

Oneida Community JOURNAL

VOL. 32 NO. 2

SEPTEMBER 2018

ONEIDA, NY



The ONEIDA COMMUNITY MANSION HOUSE

A National Historic Landmark

The ONEIDA COMMUNITY MANSION HOUSE (OCMH) was chartered by the New York State Board of Regents as a non-profit museum in 1987. It is the only site to preserve and interpret the history of the Oneida Community, one of the most radical and successful of the 19th century social experiments. OCMH publishes the *Oneida Community Journal* to inform the public of the cultural and educational activities at the Mansion House and to present articles about social and historical topics of interest within the context of its mission.

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COVER ILLUSTRATION

Wide-angle view of the Mansion House, perhaps late 1890s, by Shirley Freeman (see "Shirley Freeman's Mansion House").

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LETTER FROM THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Christine Hall O'Neil

Every day reveals new stories of the Oneida Community's intellectual curiosity and accomplishments. I am grateful for the opportunity to learn from the descendants, docents, Oneida Ltd. employees, historians, and scholars I meet. The breadth and depth of the story is innovative, awe-inspiring, and as relevant now as ever.

Along with the social and cultural history of the Community, the Board of Trustees and staff have been deeply involved in understanding the physical condition of the Mansion House. Thanks to former Executive Director Pat Hoffman's efforts, Crawford and Stearns Architects and Preservation Planners conducted a thorough Building Envelope Condition Report in 2016-17. The report highlights the strengths and current challenges of the historic structure and is a road map for the ongoing preservation of the Mansion House.

The report reveals that the bones of the structure are excellent--the Main House has successfully withstood over 150 years of continual use by thousands of people! In this disposable era when many structures are designed with a limited life span (think malls, big box stores, office buildings), the Mansion House was designed to successfully survive for generations. If we consider the history of the built environment since 1862, we should celebrate the skill and ambition that enabled the Mansion House to shelter and inspire countless people for centuries. The value and "costs" of historic preservation are wise investments in our future.

Today, the most critical issues the building faces are from water, ice, and snow. In the middle of the last century, the gutter system was removed, leaving the roof, façade, and foundation vulnerable to water damage and infiltration. The first steps to preserve the structure involve working from the roof down managing the flow of water away from the building.

With the help of the Building Condition Report and teams of historic preservation specialists, the Board is committed to preserving and revitalizing the National Historic Landmark building--the gem of the collection and a community resource for residents, scholars, tourists, and the public.



After a harsh winter, loose bricks were observed on the west side of the Children's (South) wing, facing the Quadrangle near the double doors of the Court. The doorway is closed for safety. Consultants have investigated the problem and have excellent solutions for its repair. The Mansion House will be seeking funding from multiple sources for this project to revitalize, preserve, and protect this important National Historic Landmark and cultural resource for generations to come.

On the personnel front: our staff team is talented, dedicated, and eagerly moving forward. We were sad to say good-bye to Molly Jessup, but we wish her all the best in her new adventure in Minneapolis. Molly, like many before her, made wonderful contributions to the fabric of the organization, hosted beloved programs, and cultivated and trained new docents. We are grateful to all the docents and staff who have stepped up to help in her absence! Our tour guides remain the single best way for visitors to experience the story of the Oneida Community. Thank you to Tony Wonderley, who continues to give in ways both large and small--not the least of which is editing this journal. The apt phrase--"it takes a village"--applies to OCMH in more ways than one.

We look forward to building on the work of those that came before us. The Board and staff will work to keep you updated on the progress and plans to ensure the Mansion House stays vital for the next 150 years. We always welcome your advice and assistance in these efforts.



PHOTOS





Photos left to right, top to bottom both pages:

"An island in a golfing sea"-- The stately red oak (center) has stood its watch (see "Cemetery News;" photo by Polly Held).

Former Curator of Education, Molly Jessup, recently started work at her new job at the Mill City Museum in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She was happily surprised to see a familiar site in the museum's displays, one featuring Oneida's "Queen Bess" ware.

Curator Abigail Lawton (left) and Executive Director Christine O'Neil (right) pose with Kathy Wright (Director, "Rug Hooking Week," Sauder Village) in front of JCK's "Bewitched" (see "Curatorial News").

Favorably impressed with Big Hall acoustics, the band Craobh Dugan performed songs about the Irish and the Erie Canal on June 3rd.

In late July, Mansion House guide Gary Onyan explained the history of the CAC as part of a new initiative attracting cyclists on the Erie Canal Trailway to the Mansion House.

Panelists Molly Jessup, Dave Pasinski, and Emily Stewart chatted about religion in America on May 20.

CURATORIAL NEWS

by Abigail Lawton, Curator of Collections

OCMH is excited to present a new exhibit, "Communal Design: The Complex Process of Designing the 1862 Mansion House," now open in the Old Sleeping Room off the Upper Sitting Room. Focusing on the design and construction of the "New Mansion House," as it was referred to by Community members, this show looks at some of the difficulties and debates involved in communally designing a house for 170 people. Drawing on articles published in the Community's weekly newsletter, *The Circular*, this exhibit uses the Community's own words to answer questions such as why they built the New Mansion House, who constructed it, and how the outbreak of Civil War affected this building campaign.

Included in the exhibit are four architectural drawings of the 1862 Mansion House recently featured in an earlier exhibit, "Mansion House Architecture: The Lost Drawings." The present display also includes reproductions of the earliest known photograph of the finished building from 1863, Charlotte Noyes Miller's pencil drawing of the 1848 Mansion House complex, and illustrations from A. J. Downing's book, "The Architecture of Country Homes," an architectural pattern book that likely influenced architect Erastus Hamilton's design for the building, just as it influenced many amateur architects of the day. The inspiration for the show and much of its historical narrative came from the article, "Planning and Building the 1862 Mansion House," by former curator Anthony Wonderley ("Oneida Community Journal," September 2012). Further research by the current Curator and a dedicated group of docents helped flesh out the story and provided new insight into the Community's attitude toward the Civil War and their struggle to determine the role they should play in this growing conflict.

Two braidings by Jessie Catherine Kinsley, "Goose Girl" and "Shepherd Boy," have been loaned to historic Sauder Village in Ohio to be showcased in a special exhibit within their annual Rug Hooking Week exhibition, August 14-18, 2018. This exhibition regularly attracts 4,000-5,000 visitors during its five-day run and the works on display this year represent artists from forty states and five countries. Both the Director of Rug Hooking Week and I see this as an exciting opportunity to introduce Kinsley's unique artwork to an audience that will fully appreciate both the beauty and technique of her creations (see photo in "Photos").

Donations:

- Documentary film-maker Frank Christopher has gifted OCMH with footage from interviews that he conducted with Community descendants and Oneida Ltd. executives in the late 1990s-early 2000s. These include interviews with descendants Giles Wayland-Smith, Betty Wayland-Smith, Jane Rich, Sally Mandel, Elliot Orton, and Jennifer Allen, as well as former CEO of Oneida Ltd. The staff at OCMH is very grateful to Mr. Christopher for his donation because the conversations recorded will help us continue to preserve and interpret the legacy of the Community. This footage will be made available to researchers in our archives and used to inform the creation of future exhibits.

- Mary Gilkes and family donated a hooked rug hanging made by her grandmother, Miriam Barron Earl, aka Miriam Trowbridge Noyes Earl. Mrs. Earl created the hanging in 1931-32 while living in the Mansion House. Titled "In the Shadow of the Almighty," it has been beautifully preserved by Mrs. Gilkes and her family (see photo). We look forward displaying it for the enjoyment of our visitors. A 1955 entry from the artist's journal paints a picture of her life as she was making the rug and the materials used to create it:

I began my large hooked rug in March 1931 and I finished it in March 1932. We had closed our house the previous October and moved to those remote third floor rooms of the Mansion known as Ultima Thule. We had to save money for we all of us, were struggling through the swamp of the Great Depression. Virginia and Joan were unemployed in New York. W.T.E. [her husband] was often away on business for weeks at a time, and young Wilber (W.N.E.) and I were often alone for long periods. I shall always remember how, in the late afternoon when he came from school, he would rush up the last flight of stairs calling--"Mother, have you been drawing today? Have you worked on your rug?" and when I answered he would be gone again to find his comrades.....

The trees and the border of this rug were made from a dress of mine--and all of the dress, every scrap, is there. The light in the sky was made in part from a velvet evening dress of Virginia's. And woven into all parts of the picture are bits of blue-grey from a little jacket I made by hand for Joan when she was ten or eleven years old. Also, there is a dress of Fay Owen's [sic] in the hills and a blouse of Christine Allen's in the fields. And young Wilber was my faithful critic... W.T.E. reminds me that I failed to mention the pair of "plus-four" knee pants of Louis W-S that went into the background and sky."



