

The Demeres at Isle of Hope:
Some Recollections of a Small Girl

by

Martha (Galludet) Backus Waring

[Date unknown; period covered is 1880-1900]

Written for the present generation of Demere men -

Raymond,

Edward,

Raymond, Junior,

Bobbie,

and Charles.

[Raymond McAllister Deméré, Sr. (1890-1953)]

[Edward Houstoun Deméré, Sr. (1875-1922)]

[Raymond McAllister Deméré, Jr. (b. 1921)]

[Robert Houstoun Deméré, Sr. (b. 1924)]

[Charles Clapp Deméré (b. 1928)]

My dear Edward:

These are some recollections of your Father, and his family, when we were neighbors at Isle of Hope more than half a century ago.

During a time when I could not sleep well, these pictures of very early days kept coming back to me so constantly that finally I tried to write them down, and give them to your family, where memories could not take them back so far.

My love to your Mother and yourself, and I hope that you will find something to interest you in this account of "old times."

Your inherited friend,

Martha G. Waring

The Demeres: Isle of Hope Neighbors.

Perhaps as time goes on, even a sketch like this, composed of snatches of memories, may have its value as a human document. For with increasing time and distance, certain impressions of early youth come back with the clear-cut values of pictures on a screen, although they are undated and not in any logical sequence. This is the reason for these recollections of our Isle of Hope Neighbors, the Demeres, to know if the circumstances under which I set them down make for their clarity, or whether it is only the usual pictures of youth coming back more clearly in old age. This I cannot tell because this is my first and only experience of growing old; but I can vouch for the authenticity of these recollections. I know that they are absolutely true, as things are seen by an observant child between seven or eight and twelve or thirteen. They may not be correct in time-sequence, for time and space are not particularly the concerns of childhood; but essentially truth is, and sometimes with a very clear insight into values. So if these flashes of old memories are of any value or interest to the present generation of the Demeres, it is because of a "child among them takin' notes" many years ago, and that the impressions of her observations have now come back to her as freshly as if they were made yesterday.

I cannot remember when I began to know the Demeres and frequent their hospitable house; they seem to have always been part of my background of living. I can remember as a very small child carrying messages, patterns, and other easily managed portables across our side garden where the pear trees were, and slipping past "the Munnerlyns" and through the Demere's front gate to the house. After the accepted custom of the day, Mrs. Demere [Eliza McQueen Houstoun Deméré (1852-1913)] was always "Miss Lila," and she must have been very kind to suffer a small girl's frequent visits as patiently as she evidently did, so to make the small girl glad to run on an errand to Demere's Point, or to be there without any excuse.

Mr. and Mrs. Demere were a striking couple. He [Raymond McAllister Deméré (1843-1895)] was not very tall, but soldierly in bearing and very active. He was florid, and I remember his healthy color in a climate that makes for pallor. His hair was reddish blonde; his eyes clear blue with the far-seeing look of sailors' eyes and with fine wrinkles at the corners. He had strong shapely hands, and very small feet of which he was proud. He often teased his wife by declaring that her bed room slippers were quite large enough for him to wear. He was meticulously neat and always wore well-fitting, well-made clothes. "Dapper" sounds rather too smug, but I have a clear picture of him as always looking extremely well and appropriately dressed and as neat as a pin, even when on his boat.

Mrs. Demere was nearly as tall as he, and looked quite as tall because of her stately figure and erect carriage, hair done high on her head. She was handsome, like all the Houstouns, and had their air of distinction. Her hair was chestnut-brown with copper lights in the waves that grew back from a low broad forehead. Her voice was contralto with an occasional husky, slightly hoarse tone. She would probably have been a natural blues-singer, or crooner, if such a thing had been heard of in those days.

They were a devoted couple; Mr. Demere always said that Lila had refused him many times, and that on the last occasion he had rushed from the room exclaiming loudly enough for the family to hear "Gimme my hat, I wish I was dead!" which must have moved the lady's heart as the next time he proposed he was successful.

