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Article Summary: Flautist Adabelle Cherry played two concerts each day and traveled at night by train or car to reach the next day's Chautauqua circuit venue. Her letters to her parents at home in Iowa provide details about scenery, accommodations, and hospitality on the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra tour. The appendix includes a full itinerary of her performances.

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Photographs / Images: Ladies' Symphony Orchestra of the Ellison-White Chautauqua in 1918; Adabelle Cherry Marshall playing her flute in 1978; Adabelle Cherry about 1918; Itinerary, Chicago Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, 1918

Adabelle Cherry Marshall on the Ellison-White Chautauqua Circuit

Edited by Ruth Van Ackeren

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Adabelle Cherry wrote these letters to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Cherry, of Woodbine, Iowa, in the summer of 1918 while a flutist in the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra of the Ellison-White chautauqua. The musical group was one of five daily chautauqua programs which followed a circuit from Colorado into the Pacific Northwest and the Canadian Rockies.

Miss Cherry had rehearsed with the orchestra in Chicago during the early summer of 1918 before members of the troupe rendezvoused at Paonia, southwest Colorado. It moved through Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and the provinces of the Canadian Rockies before returning to the United States through Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming in September. Travel was principally by train, though short trips were made by auto or even by horse-drawn vehicle.

The Rawlins (Wyo.) Republican, of August 29, 1918, commented on the all-woman orchestra as it was closing out its summer season:

Few musical companies have achieved a more conspicuous record of successes than the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra. These enthusiastic young ladies from Chicago have been presenting orchestral music for several years in such an artistic manner as to win the widest approval of audiences everywhere.

A typical week of programs by the Ellison-White chautauqua, according to its press release, ran almost entirely to music:

The week opened in patriotic manner, the Warwick Quartette giving two programs. This company is one of the standard musical organizations of the Chautauqua platform, and their concerts featured patriotic music.

The music of the second day was the Gullotta Trio under the leadership of

Vicento Gullotta, Italian violinist. Other members of the company were Martha Cook, soprano, and Ruth Gregg-Gullotta, accompanist.

The third day the Hampton Court Singers musical company sang old English Motion Songs. It was staged in the handsome costuming of the era in which the songs were written. The Ladies' Symphony Orchestra featured Ethel Lee Buxton, American soprano, as soloist. A Chicago organization, it had been one of the outstanding successes on Eastern circuits for several years. They have a concert in the afternoon and a full program at night.

On the fifth day the Glenn Wells Entertainers performed. The first day also brought the Kaffir Boys' Choir, a unique and unusual musical attraction. These little natives of South Africa had been trained to sing and entertain by J. Balmer, explorer, traveler, and lecturer. Elsie Clark of Rhodesia, South Africa, was the accompanist.

Notice that there were five main programs, one for each day of the chautauqua. Once the first program was given, its performers moved on to the next town, and succeeding programs followed. — Ruth Van Ackeren, 1985

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

As I cheerfully unpacked each day in a different town along our chautauqua route in 1918, and packed again after the evening performance to take another train to another town, I knew that even as a child, lying in my upstairs bedroom in our tall gray house in Woodbine, Iowa, I had loved the thought of train travel. The late evening passenger train traveled a curving track into Woodbine, and the headlights shone through our maple trees and into my window, then flowed around the walls as the engine made the curve, and I would lie there dreaming about all the trains I hoped to take someday to faraway places.

Woodbine, located about 50 miles northeast of Omaha in Iowa, has around 1,000 residents, and was named for the profusion of woodbine. My mother was Mary Elinor (Nellie) Garrison, whose father, Archibald William Garrison, superintended the Harrison County Poor Farm, three-quarters of a mile south of Woodbine. In 1893 Nellie married Sanford C. Cherry, a young hardware merchant from Bellwood, Pennsylvania. The ceremony was held in the family home, and in later years she used to smile and say she was married at the poor farm.

For my 12th birthday present, I coaxed my parents into

ordering a flute from Sears Roebuck and Company, and I kept my promise to learn to play it. There was no flute instructor in Woodbine, but the study of vocal music was begun in first grade in our school, so I knew the notes, and a flute is in the voice range. All I had to do was learn to hold the flute, the lip procedure, and the finger action from the instruction book sent free with the instrument. At Christmas time I received a new book of flute exercises in marches and ballads, so I would practice my scales and some of the exercises, then run for a slide down our long curving bannister with my brother Tom, two years my senior.

