Wesleyan University

FROM RAGS TO ROSES:
THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CARRIE JACOBS-BOND
AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

By
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Submitted in partial fulfilment
of the requirements for the degree
Master of Arts in American Studies

Middletown, Connecticut
May 12, 1980
This thesis is dedicated to

Cecil Maiden,
who really wanted to write it,

Elizabeth Maiden,
whose generosity made it possible,
to

Karen, June, Jacqueline, Fred,

Richard, Lucile, Meriwether,
and especially to

Neely,
the most supportive and loving husband
any woman could have.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Harold and Marcia Bernhardt, of Iron River, Michigan, two of the most remarkable and inspiring historians I have ever met, whose dedication has meant a great deal to me.

Bill Brooks, a true friend; who else would spend hours of time searching dusty files for missing songs?

Judy Hamilton, librarian at the Rock County Historical Society in Janesville, Wisconsin, whose generous support and expenditure of time greatly exceeded her duty.

Clarice Bergerson, a Janesville teacher whose dedication extends beyond her pupils.

Mary Ferguson, who gave me the keys to her hideaway in New Hampshire.

Monica Irvine, former Iron River resident, presently residing in Florida, who took the time to write and share, often.

Esther Klotz, who gave me a guided tour and a lovely luncheon at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California.

Helene Larson Laskin, who carried her baby Skye all over Southern California, helping me collect papers and pictures.

Jane Llewellyn and her associate, who generously helped me with my research at Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

Harry and Celia Peterson, an Iron River couple whose lives exemplify the young at heart.

Mildred E. Pickle, librarian at the San Diego Public Library, who took a personal interest and supported me in gathering Bond material.

Wayne Shirley of the Library of Congress, who supplied his personal interest, support, mutual Bond admiration, and a sense of humour.

Vivian Sturtevant, who was generous in her help and continuing support.
Joan Behuniak, Jean Geil, Guy Pugh, Elizabeth and Kenneth Singleton, and Mark Slobin, who sent me music.

June Behuniak of Jensen Beach, Florida, who also sent me an article.
Judy Best of Janesville.
Mrs. Abbott Byfield of Florida and Wisconsin, who corresponded.
Gilbert Chase of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, distinguished author of America's Music and leading historian of American music, who gave his personal support to the project from the beginning.
Attorney Eugene Golden of Los Angeles, who was contacted in person and by telephone.
Joan Hickey, my friend who kept my spirits up.
Mrs. Raymond Leubkmann of Janesville, who extended her gracious hospitality.
Jean Shaw, who introduced me to Mrs. Leubkmann.
Julie McDonald of Janesville, who gave me an interview.
Carol Neuls-Bates, with whom I corresponded.
Vivian Perlis, who shared her personal contacts.
Herman Langinger of Los Angeles, now deceased, Mrs. Bond's printer, who shared many secrets of her enterprise.
Dr. Merle Montgomery, former president of the National Music Council, who told me about the Bicentennial Plaque honoring Mrs. Bond in Janesville.
Russell Sanjek, vice-president of BMI, who was interviewed by telephone.
Vernon Steele of New York, who corresponded.

Librarians Mary Ashe, San Francisco Public Library; Gwen M. Cain, Santa Barbara Public Library; Frank Campbell, Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, NYPL at Lincoln Center; Richard Colvig of Oakland, California; Dennis Rodney of Harvard; Jeanne Douglas, Janesville Public Library; Katherine Grant, Los Angeles Public Library; Gene Gressley, University of Wyoming; Mary Guzowski of Iron
River; Diana Haskell of the Newberry Library; J. M. Jasper of the Oxnard Public Library in California; R. Libby of Palo Alto, California; Wendy Littel of UCLA; L. M. Morey of the California State Library; Diane Parr, University of Illinois; Heddy Richter of USC; Sarah Sherman of Northwestern University; Eunice Spackman, University of Wyoming; William Sturm, Oakland Public Library; M. K. Swingle of the California Historical Society; Phyllis Terra of the San Jose Public Library; B. Elizabeth Ulrich of the Pennsylvania State Library; Daniel Williamson, Temple University; H. Ross Wood, Eastman School of Music; and Hortense Zera of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters; who corresponded and replied to countless telephone inquiries.

Most of all, I thank:

Peter Hall, who inspired me to care about history.

