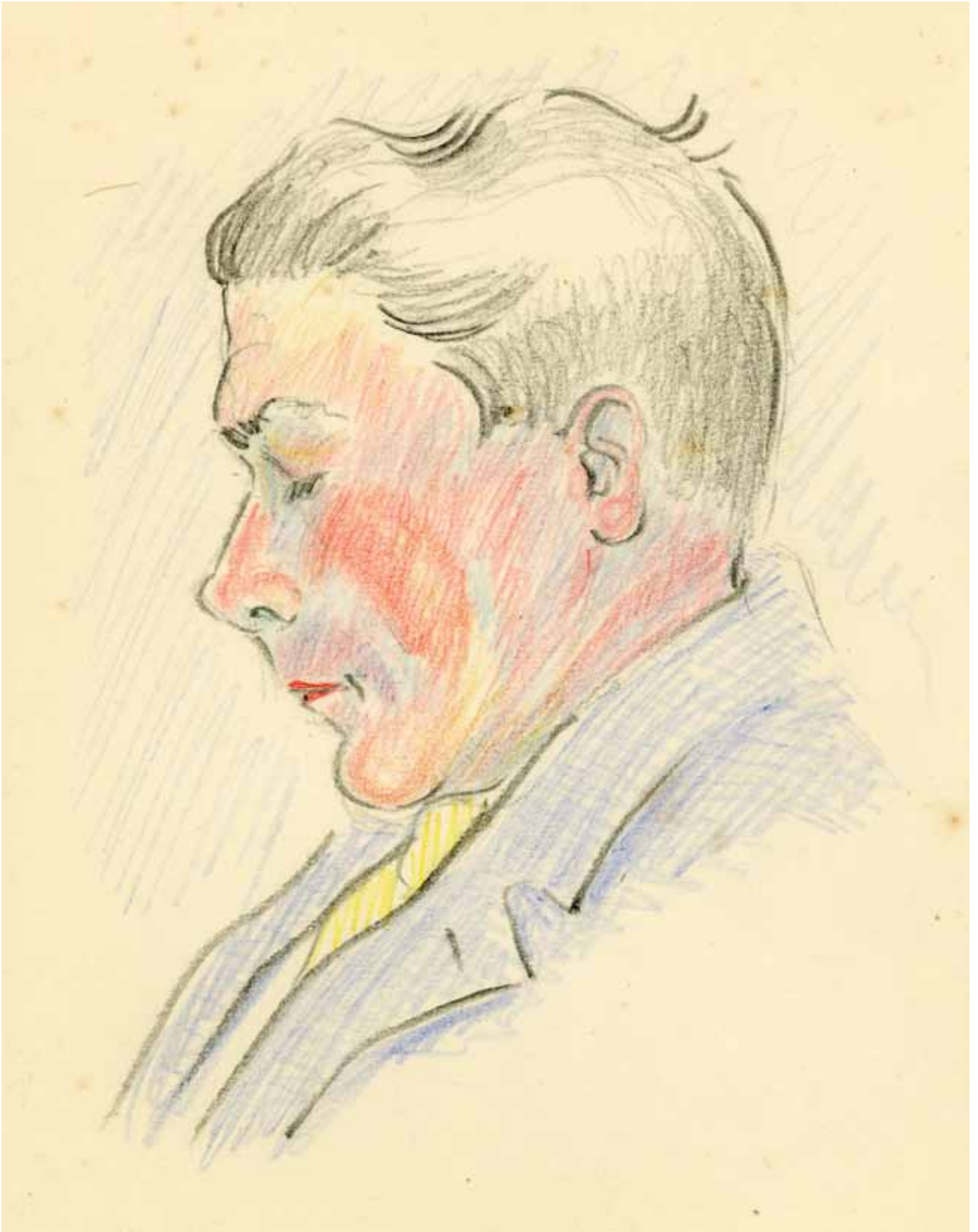
6.15 Man snoozing
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



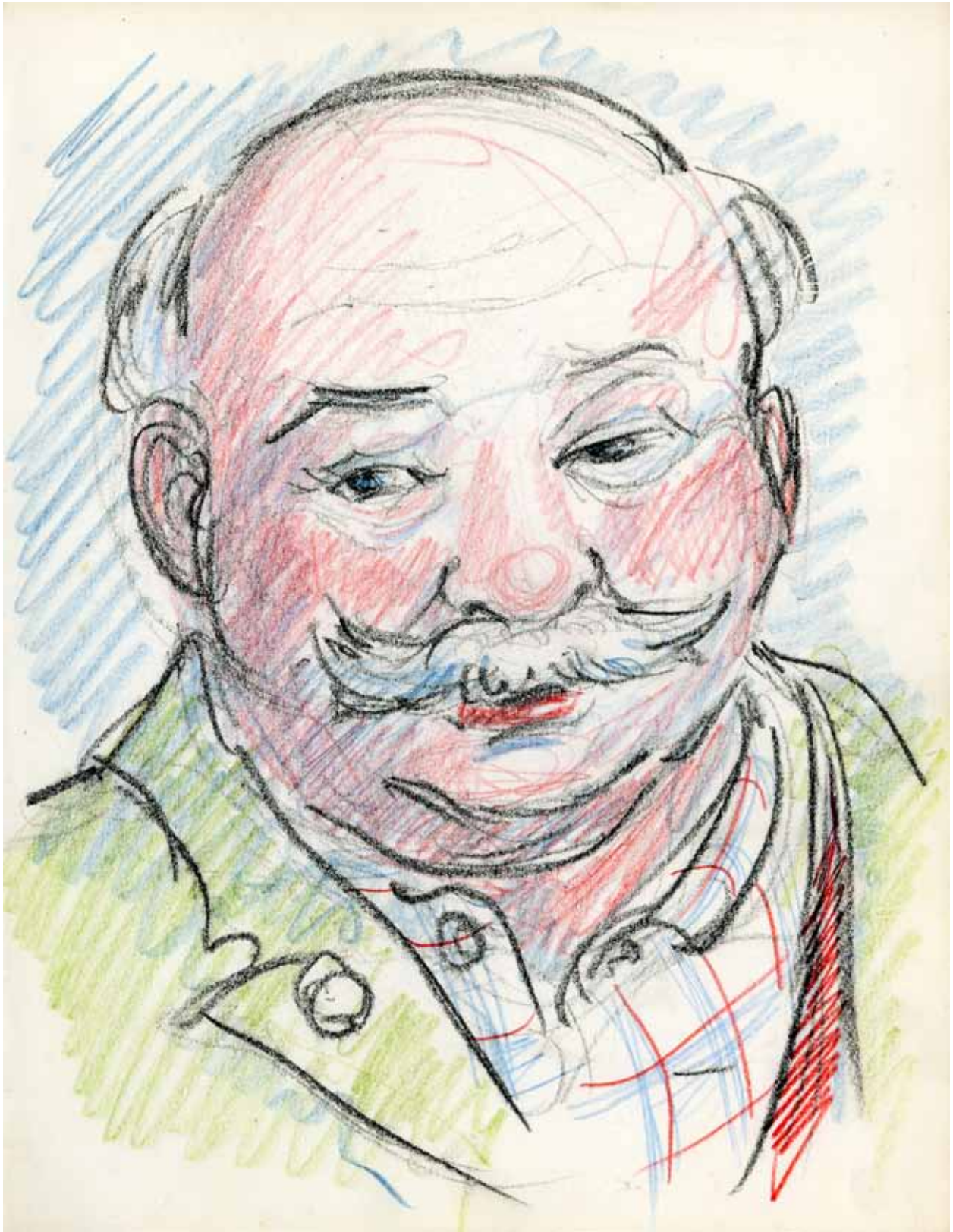
6.116 Patrolman
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.117 Man
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.118 Man catching a wink
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



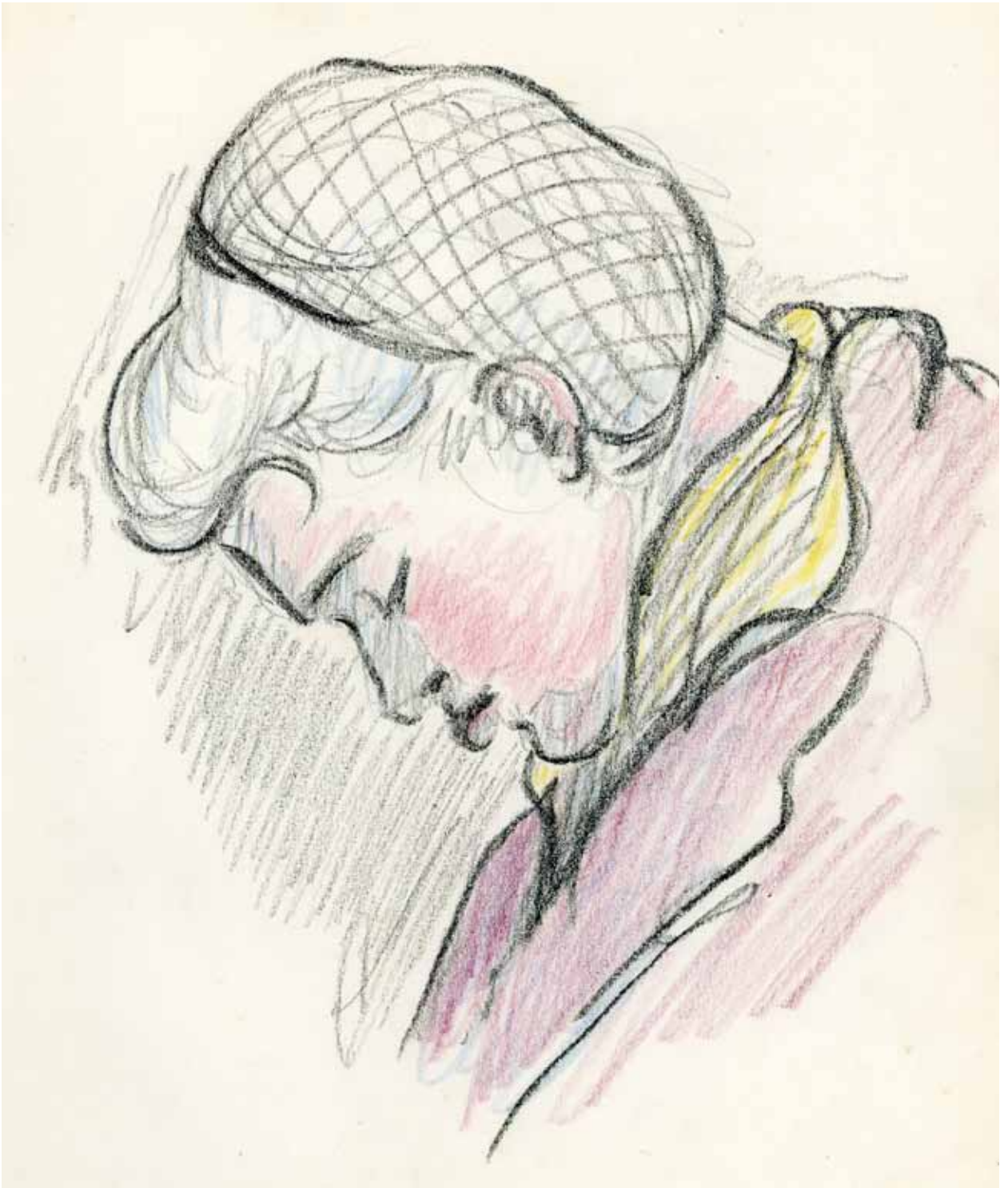
6.119 Old man
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

(Facing page)
6.120 Old woman knitting
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil





6.121 Resting woman
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.122 Sleeping woman
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil





6.124 Old woman with child
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch

(Facing page)
6.123 Woman
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.125 Boy sucking thumb
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing



6.126 Woman carrying package
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.127 Boy listening to minister
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil



6.128 Mother with child
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



6.129 Mother holding child
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor



6.130 Mother and children
Watercolor



6.131 Mother holding her son
Pencil sketch



6.132 Doctor with boy
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

6.133 Two youth reading
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching





6.134 **Boy sitting**
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor

6.135 **Boy's faces**
1945 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching

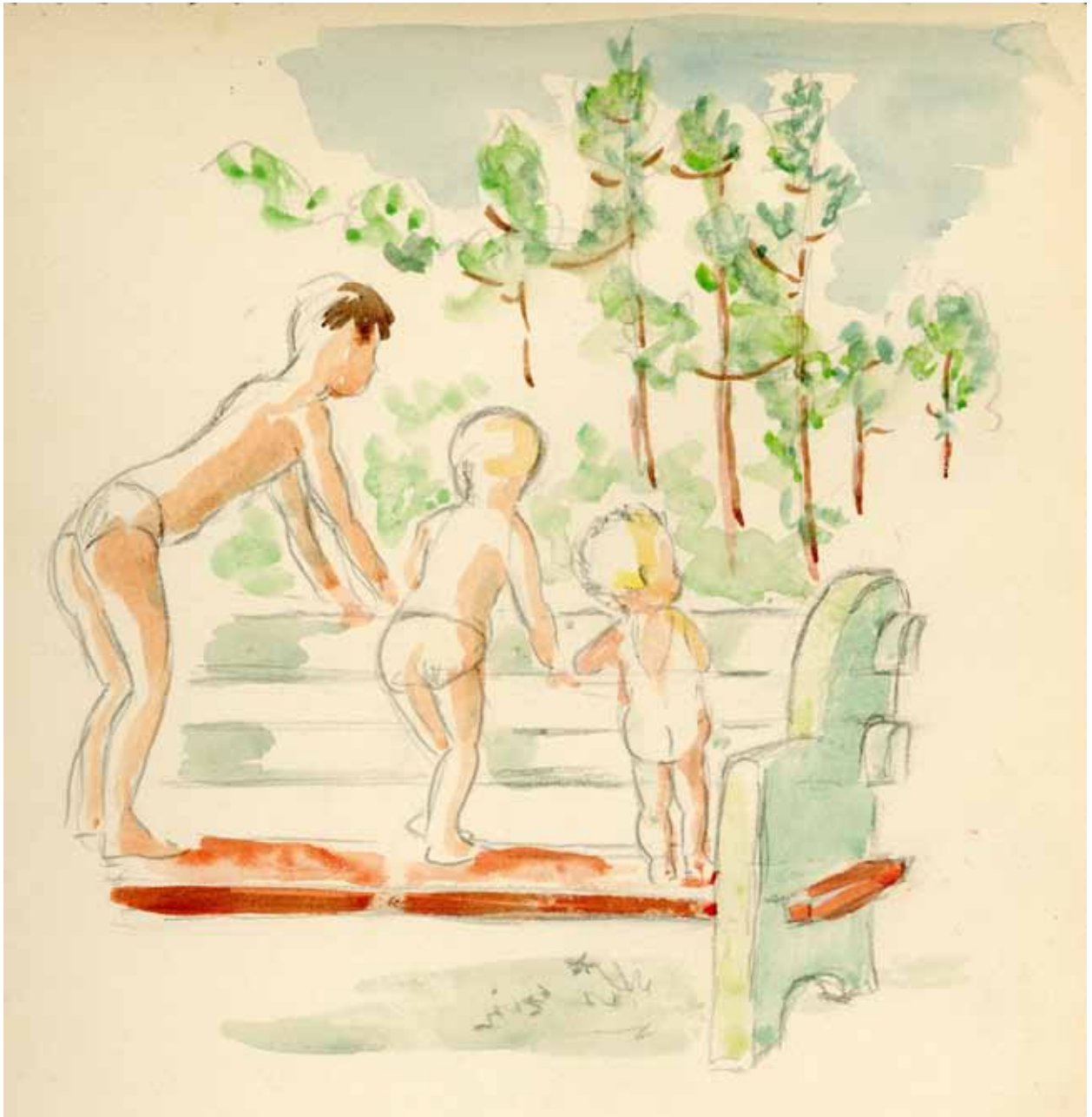




6.136 Why not shed your swim suit?
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor & pencil



6.137 Boy's face
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor & pencil

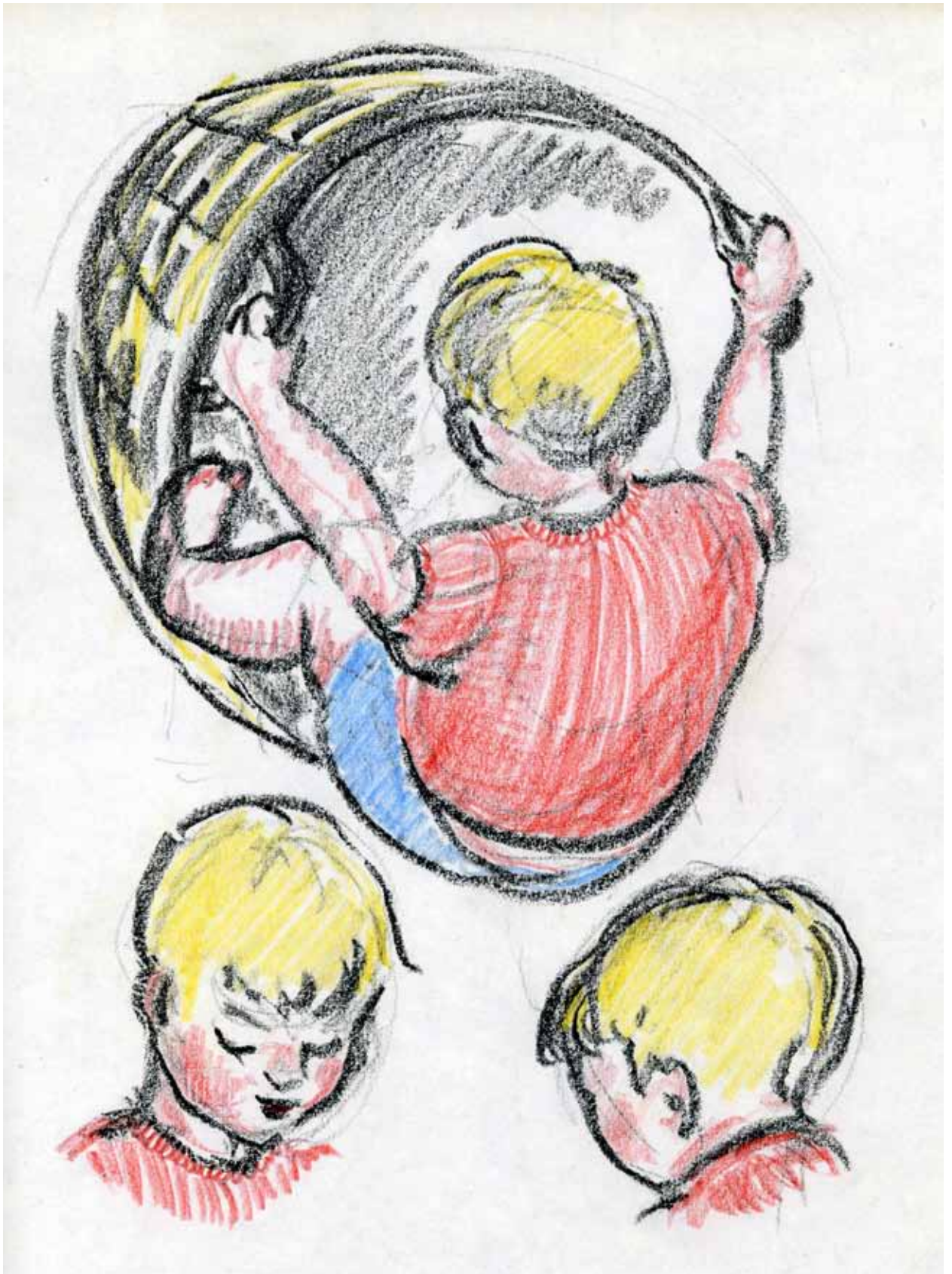


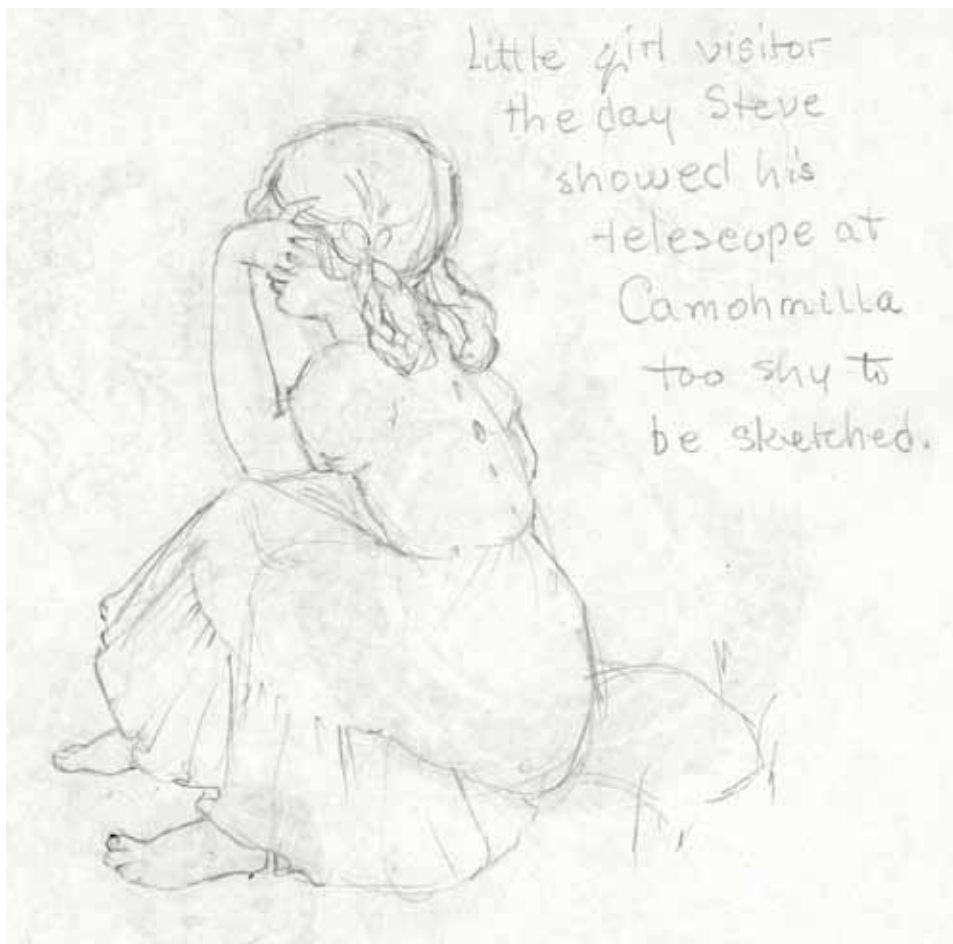
6.138 For all ages
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor & pencil



6.139 Boy's face
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

(Facing page)
6.140 Playing boy
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

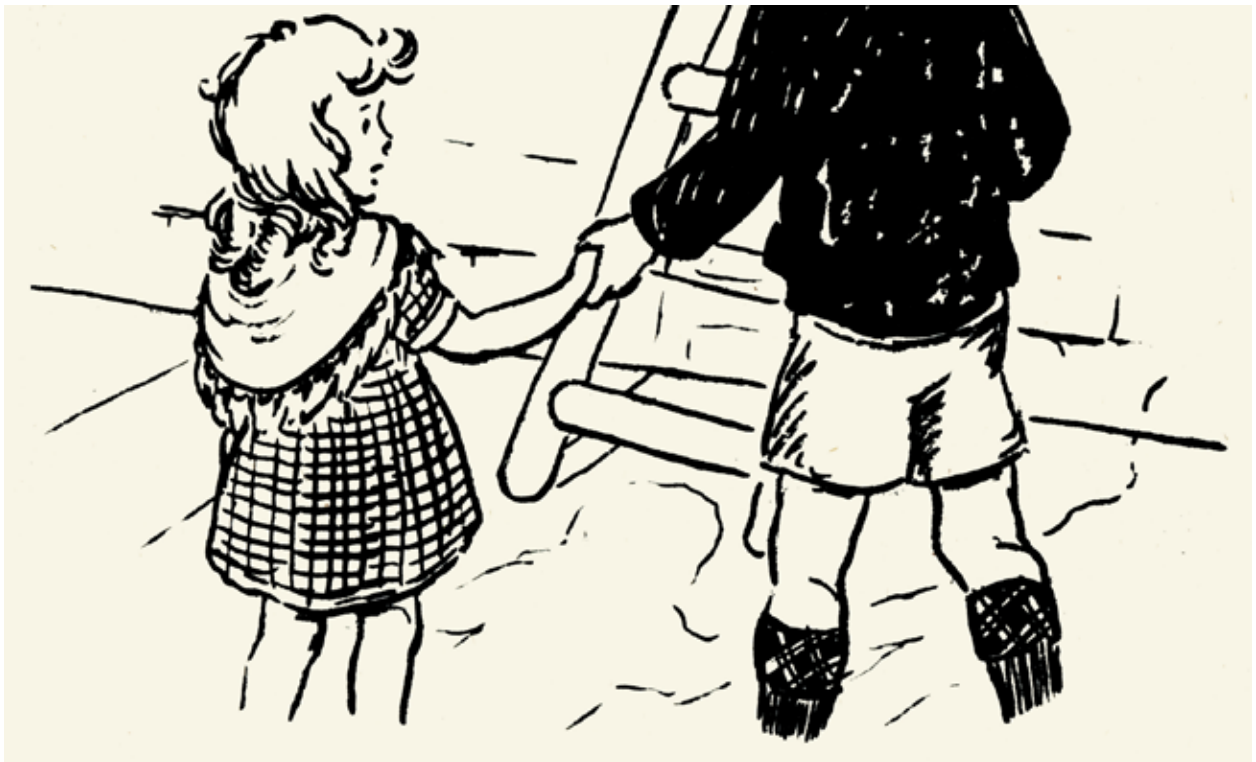




6.141 Shy girl visitor
Isabel's sketchbook
Pencil sketch

(Facing page)
6.143 Girls on beach
Isabel's sketchbook
Watercolor

6.142 Girl holding hand
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching







6.144 Girl playing with marble
Isabel's sketchbook
Colored pencil

(Facing page)
6.145 Girl climbing
Isabel's sketchbook
Ink drawing



CHAPTER 7

RELIGIOUS WORKS



During her early years, Isabel was raised as a Congregationalist in a very devout family. Isabel's father was the local minister and her mother the Sunday School teacher of upwards of 48 students. Isabel recalled, "These days of our childhood were rich with happiness and with the blessing of a family that lived in the consciousness always of a loving Heavenly Father. There were daily family prayers in which we knelt in the living room together and father would read from the Bible and follow it by prayer and by the Lord's Prayer."⁸² Her father would also bless the food before every family meal, saying, "Lord Jesus, thou hast spread the feast. Abide with us we beg, and be our guest. Feed our souls and teach our hearts.