My flute opened up a whole new world, and I played at all the high school programs and town celebrations of Memorial Day, Fourth of July, and Labor Day. If the choirmaster at church was short an alto or soprano voice, he had me play that part on my flute, and after a time I asked my parents for a piccolo from Sears Roebuck, and I played it in the town band.

After graduation from high school, I studied at the Lyceum Arts Conservatory in Chicago. Frank Borstadt, a flutist in Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was my instructor in flute. Elias Day taught me dramatics and supervised my rehearsals with a 10-piece musical group, the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, managed by his sister-in-law, Beulah Truitt. Day was a professional trouper, a stern taskmaster, and certainly prepared us for life in chautauqua. There were no voice amplifiers in those days, and we were told that no matter how tired or hungry we might be as performers, we were to "smile, show your teeth, make them hear and understand every word, and give them their 50 cents worth!"

Chautauqua, nationally popular from the late 1890s through the mid-1920s, was developed to bring culture to small towns, and was usually underwritten for five to seven days by local businessmen. A crew would set up seats and stage under a big circus tent; then every day a different program was given by different talent. The chautauqua circuit office hired the performers and arranged the routings.

During the summer of 1918, I was one of the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra players on the Ellison-White chautauqua circuit. We gave a 40-minute Prelude in the afternoon and were followed by a Japanese lecturer. Evenings we did a two-hour concert, then moved to a new town in time to perform there the next afternoon and evening.

Following are excerpts from letters I wrote home that summer. My mother had sent our itinerary to friends and relatives along our route, and the city girls couldn't understand all the hospitality shown me! Also, there is mention of some boy friends in Woodbine, my home town. I have omitted the "Dear Mamas and Papas," but the letters are as I wrote them. — Adabelle Cherry Marshall, 1982

THE LETTERS

The first letter in the series was written from American Falls, Idaho, on June 15, 1918. The Ladies' Symphony Orchestra had already played eight engagements in Colorado and Utah. See Appendix for full itinerary of engagements.

American Falls, Idaho, June 15, 1918

The days are gone before I find time to write. You'll think I'm lost, but I'm not,—just strayed! At Richfield, Utah, we had a fine audience and sure liked the town. We left Tuesday morning at 8 by train, arriving at Provo at 2 o'clock that afternoon; from there were driven in autos 25 miles to Heber, the prettiest drive thru beautiful scenery, lovely trees, and along a clear mountain stream. We arrived about 4:30, dressed in a hurry to go on at 5 o'clock. We combined our afternoon and evening programs and played in their Mormon Tabernacle. Beulah was sick, so I gave readings in her place. After supper we were taken out to the Hot Springs, where we climbed up the sides of big cone shaped craters to look down into the bottomless hot water. Large bath houses are nearby where the water is piped into a big tank for swimming.

Wednesday morning we arrived in Salt Lake City and the Newhouse Hotel, a swell place with our own private baths, so we cleaned up! At 12 o'clock we walked to the Mormon Tabernacle to hear a recital on the wonderful pipe organ. It was a grand sight and sound! We took the street car out to Murray and didn't have a very big crowd in the afternoon, then at night a huge Utah dust storm came up that nearly blew us away. We all helped hang on to the tent poles, but most of the audience ran. The wind swayed the whole tent and some of the poles fell. The dust whirled in, blinding us, and we could hardly breathe. They say this is common here and often the

Chautauqua



Ladies' Symphony Orchestra of the Ellison-White chautauqua in 1918. Adabelle Cherry is fourth from left (holding flute). Below the word "Chautauqua" are the almost illegible words "Six Joyous Days," and at the bottom are the words "Ladies' Symphony Orchestra."

tents are blown clear away! Encouraging tho't! To experience a thing like that is quite different than reading about it!

From Salt Lake to Malad Thursday morning,—a fine crowd there and the dandiest little Platform Manager,—did I tell you they are all girls this year because of the war! Friday the Chautauqua was located at Bear River City. Half of us stayed at Garland and the rest at Tremonton and the tent pitched half way between the towns. It was in a regular Mosquito marsh. The mosquitoes were so thick we could scarcely see the audience. They seemed big as flies and chewed and chewed us. The Tent boy gave us some of his "Skeeter Scooter" during intermission, we stunk like anything, but managed to finish the concert.