And:

Joan Hedrick, my advisor, who challenged me to go beyond assembling the material and to begin to delve into the rich implications of Mrs. Bond's life.
The other day I sat in a high garden in Southern California. It was the home of a singer of songs, the house, the garden, and the hilltop view were made of songs. It was a place of dreams and aspirations for humane service. I looked into the eyes and heart of the singer. I heard her speak and sing. Her voice was the voice of humanity on the upward struggle, her songs were the songs of the people, and in that house of songs, I had a vision:

A future American historian will write that, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there came a woman who set the world to singing. She wrote songs from her heart and through tears, and the songs saved her and charmed the world, and all her dreams came true and all were made of songs. The songs were hours of work and sorrow and loneliness and so they set souls to singing in the midst of their work. In their loneliness and in their sorrow; they sang in every stage of life, from the mines to the battlefields, and the high seclusion of the wise, and at the very end, I saw the historian write this:

'She was a woman of the people, all the people. She built of songs, a democracy of songs. She was a great musical commoner, for all the people heard her gladly and went away singing.'

Mary White Slater, 1908
Janesville Gazette, undated clipping, donated to the Rock County Historical Society in 1956 by Mrs. Harry Lathrop
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INTRODUCTION

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was one of the most successful and important women of the early twentieth century. She epitomized the American dream, beginning her career as a poor young widow in Chicago and earning an international reputation by dint of genius combined with hard work. She wrote about 400 songs, almost 200 of which were published by her own company. She also wrote the verses for many of these songs, as well as several books, hundreds of poems, and prose works. Her homespun philosophical advice was highly respected. Carrie Jacobs-Bond had a visionary mind, coupled with a great flair for publicity.

During her lifetime she was honored in hundreds of ways. The University of Southern California granted her an honorary Master of Music degree and established a scholarship in her name. She was chosen Mayor of several expositions. The National Federation of Music Clubs selected her as one of the two most progressive women in music in the first half of
of the twentieth century. She was the second person to become an "Immortal" in the Forest Lawn Memorial Court of Honor.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was known all over the world for the beauty and simplicity of her songs. The music editor of the Washington Times Herald called her the "female Stephen Foster." Others referred to her as the "James Whitcomb Riley of the world of Song and Melody." Mrs. Bond's hand-painted sheet music covers of symbolic wild roses graced the piano stands of almost every American parlor earlier in this century. She was frequently interviewed on radio programs; her life story and her "homely" advice gave inspiration to thousands of Americans. She wrote a syndicated newspaper column called "Friendly Preachments" for several years. About 5000 people, most of them Hollywood celebrities, attended Mrs. Bond's funeral in 1946; Herbert Hoover wrote the epitaph for her tomb.

Yet her name is remembered only by a few, primarily senior citizens and musicologists who specialize in American music. She has
been ignored or treated lightly in music history books. Her massive output, her genius for publicity, her shrewd awareness of the public pulse, her remarkable talent in writing words and music of great popular appeal, and her life example as a woman who overcame tremendous odds to become an international success are only some of the reasons I have chosen to study Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

This thesis deals primarily with her biography and her impact on American culture, as reflected in the voluminous publicity which surrounded her. Discussion of her work as composer and writer has been incidental, not through design, but through sheer necessity.

Sorting the fiction from the fact in recounting the remarkable life story of this woman has been a problem of major proportions. The task is complicated by a lack of documentation in articles, conflicting dates, conflicting statements by reporters and magazine writers, and the conflicting statements in both interviews and writings of Mrs. Bond herself. Carrie Jacobs-Bond had a keen sense
of humor and a vivid imagination; these occasionally combined in a slight exaggeration or embellishment of the truth.

Much of the material which has been collected in this research effort has been found in scrapbooks, clipping files, and correspondence. It is not always possible to determine the date or the vehicle of publication of these items. To add to the difficulty, the only extensive book about Carrie Jacobs-Bond, her autobiography The Roads of Melody, is not written chronologically, and indeed has few references to dates, times, or places.

Therefore it was necessary to use other methods to determine, verify and estimate the logical sequence of events. Several people were interviewed. Some were actual acquaintances of Mrs. Bond; others knew her work intimately. Carrie Jacobs-Bond's granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Walters Maiden, volunteered much information and graciously allowed me access to private family papers and memorabilia. Some old friends of Mrs. Bond wrote
to me with reminiscences. Many history books, music history texts, testimonial narratives, radio program scripts, letters, music, and even fictional sources have been examined in this effort. This thesis attempts to tell a life story from beginning to end and beyond.
CHAPTER I

A MIDWESTERN CHILDHOOD

1862-1887
In late June of 1862, General Robert E. Lee was planning a triumphant assault on General McClellan's Union forces north of Richmond. McClellan outwitted Lee and moved his troops southward, baffling the Confederate general. McClellan was then ready to attack Richmond through Petersburg, but his superior, General Halleck, thought the plan was impractical, and persuaded President Lincoln to call for a retreat of the Union forces. The Confederate army rejoiced in their "defense" of Richmond, but the course of the Civil War was drastically changed. What might have been decided by a victorious Northern win at that time was delayed for several years. In August Lincoln wrote to Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, saying that his sole objective in the war was to save the Union, with or without slavery. The war continued and America endured.

