

# SARAH TRADEWELL MCINTOSH TAYLOR

## MEMOIRS

February 1979, Bradenton, Florida

*Transcribed in 1995 by her daughter Jouett Taylor Prisley, with footnotes and illustrations by her grandson Frederic Arnett Prisley*

My children have for several years been insisting that I make a record of family dates, facts and happenings, unknown to them, some of the information having come from my grandmother, Sarah Emma McCaine Treadwell,<sup>1</sup> and others of my parents' generation. So - having just passed my eightieth birthday wisdom advises that there be no further delay. Tapes have been suggested but I clam up on them and prefer a typed record, so here goes.

My father, Francis Bernard McIntosh,<sup>2</sup> was born on May 9, 1868, in Newberry, S.C., the second son of Dr. James Hawes<sup>3</sup> McIntosh and Frances Caldwell Higgins McIntosh, the granddaughter of Lieutenant William Thomas Caldwell<sup>4</sup> and his wife, Elizabeth Ann Williams. William Caldwell is the ancestor upon whose record I became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. James McIntosh was graduated from the University of S.C. before the onset of the Civil War, or "War Between the States" as it is now called.<sup>5</sup> He enlisted with the rank of lieutenant and it is said was the youngest surgeon in the Confederate Army. He served the entire war in the hospital at Chancellorsville, Va.,<sup>6</sup> reaching the rank of major. His commission can be found in the Higgins file, Caroliniana Library, University of S.C. My application on his record for membership in the Children of the



*Francis Bernard  
McIntosh*

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1. Nina's mother was [Sarah Emma \(McCaine\) Tradewell](#), 1835-1909.
  2. Sarah's father was [Francis Bernard McIntosh](#), 1868-1916.
  3. [James Hawes McIntosh](#), 1800-1858, a planter, was Sarah's great-grandfather. Her grandparents were the Confederate physician [Dr. James McIntosh](#), 1838-1919, and his wife [Frances Caldwell Higgins](#), 1837-1890.
  4. Sarah's great-great-grandfather [William Thomas Caldwell](#), 1748-1814, served in his brother's company of rangers during the Revolution, was captured by the British and imprisoned in Castillo de San Marcos, St. Augustine, Florida.
  5. Only referred to as such in the South. Sarah used to say "We refer to it as the 'War Between the States' because there twarnt nothin' civil about it."
  6. Actually Charlottesville, Va. For an account of the Confederate Hospital in Charlottesville see *A Confederate Nurse: The Diary of Ada W. Bacot, 1860-1863*.



*Dr. James McIntosh*

Confederacy, made in 1911, bears a notation in someone's handwriting, not mine, "never surrendered."

I knew my grandfather personally - tall, slender, a strict disciplinarian, a grim man, never evidencing any affection towards my parents, my sisters or me. My father's mother died in 1890 and in 1893 my grandfather married a cousin of hers, Bert Boozer,<sup>7</sup> who had one son by a former marriage. My father's only sister, Martha Athalinda Gregg McIntosh (Buell),<sup>8</sup> was so incensed at her father, not because of his marriage but at his choice, that she left home to live with friends in England.



*Frances Caldwell  
(Higgins) McIntosh*

We never understood the relationship between my father and his. The eldest son, James,<sup>9</sup> from his youth destined to pursue a medical career, (which he did most successfully until a stroke when in his early eighties), was never permitted to do any labor on the small family farm as that would toughen his hands, the chores always came daddy's way. Uncle Jim was sent to the University of South Carolina and served his internship at New York City Lying-in Hospital. The youngest son, Edward,<sup>10</sup> attended the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina, whereas daddy was sent to the small, local college of Newberry, and then given a few weeks course in business at Poughkeepsie, New York. Grandfather did not even discover, until daddy was about ten years old, that his sight was extremely poor. The two were duck shooting; grandfather became most impatient over the child not sighting the ducks and it was then that he discovered the sight impairment and had glasses fitted. There must have been great affection between daddy and his mother, though, for he always spoke most lovingly of her. She must have been a woman of great character,



*Dr. James Higgins  
McIntosh*

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7. Frank's step-mother [Sarah Burt \(Rook\) Boozer](#), 1862-1937, used her middle name.

8. Frank's only sister was [Martha Athalinda Gregg \(McIntosh\) Buell](#), 1863-1944.

9. Frank's elder brother Dr. [James Higgins McIntosh](#), 1866-1944.

10. Frank's younger brother [Edward Lachlan McIntosh](#), 1872-1905.

accomplishment and charm judging from obituaries I have read in papers published at the time of her death.

My mother<sup>11</sup> and we three children would spend the summer months in Columbia. There would always be a week in Newberry. My main recollections are churning butter; morning prayers in the dining room, a long Bible reading, then, kneeling by our chairs, a longer prayer; croquet under the tall trees, except on Sundays which were a great bore to us children. The routine was Sunday School, a two hour Baptist church service, cold dinner, no reading of anything other than the Bible, no games, sitting on the front steps and watching other folk drive by in their buggies. Then in the early evening walking to church for another service. I do remember the house, a rather fine one with columned porch, large rooms, set well back from the street, with a walkway flanked on each side by huge pecan trees which daddy had told us he helped plant in his boyhood and from which we did receive a five pound bag of nuts each Christmas. I also remember going to school with my father's half-sister, Margaret,<sup>12</sup> a little older than I, and half-brother, Murray,<sup>13</sup> several years younger. The frame country schoolhouse had in its yard a huge oak tree with a surrounding circular bench upon which sat the bucket of drinking water and communal dipper! Shade of today's fountains! At the home I recall the lack of bedroom closets - the heavy, often ornate, bedsteads stood several feet from the wall, while pegs or nails on the backs of the headboards held clothes and the space provided privacy for dressing.



*Nina Elizabeth  
(Tradewell) McIntosh*



*Dr. James McIntosh home in  
Newberry, South Carolina*

I can tell you less of my mother's childhood. Being born in Columbia, South Carolina, on July<sup>14</sup> 27, 1873, the ravages of the Civil War had left the city war-torn and burned by Sherman's "March

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11. Sarah's mother [Nina Elizabeth \(Tradewell\) McIntosh](#), 1873-1959.

12. Frank's half-sister [Margaret \(McIntosh\) Conover](#), 1898-1982.

13. Frank's half-brother [Murray Lucas McIntosh](#), 1903-1979.

14. In other accounts, Sarah lists her mother's birth date as 27 June 1873.

to the Sea", her life was grim to say the least. As a child I recall scratching out Lincoln's picture in the history book with black Crayola. Now, in my maturity, I realize that had he lived the south would have been spared the agony of reconstruction and carpetbaggers. I also understand that Sherman's "burnt earth" policy, in bringing the war to an earlier end, was an ultimately humane act.



*James Douthet Tradewell*

Mother's father, James Douthet Tradewell,<sup>15</sup> a criminal lawyer by profession, an ex-mayor of Columbia, a man of means, in his late sixties, was reduced to penury. The policy of Washington, D.C., after Lincoln's death, was to deny licenses to practice to all professional men with the exception of doctors, unless they took the oath of allegiance to the U.S. which he refused to do. The carpetbaggers took over all such professions. My grandfather's house was commandeered for officers' quarters during the occupation, was stripped of furnishings and looted of all other contents. Prior to the take-over of the city by the Union troops many residents fled to the mountains or to nearby plantations of relatives, taking few possessions with them. Mother's family owned one slave, William, butler, houseman, general factotum. Before their flight he buried the family flat silver in a spot he could later identify, but the large pieces, such as candelabra, loving-cups and the like, which my grandfather had received as gifts from friends when he refused payment for cases won, stored in the attic, were never seen again. Nor was a portrait of my grandmother, nor her beautiful wedding dress and accessories. These had been given her upon her marriage by a dear friend whose fiancé had died. The ensemble had come from Paris, even to a chaplet of wax orange blossoms.

When the fighting moved northward and the family returned to Columbia, they found a desolate, ruined city, the inhabitants starving (remember "Gone With the Wind"?), and business at a standstill. Going immediately to dig up the buried silver, William, the now ex-slave, found it, too, gone. The baby cup now in Judy's<sup>16</sup> possession had been taken in the family's flight and it and the miniature of grandfather now in my hands<sup>17</sup> are the only

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15. Nina's father was [James Douthit Tradewell](#), 1810-1880.

