

A Streetcar Named Freedom

A Play in one act by Jan and John Haigis

1006 Main Street

Darby, PA 19023

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www.PastTimesPresent.com

Dramatis Personae

(* means the person is buried at Eden Cemetery)

Passmore Williamson

White abolitionist who owned a house in Darby

William Still *

Leader of the Vigilant Committee (Underground Railroad)

Julian Abele *

First African American Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture and chief designer for Horace Trumbauer

John Bartram

Botanist, born on land that is now Eden Cemetery

Quanahoka

(Fictional Sachem of the Munsee)

George McHenry

Southern sympathizer, owned "Woodbourne" in 1850

Octavius Catto *

Civil Rights leader, teacher of Greek and Latin

Caroline LeCount *

Streetcar activist and Fiancé to Octavius Catto

Frances Ellen Watkins Harper *

Teacher, poet, abolitionist and activist

Jean Pierre Burr *

Abolitionist, activist, barber and son of Aaron Burr

Marian Anderson *

Famed singer, daughter, and wife

John Drew *

Transportation Pioneer and Civil Rights Activist

(The Play opens on the front portico of Woodburne Mansion as Passmore Williamson (PW) strolls in looking around.)

(William Still (WS) strolls in from stage right and sees PW)

WS: Passmore? Passmore Williamson? What on God's green earth are YOU doing here? I haven't seen you in ages?

PW: William Still, as I live and breathe or as I USED to live and breathe....I keep on forgetting I died in 1885....What are YOU doing here?

WS: I'm buried across Springfield Road at Eden cemetery and sometimes I like to come over and just look at this house it is a beauty.

PW: It reminds me of the White House

PW: I think the resemblance is likely not accidental... it was built after both of our times but it certainly is a grand edifice. Is it true that Julian Abele who worked for the man who designed this house is over there at Eden with you?

WS: Yes he's there, but he kind of keeps to himself. Nice enough fellow but he's just quiet.

(Julian Abele (JA) enters)

I am not quiet, but as a black man in a white world, I learned to work from the shadows and I didn't get much recognition during my lifetime. This building for Mr. Edgar Thompson Scott was being designed at about the same time I was coming back from France where I had been sent by Mr. Trumbauer to study Beaux Arts Architecture. Mr. Trumbauer built on a grand scale, didn't he? I was proud to be part of his firm and was appointed chief designer for Mr. Trumbauer's firm in 1909 after Frank Seeberger left the firm. I did some of the drawings for this buildings but I can't claim this was all, or even mostly, my work, unlike my designs for the Philadelphia Free Library, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard University, and the campus of Duke University. Even then the drawings were labeled under the name of the firm and not individual designer. As I said of the Free Library, "The lines are all Mr. Trumbauer's, but the shadows are all mine." I worked hard and they called me "willing and able" but I had to walk a very thin line.

PW: When did you die?

JA: 1950, and I was buried across the street at Eden. Here's an irony for you, even though I designed the Duke University campus, because of segregation, I was not allowed to officially set foot on that campus and when I visited once, a Durham, North Carolina, hotel refused to give me a room while accommodating my white associate, William Frank. (To WS) You know the drill.

WS: Indeed I do... In 1902 when Eden Cemetery first was opened on what had been the Bartram family farm, It took two days for the first person to be buried there because the white neighbors didn't want colored folks buried in their neighborhood and made a real ruckus.

PW: So not much has changed, eh?

WS: Oh a lot has changed but people are still pretty much the same. They are afraid, afraid of people who are different, afraid of change, but actually the folks around here are pretty nice.

PW: William, I think I saw you at the temperance dinner a long time back and before that it was on the dock on Walnut Street when we got Jane Johnson out of slavery. (Ballad of Passmore?)

WS: Yes, and you got jailed for contempt and locked up for 100 days in Moyamensing Prison by Federal Judge John Kane, and I was put on trial for riot, assault, and kidnapping.