"Goose Girl," 1936, by Kinsley



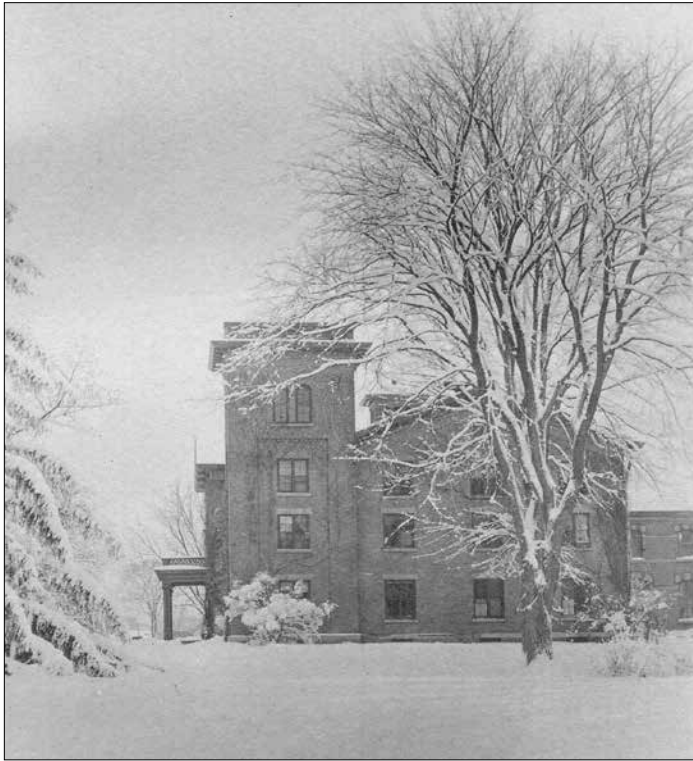
"Shepherd Boy," 1937, by Kinsley



The recently donated rug created by Miriam Barron Earl



THE STORM OF '18



The Mansion House has weathered many a notable storm, one of them being this freak blizzard of May 11, 1907 (photo probably by George E. Cragin).

Lance Aldrich working to clear the south sidewalk.



The snowfall of March 2, 2018 was memorable---over two feet fell that day.



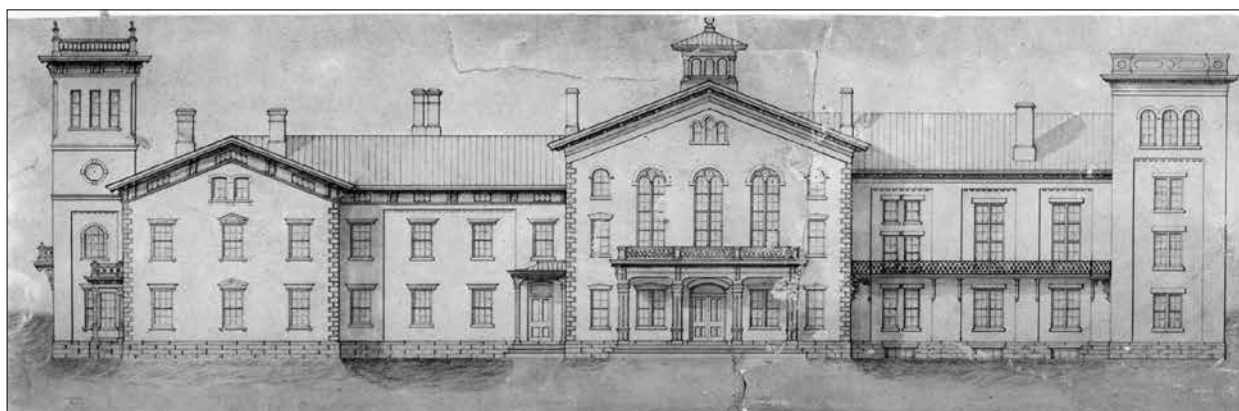
TOUR OF MANSION HOUSE ARCHITECTURE

By Abigail Lawton, Curator of Collections

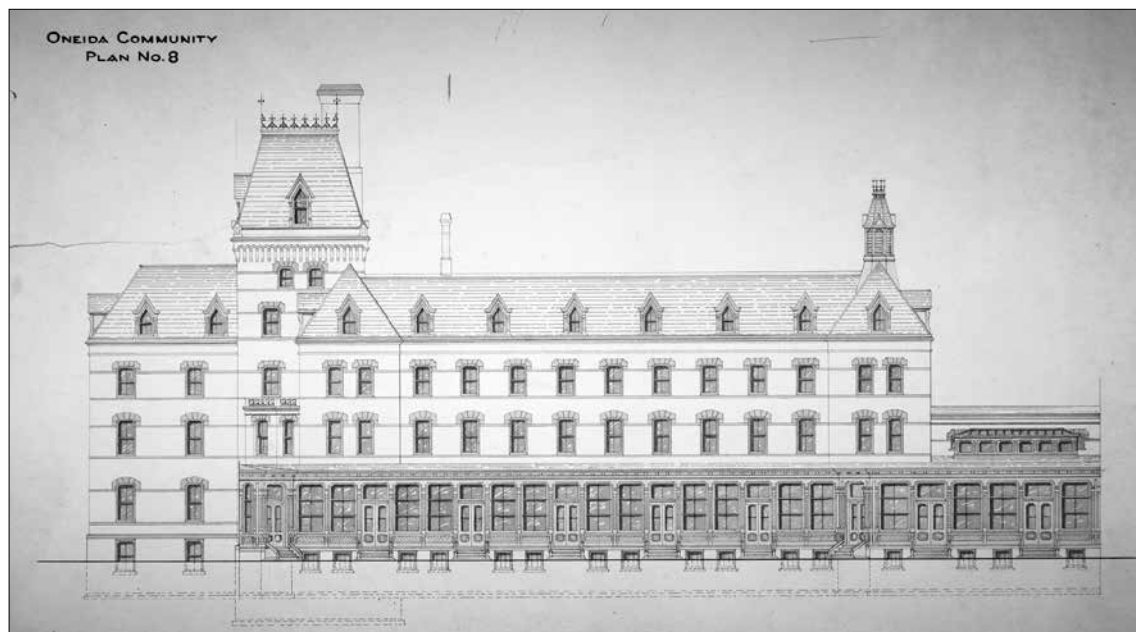
Everyone knows the Mansion House was constructed in several styles because the different sections of the building were built at different times. But why is each phase of construction so distinctly different? Why didn't the Community choose a single, unifying style and design each section in that style to create continuity? And why did they seem to build their home so haphazardly, in fits and starts, one section at a time?

To answer these questions, I created a new architectural tour which debuted with the Utica Landmark Society on Monday, August 6. Despite a burst of showers that briefly trapped the partici-

pants under the entry porch, visitors and guide forged ahead. Once the rain cleared, the group was able to take a walk around the building, examining each section's distinctive features and marveling at the scope of the Community's ambitious designs. This tour will be offered intermittently in upcoming months. On September 22, for "Museum Day Live!," visitors can join the tour at noon. During "Path Through History," October 6-7, the tour will be offered at noon each day. Admission will be free. Those wishing to join the tour should meet their guide at the main door across from Kenwood Avenue.



Hamilton Elevation of the East Face, 1868. Asked to propose plans for a Children's House, Erastus Hamilton came up with the idea of extending the style of the 1862 Mansion House into the new wing. When the Community rejected this, Hamilton scurried back to the drawing board to come up with something completely different. (see "Designing the Children's Wing").



Leeds Elevation of South Face, 1877. This plan dates from the time medical Dr. Theodore Noyes was concerned with healthy housing for Community members fleeing malaria at Wallingford, Connecticut. Leeds, an outside architectural firm noted for its salubrious buildings, was commissioned to plan a new complex (today's New House) in high Victorian Gothic style.



LAWNS AND GARDENS

by Kathy Garner

On March 2, 2018, just as we were beginning to anticipate the beginning of spring, Winter Storm Riley hit Central New York with a vengeance. All day Friday and into the night it snowed relentlessly, ultimately blanketing the Mansion House and environs with twenty-four inches of snow. In the early morning hours of March 3, the neighborhood looked like a pristine winter wonderland, with every object bedecked with a blanket of white snow (see "The Storm of '18").

There was, unfortunately, a downside to this beauty. Once again (see *OC Journal*, March 2017), the Mansion House trees sustained a tremendous amount of damage with the evergreen trees being particularly hard hit. Their year-round foliage enabled large quantities of this very wet, heavy snow to accumulate on the branches and, ultimately, many branches snapped under this extra weight. The White Pine on Kenwood Avenue south of the South Garden sustained considerable damage when a large upper limb broke, breaking off many side branches as it fell to the ground. The small Blue Spruce next to the house on the south side toppled onto the sidewalk and had to be removed. Both trunks of the White Cedar on the crest of the front hill just north of the path to Kenwood Avenue snapped off. Broken limbs were wide-spread around the property.