Safely above the line of battle in a farm town called Janesville, Wisconsin, Hannibal and Mary Imogene Jacobs welcomed the birth of their first child, Carrie Minetta,
on August 11. The Jacobs had arrived in Wisconsin by covered wagon a short time before. Braving the perils of the frontier and the dangers of crossing the prairie, the young couple had been challenged by the prospects and opportunities of life in the Midwest.

Hannibal Cyrus Jacobs, a physician, had married Mary Imogene Davis on March 11, 1860, in Chester, Vermont. He was 23, she was 17. Hannibal was married on his mother's sixty-first birthday. His father had died when he was six.²

Hannibal's father, Cyrus Jacobs, had married Elizabeth Paine on December 21, 1819, also in Chester. The Paine family lived in nearby Rockingham, but Elizabeth had been born in Chester. This early New England branch of the Jacobs family were hardworking and prosperous. Since Cyrus was the youngest of the four children of John and Hannah Jacobs, he could not merely inherit his father's property, so he agreed to an unusual mortgage arrangement which required him to maintain his parents'
property and care and provide for them until death. Cyrus also bought and sold parcels of land in Chester, being involved in at least eight transactions between 1835 and 1841. The prices of these properties ranged from $250 (for a dower estate) to $1,600.

It could be that Cyrus worked himself to death, for he died in 1843 at age 49 when Hannibal was only six. It is also possible that he tired of the struggle to keep afloat, because although he left a considerable estate, he also left a considerable debt. The estate of Cyrus Jacobs included:

- 200 acres in Mount Tabor County of Rutland $ 40.00
- Brick house, blacksmith shop $ 933.00
- Brick house and barn on South Street, Chester $ 755.00
- Two slips in the Baptist meetinghouse $ 51.67
- $1,800.00

[one third dower to Elizabeth $ 600.00]³

It appears that Elizabeth was at first allowed to keep and reside in the home she had shared with Cyrus. But in May of 1844, creditors requested the payment of debts which amounted to $434.27 more than was left in
Cyrus's estate, and the family home and blacksmith shop were sold to Nathan Cram. It is not certain where Elizabeth and young Hannibal lived, but Elizabeth did remain in Chester until her death many years later.

Hannibal's wife, Mary Imogene, was purportedly also from Chester, Vermont. Her parents, German and Nancy Williams Davis, lived in Chester at the time of the young Jacobs's marriage. German Davis had purchased 100 acres of land from Erastus Courser in 1857 for $3,500, so he was evidently a successful and enterprising man. On September 13, 1858, Davis sold 135 acres to Erastus and Lucy Courser for $1,100. In the mortgage deed Davis stated that he was from Saratoga, New York. There are no birth, death or marriage records of the Davis family in Chester. This does not prove that they were not natives, however, because many people did not register vital statistics. It is possible that, like Cyrus Jacobs, German Davis was a land speculator and that Davis did not limit his area to Chester. There was an old stage road which
ran through Chester which was known as "the main road from Boston to Saratoga." German Davis may have spent his early life exploring the possibilities along this route.

Sometime between 1860 and 1862, Davis must have decided to follow the trend and "move West, young man." German and Nancy Davis and Hannibal and Mary Imogene Jacobs started for Wisconsin, establishing a homestead upon their arrival in Janesville, on the corner of Pleasant Street and Oak Hill Avenue. It was here, in a beautiful brick home, that Carrie Minetta Jacobs was born. The Davis mansion, as it was called, had a charming cupola. Carrie Jacobs used to fib to her schoolmates, saying she had been born up there. The fifteen acres on which the house was located were about three miles out of the center of town. Orchards, gardens, and grapearbors surrounded the house; an outbuilding was used as a smokehouse. Carrie loved to romp through the fields and gardens.  

Carrie Jacobs was a musical child of a musical family. Her father had played a flute which had been made by his father. Cyrus Ja-
cobs also left a beautiful carved music stand for his son. An aunt, Mrs. Ford, couldn't read music, but composed many waltzes. Grandmother Jacobs was rumored to be a first cousin of John Howard Payne, the librettist of the opera *Clari*, which included the famous song, "Home, Sweet Home."  