PW I heard about that when I was in Moyamensing. The deckhands who helped restrain Col Wheeler were also put on Trial. If I recall correctly their names were Ballard, Braddock, Curtis, Martin and Moore, and McKim, Gibbons, Pierce and Bernie from the Abolitionist Society were your defense team. Jane Johnson actually came back and testified that she left Colonel John Hill Wheeler on her own free will. The Federal Marshalls who were there to arrest Jane under the Fugitive Slave Law were NOT happy, and when Jane and her Quaker escorts were whisked out a side door to avoid arrest, I dare say they were actually angry.

WS: You have a gift for understatement, and an amazing memory.

PW: I have a script.(holds it up)plus I had a LOT of time on my hands...July through November in Moyamensing Prison and it was damn cold.... (Ballad of the Deckhands?)

WS: Did you know Wheeler swore out three complaints that day, including a charge against Jane for theft, accusing her of stealing the clothes she was wearing when she escaped.

PW: I daresay Col Wheeler was not happy either

(Voice comes in from the audience)

JB: Hey youyeah you....get off my lawn.... what are you doing here?

(PW and WS turn)

PW: Who are you?

WS: And What do you mean “your lawn?”

JB: Yes, MY lawn, MY land. My grandfather bought this land from William Penn. If you look carefully you can see where I'm buried. At the friends Burial Ground across the valley at 12th and Main in Darby.....

PW: Wait a minute old man...I know you.... You're John Bartram and you grew plants along the Schuylkill River right below Grays Ferry.... You were a Quaker but don't I remember something about you being disowned by your meeting?

JB: We had a sort of a parting of the ways you might say...They were not able to change my mind about the Trinity and I was not going to waste my time trying to change theirs about anything....all those mystery mongers gave me a headache....I continued to attend meeting and was simply relieved of the obligation to attend monthly meeting for business....For people who worship in silence, Quakers sure talk a lot.

PW: I know what you mean. I was raised a Quaker too and I'm not sure if they kicked me out or if I left them but I heard about it....You were always something of a hero to me because of that. I had something of the same experience. If I recall you died in 1777

JB: Thanks for reminding me

PW: No I remember now, it was before the Hicksite Split I ran into that also. My wife Mercie was from a Hicksite family and my father was Orthodox so we avoided the whole kerfuffle altogether and lived as Quakers but were not members of any particular meeting

JB: Whatever You have no right to be here!

(Quanahoka (Q) enters)

Q: I was just about to say the same thing to you. This land was part of our path to the Dutch and Swedish fur trading post along the great river for years.

JB: But William Penn sold us the land fair and square. We own it.

Q: it was not his to sell. How can you own the land? How can you own the sky? How can you own the water? These things are gifts of the Great Spirit who gives us use rights, but then we must care for the land. Does not your own Bible tell you to keep and dress your garden? The missionaries taught me that.

PW: I worked as a land conveyancer transferring land, and owning and selling land was my business. Your family sold the land east of Springfield Road and in 1850 it was known as Woodbourne and owned George McHenry

WS: And in 1902 the land west of Springfield Road became Eden Cemetery....That was the year I died and that is where I am buried...

(George McHenry enters)

WS: And just who are you?

GM: My name is George McHenry and indeed I owned this land in 1850. I have been in hell, ostracized from society; I had my land confiscated in 1862 because of my political views and I am more than a little bitter.

PW: I know you, you were president of the Philadelphia Board of Trade and thought the Pennsylvania should join the confederacy.

GM: Guilty as charged. I was a cotton man and believed our prosperity was best served by maintaining good relations with the South... My views were a little out of step with the tenor of the times.

PW: A little??? A LITTLE? We fought a bloody civil war to end slavery and millions died.

WS: And colored troops fought bravely for their own freedom. I was one of people helping people escape from slavery

GM: Bah.... (to PW) I know you....you're Passmore Williamson and you defended those murderers at Christiana, Delaware anarchists..... and you and this one stole Jane Johnson from Colonel John Hill Wheeler who was bringing his lawful property through Pennsylvania....breaking the very clear dictates of the 1850 Fugitive Slave Act...Lawbreakers, anarchists, and agitators all of you.....

(Frances Ellen Watkins Harper (FH) enters)

FH: I heard you all arguing so I thought I would come over

(John Pierre Burr (JPB) also enters)

JPB: Yes you're making so much noise it is disturbing my slumber. Excuse moi, Monsieur...If I had blood any more you would raise mine to dangerous levels.... Do you not recall the words of a certain Virginian named Thomas Jefferson that All Men are Created Equal? Also, by fighting to preserve a way of life, what some have called the "peculiar" institution, wasn't the whole structure brought down.