I can see the eager look in his wife's eyes when it was time for the men to get home after "the three o'clock train," and can perfectly picture his buoyant step on the porch, especially when stocks were "up."

I have a very distinct mental picture of the house along with some curious lapses as to important details. It was of wood, with a red roof with dormer windows. Four steps (this must be my muscular memory speaking) led to the piazza, which went around three sides of the house until it met the long windows cut down to the floor in the dining room, and in the bedroom on the opposite side. One entered a rather squarer hallway than was usual, growing narrower as it neared the glass door to the "back piazza." On the left were the "parlor" and dining room; on the right Mr. and Mrs. Demere's room and old Mr. Demere's [Raymond

Paul Deméré (1791-1885)] room, which later must have been Edward's [Edward Houstoun Demeré, Sr. (1875-1922)]. The bath room opened on the back porch and the steps upstairs must have gone up to two rooms; "spare rooms" - never - guest rooms then; but I have not a mental picture of any of this. I do have a picture of the outside kitchen and store room going out back of the dining room; and of the food being brought in through a screen door opening on to the back piazza. "Old Mr. Demere's" door opened exactly opposite and I have a perfectly clear picture of the old gentleman as he crossed the piazza for a meal. He was incredibly old to a small girl; "about 90," she was told, but that conveyed nothing to her; he simply seemed agelessly old. He was slight and neat with the same finished neatness that distinguished his son; and was always gentle and courteous. He always called Miss Lila "Daughter" and was much attached to her. As his palate became more in need of stimulating, he became more addicted to adding additional seasoning to his food. His favorite condiment was not the mild commercial French mustard of the present day, but genuine Coleman's dry mustard, freshly mixed with vinegar, and a pinch of salt. This he would spread over his meat and whatever else his fancy dictated, but being much too pungent for his throat, he would immediately begin to cough. He would then take out a freshly ironed linen handkerchief to wipe his eyes and nose; but the coughing would grow into a paroxysm and he would be led still coughing violently from the table; coming back with great composure when it was over and finishing his meal as though nothing had disturbed him. This is my most reliable recollection of him; but Mrs. Walthour tells a story of bursting into the bath room one day and finding him in the tub. "Just a minute, my dear, and you may have the room," he said, as if it were a perfectly ordinary happening; and with extraordinary agility, he stepped out, wrapped his bath robe about him and departed. A gentleman of the old school!

To childhood, people have not come from anywhere, and are not going anywhere; they are just there, forming a background for childish activities, and being the quite often mistaken or misunderstood arbiters of childhood's activities. This curiously static quality of grown-ups impresses active childhood, because someone was always on hand to be consulted as to plans and permissions. Perhaps this is why Edward, for so long an only child, was always glad for play fellows, even a girl being a welcome companion. As far as I can recall, we had, my brother with him, the run of the whole place; we swam, crabbed and fished, used the row boat, rode on his "Marsh tacky" Nellie, and picnicked in the woods as the season and our fancies dictated. I do not remember any warnings against snakes, poisonous berries, fire or water, nor any fears of any kind. We, and the three Munnerlyn boys, who lived between the Demere's place and ours, were equally at home in the water and the woods, and knew every negro family on "our side" of the Island, where we roamed at will. Miss Lila must certainly have liked children; she was so good to us, providing crab-bait or materials for a lunch to cook in the woods as we asked for it.