16. Sarah's daughter Sarah Jouett Taylor, who went by Judy.

17. Sarah passed down the miniature portrait of James Douthit Tradewell to her daughter Jouett Taylor Prisley who passed it to her son Frederic Arnett Prisley.

items I know of remaining of all their possessions. William, being black, was able to start a small store, stocking staple groceries. Still devoted to his "family", though not now owned by them, from this source he would bring supplies, else they too would have been reduced to starvation. Aunt Mamie (my mother's older sister by almost twenty years)<sup>18</sup> told me that all too often she saw children sneak up behind supply wagons, punch a hole in a bag of corn, flour or grits and catch the run-off in a small pannikin or bowl. By the way - all of my youth I never heard the word "grits". That to us was "hominy", not "hominy-grits", and what is now termed "hominy" was to South Carolinians and other southern states "samp". My mother told me that there was always a big barrel at the back of the house where the corn was being soaked in lye-water to produce the samp.

My grandmother, Sarah Emma McCaine Tradewell, was an accomplished needlewoman having in her youth been instructed in a seminary for young ladies. Thus she managed to provide for the family in a small way with her needle. My mother told me of being called by her mother one day. They stood by a window, grandmother caressing in her hands a small but exquisite gold frame. She had taken it from the miniature of grandfather, painted on ivory the thickness of a fingernail by miniaturist Hite. It is now in my possession with its original leather case.<sup>19</sup> Mother was given the frame to take to the pawnshop, where she received only five dollars for it. Due to his age, restraint of his profession and inability to support his family my grandfather sank into a permanent condition of melancholia. Such were the fortunes of many southerners, especially city dwellers, physically affected by the conflict. (Incidentally, my grandmother was my grandfather's second wife,<sup>20</sup> she being twenty and he forty-five at the time of their marriage. Aunt Mamie, the first child of their marriage, was born in 1856 and my mother, the youngest, in 1873.)

My mother won a scholarship to South Carolina Women's College, at that time situated in Columbia but later moved to Rock Hill and the name changed to Winthrop College, from which she was graduated with the degree of Licentiate of Teaching, later accepted by the State of Florida as comparable to Bachelor of Education. She taught the first grade in Columbia public schools for three years

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18. Sarah's aunt [Mary Lamar \(Tradewell\) Fielding](#), 1857-1923, was known as Mamie.

19. The miniature portrait was passed down as mentioned above, but the leather case did not survive.

20. James Douthit Tradewell's first wife was [Elizabeth Christiana Boatwright](#), 1811-1854.

prior to her marriage to my father on July 6, 1896. She earned the magnificent salary of twenty-five dollars a month upon which she supported herself and promised to provide her niece and namesake, Frances Elizabeth Sylvan,<sup>21</sup> with her shoes. Mother must have been very beautiful physically for over the years I have had people who knew her in her youth tell me that "She was the most beautiful young woman in Columbia". She held vestiges of that beauty in her late years -she lived to be eighty-six - all of her life she held herself as erectly as her standard of morals, beyond reproach - courageous in adversity, understanding of and kind to others, setting high goals for her students and children, able to project the effect of a current action into the future, loving and devoted to her family, a teacher of Latin, French and Spanish (the latter almost self-taught after the age of fifty), par excellence, in Sebring, Florida High School.

My parents were married in Danville, Virginia, on July 6, 1896. The McIntosh family was rated rather well-to-do in the Columbia-Newberry area. Mother had no financial means to stage a church wedding. She went to Danville, daddy joined her there. After the wedding daddy returned to Columbia and she went on to Baltimore to join her mother, her sister, Lucile, and niece, three-year-old Frances. These three were living in Baltimore, existing as best they could, while Aunt Lucile waited out the seven year residence requirement for a divorce from her husband, Gustave Gernand.<sup>22</sup> South Carolina did not recognize divorce. Mr. Gernand must have been a cruel individual. My grandmother told me she had seen him stand several steps up the staircase, make his own mother get down on her hands and knees and black his boots. Also, when their eldest child, Rosa, became very ill, although able to afford a doctor he refused to call one and the child died.

The news of my parents was leaked in some way to the Columbia paper, so, the cat thus out of the bag, mother joined daddy there. At that time my father had a well-established partnership with a good friend - the area distributorship for Cudahy Packing Company. He rented a house on Lumber Street, they had a cook, a two-horse carriage, and when the first child, Elizabeth (Lehr),<sup>23</sup> arrived, engaged the elderly colored woman, Ann, who had been mother's own childhood nurse. This caused quite a stir among the McIntosh clan, being rated an extravagance - two servants at a dollar and

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21. Sarah's cousin [Frances Elizabeth Sylvan](#), 1894-1969, was the daughter of Nina's sister [Lucile Rosa \(Tradewell\) Sylvan](#), 1871-1961.

22. Gustavus "Robert" Gernand, a scoundrel from Baltimore, married Lucile in 1891 and abandoned her shortly after the birth in 1894 of their second daughter Frances.

23. Sarah's elder sister [Elizabeth Caldwell \(McIntosh\) Nickerson](#), 1897-1980, was "Lehr" to her friends and family and "Sister" to Sarah.

a half and keep each per week! When I put in my appearance, Ann being considered by then too old, "Aunt Cindy" (in the south it was still at that time the custom to call elderly Negroes by the titles of aunt and uncle) was hired. Antisepsis was just coming into vogue at the time of my birth, and although I was to be born at home much care was to be taken. All linens anticipated for use in the confinement were wrapped in brown paper, tightly sealed and sent to the bakery to be "baked". However I arrived in such a hurry to be in this big old world that the bundles were left on the wardrobe shelf, undisturbed.

I have been told that no two sisters could have been more different. Sister slender, long slim face, the bluest of blue eyes, curling brown hair, while I was fat and chubby, tow-headed and red faced, with grey eyes. Later on when mother dressed me in Sister's outgrown outfit of pearl gray coat with big circular collar edged with ruffled lace, and lined with pale pink silk, together with matching poke bonnet, she said I looked a perfect fright. Frills, lace, ruffles and such trimmings have never been my forte. My hair did change by school age to dark brown heavily shot with red, inherited from my father, which lasted until its present white took over. But curls? Never, except those made in the beauty shop. I was discriminated against - both parents and sisters were blessed with naturally curly tresses.

When I was five I was assailed by a combination of maladies affecting a number of neighborhood youngsters - pneumonia, measles, abscesses in head and ears, and congestion of the brain (whatever that may be). Sister had the measles only, very lightly, while Bernard,<sup>24</sup> the youngest daughter was quite ill with measles, but not the other complications. A registered nurse cared for me and Dr. James, my father's brother, together with three other doctors, including an ear specialist, were called in. We had electricity in the house and the specialist scorched many of mother's pillow cases putting a bulb close to my ears for examinations. Four of the other children with similar complications died, and finally I was said to be gone. The other doctors left, but Uncle Jim felt there was still a spark of life - he persisted in continued treatment and here I am, aged eighty years.

I would like to insert a little item here to emphasize my mother's unique way of punishment. I had the bad habit of biting other children when their actions did not please me. Finally mother decided I must be cured, so one day, after naps, when we children had been dressed to go out on the front pavement to play with our

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24. Sarah's younger sister [Bernard "Bunny" McIntosh](#), 1902-1905.

friends, she covered my mouth with strips of "court plaster", the predecessor of adhesive tape, similar to our present scotch tape but with more adhesive capabilities. She stood me in front of the wardrobe mirror and asked "What would your Aunt Mamie (whom I adored) think of that?" I mumbled "She'd think it a measly shame!" Then I was sent outdoors to humiliation, for I dared not remove the stripping. That episode put an end to my biting, I can tell you.

I do not know at just what time financial tragedy struck my father, but probably during my illness. He and his partner were co-signers on a \$100,000 note of one of their dearest friends. That was a huge sum in 1904. The so-called friend absconded, disappeared, daddy and his partner were ruined and lost their business. Uncle Jim advised my parents to move to a warmer climate for my health's sake as this was the third time I had suffered a serious attack of pneumonia. Of course this was long before penicillin or other antibiotics were in use. I do not know the reason for daddy's selection of Tampa. He went down sometime ahead of us who followed him in January 1905. At first we stayed at the family Hotel la Forte in the heart of what is now downtown Tampa. There we had our first experience of picking an orange directly from the tree. One of the maids had a boy-friend who worked at a pub. Each afternoon, as he headed home, he would stop by the hotel, give his friend a mug of beer from his bucket and also fill Bernard's and my silver cups. I don't know if mother was aware of this or not, probably she would not have objected, deeming a bit of beer healthy, but how is that for starting imbibing early? As you all know I have always been a one can, or under, gal, so my morals were not undermined.

Again the query - why would not grandfather give daddy any assistance? The Tampa district could have been my father's distributorship for Coca Cola, just becoming so popular, for the southeast area at a price of \$5,000. Daddy asked him for a loan and was refused. So he took a position with L.W. Smith, real estate and rentals, as bookkeeper. He rented a nice two-story house on Azeele Street, in Hyde Park, and in we moved.