Francis Bachelier preaching from the pulpit about 1936

And bless this food to our use, and us to thy service. Amen."⁸³ Isabel truly tried to live this prayer of her father, by being in the service of God, by serving others throughout her life.

Discovered God

Isabel spoke of one of her first experiences as a child where she learned of God's existence. She said, "I not only was sort of odd and perfectly devoted to every little shaft of sunlight and every little blade of grass—I felt that they were a piece of me—but I wanted to know that God was real. I wanted to know that there was a God. And I thought to myself, 'Well, the sensible thing to do is to make a little church and this seemed easy enough—I will go into my room, or what they called the children's room, and I will kneel down by the bed and I will say, 'Dear God, please put a doll in that chair over there. And may it be a doll with blue eyes and long eyelashes and golden hair and a little dress with flowers on it, sprinkled all over it, and then I will know that you are a God.' And so I prayed quite a long prayer and described the doll minutely and opened my eyes, expecting to see a doll there, but the chair was empty. And I said, 'Well, that proves that there isn't any God.' I felt bereft, terribly, terribly bereft. On one occasion, we visited Alice Tolfit. She took us into her playroom. There were rows of dolls and they all had golden hair and curls and they all looked perfectly gorgeous. And I suddenly thought, 'How utterly, utterly uninteresting they are and how utterly I don't want them. There is nothing in them that seems to me to be delightful or lovely. I went home and I went out in the woods and I took my jackknife and I cut some sticks and I got some acorns. I put these together and I made a perfectly adorable brown doll and I loved it. And I thought, 'It is a doll! He showed me how to make a doll! It is much nicer than the other dolls. Thank you, God! I'm so glad you're my friend!' So I discovered there was a God.

"Then I got to worrying about Hell because it seemed to me a very selfish thing for people to be willing to go up on the golden cloud and



Talcottville Congregational church where Isabel's father preached



Isabel's mother, Rebecca Bacheler (far left) with her Sunday School class about 1914



Monroe & Isabel enjoy a horseback ride together about 1942

walk the golden streets and play on golden harps and cavort in the heavenly meadows, when other people were down below in a great big horrible pit where they were eternally doomed. And I thought, 'If there is a Hell, I'm going down there and I'm going to stay with those people and I'm going to burn with those people and I don't care if it's for eternity. I'm just going to burn and be as miserable and as full of anguish as they are.' My father, whom I loved very much, but who was closest to me when we were reading books or when he was preaching a sermon, came into the kitchen one day and I screwed up my courage and said, in a faltering voice, 'Father, is there a Hell?' And he said, 'Well, honey, what do you want to know about Hell?' And I said, 'Well, it just seems to me that it's very horrible for God to make a Hell and make people burn for eternity and wars are just as bad, too.' And he said, putting his arm around me, 'Do you think I would make you burn in Hell forever?' And I said, 'Well, I don't think so, but I'm pretty bad.' And he said,

'Well, do you think I am as good as God is?' And I said, 'Of course not, daddy! Nobody could be as good as God. Not even you.' And he said, 'Well, if I wouldn't do it and I'm not even as good as God, do you think that God could do it?' And I said, 'Oh, I guess not! I guess there isn't any Hell after all.' And he said as he laughed, 'Well, darling, it isn't the sort of Hell where one burns for eternity. And you won't understand this now, but someday you will. There is a Hell because I've been there.' And so we dropped the subject of Hell."⁸⁴

Smiths Convert to Quakerism

Later, Isabel and Monroe both converted to Quakerism because of the emphasis placed on peace, love, kindness, and pacifism, especially after their experience in Nazi Germany and having witnessed the ravages of war. However, they still often attended the Congregational meetings and visited many different churches to meet the ministers and learn their stance on civil rights and other social and moral issues.

Later in life Isabel wrote of the principles of Quakerism that she treasured most: “First, to me ‘thou shalt not kill’ means just that, with no ifs or ands. To go to war doesn’t really mean giving one’s life. If it did the enemy would win quickly. The side that can kill most, be most brutal and is more terrifying ‘wins.’ Sometimes I lie awake with great heartache thinking of the brutality of napalming innocent little children in Vietnam, and of causing starvation and devastation. Jesus was a young man when he died on the cross. How easily he could have said: ‘My life is too precious. I have a message from Heavenly Father. I must live.’ He really gave his life, but first prayed in agony: ‘Father, if it be Thy will take this cup from me, but not my will but Thine be done.’ The Quakers believe we must do that. We are told: ‘thou shalt not kill’ and in accordance with that I believe. William Penn said: ‘Never do evil that good may come of it.’

“Next, Quakers believe in a ‘house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens.’ They have only meeting houses of the simplest sort. This is their feeling: ‘My body is the temple of the Living

God. I need no columns tall; I need no roof or wall. My body is the temple of the Living God. Oh God of love, what greatest ecstasy than to house Thee? Why need I go where stained glass windows show? In Thy employ I find my joy. My body is the temple of the Living God. Always at home with Thee.’

“Another thing, regarding the resurrection of the body—Quakers believe in immortality. To go to our Heavenly Father ‘eternal in the Heavens’ is my glad confidence. But what that body will be like, I leave to God. A worm does not resemble the butterfly. I may or may not look like old Isabel Smith, with her insides torn, her back crushed in five places, her wrinkles and her palpitation. My Heavenly Father knows me and cares for me and will provide for me a heavenly body. It will be a body markedly different from Mary Jones or Esther Burnette, but God alone will fashion me.

“The last point is that Quakers seem much more inclusive in their feelings that we are all God’s children and that he cares for us all—even the dullest and most depraved. Others may say



Monroe & Isabel became Quakers because of their strong belief in world peace



Stephen & family at Northfield Congregational church

'you first after me' while with the Quakers its 'you first.' A Quaker could not live in a cave with a store of food while the world was being bombed and those without food and shelter were suffering and dying outside. Quakers would rather die and give their last crust to a hungry soul. After all, death is not so important. It is just going to God who is, as it were, in the next room. I am not afraid of meeting Him—any more than I am afraid of seeing again my father.

"In short, I believe it is that Quakers try to live lives of righteousness because they love, not because they fear God."⁸⁵

Prayer & Scriptures Direct Life

When speaking of her quiet example, [redacted] wrote: "How do I feel about my mother? My heart overflows with gratitude for her sacrifice and love for me. To me, her example of quiet unassuming humility is next only to our Savior. And I had the blessed fortune to have grown up in her home! My parents, and especially my mother, lived as wonderful an example as anyone on this earth. They taught me to listen to

the Spirit, and then to follow its promptings. I saw my mother read the scriptures and have her private prayers daily. This was not just five minutes a day, she arose early each morning and invested at least half an hour or an hour pondering the scriptures, praying, and listening to the answers to her prayers. She knew the Old and New Testament stories, the messages behind the stories, and the individuals in the stories. When explaining something to me she would casually retell a story in great detail, and in such a way that the point was explained, without her having to give an explanation. I now look back in awe! She KNEW the scriptures. I see now that the Old and New Testaments were guiding beacons in each hour of her life. The day was quietly directed by what she knew to do from knowing what others had correctly done. Yet she was so



Monroe & Isabel visit a humble Quaker meeting house in 1958



Isabel & Monroe loved all people and animals—about 1958

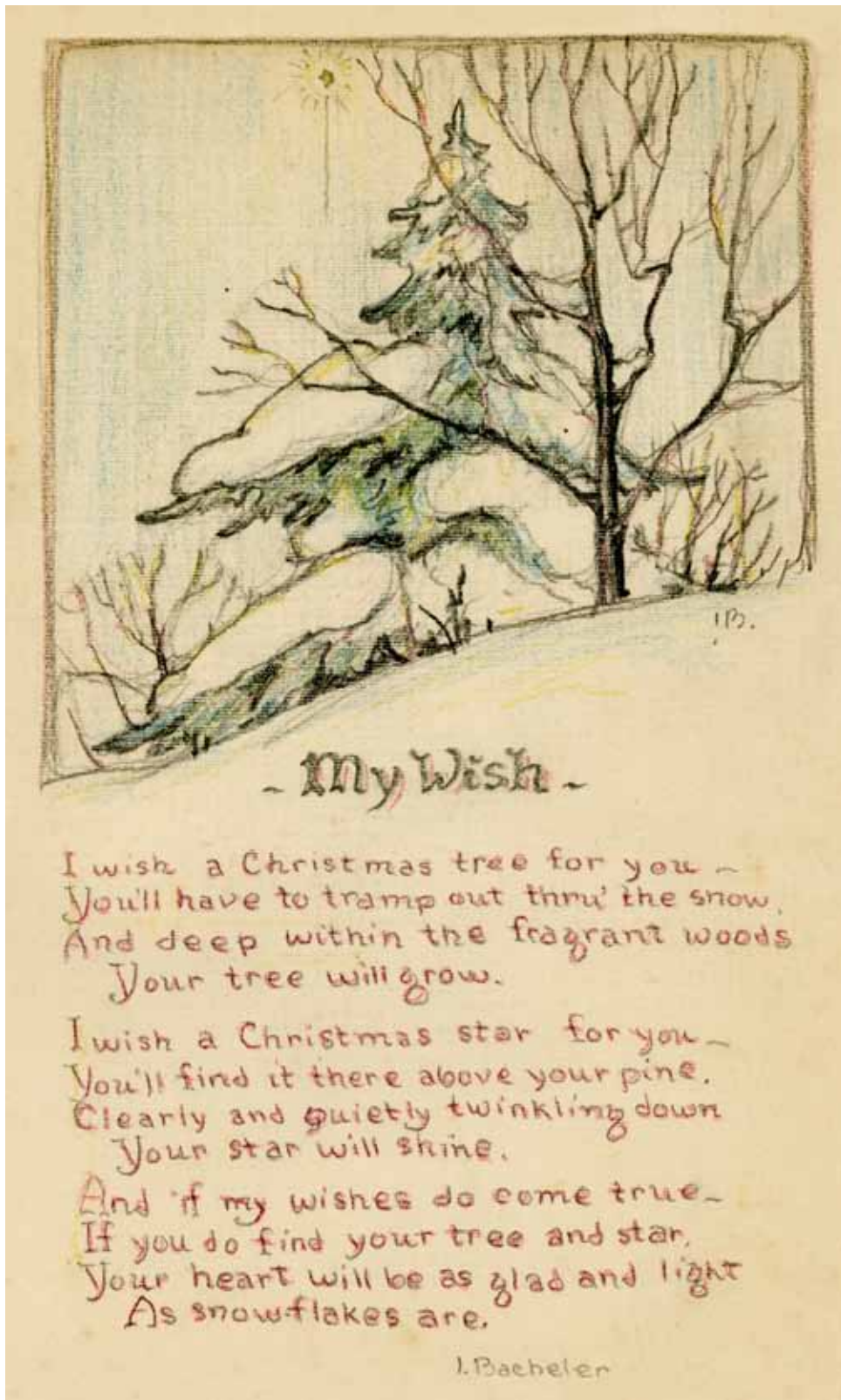
subtle about this that only recently have I come to realize how much she was influenced by her hour of early morning meditation.”⁸⁶

“My mother taught me to have faith in prayer. On many mornings, I would see my mother in her bedroom in prayer. I asked her questions about God, and about religion. She never pushed her beliefs on me, but her answers and attitude gave me confidence that she believed in a personal God who heard and answered her prayers. I recall several occasions when mother would lose something, and after having looked for some time, would remember to have a brief prayer. After the prayer, she would arise and immediately look somewhere she had not previously thought to look, and find the lost item. I have been fortunate to have had her beautiful example of a personal relationship with our Father in Heaven, as it has helped form my own relationship with God.”⁸⁷

On one occasion, ██████ asked his mother what God was like. He pointed to a picture in her bedroom and asked if God looked like a person, like in the painting. Isabel told ██████ that she “knew God existed but did not know how to de-

scribe what He looked like. But if I would pray, I would have feelings to know that He existed and was real.”⁸⁸ She later wrote, “Perhaps I have not spoken with God—though I pray very much—but I feel he has spoken to me. When I ask him for light and guidance, it comes with wonderful comfort and clarity. I have asked for light regarding my faith and I have never had such beautiful and certain guidance.”⁸⁹

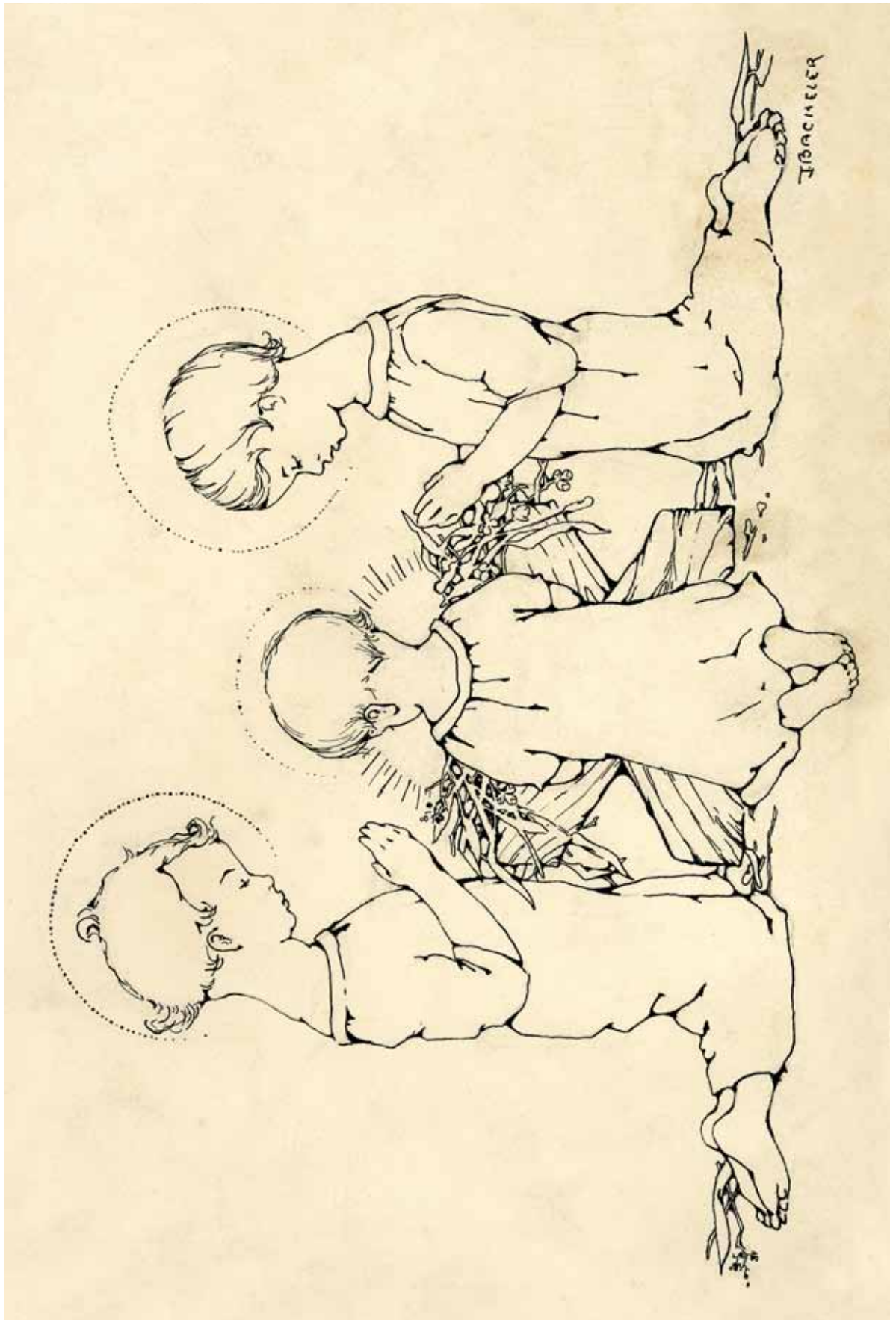
Isabel knew God, and lived what she discerned was right. Many of her works were religious in nature, and were inspired by the scriptures and the birth and teachings of Jesus Christ. She memorized the Beatitudes in the Bible, the greatest teaching of Jesus, and lived by His teachings to the best of her ability. These profound truths were a guiding beacon in her life, and reflected her devotion to God and man: “Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.”⁹⁰ ✠✠✠



(Chapter page)
 7.1 Love
 1939 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

7.2 My wish
 From early sketch book
 Colored pencil

(Facing page)
 7.3 Manger scene
 Drawn while attending
 Norwich Academy
 Ink drawing





I. Bacheler

The Star

Once there shone a lovely star.
(In Excelsis Gloria!)

litt

D

Christmas Card Suggestion
by Isabel Bacheler,
Talcottville, Conn.

or
(H. P. H. School, Hartford, Conn.)

7-4 The star
Christmas card suggestion
Drawn while teaching at Hartford High School
Pencil sketch



Once there shone a lovely star ~
 (In Excelsis Gloria!) 
 It showed a blessed baby's 
 birth.
 (Pray for Peace upon the Earth)
 That baby was a little King..
 Still in your hearts 
 the angels sing 
 Oh holy night!
 Oh lovely star!
 (In Excelsis Gloria!)

ISABELLER

7.5 The star
 Final print of
 card suggestion
 Zinc etching



Love is very patient, very kind, Love knows no jealousy... is never rude... Love is gladdened by goodness, is eager to believe the best, is always full of hope... from I Cor. 13.

7.6 Love is patient
Christmas card
Paint on zinc etching

(Facing page)
7.7 Angel and girl
Ink drawing



7.8 Mary holding baby Jesus
Pencil sketch



7.9 Baby Jesus
Pencil sketch





7.10 Mary and baby Jesus
Poem book for Monroe
Watercolor on ink



PEACE
AND GOOD WILL
TOWARD MEN.

ISABEL

7.11 Peace and good will
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching


(Facing page)
7.12 Peace of God
Christmas card
Zinc etching



May the peace of
God which passeth
all understanding
keep your hearts ♥
and minds ~~~~~



From the Golden
Alphabet of Saint
Bonaventura.



Ama nesciri: desire to
be unknown.
Benevolens sis: be
of good will.
Custodi cor: carefully
keep thy heart.
Dilige solitudinem:
delight in solitude.
Xristus sit vita tua:
Love, Perfection,
be thy life.
Vmnos canere: be joyful!



Isabel

The First Christmas by Pat Sevringhaus

A.Y.H. Pass No. 182
age 14.

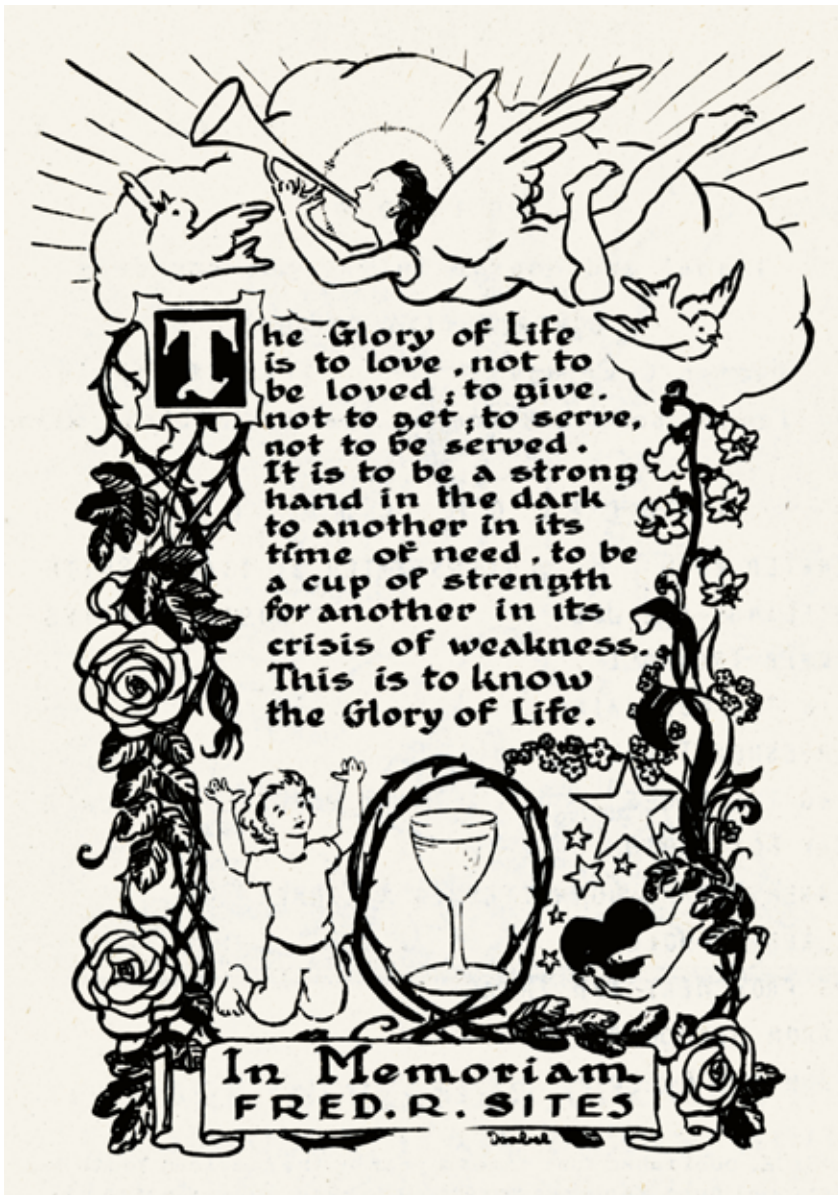
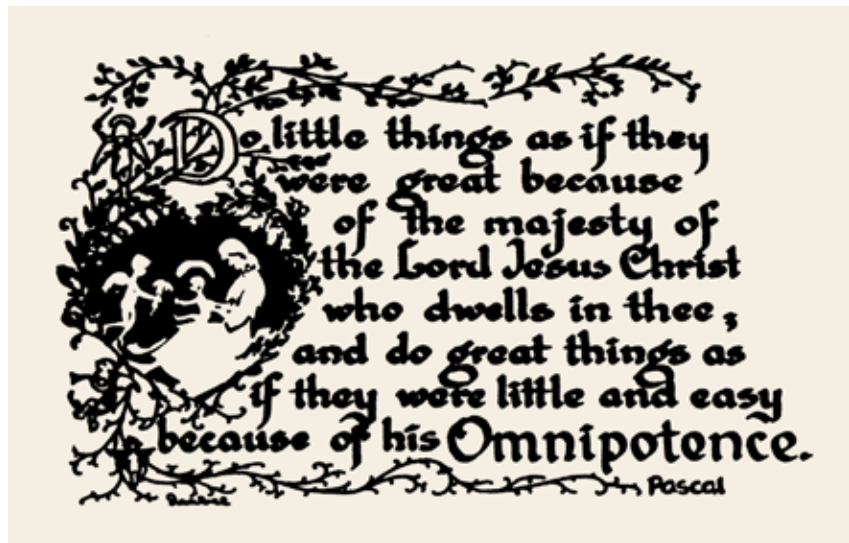


On the first of all the Christmases
There were no bells to ring ;
And at that humble manger birth
No happy throngs did sing .

There was no Santa Claus nor tree
For that new baby boy ,
For he started all the Christmases ,
The giving and the joy .

So ring out all ye happy bells
And sing ye merry throngs ;
For peace on Earth
 good will toward men
We'll sing our joyful songs !

7.15 Little things
Printed card
Zinc etching



7.16 In memoriam
1948 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
7.17 Fruits of the Spirit
Paint on ink



Lord make me an
Instrument of thy Peace!

Where there is hatred, let me sow Love.
Where there is injury, Pardon.
Where there is despair, Hope.
Where there is darkness, Light.
Where there is sadness, Joy.



O Divine Master, grant
that I may not so much
seek to be consoled
as to console.
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved as to love.