Fortunately, our gigantic old New York State champion trees--the Tulip tree in the Quad-rangle and the Black Walnut tree on the South Lawn (see *OC Journal*, December 2007 and March 2009)--weathered the storm totally intact without even a broken branch. Several of the younger trees, however, did not fare as well. The trunk of the Elm at the foot of the South Lawn, which provided an excellent screen for the electric pole, snapped off at about six feet from the ground. And two of our prized memorial trees also suffered severe damage. The Hop Hornbeam near the



The Hop Hornbeam

north entrance to the Lounge (planted in memory of Kinsley / Kim Woods) and the Hawthorne on the South Lawn hill near the entrance to the Quad (planted in memory of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Prowda) both lost major branches but are still standing, albeit in a quite altered shape (see photos).

In the March 2017 *Journal*, I reported several tree losses including a large limb on the old and stately Black Maple located on the crest of the front hill. Sunday morning on July 22 of this year, nearby residents of Kenwood heard the loud cracking sound when one of the two major trunks of this very tall tree snapped its cable and toppled across the front driveway. Mike Colmey and Lance Aldrich of the OCMH maintenance staff spent the morning cutting up and moving the debris from the road. On July 25, in the midst of a rain storm, the crew from Complete Tree Service cleared away this debris and removed the remaining trunk which posed the threat of toppling onto Kenwood Avenue.

In May, OCMH rented a lift truck to inspect damage to the brickwork in the Quadrangle. The maintenance and outdoor staff took advantage of the lift truck to prune and remove many of the higher branches broken in the March snow storm. Due to time and height constraints, however, we were not able to remove all broken branches, so one can still see remnants of the damage from Winter Storm Riley in the form of broken (and now brown) branches dangling high up in many of the tall trees.

On a happier note, the gardens, despite a long stretch of very hot and dry weather this summer, are in excellent shape and are showing off their beautiful blooms. We welcome Sue Campanie and Deb Spadafora to the volunteer crew helping to preserve and maintain the South Garden. If you, or someone you know, would like to volunteer in the gardens, please call Pauline Caputi at 315-363-0745, or Kathy Garner at 315-363-2414.



The Hawthorne



A WEEK AT ONEIDA, 1865
by George W. Noyes, from The Circular, Dec. 4, 1865

Editorial Correspondence, *Oneida Community*,
 Nov. 27, 1865

Dear Circular:--

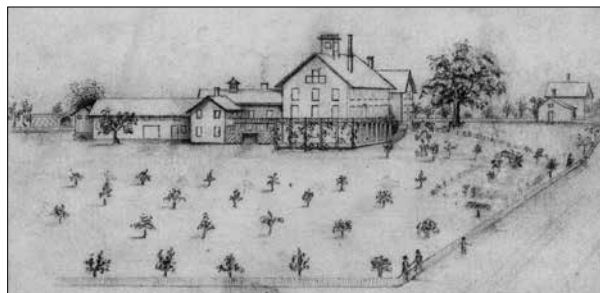
Returning here after a considerable absence, I note some changes and signs of progress, and enjoy the privilege of taking a fresh impression, as from an outside standpoint, of the Community. The grounds I find beautiful, retaining even at this season of fallen leaves and yellow grass, enough suggestiveness

of their summer charms. The broad sweeps of cleanly clipped turf seen from the tower windows, broken into by capes and peninsulas of young evergreens, and threaded with smooth walks, the thatched roof and spire of the rustic summer-house rising above a clump of Scotch pines, and the background of hedge and orchard beyond,

are all captivating to one who has in former years watched the beginning and growth of this rural Community home. I well remember the June morning in 1848 when I first arrived here from Putney, and when, after a breakfast at the "white-house," J. H. N. invited me into the adjacent field over a Virginia fence, and near a large butter-nut tree, where he pointed out some stakes that had been driven to mark the site of our future Community dwelling. Then there were, I think, but two or three painted buildings in sight. A few straggling board and log houses of a low description, occupied by small farmers, were on the roads traversing our present domain; while weeds, bushes, stumps and ragged fences, were the prominent features of the scene. Here the Community, under conditions of considerable inexperience within, and considerable obloquy without, commenced its attack on the semi-wildness of nature; and now, nature in her ineffable grace and sweetness owns the hand that has subdued her, and renders back to it her own exquisite reward.



"The thatched roof and spire of the rustic summer-house"



The "white-house" is the building visible furthest to the right.

The "white-house" referred to above, was the original farm-house on the place, and now, occupied as a dairy, stands at a distance of a dozen rods in front of the range of Community buildings, and near the road. The removal of this and of another building near, remains to be done before the front lawn will be complete.

On the west, the private road of the domain passes through a continuous succession of strawberry and raspberry plantations, vineyards, and pear, plum and cherry-orchards, for a distance of a quarter of a mile or more, to a woody ravine, where has been made a ramble of walks, among whose shady trees one might almost fancy himself lost on a hot summer day.

On the farm there are wheat-fields (37 acres), whose tender green now covers the furrows. In the barns are 90 cows (some of them Ayrshires), 22 horses, large blocks of hay, and 1000 bushels of barley just thrashed. On the roads in the vicinity of the Community dwelling, are four neat cottages and a school-house, built within the last two years for workmen and their families.

At Willow-Place, a mile distant, the Trap-woks and Machine-shop are in operation but the large buildings and water-power are yet far from being fully occupied. On the other hand, the old mill-building near the Community, now used in part as a Traveling-bag factory, was never so fully occupied. On the first floor is a large packing-room, a circular-saw room, and grist-mill, and in the brick wing at the rear, a carpenter's shop and fruit-can manufactory. In the stories above, are four large work-rooms, devoted to bag-making. The number of hands employed is about 60.

In reference to the moral and sanitary aspects of the Community, here are some facts which I report from observation, leaving comments and philosophy to others. During my visit of over a week, I have not seen an unpleasant look among the members, or heard a harsh word. None of the two hundred and more members are invalids in a

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"On the roads in the vicinity of the Community dwelling, are four neat cottages and a school-house." One cottage is visible lower left. The school is the white structure to its right.

manner to confine them to their rooms, or even to the house. There are some aged and infirm members who receive partial attendance from others, and a few who suffer from constitutional affections, but the Community are quite generally in good and improving health. This is the case of the children without exception.

The Community employs in its business, a large number of young women, paying them wages. This service is sought by hundreds more than can be accepted, and I am told, is an occasion of considerable feeling on the part of the employees, when the fluctuations of business compel the managers to part with some of them, as was the case the present week. The Community are told by parents and guardians, that its service is considered desirable, as offering one of the safest situations for the morals of the young; a reputation which it will doubtless be the ambition of the Community to retain. From whatever cause it arises, the attractiveness of the Community service is such as secures to it the best class of hands, both men and women.

The members of the Community appear to be, almost without exception, enthusiastic students of something, spending some part of the day or evening in self-formed voluntary classes. One evening while the Analysis class, comprising seventy-five or a hundred persons, was assembled in the large hall, a gentleman of large observation from an eastern city, sitting near me said: "The word which involuntarily springs to my lips and alone expresses my feeling at the scenes which I see here, is, beautiful! Beautiful! How, elsewhere, could a similar class of persons comprising children, parents and grandparents, be collected, every evening for intellectual pursuits? The care of their forty different houses, and forty different fires, and forty different families of children, of course would preclude any such thing, as we live in ordinary society. But here you do it every evening without an obstacle, at the ringing

of a bell. The fact is," said he, "our absurd way of living is worse than children; in the light of your experiment it is fast becoming a crime."

I see here, women employed as book-keepers, business correspondents, packers and shippers, and managers of large manufacturing establishments. The policy of the Community is leading more and more in the direction of this enlargement of women's avocations. They have a taste for it, and it makes them happy, as well as doubly useful.

A young lady belonging to a family of wealth and high social position, after a somewhat extended previous engagement with the Community, came here to reside about two years ago, and is now in accordance with her own taste preparing herself for energetic service in the counting-room. She tells me with a sincerity of tone and sparkle of eye that cannot be doubted, that of all she gave up in identifying herself with the Community, she has received back not a hundred- but a thousand-fold. Her health, which in the atmosphere and dress of fashion had always been frail, and at times seriously impaired, appears to be now bounding and perfect.

Another young person who came here a year ago in poor health, was sitting at the harmonium in the Hall as I passed by today. Remarking on her improved looks, I asked her, Have you been happy this summer? "Never more so," was the reply. "I have been as happy as I could be." These were but incidental instances in which such expressions were drawn forth. Not deeming it my business to interrogate the members, I cannot say whether they express the average experience here or not, but so far as I can judge from cheerful faces and elastic movements, such is the general fact. At the same time it should be stated that within two years several discordant members have left the Community, not finding it a congenial home, and there is probably a residuum of unhappiness and discontent still lurking about in corners, but in proportion as this element goes out, either by growth or criticism or secession, the body of the Community seems to increase in strength and buoyancy.

-- G.



"The old mill-building" is the three-story structure on the left.