Tragedy was to pursue my dear parents from then on. Bernard, the two and a half year old baby, developed typhoid fever in early June. Cerebral spinal meningitis developed, for which there was no known treatment or cure. Mother has told me that the doctor would sit by the crib and literally wring his hands in impotence as he watched the convulsions and body contortions and the fever rise to 110, and blindness ensue. On July first the end came. Altho the disease had caused her head to be twisted so that she faced backwards they were able to turn it to a natural position,



and her little hands, crossed on her breast, were tied together with a pink ribbon. Sister and I were taken to see her in the parlor, asleep in peace in the small white casket, our parents considering that the best way to introduce us to death, but we did not attend the funeral. From that time onward mother and daddy ceased church attendance. Somehow they must have been unable to reconcile the suffering their baby had endured with a loving Father. Sister and I were sent to Sunday School but they themselves attended no religious services. Perhaps, too, the fact that they were newcomers to a strange city, far away from all family, their friends few, could have given them a feeling of estrangement.



*Bernard "Bunny"  
McIntosh's Grave*

Mother's mother visited us that summer - a calm, lovely, loving lady. I am sure she was a great comfort to my mother in her sorrow. She gave me my first lessons in handling a needle, and I made mother a linen collar. I have thanked my granny all of my life for indoctrinating me into the art of needlecraft. That visit is one of the few recollections I have of my grandmother.

My next vivid remembrance of that winter is of December 1905. We had a colored laundress who took our clothes weekly to her home as was the custom. The day of my birthday, the 21st, she and I sat on the porch steps while mother assembled the laundry and I showed her the little globe with two goldfish I had received as a gift. We did not know that she had come directly from a home where there was a violent case of scarlet fever. Soon afterward I became quite ill. A doctor was visiting a patient next door, mother called him in - diagnosis: "scarlet fever". Immediate isolation was ordered and the house quarantined. It being the Christmas season, and a contagious case, no registered nurse would come to the house, so mother was isolated with me in an upstairs bedroom. The doctor treated me from the sidewalk, entering the room only twice and then standing in a far corner, wrapped in an antiseptic sheet. A bad abscess developed on my throat but he would not lance it to leave a long permanent scar appearing as though I had tried to cut my throat. I've been forever grateful to him for his thoughtfulness. He ordered mother to paint it with iodine daily, and neighbors reported they could hear my screams a block away as the rawness increased - another heartbreaking task for mother who had lost her baby only six months before. Mother prepared what food she could on a perfection oil heater and daddy, never having cooked before, what he could in the kitchen, putting it on the top

step where mother would pick it up. We were isolated for two full months. When I finally recovered the house was thoroughly fumigated, at city expense, any burnable items such as linens and mattresses were destroyed and replaced by the city with inferior quality goods, all waterproof contents of my room, washed with bichloride of mercury solution, and the two of us admitted downstairs. One week later, Sister, having thus far escaped, developed the malady and the whole process had to be repeated for two months. She had a very mild case and was never in danger, but poor mother and daddy - four months of anxiety and separation. Do you see why Mary Ann<sup>25</sup> says I come of sturdy stock?

In 1906 or 07 we moved to what is now Kennedy Boulevard,<sup>26</sup> our house being across the street from, and a short distance below, the entrance gates of then magnificent Tampa Bay Hotel built and run by H.B. Plant of railroad fame and now housing the University of Tampa. Neighborhood children were allowed to play in a corner section of the grounds, free of flower beds but abounding in large trees and bushes. Wonderful concealment for games of hide-and-go-seek. We were in walking distance, although across the Hillsborough River, from the heart of downtown Tampa and daddy's office. Shades of today! Sister and I had an Irish Mail,



*Hyde Park Grammar School,  
founded 1889*

like a sled but on wheels and propelled by foot pedals. The streets were safe enough for two little girls to go as far as Franklin Street alone. There were sidewalks, very, very few autos, and one streetcar line. We would meet daddy and come home with him. It was from this house that Sister and I entered Hyde Park Grammar School, first through eighth grades, now tripled in size and known as Gorrie School.<sup>27</sup> Built of red brick, eight classrooms, four up and four down, it was considered very fine, although it had privies and no interior plumbing until several years later. We both attended this school until entering Hillsborough High, across the river, way on the other side of town, reached by streetcar, and at that time the only one in the county with the exception of Plant City.



*Hillsborough High School, 1912*

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25. [Mary Ann Taylor-Hall](#) was Sarah's husband Arnett's niece.

26. Formerly Grand Central Avenue, renamed John F. Kennedy Boulevard in 1964.

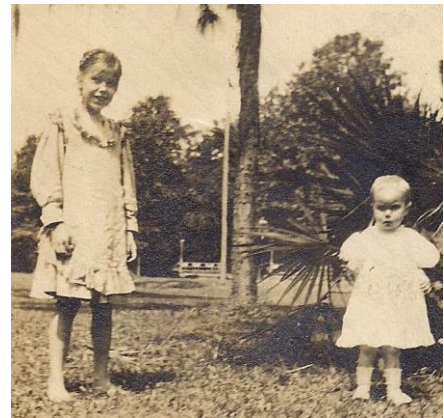
27. Now John Gorrie Elementary School.

The fall of 1906 I was sent to Columbia to stay with Aunt Mamie Fielding, her husband Frank, and daughter Emme.<sup>28</sup> There I began my schooling. My sister, Polly,<sup>29</sup> was born on December 11, 1906. Uncle Frank died soon after Christmas. Mother gave Aunt Mamie the privilege of naming the new baby and she named her Mary Fielding. Daddy did not care for the name Mary and as a result the baby was called Polly. Although a full term infant the baby weighed less than two pounds, had an open heart valve, (a "blue baby") and was very frail, the doctor holding out little hope for her survival. She couldn't even be dressed at first but was wrapped in "swaddling clothes", her crib being the cover of mother's sewing machine lined with cotton batting covered by cheese cloth, and hot water bottles used for warmth. Years later a friend told me that she herself was kept for two months in one of the first incubators, on display to the public in Chicago in 1912.



*Emme Brenau Fielding*

Until she was six months old Sister and I wheeled Polly in our doll carriages. She walked at nine, spoke some words at ten months, and mother said it really gave her the creeps to see that mite of a baby walking around. The child was not told of the leaking valve, my parents wishing for her to lead as normal a life as possible for the time allotted to her. The doctors predicted an early death. She was watched carefully, not allowed to over exert - if she seemed to tire mother would call her aside for a cookie, to be read to, or some such diversion. Sister and I, her nurses, were warned to never chastise her physically as a hard jolt might cause trouble. It was not until Polly, while on a teaching fellowship at the U. of Wisconsin, studying for her doctorate in ancient history, decided to take out some insurance and during a physical examination was studied by eight doctors, that she enquired from mother what the fuss was all about. The fact of the heart defect was then made



*Sarah & Polly, c.1908*

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28. Sarah's uncle (by marriage) [Franklin Brenaugh Fielding](#), 1846-1906, and her cousin [Emme Brenau Fielding](#), 1880-1965.

29. Sarah's younger sister [Mary Fielding \(McIntosh\) Brady](#), 1906-1968, who was known as Polly to her family and friends.



Mary Fielding "Polly"  
(McIntosh) Brady

known to her. Although her death certificate in 1968 read "pneumonia", Sister and I have always thought that the congestion of difficult breathing caused the heart to fail.

To return to Polly's infancy, again my parents were badly beset for, in addition to a tiny and delicate baby, Sister's digestive tract refused to function properly. Before school each morning and again at night she had to swallow yards of rubber tubing to facilitate the flushing of her stomach of its contents. A special diet was prescribed including a certain Jewish bread ordered from Chicago. I chose to be healthy during this period which must have been a help indeed.