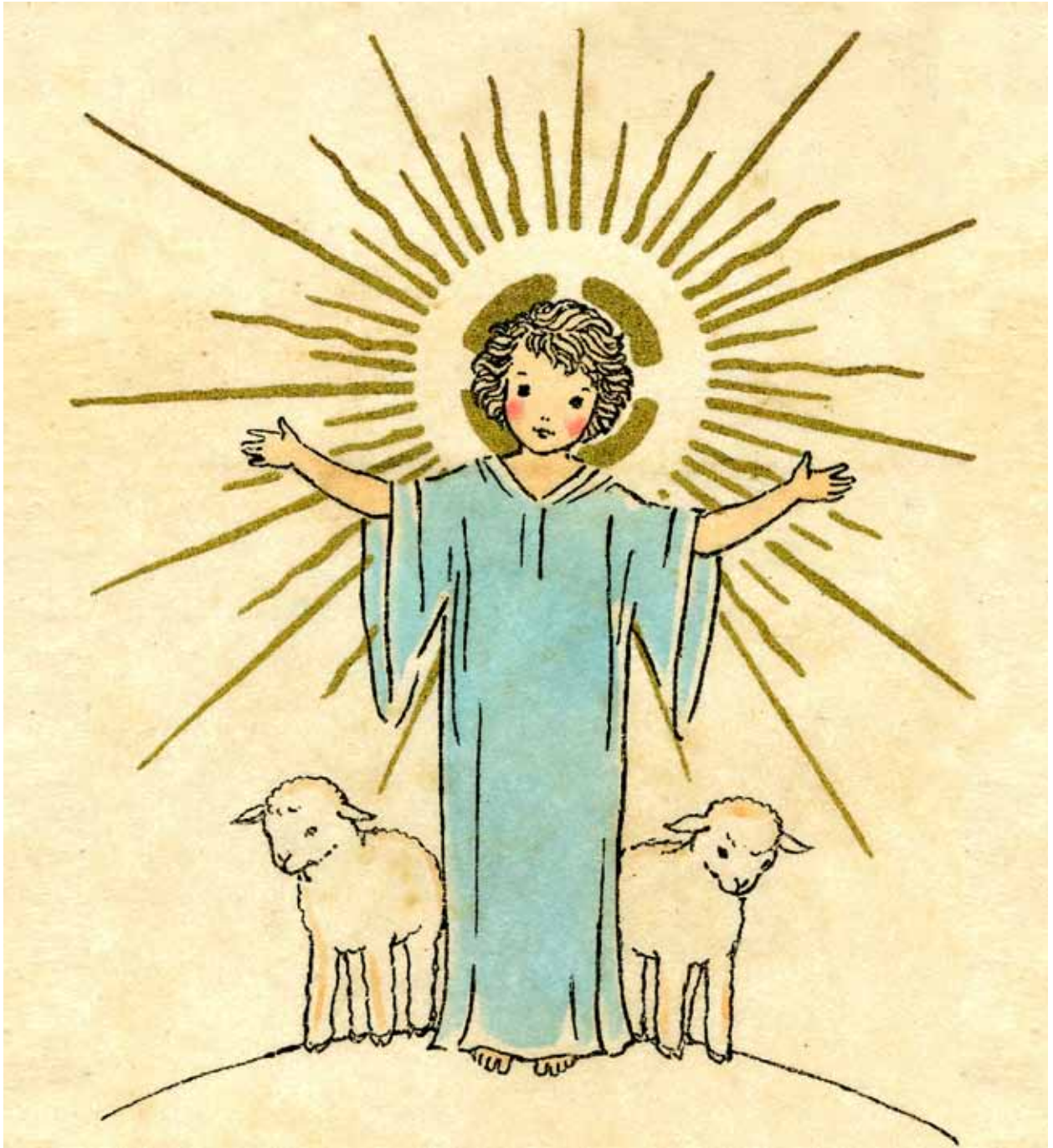


For it is in giving that we
receive. It is in pardoning
that we are pardoned.

It is in dying that we are born to
Eternal Life.

Doakel

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI 12th CENTURY.



7.19 Angel and two lambs
Stephen Smith's baby book
Paint

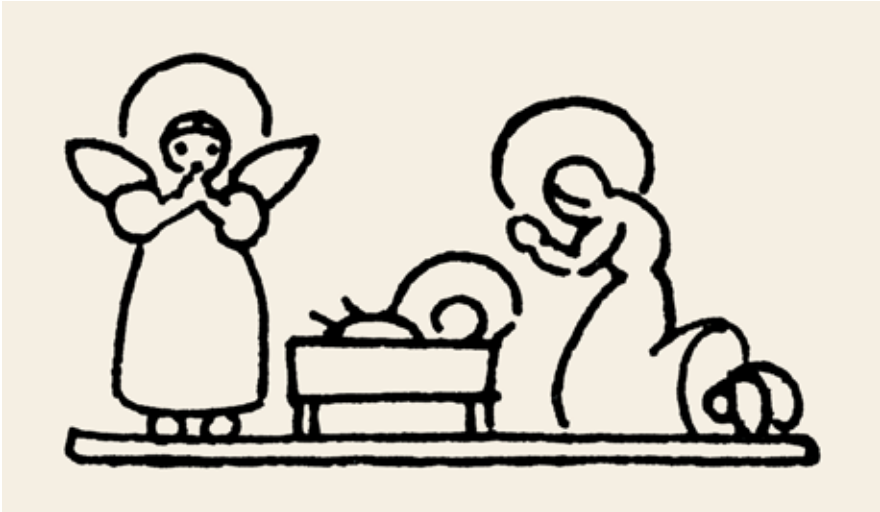
(Facing page)
7.18 Lord make me
Paint on ink



7.20 Angel
Colored pencil

7.21 San Marco
Colored pencil on ink





7.22 Come adore Him
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

7.23 Two angles
1950 Youth Argosy Handbook
Watercolor on zinc etching



7.24 Three Christmas angels
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



CHAPTER 8

PEACEMAKER



1952-1985





Isabel was a kind, simple, and small woman with brown hair and brown eyes. “She smiled readily, called a lot of people ‘Darling,’ and had unusually wide-set eyes, and a heart-shaped face.”⁹¹ She never dressed extravagantly, and always had simple hairstyles. She saw no difference between herself, and the poor and afflicted of the world. When she would see someone suffering from poverty or physical deformities, she was often heard saying, “There but for the grace of God go I.” She then would go and seek to somehow comfort or help the person she saw. She also had no attachment to her personal belongings. If anyone ever com-



Isabel, a simple, small, yet kind woman

mented on something they liked, Isabel would find a moment when she could give them the item. On one occasion, Isabel’s daughter-in-law, ■■■■■, commented on a beautiful pearl necklace that Isabel was wearing and without hesitation, Isabel kindly gave ■■■■■ the necklace.

Isabel and Monroe also gave generously to several non-profit peace organizations, paying a tithe, or a tenth of their yearly earnings to these groups. In 1965, Monroe wrote, “Throughout the year Youth Argosy through the efforts of its directors further the work of many organizations whose aim is to better understanding throughout the world. Chiefly their assistance is channeled through the following: American Association of the United Nations, American Civil Liberties Union, American Committee on Africa, American Friends Service Committee, Committee on Racial Equality, Florida Council on Human Relations, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Meals for Millions, UNICEF, and WILPF. Isabel is President of the Palm Beach County Branch of the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom. Monroe is Treasurer.”⁹²

Furthermore, Isabel created many works of art used by these organizations for handouts, flyers, cards, etc. Isabel wanted to give all she could, and one of the ways she could give was through her talent with art. Her works included the poor of the world pleading for help with outstretched hands, illuminated words of peace and compassion, and works depicting the evils of war. She utilized her art to inspire others to serve and to give to good causes, such as feeding the poor in Europe after the ravages of World War II.

“It’s goodness we are after”

Even from a young age, Isabel demonstrated her love of God and goodness toward all humankind by the following story: “One day a man came to see father. We children had gone to bed. In the children’s bedroom, there were two big double beds. There was in the middle of the room a register that would presumably let the heat from the living room up into the room above and whenever there was company we would go and



Bachelor Family reading in 1908 (standing: Robert, Muriel, Theodore; sitting: Rebecca, Clementine, Francis, Christine, Frances, Isabel)

open the register and rally around it and peer down to see who it was, and it was very nice. On this particular occasion, it was a man from the Theodore B. Stark Company in New York City. My father had been, at one time, a part of the firm. He had a remarkable ability to judge gems and to tell the value of diamonds, if they were real or imposters. And they had never had anyone who could quite fill his place. So the visitor was talking to father and saying, 'You know, Mr. Bachelor, we really need you badly and we will give you so much if you would come back. We know that you have all these children who need to be educated and who will need to go to college, and as a country minister you have little or nothing to offer them in the way of financial security, which you would have if you were with us.' Father said to him, 'Well, no, no, thank you. Our family is very happy to be here. I like what I am doing, I want to do the Lord's work.' And the bearded-mustached, gentleman representa-

tive raised his voice and paid no attention to him whatsoever and went on talking, increasing the offers, doubling the offers and tripling the offers and getting very much concerned about the whole thing. And finally a little voice, I'm afraid it was mine, from the upper region called out, 'Oh, Mr. Man, you don't understand. It's not money we want, it's goodness we are after.' This was met with laughter from down below but ended the argument and the gentleman said, 'Well, I guess you have the backing of your whole family. There is not much use in my staying longer.' This was the passion for God and goodness and beauty and deep powers of being."⁹³

One More Race

■■■■■ recounted another story that demonstrated Isabel's peaceable nature: "My mother tells of an experience she had as a girl. I first heard the story when I was about 15 and in Europe with my parents. It seems that we were visiting a facil-



Peacemakers Monroe & Isabel about 1964



Smith family in December 1964 (Monroe, Isabel, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], Betty & Larry [REDACTED])



Isabel painting works of peace about 1966

ity, possibly a NATO facility, when my mother told me this story. My mother had been invited to attend a meeting of delegates from countries where there were strong differences of opinions. It seems that the meeting was many years earlier in the same facility.

“The meeting had been in session for several hours. There was at stake the reconciliation of an issue that had been dividing two of the countries. The repercussions of no reconciliation between the two countries would have proven significantly damaging not only to the two countries involved, but to numerous other countries as well. The atmosphere of the meeting became increasingly more heated, and it soon became apparent that the possibility of reconciliation

was unrealistic. Those in attendance became weary as the hours of the day stretched into the evening. Not only had the delegates of the two countries become loud and rude to each other, but others had chosen sides and were joining in debate in an unbecoming manner.

“When it became obvious that an impasse had been reached, my mother, who was only a visitor, and not a delegate, asked if she could tell a short story. She felt that her request did not fit the protocol of the meeting, but often she did things she felt impressed to do. Surprisingly, she was granted the opportunity to relate her story.

“She told of an experience she had as a young girl. She and one of her friends, another girl of her age, had been walking together on a beauti-



Isabel, [REDACTED] & [REDACTED] eating at the table in 1967

ful day. They both felt the vigor inspired by the lovely weather and my mother's friend asked her if she would like to race to a point ahead. Isabel liked the idea and off they went. Isabel reached the chosen point first. The girl was disappointed and said she had not run as fast as she could and that they should run the race again. So they did, and Isabel won again. This time the girl said to her, 'I hate you. I never want to see you again.' My mother thought for a moment, realized what had happened, and said, 'You know, I think we should run one more time.' The girl was upset and did not want to, but finally she agreed. This time you know who won. It was not Isabel! As the two stood at the finish to catch their breaths, the girl turned to my mother and said, 'Oh Isabel, I love you!'

"My mother sat down and the meeting resumed. There was a completely new tenor to the meeting, delegates smiled as they reconciled

their differences, an accord was struck, and the meeting concluded."⁹⁴

A Soft Voice

Isabel was known for her soft voice, and peaceable demeanor. "I never heard her raise her voice," [REDACTED] wrote. "When she wanted to get my attention from a distance, she had a clear little whistle in which she would whistle two notes, alternating between one high pitched, the second low pitched. It wasn't especially loud, but it was unique and I could hear and recognize it at long distances, and would immediately come to see what she wanted. She never argued with my father, me, or anyone. If there were a time in which she could see that the emotions of a discussion could turn heated, she would ask if we would each take a turn and express our thoughts without interrupting anyone else. Then we would do so, and we would keep going around



Monroe & Isabel Smith about 1966



Monroe & Isabel in front of their home on Bobolink

until all had said all they wanted to. By the time we had all spoken in quiet tones, the correct solution or position would seem to be apparent. If not mutually agreed upon, at least we understood each other and were still friendly one to another. It was most peaceful to be around her.

“My dad would often bring people home to join us for a meal, and often to spend the night, or for several days. Mother always made them welcome and was happy to feed and house them. But with all her goodness and kindness to others, I remember that I felt she loved me. She once told me how handsome I was. No one had ever told me how I looked before. I was quite shy and felt that I was not good looking. I knew she told the truth and that one little gesture greatly increased my self-confidence. She expected a lot from me and that helped me to try to rise to her expectations.”⁹⁵

Isabel Gets Cancer

In the spring of 1968, Isabel once again faced difficult health issues. In a letter, Monroe wrote the following: “For a long time Isabel has been having cramps and nausea. On April 16, a Berean test and x-rays revealed a block in the colon. An

outstanding surgeon looked at the partial obstruction and said he would remove it.

“Last Wednesday Isabel finished her health program of walking, biking, and being on juices. Thursday she went to the Bethesda Hospital in Boynton Beach. Her weight was 108 pounds. Friday she was in the operating room from 9 a.m. till noon. The doctors removed 30 inches of her colon and found her tumor was malignant. The surgeon told me immediately afterwards that he felt sure he had taken out all the cancer. She went into the recovery room for four hours, and then went into the intensive care unit for two days and nights where she was fed intravenously.”⁹⁶ “Isabel’s spirit is remarkable and everything points to a complete recovery with all normal physical functions. Doctors and nurses agree her recovery is fast, constant, and excellent.”⁹⁷

While in the ICU, ██████ visited Isabel and recalled sitting next to her bed holding her hand



Monroe & Isabel in front of Bryson City property in 1967



Monroe Smith about 1965

as she was asleep. As she slowly began to awaken, she looked into ██████’s eyes and with great effort began to whisper to her youngest son. At first, ██████ could not understand her and he reluctantly asked her to repeat herself. With renewed effort, and great difficulty, she again slowly, but resolutely said to him: “I have been in the hands of the Lord.”⁹⁸

Monroe Retires

About three years later, in January of 1971, Monroe was diagnosed with prostate cancer. On February 3, Monroe had an operation to remove the cancer; however, the cancer had already begun to metastasize to other parts of the body, including the bones.⁹⁹ The doctors gave Monroe less than three years to live. After his surgery, Monroe continued teaching school in Delray Beach until June 1971. Because Monroe had turned 70 in January, Florida state law required him to retire. That year they sold their Florida home on Bobolink and spent their last summer

in Bryson City before selling the property. By December, they sold the land and moved to Benjamin Hill, Mexico, where Stephen and Mila had been living.

What Christmas is All About

While in Mexico, only days before Christmas, Isabel was home all alone when three young Mexican men came to her home asking for 'monee.' "They made themselves at home," Monroe later wrote, "taking off layers of old, damp clothes and hanging them on the bushes, peering into the shed and helping themselves to water. Then they came up to Isabel, who admitted to being frightened at first. And why not? She couldn't get out of the locked gate; she couldn't lock herself in the tool shed; so she sweetly faced them asking questions in her 'poquito' Español. She learned they had spent the last three nights in a ditch nearby, had eaten nothing for days, and had been driven away by the police. One had a hacking cough and seemed weak and feverish. Isabel drew pictures, described our family, made a map of North America, told them she would like to help, but doubted if she could. The sick boy kept pointing into the open door of the

tool shed, at the bed, the chairs, the 'comforts,' clasping his hands and saying 'bonita casa,' evidently wanting to move in. Isabel grew more and more distressed at his real need and kept saying to herself: 'I was a stranger AND YE TOOK ME IN.'" Monroe continued, "When I returned I was startled, talked with them another half hour, and took the trio to Michael Angelo, our neighbor, who speaks both Spanish and English. After a brief talk with the men, he sent them off. I walked with them a distance and gave them all the pesos I had. As far as I could gather, Michael told them we were not wealthy Americans and couldn't help them. This troubled Isabel particularly, but his reply to her was: 'There will be hundreds of such people coming through Benjamin Hill this winter for it is like this all over. Mine is a poor country with work and food for only a small percent.' We left heavy hearted.

"When Isabel asked me to drive her around Benjamin Hill last evening it turned out that she was sorrowing for the three men, hoping, by lucky chance, we might find them. Finally, Isabel said in a small voice, 'You know, if one were to live here I think the ranch would have to be a sort of 'Tivoli' or 'Hull house,' where people could



Isabel in Mexico with a young family in 1958



Monroe Smith about 1970

work for a meal and sleep on pads on the floor.' This may not be the best idea, but it seems more 'Christmas' than all the poor tinsel and holy pictures and less hopeless than simply saying with Michael Angelo: 'There is nothing that can be done.'

"We did not find the three men but we knew again what Christmas is all about—it is loving and caring and sharing. It is brotherhood that claims our very lives."¹⁰⁰

Cancer Takes Monroe's Life

As Monroe's condition with cancer worsened, Isabel and Monroe decided to return to the States in March 1972 to visit ██████ and ██████ in Colorado. After a short visit they returned to Mexico until May when they again left Mexico and traveled to Dodgeville, Wisconsin to live in a trailer. By November 1972, they returned to Delray Beach, Florida to live with Betty. Though

Monroe's cancer had spread to his bones he still had hope and would not give up on living. "Every morning at about 6:00 he rode a bicycle to the beach, about one to two miles away, but he was in constant pain and the effort left him exhausted for the rest of the day.

"The last week in November he went to the Bahamas to see a doctor there about a reputed cancer cure, but remained only five days. Then the doctor in the Bahamas telephoned Isabel to say that he was putting Monroe on an airplane and sending him home. The miracle drug did not work and he was in a bad way—he should be met by an ambulance and taken to the hospital for blood transfusions. He was in the hospital three days and then insisted on going home, where he went downhill very rapidly."¹⁰¹

While at the hospital in the Bahamas, Monroe wrote his last letter to Isabel, expressing his love: "My darling sweetheart Isabel, someone said this week Thursday was Thanksgiving. Every day to me is Thanksgiving. I lay in bed at 6:30 this morning thinking how thankful I am



Isabel Smith in 1977

for so many things. One is that I can walk. I am especially thankful that after almost half a century I can call you sweetheart and know you like to have me. I told (the doctor) about you, how I rushed across New Jersey to meet you the first time, how I tried to date you but you were tied up every evening till Sunday, and so I dated you to go to church Sunday. I told him of how quickly I proposed to you and what a marvelous wife you have been all these years. God bless you angel sweetheart. I love you every minute, Your Monroe."¹⁰²

On December 8, 1972, Monroe lost his fight against cancer and died. "This is written in strange and sad retrospect." Isabel wrote, "None of us could believe in the devastating illness that ravaged Monroe's indomitable spirit. All he lived and spoke and wrote was as optimistic as though we were the invalids and he the person of abounding health. Even I was deceived by his amazing vitality and unaware of his true condition.

"About three years ago Dr. Rife of the Mayo Clinic had given him only three years to live. But Monroe had immense courage and faith that



Betty & Isabel in 1981



Isabel blowing out candles at her 84th birthday, granddaughter [redacted] looks on

he could overcome his illness. He pushed himself incredibly. It was, however, a losing battle, fraught with terrible suffering...

"Just before Monroe left us, when he was unable to turn or move, he spoke. His words were, 'I think ... I'll ... go to the beach.' How characteristic of his spirit! Prophetic too, perhaps, of breasting great breakers on some far shore, more vast, more lovely than life.

"Monroe has gone. With his loss, we rededicate ourselves to the love of the world and the love of mankind. These lie at the heart of all his work."¹⁰³

Isabel Departs This Life

After the loss of Monroe Isabel wrote, "It is a sad time of decisions and loss that I face—homeless, husbandless, alone—I didn't know I'd face all this so soon."¹⁰⁴ Over the next ten years Isabel moved in with loving family and friends who could help care for her in her deteriorating health. For about a year, she lived in Austin,

Texas with her oldest grandchild [REDACTED]. She then moved to Apache Junction, Arizona for about one year. There she stayed in a lovely trailer park near a dear friend, who had invited her to help promote a WILPF (Women's International League for Peace and Freedom) Mesa Branch, and obtain donations for adopting Vietnamese orphans. Next, she moved to Prescott, Arizona to live near Stephen and Mila. Isabel then lived with her daughter Betty and granddaughter [REDACTED], in Winchester, Virginia for almost four years.

In August 1981, Isabel moved to Boulder, Colorado where she lived with her granddaughter [REDACTED]. Then from June to December 1982 Isabel lived with a friend of [REDACTED] who lived only a few blocks from his home in Arvada. [REDACTED], another granddaughter, stopped by twice a day to help bathe, feed, and assist her in any way. [REDACTED] recalled how frail and thin she was, and remembered that grandma always wanted the same thing for breakfast: slightly burnt toast, with oatmeal and raisins.¹⁰⁵



Last known picture of Isabel, with author and grandson, [REDACTED] in February 1985




Tombstone for Monroe & Isabel Smith in the Arvada Cemetery

In January 1983, Isabel moved in with a friend of ██████, who lived in Boulder, Colorado. Isabel stayed there until the fall of 1984, when ██████ returned from Boston when she heard that her grandmother had been diagnosed with the ‘dwindles’ and it was thought she would live only a few more weeks. During this time, Isabel also stayed with ██████, ██████, and their five children for about five weeks in the beginning of 1985. While living with ██████, Isabel’s health slowly began to improve when she started swimming therapy at a local rehab swimming pool.¹⁰⁶

On April 18, 1985, Isabel was changing into a swimming suit to attend her swimming therapy. While sitting on the edge of her bed, Isabel slipped to the floor, and broke her hip. She was immediately taken to the Boulder Community Hospital where she was given a strong dose of Demerol and Phenergan for pain. Isabel’s body was overly sensitive to the medication causing her heart to stop. Within a few minutes the doctors resuscitated her, however, this cardiac arrest led to pneumonia. After this, Isabel was never the same again, being very lethargic and mostly unresponsive. Despite her condition, after one

week with no improvement, the doctors operated on her broken hip. The operation was successful, however, Isabel never recovered from the pneumonia. Very early in the morning of May 3, 1985, Isabel peacefully passed from this life, being reunited with her beloved Monroe, and the God she loved. Isabel was 86 years old, and was survived by three children, Betty, Stephen and ██████, and thirteen grandchildren.

Isabel co-founded two worldwide organizations, taught hundreds of students, influenced the lives of thousands of youth around the world, and greatly loved and cared for her family. She left over 800 known pieces of art, penned numerous poems, and left a wonderful legacy. She lived what she wrote and sketched, by serving those around her in countless ways. Though she created numerous beautiful works of art (most of which she gave away) her greatest work of art was the work and love that she gave to the many around her. She once wrote, “Spreading God’s love every day is the best way we know of helping people.”¹⁰⁷ Engraved in stone on her and Monroe’s tombstone is the simple, yet powerful single word, “Peacemakers.” 