We waited an hour for autos to take us 5 miles to the station where we hung around till 2:45 a.m. for the train. And such a crowded train! Imagine 4 in a seat and children lying on the floor! We got the stateroom and one upper berth. We were to change trains at 7 o'clock in the morning so I only took off my dress,—just to stretch out, helped. Then the Porter forgot to call us and I wakened at 7:20! Our train at Pocatello was late luckily, or we'd have been in a pickle, but we just made it and arrived here this morning at 9 o'clock and went to bed till noon. We aren't caught up on sleep, but are still on the Chautauqua circuit!

Today is pay day, so I may be sending some money home. Sorry I haven't written to Jerome [Jerome Aughey, a boyfriend], nor to you as often as I should, but we've lost so much sleep and it has been plenty hot too,—97° to 102° in the shade, so you can guess what the inside of a tent is like!

The afternoon lecturer following our Prelude is Dr. Yotaka Minokachi, a very intellectual Japanese. He was on the Red-path Circuit 3 or 4 years ago and told me he'd lectured in Woodbine. It seems like years since I was in Woodbine with you!

Rupert, Idaho, June 18, 1918

Your package arrived at Ashton, thanks, thanks, thanks,—my, the clothes are white and clean! American Falls was a pretty town with an enthusiastic audience. We had time to sleep after the nite performance till 2 o'clock, then waited in the station an hour and a half for the train to Pocatello. There we boarded another train and after 2 more changes arrived at

Ashton. We crossed the Snake River many times. It had flooded all over the country and in some places we tho't we'd be washed away, it was rushing so swiftly, taking fences and small animals with it.

At Ashton, about 8 in the evening up came a storm, and such a storm! The dressing rooms were flooded, water came down on the stage by bucketfulls,—then their lights went out! The tent was full of people, who stayed. Then at 9 o'clock the rain suddenly stopped. They bro't 2 autos into the tent, turned their lights on the stage, and the show went on! We finished about 11:30 in the dark. The audience was very enthusiastic and no one left. It was a wild hard night, and I was so cold I tho't I'd be sick.

Next morning we caught a 5:30 train for Rupert where we arrived at 3:30 that afternoon just in time to go right on. We covered up the dirt with powder and smiled as if we'd just had a bath, a nap and food!

O yes, when I was washing my hair in Ashton, a man came to the hotel asking for me, and told the girls he tho't I was wonderful on the piccolo, and he appreciated it especially. Of course, that made me feel good! The girls said he was a rather old man, but very good looking. We slept till 9 o'clock this morning, so I'm up and at 'em today.

Hailey, Idaho, June 20, 1918

It is now 11:30 after our nite concert and we are waiting for autos to take us to Mountain Home. No telling when the drivers will come nor how long it will take. It has been raining all evening and the roads are bad. At Buhl 4 of us went swimming. I borrowed a suit, and it was my first experience in anything bigger than a bathtub, and I had the time of my life. I think I could learn to swim quickly if I had the chance. I'm getting along fine with my solos as well as the ensembles.

After this afternoon's Prelude, Helen and I settled in our room for a nap, when in walked a man saying "Gimme a Match" and then made a hasty exit with "Excuse me!" He sure was surprised and embarrassed and we were too, tho' now it's funny. Temperature here today—106°.

Emmett, Idaho, June 22, 1918

We waited at Hailey Thursday night for the autos till 7 o'clock

the next morning. It rained continuously and there we sat dressed and ready from 11:30 till 7. The ride was wild, over slippery mountain roads, skidding, getting stuck and scared for 100 miles. We arrived at Mountain Home at 2:30 just in time to thrill the vast awaiting audience, tho' our main desire was for something to eat! A fine audience and a nice town, but we had to leave that nite at 12:30 by train. It was supposed to bring us here to Emmett, but only bro't us within 6 miles, where we were stopped because of a serious washout.

A gopher had dug thru an irrigation ditch above the tracks, and the water washed the tracks away. The conductor told us it would be 10 before repairs could be made. We were on the side of the mountain above a beautiful fruit orchard in the valley, so we girls climbed down into the Bing cherry orchard. Such cherries I have never seen!—big as plums, black and sweet! The owners told us to eat all we wanted and gave us baskets to bring more along.

The train men attached a telephone to the tracks to notify the Emmett Chautauqua Committee, who sent autos out for us. To reach the autos we had to crawl on a plank over the washout,—sure scary, but I was always more or less of a monkey so wasn't washed away. Tomorrow we get to sleep till 9:30! By the way, I've lost 6 pounds on this trip. It is hard to save money in this profession,—hotel expenses and eats cost so, but I'm trying to save some.