McIntosh home, 824 S. Oregon Ave.,  
Tampa, 1910-1915

Daddy greatly wished to own his home. He spent his Sundays drawing house plans, and finally secured a loan to build our house at 824 South Oregon Avenue, in a new residential section just off of the present Bayshore Blvd. We moved there in 1910. Daddy could raise a few chickens in the high, wooden fenced back yard and he and mother had a lovely flower garden in the front. Lack of money was always the bugaboo, but somehow my parents managed to provide a happy childhood for us girls. We would take long Sunday streetcar rides to distant

parts of the city; out to Ballast Point Park for picnics, swimming and fishing; to an occasional movie or stock show; on the steamer excursions in the summer months, across the bay to Pass-a-Grille or Anna Maria.<sup>30</sup> Often several families would club together to rent a cottage for a week or two at one of those beaches and one mother go as house-mother for six or eight children. My parents were both very strict disciplinarians, but fair ones. Daddy's Scotch-Irish blood gave him a fiery temper but the anger was short-lived. Mother, on the other hand was very slow to anger but could supply such a tongue lashing that one felt like a worm and wished to go into hiding. Their love for one another was deep and true. I cannot recall ever hearing an ugly or unkind word between them, and daddy's constant order to us was "help your mother". For

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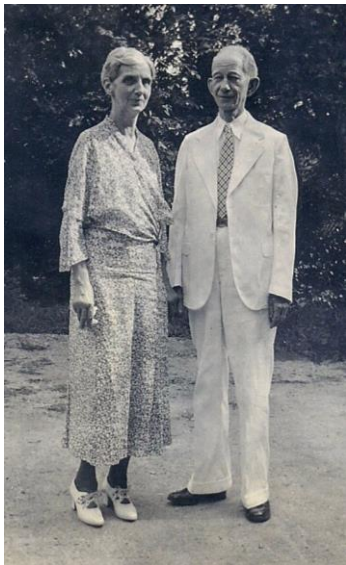
30. Pass-a-Grille beach in St. Petersburg and Anna Maria Island off the coast of Bradenton are still two of the finest beaches in Florida.

instance, Saturday morning belonged to her - we had to sweep the carpets and stairs, dust the furniture, wash windows, polish silver and mirrors or scrub the kitchen linoleum. Twice yearly the contents of the glass-front china cabinet must be washed, rinsed and dried under her eagle eye. Our school homework, and in those days that was always heavy, must be done before Sunday to leave it free for family amusements. Standards set for our report cards were high, nothing below a B acceptable. Yet I remember my father's edict, "Never condemn nor scorn another child's grades if a C or under was the best that he or she was mentally capable of". When historical or spelling questions were raised we must at once, even though at table, search the encyclopedia for the answers. We had a good home library so there was no escape nor excuse accepted. We were taught cribbage and chess, tho personally I never liked the latter as more action appealed to me. Sister and I were definite opposites, not only in physical looks. I loved sports and dolls and sewing; she cooking, reading and working in the flower garden. Mother would punish her by denying her a book whereas until I was about twelve my punishment was to be made to read. Then mother could no longer accept a child with no yen for literature, so she established a program to arouse my interest. While she sewed I must read to her - Ben Hur, Tale of Two Cities, Ivanhoe and the like, with long, dry introductions. When the action quickened and my interest was keen she would take the book away until the next day. And so she instilled in me the love of reading, especially worthwhile material, for which I thank her to this day.

Life was so much simpler "in my time" than today. On Friday nights all the neighborhood youngsters, regardless of sex or age, gathered together on an empty lot for games, quizzes, singing around a bonfire if the weather was chilly. Mother allowed us to dig up our backyard for castles or forts to act out stories; draw hopscotch courts on the sidewalk; go wild violet picking in the spring in nearby woods; spread jigsaw puzzles over the floor. She, with much originality, helped us with the making of May baskets and Christmas gifts. I truly had a happy childhood. Each summer would see us in Columbia, either with mother or sometimes alone. In all his years with Smith, and later with his nephew-successors, the Thrower Brothers, I never recall daddy having a vacation. Could it be he would get double pay for working through his vacation time? I do not know. I do know that in all of those years he never received a raise, nor could he risk leaving his job to try for a better one, with the five of us to support, plus Aunt Mamie and Emme from November to April or May each year. I have the greatest admiration for him and mother for doing for us

children all they managed to do with such a meager income, and with no bitterness visible to us.

In 1914 Sister graduated from high school. She had covered the four year course in three with mother's coaching help at home during the summer. She stood exams for Vassar, won a scholarship, but had not any sustaining funds and was forced to reject the offer. She stood the state teacher's examination, received her certificate and began teaching fifth grade that fall at Port Tampa school. I entered high school that same year.



*Edmund Haynes Taylor II  
& Ann Mary Arnett*

Now for a bit about your daddy and me. Dad Taylor<sup>31</sup> was an independent insurance adjustor, headquartered in Atlanta at the time of his marriage, and he and Grandmother Taylor<sup>32</sup> lived there until 1907 when they moved to Tampa. In his travels Dad Taylor had met my father in Columbia, and the two men renewed their acquaintanceship when meeting in Tampa. Arnett<sup>33</sup> and I were in seventh grade together but I did not like him. I was prim, unused to boys. He ran with the gang who threw spitballs, put rubber in the coffee can of water set upon the cast iron, wood-burning stove used to heat the room, causing a stench, teasing us girls. He skipped the eighth grade and thus entered high school a year ahead of me. The summer of 1915 he was a Boy Scout councilor at a camp on a big lake some fifteen miles north

of Tampa. His family planned a picnic with him there and asked me if I would like to accompany them. I accepted, thinking it might be a lark but mainly because it meant a ride on the little wood burner train, the only means of transportation, and promising a new experience for me, and also because of my love of picnics, anywhere, any time. Arnett was most attentive, took me out on the lake in a rowboat, loaded me with beautiful white water lilies, and asked for a date when he should get back home. Daddy approved, and on July 4th we spent the afternoon and early evening out at Ballast Point Park, fireworks, dancing and getting soaked by the usual Fourth's drenching showers. So that is how it all began.

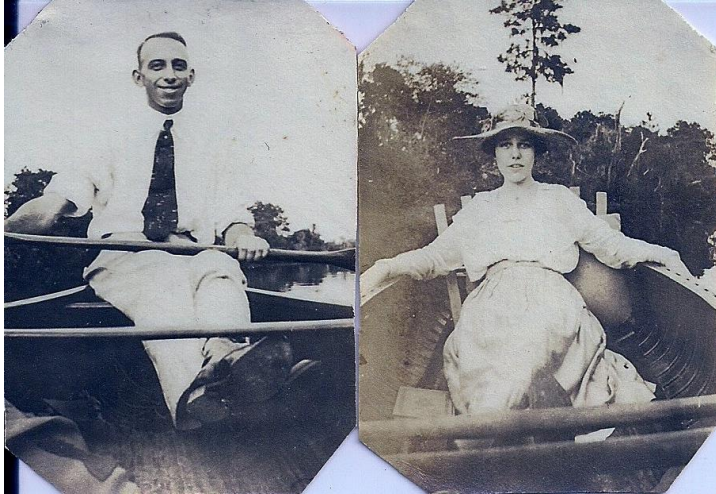
Later that year we were forced to surrender our home as Daddy was unable to meet the mortgage payments. We moved to an apartment

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31. Arnett's father was [Edmund Haynes Taylor II](#), 1867-1944.

32. Arnett's mother was [Ann Mary Arnett](#), 1871-1943.

33. Sarah's future husband [Clark Arnett Taylor](#), 1897-1972, who went by Arnett.



*Arnett & Sarah on the lake in a rowboat, and...*



*on first official date*

on Bay Street near the present First Christian Church. The Thrower Bros. business had increased tremendously, the bookkeeper's load got heavier than daddy could handle alone but he was refused an assistant. Finally he resigned. Within a few months three bookkeepers were filling his shoes. This was prior to mechanical adding machines or any form of comptometer. Mother returned to teaching, this time at a private school. Daddy and Dad Taylor shared an office when daddy opened a real estate business for himself. As he had no capital I do not know if any appeal was again made to his father for financial help but I do know that none came from Newberry. In May of 1916, under great stress, daddy borrowed funds from the deposit of a client, supposedly a temporary measure to meet a pressing obligation of some sort. When the replacement could not be made, and the poor fellow, at his wits' end, not knowing which way to turn, to avoid disgrace for us, his family, he took the streetcar out to Woodlawn Cemetery where little Bunny was buried, and beside her grave wrote a note to mother, and one to us girls, and with his pistol to his temple, ended his life. Uncle Jim came down for the funeral and to help mother. To add to her terrible burden of sorrow no Episcopal priest would hold the burial service because of his self-destruction. A kind - but strange to us - Baptist minister officiated at the very quiet service and daddy was buried beside his baby girl namesake.

School was just out for the summer. As soon as possible we sublet the apartment with the agreement that the tenants would attend to the shipping of our household effects to Columbia, when notified, and we took the train for South Carolina. Aunt Martha Buell,

George's<sup>34</sup> mother, offered to send Sister to U. of Tennessee for a teacher's summer course. Mother, so sad and aimless, to help fill her empty days, audited a course in French at the U. of South Carolina. French had been her minor at Winthrop and she had kept it alive through the intervening years. She thought that she would now like to teach the language.

One incident during that summer brought us to the belief that our step-grandmother, Burt, might have been the cause of grandfather's rejection of daddy. Mother received a letter from him in which he accused her of daddy's act because of her infidelity to him. Can you think of a crueller accusation against a devoted wife? I can see her now in her black taffeta skirt and white shirtwaist, brave and strong as she had been thru all the tragedy, standing with that letter in her hand and slowly collapsing in a crumpled heap on the floor.