I remember the extraordinary cooking we did - broiling bacon, boiling hominy or sweet potatoes, and gloating over an occasional bird brought down by a sling shot. These all-day Saturday excursions seem to have been mostly for Edward, Henry and me; I cannot seem to visualize the Munnerlyn boys in them. Jamie Munnerlyn was about Edward's age, but being the oldest of four, seemed older. Ford was a rather delicate child and Geordie too young for prolonged picnics, and evidently none of them as keen about them as were the three of us. Before we started off we nearly always rode Nellie in turn, about the yard and the woods-road by the edge of the hammock; that is the boys did, as I was always, if invited, and absorbed watcher at a fascinating proceeding, the regular Saturday cake-making. In those days all good housekeepers prided themselves on their "layer cakes," and Miss Lila's specialties were chocolate layer cake, and a variety called "ice cream cake" with a filling of thick soft icing between the layers as well as on top. The cake was stirred up on the dining room table, poured into the shallow pans and taken by the cook to be baked; and while this was being done, the chocolate or white filling was made on the "kerosene stove" in the pantry. I can shut my eyes and see and almost taste the delectable scrapings left in the pot, and I cannot seem to remember calling in the boys to scrape the saucepan with me. I was often allowed to beat the eggs or cream the batter and sugar; so I suppose I thought that I had earned the reward of my labors. The cooled-off cakes were brought in on plates, brown and light, and then were put together with the filling and icing. Sometimes chopped nuts

were added to the filling and whole ones used for top decoration, but nothing, I felt, could be more perfect than the cake covered with plain chocolate or white icing. If I had known about “gilding the lily” I probably should have quoted it.

This ritual of the cake making was in preparation of Sunday dinner at two, or Sunday supper at eight, when there was almost certainly “company,” expected or unexpected. Mr. Demere, who was the soul of hospitality, often anticipated the cake cutting by bringing guests in on Saturday evening after a moonlight sail or visit from neighbors, always saying breezily “Lila, didn’t you make a cake today; let’s have it now with something cold to drink.” The cake was forthcoming, but one probably doubtless slanderous tale persisted in the family that on one occasion, Miss Lila held the knife poised over the cake and asked rapidly of each person “Have a slice of cake? Have a slice of cake?” and then after their polite refusals, saying, “Now you see, Raymond, nobody wants any cake, so I’ll just put it up for tomorrow;” which she did in a hurry, as it was intended for very special Sunday dinner guests. Even if this is a true tale and not just one of Mr. Demere’s jokes it is very understandable, for we were ten, not “two miles from a lemon,” and in those days Saturday’s marketing must last over until Monday. Also every Isle of Hope housekeeper had to reckon on the Sunday afternoon influx of guests, who came strolling up the bluff off the hourly trolley car from five o’clock on, all of them more than willing to stay to an informal supper and return “to town” in the cool of the evening up to midnight. Our own family was such an assortment of ages that we often accumulated some twelve or fourteen unexpected guests for an eight o’clock supper. Another leaf was put in the table, or more frequently the youngest ones put over at the side table, more places laid, and more of everything put on, and no one thought twice about it. What kind of food was so elastic? I can shut my eyes and see the table as it was then - always a huge baked ham; then tomatoes sliced on large platters, stuffed eggs, plates of bread, preserves; then curds and cream, an apparently inexhaustible supply of them, glass dishes of berries or fruit, and tea-cakes or a layer cake to go with them. The iced tea equipment was at the end of the table opposite the ham, with a huge bowl of ice and many glasses. Ours was the largest family and household on the bluff, but every other housekeeper had guests much of all day on Sunday.

The children were always a part of all that was done and I can hear Mr. Demere or Miss Lila say “My son, fill Mrs. _____ glass”; or, “please hand this to Mrs. _____”; or to me “daughter, get me another fork”; and the idea that we were just as responsible as anyone else in making guests happy and comfortable was something I cannot remember ever hearing expressed, but it was just there and so were we. In later years I often heard Edward’s beautiful manners and grace of courtesy commented on, but he could not have lived in the same house with his father and grandfather, and have failed to have imbibed them. Raymond, although so much younger that he could not remember either so well, has the same sort of host, so I think that inheritance must play as large a part as example.