KENWOOD MEMORIES

by Jane Noyes

Anyone calling Kenwood home during the 1950s-60s lived and breathed to the hum of the knife plant, the factory whistle that blew four times a day, and the irregular percussive bang BANG! of the drop hammers as they punched out knife blade stock. For outdoor adventure we had all the grounds of the Mansion House in addition to the Vineyard, the Dutch End, the old O&W rail bed, the fields behind the Vineyard, and the boggy land behind Skinner Road and the houses of the Orchard. This was all long before the "back nine" of the Golf Course was created. We played in all of these places and usually came home damp and dirty, with sticks and burdocks in our hair but happy, if not a little sunburned and very hungry.

Kenwood had a special rhythm all its own. Once I left home those whistle blasts and the reverberation of the drop hammers lingered in my bones where they felt as regular as my own heart-beat. Returning home to visit family and friends, I felt secure in the knowledge that Kenwood still hummed to its own tune--and mine. Yes, I could go home again.

Mansion House

As a kid growing up in Kenwood, the Mansion House was—hands down—the best place to play. Yes, we had homes in the Vineyard, the Orchard, along Kenwood Avenue, Skinner Road or the Dutch End (where you really felt the full force of the knife

plant, a stone's throw across Oneida Creek). But, there was something magical about the Mansion House also known as "The Manch" or "The Big House," or shortened to simply "The Big." Often on a rainy day that was where most of us went to play. Of course, we ran through the hallways and probably disrupted a few afternoon naps of some of the old folks who lived there. And, yes, we sometimes got in trouble for being a little too loud, maybe a little too raucous. All in all, though, I do think that most of the old people who lived there were tolerant of us and often a little forgiving of our ways. In all likelihood, they, in their own youths, had probably done the same.

As we grew older, we still spent time at The Big but sometimes, especially on a long, rainy, Sunday afternoon, we got a little too loud, a little too full of ourselves, though we'd been admonished by our mothers, mostly, to be respectful of the folks who lived there and keep our level of frivolity down to a dull roar. But, six or seven or eight of us couldn't and it was not infrequently that some irate grannie would come ranting down a hallway, in chase, and sure to call our mothers. If things got a little too out of hand, we'd be called together in the outer dining room on the next Sunday afternoon for a little "talk" with Pete Noyes. Of course, if you knew Pete, even a little, and he knew all of us, he was nothing but the most congenial guy that you'd ever want to meet. He may have started his talk with a stern expression but before long he was telling stories of his own youth. While we, the recalcitrant kids, were giggling and laughing, taking notes on all the fun ways to entertain ourselves in the house, in the future.

There were other ways to entertain ourselves and we did. You couldn't beat the Big Hall with its highly polished and slippery wood floor which was ideal for sliding on or, with a friend, holding hands and twirling fast as you could, while getting oh, so dizzy. The boys, ran lickity-split though the halls of the house (of course, so did the girls) tearing through the Big Hall and on up the stairs to the balcony where they dared one another



Kenwood children, about 1958.

Front row (left to right): Amy Raynsford, Sue Garner, Cathy Sewall, John Raynsford, Mary Colway.

Back row (left to right): Barbara Fenner, Ann Raynsford, Jane Noyes, Kelly Noyes, Peter Raynsford.

Cont'd. next page

to walk along the edge. A few dared to jump to the stage below and there may have been one hapless boy who broke his leg.

As we got older some of us wrote plays and practiced incessantly for a future production. "Good Morning, Miss Wilder, we are sorry we are late." Ann and I ran that line over and over as others stood in for "Miss Wilder." who responded, "Well, alright, but don't let it happen again." The play never got produced but we honed that line to within an inch of our lives. May Townsend, who lived down one of the nearby hallways, came along and "directed" us to our consternation; though we occasionally took some of her suggestions. In the summer months, we put on plays in the Summer House on the North Lawn. May found us there, too, and gave us direction, as usual. At least once at the Summer House, we gathered a crowd of a dozen or so folks from the Big House who dutifully applauded – but in all the wrong places! The acoustics on the North Lawn weren't ideal but a good time was had by all – even for us, the young thespians.

Vineyard-Dutch End

The Vineyard was an ideal place for all sorts of play. Kickball was a favorite game—age didn't matter nor did whether you were a girl or boy. Disputes, however, did break out, for example, if one of the dogs belonging to the Fenners slumped down for a nap on second base. Had you actually touched base as you ran for third? Likely the game stopped for clarification of the "rules" as often as we ran the bases and "won" or "lost." When the factory whistle blew and it was time to come in for supper at 6:00—or at 8:00 when nightfall came—the game simply stopped and we picked up the next day where we'd left off. Of course there were some disagreements about where we'd ended that had to be ironed out before the game could resume. In the Fenner back yard, we also played "kick the can" in the dark with Barb and Ritchie and their big brothers, Bruce and Robbie. And sometimes Peg and Hack joined us. There was a point to the game but, for the most part, it was seeing how adept you could be at actually kicking and, harder still, finding the can, in the dark!

The grown-ups, on at least one occasion, hosted a Vineyard Picnic. While it was ostensibly for those who lived in one of the nine houses that surrounded the expanse of open green grass, there was always a very relaxed attitude about "joiners." Charlie Trout, Crof Herrick, and Ham Allen, dressed in white aprons, manned the grills turning out hot dogs and hamburgers for the kids and steaks for the grown-ups along with steamers and there may well have been lobsters, too. Sodas and beer (lots of

beer) and other libations were kept cold in a deep bucket of ice-water. We kids kept ourselves busy with riding our bikes around the Vineyard, fast as we could while we waited for the burgers and dogs to cook. One year, someone set up three or four Boy Scout tents in the middle of the Vineyard. We scrambled in and out until after dusk when the mosquitoes arrived and annoyed the grown-ups enough to call it a night. However, some of us got permission to sleep out in the tents that night. Of course that excitement went on until, one by one, we went on home to our respective houses, our soft beds and no more irritating mosquitoes!

As full of kids as the Vineyard was, so was the Dutch End. It was kid heaven: cats and dogs were in abundance, roaming free. The Dutch End hummed with the Knife Plant nearly within spitting distance across the creek. And there were lots of kids, kids who lived there and those of us who migrated there on summer mornings. The Leonard girls had a swing set that had a deep trench beneath the swings, formed by who knows how many feet that had passed back and forth, back and forth. And in the trench was a powder as soft as any of the cats that roamed freely. We all went barefoot in those days—who wouldn't?

The Fenners, before they moved to the Vineyard, had a swing set, too (see "From the Past"). And there were slides that got blisteringly hot by late morning but were grand fun in the earlier hours of the day. And there were bikes to ride and stilts to challenge your balance—built by Nora, Merry, and Annie's grandpa, Steve Leonard, who lived in the Orchard. And, there was a playhouse! It started its life as a gardening shed and lived next to an asparagus patch pretty close to the swings. Later in time, the playhouse moved to the Orchard after Uncle Steve and Aunt Dorothy had died, and when Steve and Jo left Brookside for more for a more commodious dwelling. Further out back of Brookside (the name of the four-family house that has been since demolished), were vegetable gardens shared by the tenants of the house along with people who lived next door.

Sunset Lake

On any hot summer afternoon, Kenwood was quiet except for the bark of a neighborhood dog or the occasional passage of a car on Kenwood Avenue. We kids were at Sunset Lake, in the water, taking swimming lessons or lazing on our towels in the sun, eating candy or sucking on popsicles or fudgcicles bought for a nickel at the concession stand. Summer and Sunset Lake! We waited all year for the last day of school and, finally, the day Sunset opened for the summer! We bought our season passes and, now, no time was wasted in line.



Kenwood girls, about 1960.

Left to right: Francie Wyland, Ann Raynsford, Jane Noyes, Barb Fenner, Cynthia Warren, Polly Held.

We simply walked in flashing our passes which came in the form of a patch that we had carefully sewed to our cotton bathing suits. For those of us who were not so adept with a needle and thread, a safety pin would do just as well. Sunset writhed with children and the din of voices could be heard all the way to our houses and beyond, lending a steady background hum to the already ubiquitous low rumble of the Knife Plant.

The lake didn't open until after lunch when the 1 o'clock whistle blew. This meant that we'd spent the better parts of our mornings waiting, though we usually managed to keep ourselves quite well occupied with fort building in the fields, riding our bikes hither and thither between the bridges, swinging on the swings on the south lawn of the Mansion House, or tunneling in the enormous sand pile that was heaped nearby the swings. Sometimes, in the noonday heat, we just popped tar bubbles that formed in the road around the Vineyard or collected insects, trapping them, usually ants, and rerouting them through minute hills and valleys we'd carved in the dirt. We all, of course, scurried home when the noon whistle blew, gobbled our lunch and changed into our bathing suits, and then went back outside to sit on our front steps and wait for the whistle, with towels slung over our shoulders, a couple of nickels gripped in our fists.