The subject of our continued stay in South Carolina was never discussed with us girls. As school opening approached, we simply made arrangements to return to Tampa, including meeting Arnett in Jacksonville. The Mexican Border Trouble had arisen. Arnett had



*Cpl. C. Arnett Taylor,  
Army National Guard*

enlisted in Company G, 124<sup>th</sup> Infantry, National Guard, and was in training at Black Point, near Jacksonville. We did not realize at that time that this was a prelude, a training period, for World War I. He did meet us and accompanied us to Tampa on a short furlough, later being sent to Laredo, Texas, until March of 1917.

Now began a new sort of life for us. Mother and Sister resumed teaching. I began my senior year at Hillsborough High. Miss White, owner of the school where mother taught, insisted upon Polly attending her school as she deemed it bad publicity for the child of one of her teachers to attend a public institution. Life was never easy there for Polly, with mother a teacher and our poverty.

Perhaps that was one cause of her later ideas of personal independence - "What I do affects no one else". The children of Tampa's wealthy attended English Classical and some were cruel to

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34. Sarah's cousin [George Bradley Buell, Jr.](#), 1900-1996, and his wife Frances Marion Gooding, 1904-1991, had no children of their own, but were very dear to Sarah, her children, and her grandchildren.



her, as nine and ten year olds can be, not having maturity enough to understand the situation.

About this time President Wilson appointed Mr. William Gonzalez, owner and publisher of Columbia's largest newspaper, "The State", as ambassador to Cuba. His wife, Cecil, was a very close friend of Emme, and they asked her to accompany them as Cecil's friend and companion. I presume she received a minimum in compensation, just sufficient for her personal needs, for she was a "friend", not a secretary or working companion. Aunt Mamie came to live with us. She had no income but sewed for us and "ran the house". I helped out a little on my school expenses, lunch, carfare etc. by coaching three little girls each afternoon, hearing their next day's lessons. Two were identical twins. Did I have a time keeping them straight? Oh, my!!! During this time, Sister was, with the help of an ex-secretary friend, learning shorthand and typing as she felt school teaching was not for her. When sufficiently capable she got a position with the head freight agent for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

Arnett came home from Texas in March 1917, was notified that he would be called into the regular army in August. He got a temporary job with a tire company and we began dating regularly. A canoe livery at Sulphur Springs benefitted greatly from us and our crowd. Even after Arnett was back in service, and later in France, my boyfriends kept me busy with the gang. Our favorite amusement was canoeing and the livery was constantly patronized. What better fun, when the moon was full, than paddling up the lovely Hillsboro River to Hannah's Whirl<sup>35</sup> beside which was a fine picnic ground? The girls must take a paddle, nearing and through the Whirl to shore - or did the males let us think we were helping? Some three to eight couples usually shared the fun, always finding a chaperon waiting at the Whirl, having arrived by car (really a rather scarce commodity at that time). Sometimes we fed on picnic lunches, but more often had oyster roasts or clam bakes. Well fed, afterwards joining in a sing-fest, we would then drift down the river to the livery, the paddles idle, the young voices in muted conversation. Then would be the long streetcar ride back home. After Arnett's return from France the crowd often met at his home on Tampa Bay, some five miles beyond Ballast Point,<sup>36</sup> for

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35. Hanna's Whirl is a sharp bend in the Hillsborough River a little less than a mile up river from Sulphur Springs. It lies between East Mulberry Drive to the north and East Park Circle to the south, along the axis of North 17<sup>th</sup> Street.

36. The Taylor home on the south side of Ballast Point was almost exactly five miles south of downtown Tampa. The street car ran four miles south to Gandy Boulevard, and they often walked the last mile down Bayshore Boulevard to Shell Point.



*Taylor Home at  
Ballast Point*



a fish fry. A colored handyman who sometimes cooked for the Taylors, and always for the Boy Scout Camps, would purchase the freshly caught mullet from the fishermen, paying five cents per fish. Never did fried fish have a better taste nor reception and his hush puppies were superb.

My last year in high school was a full and happy one. Arnett was on hand for my graduation and presented me with the then popular silver calling card case. I had other dates too, especially during Arnett's absence when he drove his family to Kentucky and remained until August. Bill Bivens was among my dates.

In August Arnett reported for service in the regular army. The troops were temporarily in barracks at the fair grounds but he received permission to spend his nights at our apartment where he slept on a canvas army cot in the living room. After several weeks Company G was ordered to Camp Gordon at Macon, Georgia. 1917-1918 was one of the bitterest of winters, complicated by the terrible flu epidemic which ravaged Europe and America, both at home and in the trenches. Soldiers died in the camps by the thousands. Mother spent Christmas with the Sylvans. Upon her arrival in Columbia she saw every available space at the station filled with the pine boxes containing the bodies of the camp's flu victims. Our family was spared the flu, but during the intense cold fire broke out at Camp Gordon. Arnett, Sergeant of the Guard that night, in breaking the ice on the top of the barrels of water placed about the camp for such an emergency had his fingers frost bitten. To the end of his life his fingers would turn white when exposed to cold weather and were a nuisance to him, our family's only war injury.

Arnett's only occupation prior to his enlistment had been with the Tampa Cadillac dealer as an apprentice mechanic. Upon his enlistment, under "experience" he listed "mechanic". Soon after arrival at Camp Gordon he was transferred from the infantry to the air service mechanics, a new branch of service, the forerunner of the air force. Airplanes, just out of their infancy, came into

their own during the war. All machines were transported, in crates, by boat across the ocean to be assembled on the other side. Arnett's assignment was at the largest assembly point in France, Romorantin. Planes were there not only assembled and readied for combat, but those not too badly damaged were repaired for further use. At the time of the Armistice Arnett was acting top sergeant of his company. He brought home with him Kodaks of literally acres of ambulances, Cadillac chassis, trucks and other vehicles parked prior to being turned over to the French. To return them to the United States was prohibitive in price and would have glutted the home market, so they were given to France. Arnett once told me, too, that every tree on French soil, cut down for any reason, was paid for to the French.



*Sgt. C. Arnett Taylor,  
U.S. Army*

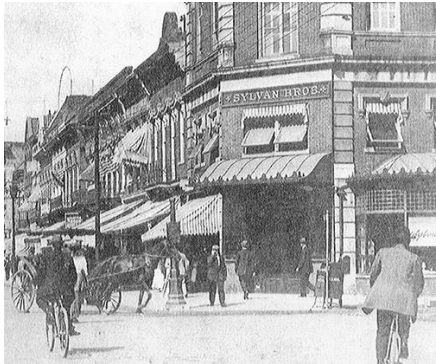
During 1917 summer I stood state teachers' examinations prior to securing the position of secretary and substitute teacher at Hillsboro High. Upon graduation I had been awarded a full four-year scholarship to Florida State Women's College<sup>37</sup> but was forced to refuse it. We did not have the means to even pay the railroad fare to Tallahassee, nor provide me with the minimum of necessary clothes. In those days it was almost impossible for a girl to support herself on the side, as is now the case, with typing or other jobs, so I eagerly accepted the offer of the secretary's position at a salary of \$50.00 per month, for eight months, and thus aided the family exchequer. I soon discovered, when filling in for absent teachers, that the profession was definitely not for me, so I rented a typewriter, used Sister's shorthand book and started on the self-taught road of a business secretary, as Sister had done. Aunt Martha again came to our aid and offered to provide me with a finishing course at Bowen-McFeat Business School in Columbia. So when the Tampa school term ended for the summer I went immediately to Columbia, to stay with the Sylvans.

Camp Jackson was the largest training camp in the nation, situated in Columbia, and I cannot resist telling in some detail of my summer there. I do believe that there was more individual personal effort to "do anything for our boys" than in World War II. Shortages of foods were common, the attempt to conserve universal, but civilians would deny themselves, especially sugar, in order to have extra goodies for service men. Troops being transported via rail would be met at every station stop by women and girls with

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37. Now Florida State University.

sandwiches, coffee, sweets and fruits of every kind. Girls staffed the canteens at the camp; the soldiers were invited to meals whenever possible and the best on hand provided them. Columbia had only one ice plant. Aunt Lucile had a new refrigerator requiring one hundred pounds of ice every other day. We had to manage and plan for one delivery a week as the camp's demands were great - the summer was one of the hottest on record. Dances were held at the camp for the enlisted men. Volunteer chaperones from among the city's ladies had lists of girls to be picked up at their homes by army trucks provided with plank seats. Only white middies and skirts were permitted to be worn as appropriate to the soldiers' O.D. shirts and trousers as the weather was far too hot for dress uniforms. The boys, after a few dances, were as wet with perspiration as though they had fallen in a pond, and upon reaching home, when we girls removed our blouses and skirts we needs must hang them on chairs to dry. You must realize that this was long before the advent of air conditioning and the few fans in the camp recreation halls were not very effective. Refreshments were cold drinks and ice cream cones! The dances for the officers were more comfortable being held at auditoriums or hotels in the city, and more formal - we girls could sport our pretty dresses. Often, too, our partners were better dancers than the enlisted men.