There were no “week-ends” in those days but a frequent week-end visitor in the house was another little girl, Emma Ingram [Emma St. Julian Wilkins Ingram (b. 1849)], Mr. Demere’s small first cousin. She was about our age but had lived in other cities and been about a good deal more than we had; and I remember being much impressed by her. She was pretty, had a self-possessed and charming manner, and very “stylish” clothes, and the little “country mouse” always felt a little in awe of her. But we became good friends and the friendship lasted a lifetime. No one knows until they live among total strangers, the utter relief it is to be with people to whom nothing has to be explained, and the pleasure that comes of saying “Do you remember the day -- ?” I still remember the delicious chocolate caramels (fudge to you) that Emma made and what an accomplishment I considered it.

The guest room that must have been upstairs was frequently occupied, because I can remember Miss Lila’s handsome family coming and going: “Uncle” George Houstoun, very quiet and gentle, with features like a cameo: Mrs. Hopkins, the eldest sister and a really beautiful woman, and her two boys, John and Eddie, who were friends of my youngest aunt; and Mattie Houstoun dark and handsome. Then there were the Jim Sullivans who came to visit as small children, and who later lived at the Isle of Hope. I cannot remember the time when I did not love and admire their mother “Miss Claude,” Miss Lila’s sister. “Uncle Doctor” was Dr.

James P. Houstoun, extremely handsome, and a man of wonderful charm; his blonde and entertaining wife "Miss Sallie"; and I seem to remember Hattie and Pat Houstoun there as small children. When I knew them better later on, one of the Alexander cousins told me a lovely story about a fight Pat had with "a little Irish mick" who set on him just outside of his father's house on Harris Street near Drayton. Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Houstoun's mother, was a deeply religious woman, who brought her religion into all her every day life; so the family on the upper piazza of the house were more amused than surprised to hear just below them, Hattie's words of encouragement as she jumped up and down, urging Pat on - "Hit him again, Pat; hit him again; Jesus will help you; He is your friend; don't be afraid; punch him in the short ribs; God will help you; He is with you;" and more to that effect, and all with no thought of irreverence.

Houses were not screened at that time and were managed with a regular system to keep out flies and mosquitoes. Green blinds were drawn by early afternoon after a vigorous shooing out of flies and mosquitoes. The fly brushes were made of long strips of palmetto fastened to a long handle. The blinds were kept closed until the sun went down and the night breezes began to blow. Lamps were never kept light unless in use, and the family spent most of the evenings visiting or being visited on the cool dark piazzas. All precautions were of no avail, however, when the "sandflies were out." They came at the loveliest time of the spring and fall, and would rise in a cloud from garden beds, the grass, the marsh - - from seemingly everywhere. They came singly and in battalions; they could find a lodging in the most unexpected places, and sting with an itch that made scratching imperative under any circumstances. Once Mr. Demere was trying to repaint his house (white with green blinds, of course) and the painter started on a wide panel of white just before Mr. Demere's departure for the "8 a.m. train." Next morning he said disgustedly to my grandfather as they sat together going to town; "Major, you wouldn't believe it, but when I went to look at that panel on my house yesterday afternoon, I said to the painter 'What the devil have you done to the paint? I told you I wanted it white;' and he said, 'Yes, Boss, de paint in de bucket is sho enough white; dis hear up dar is sandflies!' and it was pepper and salt color, Major, from the millions of sandflies stuck in the fresh paint, sir." My grandfather enjoyed that story for the rest of his life.

As befitted a descendant of the Scots "wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," and who undoubtedly had fought at Bloody Marsh, Mr. Demere was an ardent member of the State militia and a devoted Georgia Hussar. He rode a horse well as he did everything that required poise and muscular control, and the beautiful hussar's uniform made him a striking figure. In blue with double rows of shining buttons, laced with gold braid, filigreed epaulettes, with helmet adorned with a long curling plume, and with spurs and sword, the Georgia hussars were a resplendent part of each parade. Mr. Demere was determined to start Edward early in the way of his forefathers (not to mention his being proud of his only son) so when he was a very small boy, Edward was fitted with a miniature uniform complete in every detail, and on his pony followed his father, as the Company Mascot in every parade. And we, his playmates, watching him from the side lines felt that the highest point of glory was reached when we saw him ride by. Although never an athletic looking lad, Edward rode and swam so early that he never remembered learning to do either.