German Davis had given a carved rosewood piano to his daughter, Mary Imogene, as a wedding present. Carrie described it as an old-fashioned square piano, "with keys of mother-of-pearl and ebony, and the backboard was made of brilliant colors of mother-of-pearl, in lovely flowers and birds of paradise. It had an exquisitely carved music rack, which had scrolls just large enough to put an empty spool in."  

Carrie played her first pieces on this piano, and she often pretended that it was a fine organ, imagining that the spools were organ stops. Eventually, this piano was sold for a newer model upright, but to Carrie, it was never the same. Carrie was proud that everyone in her family played a musical instru-
ment, except for her Grandfather Davis, "who couldn't carry a tune." 8

At the age of four, Carrie Jacobs was picking little tunes out on the piano. She had a very good ear and could repeat lots of the music she heard. Carrie often heard music in her head, especially when she was in quiet surroundings. At seven, friends and relatives were amazed to recognize some of the pieces she played, and at nine, Carrie had learned Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody, entirely by ear. Hannibal Jacobs encouraged his daughter, but Janesville did not offer a thriving cultural program or the musical and educational opportunities that urban centers of the 1870s had.

When Carrie was nine, she was taken to a concert at the Myers Opera House in Janesville. The soloist that evening was a former Black slave, Blind Tom, who was well-known for his ability to play anything by ear. A local music teacher played an original composition as a challenge for Blind Tom. A cruel bystander played a high note in the midst of this per-
formance which was very discordant, and almost impossible to reach. Blind Tom accurately replayed the piece, and when it came to the out-of-context note, he played it with his nose. After this astonishing performance, someone in the audience suggested that young Carrie Jacobs repeat one of the marches which Blind Tom had played. Hannibal Jacobs led his daughter up to the stage and she successfully made her first public performance.9

Carrie studied with local piano teachers, including Professor C. G. Titcomb, Professor J. W. Bischoff, the celebrated blind composer, and Mrs. Helen Porter. She had trouble conforming to the normal standards of piano practices, because she could so easily repeat what she heard by ear. Her teachers soon refused to play a piece for her, insisting that she begin to read notes instead of relying on her ear. In later life Carrie said that this insistence eventually destroyed her unusual gift for repetition by ear. Carrie Jacobs evidently used unconventional means in her schoolwork, too, because her teacher said "We'll have to
give her a mark for correct answers; she gets them correct in her own way."10 Regarding her ability to memorize instantly and to repeat tunes, Carrie said "Such playing is a gift. I cannot explain it."11 For years, Carrie tired to rid herself of this "gift," because she did not want to have other people's music in her ears when she sat down to compose her own songs.

Carrie's early childhood was very happy. She was surrounded by loving relatives, and encouraged in her musical activities. She lived in a beautiful home where she had every comfort and advantage. Someone once remarked that Carrie had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth. And, of course, the orchards and grape arbors and acres of land provided the young girl with the opportunity to get very close to nature.

One day, Carrie ran around the corner of her house, straight into the path of a maid who was carrying a bucket of steaming water. Luckily, the water did not touch Carrie's face, but she was badly scalded and suffered
shock. The incident provoked a nervous condition. It was only the beginning of a terrible time for Carrie.

Shortly afterwards, her father experienced a drastic loss during the grain panic. Hannibal Jacobs had invested all of his money in the Wisconsin grain business. He evidently devoted his time to the dealership and did not practice medicine in Janesville. When Hannibal lost everything, he became utterly despondent. Within a few weeks, Hannibal Jacobs was dead at the age of 33. Carrie Minetta Jacobs was then nine years old.

Mary Imogene and Carrie were forced to leave the lovely brick home and move to the new hotel which German Davis had built in downtown Janesville, on the corner of West Milwaukee and Academy Streets. The old Davis mansion had to be sold to a developer who cut down the trees and plowed the land for a tobacco farm. Carrie's life in the gardens was over.

Little is known about the next few years of her life. She met a few interesting people who visited her grandfather's hotel, including
Joseph Jefferson, the actor known for his many appearances as Rip Van Winkle. Jefferson was traveling with his pet dog, Schneider, and was stranded in Janesville for a week because of a snowstorm. Carrie and Schneider became such fast friends that Jefferson left the dog as a gift.