8.2 Love shines
1939 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching

(Chapter page)
8.1 Peace on earth
1944 *AYH Knapsack*
Zinc etching



**IN HEARTS TOO YOUNG FOR ENMITY,
THERE LIES THE WAY
TO MAKE MEN FREE**

**WHEN ALL OUR FRIENDSHIPS
ARE WORLD WIDE**

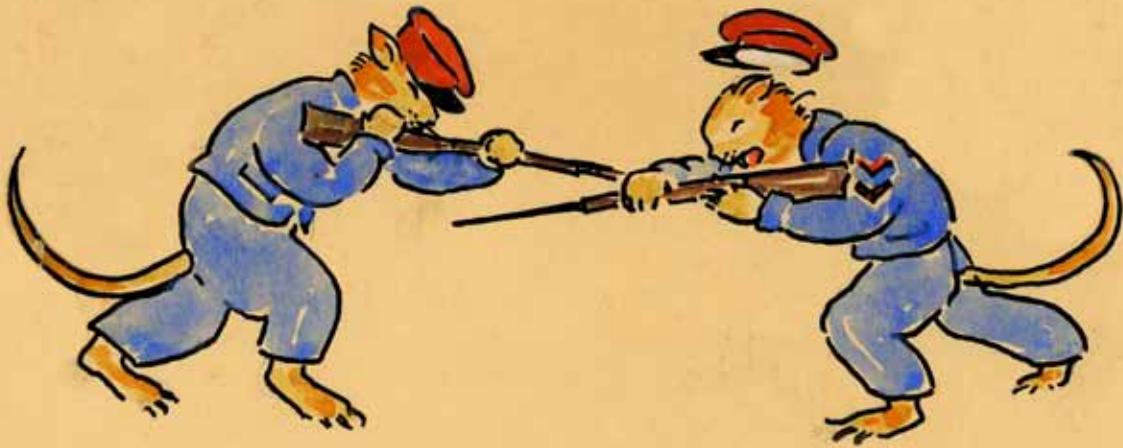
NEW AGES WILL BE GLORIFIED

**LET YOUTH LOVE YOUTH
AND WARS WILL CEASE
DISARM THE HEARTS
FOR THAT IS PEACE.**

8.3 In Hearts too young
Paint on ink



8.4 Shadow of the bomb
Paint on ink

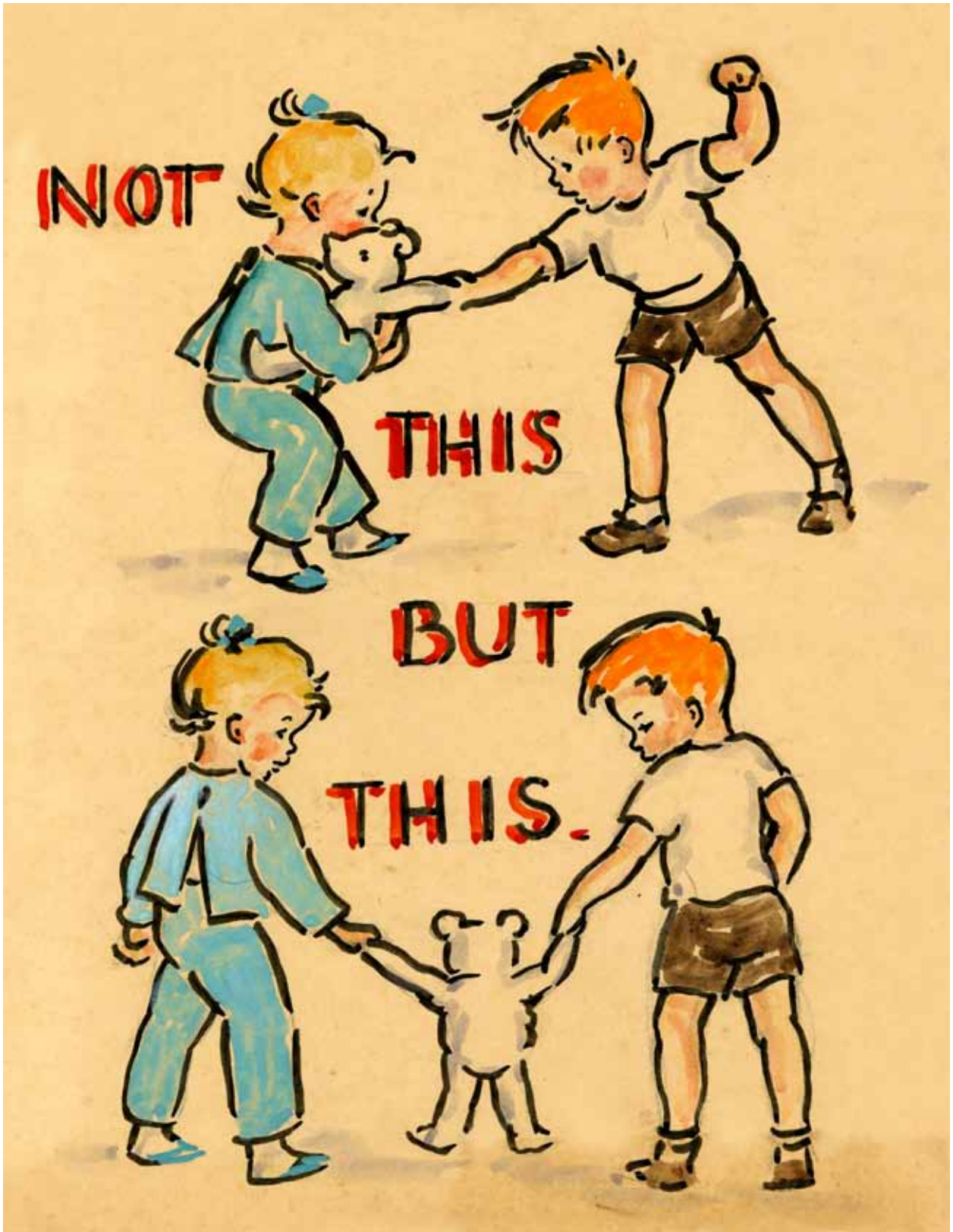


THERE ONCE WERE TWO CATS
OF KILKENNY ;
EACH THOUGHT THERE WAS
ONE CAT TOO MANY .

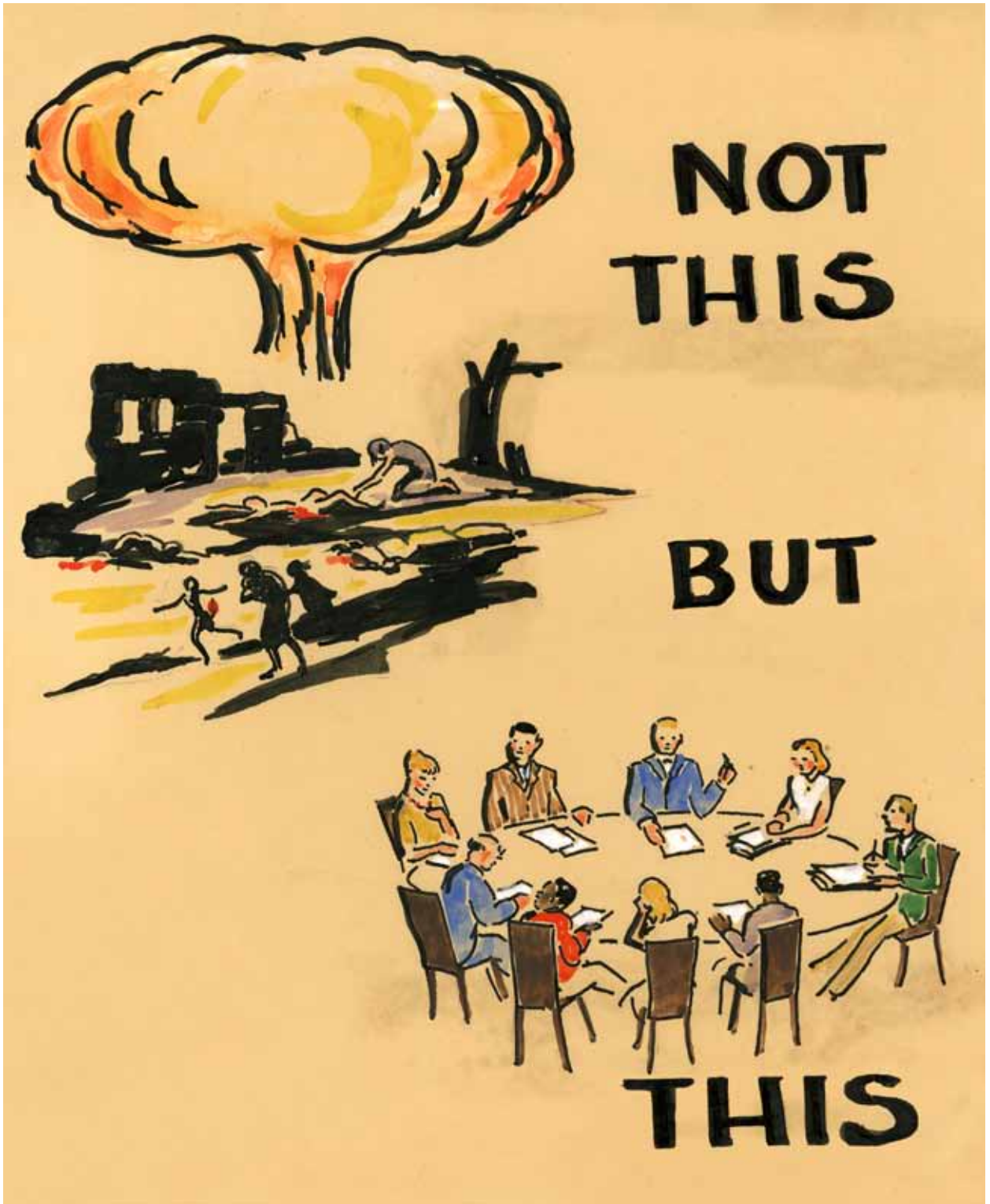
SO THEY FOUGHT AND THEY FIT,
THEY SCRATCHED AND THEY BIT,
'TILL 'STEAD OF TWO CATS -
THERE WEREN'T ANY !



8.5 Two cats of Kilkenny
Paint on ink



8.6 Not this but this
Paint on ink



8.7 Not this but this
Paint on ink

NOT



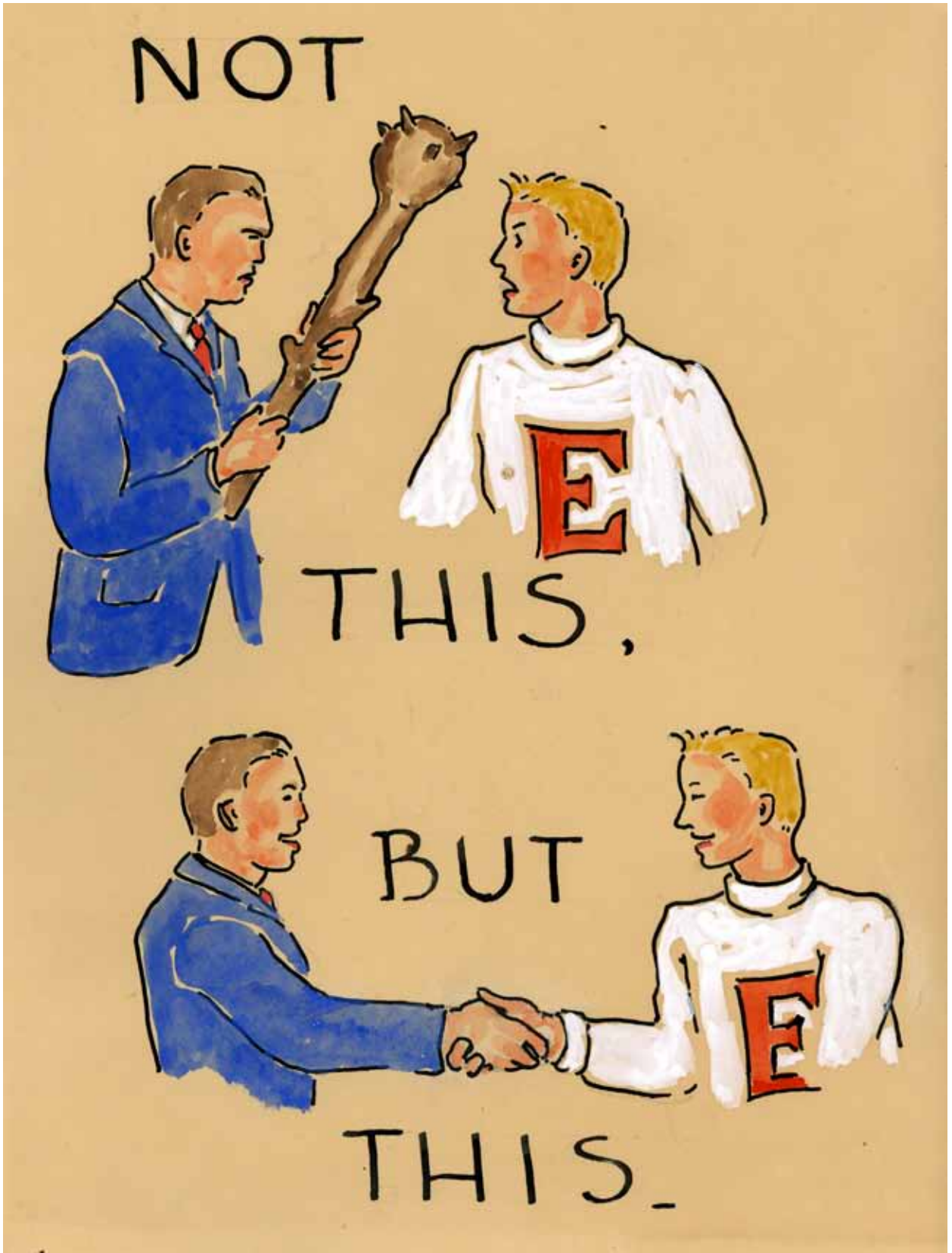
THIS.

BUT



THIS.

8.8 Not this but this
Paint on ink



8.9 Not this but this
Paint on ink

Fallout

Words by Mary Caroline Richards.
Drawings by Isabel Smith.



"Is it raining
mother
dear?"



"No, my child,
the sky is clear."

How can she tell her child at play
The sky is raining every day
On sand,
and swings
and
lollipops;



And poisons everywhere it drops.

WIRE OR WRITE PRESIDENT KENNEDY

PRIORITIES

I planned an ultra modern home,
gay and commodious
But an Asian woman whispered,
"I have no home at all."

I dreamed of a country place
for luxurious weekends
But a young refugee kept saying,
"I have no country."

I decided on a new cupboard
right now
But a child in Haiti cried out,
"I have no cup!"

I started to purchase a new kind
of washing machine
But an African woman said softly,
"I have nothing to wash."

I wanted a quick freezing unit
for storing quantities of food . . .
But across the oceans came the cry,
"We have no food!"

I ordered a new car for the pleasure
of my loved ones
But a war orphan murmured,
"I have no loved ones."

For my own protection
I designed a proper bomb shelter
stocked with food and comforts . . .
Till a thousand desperate voices groaned,
"Shame! Shame! Shame!"

(After Mame Garner Millers *Peace Priorities*.)

May we have such
selflessness
that the world
will turn toward

PEACE.



Sketches and design
by Isobel Smith.

From sketches in an Asian
Refugee Camp.

A



William Penn

good
end

cannot sanctify
evil means, nor
must we ever
do evil that
good may come
of it....





Let us then try what *Love* will do ...
 Force may subdue, but Love gains,
 and he who forgives first, wins ...

William Penn.

(Both pages)
 8.12-8.14 A good end
 Peace card
 Zinc etching



In a period of our
 history marked by
 great stress and
 violence, *William Penn*
 until the time of his
 death, kept a just,
 reliable and friendly
 peace with the
 "savage" Indians.

(This year's design is made from cut paper.)

If one tries to end strife
by strife, there will be
strife for ever.



Forbearance alone
can end strife.
CONFUCIUS.

Thou shalt not kill...
Love your enemies, do
good to them who
hate you. JESUS.



Love all life. BUDDHA
The earth is the Lord's.
PSALMS.

8.15 Peace quotes
Handout
Zinc etching



Let us walk
in His love.

8.16 Walk in His love
Peace card
Zinc etching



if we want a world



we must plant trust and love.



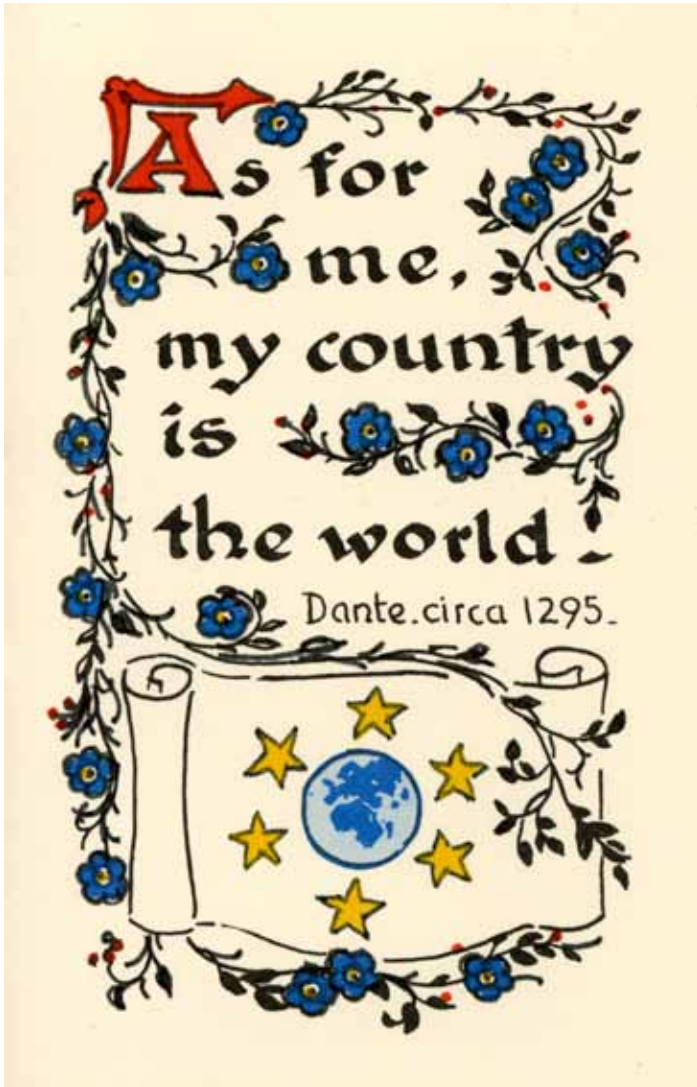
Love will overcome some day.

8.18 Love will overcome
Peace card
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
8.17 Trust & love
abt. 1960 Peace card
Colored pencil on zinc etching

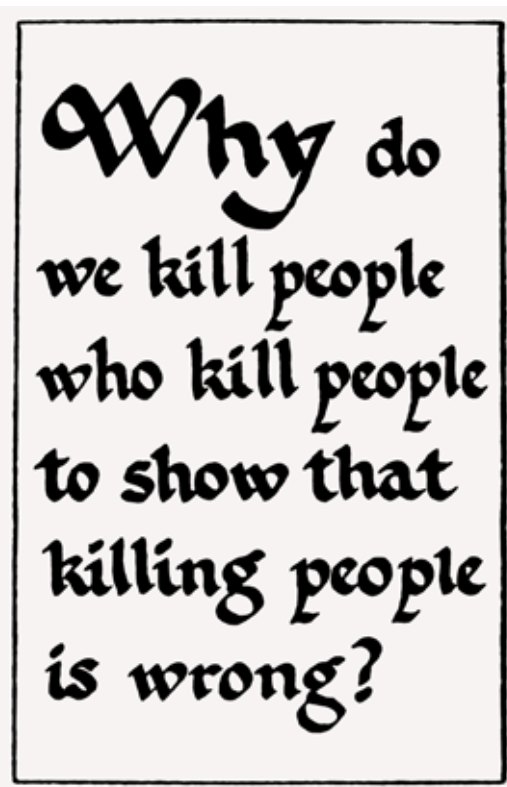
This Christmas card is designed for the Palm Beach County Branch of the *Women's International League for Peace and Freedom*, an organization founded in 1915 by Jane Addams. In 1931 she was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.. Cards may be ordered from the Palm Beach Branch, WILPF, 2910 Bobolink Rd, Delray Beach, Florida.

CARD DESIGNED BY ISABEL SMITH. PRICE, 10 FOR \$ 1.00.



8.19 As for me
Peace card
Zinc etching

8.20 Why do we kill people
Zinc etching





**There is only one child
in the world and his
name is All Children.**

Carl Sandburg.

8.21 All Children
Colored pencil on zinc etching



8.22 Help in Europe
 1947 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching

THE *New* CARE FOOD PACKAGE
 COOPERATIVE FOR AMERICAN REMITTANCES TO EUROPE, INC.

Government-Approved

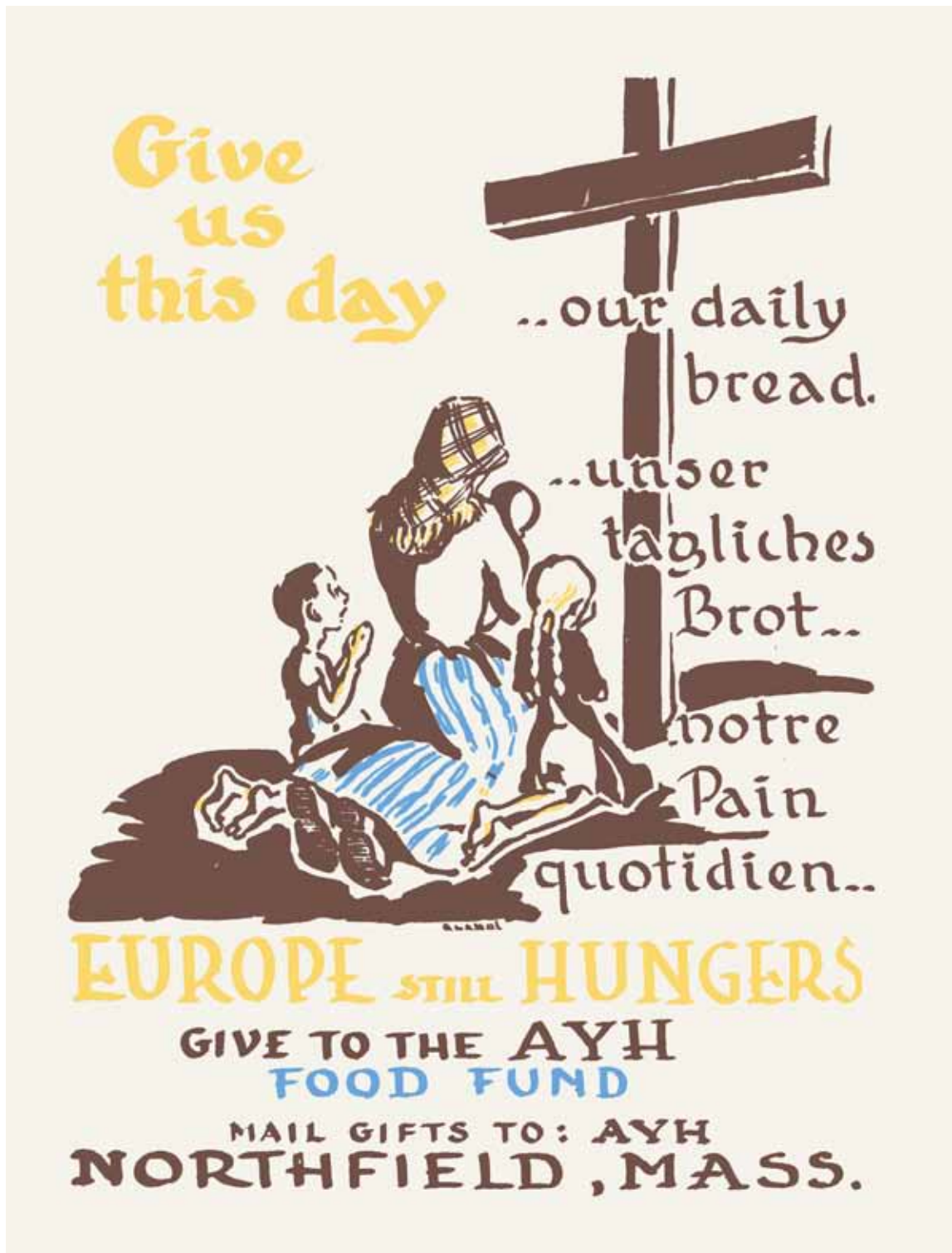
for
ONLY \$10
YOU CAN SEND
21.37 POUNDS
OF FOOD TO
HUNGRY
EUROPEANS

LIST OF CONTENTS

- 1 lb. Braised Beef
- 1 lb. Liver Loaf
- 12 oz. Luncheon Meat
- 2 lb. Shortening
- 2 lb. Sugar
- 1 lb. Apricots
- 1 lb. Prunes
- 7 oz. Flour
- 2 lb. Chocolate
- 2 lb. Dry Wh. Milk Powder
- 8 oz. Dry Egg Powder
- 1 lb. Coffee
- 6 oz. Soap
- 1/2 oz. Yeast

DELIVERY GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

8.23 Food packages
 1947 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



8.24 Give us this day
1948 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



COULD YOU EAT WITHOUT SHARING -
IF A HUNGRY CHILD SAT THERE TOO ?

8.25 Could you eat?
Original 1947 AYH sketch
Ink drawing



8.26 Poor child
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

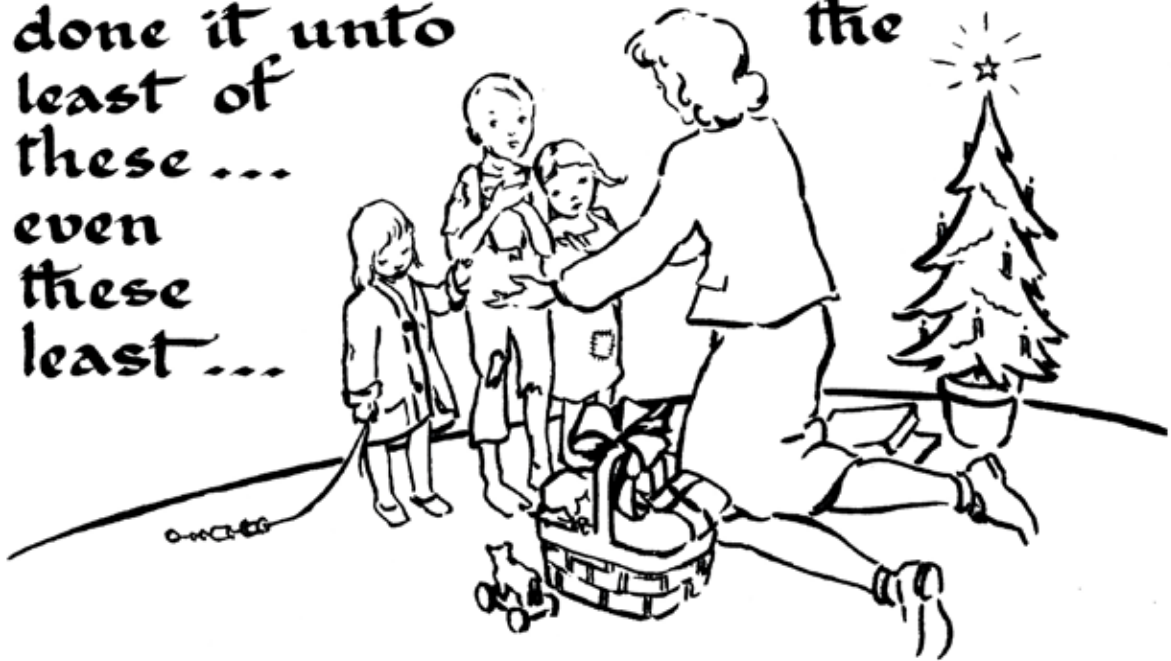


8.27 For a safe tomorrow
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



8.28 Poor children
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

Inasmuch as ye have
done it unto
the least of
these ...
even
these
least ...