We played some sort of abbreviated baseball in our big side yard, where for lack of better material, I was allowed to play and where the verdict pronounced on me was "No good at the bat but my! She can leg it!" Once Edward was too near a vigorous batter and received a knock-out blow on the head. I remember his being carried white and limp in the arms of the yardman, "Jeff Davis," into the house where the ministrations of my efficient grandmother brought him around. What a good sort he was over what must have been a bad blow!

We also had a continuous circus performance in the Munneryn's back yard, where a swing and some crude apparatus afforded scope for aspiring acrobats. Edward's pony and a large bony horse of all work furnished material for equestrian feats, and I had a solo chariot-race in an express-wagon harnessed to an obstreperous goat, that insisted on finishing the performance by climbing the almost perpendicular outside steps to the hay loft over the barn.

The earliest play I can recall was playing shop under the steps going to the Munnerlyn's bath house where the bluff shelved steeply down and allowed space for display and caches for treasures. Edward dealt especially in live "fiddlers" in glass jars caught in the mud nearby. We must have been very tiny, because Edward had great difficulty with his "P's" and we would always wait for the moment when his stock of fiddler crabs literally "ran out" and he would call to his nurse "Syllis, Syllis, he'p me ketch some more siddlers!"

Peep Shows were another of our earliest diversions. In case the youngest generation has never known the thrill of them, I had better describe how they were made and enjoyed. A shallow hole in the ground covered by a piece of broken window glass were the essentials, and anything that we considered beautiful from a fresh flower to an objet d'art like a bit of broken china was placed in the hole and covered with the glass. The thrill came in covering it all over to look like the ground about it, and then to uncover its beauty for the fortunate spectator.

Fishing for doodles was also a favorite pastime needing only a "doodle hole" and a long straw out of a broom, baited with a little sand on its well-licked end. Endless patience was exercised while we sat on our heels and lured the unwary doodle onto the end of the straw. A quick jerk drew it forth and the sport began over again.

Such quaintly simple occupations, were they not? We had no organized play or planned activities, and yet I look back on those busy interested children and think that they were indeed fortunate, for the whole out-doors belonged to them, and their creative urges and impulses could work out in any directions that did not transgress a few clearly defined rules and prohibitions laid down by their elders.

I warned you, "kind and indulgent reader," that there would be no continuity in these sketches; they are just projected like pictures taken by chance for a magic lantern show; but they are all distinct in their main features, even when a little dimmed about the edges. Chief among them come the pictures of the boats, because Isle of Hope was essentially boat-minded. Everyone must have "flat bottomed batteaux" for crabbing and fishing; everyone who could owned lighter and prettier craft, and cherished an ambition for a sail-boat, fleet and graceful, that could take prizes in the summer regattas.

Mr. Demere always had a yacht, first the smaller "Lila D" that was only a name to me; and then the "Jennie S" named for "Miss Claude's" eldest daughter; but the "Ocean Queen," with her cabin and "bunks"; huge white sails and shining paint, coils of rope and long "tiller" was as real as anything in my little world. We followed her around the seasons with avid interest; saw her hauled up for the winter; scraped, caulked, and repainted; new and larger sails were made for her; then as the season opened, watched her launched again, made ship-shape and ready for more races and silver trophies. We were on her whenever allowed, and that was often, for there was nothing that Mr. Demere loved better than to gather up family and friends and sail up and down the river all afternoon. My earliest childish recollections are of these afternoon sails, usually not extending farther than Thunderbolt or Wilmington, as moonlight picnics and occasionally unpremeditated all night trips belong to a much later date.

Mrs. Demere always went, sometimes under protest that she was too busy, or too hot, or too tired, but after all that, she was always on board. She was always so interested that she never could resist making suggestions to a very fearless and sometimes daring skipper. "Raymond, I'm sure that squall is coming this way." "Raymond, aren't you steering right over to that sand bank?" "Raymond, the tide is dead against you, you'll never make that cut"; and she would say until he would lose patience and say all in one breath, "My-God-Lila-who-is-sailing-this-boat?" making all one long word of it, and she would temporarily subside.