GM "We the people" was originally reserved for rich white men who owned land, who had an investment in the nation.....Look at the consequences of your so called "freedom". Millions of freed slaves live in povertyThey lost their safety net....

JPB: And they also fought for their own freedom. I was one of the signers of Frederick Douglas's "Call to Arms" but I died in 1864 so I did not live to enjoy the fruits of my labors.

(Marion Anderson enters)

GM: And just who are you.

MA: My name is Marion Anderson and I am a singer buried here at Eden I know a thing or two about prejudice and hate which I believe often stems from a lack of understanding, but I also know that sometimes good comes out of bad. I remember a time in 1939 when my manager tried to rent Washington's Constitution Hall for a concert. The auditorium seated 4,000 people and was the city's foremost concert platform, but the manager for the Daughters of the American Revolution, (DAR), who owned and operated the hall, told him just before he slammed down the phone "No Negro will ever appear in this hall while I am manager." So, with the help of Eleanor Roosevelt and others, instead of singing before 4000 people, on Easter Sunday in 1939, I sang for 75,000 Americans on the mall and millions more around the world. What were my own feelings? I was saddened and ashamed. I was sorry for the people who had precipitated the affair. I felt that their behavior stemmed from a lack of understanding. They were not persecuting me personally or as a representative of my people so much as they were doing something that was neither sensible nor good. Could I have erased the bitterness, I would have done so gladly. but I also know that act of petty hatred gave me a larger voice.

GM: Bah (George McHenry exits)

PW: What did you sing?

MA: I began with "My Country 'Tis of Thee," then moved to such works as "America," Franz Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Gaetano Donizetti's "O mio Fernando," from the opera *La Savorita*. I also sang three spirituals: "Gospel Train," "Trampin'," and "My Soul is Anchored in the Lord." Overnight, little Marion Anderson from South Philadelphia, Daughter of laborer John Anderson and schoolteacher Anna Anderson, became an international figure of the highest importance. I did not feel comfortable about it but as I thought further, I could see that my significance as an individual was small in this affair. I had become, whether I liked it or not, a symbol, representing my people..... Four years later, in 1943, I finally performed at Constitution Hall, doing so at a benefit for Chinese relief. I insisted the DAR suspend its segregation policy for her concert. I felt no different than I had in other halls; there was no sense of triumph. I felt that it was a beautiful concert hall, and I was happy to sing in it.

JB: My farm became Eden Cemetery? And that is where you, and you, and you, and you are buried. I died in 1777 during the British liberation of Philadelphia so I didn't know about any of thatthere were British troops encamped here...I had been appointed Royal Botanist and they also protected my land along the Schuylkill..... How did it all turn out?

PW: I am sorry have to break it to you in this way but the British were defeated and we became an Independent Nation ...Your sons, Isaac and Moses were “Free Quakers” who set aside the peace testimony to support the cause of American Independence.

JB: Well I always did teach them to make up their own minds

PW: And your son William may have gathered intelligence for American General Lachlan McIntosh on his travels through the South.

Q: I have heard about this peace testimony, refusing to fight with outward weapons. As a warrior I do not think it is a good idea but I met a man a long time ago who told me about it. He was a strange man wearing leather breeches and long shaggy hair traveling alone. I remember him because said his name was Fox, and he said he was visiting “friends” from the islands in the southern sea to the far north.

PW: That may have been George Fox who started the Society of Friends in England. He traveled through this area in 1673.

Q: What do you mean “the Society of Friends?”

PW: That is what the Quakers call themselves....it comes from our Bible, “A servant does not know what the master is doing so therefor I call you my Friends.” They sometimes also call themselves ”Friends of Truth”.

Q: In all my encounters with white men, I have not encountered many such Friends of Truth. This man Fox was one of the few. I was very young and he told me how he was a seeker, seeking but never finding, until he looked deep inside himself and found guidance from an inner light.... I think we do somewhat the same thing; on our vision quest we ask the Great Spirit to guide us....I remember this man Fox telling me to cheerfully journey over all the earth, answering that of God in everyone, but as I say, I have encountered few like him.