When the first kids from Sherrill appeared on their bikes, way down Kenwood Ave., it was time

to begin asking my mother, "Can I go now?" The long line of Sherrill kids took awhile--until there were just a few stragglers, and then, off we'd go--finally, on foot, to the Lake! Most of us walked over though some of us did ride our bikes, too. By the time we arrived it seemed like there were maybe a hundred bikes--many in heaps, others half reclining and a few, at rest and upright. Another glorious day at Sunset was about to begin!

The afternoons at Sunset were

bliss--lots and lots of swimming and diving. We'd all learned our lessons well from Al Glover and Judy Sayles who, between them, must have taught practically every kid in Sherrill and Kenwood how to swim. Once we'd learned our lessons and were proficient at swimming the crawl, we were allowed to swim at Dock where the older girls hung out in the sun watching the boys do flips and corkscrew dives off the diving boards. The girls were just as able as the boys but also liked the even tans they acquired in the afternoon sun.

Sledding

Come winter, the South Lawn of the Manch was where we hauled our sleds if the snow was deep and the conditions were right for sledding. As we all got a little older, sometimes we'd sled after supper in the dark, although there was a little light that emanated from the South Porch and the apartments along that side of the house. But you never knew when the conditions might change and we'd have to wait for a cold snap to come again, along with a good dump of snow to cover the hill.

Winter clothes in those days were woolen--and heavy! Boots were apt to come loose from our feet as we trudged up the slope for more runs. My mother knit hats and mittens for Kelly and me, but it was always good to have a second pair of mittens to pull on over the first to keep your fingers from getting frost bite.

Cont'd. next page

It was inevitable, after awhile, that our toes would begin to tingle and our mittens were now damp and soggy. It was time to retreat to the Nursery Kitchen. In the winter, there was always a fire in the cook stove and we stoked it and refilled it with firewood--no questions asked on the part of our parents or house residents. And there was a dandy place to hang our wet clothes--on the old Community drying rack! Back in the 50s and 60s, no one regarded it as the antique that it's viewed as today. We were, without knowing it, following in the footsteps of our parents who, with their friends had come inside to warm up after sledding on the very same hillside.

Skating

Once winter conditions really set in, we could count on the skating rink, just outside the north door to the Lounge, to be ready for skating quite soon. Often by Christmas and the long vacation that followed, there would be no question about where we'd all be. But we did have to be patient.... it took time and effort on the part of many volunteers to create the rink! First, whatever snow had accumulated on that part of the North Lawn had to be shoveled back to what would become the banks of the rink. Depending on snow depth, this could be a big job. There were numbers of generous people who'd help with this whether they were ice skaters or not.

Once the banks were in place and the underlying grass was revealed, it was nearly time to flood the area. Ideal conditions were when the nighttime temperatures had dropped well below zero. And then, it was time to pull out the fire hose that was hooked to a water spout off to the west side of the rink, near the flower beds, and begin the flooding! A hose of that size, full of water, weighed a lot. It took several strong men to haul it to the rink and to keep it aimed in the directions they wanted it to go. And, it took several very cold nights to build

up enough now frozen ice to finally deem the rink ready for skating.

And, in time, it was. And everyone from those who could barely stand in ice skates to Ruth Kreiter (who never looked her age--whatever it was--and who practically danced on ice) was there to enjoy the great pleasure of ice skating! It wouldn't be long before the boys were wielding hockey sticks and we girls were urging our friends to join us in whips or in racing one another one end of the rink to the other. Eventually the boys created their own hockey teams and it seemed to us that they were hogging some pretty valuable ice. In time, things got worked out and a few girls may have joined the boys in hockey and what boy didn't like a really long whip?

Mention must go to Tom Farmer: He was likely the most devoted skater of all of us. He was a little older than we were and likely logged more hours on the rink than the rest of us combined. He also cared deeply about the rink and was often clearing it of debris, maintaining the banks around the rink and was probably one of the people who flooded the rink in the wee hours. An excellent and skilled skater, he was followed by his faithful and devoted dog who followed Tom until his poor paws bled!

In time, our feet began to freeze and we needed to get inside to warm up. The hobble back from the rink to the Lounge was sometimes a challenge but, somehow, we negotiated it and were grateful once we'd arrived. We'd quickly get our skates off--leaving them akimbo all along the benches--and head for the fireplace. Frankly the better place for a good blast of heat was the big heater grate just inside the Lounge door where we summarily dumped our wet mittens along with our hats, jackets, and snow pants.

As we got a little older, we stayed in the Lounge a little longer. We'd learned to play cards--Hearts, specifically, and that was all we ever played! Of course we'd learned as if by osmosis, from the men who played on Sunday afternoons at the big green-felted card table. We knew that was not where we were to play--though I have no memory of anyone telling us that we couldn't. We played at one of the several bridge tables that were scattered throughout the Lounge. A very fond memory is of a snow storm so severe that we were out of school for the better part of a week. Naturally, we all gravitated to the Lounge for hours of time devoted to playing Hearts, of course. A couple of years later, a number of us gathered by the fireplace late on a November afternoon learned that John F. Kennedy had been assassinated. It was hard to fathom, but we had each other. We were family and the Mansion House was home.



THE FIRST ICE RINK

The skating area Jane Noyes enjoyed on the North Lawn came about when youngsters of her parents' generation asked the grown-ups to create the thing. Their petition read (see photo):

Dear friends,

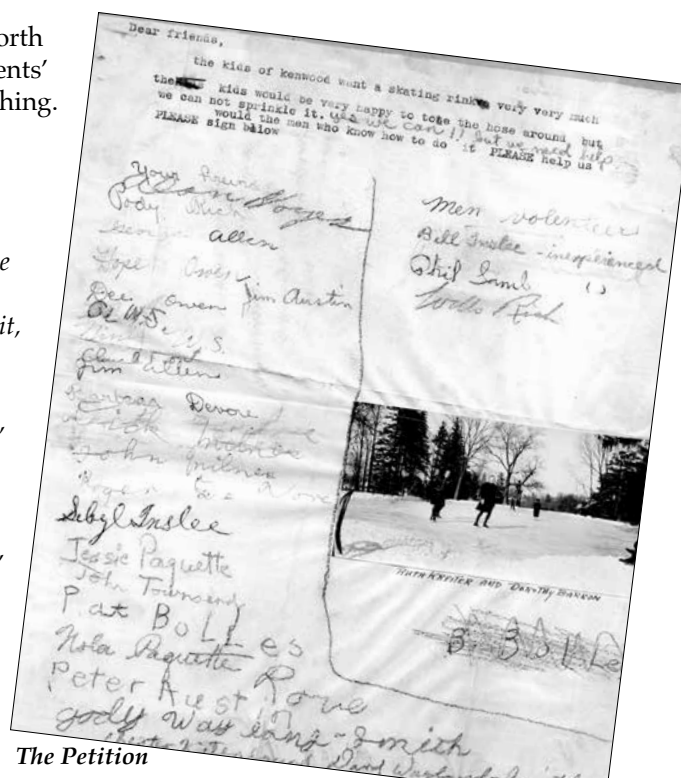
The kids of Kenwood want a skating rink very very much. The kids would be very happy to tote the hose around but we can not sprinkle it. Yes we can. But we need help. Would the men who know how to do it, PLEASE help us. PLEASE sign below.

Your friends—

Alan Noyes, Pody Rich, George Allen, Hope Owen, Jim Austin, Dee Owen, Al W-S, Nini W-S, Chuck Noyes, Jim Allen, Barbara DeVore, Dick Milnes, Roger DeVore, Sibyl Inslee, Jessie Paquette, John Townsend, Pat Bolles, Nola Paquette, Peter Austin, Jody Wayland-Smith, Chester Kittendaugh, Dard Wayland-Smith

Men volunteers: Bill Inslee—inexperienced, Phil Lamb, Wells Rich

Attached to the sheet of paper was a photo showing Ruth Kreiter and Dorothy Barron ice-skating. Bob Bolles organized the first rink in 1939. The pictures shown here may date to that occasion.



The Petition



David Noyes, Kim Wood, Nini Wayland-Smith



Spectators Dunc Robertson, Bill and Miriam Earl, Eunice Morgan, Charl Sewall



Karen Ackley



Pody Rich



IN APPRECIATION OF MICHAEL COLMEY

by Patricia A. Hoffman, Retired Executive Director

About a year into my post as Executive Director, I found the organization without a Building and Grounds Director. Considering the position called for someone with carpentry, plumbing, heating and air conditioning, electrical, supervisory, and customer service skills, filling it would be no easy task. After weeding through a multitude of candidates, then trustee-Joe Valesky, board chair Jonathan Pawlika, and I interviewed the candidates we thought were the most viable. Fortunately, Michael Colmey was one of those.

Joe was impressed with Mike's responses during the interview and the manner in which he expressed them. "I have always believed that beyond a person's talent and knowledge, he or she needs to be able to interact with others to build relationships which result in good outcomes," Joe said. We offered him the job and, this December, Mike celebrates his thirteenth anniversary and status as one of OCMH's longest-term employee.