Chilliwack, British Columbia, July 4, 1918

A happy (?) surprise at Emmett informed us we were to leave there early Sunday for a morning concert in Parma, added to the afternoon and evening shows. It was a pleasant auto ride, tho', in the early morning thru beautiful scenery. At Vale, Oregon, 63 drafted boys were leaving that day. The village band played, the Judge made a speech, and they asked our 4 girls who played wind instruments to join the band. We did and had fun, really did most of the playing! Following the Prelude we were taken to a nearby Hot Spring and a big tank adjoining, but the water was boiling hot, so we didn't go in.

After the evening concert we drove to Weiser, boarded a 2:30 a.m. train to La Grande, slept from 4 till 8 o'clock then drove to North Powder, nearly the jumping off place! Our rooms

were over the General Store; a lunch room served only sandwiches and coffee. We left there on a mountain train behind a wrecker going 3 miles per hour, so were late in Joseph,—a large summer resort. That afternoon we had a beautiful drive around deep blue Lake Wallowa, right in the mountains. We drove from there to Elgin 63 miles along the scenic Wallowa River. I certainly like Oregon and Washington.

After that evening concert, autos took us to the train at La Grande. We stopped at The Dalles for breakfast and reached Portland soon after noon. Vancouver, Washington, is just across the Columbia River and where the Ellison and White Chautauqua booking agents' headquarters are located. The whole office personnel met us and took us to Vancouver, and stayed for the afternoon and evening performances. Maybe you don't think we were on pins and needles!, but all went well.

Carl Kleeb [former classmate from Woodbine, Iowa] met me there and took me to Portland for a good visit, dinner at a swell restaurant, and got me back in time for the evening concert. That nite we boarded a sleeper at 1 o'clock, and I got off at Tacoma at 5:30 in the morning to visit relatives.

I had breakfast and the morning with them, then back to the station,—and here were 2 more families of relatives! They all suddenly decided to go along with me to Kent for the afternoon show, and away we went! It was fun having folks I knew in the audience.

The next day at Mt. Vernon, another cousin took me to dinner, and the following day at Blaine, old Woodbine friends took me to their home for dinner. I've been so busy being entertained I'm not sure I'm awake or dreaming. From Blaine to Vancouver, B.C., we had to go thru customs,—and this is how I described it: We had to be examined coming and going, and finally arrived at Sumas feeling we were public property! At Sumas, the mosquitoes met us and have been with us ever since. I can't begin to tell you how bad they are! They swarm around us in the streets and are pests in the hotel. Everyone in town wears netting tied from hats and down covering their arms.

The Frazier [Fraser] River, [which] overflowed the whole country is the cause. They built smudges in the tent and set

electric fans on stage to try to blow them off. We wrapped paper around our legs, but are covered with welts. It is real torture!

Canadian Pacific Train, July 14, 1918

We've been on the train since 12 o'clock last night and are due to arrive at Gleichen at 5 o'clock this afternoon and have come thru the most beautiful scenery I ever thought existed. We passed Lake Louise this morning and the Great Divide into Alberta. Just now the train has stopped at Banff, where we will play later. At Chilliwack on July 4th, we had a little party and fired off some firecrackers the Superintendent bought in Chinatown. We were so chewed by mosquitoes, we'd light a firecracker, then scratch. There isn't one spot on my feet and legs that hasn't a hard lump from a mosquito bite.

At Mission there were mostly Chinese, and about 20 Hindus seated in the front row. They were fierce looking in turbans and heavy black beards and piercing eyes. I made friends there with the station agent. He was a typical Scotch-Englishman, and when I went to the baggage room to get something from our trunk, he helped me open it and then gave me some fresh green peas from his garden,—the biggest I've ever seen and so sweet! He said he wished I could come to his house for some cherries and then I told him my name was Cherry. So after lunch, 2 of the girls went with me to see his beautiful garden. His house was covered with vines and flowers. He was so proud, and loaded us with big black Bings, red raspberries, black currants, and strawberries. He was really pleased that we came and we enjoyed it too.

At Revelstoke they wanted us to stay to give a Sunday concert, but we've been looking forward too long to our Canadian Sundays to rest. Today we are living, eating and drinking in the scenery, and it is great, which is more than I can say for the food. We'll eat in the diner, so I suppose I'll spend my week's salary there, and this is the menu: Liver & Onions; Cold tongue with mint sauce; Braised kidneys; Calves brains; Baked Heart! The hotels up here are \$4.00 a day and up, so do you see how I can save any money??