8.29 The least of these
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

8.30 Blessed are the merciful
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

Blessed are
the merciful.

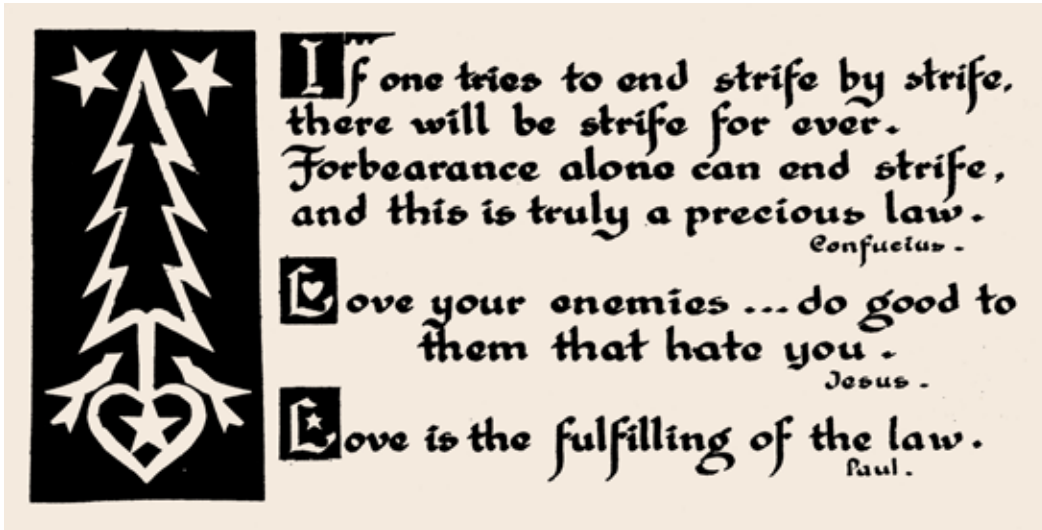




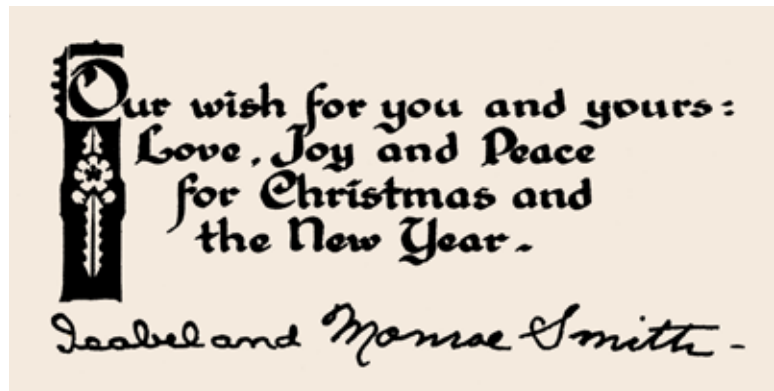
Deep in my heart I do believe,
Love will overcome some day.



8.31 Deep in my heart
Peace card
Zinc etching



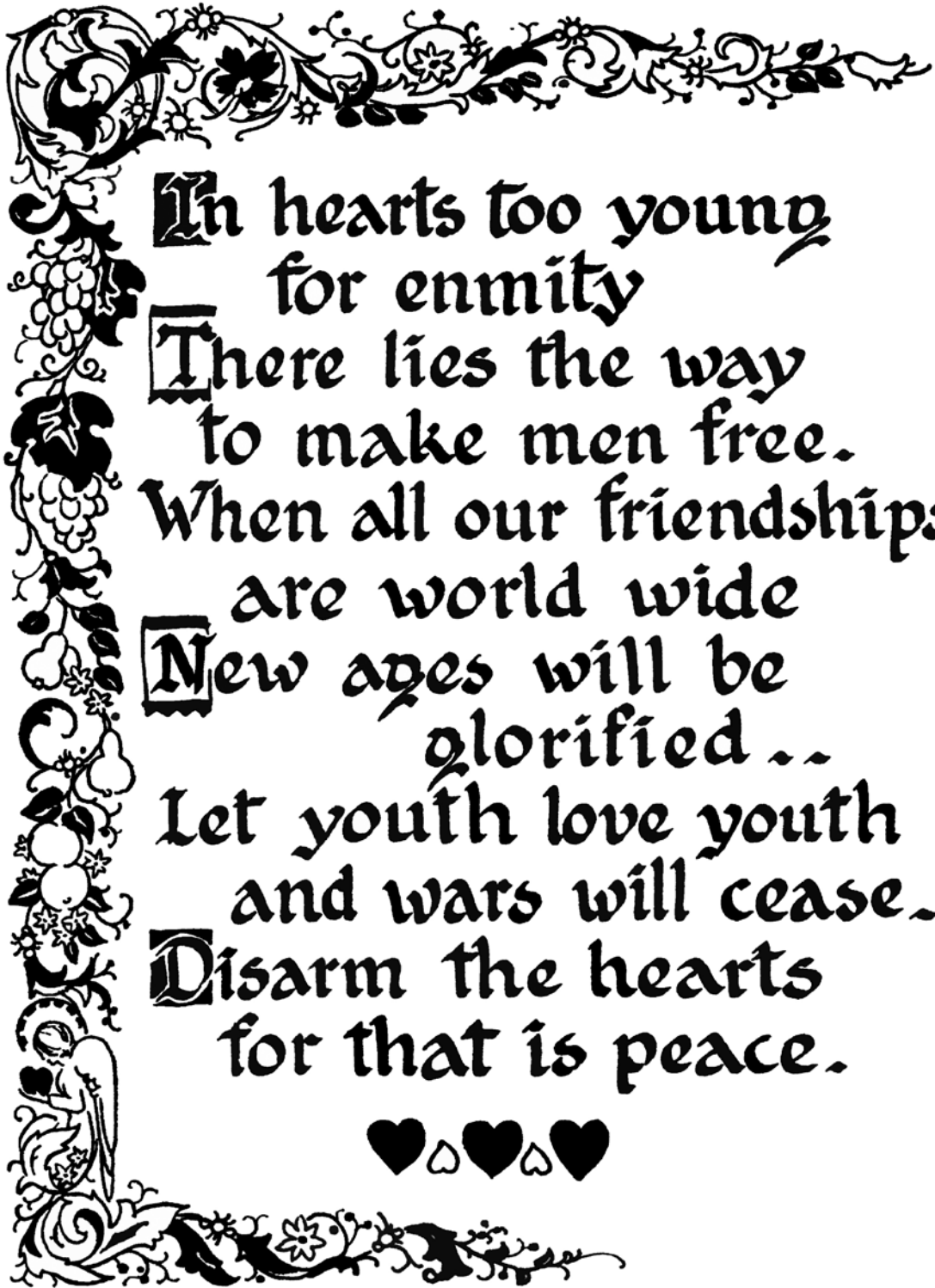
8.32-8.33 Christmas wish
Christmas card
Zinc etching



8.34 Christmas cheer
Christmas card
Zinc etching



8.35 Christmas cheer
Christmas card
Zinc etching



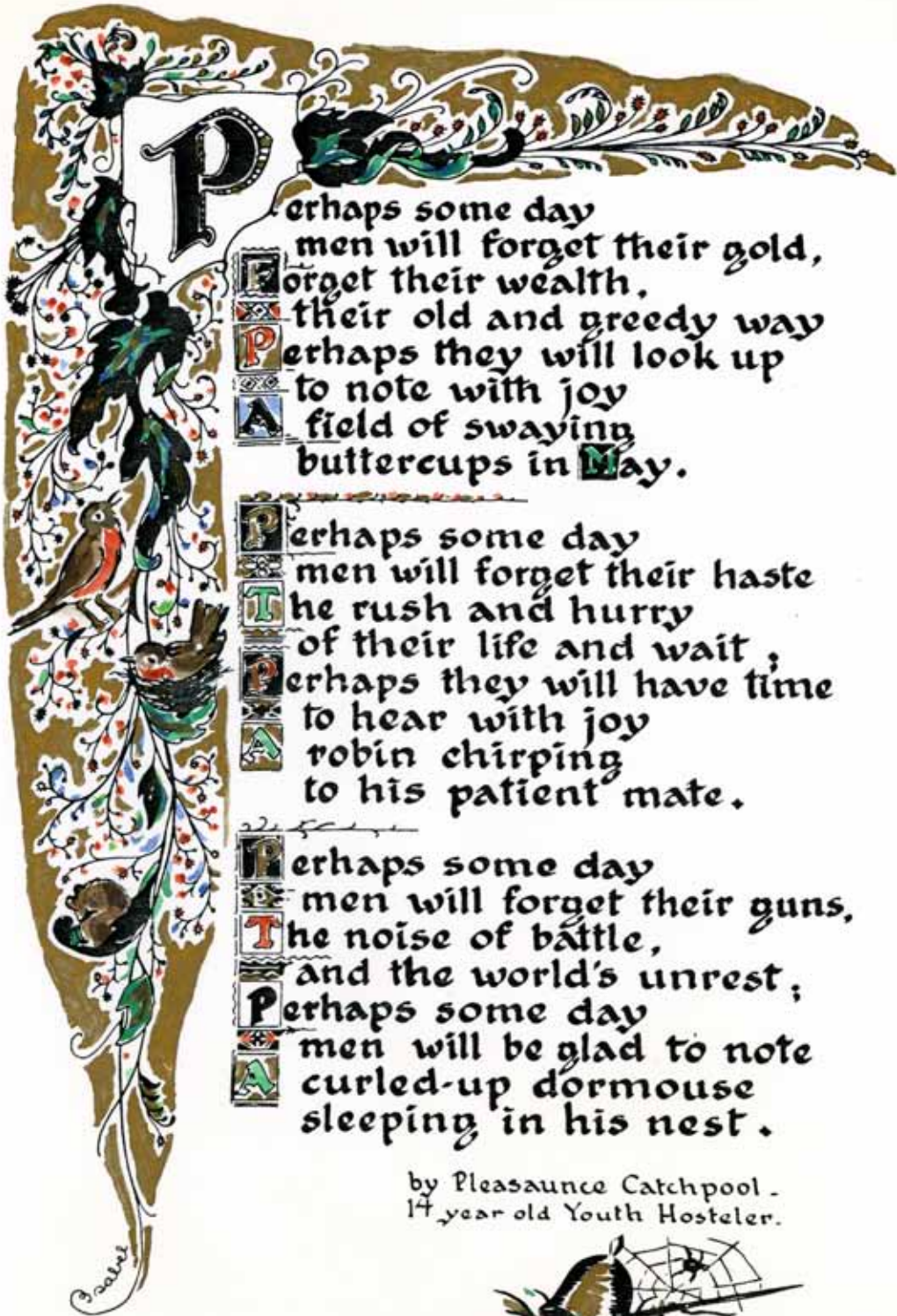
In hearts too young
for enmity
There lies the way
to make men free.
When all our friendships
are world wide
New ages will be
glorified..
Let youth love youth
and wars will cease.
Disarm the hearts
for that is peace.



8.36 In hearts too young
1941 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



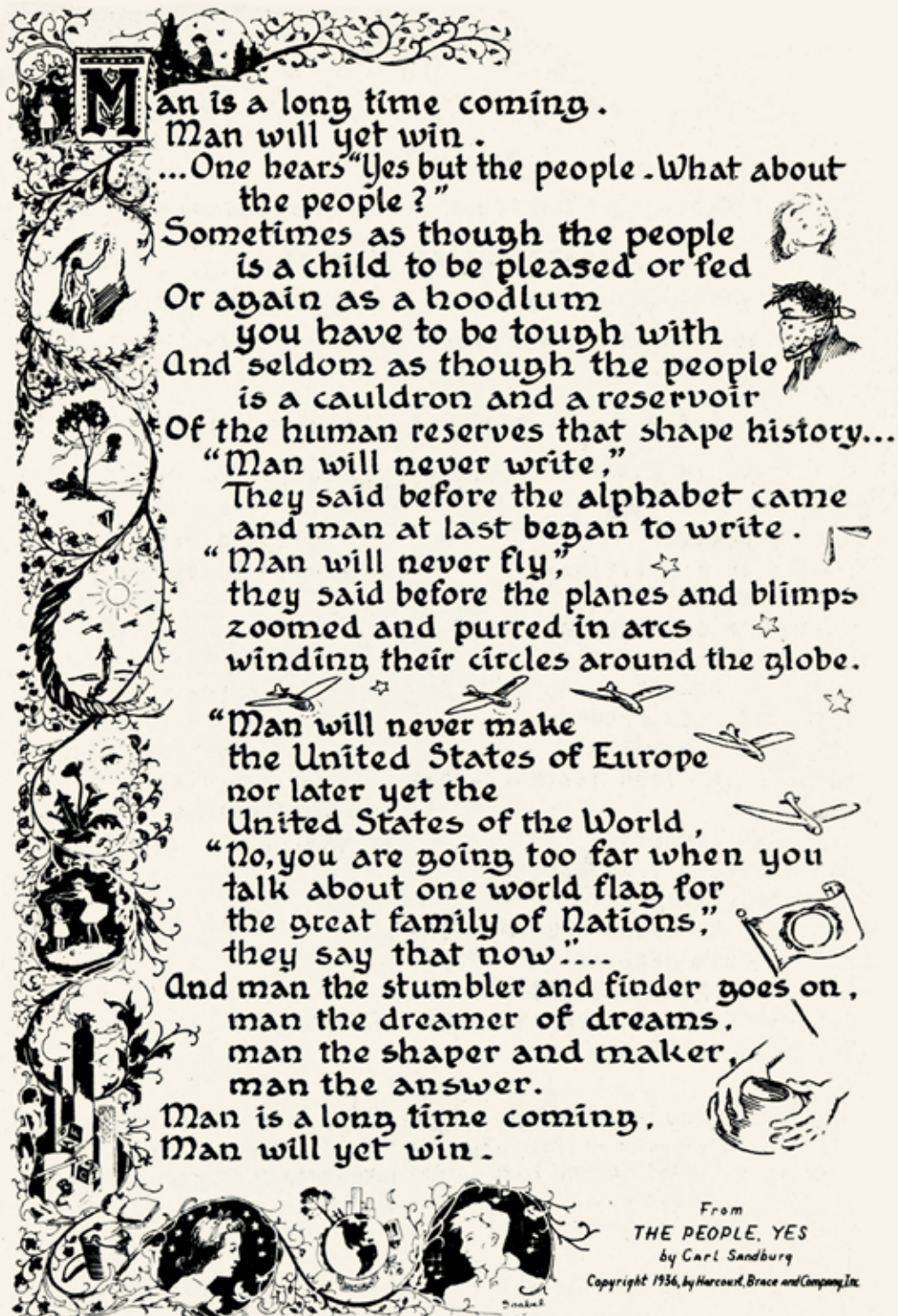
8.37 Two shall be born
1948 AYH Knapsack
Watercolor on zinc etching



by Pleasaunce Catchpool -
17 year old Youth Hosteler.



8.38 Perhaps some day
1941 AYH Knapsack
Paint on zinc etching



8.39 Man is a long time coming
 1948 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching



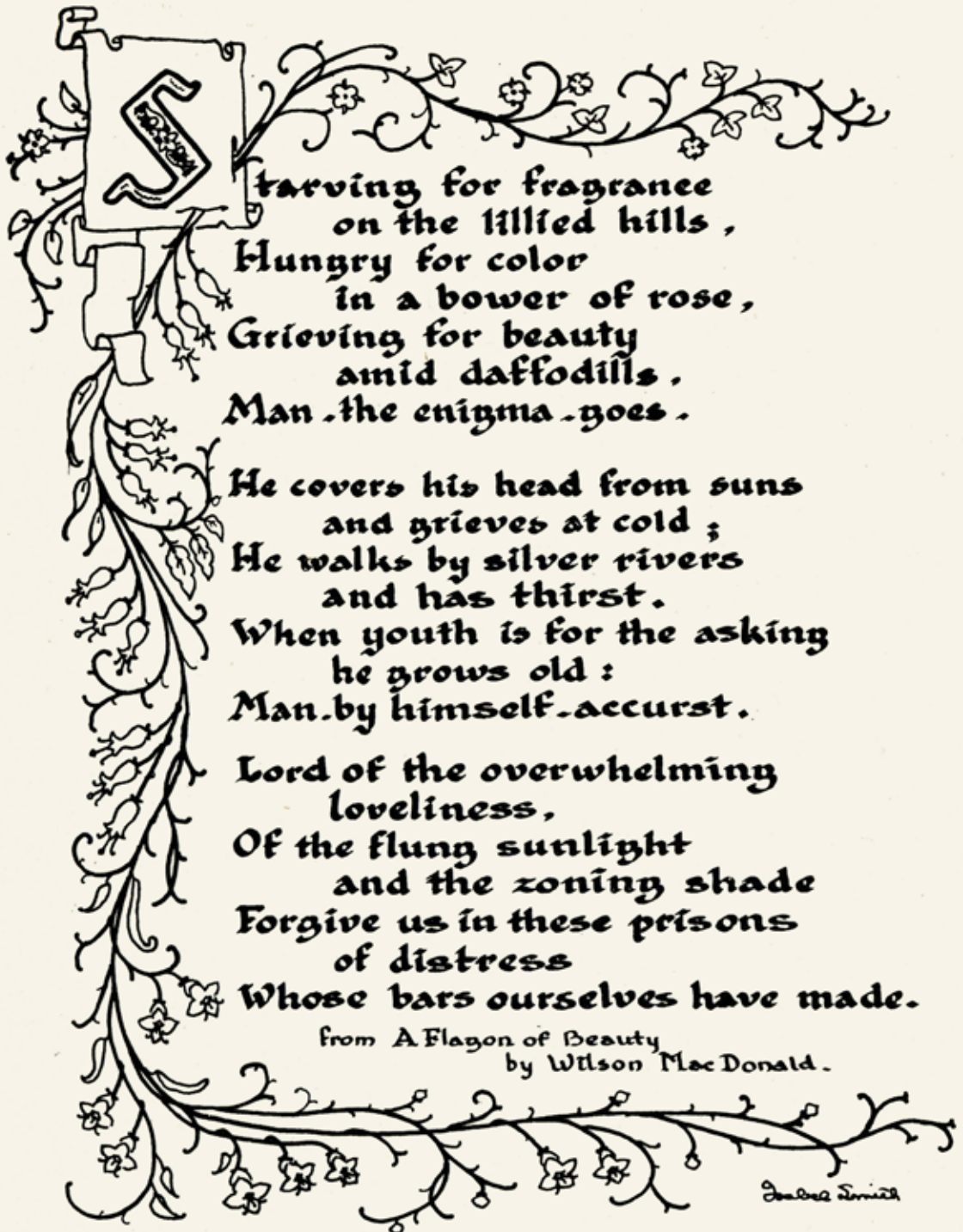
“**H**e abused me,
he beat me,
he robbed me”
in those who
harbor such
thoughts hatred
will never die.

“**H**e abused me,
he beat me,
he robbed me”
in those who do
not harbor such
thoughts hatred
will die.

For hatred does
not cease by hatred.

Dhammapada.

8.40 Hatred does not cease by hatred
1945 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



Starving for fragrance
on the hillied hills ,
Hungry for color
in a bower of rose ,
Grieving for beauty
amid daffodills ,
Man .the enigma .goes .

He covers his head from suns
and grieves at cold ;
He walks by silver rivers
and has thirst .
When youth is for the asking
he grows old :
Man .by himself .accurst .

Lord of the overwhelming
loveliness ,
Of the flung sunlight
and the zoning shade
Forgive us in these prisons
of distress
Whose bars ourselves have made .

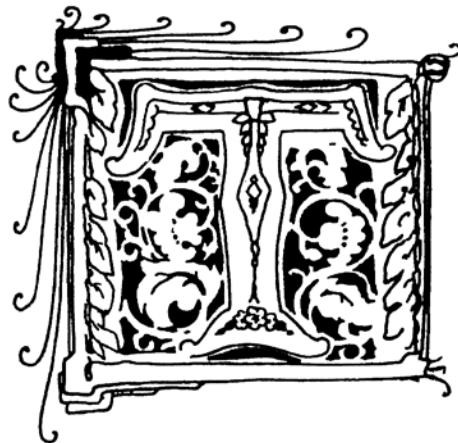
from A Flagon of Beauty
by Wilson Mac Donald .

James Smith

8.41 Starving for fragrance
1947 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

CHAPTER 9

ILLUMINATED WORKS





9.2 Memory book
Youth Argosy Minutes Book
Watercolor

(Chapter page)
9.1 Letter T
Zinc etching



Sunlight

God sent the snow,
And then the showers;
And then He made
The little flowers .-||-||-



The earth is sweet with blossoms now
And it was very drear ;
We can not understand and yet
His love we must not fear.

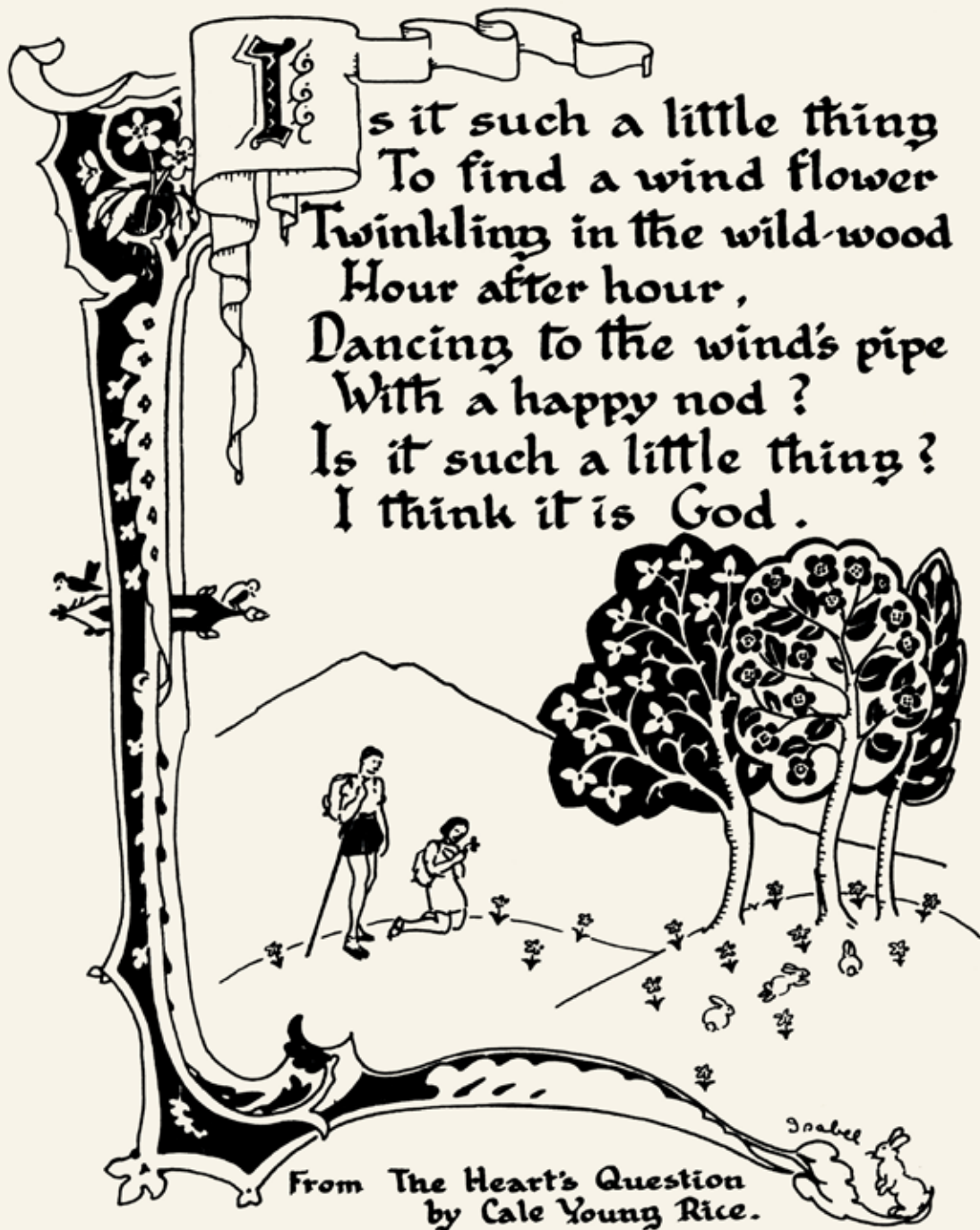


Tho' there come griefs
And weary hours,
He will at last -||-||-||-
Send peaceful flowers.