Kate Wayland-Smith, who has known Mike throughout those years, noted his consistently positive attitude, how attentive he is to the residents, and how he's always willing to help. But it's more than that she added, "He's more than an employee. He's family." Joe Valesky agrees. "In my long and rewarding association with the Mansion House, I have always enjoyed the opportunity to encounter Mike as he goes about his duties. From that day of the interview, I continue to be impressed with his open and cheerful manner and particularly, with his expertise in such a challenging assignment in managing a 150-year plus historic property," he said. "He must not only adhere to strict historical guidelines, he needs to address the needs and concerns of the many rental patrons who call their apartment their home." Since one of the things Mike prides himself on is making people happy, I don't think anyone who knows or works with Mike would disagree with Kate or Joe's assessment of him.



Mike had worked in the construction industry for quite some time before coming to the Mansion House but as he said laughing, "I had no idea what I was getting into when I took this job." With all the difficulties he faces in the position, it is the building itself, its basic upkeep, which presents the greatest challenge. "Obviously there's a cyclical nature to the work but really, every day is different. I'm always learning something new, especially in regards to the right way to repair and restore an historic building," he noted, citing the correct way and proper materials to repair masonry as an example.

Mike takes calls all days and hours of the night to check out alarms, unusual odors, downed trees, and unwelcome wildlife. The ongoing summer infestation and removal of honeybees, indoors and out, can be a particular challenge as he is deathly allergic to bee stings. Often, he is the only one to make it in during winter storms. He remembers one time in particular when it took him an hour to go the short distance from the parking garage to the residents' parking lot with the snowplow.

His work does have many funny moments, albeit in hindsight at times. Like the time he inadvertently unhooked a smoke detector that set off all the fire alarms and found two residents laboriously carrying an elderly resident down from the second floor to evacuate. Then there's keeping out, or most often catching, all the wildlife that gets into the building—including the squirrel Mary Raynsford found peering down from her bedroom window curtain rod. I remember fondly the many times the band in which Mike sang and played guitar rocked the Lounge for the residents and entertained Strawberry Jam guests.

Mike said that, when he first started, it was all about the mechanics of the job. Over the years he's become more interested in the history of the Oneida Community and its Mansion House. "It's such as fascinating history," Mike said, "and I am proud and fortunate to work here." Mike and Tricia Terrier took their wedding vows in the Big Hall of the Mansion House on August 3. In more ways than one, he's part of that history now, too.

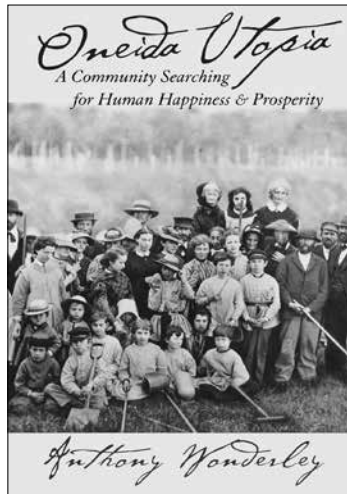


REVIEW OF "ONEIDA UTOPIA: A COMMUNITY SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY"

by Maren Lockwood Carden (author of "Oneida: Utopian Community to Modern Corporation," 1969)

Wonderley has made a major contribution to our understanding of the Oneida Community and, in the course of that, to our understanding of all kinds of communal groups. Most accounts of idealistic or "utopian" communities have focused on a group's peculiarities—most frequently its leader or its religion. Success or failure is described but rarely explained. Wonderley's question is how do you practice utopia? How did two communities, the original nineteenth century, Oneida Community, and its twentieth century successor, the Oneida Community Ltd., each prosper while also practicing certain admirable ideals? Along with his scholarly, clear, thoroughly documented answers to these questions he conveys a gentle affection for his subject.

The original community members sought earthly perfection in devoting themselves to the communal good at the expense of individual selfishness. For 32 years they shared property, work, recreation and, notoriously, sexual partners. The usual explanations of Oneida's survival and "success" focus on the personal magnetism and administration of its founder John Humphrey Noyes. Wonderley agrees, but he goes well beyond that. He shows how the members themselves played a large part in creating a workable economy and organizing daily life in ways that discouraged selfishness, encouraged improvement, and focused attention on the communal life. He points out that Oneida's everyday practices are more than interesting and innovative. Without them the community would not have survived—and survived so successfully. Step by step he explains the contributions of practices like the evening meeting, "mutual" (group) criticism, communal work, women's participation in that work, ascending fellowship (the spiritual ranking of members), decisions about how the community should earn its living and decisions about how the group should adapt to change. And, he shows how the failure to live up to these practices caused Oneida's eventual failure. Wonderley would perhaps say that these are the kinds of nitty gritty things aspiring utopians need to think through and to maintain. If they don't, and if later they allow change to undo the delicate balance between ideals and practices a community will, like Oneida, fail. Certainly, those whose study communes need to consider his ideas very carefully.



Wonderley gives a convincing, detailed account of the original community's "break-up" and shows how the past idealism persisted enough for the members to make an orderly retreat that saved individual members from personal disaster. The community's industries provided the economic base for the successor community, Oneida Community Ltd., a joint stock company financially responsible to all former community members and managed by former members and their children. After a shaky beginning, these new leaders created what could be called an industrial utopia: management personnel accepted low wages and focused on people as much as profit-making; and workers received generous pay, a share in profits, excellent working conditions, generously subsidized housing and more. The system was undoubtedly paternalistic but management's concerns were genuine. Wonderley explains this second idealism in terms of leadership quality, the managerial group's shared childhood experiences in the original community, education, their determination to make up for the old community's failure, the business environment, excellent business decisions, even geography. Thus he again illustrates the conditions underlying an idealistic community and emphasizes the individual effort needed to maintain them.

These conditions were reversed after the mid-twentieth century. External factors like business development, personnel changes and weakened tradition all contributed to the decline in management's idealism. Oneida became like any other company and, by about 2005, the legal entity Oneida Ltd. disappeared.

Wonderley has done an extraordinarily thorough job of research. Many have said that no really detailed analysis of everyday life could be made because a large part of the original community's detailed records was lost in the 1940s. Only occasionally do new documents appear. Regardless, Wonderley has made a very careful, very thorough examination of the substantial literature that remains. If something has been written about Oneida he has read it. And he has found relevant information in neglected places like the original community's *Daily Journal* and the *Circular* that were, one might say, lying in plain sight and in the public domain.



THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY AND WOMEN'S RIGHTS

by Anthony Wonderley

Did the Oneida Community have any impact on the wider world? If so, the effects are elusive. Oneida presented, for example, an unusually clear instance of utopian success in overcoming the problem of the isolated household and revolutionizing the conditions of the domestic sphere. One would suppose that fellow socialists would have taken an interest in the demonstration. A few outsiders, it is true, were impressed by the efficiency of Oneida's communal kitchen and child-care system. Yet, Dolores Hayden's study of material feminism during the late 1800s-early 1900s failed to identify any Oneidan influence on efforts to improve the lot of women by socializing domestic work and collectivizing child care (*The Grand Domestic Revolution: A History of Feminist Designs for American Homes, Neighborhoods, and Cities*). It is difficult to see that the outside world took much notice of Oneida's precedent.

Or, one might look to the movement for women's rights for traces of the Bible communists' influence. Both, after all, were part of a larger dialogue about feminine roles in American life. Both had in common a number of progressive views on women's issues including reproductive rights. Community life at Oneida spoke to matrimonial bondage, a central issue of the "Declaration of Sentiments," the document of the first Women's Rights conference at Seneca Falls in 1848 (Judith Wellman, *The Road to Seneca Falls*). Oneida presented an obvious model (perhaps the only one) of an alternative to traditional marriage in a truly cooperative living situation.

Oneida, one would think, would surely have attracted the attention of women's rights advocates. Yet, such people scarcely mentioned Oneida at all. When they did, it was to register disapproval. One prominent figure in the women's movement, Mrs. Joslyn Gage, supposedly said that Oneida Community women were "subject



Caricature of Woodhull by Thomas Nast, published during Woodhull's run (first by a woman) for the office of United States President (1872).



Victoria Woodhull

to the men in the sense that they are kept here in sexual bondage; and to enforce her thought in that regard, and claiming to speak from personal observation, [Mrs. Gage] said that a sadder and more forlorn set of women she had never seen anywhere" (*Oneida Circular*, March 2, 1876).