Mr. Stern, the circuit manager, heard us at Mission and then asked Beulah to put me on the night concert, so now I'm playing Title's serenade with cello and piano. And Mrs. Day

wrote I'd better get the lay of the land out here for I'd be here next winter. So,—guess they like me!

Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 20, 1918

In Portage la Prairie on Monday we went swimming in the tank at the school. At Moosomin, the committeemen took us out auto riding after the nite concert and then to lunch and we didn't go to bed at all. Boarded our train at 3 a.m. to arrive at Indian Head about 6, then waited in the Hotel lobby till 8 for rooms. Believe me, we crawled under the covers fast.

Then at 8:30, who should come in but Mrs. Henry Lewis. Grandma had sent her my dates and here she was to take my roommate and me home for a visit and lunch. We dressed and went. They came back for afternoon and nite performances, then took Helen and me out to their home in Lajourd. On the way we saw the most beautiful display of Northern Lights shooting way up into the sky, then changing to a rainbow of colors. We arrived about 2 a.m. and she gave us a big supper. To bed about 3 a.m. in feather beds. The nites here are like December and the days like July, so the feathers felt good,—but she called us at 7 for breakfast! Then all the neighbors came in to look us over.

Lajourd has about 250 population,—I think they all came. Mrs. Lewis insisted on getting us a huge dinner before our drive to Regina. After goodbys there, they went home. That nite in Regina after the concert, the South Shore Club gave a dance for us. Did I go? Sure I did,—wore my white net dress, gold slippers and never missed a dance! All or most of the men were returned soldiers, many recovering from gas burns, or machine gun wounds and 2 were amputees.

They were all fine chaps and you should have seen your daughter dancing with those Canadians! One especially from Toronto, very tall, fair, and with a misplaced eyebrow [mustache], decided accent, and wonderful manners, said "he hadn't known the pleasure before in dancing with a girl from the States." Ahem! It sounds strange to be considered a foreigner.

At Weyburn the wind had blown the tent down the day before. The tent held for us, tho' the wind blew a gale. No, the 6 pounds I've lost haven't made me weak, that much less to carry around, and I've lost 4 more since.

The MacDonald Hotel,
Edmonton, Alberta, July 25, 1918

This is another wonderful hotel, and when I tell you it costs \$6.00 a day just for the room, not including meals, you'll only begin to have an idea how grand it is! Our private bath [is a] large and light room done in pale green with white hangings and overlooking a beautiful park. We arrived at 8 this morning and have to leave at 10 tonight—just our luck when we do get a nice hotel we can't get a night's sleep in it!

I got your letter at Brooks, and would you believe it, one from Harry Everhart [a Chicago friend]! Something may come of that yet, you never can tell! At Milestone the mayor and his wife gave us a lawn party after the evening concert. The night was so cold we shivered and shook with ice cream and lemonade for refreshments!

We were in Moose Jaw till noon Monday, so that morning I went shopping. Bo't white kid shoes for \$7.00 and Japanese silk waist for \$1.95. I know I was extravagant, but they are pretty and I really need them.

Mortlach has a population of 500 or 600 and they were all out to hear us. We made our biggest hit there with our trio,—I'll be getting the big head and asking for more wages!

Maple Creek was so cold. It was almost impossible to play. We wore our coats on the platform but still froze. The Royal Mounted Police had a Barracks there and the whole Company came to the concert and sat right down front. They were handsome big fellows in their dashing bright uniforms. The town of Brooks consists of just 2 streets and is real wild west. There was a ball game between shows, no grand stand, but more cheering than at a big league game!

Then after the nite concert they invited us to the dance. We had only an hour till train time, but that was enuf! It was wild! That nite I had an upper berth alone, and did I sleep! At Olds it had snowed the day before and they got heaters for us which helped.

I'll not call Loretta at Saskatoon, and I hope she doesn't know I'm coming. I lose so much sleep on these visits, it takes too long to recuperate. I'm hardly over the Lewis visit yet. Pat [a boyfriend] hopes to get a furlough and come to Woodbine when I get home. I seem to have lost interest and didn't en-

courage him.

Hardisty, Saskatchewan, July 27, 1918

[This letter included deep, personal feelings concerning the drafted boys at home, including my brother, who had left for training camp in Georgia, prior to going overseas to France. I also told my mother I'd take her to Banff for a vacation when I got rich.]

It [Banff] is one of the most fashionable summer resorts in the world; all the movie stars spend the month of August there. There are two swim tanks right in the hotel,—how would you like that?