WS: Who are you anyway?

Q: My name is Quanahoka and I am a sachem of the Munsee. We are also known as Conestoga, Sasquesahanough, Minquas, Minquosy, Machoeretini, Mengwe, or Mingo. We lived along the Susquehanna River. In 1701, we signed a treaty with William Penn stating, we shall forever hereafter be as one Head & One Heart, & live in true Friendship & Amity as one People..... However, in 1763 the last of my people, the Conestoga, were massacred by whites near Lancaster, PA. I do not think these people followed the peace testimony despite the fact that we all belong to the Great Spirit.

PW: And are you buried around here?

Q My grave was lost long ago, along with our names, our languages, our songs and our stories

JB: your people killed my father.

Q: My people? What are you talking about?

JB: Indians, In North Carolina.....there was an Indian raid and my father was killed...

Q What nation? What people? Do you have any idea how many different nations there are or how many different languages were spoken? You should have learned about this from the travels of your son, William to the south where he encountered many different peoples including Creek, Seminole, Cherokee, and many others. Most were friendly and greeted him in peace. In fact, in his “Travels” he describes only one unpleasant episode with a Seminole warrior he encountered in the forest. Your son William was sure that the warrior was planning

to harm him but instead of running, William Bartram extended his hand in friendship to this unexpected stranger. After a few moments of uncertainty, the Seminole grasped Bartram's outstretched hand and the tension subsided. In his *Travels*, William said he imagined what the Seminole was thinking, "*White man, thou art my enemy, and thou and thy brethren may have killed mine; yet it may not be so, and even were that the case, thou art now alone, and in my power. Live; the great Spirit forbids me to touch thy life; go to thy brethren, tell them thou sawest an Indian in the forest, who knew how to be humane and compassionate.*"

JB: You are all Indians...does it matter?...

Q: Didn't you once describe all Indians as lazy, jealous, skulking, barbarous, treacherous, and sly?

JB: I did

Q: And are all whites greedy, conniving, grasping liars?

(PW and OC both shrug...)

Q: Let me ask you this....Are all Quakers the same?

JB: No, some are Trinitarian and I guess some are more like me who I guess was more of a Unitarian, believing there is only one God

Q: We also believe that

JB....They looked to find God in the pages of the Bible....I looked to find God in nature...in the works of the Creator,

Q: We also do that

JB: but I still think, as I said before, "unless we bang the Indians stoutly and make them fear us, they will never love us nor keep peace long with us."

Q And you think fear is the way to love? Do you think banging them will make them love you? Is that what the Quakers think?

(Octavius Catto (OC) enters)

OC: Quakers ...Don't talk to me about the Quakers... Don't get me started on the QuakersQuakers...people who worship in silence but talk as much as any people on earth.... Quakers . Don't talk to me about the Quakers. I used to work for them, I taught for them don't talk to me about Quakers.

JPB: Octavius, I worked with your father and I remember him as a man who taught that every man, more or less, has some part to perform in the drama of life ... He said, as individuals, we must go forward and contribute our something....no man in the great world of life and action can be idle and indifferent. We both signed Frederick Douglas's "Call to Arms" petition calling on men of color to fight for our own freedom

JA: And I remember learning about you when I was growing up, how you were shot and killed by Frank Kelly, a member of an armed group of white voters intent on suppressing black votes .before I was born Your funeral was something....People STILL talk about it.....and didn't we both go to Quaker school? The Institute for Colored Youth?

MA: That moved out to the Cheney farm and became Cheney State University?

OC: Yes I did, but the Quakers and I had our differences. We had a say in the curriculum and made sure it included Greek and Latin, but the Quakers kept tight control of the purse strings. TIGHT control of the purse strings. I graduated in 1859 and then was hired as a teacher.

Q: (to JB) Weren't you part of the Mission to the Onondaga where the British made a peace treaty with the Iroquois

JB Yes I was

Q: and weren't you once a Quaker but were disowned?

JB: Yes I was and we agreed to part company. I continued to go to meeting and I am buried in the Quaker graveyard over there across the creek but I kept myself free to make up my own mind.