Backing off from issues that might detract from their cause, advocates for women's rights distanced themselves from the Perfectionists because of Oneida's bad sexual reputation. In the eyes of Victorian America, the Oneida Community was not something to hold up as a model to emulate. One can get a sense of how disreputable Oneida had become by the manner in which the controversial feminist, Victoria Woodhull, defiantly flung it into the faces of her critics:

If a hundred people living anywhere in this country can so organize themselves industrially as to make the doctrine of equal love for self and neighbor possible, then that hundred have solved the problem for all the rest of the world. Go ask Oneida if among the number there organized industrially, there are any who suffer for the common necessities of life? Ask of the detested Oneida Perfectionists if there are any children there who suffer for food or for raiment or shelter? Ask if there are any laborers there who have been discharged because their labor was no longer profitable to their employers--whose families or dependencies are in want or distress? Ask if there are any pinched-cheeked and hollow-eyed women there who are obliged to offer up their bodies as a living sacrifice to the lusts of man, to gain the few paltry dollars that are needed to satisfy the demands of the landlord, or the butcher and grocer; and ask a thousand other practical questions of every-day life, and from the replies let the Christians learn a lesson of brotherly love from those whom they despise. (*Oneida Circular*, December 27, 1875)



SALES OFFICE UPDATE

by Jody Hicks

We have finalized the layout of the future apartments. There will be seven units, each with two bedrooms and two bathrooms. We are still hoping to have the apartments available before the end of the year.

We are continuing to restore and repair the building. You may have seen the huge crane next to the building, back in May. We replaced a five-ton A/C unit with one weighing forty tons (see photos). This summer we will continue to replace sections of the roof.

We have secured a few small tenants but still have plenty of space for new ones. We are in the process of

submitting our application to have the building placed on the state and national historic registers. Hopefully, we will receive approval before the end of the year.

Finally, we recently created a Facebook page: The Sales-Kenwood Community Properties. From this page, you can see pictures of the updated court space, space available for rent, and periodic updates of the progress of the apartments. We have also included links to the websites of our tenants. So now you can easily find a local yoga class, a photographer for your family portraits, and a place to get a massage.



The crane



In the air



Successful landing

THE HOUSE-FLY (*Musca domestica*)

Oneida Circular

April 26, 1875

Although the past winter has been unusually severe, it seems to have been a very favorable one for the common house-fly. These little creatures were never so abundant here in any previous winter. Their torpid or dead bodies are lying on every window-sill, while places unacquainted with the broom or duster are literally covered with their inanimate forms.

It is something of a puzzle to know where all of these flies conceal themselves during the cold days of winter. As soon as a warm day comes, and the sun shines brightly through the windows, or the room is well warmed by a fire, they, feeling a return of life, leave their retreats and fly toward the light, stopping against the window-panes. There they meet their death by the hand of the chambermaid, or, escaping out of doors, get frozen beyond hope of recovery.

Our Mr. Newhouse, whose hunter's instinct is active even in the capture of such small game as a fly, seems to have carried on a war of extermination during the past four months with but little prospect of a final victory. He occupies a well-lighted and warmed room in the third story of our north tower. The flies collect in great numbers in the rooms of

the tower, especially the upper rooms where the warm air of the building rises. Mr. Newhouse says he has killed at least fifty flies every day during the past four months, and on some days as many as seventy-five. This would make an aggregate of six thousand flies killed in one room during the winter months. The utmost ingenuity of our famous "trapper"—and he is a very ingenious man—is entirely at fault to discover from whence these little creatures came. He says he has closed every crack in the ceiling with plaster of Paris, calked the joints in the floor and bass-boards with paper, and cleared his room entirely of flies, only to return to it after a short absence and find his windows covered with them. He is now inclined to believe that they hatch from eggs which are deposited in various parts of the room, and attain the size of full-grown flies in a few moments.

Lest this novel theory should gain credence, I will venture to state what I know by the best authorities on the subject, though the information respecting the history of the fly is absolutely meager and unsatisfactory. [The writer then goes on to quote the scientific literature of the day by a Dr. Harris, by a Packard, and by Kirby & Spence's *Entomology*.]

KENWOOD ETC. NOTES

by Pody Vanderwall

What is perhaps the oldest grapevine in The Vineyard (Oneida Community?) collapsed under snow in the late winter. It is situated between the former Colway and Ham Allen houses (now Thompson and Killian houses). It landed in a heap on the Thompsons' lawn. An old path under the grapevine arbor was once the highway used by Vineyard residents as they walked to and from the Sales Office four times a day. Those travelers were a common sight as they crossed backyards Vineyard to Sales Office and return. The heavy vine was forced upright and is temporarily supported by a buttress-like lumber frame. Despite the trauma, a goodly harvest is readying on the vine.

Noelle Noyes, PhD, DVM (Colorado State, 2018), is an epidemiologist. She is the daughter of Kristi and Geoff Noyes. Noelle has joined the faculty of the University of Minnesota in the Veterinary Population Medicine Department of the College of Veterinary Medicine. The holder of many awards, Noelle's current research focuses on advancing our understanding of antimicrobial resistance and epidemiology within livestock systems and at the junction where livestock and human populations intersect. Congratulations to Noelle.

VVS graduates, 2018, include Kenwood residents Brendan Hart (Amy and Sean), Allison Schroeder (Tracey and Tim Killian) and Delaney Tudman (Corinne and Dennis). We congratulate them and wish them the best.

"Oneida Utopia" (by Wonderley) received the "Outstanding Book Award" bestowed annually by the Communal Studies Association.

Joseph Wayland-Smith died on July 28 after a long-fought battle with cancer. Joe (or Jody) graduated from Williston Academy and Syracuse University. He proudly served in the Marine Corps from 1957 to 1960 then, for many years, worked for Oneida Ltd. Lots of people dream of following a new path. Joe did it. Mid life, he went back to school (Albany Medical School, Physicians' Assistant Program). What hard work it was to live in Albany, away from home for months at a time, studying his heart out. That dedication and challenge paid off in spades in the satisfaction Joe took from his new career. We all admired him for that!

Joe was a football referee and soccer coach, an EMT and woodworker, and a trustee on the area arts council. In addition to playing bridge and golf, he enjoyed vacationing with Ellen, his wife of 53 years, in Nantucket and the Adirondacks. In retirement, the couple wintered in Florida. Their children are Anne Salerno (Allen Salerno) and Doug Wayland-Smith (Amy). Grandchildren are Ian Salerno, and Abby and Natalie W-S. Joe's brother-in-law is Lang Hatcher.



Gwendolyn Trew 1969-2018

Gwen (Smith) Trew was held dear by several families: her nearest and dearest, her church and friends, and by her Mansion House family. Gwen "ran" the business office of the Mansion House for seventeen years and during that time developed a devotion to the house, its history, and its residents. Gwen was just recently married in the Mansion House garden. Her death from her illness shocked and saddened all who knew her. A week or so after she died, the Lounge raneth over with family and friends who joined together to remember her. She is missed.

To which AW and Patricia Hoffman add: Hired as Office Manager, Gwen also assumed the duties of what, then, was a hospitality director responsible for, among other things, the residential apartments. Her special enthusiasms were working with the BOCES kids and arranging wedding events. She was well known for her cooking skills and shared her cookies, candy, and pumpkin rolls with residents and staff. The children who lived in or visited the Mansion House adored her. To co-workers, she was unfailing with help and information. And such a beautiful smile.



DESIGNING THE CHILDREN'S WING OF THE MANSION HOUSE

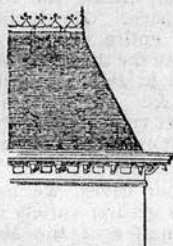
by Anthony Wonderley

(from the exhibit "Mansion House Architecture: The Lost Drawings," 2016)



*Hamilton's Proposed Children's Department
(south face of the Mansion House, 1868)*

and one which answers this demand for beauty, has within a few years been introduced into this country, and is being generally adopted. This is its form.



Its utility is admitted. Now the question arises, Shall we, because we built at a former period in accordance with the taste then extant, condemn our-

*Mansard Roof Illustrated in the
Circular, February 22, 1869*

The Community rejected Hamilton's initial proposal for a new children's wing (see his drawing) because they wanted something bigger. They also wanted a Mansard roof which, they thought, provided more useable space on the top floor.

Since that roof form is a feature of the Second Empire style, the Perfectionists were directing Hamilton to learn a new architectural vocabulary. Accordingly, Hamilton cribbed from architectural patterns such as the one shown here from an 1867 book. Very likely, he followed the same procedure in designing the other two modules (West Avenue and Utlima Thule) comprising the 1870 construction.