At Edmonton, which is near the Klondike, the sun shone till nearly 11 o'clock. We arrived at Hardisty at 3 a.m., where our cellist had a very serious accident. In getting off the train, she fell with her cello and broke it (clear thru). She was able to borrow one for the performances, then had one sent from Edmonton to rent till she can get hers fixed. It can be repaired, tho now certainly is a wreck.

I've been thinking of the future but don't get anywhere. I don't get to practice enough on my flute and want to continue to study with Mr. Borstadt. The only way to do that would be to get work in Chicago. I'll keep my Lyceum contract this winter and will get \$33.00 a week. City or Hotel orchestra work or,—now don't be shocked, vaudeville has more chance for advancement, better money and not such a strenuous life.

Conquest, Saskatchewan, August 2, 1918

There has been a Canadian railway mail clerks' strike on for a week, so we've had no mail. At Moose Jaw, the city postal workers went on strike and we hear rumors of a big railroad strike. I wonder if my letters have just been sitting in the local Post Offices? I sent \$21.00 in bills in one letter. It took some doing to save it, so hope it got thru. Tomorrow I'll probably see Loretta, and I haven't a clean unionsuit or corset cover to my name, but I'll just put on a clean smile to greet her. In Ker-robert, I met Stella Kern. We were in school in Mr. Day's class together and used to take the same street car home. She took me home with her for supper, and we sure had a good visit. I really am blessed with friends.

Calgary, Alberta, August 8, 1918

Glad to know you got the money. If I can take some lessons this Fall, I'll need it. We rode in autos from Conquest to Saskatoon, and I carried the bass drum on my lap all the way and have big black and blue patches yet. We got there about 2 o'clock and went on at 2:30 tired, dirty, and hungry. After the Prelude, Loretta called me,—said they'd be in for the evening concert. That day, Mr. Stern, the circuit manager, took me to the hotel for dinner. I wore my new waist and shoes.

Then while we were eating, I was called to the telephone. It was Ward Ossler [former classmate from Woodbine, Iowa]. His father had attended the afternoon show and recognized me. Could he see me that night?—Well, after the concert I had quite a group waiting for me! Loretta, her husband, his sister, and Ward. Loretta said I was to come home with them. They had a cute little roadster, but I rode with Ward in his big Studebaker 20 miles to the farm.

We all visited till 3 o'clock, when Ward went home. He told me he wished I'd come back and keep house for him on his farm. The next day, Sunday, we drove to Loretta's parents' farm, and what a spread! They have 11 binders, a big potato digger, a huge traction engine with trailers, a whole shed full of binding twine, a cook house, bunk house for the help, and their home is beautiful. They have their own electric generator for power in all the buildings,—a real storybook farm.

We ate with all the help in the cook house. That evening they took me back to catch the train, and there was Ward! He'd been looking all over for us all day! Loretta and her husband are a grand couple. They seem like kids married, but a farmer's wife up here seems to have less work or more help. Maybe I should have considered Ward's proposal?

At Moose Jaw it rained cats and dogs. The tent was like one big lake. The piano was pitched so high we couldn't tune our instruments any way. The people crowded in and applauded long and loud while the rain dripped on us playing out of tune music.

Banff was the high spot. We stayed at the Banff Springs Hotel, the best yet, swam in one of their tanks, then rowed up the river with picnic lunches, and ate on the shore.

My piccolo solo, they always like, and the Serenade goes

over too. We are billed as the main attraction of the week, and my name gets a smile when I'm introduced. I'm often asked if I'm one of the Cherry sisters!

Cranbrook, British Columbia, August 20, 1918

Nelson will be our last Canadian town, and then I'll soon be home. Poor Pat, I haven't written him for so long, and he is making plans to come to Woodbine on his furlough and take me to Sioux City to meet his mother. I spose she wants to look me over.

At Nanton we were taken thru the Mormon Temple that is just being built there. You know after the Temple is finished, nonmembers can't go in. This is the only unfinished one in America. It had many little rooms and passages and corners. At Vulcan the girls' baseball team gave a dance and invited us. A young banker there rushed me and was a good dancer. A fellow in the orchestra played flute, and I asked him how long he'd been playing, and he said, "20 years, and milking cows and farming between time."

At Taber the committeemen took us thru a big coal mine. That was another great experience I'll tell you about when I get home. We stayed over Sunday at Blairmore, a beautiful spot in the mountains. We all went out to a military hospital and played for the boys there. Many had TB from gas in France. They were so pleased we came and eager to talk. One young chap I talked to gave me a set of mats he had woven. He was Irish and so hungry to visit.