Isabel Bacheler.

9.3 Sunlight
Pre 1929 print
Zinc etching



9.4 It is such a little thing
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



9.5 Dandelion blossoms
1938 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



Now spring is coming
Our hearts are homing
Where winds are combing
The hemlock boughs.
Hither and yonder
Freely we'll wander,
All that we ponder
A green wind sougths.

Another turning
We must be learning
Our thoughts concerning
With bole and brook,
With sun and rainfall,
Some hidden bird's call,
Companion foot-fall,
The sky's deep book.

Clementine Cullum

9.6 Now spring is coming
1942 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching
(written by Isabel's sister)

(Facing page)
9.7 First breeze of autumn
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



Now, like a rough buffet in my face,
 The first breeze of Autumn,
 Burlily swaggering through
 the blistered streets,
 Lashes my summer-drugged spirit.

From the chill far hills it comes,
 Brusquely jostling down the fruit
 in the orchards,
 Clawing the gay-colored leaves
 from the trees

Ah, breeze of Autumn,
 You are no conqueror to me,
 But brother of my spirit.
 Your rough handshake
 bugles up my laggard self.
 Though you bluster with your chill blast
 I will roar you back from my loved ways.
 Your tempest heartens my soul
 For the keen struggle remaining
 And the glad hard road.

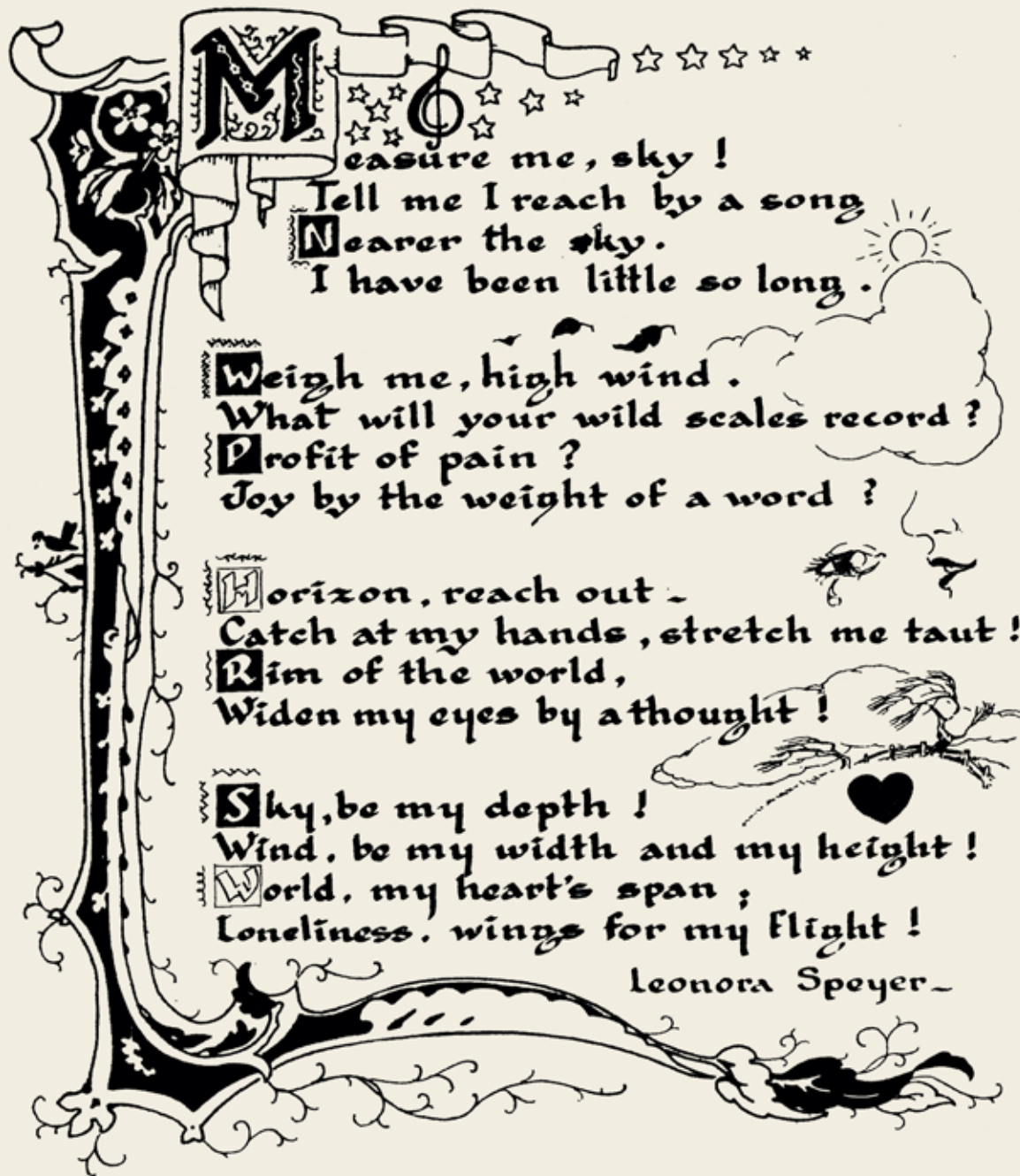
Clement Wood.






DANIFL SARGENT

9.8 Blessed be God
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



9.9 Measure me, sky!
1944 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



Today I have grown taller
from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars
who go softly in a line,
And I think my heart is whiter
for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall
and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird
from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me
to an answer free and fine,
And a sudden angel beckoned
from a column of blue smoke.
Lord, who am I
that they should stoop -
these holy folk of thine?

Karle Wilson Baker

Isabel



**Year, grow slowly
Exquisite, holy
The days go on
With almonds showing
The pink stars blowing
And birds in the dawn.**

**Grow slowly, year,
like a child that is dear
Or a lamb that is mild
By little steps, and
by little skips,
Like a lamb or a child.**

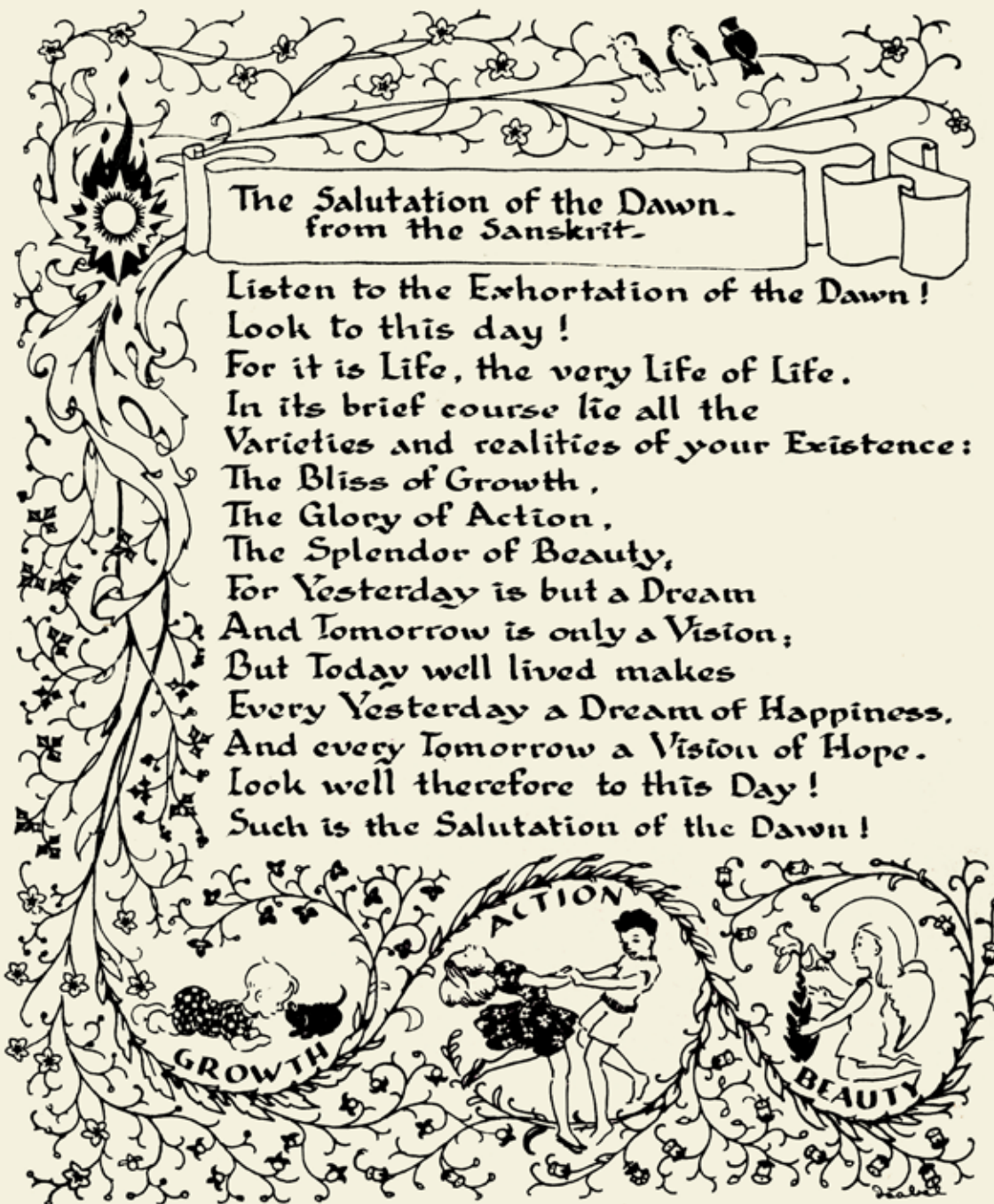
Katharine Tynan



(Facing page)

9.10 Today I have grown taller
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

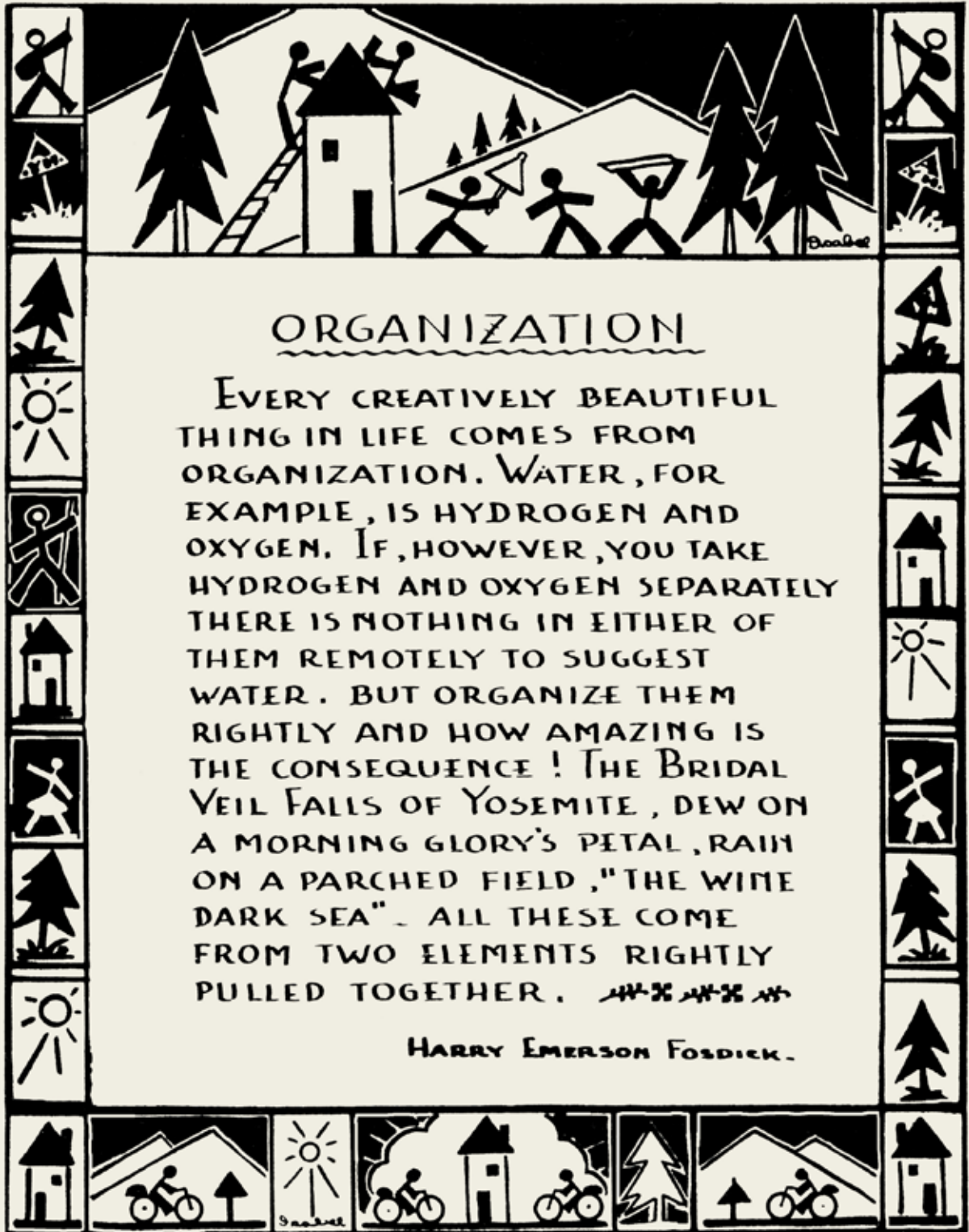
9.11 Like a lamb or a child
1937 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



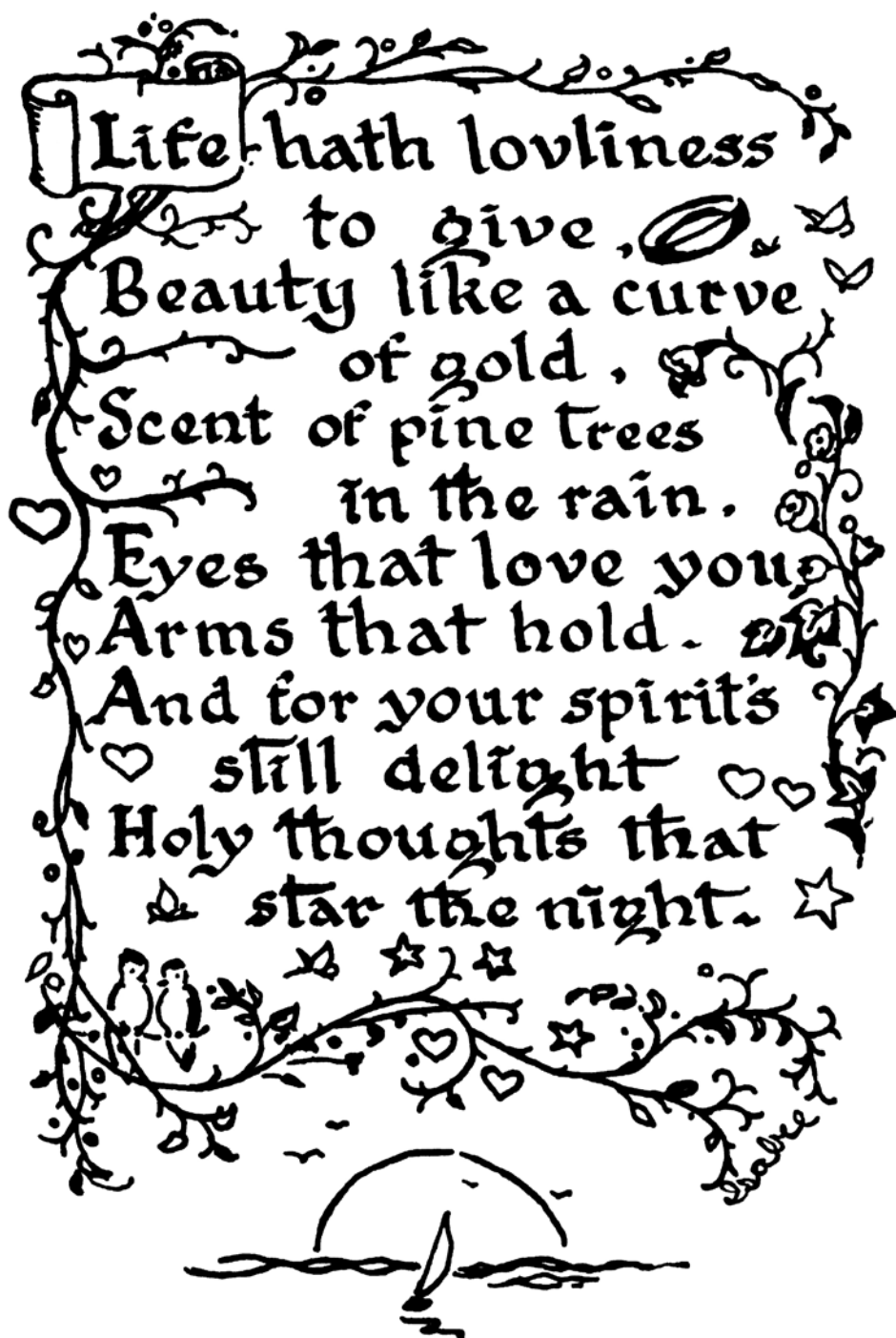
The Salutation of the Dawn.
from the Sanskrit.

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn !
Look to this day !
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and realities of your Existence :
The Bliss of Growth ,
The Glory of Action ,
The Splendor of Beauty,
For Yesterday is but a Dream
And Tomorrow is only a Vision ;
But Today well lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope .
Look well therefore to this Day !
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn !

9.12 Salutation of the Dawn
1945 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



9.13 Organization
1939 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching
(written by Isabel's minister, see page 60)



9.14 Life hath loveliness
Zinc etching

(Facing page)
9.15 God give us a little home
Paint on ink



God give us a little home
To come back to when we roam.
Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colors, rows of books,
Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds upstairs
Where to our hearts' delight
There comes from each a
child's "Goodnight!"



God give us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round,
Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead thy stars, Oh God.
God bless when winds blow
Our little home and all
we know.



Author Unknown.



T

he grass grows slowly up the hill
With faith the torrent cannot kill,
And rocks are rough, but still the clover
The stony fields will yet run over:
And I know nothing that the true,
The good, the gentle cannot do.



W

oodlands that the winters sadden
The leaves of spring again will gladden,
And so must life forever be:
The gentle hands work patiently,
And yet accomplish more forever
Than those too strong, or those too clever.



S

o toils an undiscouraged God
And covers barren fields with sod,
And so must hate and sin surrender
To faith still strong, and love still tender.
And I know nothing that the true,
The good, the gentle cannot do.



Author Unknown.



9.16 The good, the gentle
Zinc etching



Oh little village of the Northern Hills
 Whose lane-girt fields the drowsy
 warm breeze fills ~ ~ ~ ~
 I think of you across the gulf of years
 A bright star in an age of blood and tears ~ ~
 For you have taught me in a world of strife
 To understand the greatest joy in life ,
 The wonder of green grass and leafy trees ,
 The hot noontide, the buzzing of the bees
 Across the joyous carpet of the flowers ,
 A cradle where I dreamed away the hours
 Lulled by the tinkling music of your stream ~

from Le Petite Village by Ulric Nisbet ~

9.17 Oh little village
 1940 AYH Knapsack
 Zinc etching
 (written by Isabel's brother-in-law)

When a ploughman said, Speak to us of Work. And he answered, saying: You work that you may keep pace with the earth and the soul of the earth. For to be idle is to become a stranger unto the seasons, and to step out of life's procession that marches in majesty and proud submission toward the infinite.

Often I have heard you say: He who works in marble is greater than he who tills the soil, . . . But I say that the wind speaks not more sweetly to the giant oaks than to the least of all the blades of grass. And he alone is great who turns the voice of the wind into a song made sweeter by his own loving. Work is love made visible.

And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.



from The Prophet - by Kahlil Gibran.

9.18 Speak to us of work
1940 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching



An old man going a lone highway,
Came to a chasm deep and grey.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him,
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength
in building here.
Your journey will end with the close of day,
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you the bridge to the other side?
The builder lifted his old grey head,
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair lad may a pitfall be.
He too may cross in the twilight dim -
Good friend, I am building the bridge
for him!"



9.19 The bridge builder
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

CHAPTER 10

WRITINGS AND POEMS



TEACHING PATRIOTISM THROUGH ART



Nothing is more patriotic than filling the hearts of young Americans with beauty. It is also one of the highest joys to lead young hearts through the woods of life, helping them, meanwhile, to see the rare beauty that surrounds them. They are so eager, so hurried, so apt to rush madly after some will-o'-wisp gleam of happiness and see, as they stumbled breathless and headlong through the forest, only the tiny twigs that brush or scratch their faces. What happiness it is to check their madly flight and lead them gently through the mysterious aisles, teaching them to see the quivering beauty of each tiny leaf and blade, peering into each shadowed recess and eerie haunt, teaching them to love the tracery of white fern fronds against black forest mould, walking with them on tip-toe, and listening to hear "tree music, sky music low"; and gradually see come into their eyes the light of a soul on fire.

The journey may be long and sometimes tiring but it is always joyous and changing. There is the brook to refresh you, with its "small white flames of tinkling glee," there is the rushing wind that calls to the spirit wind in your own hearts and proves the reality of things that cannot be seen and handled. There are the hills blue and ethereal, to thrill you and call you ever higher, ever farther. And as you look down upon the rocky fields through which you stumbled, the stormy torrents you forwarded, the rough foot-hills you climbed, you see from your height just one continuous stretch of beauty, haze-veiled and lovely.

And how did you take an actual classroom of pupils under the spell of this beauty? You did it at first unconsciously. You discovered with glad amazement a treasure in your own heart, and you gloated over your hoard of gold like a miser. But unlike miser, you did not love hoarding it, and unlike his gold, your treasure only

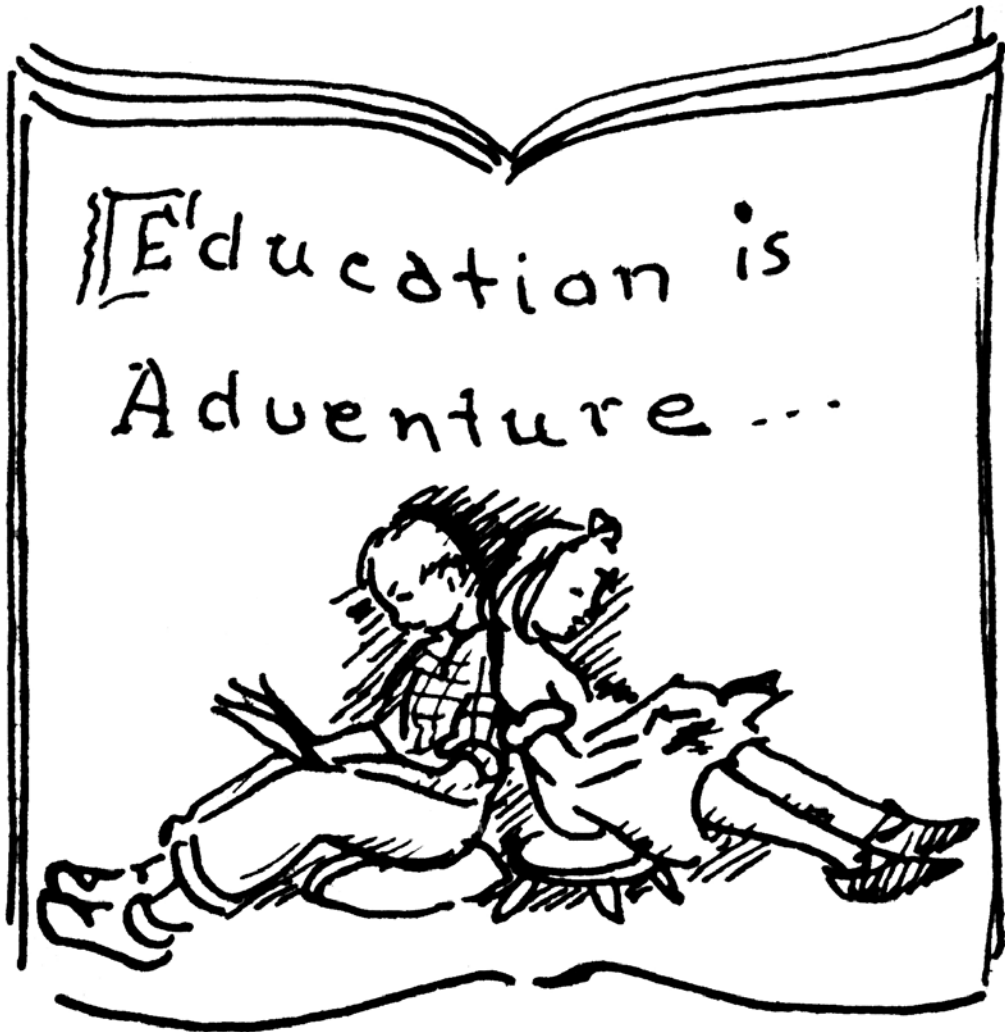
grew the bigger as it was spent. And with hardly knowing how or why, by simply putting your heart into your work, you discovered great rubicund, merry coins rolling all over the classroom floor. Surely here was fare and more to pay the gatekeeper of the fairy forest. And the name of this coin? It is Love.