On November 27, 1871, Mary Imogene Davis Jacobs married John Phelps Williams, an insurance agent. This family probably lived at the Davis hotel too, because when Carrie was 12 she decided it was time to become less dependent on Grandfather Davis. She left early one morning and went to the local milliner's and got a job. Carrie did not suspect that she would even be missed, so she was quite surprised to be severely reprimanded by her grandfather when she returned home. The rather austere Davis hollered "I guess the men of this family will always be able to take care of our women-folks." Needless to say, Carrie quit the job and returned to school.

The loss of her father drastically changed Carrie's life. Since many of the comforts to
which she was accustomed were no longer present, Carrie probably figured that she could get them back if she tried hard enough. This strain of independence was in direct conflict with the traditional genteel upbringing she had received in small, midwestern Janesville. Even though the Jacobs family had lost their family home, they were still able to provide Carrie with piano lessons. Mary Imogene Davis also taught Carrie to sew; at twelve she was encouraged to make her first party dress. By the standards of late nineteenth century America, Carrie was well prepared to assume the conventional woman's role. This training must have created an expectation of happy domesticity in Carrie's mind. But what about her music?

At the age of fourteen, Carrie was granted an unusual favor and allowed to go the Myers Opera House with an "older suitor." The nineteen year old young man was Frank Lewis Bond, son of a highly respected Johnstown Center physician. Frank and Carrie heard Madame Julie Rive King, the famous pianist, play a wonderful
concert which included one of Carrie's favorite pieces, Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. Carrie was amazed to hear the performance, and doubly amazed that she herself had been able to play it so accurately, without the benefit of a rigorous musical training. It was a night of great importance for Carrie Jacobs.

Even though she considered herself an average girl in looks and scholastic ability, Carrie attracted the young men in her community. Two suitors, in particular, vied for the attentions of the tall young woman. Frank Bond was studying to be a doctor at Rush Medical School in Chicago and Edward J. Smith was a men's clothing store clerk at Sonneborn's Store in Janesville. Both young men were from Johnstown Center, Wisconsin. According to a local Janesville woman, Frank Bond had a tiff with Carrie Jacobs, and they both married other people, largely in spite. It could be that Edward Smith was simply available more often; with Bond "out of sight, out of mind."

In any event, Carrie did marry Edward Smith on December 28, 1880, in a Protestant
Episcopal ceremony at the home of her mother and new stepfather, James Benjamin Miner. (Mary Imogene Davis Jacobs Williams had married Miner on May 19, 1880. What happened to her second husband, John Williams, is not known. James Miner was a local grocer who had come originally from Riga, New York.)

Carrie's husband, Edward Smith, had been born in Albion, New York, near the Canadian border. The Smiths rented a flat in the Fredenhall building. Carrie settled down to housekeeping and Edward worked his way up to become a manager at a new clothing store owned by the T. J. Zeigler company. On July 23, 1882, Carrie gave birth to their son, Frederick Jacobs Smith. Carrie had her ups and downs as a housewife and mother. She enjoyed playing her piano and often gave painting lessons to others. But Carrie Smith was not a particularly good housekeeper in those days. The second floor flat was right above the A. W. Hall Harness Maker Shop; the landlords, the Fredenhalls, also had a second story flat, and it was above a grocery store and restau-
rant. Carrie often got carried away with her artistic activities and lost track of the domestic affairs. One day, she let her laundry water overflow and it ran down the walls into the harness shop. Luckily the Fredenhalls were kindly neighbors and tried to give useful advice to the young bride and mother.

Carrie and Edward Smith had a rocky marriage. Finally Carrie went to Mr. Fredenhall with her problems. Evidently the marriage was beyond salvation, for Fredenhall suggested that she seek a divorce. Carrie agreed, and she picked up her young son Frederick and moved to Racine, Wisconsin. The Smiths were divorced, probably in 1887.15

Carrie rarely mentions anything about her first marriage in any of her writings or interviews. When she does, she implies that Edward Smith was not very supportive of her music. That was probably true, but then, Carrie had long had a conflict between her musical interests and the homemaking expectations of her society. She was torn between wanting to play the piano and compose her little songs, not only for her own enjoyment but for the
gratification of others, and the desire to provide a comfortable, happy home. Carrie may not have been able to receive any attention or praise for her talents at this time, but she did manage to travel to Chicago to see her first opera, Rossini's *Semiramide*, which starred Scalchi and Patti.
CHAPTER II

THE IRON RIVER YEARS

1887-1895
Carrie Jacobs Smith was restless, she wanted a better life. Perhaps she realized she had chosen poorly in her first marriage, perhaps she fantasized about her earlier romance with Frank Lewis Bond. Although three sources had stated that Frank Bond had indeed married another woman after being rebuffed by Carrie Jacobs, there is no definite documentation of such a marriage. If he had married, and his first wife died, as reported by one source, that might have been the impetus Carrie needed to divorce Smith. At any rate, she moved to Racine with her son Fred, and married Frank Lewis Bond there on June 10, 1888. Since very little is mentioned after this period of time about Carrie's relations with her relatives, it is possible that they looked with disfavor on her divorce and remarriage.