*Sylvan Brothers Jewelers,  
c.1905*

Uncle Gus Sylvan<sup>38</sup> was the owner of Columbia's finest jewelry store, well patronized by the service men. He was one of the kindest men I have ever known in my lifetime. He would invite two or more soldiers to dinner, twice each week, officers once, then enlisted men, so Frances and I had no dearth of dates. One North Carolinian and I became very serious in our feeling for each other. He was formally engaged to "a girl back home" and there was a tentative agreement between Arnett and me. Upon arriving in Columbia

I had expected him to meet me on a short furlough. Instead, Frances had a telegram from him, then in Ft. Green, Charlotte, N.C. - his leave cancelled by orders to an embarkation point for France. He asked us to come see him at the camp. Mother was at summer school at Rock Hill, S.C. She arranged to catch my train as it passed through there and go with me to Charlotte, for no

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38. Sarah's Swedish uncle [Gustaf Jonson "Gus" Sylvan](#), 1868-1958, was for years the Tradewell-McIntosh family benefactor, always helping out when troubles befell someone, and always refusing repayment of his "loans."

"decent girl" would visit a man in camp un-chaperoned. We stayed at a Y.M.C.A. Arnett and I discussed marriage, but like you, Arnett B.,<sup>39</sup> he thought it unfair to me when he was leaving for an indefinite length of time, at the front, with its dangers. So we came to no binding agreement. Sidney and I, however, did come to the point of discussing his breaking his engagement and we getting married. We tossed the matter back and forth, then decided against it. After war's end I received an invitation to his wedding, sent the girl a gift, received an acknowledgement, and never heard from them again. I have been forever thankful for no woman could have had a more thoughtful, kind and loving husband than I in your father, nor a happier and more complete and harmonious marriage, despite our early hard times.

I finished at the business college, returned to Tampa, and soon was working for a comparatively newly formed wholesale grocery company. Their employment requirement had been for a "green girl they could train as they wished." I was truly verdant!



*Markey-Harmon Co.  
Wholesale Grocers, Tampa*

None who experienced the night of November 11, 1918, when news of the armistice reached us, will ever forget the frenzied hours. This of course predated radio, though word was being bandied about through wires and newspapers that a cease fire was possible. I spent the night with Arnett's parents. Dad Taylor had an "in" with the press corps and the phone rang about one A.M. We had waited until nearly midnight, then gone to bed. Dad and Mrs. Taylor, Martha<sup>40</sup> and I, hurriedly dressed, had a sketchy breakfast, and headed for the city, some eight miles distant. Stopping by mother's we gave the grand news, then joined the bedlam of cars, pedestrians, honking horns, blowing whistles, ringing church bells, screaming, jubilant humans, on Franklin Street. This continued all through the following day. We could not really believe the war was over. Some troops got home very quickly, but the dismantling of the



*Arnett's sister Martha  
Elizabeth Taylor, c.1910*

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39. Sarah's son, [Arnett Bernard Taylor](#), 1921-2002, whom she usually referred to as "Nard" to differentiate him from his father.

40. This is not "Aunt Martha," but Arnett Taylor's sister [Martha Elizabeth Taylor](#), 1905-1993, who would marry Paul Clifford Gillette.

camp at Romorantin took more time, and Arnett was delayed in his mustering out until mid-July 1919, in Columbia.

With Arnett home a marvelously happy time for me ensued, with a good job, dating two or three times a week, for movies, theater, Chautauqua, fun with our crowd, or the two of us canoeing often taking a picnic lunch and being on the river all day. Mother had some compunction about this but did not refuse her permission.



*Elizabeth Caldwell  
"Lehr" (McIntosh)  
Nickerson*

On September 20th, 1920, Sister and Guy Nickerson<sup>41</sup> drove to Lakeland and were married. Guy was some twenty years Sister's senior, a bachelor, the apple of his mother's and only sister's eyes, and they thought that he would remain single. Guy wanted his mother to learn of the marriage at the same time as our mother, with no fanfare and preliminary knowledge, hence the secrecy. A telegram sent to mother announced the fact and asked that Arnett pick up his car in Lakeland (no garage mentioned), as they were bound for Cleveland Ohio, via train. I was vacationing at Pass-a-Grille with the Hoovers and other friends. Mother phoned with the plea that I come home as this was really a shock to her. She exacted a promise

from me that I would not marry without her foreknowledge. Arnett and I had between us only, set sometime in October for our own marriage but postponed it until the following February but he did give me my ring that Christmas. When we finally set the date for February 28<sup>th</sup>, mother was greatly opposed, not because she disapproved of Arnett, but because she had so hoped that our affair would blow over, and I would marry a man of means, and Arnett had

nothing except his job. Her own life had been so hard financially that she longed for an easier one for me. She tried to change my mind and when I insisted in my decision she refused to speak to me or help me with my few simple arrangements. But when the time came she joined Sister, Guy, Aunt Mamie, Polly, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Martha at St. Andrew's church<sup>42</sup> for the ceremony at 6:30, a very simple one. Thereafter she showed only love and unstinted helpfulness



*St. Andrew's Episcopal  
Church, Tampa, founded 1871*

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41. Sarah's sister Lehr married [Henry Guy Nickerson](#), 1878-1934, a much older but imminently eligible bachelor, who became another fond benefactor of the family.

42. St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, 509 E. Twiggs St. in downtown Tampa.

to us both all of her remaining life, and Arnett, bless him, never harbored any resentment against her.

Being a college graduate herself, and degrees growing constantly more in demand in the business world, I have sometimes wondered if she foresaw the detriment to his future that he would suffer because he did not even finish high school. During his sophomore year Dad Taylor's brother, Fall,<sup>43</sup> was living with them. Uncle Fall was himself a Latin scholar. He was most critical of Arnett's pronunciation of many Latin words. Arnett's teacher was considered one of the best in Latin in Florida, but as, in so many languages had been schooled in a diverse pronunciation from that of Uncle Fall. Happening to meet her one day he proceeded to argue with her on the subject, and she, rather naturally, resented his criticism. This led to a strained relationship with Arnett. He decided he would leave school and find work. Why his parents did not insist upon the continuance of his education I have never been able to understand, particularly in the case of his father, a college man of great learning and wisdom. For Arnett's entire life the absence of even a high school diploma was an incubus. At one time he yearned to be in the forestry field, loving the great outdoors as he did (from his mother's Kentucky blue-grass farmer heritage perhaps?), but was rejected for the lack of at least two years of a college education. I have often mulled over in my mind this combination of a consuming love of nature and his mechanical and handyman expertise. Is there some heritage in Stephen and Kenny<sup>44</sup> guiding them towards their present objectives?



*Philip Fall Taylor*

In the fall of our first year of marriage Arnett had the brainstorm of building a three-car garage with living accommodations above it as our first home. This was an entirely new concept in housing and as far as I know ours was the first "bungalowette" in Tampa. Property in Seminole Heights, across the Hillsboro River from the side we had always lived on,<sup>45</sup> was less expensive, so we bought a lot in that area and erected our home, placing the garage on the back of the lot, leaving room for a conventional house on the

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43. Arnett's uncle [Philip Fall Taylor](#), 1864-1916, who went by Fall, was an itinerant academic and historian regularly visited the Taylor family, sometimes for extended periods.

44. Sarah's grandsons Stephen Post Priskey and Kenneth Batt Taylor, both exhibited naturalist callings, and Steve would become a forestry professor.

45. Difficult to place this - Seminole Heights lies in a corner of a north-to east bend of the river, so "across the river" could be to the west or north.

front. We moved in during August 1921, with a few new pieces of furniture, the rest contributed by mother and Mrs. Taylor. Transportation was available on a nearby streetcar line. Our life



*Edmund Haynes Taylor,  
III, 1921*

was happy but uneventful until October 25th when the first bad hurricane<sup>46</sup> in my experience struck. Mrs. Taylor was in Atlanta with Aunt Mannie,<sup>47</sup> grandmother Arnett being quite ill. On that very day the end came for her, a very quiet, serene lady, with hair as white as mine now is. Edmund<sup>48</sup> was at the U. of Kentucky, Martha with us as Granddad had expected to be away on a business trip. The wind raged, threatening to blow inward the double doors of the garage and the rain fell in pelting sheets blown by the wind. Our one staircase was on the exterior of the building. As conditions worsened, Arnett, who had not gone to work that morning, decided we had best seek ground level before the threatened doors gave way. Can you

visualize me, very pregnant with Arnett B., descending those stairs in the wind and rain and climbing through a smallish window at the rear of the building? We luckily came through the storm with no damage. Water from the bay had washed up to the Taylors' front



*Arnett Bernard Taylor,  
1924*

door and Sister and Guy abandoned their apartment close to the Hillsboro River and sought refuge in a hotel. This is the latest date for a bad hurricane of which I have personal knowledge, the earliest being the June one<sup>49</sup> just prior to Arnett's and my two month visit with Arnett B. and Mary in Hawaii. That one necessitated a new roof on our Tangelo Park, Bradenton, home.