To teach beauty (which is the responsibility of an art teacher) is to hold before your pupils treasures for them to love. Soon their very power to love expands and grows. What fun to show them the music of rhythm in design and composition. What delight to select such poems for them to letter that their minds unconsciously drink deep draughts of beauty as they do their work. What a pleasure it is to make color for them a vital and important thing. And then at last when you find them all eager to be artists, and where smocks and short hair or flowing neckties and long hair (as the case may be), what joy then to tell them of the real artists, great masters who have left the world true works of Art, and who believed that beauty, in its perfection, could only be expressed if it were lived, and so at last inspire them with the fundamental beautifying of their own souls, and with the sacred privilege of service. "To give, to serve is the greatest thing in the world. That is why the heart of a crowd beats faster when a regiment of soldiers, each ready to make the great sacrifice, passes by."

And do youth think you will find Reds or Bolsheviki in a group of young people filled with love of beauty, love of service? You have had your pupils for four years, the four years of their high school course; they are rich, their pockets bulge with the fairy coin; in their eyes glow the quiet piece of the shadowy forest as they say good-bye. These are no anarchists, but true and loyal patriots, ready to do and dare great things ... This is a big result to work for; it takes your time, your

life, your heart. But it is for your country. Your service could not be more truly patriotic if you are in the khaki uniform of Uncle Sam. And it is so worthwhile! Spread your miser's hoard and watch your heart's treasure grow. Life is "good and fair." Love does "await you everywhere." And

as you stand in your forest, the trees "reaching their leafy arms in prayer," your heart exalted, over the stillness of your soul will come the realization of the greatness of your trust, and with renewed determination you consecrate yourself to your task. ❦



10.2 Education is adventure
Ad for AYH Meredith School
Zinc etching

(Chapter page)
10.1 Boy juggling books
1936 AYH Knapsack
Zinc etching

THE FUN OF A BIG FAMILY



Belonging to a big family is a great deal of fun. As a child I was one of a family of nine: there were father, and mother, Frances, Muriel, Theodore, Robert, Isabel, Christine, and Timmy, the baby. What a great comrade father was!

tance, ducked my head and sped, not stopping until, with one of my catapult assaults, I flung my arms around him and gazed up, over an expanse of strange vest, into the face of—a man I didn't know at all! It wasn't funny until I told mother about it afterwards, then how we did laugh together. I am glad I learned as a little girl the pleasure of laughing at yourself.

No wonder the memory pictures of my childhood are so bright! Perhaps the times that



He would keep very still while I sat on his knee and braided his beard, tying a bit of ribbon to each braid end. Being a short pointed beard, the job was difficult and probably gave father plenty of time to quietly peruse the paper he was reading over my head.

One of my chief pleasures was to run down the street to meet him when he had been away on an afternoon. Once I spied father in the dis-

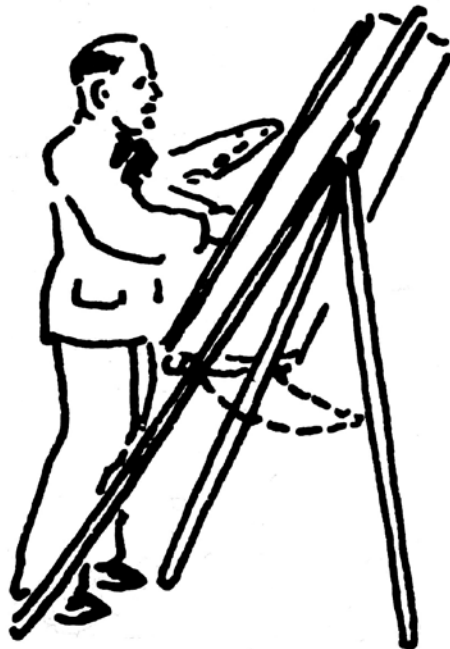


were most fun were the holidays together: good old Gardener's Lake with a mammoth kettle of clam chowder, mother's graham bread, blueberries, and enormous quantities of milk. How the steaming fragrance of the chowder mingled with that of sun-warmed sweet-fern, and the keen breeze from over the lake. Always there were adventures. Timmy, the baby, tumbled into the lake, for example, and was fished out



by Fran with great dexterity and a fish net, while Timmy crowed happily. (The water at the lake's edge on that sunny midsummer day was neither very deep nor very cold.)

Mother baked for us all with a good cheer and determination that we accepted at the time as a matter of course, but which now seems to me miraculous. Always we had homemade bread—not just ordinary bread either. In addi-



tion to whole loaves and plain biscuits it could turn into a pan of birthday biscuits, with folded edges exuding currants and buttery sweetness; or into a cheery bread boy, raisin eyes mocking, broad grin on his puffy face, under mother's deft fingers.

Deft fingers ... a nice possession. When I used to sit on a high stool in Cousin George Inness's studio to watch him paint I used to think that no place in all the world was nicer. All the light in the sky streaming in from the great window on paint tubes, pots of brushes, pictures finished



and unfinished, hanging or stacked against the wall, the big easel with Cousin George before it working silently and swiftly, or in a whimsical mood with much merriment and joking, while the light in the canvas grew and the light from the window faded. I am still very fond of a studio. It was the joy of creating that fascinated me. Since then I have found that one may discover creative joy in many an odd studio, and that a



kitchen is not the least of these. Surely mother herself was an artist, and it wasn't just grinning bread boys that she molded but the hearts and minds of her lively children as well. I thought I was making doll's biscuits as I stood on a chair by mother's side, and perspiringly pressed bits of dough into hard marbles, but mother was molding me instead.

There is, by the way, to be a studio (the kind with paints and an easel) in the barn at Northfield. Someday it may be every hostel will have its studio—some to specialize in creating pictures, others in making gardens grow or in weaving rugs or hatching baby chicks. It is an idea that can be widely expanded. An opportunity to do things makes one feel so at home. That is why those hostels we have ourselves helped create we never can forget.

Adventure, warm comradeship, fun in doing simple things, joy in the outdoors, a happy sense of humor, patience and gentle tolerance, pleasure in work—these were the ingredients that made my childhood days so happy.

A fireplace of course belongs in every home. The one here at Headquarters has already been a warming spot of friendships. Our Knapsack, like our fireplace, is bringing into our circle youth hostellers from far and wide. Increasingly we feel that we are one big family. Being a family I feel free to give you a little motherly advice. You are all planning now for your summer holidays. Let me suggest a few things it would be well to pack up and take along with you! Be sure to take a big appreciation of simple things, plenty of joy in the out of doors, an ample supply of joking—the kind that never hurts, quantities of patience and tolerance to be shared with all, even if some of us don't deserve it, and lastly, joy in your own deft fingers. If you take these with you, you'll discover what fun it is to belong to a big family, the jolly family of Youth Hostellers.

ISABEL



CHRISTMAS IN TORWANG

One of the most Christmassy Christmases I ever knew was in the year that Monroe and I were studying youth hostels abroad. We spent the holidays with Stephen and Betty in a tiny Alpine village. Tall mountains ringed us round, snow lay deep on the narrow roads, trim fir spires of dark green were new plump fantasies of snow:



pert houses had become rounded mounds of virgin whiteness, even the great barns had lost their familiar contours and had become mimic mountains of crystal white against the real mountains that loomed above them.

But it wasn't the miracle of fluffy snow, deeper, vaster than I had ever seen before, that made the season so Christmassy. It was rather the spirit of the village itself. So much of that spirit had seemed a trifle ludicrous when we visited Torwang in the spring. Imagine for instance



believing that birds are holy, that they bring a sort of magic if they nest, oh, anywhere in one's house! Not a single home in Torwang did I enter that spring, but what had at least one cozy family of fledglings, and some had several. Of course, it was a bother having birds in the house: but in Torwang, where one needn't hurry or feel pressed, being bothered didn't matter much.

These Christmas holidays last for weeks, from December 5 (when Saint Nicholas and the Schwarzer Mann come) till January 6, which is "Three King's Day." The three Kings were a sort of magic too. We had an "apartment" with Frau Wagner, a balcony and two little rooms whose windows stare right into the very top of the hoary Hochriss. On the last night of December, little Seppi, Analise, and Paula came solemnly to our door. Seppi carried holy water, Analise a lighted candle, Paula, incense and a piece of chalk! To our amazement they walked silently



thru' the rooms, quietly sprinkling the holy water and marking the lintel of each door with 19MKB33—1933—that I decided was the new year—but MKB? "Melchior, Kaspar, and Belta-shasser the three Kings. It is to keep the, arch fiend from entering here. Not even a small devil

dares come through a door marked with those holy letters.”

It was shortly after this rite had been performed that Seppi saw his angel. The little boy came in from the barn where he had been putting bedding in stalls, with a face of rapturous joy. He had stopped to rest against the wall of hay when all at once the big brown cow had spoken to him, had wished him “Gesegnete Weihnacht.” While he sat there, awe-struck and silent, a light shone beyond the stanchions, a great light, whiter than fire. He could not turn



*Seppi and
the angel.*

his eyes away and at last, in that heavenly brilliance, an angel's wings, a very angel, took shape. “Oh, it was white, whiter than the moonlight, Mother! My eyes could scarcely bear the brightness of it!”

Here I am digressing, and I have skipped entirely the visit of Saint Nicholas, and told nothing of the Christmas festivities at all! Perhaps it is as well, else this will grow too long. But you know, don't you, that the Christmas Child comes there on Christmas Eve? If you put a box of hay by the door, He may rest in it as he passes through the snowy village.

What did we get for presents? Herr Wagner with his own hands had made us skis—a pair

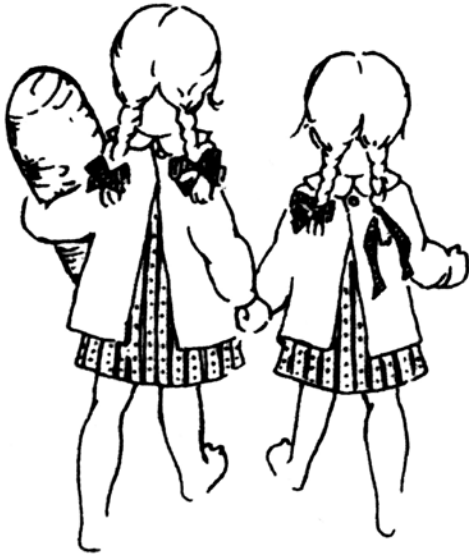
for each of us—long ones for Monroe, tiny ones for Stephen, little ones for Betty, middle sized ones for me. Frau Wagner gave us a lovely gift—



*a loaf of
Christmas
bread.*

a great loaf of Christmas bread stuffed with pears, that she had dried herself, raisins, plums. She came up the stairs all flushed and beaming, the great loaf in her arms. “Frohliche Weinachten!” she held out the loaf. “What is it? Bread?” “Yes, you are surprised? Oh, it is very special, et was besonders,” she laughed merrily. “I think in poor-rich America they have not so wunderbarer Brot. It is so?”

Now as I look back, even the swallow's nests no longer seem funny. I see little Seppie standing at the door to share with Betty and Stephen his handful of cakes and Marzipan. I see that golden brown loaf of bread of dear Frau Wagner's patient making. Again, where slopes are snowy, Herr Wagner's skis will give me wings. I wish now I might have another chance to welcome those confident swallows. Once more I'd like to put out a hay-filled manger for the “Child” at Christmas time! At this distance, the faith of those peasant people, their warm-heartedness make a sort of shining parable of all they did.



A quotation I have long treasured seems to explain something of what I found in Torwang—where the peasants lived by trust and warmth of heart, rather than by coolness of reason.

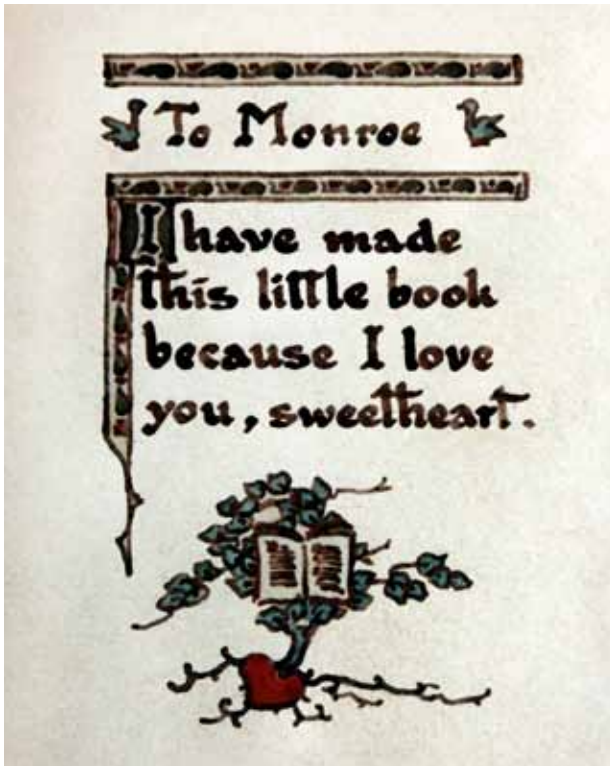
“Where there is great love there are always miracles. One might almost say that an apparition is human vision corrected by divine love. I do not see you as you really are, Joseph. I see you through my affection for you. Miracles seem to me to rest not so much upon faces or voices or healing power coming suddenly near to us from afar off, but upon our perceptions being made finer, so that for a moment our eyes can see and our ears can hear what is there about us always.”

Who am I to scoff at moonlight and children’s dreaming? Who am I to say that Seppie did not see his angel, nor Anaise her miraculous star (which to me was the familiar evening star of winter) on Christmas night? Indeed my Christmas wish for you is that you, too, may have your visions, your miracles and wonders. Mundane reality is only the horny, lesser half of truth. May the angel of loving faith touch our common days and so may we discover life’s starry radiance. ❀❀



St. Nicholas and the black man Gabriel





(Next sixteen pages)
Illuminated poems
Poem book given to Monroe
Paint on ink



How Could We Know

How could we know the downs were grey
And gold at once on a wind blown day?

How funny fat rabbits that tumble –
Altho' we were a mite sorry to
frighten them so.

(We had climbed by a hill that never stops
Past a roof of thatch and a hazel copse.)

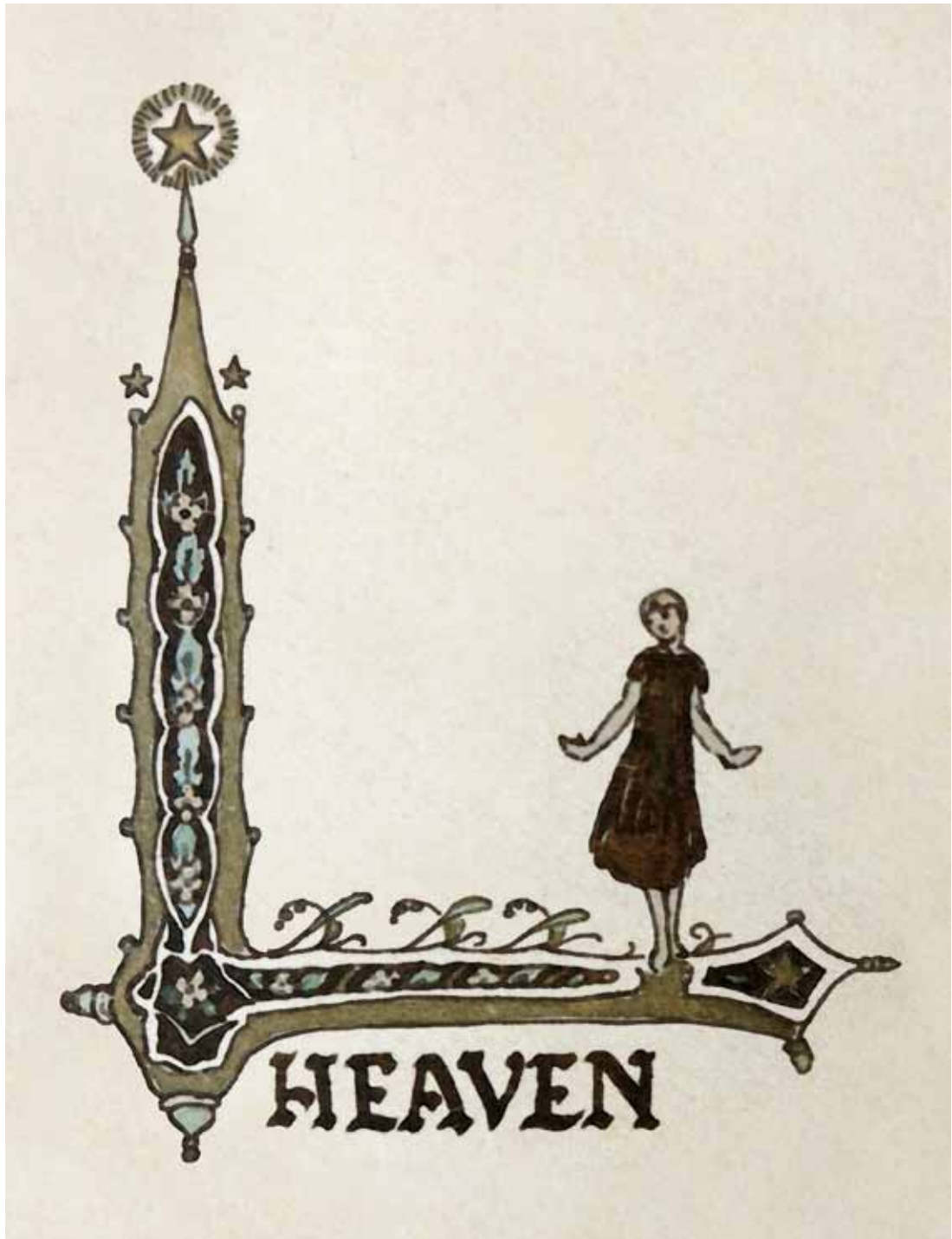
How could we know the sea would lie
A magic strip between downs and sky?

We passed where berries of tawny red
With honey-suckle waved over-head.

We lay in the heather and there were taught
How in the bloom the clouds are caught.

But how could we know all this
Or feel its beauty if no love made it real?





To-day I walked in heaven!
And oh, the sky was blue!
I'd never seen the sky before –
Sky, trees, rocks, hills were new.

The air, as only heavenly air can be,
Was cool and sweet,
I heard low laughter ripple
in the grass around my feet.

I thought at first the sunlight lay
Upon my lifted head,
Then all at once I knew, I knew!
It was God's hand instead.

I've walked the whole day long in Heaven
Thru' golden gleaming light.
Good night dear hills and trees and stars –
Oh God, dear God, Good night!



Because my heart
is full of love
For you, no song
I bring.
With such a weight
of love I think
An angel scarce
could sing.
(But oh, the
dearest little
song
Of tender ecstasy
Would not be




lovely as I'd wish
A song for you
to be!)

Some day I think
that God will help
Me make a song
for you -

A little song of
palest rose,
Of shining gold
and blue.

(A little song, a



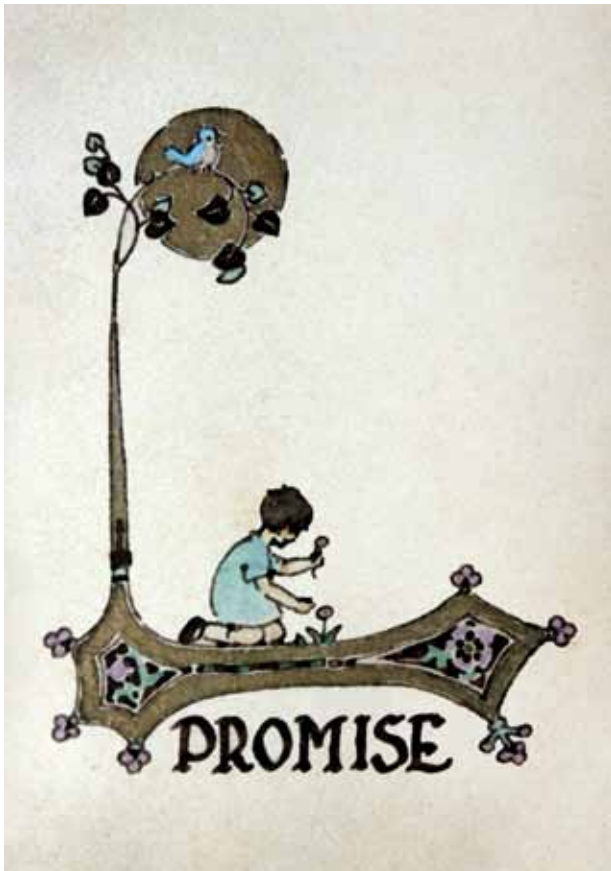
darling song
Of stars and
shining gold
A little song,
a darling song -
Just big enough
to hold .)

Yes some day out
of Paradise
Our little song
will blow,
Called by my love
for you, dear
heart -

Oh it will come
I know!

A little song, a
darling song -
Two starry eyes
of blue,
A downy head
of softest gold
A little song for
you!





God sent
 the snow
And then
 the showers,
And then He
 made
The little flowers.
The earth is sweet
 with blossoms now
And it was
 very dear ~

We can not under-
 stand and yet
His love we 
 must not fear.
Tho there are
 griefs
And weary hours
He will at last
Send peaceful  flowers.





Mother dear, I saw a little angel.
A little baby angel! I did!
Up there where sky is softest,
High over the apple tree. He hid

Mother dear, when I called to you,
In that littlest, softest cloud.
I think perhaps I frightened him
When I called to you so loud.

I could see his eyes so blue!
And a bit of shining hair,

And a tiny round pink cheek—
I could, when he was there.

And Bruce looked too, for I held him up;
And the baby angel saw,
For he laughed a dear little angel laugh
When Bruce waved his paw!

Oh that darling angel, Mother dear,
I love him so! Do you see
The cloud where he hid so quickly,
High over the apple tree?



Papa walked in the door
And said "How it snows!"
He opened his coat and I
Saw a furry nose!

It was a baby puppy.
Papa put him on the floor.
I'd never heard a baby dog
Crying before.

He cried and he shivered
So I knelt by his side,

And put my arms around him.
The kitchen was so wide—
And he was so little...

But now he's made a hole
In my stocking—and he drank
All the milk in his bowl,
And he chewed up my shoe strings
And he chewed my rubber ball.

I guess he isn't homesick
Any more at all.



The New Collar



I have a puppy,
 Bruceie;
 And Bruceie has
 a collar.
 Papa bought it
 for him
 I think it cost
 a dollar.

It has knobs
 and a lock
 And the lock
 has a key
 And the words
 on the collar
 Spell Bruce
 Belongs to Me.
 He's just a baby
 puppy
 He is not big

at all.
 The collar makes
 a lovely belt,
 Because he is
 so small!





To make a wreath around the neck
Of Betty's little dress,
Each leaf is woven of my love,
The wreath is caress—

To build a tiny little house
High in our apple tree,
For that small bird who sings
For us such lilting melody.

To weave a rhyme of homely love
For my dear Pal's surprise,
What depth of tenderness for me
Within his loving eyes!

Wreaths, rhymes and little homes!
I find such joy in making these,

Can God find any more delight
In making stars and seas?

(Betty loves the neck of her little dress—
But it's Betty's neck that I love.)





A Little Prayer for Betty

Gentle Jesu, may I be
A little child like unto Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

Find in my heart,
Tho' it be small,
Love and tenderness for all.

And gentle Jesu, this I pray:
I would be good. I would not stray
From Thee. Oh keep my heart away!

Dusk

Flowers are asleep in the grasses,
Stars are lit overhead.
My glad heart is singing of flowers
and of stars,
I kneel by a dear little bed.

Flowers, I love you! Stars, I know you!
It is but seeming that you are so far.
My lips press the cheek of a
tired little flower,
In my heart shines the loveliest star.



Oh little tune that
teases in my heart
You make my whistling
a weary thing ;

You were so gay, you
were so wild and
sweet,
That dull and dreary
seem the songs
I sing .

A cold raw wind blew
madly from the north,

It stung my cheeks
and whipped my
flying hair ;
A little tree stood
brave against the sky,
And there I found my
tune so debonair .

From that small tree
that frolicked with
the wind
From hills and clouds
and sky I hid me
down ;

With decent steps and
hair beneath my hat,
I faced again the busy
dull voiced town .

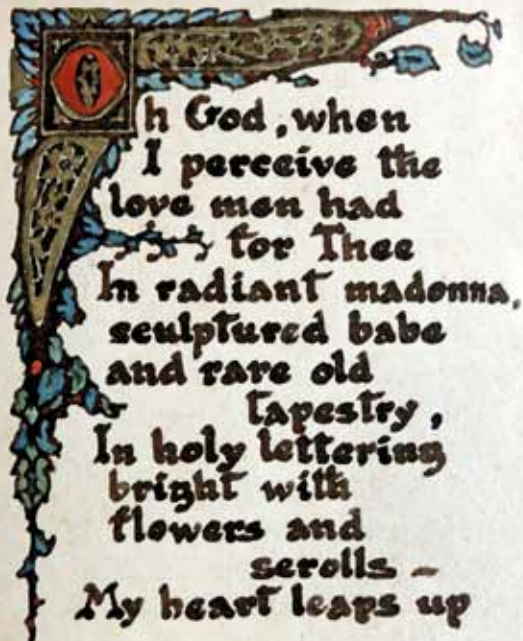
Oh little tune that
teases in my heart,
No longer are my
lips curved glad
with you ;
If I go back will you
be on the hill
With tree and clouds
wind-swept across the blue?