But the red-letter days, the "high tide of the year" were the Regatta days. Not only were all the boats like the Ocean Queen and the Claude (Mr. T. P. Bond's) entered, but all the smaller craft down to the "mosquito fleet", usually of home construction. But adding to the importance of the occasion, there were usually boats from other places, notably the "Matrinka" and the "Flirt" from Charleston, with their crews of delightful young men.

Early in the morning the youngsters were eagerly on the watch for the clumsy old side-wheeler steamboat to come lumbering up the river, cumbrously round the curve, and tie up at the "Pavilion" now Barbee's Place. From then until we crossed the gangplank we must have been unmitigated nuisances. "The ladies" of the family had packed generous and delicious lunches, arrayed themselves in gala summer attire, and augmented by friends of both sexes from town, were all on board to see the start and follow the boats to the buoy. There were music and dancing on board, and I suspect much decorous flirting; but we children were absorbed in just two things - the boats and the baskets, which last had to be opened for several "snacks" before the appointed time for lunch.

We never once failed to have the excitement of a sudden squall with some of the boats capsizing, or a cloudburst causing the on-lookers "to seek the seclusion that the cabin grants"; or on the Fourth of July Regatta, a terrific thunder and lightening storm on some occasions accompanied by hail. If the preceding squalls were fierce enough sometimes even the biggest boats capsized, a really serious matter. So was the usual aftermath of a tremendous drop in temperature that made the spectators on the steamer wish that they had been prudent enough to bring wraps with them. Summer costumes then were transparently thin and much interspersed with wide lace "insertions." A young lady was once said to go off the boat with a perfect pattern of Valenciennes lace sunburned into her skin so that at the dance that night, the effect in an evening dress was far from what she had planned. The greatest excitement was, of course, when the winning sailboat of each class crossed the line and was declared winner by the judge. Then came the dramatic moment when we saw the figures of the skipper and crew outlined against the sky, and the next moment they had all dived into the water. This was not obligatory, of course; sometimes only hats or caps were thrown overboard; sometimes just three cheers were made to do; but we children always eagerly hoped for the more dramatic demonstration.

Most of the visiting "crews" were distributed among the little groups of near neighbors - the Bonds, the Canns, the Guerards, the Munnerlyns, the Demeres, and our family; or they stayed on their boats, having supper with some of us. After super we usually met at the Demeres' for the presentation of the trophy, and an impromptu dance. No phonograph nor radio then, but everyone who could played and that meant that most of the ladies present sat, good-naturedly but perspiringly at the piano until relieved by another obliging soul. The Demeres were not only delightful hosts but most considerate chaperons, so no notice was taken of the couples strolling off to "The Point" where a grove of beautiful old trees, oaks and tall pines, often accompanied by moonlight and high tide, made a most perfect setting for romance. Of course long before this time we youngsters had been sent off to bed, after our day of unwonted excitement and rich food, both of which we usually survived in safety.

Human nature, we know, is always the same, but I look back and feel that it took so little then to satisfy its needs for recreation and provide its happy occasions. Perhaps as a landscape recedes the golden tints emerge, but sometimes I wonder if automobiles, airplanes, and other rapid transit had not been invented - - - - - but they are!

A very clever old lady once said to me suddenly - "There are two words I should like to strike from the English language; one is 'Progress' and one is 'Clinical Thermometer'"; sometimes I wonder if I shall live long enough to agree with her!

"Well," I hear the younger generation exclaim, "aren't you going to say anything about 'Raymond'?"

[Raymond McAllister Deméré, Sr. (1890-1953)] You see, I haven't so far because he wasn't there, or I may say that almost as he comes into the picture, I step out of it; at least as the child who had this series of pictures imprinted on her brain. Before I go, however, I can give you a few highlights on his earliest days.

