

The author of the play "Rain", might well have secured his inspiration for the story by being in Lawrence ~~in December~~ at this time. The windows of heaven had opened and the deluge made dirt roads almost impossible. Under the circumstances some of the members ^{in coming to the club} may have taken advantage of the old horse car line on Tennessee.

Judge ^{Thacher} ~~Thacher~~ spread his big umbrella and walked ~~in~~ the few blocks from ~~his~~ his palatial home at the termination of Tennessee ^{street} ~~St~~ on the South.

Col. Learnard, who then advertised his home ~~his home~~ as "One mile south of the city limits", altho the site is now on twenty-third street, undoubtedly came in his carriage, driven by his coachman, if a man doing all kinds of chores may be so called.

Chancellor Snow too poorly paid ~~to~~ and too economical to own a horse and buggy, or to hire a hack, probably walked, from his home on Pinckney, now Sixth, something more than a mile. He was small of stature and ~~inured~~ to life out of doors, so it didn't seem so bad, and most everyone walked in those days anyway.

Altho Dr. F. B. Morse, as family doctor to a large clientage undoubtedly had a horse and buggy, he ^{doubtless} probably walked. He was a fine gentleman and lived to a great age. One time he told me that the trouble with me was, that I did not know how to be sick gracefully.

Gurdon Grovenor, lumberman, staunch member of the Baptist church, was thrifty, but knew how to spend his money wisely. As he valued his health he probably had a hack. Perhaps he brought Dr. John T. Moore with him, as they did not live far apart.

The other members lived nearby and all waded thru the mud. The ^{members} club usually listened to the paper given by the ~~host~~ host, and then all went down to the hotel where they enjoyed an oyster supper. Dinners like those served by our Saturday Night Club women, were unknown to the Old and Newers, ^{at that time}