(I wonder
if little
songs
are ever
really
lost ?)





FOR THEE



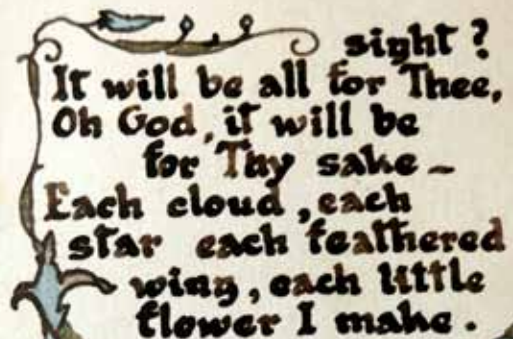
Oh God, when
I perceive the
love men had
for Thee
In radiant madonna,
sculptured babe
and rare old
Tapestry,
In holy lettering
bright with
flowers and
scrolls -
My heart leaps up




my soul feels
brother to their
souls.
I too would make
some fair sweet
thing. I too
would bring
The labor of my
love: words of
some saint
pricked out with
ray on ray
Of marching stars,
an angel wrought




in clay,
Birds trees and
twilight hills of
woven stuff -
Oh nothing, **GOD**
would be half
fair enough!
And wilt Thou love
the angel's gentle
smile? And will
the light
Around the babe be
precious in Thy



sight?
It will be all for Thee,
Oh God, it will be
for Thy sake -
Each cloud, each
star each feathered
wing, each little
flower I make.



I wish for you each a
spring-sweet day such
as we two knew.



Come to the woods!
The spring winds blow
Laden with pollen,
and the snow
Has turned to
little flowers
that spill
Their snowy
blossoms down
the hill.
We'll call the birds
with whistlings
clear,



I'll stroke the soft
nose of a deer.
The shy wild things
of all the wood
Will find our friend-
ship sweet and
good.
The buds of trees
and flowers new,
Fern fronds and moss
will love us too.
Hepatica babies
push and poke
Their sleepy heads



from winter's cloak
Of forest leaves. By
them I'll linger
To touch their cheeks
with gentle finger.
The winds are
blowing fragrantly;
My heart is light
with ecstasy! ♥
From stuffy rooms
we'll run away,
We'll catch and keep
this darling day.



It was made I think
for just us two -
It is so blithe and
blown and blue!





To Money Dear

1953 Birthday poem written for Monroe

Of all the men I know
In any shape or size,
You have the nicest shape –
You have the kindest smile.

No other guy can work,
Can lift or run or heave,
One half as much, one tenth as well;
That is what I believe.

I really know it's so;
I'm sure it's truly true!
So you see I love you best of all;
The man I love is you!

And when your Birthday comes
I give you what I've got:
Trust, admiration, faith & love
Tied in a lover's knot!



Our Love

1979 letter to ██████████

If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.
If I love you as you love me,
How happy our two hearts will be!
And being close together so
Our joy will always grow and grow!



Understanding

Oh there are strange things I'll admit,
Sometimes one heart is two.
But your heart seemed a single one,
Of fun and gaiety.

My tired spirit rested in
Your joy. A glad surprise
Filled me to see how constantly
Mirth played within your eyes.

Our strides were matched, oh all we did
together was such fun!
My laughter echoed yours. The spring
winds shouted t' the sun.

But always when you'd gone I'd think,
Can such dear lightness be
Enough? He does not know a single
Of aching misery!

Has he once walked alone with grief
Or born a tortured mind?
Or sought for peace where peace was not,
Or looked in vain to find?

Some comfort in the dimpled hills,
Some tenderness in trees?
Does he know even harping winds
Forget their melodies?

That even flowers can droop with pain
The winsomest that grow?
Oh darling one, I did not dream
You too had suffered so!

Oh rarely does one find a heart
So strangely, seemly two,
With one dear half to know your grief,
And one to laugh with you.



Saturday Night

1978 letter to [REDACTED]

To Monroe's Class

1962 Deerfield Beach Junior High class

If you look up at me and frown
Then like a stone my heart drops down.

Often I see beyond your book
A bit of sunshine, when you look
At me, your teacher, standing there.
How nice to have more than a stare!

With hate or love, somber or gay,
With smiles or frowns we build each day.
And your school days here—
I've hoped they would
Help build a world that's kind and good.

Why, we could even end all strife
If kindness marked our every life!



Every Saturday night
My bunnies take their tub.
Their faces pink and white
Look brighter for a sub.

I have a tub of tin,
It's wide and deep and round.
But I put just a little water in
For fear they might get drowned.

One

Gold strewn rocks above the sea,
Blue sea gleaming back,
Kisses salt with the briny breeze—
Joys we do not lack.

You are my world. The sky draws close—
Around us shines the sea.
God made me dear, for you, for you,
God made you dear, for me!



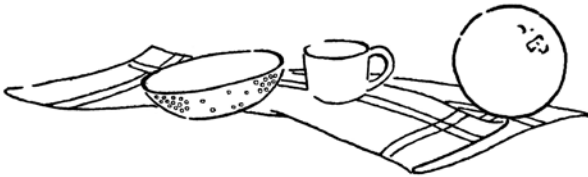
Your Wishing Well

1979 letter to [REDACTED]

Your grades are swell, and I can tell
You've been looking deep
 into your wishing well.
A wishing well is where you see
Things all mirrored that you
 most want to be!

And there, surprise! Quick as a wink
You are—oh all the things you think.
Precious, loving, earnest and dear
And kind to your old grandma here.

Yes, your grades are swell and I can tell
That yours is a first class wishing well!



Grandma's Here

Sometimes I hate to have my bath
With all the soap and scrubbing,
And splashing water in my eyes
And then the fastest rubbing.
I cry so hard I nearly howl,
When nursie rubs me with the towel!

But grandma came to visit us
And mother said that maybe,
'T would be most help if grandma would
Just go and bathe the baby.
I'm not a baby any more—
They call me that, but I am four!

And grandma turned the water on
And got the ball, the rubber one,
And got the kitchen pantry sieve
And then we had the mostest fun!
I wish that now my grandma's here
That papa 'd make her stay a year!



Ex Libris

Books are paths that lead to where one sees,
Shining sky between the trees.
Books are paths of patterned sun and shadow,
That lead one on and on until one sees,
With eyes of wonder almost beauty blinded,
The glad gold sun itself between the trees.



Homes

I've never seen houses that fishes live in,
They are deep in shimmering seas.
But I've seen crows' houses,
 Tim showed them to me
In the tip-toppest tops of the trees.

The robin's nest is tidy, the crow's nest is not!
(Homes differ so much from each other)
But mine is the dearest, dear home of them all,
And mine is the darlinest mother.

Trip and I

We like nice days and bad days too,
Trip (my dog) and I both do.

We like blue sky, we like those days
When the sun shines, in lots of ways.
Those days are when we hear the birds
Sing joy-songs in the trees.
And when we see the grass and flowers
Dance tip-toe in the breeze.

We like gray sky, we like those days
When it rains, in lots of ways.
In my great big rubber boots
I can splash and dash right thru'
Puddles big as anything.
And my dog, Trip, loves it too.

Trip and I we play together
Out-of-doors in all kinds of weather.



Dad

When I was little as could be
I used to ride my father's knee.
Oh how I lashed my steed and pled
When came Dad's "son it's time for bed."

And I was seldom very good,
But always Dad he understood.
He made me want to be like him
And so with all my youthful vim I tried.

He was so kind and wise
And somehow when a fellow tries,
He gets somewhere—he's not half bad.
But all that's good in me—is Dad!



Little Tom

Precious joy! She said that I
Might rock Tom to lullaby.
"Oh Aunt Leurbell sing a 'tory
'Bout a bear and 'bout John Dory!"

Light and warm against my arm
Wide awake lies little Tom.
"Now sing how little Jackie went
To a great big hikers tent!"

Tired little body his,
Oh how beautiful it is...
"Sing 'bout the party Mommie had
and how Billy Sniff was bad!"

How he blinks, how hard he tries
Not to close his heavy eyes.
Thru' the windows shines a star
Not as bright as Tom's eyes are.

Hush! I will bend low and peak
Tommie's lashes touch his cheek.
How the evening breezes bless
His baby head with their caress.

Light and warm against my arm
Fast asleep lies little Tom.
From my heart I breathe a prayer
With my lips against his hair.



New Words

I'm six years old, six whole years old
 And going on seven already;
 I'm learning how to read in school
 And do two times two and study.

And the part that I like the very best
 That I think is the finest fun,
 Is the reading part and I'm going fast
 Altho' I have just begun.

In the baby's "coo" there are two little mouths
 That are laughing and open wide.
 Those are O's and the C is a little curved smile;
 And in "little" right side-by-side,
 Are twins with their short stubby
 arms stretched out.
 They are T's, and they're reaching as far
 As they possibly can, the way our twins do
 To show us how big they are!

When I've gotten acquainted with all the words
 That ever were printed in books,
 And can make every word all over again
 And know how each sounds and looks,

I'll make up some new words and
 new letters too,
 And then print them all out by myself.
 And I'll make them tell stories and songs
 and they'll have
 A cover and live on a shelf.

I love getting acquainted with all of the words
 They're pretty and friendly I think.
 I'd like making up some new ones real soon
 And print them with shining black ink.



My Ragdoll

I know my ragdoll loves me well
 Tho' she has button eyes,
 When I have bad dreams in the night
 She comforts me and cries.

And then I comfort her and hug
 Her tight as tight—and then,
 She comforts me a little more
 And we're asleep again.

Ned Andrews drowned the kitty cats
 'Cept only one I found,
 And hid away for Tim and me—
 The others were all drowned.

And once I read about a page—
 Oh just a little chappie—
 Who cried for his dear mother till
 The queen's kiss made him happy.

Oh dear! I hope that soon I'll grow
 Up to a grown-up age;
 I'll live alone with kittens then and
 My ragdoll and a page.



To Little Children

Children let your words be sweet,
 Help dear baby's little feet,
 To small shy wild things be kind,
 And with fair pictures fill your mind.



My body is a temple

Year-end family letter

My body is the temple of the living God!
 What joy, what ecstasy,
 What blessedness for me.
 I need no columns, no great choirs,
 No glory of this world.
 Here, humble as a manger,
 I welcome Him, a stranger,
 With silentness like quiet flags unfurled.

My body is the temple of the living God!
 And here I welcome all the poor,
 Dirty, despised, rejected, and forlorn.
 Were we not born for this one thing?
 Indeed it's what the angels sing!
 A rapture bright, a joy to which I cling.
 Our bodies all are temples, housing God".



Christmas Eve

If you stay up to see St. Nick
 You'll be a little goose,
 You'll fall asleep before he comes
 It isn't any use.



Christmas

On Christmas morn, oh holy!
 Oh lovely Christmas morn.
 To bring us peace and tenderness
 Was little Jesus born.
 Little King Jesus come again
 Into my heart to reign.

On Christmas morn, oh holy!
 Oh lovely Christmas morn.
 To fill our hearts with love and joy
 Was little Jesus born.
 Dear King we pray for love and peace
 May hating ever cease.



A Christmas Wish

These things are what I wish for you:
 peace falling light as snow,
 And Joy like that in children's eyes
 And Love with heavenly glow.





Autumn

Now autumn's come some folks are glum,
And gloomily they're saying,
"Bright days are gone" and all forlorn,
They watch the grasses graying.

Oh autumn hours are sweet as flowers,
Old winter has its holly;
And bleak young spring does make me sing,
Its raw winds are so jolly.

Some folks are glum now autumn's come,
They sigh while leaves are falling.
But oh, not I! I couldn't cry,
For I have you my darling.



Spring Sky

In every bit of spring's sweet sky
In every patch of blue
My glad heart sees forget-me-nots –
They make me think of you.

And oh I think and think so hard
I know you too must see
Those little blue forget-me-nots –
They carry love from me.



New Snow

The night is around me
Dark tender and deep,
With its small dreamy voices
To soothe me to sleep.

Soon I shall be sleeping
As freely and still,
As the light snowflakes sleeping
On my window sill.



The Cat-bird's Song

In the lilac-bush by my kitchen door
The cat-bird trills and sings.
He flits his tail and cocks his head
And he spreads his glad gray wings.

Does he sing of the sky so far and blue?
Does he sing of the sun-filled day?
I think he sings of a small round nest
Hid safe in the leaves away.

Some sing of a Heaven that's far and dim
But the cat-bird knows the best,
When he sings in the spring
by my own backdoor
Of heaven the size of a nest.

Springtime Song

1978 letter to [REDACTED]

On the first day of springtime, alone, alone,
I went to the woods and sat on a stone.
I sat on a flat stone and sang with the birds.
God made the music, but I made the words.



Sky

Oh, silent joy within my heart
Attune to singing sky,
The birds that whistle all day long
Are not more glad than I.

No hallowed saint or angel bright
Such loveliness can wear as I,
When out to greet the dawn
Pale stars shine in my hair.

Then when the sun strides up the hill
Wild wind, a dazzling sweep
Of blue, and clouds of gold and white,
Oh how I run and leap!

And later on the evening sky
With cool rain in my face,
Seems oh, so near and tender too,
There is such gentle grace.

In silver trees, I lay my cheek,
Against the wet bark while
I smell the fragrant mists of night;
They are so sweet I smile!

Oh silent joy within my heart
Attune to singing sky,
The birds content in cozy nests
Are not more glad than I.



Merry as the May

1981 letter

Who is joyous, who is gay?
Who is merry as the May?
“I am joyous. I am gay!
I am Merry as the May!”

Just hear the birds in their delight
Welcoming the morning light!
“It’s our Te Deum,” sings each one
And greets with joy the rising sun.

Rejoicing is the birds glad prayer.
Let’s make it ours, my sweet, my fair,
For we too are thankful for all these—
Sunrise and fields and forest trees.

With happiness we laugh along
And thank Him with our joyous song.
Joyous and thankful, thankful, gay—
And merry, merry as the May!

If joy and thanks filled heart and mind
A world of beauty we would find.
Here love would rule and hatred cease
And we would always live in Peace.





Bluets

Yesterday was winter-bound,
Bitter winds were blowing;
Now are tiny bluets found
In sun-lit patches growing.

Keep your courage high and sweet,
The spring will follow after.
Winter's storms and saddened lips
Will curve once more with laughter.

Wrap your hills, your steepest hills
With beauty sit you singing;
And may you find among the thorns
The sweetest roses clinging.



My Years

60 seconds make a minute—
How much good can I do in it?
60 minutes make an hour—
All the good that's in my power.

24 hours makes a day—
Time for work and sleep and play.

7 days make a week—
What is it that I truly seek
In the 12 months of every year?
Love and peace and Heaven's cheer.



Seeking

I sometimes think that only God
Can be a friend to me,
So long I've watched the forest aisles
So long I've watched the sea,

So long I've watched the meadowlands
That stretch beneath the blue,
So long I've watched the evening mist
Where stars shine dimly thru!

If it were in the forest aisles
I found my friend forsooth,
His eyes would be lit up, I know
With quietness and truth.

And if I found him on the beach
Striding beside the sea,
His eyes would sweep the sparkling waves
I know—oh joyously!

And if he came from out the mist
The still, still misty night,
I know that in his eyes would shine
A brave and tender light.

Oh some have quiet eyes but they
Are far from being wise;
And some are glad but are not true
And some have cruel, cruel eyes.

And so I think that God alone
Can be a friend to me.
And when I walk thru' meadow grass
When misty stars I see,

And when glad sea-songs in my ears
I run upon the shore,
It's only God I really want
It's God I'm looking for!



Upward

My soul goes on from day to day
 Like a traveler climbing a mountain road.
 The way is rough, the sun beats down,
 And my soul breathes hard beneath its load.

Yet perils I do not fear to see
 No cold dark chasms wait for me.
 I can be sure for by my side
 Is my soul's Companion, the Unseen Guide.

My hand in His and the path grows plain
 Thru rocks of struggle and steps of pain.
 When I rest with Him on the upward way
 My soul looks back and sees today

Those rough sad paths of other days,
 All fair with light and soft with haze.
 Paths that I thought were lost, I see,
 Were ways of beauty He chose for me.

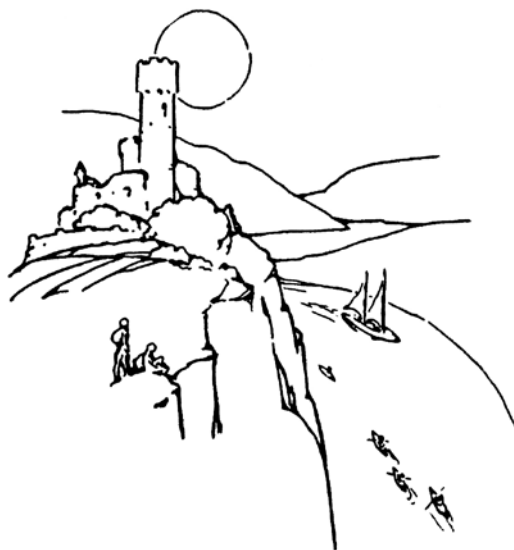
'Tis but a foretaste of the sweet
 That'll greet my eyes at the farthest steep.

My soul goes on from day to day
 Like a traveler climbing a mountain road.
 The way is rough, the sun beats down,
 But my soul is singing beneath its load!

Artists

Some artists paint with brushes
 On canvases and such,
 But there are other artists
 And I prefer them much!

They paint on dark and gloomy hours
 And with their joyous ways,
 Paint out the sad and gloomy parts
 And paint in happy days!



Longing

I saw the big trees blowing
 In gladness on the hill
 Their joyous beauty made me cry;
 I wished them to be still.

But that was in the daytime, now
 The night has shut them out.
 Oh trees, great trees, be glad again!
 Oh wind, big wind, please shout!

Please stars, don't look so quietly
 Down at my tears. I know
 That tears are dull compared to you
 But maybe they will grow

To loveliness. Perhaps someday
 Earth beauty will be mine.
 I want it so! Oh little stars
 Please dance! And sing! And shine!



God's Heart

By the sea along the marsh
Where the grass is coarse and harsh,
A weed with little bells I've found
Growing in the oozy ground.

Pebbles, round and smooth and cool,
Gleam in a wave-abandoned pool;
Their web bright hues are fairer far
Than any sparkling diamonds are.

I'm friends with winds that strain the trees;
I'm friends with every pensive breeze.
The pool, its pebbles, blossoming bells
Of weeds, and sand, and curling shells,

Flat marshes, and the wave that sends,
A lacey spray – all are my friends.
In their dear love I think I see
That really God is loving me.

I'm glad a weed is just a part
Of God's great overflowing heart.

A cobweb glistening frail and still,
A sprawling, mighty shouldered hill,
The fresh, keen air, the sun-drenched sod
They are but living parts of God.

A minute beetle comes and clings
Upon my finger. Fragile wings
He folds beneath his armor case.
The sky seems melting on my face
So I look up, what tenderness!

I'm glad God's heart could stoop to bring
Perfection to a beetle's wing.
I'm glad God's heart could stretch so wide
That it has put the sky inside.

But most of all I'm glad that I
Am here between the earth and sky.
Beneath, behind, around me lies
The wonder of God's Paradise.

For a card

This little boy all dressed in blue
Carries a birthday card to you.
But as I wished so much and so hard
He had to carry a great big card.



Your Birthday

A little child is very sweet
Of four or maybe three,
Perhaps, tho', when more birthdays come
She grows less sweet to see.
But you grow sweeter every year,
Not only that – you grow more dear
To others – and to me!



For Memory Books

We don't need gold to give our friends
True gifts of loveliness.
A gentle heart, like springtime sun
Can clear and lift and bless.



Where?

Oh, whence comes strangest happiness,
 And where do heart aches start?
 The very song I love the best
 With beauty hurts my heart.



A stained-glass Window

Your life can be like a fair window
 With colors all beautifully blent
 For so it was planned by an Artist
 And the shapes and the colors are sent

To you, but they lie like a puzzle,
 They are waiting the touch of His hand;
 You must ask the great Artist for guidance
 That your window be made as He planned.

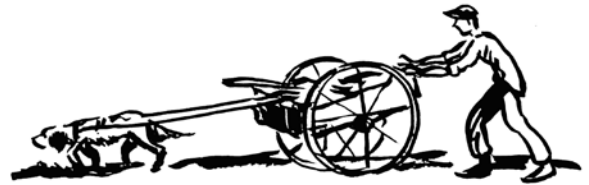
Then you'll see blackness grow into lilies,
 That blue is a star in the night,
 That the stern white of everyday duty
 Is a glad angel's halo of light.

Loneliness

I'm lonely when I go to town,
 I'm lonely in a crowd;
 And oh! the stillness frightens me
 When words are harsh and loud.
 And oh! the clamor makes me dumb
 When only cold polite words come.

I do not fear the forest trees
 Nor any beast or bird;
 The stillness and the voices there
 Are kindest ever heard;
 Nor do I fear the tranquil eyes
 Of stars, – they are so glad and wise.

My heart is hurting me with grief,
 It hurts with joy untold.
 The strangeness and the beauty are
 More than my heart can hold.
 Oh, for someone, kind as a tree,
 To share my fears and joys with me!



The Search (1979)

Though I gladly greet each day
 My eyes grow wet with what I see,
 My loneliness won't go away
 For beauty alone won't comfort me.

Such lovely light—
 Tree tops and sky,
 Yet I'm lonely still
 And wondering why.

Sunrise and sunset
 Promise peace,
 But will my loneliness
 Ever cease?

When I race down the sandy beach
 Or swim along the shore,
 I know it's God I really want,
 It's God I'm looking for.

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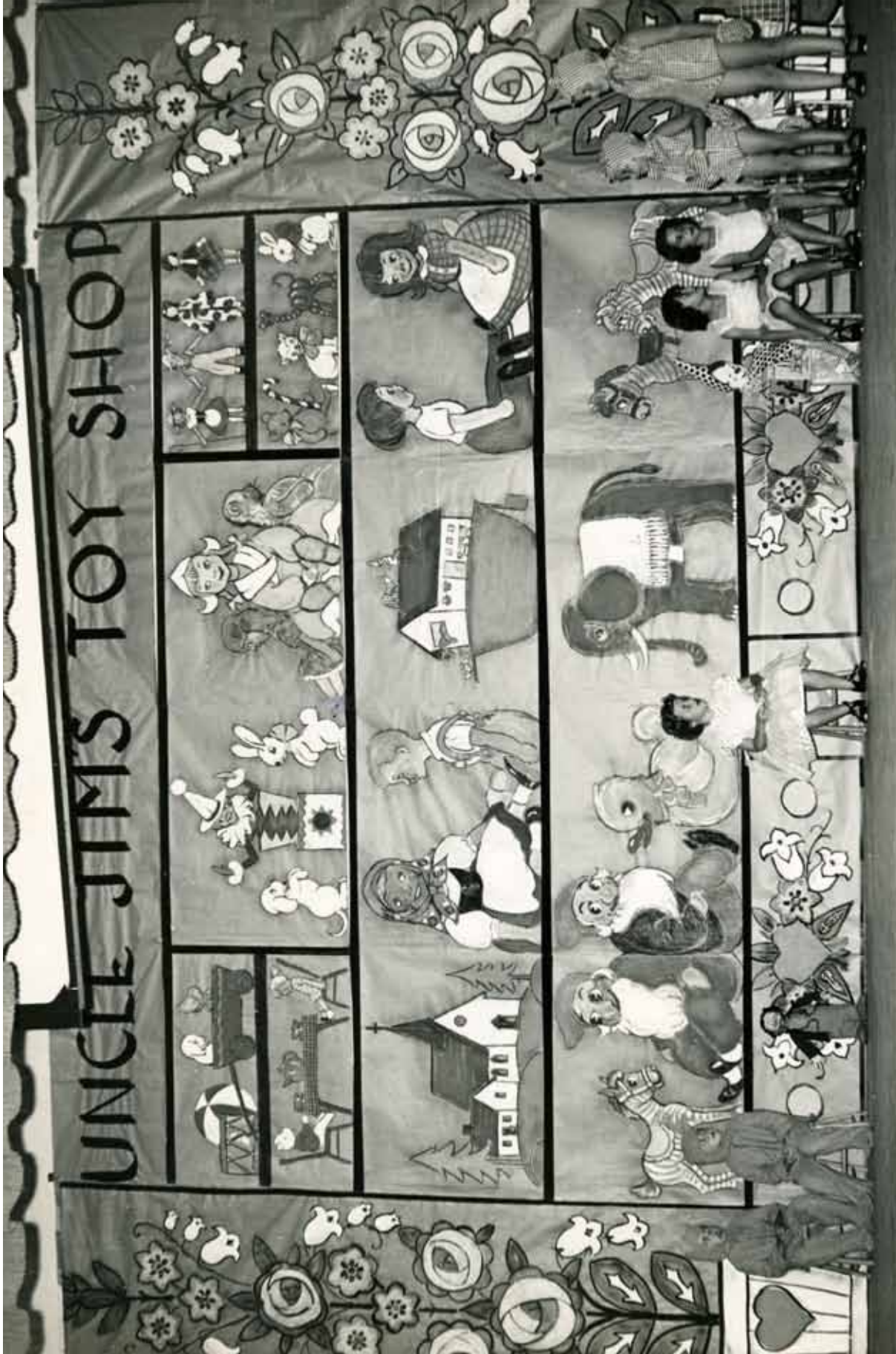
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