Frank Lewis Bond had been born in Johnstown Center, Wisconsin on October 20, 1858. His father had not yet completed medical school at the time. The elder Dr. Bond had
been born in Clarksburg, Virginia on March 22, 1828. He and his wife Jane had moved west sometime earlier than Carrie Jacob's Vermont relatives. He went to the Chicago Medical College and graduated in 1863, the year after Carrie Jacobs was born. Bond practiced medicine in Janesville until 1880 when he chose to go to a new frontier village, Florence, Wisconsin (then in Quinessec, Menominee County).

By this time Frank Lewis Bond, who had attended the local schools with Carrie Jacobs, had finished his education at Milton College, Wisconsin University and Rush Medical College. He joined his father's practice in Florence; the father and son team also operated a drugstore. In 1882 the Bond physicians answered a call to an even more remote frontier. The family moved to Iron River, Michigan, and established a medical practice where it was desperately needed.

The Iron River of the late nineteenth century was a struggling village, a mining and lumber outpost buoyed by the hope that the new railroad would boost its economy.
Functional immigration peoples had come to Iron River to seek work in the mines; Scandinavians were predominant, but other ethnic groups came too. Carrie Jacobs-Bond later remembered her years in Iron River:

Our existence in the great pine forests was almost idyllic . . . Nature in its loveliest, most charming guise; and we felt no need of many folks, for we had our great love. Sometimes, I would drive with the doctor through the vast woods, under the tall cathedral aisles of trees nearly a hundred feet high, along the roads richly red from the iron deposits. While the doctor tended the sick, I would linger in those great silences, that were not like the silences we have on a California hilltop, but were interrupted by the murmuring of the wind in the trees. Sometimes the noise would swell and seem like the onrush of a swift train, and then it would die down, but it was never absolutely soundless for long. Occasionally, on account of the density of the forest, the doctor and I would have to walk ten miles to some distant homesteader, and then I would go into the quiet woods and sit motionless while I thought out the verses of a song. From somewhere—who can tell me where? I would be hearing a sweet melody, when abruptly, the forest stillness would be broken, as if by a pistol—and I would know that a pine cone had fallen to the ground.\(^3\)

Iron River is far north, in what is known as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. There are
no major cities nearby and the route to it from Mid-America passes through miles of uninhabited territory. Along the route, deer and bear are abundant; travelers are surrounded by a peace, an unbelievable charm. Several townships are unincorporated; names like Spread Eagle announce the pride of early settlers.

Frank Lewis Bond was very active in the life of Iron River. During the first year that the town was actually a township (1882) Bond was appointed and served as a school inspector. Bond was also elected Village President in 1886 and held the post intermittently until 1895. During the term of President Cleveland, Dr. Bond was also the Postmaster of Iron River. Bond had stock in the Calidonia Mine Company, which his father had been so instrumental in discovering and establishing.4.

The elder Dr. Bond had been a pioneer in the development of both the Paint River Mine at Crystal Falls and the Calidonia at Mansfield. For the first few years of their residency, the Drs. Bond worked with a Mr. E. Ammerman in operating a drugstore. The elder
Bond had built a large structure which had enough room for medical offices, a drugstore and a spacious second floor apartment. Frank, his sister Lily, and his parents lived there. By 1889 the Bond men were able to give up their interest in the drugstore and concentrate on the practice of medicine. (Of course, they also had the security of their iron mine investments.)

When Frank Lewis Bond married Carrie Jacobs Smith, they immediately took up housekeeping in Iron River. They, and Carrie's young son Fred, moved in with the Bond family for a few years before they could afford a house of their own on Adams Street, in the early nineties. Frank and Carrie had settled down to a very happy way of life, sharing in each other's interests, rejoicing in their love, and supporting each other when the going got rough. Dr. Bond had a fine reputation as a physician. In fact, he was very progressive and dared to go beyond standard medical practice in treating his patients. He was once called in to treat injured passengers in a very bad train wreck in Elmwood,
Michigan. Lieutenant Governor MacDonald lost his life in the accident, and the conductor, Henry Armstrong, suffered compound fractures near his ankle. The company physicians had decided to amputate his leg near the knee; Frank Bond objected, saying he was sure he could save the foot.