OC: Quakers, I've had my fill of Quakers

WS: Octavius calm down that was years ago and besides you have more important things to be angry about..... getting shot on election day in October 1871 for one.

OC: Thanks for reminding me....Shot on election day by Frank Kelly who was acquitted.

Q: Was he a Quaker?

(Caroline LeCount (CL) enters)

CL: No. He was a Democratic political operative who had the machine behind him

PW: Who are you?

CL: Caroline LeCount. (Moves over to OC, takes his arm) I was a teacher and was engaged to be married to Octavius before he was murdered.

PW You have my deepest sympathies. I lost my beloved Mercie shortly after we bought the house in Darby in 1878. Losing a loved one is never easy.

CL: Especially when it was a political murder and the killer was never convicted.

OC: I have had a long time to think about it and perhaps my death, and the size of my funeral procession, like Marian's concert, left a legacy that had at least some impact. They may even put up a statute to me someday in Philadelphia. Maybe at City Hall. The Quakers saw things very differently than I did but they were mostly honest....annoying sometimes, but honest....For that matter you and I saw things very differently. You wanted to work within the system. I wanted to change the system.

JPB: And here you are, both of you dead.

WS: And were YOU not a part of the system?

JPB: We are all part of the system, mon ami, and deal with it the best we can..... As the bastard son of Aaron Burr I did not have any easy life but I became a barber and found a livelihood and dignity. We gentlemen of the razor had rich white men under our control, with our sharp razors at their throats...it is a heady thing to hold a man's life in your hands....

OC: Of course we are all part of the system and we do what we can...do you remember in 1858 when the streetcars came to Darby and how we couldn't ride inside the street cars until my Caroline took the government to court in 1867?

WS: of course I remember. That's why I started my petition drive in 1859. I pointed out that it just didn't make sense for the war effort for friends and relatives of our brave soldiers to be unable to visit their loved ones languishing in Summit Army Hospital or Satterlee Army hospital because they couldn't afford to hire a carriage. I was working to change things while you were wasting your time with the Pythian baseball team.... After the war freemen needed help and you were wasting your time playing the frivolous activity of baseball.

OC Frivolous? FRIVOLOUS? We were building community and showing that we were just as capable as white folk..... Our team was called the Pythian Baseball Club of Philadelphia and we went toe to toe with the white teams. The Knights of Pythias, to which many of us belonged, was authorized by the U.S Congress in 1864 and adhered to the ideals of brotherhood, and charity.... And you....you agreed to support the Pythians....pay us our damn dollar and you can go to hell.Why I'd like to

FH STOP IT?! Of course it's a cruel system but fighting among ourselves it NOT going to solve anything.

Q: I agree. That was one of our problems...we were so concerned with personal valor that we couldn't agree on a common strategy in the face of the European invasion.

(John Drew enters)

JD: The difficulty of speaking with one voice was a problem for us as well. Sometimes we had to take matters into our own hands to control our own destinies.

FH: Who are you?

JD: John Drew. I was a successful ice merchant and in 1917 I started a jitney service so domestic workers in Lansdowne could get to their jobs. Mr. Lind and I received one of the first PUC licenses in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

OC: Didn't you have something to do with baseball?

JD: I did. I sold my jitney service to Red Aronamink, which you may know as Red Arrow, under the condition that my workers would still have jobs. There was a worldwide depression and, in the 1930's, that was a big deal. I used the proceeds to buy the Darby Hilldales who won the Negro League World Championship in 1925 and renamed them the Darby Daisies. Octavius, your Pythians were an inspiration to me, showing the white folks that we were just as good.

CL: Why did you rename the team "the Daisies"?

JD: Because there were daisies growing in the field where we played up at the top of 10th street, and no matter how badly those daisies were trampled down, they sprang up again.

JB: I also have a daisy story. When I was growing up I was plowing in the field right over there and cut down a daisy and was awestruck by its complexity and symmetry and beauty: I said to myself, "I've looked at these things all of my life, but I have never actually SEEN one." That inspired me to purchase a Latin grammar and the treatise by Carl Linnaeus on botany and I taught myself Latin and Botany and traveled the colonies with my son William a collecting plants.....