Arnett B. was supposed to put in his appearance on November 18<sup>th</sup> but he must have been reluctant to enter this world and waited until December 7<sup>th</sup>. What a welcome he received - the first grandchild in both of our families. Can you believe that my ten day stay in the hospital in a semi-private room and including the delivery

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46. Tampa Bay (aka Tarpon Springs) Hurricane of 1921 was the first hurricane to hit Tampa since 1848.

47. Arnett's aunt [Amanda \(Arnett\) Watson](#), 1879-1958. Sarah & Arnett became very close to the Watsons, especially in 1947-1956 when they both resided in Eustis.

48. Arnett's brother [Edmund Haynes Taylor III](#), 1902-1984, married first to Maude Alice Perry and second to Mildred Dubina.

49. Hurricane Alma passed close off the coast of Bradenton on 08 Jun 1966.



room was \$48.00? And the doctor's fee for delivery, pre and post natal care was \$50.00. (You note that I often include exact monetary amounts. This is for comparison with present day salaries and present day costs.)

Arnett Sr., with several ex-veteran friends took out homesteading papers that summer for land on Island. You have that saga which carries us up to the summer of 1925.<sup>50</sup>



*Arnett & Sarah's homesteader's cabin on Merritt Island, c.1924*

We spent that summer in Atlanta, Arnett helping Uncle Watson in his small suburban drug store. That fall we returned to Tampa and with money from the sale of some of our island property purchased our first auto, an Overland touring car, price \$690.00 cash, and also a small two bedroom cottage which we sold the following year when Arnett contracted to manage a filling station on Route #41 midway between Tampa and Brooksville.<sup>51</sup> That we ran for a year until it was sold and the new owners wished to take over. We returned to Tampa and occupied a house owned by Guy's company. Arnett painted other houses for the company and I returned to work for a former employer putting Arnett B. in a day nursery - which I now understand he hated with a passion. The Taylors were with Aunt Jouett<sup>52</sup> in Kentucky but upon receiving word of the nursery deal notified us of their imminent arrival to live with us and care for him.



*Sarah Jouett (Taylor)  
James Cannon*

It is time to tell you of the Taylor misfortunes. Granddad had a very good independent insurance adjusting business, but in 1925 was forced to terminate all of his company connections due to ill health - what the doctors feared was stomach cancer. Upon surgery the trouble proved to be stomach ulcers

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50. Sarah's story *Deep Went Our Roots* describes Sarah & Arnett's Merritt Island homesteading venture on land that is now part of Kennedy Space Center.

51. This was later known as Fivay Junction in what is now Land O' Lakes, Florida.

52. Arnett's aunt [Sarah Jouett \(Taylor\) Cannon](#), was known to her friends as Sally, and to Arnett & Sarah's family as Aunt Jouett. She married first to Samuel James and second to John Cannon. Sarah and Arnett named their daughter for Aunt Jouett.

and gall bladder trouble. From that time on Granddad was a semi invalid, never earned a penny, nor had he any reserve funds. Mrs. Taylor suffered greatly from rheumatoid arthritis. Martha a victim of asthma, Edmund rather frail from birth. (Granddad told me once that he hated to awaken in the morning, wondering who would be ill that day.) He had always made a good living for the family, but medical expenses had prevented the accumulation of savings or cash for investments. Sometime after they came to live with us Granddad developed angina and often his pain was unbearable. I learned to give injections of codeine and sometimes he required a dozen a day. I have many times seen him stand in a corner for support and beat his breast while the perspiration from the agony ran down his face. They lived with us for the next seven years, Aunt Jouett and Martha helping out financially.

To go back a bit. Guy was very fond of Arnett and of me. Quite a power in the citrus industry, he and Sister having no children, he offered Arnett the chance to learn citrus care from the ground up, with the idea of becoming his assistant when qualified, as Guy grew older and would need help. Nothing could have appealed to Arnett more. There was an old two-story homesteader's house on a



*The Grove House  
(before Arnett's renovation)*



*The Grove House  
(after Arnett's renovation)*

forty acre grove, owned by the company, in Sebring. The company would defray costs of necessary repairs and pay Arnett a salary of \$14.00 per week, dependent upon Arnett doing all the repair work. So in June 1928 he went to Sebring and began the renovation, even to re-roofing with split shingles. In late August the rest of us joined him, me pregnant with Judy. We were quite comfortable although lacking electricity, telephone (we were three miles from the heart of town), or indoor plumbing with the exception of indoor water pipes. We managed in a primitive way until Arnett was able to obtain a large water tank, knocked down, which he reassembled and placed about twenty feet above ground on a platform he erected. Framing in the lower part of the tower he was able to make us a shower stall, also ran pipes into the kitchen for a sink and the bath for a faucet and toilet. The septic tank was a problem. Sebring's sand is white and plentiful. Judging the extent of the tank hole Arnett began shoveling, the more sand taken out the

more fell in from the sides, until the eventual hole was thrice the size originally planned. We never did get a tub, resorting to the old fashioned galvanized washtub for our bathing. The water tank was filled by hand using a pump - in my ignorance I think it was some sort of a pressure one, not the pitcher style. Arnett B. had a chore of a specified number of strokes allotted for each day, increased in number for behavior infractions, and anyone passing by the pump would stop for extra strokes, the major part of the job falling, naturally, upon Arnett Sr.

Mother had been teaching in Sebring high school for several years. She had resigned from English Classical when Miss White, the owner, refusing to take mother's word against a pupil's in some matter, aroused mother's wrath. The resignation became effective immediately, in the middle of a school day and a school term. At once she was employed by the county school system, teaching in a junior high school for the balance of the school year, then accepted a much more promising assignment in the Sebring school. Arnett B. entered school the fall of 1928, and Judy's time came later on. I know now that life was somewhat difficult for both children with their grandmother teaching in the same school.

September 17th, 1928, brought us our second very severe hurricane. Even our sturdily built house rocked in the wind. For the only time we were really frightened as the eye passed over us. We spread a sheet on the kitchen-dining room floor and assembled our most prized possessions therein, stayed up all night, Arnett Sr. holding Arnett B. in his lap the night long. Our only damage discovered in the blazing sun next day was no top to our Overland, but Granddad's Willys-Knight sedan was unhurt.

Judy<sup>53</sup> was born on December 9<sup>th</sup> that winter, doing the opposite from her brother and arriving two weeks early. She was so chubby that her little cheeks covered her eyes for several days and mother was so delighted when finally discovered that her eyes were brown, or rather hazel, like mother's. Arnett made a high-standing, slatted crib for her in which she would lie contentedly for hours out in the yard, under a huge jacaranda tree, protected by a cheesecloth over the top and screened sides, to prevent flies or mosquitoes from entry. We lived just within the bus distance



*Sarah Jouett Taylor,  
1930*

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53. Named [Sarah Jouett Taylor](#) at birth, she was known as "Judy" and dropped her first name when she married, and became Jouett Taylor Prisley.

regulations from school. Every morning I would take her with me when I delivered Arnett to school, and again in the afternoon as I feared the Taylors could not cope with an emergency. We lived on the grove for three years, rented another more comfortable one in which we lived for some two years. At that time Uncle Ernest Dunlap<sup>54</sup> bought a house in Eustis and gave it jointly to the Taylors and the Watsons who had moved there. The Taylors had been visiting Aunt Jouett, having thought the end was approaching for Granddad, and yearning for Kentucky. The doctor there worked some medical miracle, gradually got Granddad off the codeine, and eventually the angina disappeared, and he and Mrs. Taylor welcomed the return to warmer Florida.

The Great Depression entered the picture while we were still "in residence" at the grove house. Those of you unborn or too young to grasp its tragedies cannot even visualize the hardships. I had just received several thousand dollars from final settlement of grandfather McIntosh's estate, and Arnett and I were gleefully hoarding it, but all the banks closed their doors, we lost what savings we had, as did almost every one we knew. But we considered ourselves lucky that Arnett had his \$14.00 per week, and our living expenses modest in the old house. Mother was the only family member with any ready cash, which she unhesitatingly shared with all of us. She had had a hunch only a couple of weeks earlier that things were rocky for the country, had withdrawn her bank account and had sister put it in Post Office Savings in Tampa. Uncle Gus Sylvan must have been wise in his investments for his store remained solvent. Aunt Lucile and Frances continued to buy new clothes, and send to us, in what we called the missionary box, those items they either did not like or were tired of. Frances' clothing and shoes were perfect fits for me and Arnett and I often had a good laugh at what our friends must have thought of my extravagance, for I was one of the better dressed women in Sebring! What came in the boxes was always of the best quality and gave good service. Sister and mother could use Aunt Lucile's contributions.