Montpelier, Idaho, September 3, 1918

Back in the States and no Sundays off here. You can see why chautauqua folks have a fondness for Canada. Nothing doing up there on Sundays. I had a surprise at Rigby after the Prelude, when Grace Adams came into the dressing room and took me home with her for supper. Then, last nite a lady by the name of Cherry came up to try to claim relationship, and bro't me a huge bouquet of sweet peas. She was very nice, but we couldn't trace any connection. At Salmon, the committeeman's name was Cherry and he called me "Cousin." Yesterday I bo't a new dress. It was such a bargain, and I'll need it this winter. It is a blue serge sailor dress and cost \$10.00. Prices on clothes are sure going up! I hope to see you in Woodbine next Sunday.



Adabelle Cherry Marshall played her flute at the November 6, 1978, Women's Club meeting at Masonic Manor in Omaha, where she lives. She and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Marshall of Omaha, provided music and readings. —Manorite photo.



Adabelle Cherry about 1918.

AFTERWORD

When the chautauqua season was over, entertainers would move into lyceum arrangements, performing in buildings instead of tents, and I became part of the Nevins Quartette, sometimes called Nevins Musical Club in advance billing. Mary Kirkpatrick of Illinois played violin; Carol Roberts of Ohio played cello; I represented Iowa with my flute; and Margaret Mathes of New Mexico played piano and sang along with us in several numbers. We were booked into the New England states, but our tour was to begin in western Nebraska, and almost at once we were in difficulty. The dreadful Spanish influenza was appearing in one community after another, and authorities forbade public gatherings of more than three or four persons, even in post offices and business places. Arrangements were then made for us to perform in Canada, but the day we arrived in Calgary, the entire province of Alberta was quarantined, and we not only couldn't perform, we couldn't *leave*.

We were quartered in a nice hotel with some other groups of entertainers, and in the evenings we gathered downstairs. Some of the groups were lyceum, some were vaudeville, and each unit took its turn entertaining the others. We volunteered at the Health Department to help some of the families or elderly persons who had the flu in their homes, and I was sent to the home of a nice lady. She startled me that evening, though, by asking for pen and paper so she could write her will.

The man who managed two or three companies at the Calgary Theater heard us play in those evenings of quarantine and asked me if I would consider playing in vaudeville. I had heard that vaudeville players were far more worldly than our chautauqua and lyceum performers, but I liked the players I met during our stay in Calgary.

In the fall of 1919, I joined a Keith vaudeville troupe called the Liberty Girls, scheduled to begin the season with several weeks in New York City. It then toured those cities whose names I had heard for so many years: Atlantic City, Nashville, Atlanta, New Orleans, along the coast of California, and to Salt Lake City, staying in a hotel a week at a time, instead of the daily changes of location on chautauqua circuits.

Once our tour was interrupted when a musicians' strike in New York had theater managers anxious to recruit players for pit orchestras. We were taken back to New York, and they put us where any one or more of us were needed. We played right along in pit orchestras—hard and exciting, but fun.

In late 1921 my father asked me to come home, as my mother's health was failing, and he hoped I would stay there. I began to coach plays in the high school and organizations of Woodbine and nearby towns, and played for programs in those communities.

The next January I went into Omaha to buy a coat and arranged to stay overnight with a Mrs. Hoyer, who had been a Woodbine neighbor until she and her jeweler husband moved to Omaha. I always stayed with her when I was in Omaha, and we had attended a Presbyterian Church, where I met many of her friends, one with a nephew. He asked to be notified the next time I was to be in town, and Mrs. Hoyer had done that without telling me. When I bought a pretty coat, she suggested that I wear it and said her next stop would be at Omaha National Bank; then we would go to lunch.

A tall young man greeted us in the bank lobby and reminded me that I had met him in church with his aunt, a friend of Mrs. Hoyer's. He was Herbert Marshall, associated with his uncle in the Nebraska-Iowa Steel Tank Company, and we all continued our visit at lunch in the Brandeis Tea Room. We hoped he could visit me in Woodbine, but I had to be in Illinois with my newly bereaved brother and didn't return home until March. He came then, and that night we had one of the traditional March blizzards, but he came again. Later we became engaged.

There were other difficulties then. We both had aging parents in ill health, and we were engaged almost four years before the gusty, overcast January 12, 1926, when I came down our curving stairway in my wedding dress. The banister was as well polished as in the years when Tom and I slid down it, and my floating veil touched it as I gathered the skirt of my white crepe de Chine dress to skim the stairs. It was still stormy when we put my suitcases into Herb's "Flivver" and started the married life which lasted until his sudden death from heart disease, January 2, 1971.