JPB: (interrupting) That is certainly an interesting metaphor and story but pardon moi, Francis. It may be inelegant of me but didn't your sit-in protest on the street car in 1859 accomplish nothing? Passmore, what did your 100 days in Moyamensing Prison for conscience accomplish? Ms LeCount. Would I be wrong to point out the government refused the regiment Octavius raised and refused to punish his murderer and the award from your lawsuit about the streetcar was what? About \$2 dollars?

FH: Yes, I acknowledge our efforts did not change the world but because of what we did....what we ALL did, things ARE better. I lived until 1911 so I know; we all fought for freedom and dignity.

JD: We are still fighting today, each in our own way. In 1933, the government sent Gold Star mothers who had lost children in the First World War to France to visit the graves of their sons. White mothers were sent on luxury liners but Black mothers had to travel on tramp steamers. I was part of the boycott against that discriminatory treatment.

JPB: And did that work?

JD: Sadly no, but we made our voices and opinions heard.

JA: that was the way it was...Even though we could sit inside the cars, they were still segregated and had to sit at the back. Even though I was in charge of the most prestigious architectural firm in the City of Philadelphia, I used to walk 10 blocks to work each day rather than accept having to sit in the back of the city's segregated streetcars.

FH: But ironically, that was a partial victory. There was a time when if I went take my seat in one of our street cars in Philadelphia, the conductor would put up his hand and stop the car rather than let me ride. If I wanted to ride in the streets of Philadelphia, they sent me to ride on the platform with the driver. I remember a time going from Washington to Baltimore, they put me in the smoking car. Aye, in the capital of the nation, where the black man consecrated himself to the nation's defense, faithful when the white man was faithless, they put me in the smoking car! They did it once; but the next time they tried it, they failed; for I would not go in. I felt the fight in me; but I didn't want to have to fight all the time. That is no longer the case.

JPB: But like I say, what did it all accomplish?

FH: I can't deny the truth that we still have a long way to go to reach hearts and minds (Option: Let Me Make the Songs for the People (<https://youtu.be/DZmnOTUOInY>) but Look at us. We have a lot in common

JPB: Yes, all of us are dead

FH: beyond that

PW: We're all connected to Darby and to this place?

CL: We are all buried near here?

OC: Not all of us were buried at Eden directly. I was originally buried at Lebanon Cemetery and Jean Pierre was originally buried at Olive Cemetery

JPB: And yet, here we are. Just one big happy family, eh?

FH: I would hardly call up that but yes, all of us being connected to this area is part of it. But there's more. In our own ways we all worked for human dignity and freedom. And some of that had some connection to streetcars. William, you started that petition drive in 1858 when the streetcars first came and people of color like us could not ride inside the cars and had to ride on the platform regardless of who we were, how we were

dressed or what we did in life. It just was not right ... Octavius and Caroline, You filed that lawsuit that officially ended segregation on the streetcars in 1867, Mr. Drew, you started your own bus service and protested the discriminatory treatment of Black Gold-Star Mothers after the First World War, Passmore, you spent 100 days in Moyamensing Prison for the sake of conscience, and paid a price for doing the right thing, and like all of us I spent my life, actually investing my life, battling against wrong, ignorance and hate. Our weapons were our voices, our words, and our hearts.

It didn't change the world, but every step moved us forward. We are all bound up together in one great bundle of humanity, and society cannot trample on the weakest and feeblest of its members without receiving the curse in its own soul. Because of the work of all of us, things are different, We were the vanguard of a struggle that has gone on for generations and is still going on....to make BUT, this grand and glorious revolution which has commenced, will fail to reach its climax of success, until throughout the length and breadth of the American Republic, the nation shall be so color-blind, as to know no man by the color of his skin or the curl of his hair. It will then have no privileged class, trampling upon and outraging the unprivileged classes, but will be then one great privileged nation, whose privilege will be to produce the loftiest manhood and womanhood that humanity can attain.....

I know there's a long way to go
Before we see the sun
I know we have a struggle
Before our case is won
But I know we'll keep on fighting
to find a better way
I know will keep on working
To make a better day

Marian, Will you lead us in "My Country 'tis of thee"

(All sing, curtain falls)

END

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