In 1931 Arnett's knee became so painful that he sought relief. We laid the trouble to a fall from a grapefruit tree, while pruning, as we did his later back trouble. Our good doctor advised surgery as the only hope for improvement - a costly process, some \$500.00, in Atlanta. When told that was an impossibility, and ascertaining that Arnett was an ex-veteran, admittance to the Pensacola Naval Hospital was granted. Being without a telephone or close neighbors, Arnett was uneasy about leaving the children and me alone. A fellow teacher of mother's, Miss Shedoan, offered to house

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54. Arnett's great-uncle [Ernest Dunlap](#), 1861-1947, of Woodford County, KY.

us, free of charge but with us sharing the grocery bill. This was surely a kindly act, a spinster to take in a ten year old boy and a three year old girl - we were there two months. Two inches of ligament was removed from Arnett's knee, the pain excruciating. He returned using a cane but was soon able to discard it and be his sturdy self again.

The depression continued. Often the meal I offered my family consisted of grits, gravy made from low quality bacon, and plenty of citrus. A huge Florida lemon tree in the yard bore prodigiously - Arnett B. and I would brave the thorns to rake out the large dropped fruit which we would sell to the A and P Grocery for twenty five cents a dozen. To add to anxieties of the times Arnett B. developed casts in the kidneys, was very ill, flat on his back for some five weeks, allowed no food except Coca Cola and fruit drinks every thirty minutes from seven A.M. to seven P.M. The first solid food permitted him was steamed fish and bananas! He did not lose a pound in weight and how blessed we were to have all the citrus fruit we needed. At this same time poor little Judy was beset with many boils on her head - I had full hands.

Just before Christmas one year the children, mother and I made a trip to Eustis to see the Taylors. Returning home on the two lane road, near Kissimmee, I blew to pass a pickup truck and as I came abreast of him, with no other car in sight, the driver swerved to the left striking my front wheel, causing me to leave the road, cross a ditch, break through two barbed wire fences dividing rough pasture land and ending right side up in a field. Judy was in a carrier seat between mother and me, Arnett in the rear. I did not apply brakes, and consciously weighed the question of letting her be thrown out or with an arm hold her in, for I was confident that we would turn over. A Power from above must have protected us - the windshield and several windows were broken by the jarring ride and contact with the fences; a scrape on mother's leg and a gash on Arnett B.'s forehead, caused by flying glass and pouring blood, were the physical casualties. I was able to regain the road, with some help from passing motorists cutting the intervening fence, and was greeted at home by an anxious husband, long after dark. Next day he lifted, by hand, the car's wooden door posts and found them crumbling with dry rot (autos were not constructed of all metal then), so had we turned over we would most certainly have been crushed. Arnett converted the car into a flat-bottomed truck for grove work.

Like many businessmen, later in the depression, Guy, harassed by financial problems, suffered a severe heart attack. He lingered for two years, improved, was beginning to attend to his business affairs, then a second attack caused his death, in 1934. Arnett

continued working for the company until the sale of the grove. During that time we purchased a small cottage about a half mile down the road from the grove house we had occupied - indeed, a good deal for us - ten acres of land, mostly under fence, a two car garage, large chicken house with concrete floor, a 24x24 foot building which we gave to Arnett B. as his own domain - all this for \$500.00, nothing down, five years to pay with no interest.

*Transcriber's note by Judy: Mother was apparently hurrying to the end here. This account omits the move into town from the grove house when Judy was about three, life in two different houses in town, Grandmother and Granddad Taylor still living with us, Judy starting school, Arnett (Daddy) hiring out on shark fishing boats in the Caribbean, and then this good buy back in the country.*



*The Gray House, 1935-1941*

This we have always called "the gray house" and in it we lived until our move to Winter Haven on December 5, 1941. I will never forget the good times we had with friends coming out to play croquet in the shade of our huge banyan tree, on the lovely smooth Bermuda grass lawn.

While in the Naval Hospital Arnett became so impressed by what the navy had to offer young men that he questioned Arnett B. about selecting it as his career, beginning with the Naval Academy. From then on it became Arnett B's aim. Sebring's small high school offered limited science courses. It was imperative that he be proficient in these. We tried to find a preparatory school offering a band scholarship in clarinet but none was available. Porter Military Academy in Charleston, S.C.<sup>55</sup> offered a dining room one of \$250.00 a year. We arranged for Arnett B's entry, beginning his junior year, our dear Uncle Gus offering to subsidize our regular payments should we be unable to meet them, and we signing a note of obligation. I would like you to know that he later returned this paper to us with its notations of amounts paid and balance due, saying that he would call upon us for payment "should he be in need." We kept it and after his death paid it in full to Frances.

This brings us to the time in our lives familiar to you children. I hope the recital contains some items of interest to you, that it is not boring as sometime personal reminiscences tend to be, that

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55. Now Porter-Gaud School. Sarah's cousin [George Bradley Buell, Jr.](#) also attended Porter-Gaud, and his widow Frances established a scholarship there in George's name.

your lives together may be as full of love for, and understanding of, each other, as rewarding in the success of your children, as mine and your daddy's have been. My greatest regret in my life is that it may have been too lacking in spiritual direction for you, my children, but thank God you have found it in your own later years.

With great love for each one  
Devotedly  
[Signed "Mother"]  
Sarah Tradewell McIntosh Taylor

#### ADDENDA

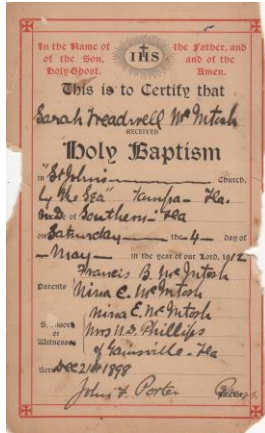
No. 1. Either James Douthet's father, or his grandfather had a quarrel with his own brother resulting in the change in the spelling of the surname from Treadwell to Tradewell. In some records, also, Douthet is spelled "Douthit".

No. 2. In about 1912 I was seriously ill with my fourth attack of pneumonia. Sometime before that I had been advanced by the school authorities from the sixth grade to the seventh in about the third month of the term. Upon my return to school the teacher wished to de-mote me as I had fallen behind in my studies. Mother absolutely refused to have them do this in as much as I had been ill. The beginning term teacher of the grade had been inefficient and followed by three others of like ability. The fourth grade teacher, under whom I had spent a year, along with sixty-one other students, had been put in charge of seventh - just subsequent to my return - she went to bat for me and there I remained. About this time mother had a quinsied throat, the abscess burst, the poison entering her system and resulting in a combination of endo- and pericarditis. For some two years she was a semi-invalid, in great pain. Her capillary system was much weakened which continued to the day of her death. The pain continued for many years but gradually ceased. The doctors had told her she was terminally ill - she said to them, "Gentlemen, you are mistaken. I have a husband and three children to care for, I cannot die." She was a woman of strong will - and she lived to be eighty-six years of age.

No. 3. My father, with his Baptist heritage, had requested that we children not receive infant baptism. A small Episcopal mission church had come into being a block from our home - Now St. Johns by the Sea in Tampa.<sup>56</sup> Sister and I were the first to

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56. Founded in 1912 as St. John's by the Sea, it is now simply St. John's



Sarah's Baptism Certificate, 1912

be baptized in this wee building, and among the four first confirmands. That rite was held the same day as the dedication of the building and mother was present at the services. This was the beginning of her return to the Church as an active member.

No. 4. When Arnett returned from France after the end of World War I he was offered the chance to attend courses, just beginning, for the formation of the Air Forces, with the promise, upon completion, of the rank of lieutenant.

Because of his desire to return home, to see me, and because of his mother's insistence as a dyed-in-the-wool pacifist, that he leave the service, he refused the offer. Throughout his life he always regretted this decision.

No. 5. I had always yearned to play the piano. Before my marriage I rented a used instrument, with contract for rent to apply on purchase price later on, a very accomplished pianist lived across the street from us who offered to give me lessons for a most moderate fee. My employers agreed to a long lunch hour twice a week to enable me to go by streetcar to these lessons, and my poor family was subjected to about two hours of my practicing almost every night. I had reached the third grade upon my marriage after which I had neither funds nor room to full fill my ambition. The music company gave me a Victrola and five records as replacement for the piano. This is the instrument, Arnett, which furnished the music for your first dancing instruction by me out on the "greensward" of the "Gray House".

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Episcopal Church, 906 S. Orleans Ave., Tampa. Sarah's daughter Judy was married there in 1954.