Our children, John S. and Mary G., were born in those first busy, happy years in Omaha. Through the years they loved hearing me play or speak in church and area groups, up to programs at Masonic Manor through the 1970s, and "Recollections of Entertainment Years" at a church festival in 1983.

In 1924, Herb Marshall had been interviewed by the *Omaha Bee* regarding his two months of service as one of 250 bodyguards for President Woodrow Wilson during his stay in Paris for the peace conference ending World War I. Sergeant Herbert Marshall of 158th Infantry Regiment overseas had won the honor through competitive drill in the American Expeditionary Forces. He came to America with President and Mrs. Wilson and their entourage on the Steamer *George Washington*. They disembarked at Boston, where he was mustered out. Among Herb's souvenirs was a formal invitation to tea with President and Mrs. Wilson, and he (then unmarried) told the *Bee* reporter that he would keep it to show his grandchildren. He did, too. Children of John and his wife, Mary Lea Houghton, are Scot Sanford, Laurie Lea, and Todd Herbert. John succeeded Herb as president of Eaton Metal Products, and after Herb's death the company was sold. Children of Mary and her husband, businessman John L. Karlquist, are Bruce Alan, David Roy, and Toby Marshall. Our great-grandchild is Scot's daughter Lindsay, and we all have many happy times together. — Adabelle Cherry Marshall, January, 1985

APPENDIX

ITINERARY, CHICAGO LADIES' SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, 1918

JUNE

- 6 Paonia, Colo.
- 8 Price, Utah
- 9 Mt. Pleasant, Utah
- 10 Richfield, Utah
- 11 Heber, Utah
- 12 Murray, Utah
- 13 Malad, Utah
- 14 Bear River City, Utah
- 15 American Falls, Idaho
- 16 Ashton, Idaho
- 17 Rupert, Idaho
- 18 Buhl, Idaho
- 19 Jerome, Idaho
- 20 Hailey, Idaho
- 21 Mountain Home, Idaho
- 22 Emmett, Idaho
- 23 Parma, Idaho
- 24 Vale, Oregon
- 25 Cambridge, Idaho
- 26 North Powder, Oregon
- 27 Joseph, Oregon
- 28 Elgin, Oregon
- 29 Vancouver, Wash.
- 30 Kent, Wash.

[JULY—Mt. Vernon, Sumas, Mission,
Lake Louise, Banff, Revelstoke,
Gleichen, July 4]

JULY

- 16 Moosomin, Sask.
 - 17 Indian Head, Sask.
 - 18 Regina, Sask.
 - 19 Weyburn, Sask.
 - 20 Milestone, Sask.
- Sunday
- 22 Mortlach, Sask
 - 23 Maple Creek, Sask.
 - 24 Brooks, Alberta
 - 25 Olds, Alberta
 - 26 Edmonton, Alberta
 - 27 Hardisty, Alberta

Sunday

- 29 Provost, Alberta
- 30 Kerrobert, Sask.
- 31 Kindersley, Sask.

AUGUST

- 1 Rosetown, Sask.
 - 2 Conquest, Sask.
 - 3 Saskatoon, Sask.
- Sunday
- 5 Moose Jaw, Sask.
 - 6 Medicine Hat, Alberta
 - 7 Banff, Alberta
 - 8 Calgary, Alberta
 - 9 Red Deer, Alberta
 - 10 Macleod, Alberta
- Sunday
- 12 Nanton, Alberta
 - 13 Vulcan, Alberta
 - 14 Cardston, Alberta
 - 15 Lethbridge, Alberta
 - 16 Taber, Alberta
 - 17 Blairmore, Alberta
- Sunday
- 19 Fernie, B.C.
 - 20 Cranbrook B.C.
 - 23 Nelson, B.C.
 - 24 Plains, Montana
 - 25 Phillipsburg, Montana
 - 26 Townsend, Montana
 - 27 Three Forks, Montana
 - 28 Twin Bridges, Montana
 - 29 Salmon, Idaho
 - 31 Shelley, Idaho

SEPTEMBER

- 1 Rigby, Idaho
- 2 Montpelier, Idaho
- 3 Kemmerer, Wyoming
- 4 Rock Springs, Wyoming
- 5 Rawlins, Wyoming
- 6 Laramie, Wyoming