His advice was taken in preference to the company physicians and Mr. Armstrong . . . is still in the employ of the Northwestern company (30 years later) . . . few of his friends are aware of the close call he had to having to resort to a cork foot.6

Carrie often accompanied her husband on his rounds. Frank Bond was known as the doctor who would come out in any weather to help a sick person. People often paid for his services with goods; sometimes, they could not pay at all. Carrie supported her husband's work in many ways. She unselfishly sewed layettes for newborn babies.7

She gave piano lessons to the children of Iron River, she played the organ in the local Presbyterian church, worked for the Ladies Aid, and helped with church suppers. When the great panic of 1893 came, Carrie brought
food and clothing to destitute families. She used her childhood training in painting to decorate china, which she baked in an oven on the lot of her Adams Street home. A schoolboy, Aaron Kinney, came by each day to see that the ovens were fired and kept at a proper temperature. Carrie also organized a Loyal Temperance League for the teenagers of Iron River.

Life was certainly better for Carrie in this new environment. She was very active, very needed, and very loved. In the evenings, she would sit at the piano and play her little tunes for Frank Bond and her son Fred. Frank loved to hear her play and he was glad that she had several students too. Carrie also shared many musical moments with her sister-in-law, Lily Bond. It was a real joy for Carrie to have such loving support; Frank even insisted that she write her music out in manuscript form, rather than just carry it around in her head. The people of Iron River were proud of Carrie too. They enjoyed it when she gave little recitals, and they often whistled and hummed and played her songs.
For all this idyllic pleasure, Carrie was still totally involved in the traditional woman's roles. She had traded one standard of domesticity for another, albeit a much happier one. She was a little more mature, and perhaps wiser. She knew how to pace her life so as to allow time for rest, peace, and privacy. Still, she sometimes struggled with the vestiges of her nervous ailments. Carrie's lifelong claim of invalidism was probably a natural result of the nineteenth century genteel upbringing. Women of this period classically resorted to the excuses of headaches, melancholy, and "women's troubles" as a way to avoid sexual encounters, and as a way to evoke sympathy and concern. Most women were very bored with their enforced domesticity and felt guilty at any inclination to escape the confines of the "proper woman's sphere." Illness, real or imagined, provided a temporary respite.9

As a nine year old, Carrie had her first bout with "nervousness" as the result of the accidental scalding. During both of her marriages she frequently complained of the "invalid-
ism." She emphasized her weaknesses and the unpredictability of her confinements. Carrie had somehow gathered enough strength and energy to leave her first marriage, but she was evidently relieve to be able to lean on the strength of Dr. Bond.

And Frank Bond was a successful man in so many ways. He was hard working and ambitious. He also involved himself in many community organizations, including the Masons, the Knights of Columbus, the Modern Woodman Judges and the Knights of Maccabbees. Frank tried to spend most of his evenings at home, though, although he was always ready to respond to an emergency call.

Since most of the residents of Iron River were employed in the mining or lumber camps, the economy was severely jolted in 1893, when the Calidonia Mines were forced to lease their company to the Mansfield Mining Company. The work at the mines had been sporadic, and the miners had recently started a strike. The market became depressed and most of the local mines had to close. The lumbermen were still
holding their own, but the temporary closing of the mines had serious effects on the finances of many families.

Dr. Frank Bond suffered doubly. He lost the money he had invested in the Calidonia mine, and the mining families he served so ably as a physician were no longer able to pay him by barter or money for past or present debts. Carrie Jacobs-Bond gathered her strength and decided to help out in the only way she thought she could. She announced that she would go to Chicago and seek a publisher for her music. Her husband was aghast. He had considered moving his practice to a more promising location but he was unprepared for such a suggestion from his strong-willed wife. Like German Davis, so many years before, he wanted to be able to "provide for the women-folk of the family."

But he relented at last and agreed to let Carrie give it a try, because she so loved writing her little songs.