First, as you know, he came as a delightful surprise fifteen years after Edward. Of course in these days such an event was mentioned with bated breath and never in the presence of children, and yet we all managed to get wind of it somehow, and proud was the day on which Edward could proclaim a baby brother to all of us who had none. Only the Munnerlyn boys took it more or less calmly as a new baby was no novelty in their family.

I do not remember much about Raymond as a baby, though as I try to think back, I remember him on one occasion being rolled through our front gate (which I was probably holding back as it had a trick of swinging to without warning) very much dressed up in the frills and furbelows that all babies all then wore, looking very fresh and blond and attractive in his brand new perambulator, then called a baby carriage.

A lovely story was told on Mr. Demere on the installation of Raymond's white nurse; a colored one being thought not altogether equal to the "advanced" ideas then just beginning to cast their shadows before. Mrs. Demere engaged a white woman who came out on the "eleven o'clock car"; she was inducted into the office, and was ready to take the baby to the front gates to meet his father, when he came out on the "three o'clock car." Mr. Demere took one good look at her (not at his son) and hastily made for the house, bursting into his wife's presence with, "Good God! Lila, what have I ever done to you that you should want to inflict that hideous creature on me to look at every day?" I think that the nurse's tenure of office was brief.

I can remember the crib in Mr. and Mrs. Demere's front room but strangely enough have no recollection of Raymond, as I have of little Claude and Gertrude Sullivan, both of whom I can see playing about on their nursery floor and eating meals in their high chairs. The explanation probably is that I was myself going through one of those transitions from one plane of living and thinking to a quite different one, and was probably absorbed in myself, my studies, and new companions.

From here on the Demeres fade out of my memory as distinct pictures and do not return until I was several years older. Mr. Demere's [Raymond McAllister Deméré (1843-1895)] death stays with me as a memory, not as a picture, and I do not even know the date when it occurred [1895]; but he was taken very ill in his own home and grew rapidly worse. He was, I think, taken to town where he died. We now know that he died of a ruptured appendix, but then it was "an acute indigestion" or "general blood poisoning." It was his removal by death that impressed me; he was so full of life and energy. "Old Mr. Demere," his father, just faded out of the picture; but "Edward's father" was so full of vitality that it seemed as if Death had to pull and snatch him away from life. He was still young by very implication of youth; still full of the joy of living, and it did not seem right to think of him as dead. Although a "great admirer of female beauty" and with an eye always ready to take pleasure in it, he was essentially a man's man, having beneath his courtly manners and deferential courtesy, a strong love of all manly activity, and an enjoyment of men's companionship. He loved the out-of-doors, especially the water. The threadbare term "a typical Southern gentleman" takes on real meaning as I think of him. He treated me, a mere child, with the courtesy that he accorded to my mother, for whom he had a warm admiration. Once as he saw her stepping lightly down in the cockpit of the Ocean Queen, he said admiringly, "Why Miss Alice, I never saw you look so lovely; you don't look a day over thirty!" which was a rather unfortunate choice of a year, as she was at the time only twenty-eight.

Edward and Raymond both inherited much of his cordial manner, sincere courtesy and open hospitality. I have no doubt that it has passed down to this coming generation and truly it is a "goodly heritage."

Those were good times and good friends long ago at the Isle of Hope. We shared our privileges; we divided our enjoyments and doubled them. We had simple pleasures, wore simple clothes, did useful things, helped one another over difficult places. In short we were good neighbors. The Demere's place at "The Point" was open house to their friends, young and old, and their dock (bath house then) was the point of departure for many pleasant occasions.

After all these years, the vividness of these pictures surprises me, and encourages me to hope that I can succeed in my attempt to make the younger generation see them, at least in some degree, as I do. It surely must be that the richer and more real the background, the more we can work in the tapestry of our own lives to make an harmonious picture, so that we sooner or later come to realize the value of our backgrounds.