*A Facade in the Second Empire Style from an Architectural
Pattern Book*



SHIRLEY FREEMAN'S MANSION HOUSE

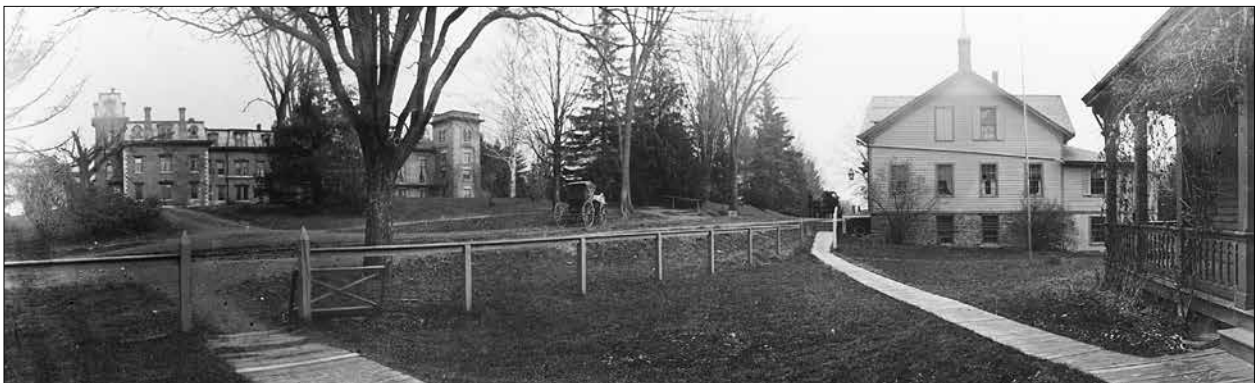
Son of Oneida Community members John Freeman and Emma Jones, this individual (1884-1975) recorded a series of wide-angle views, probably during the late 1890s (see cover).



The South Face. To the left can be seen the "Vault"—a semi-subterranean construction for storing coal, wood, and "night soil."



The Northeast Corner. Visible to the left is the "Old Post Office" (1853). Moved to the north (1916), it became the "Brookside" apartment complex (demolished 1984).



The East Side. Immediately to the viewer's right is the "Seminary," the Oneida Community's school house (1869; originally the Children's House of 1848). Moved to the north in 1913, it is, today, the "Elms" apartments building.



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Lois Licht
Gerald Lyons
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Margaret Mulford
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Shirl Oatman
Theresa Phillips
Tomlinson Rauscher
Margaret Stevens
Scott Swayze
Margaret Thickstun
William Vartorella

GIFTS TO THE OPERATING/ANNUAL FUND

February 1, 2018 - July 31, 2018

\$10,000 to \$25,000

Kenwood Benevolent Society
Oneida Savings Bank Charitable Foundation
(to the Building Fund)

\$1,000 to \$9,999

John L. Hatcher
Sherrill-Kenwood Community Chest
Anonymous

\$250-\$499

Ellen & Nigel Bolland (*In Memory of Giles Wayland-Smith & Nini Hatcher*)
Family and Friends of Gwen Trew, *Given in Her Memory*
Amy & Paul Gebhardt
Deborah & Eric Stickels

\$100-\$249

Ivan & Dorothy Becker
Whitman Bolles
Cathy & Don Cornue (*In Memory of Giles Wayland-Smith*)
Patrick Costello
Timothy Cumings (*To the Education Fund in Memory of Phyllis & Ned Cumings*)
Polly Darnell
Susan Drummond
Kevin & Laura Noyes Engle
Dwight & Linda Evans (*To the Building Fund in Memory of Walt Lang*)
Geoffrey & Lois Ezell
Katherine Garner (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Gustafson & Wargo (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Denise & Kevin Hanlon
Jane Hanlon
Wanda Herrick (*In Memory of Crawford Miller Herrick, Jr.*)
Jacquelyn & John Laraia (*To Education*)
Elizabeth Hill Munroe
Adele & Leslie Mitchell (*In Memory of Paul and Sylvia Paquette*)
Judy and Paul Noyes
James O'Mahony
Gary & Rebecca Onyan
Holly & Jonathan Pawlika
Mark Strong
Judith & Stuart Talbot
Kathryn Warner (*In Memory of Eugene and Jean Garner*)
Robert Wayland-Smith (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Claudia Wiley (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)

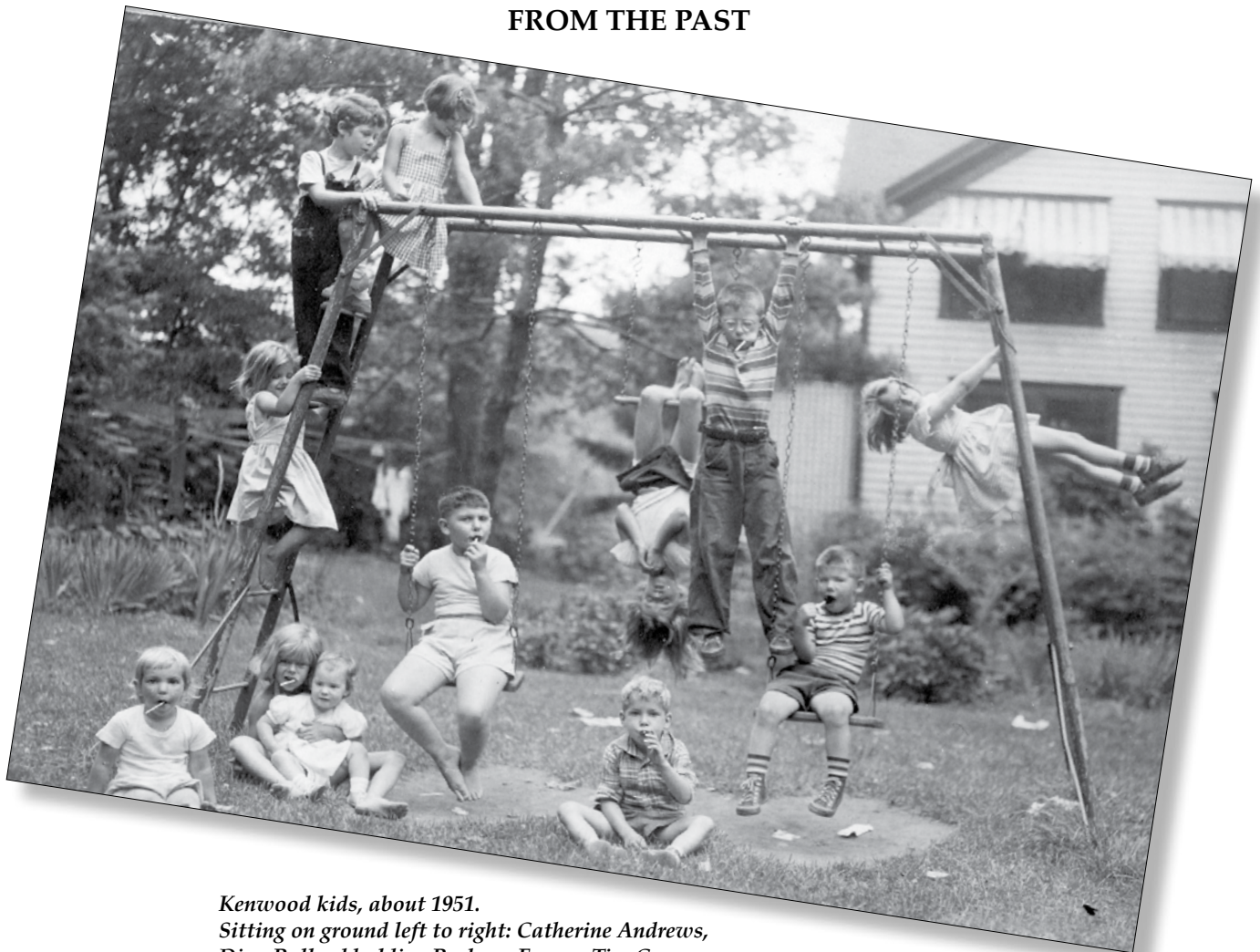
Up to \$99

Xavier Alvarez
Ellis Boyles & Jody Sadler
Pauline Caputi & Anthony Wonderley
Jeffrey Durbin (*In Memory of Vesta Durbin*)
Eugene & Joan Durso (*To Conservation in Memory of Irene Thayer Kemp*)
Christine & Wilber Noyes Earl
Barbara Friske Fisch
Kathy Garner (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Cynthia Gyorgy (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Natalie Gustafson
Patricia Hoffman (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
John & Sue Kuterka (*To JCK Braidings in Honor of Rhoda Vanderwall on Mother's Day*)
Meredith Leonard & Ed Pitts (*In Appreciation of Pody Vanderwall*)
Marie Magliocca
Mary Mero
Susanne Miller (*In Memory of Edmond W. Miller, Jr.*)
Patricia Milnes
Judy & Paul Noyes (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Eliot & Sara Orton
Mark Perry (*To the Cemetery Fund in Loving Memory of Frank Perry*)
Charles & Gretchen Sprock
Karen & Lance Stronk
Scott Swayze (*In Appreciation of Patricia Hoffman*)
Carole & Joe Valesky (*In Memory of Gwen Trew*)
Shirley Waters

In Kind

Judy & Paul Wayland-Smith (*Electronic Equipment*)
John Swift (*Honey to the Gift Shop*)

FROM THE PAST



Kenwood kids, about 1951.

*Sitting on ground left to right: Catherine Andrews,
Dian Ballard holding Barbara Fenner, Tim Garner.*

On swings left to right: Bruce Fenner, Robby Fenner.

Climbing ladder on left, top to bottom: Ellen MacLaughlin, Nora Leonard.

Hanging from top: Merry Leonard, Chick MacLaughlin.

On right ladder: Kathy Garner.



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