Carrie traveled south to Chicago, and upon her arrival headed straight for the office of the editor of the Chicago Herald newspaper. The
kindly Mr. Scott listened to Mrs. Bond's naive notion that all she really needed to promote her work were a few newspaper plugs, and he suggested that she talk to the special interest feature staff writer, a woman called Amber. The confident and sincere songwriter won Amber's heart immediately, and the reporter, Martha Holden in private life, decided to help Mrs. Bond. The two women had dinner together at Thompson's Restaurant in Chicago and then Amber convinced Carrie to accompany her to the Bohemian Club for the evening to meet some artistic friends and to play some of her music. ¹¹

   The Bohemian Club was in a rather seedy section of town. Amber and Carrie walked up three flights of stairs to the gathering place which featured a long table, illuminated with a row of candles. Coffee was available at one end, and a keg of beer on the other. As Carrie looked around she realized that there were several famous people in the room; the poets Eugene Field and Ben King were there, authors John Vance Cheney and Opie Reed, journalist Grace Duffy Boylan and composer Ethelbert Nevin joined
the intimate group. During the evening, King read some of his poetry. Gradually others began to "try out" their latest creations, and sometime in the wee morning hours Carrie played some of her songs. The kind response from these warm supportive "colleagues" banished any trepidations Carrie had had, and she became very excited about her publishing prospects.

The next morning Carrie hurried to an appointment which Amber had arranged for her with a publishing firm executive. The gentleman listened to a few of Carrie's current pieces, and then stopped her to ask if she had any children's songs. Carrie only had a couple, because she had been working with other themes. She showed him "Is My Dolly Dead?," a song about a broken toy. He liked it and agreed to publish it, along with another composition called "Mother's Cradle Song." If it was not exactly as she had hoped, Carrie never let on. She had interested them!

Amber did not let her efforts stop there; she was very serious about helping Carrie Jacobs-Bond. The journalist used her connections
to convince a popular singer, Teresa Vaughn, to use the "Dolly" song as an encore in her hit show The Extravaganza of 1492. Carrie triumphantly returned to Iron River, confident that her mission had been successful and that the Bond family would soon receive royalties for the children's songs she had sold. She would also have the satisfaction of seeing her own creations in print, and of knowing that other people would sing and play her songs.

On a snowy night a few months later Frank Bond bid Carrie a fond farewell as he left to go on an emergency call. A group of teenagers waved hello, they were frolicking in the snow. Dr. Bond jokingly teased them, and Gertie Cummins, a young miner's daughter, gave him a playful shove. Bond lost his balance and tumbled off the ten inch sidewalk, landing on some ragged ice chunks. He got up and started to chase the girl, but realized that he was seriously hurt. Frank Lewis Bond stumbled back home and cried to Carrie, "My darling - this is death, but, Oh, I want to live."
He had accurately assessed the gravity of his injury. Frank Bond had a ruptured spleen; several physicians came to his side, one all the way from Chicago, but no one knew how to save his life. In five days Bond died. The Iron River obituary covered most of the front page of the newspaper. The little town was thrown into sorrow. Bond had served the town and his patients unselfishly for thirteen years.

A service at the Swedish Baptist Church was offered by the Reverend John Murdoch. Carrie Jacobs-Bond chose the Bible passages to be read and requested that the congregation read the Lord's Prayer in unison. Several townspeople accompanied the widow, her son Fred, and the body to Janesville, Wisconsin for the burial in the Jacobs family plot in the Oak Hill cemetery.

Thus Carrie became a widow at the age of thirty two. Frail, confused and consumed with grief, she desperately tried to stand on her own two feet. Dr. Bond had left only $4,000 worth of life insurance; they had had to let another policy lapse when they lost their min-
ing interest. Carrie knew she could not find work in Iron River. The economy could not support a seamstress, even if she wanted to sew for a living. Money for art and music was out of the question. The works she had created for the pleasure of her husband and son in their leisure time at home had no monetary value in the Iron River community. Even though Carrie had to give up the dower right to her home, she decided to move back to Janesville. Carrie paid the funeral expenses of $1,000, sold her furniture (except for her wedding gift piano) and went back home with her young son.

Carrie's decision seven years before to end her first marriage must have taken considerable courage. It also meant severing family ties and required independence and buttressing of pride. Now, when Carrie returned, she rented a house at 402 East Milwaukee Street. She looked for work to no avail. Janesville too had little to offer a sickly young widow who was trying to support herself and her small son in the 1890s. Carrie had no interest in social life, so she poured her grief into the
poems and songs which expressed her extreme loneliness and sorrow. The song "Shadows" cried out her despair of the endless nights of sitting alone with her memories, wishing that her love were still here. The poem poignantly asked for faithfulness after death and beyond, until the two might again, at last, be together forever. This song was for Frank Lewis Bond; she could not get him out of her mind.

In an easier moment she recalled her great love in the verses of a poem, "I Love You Truly," which was to become one of the most beloved wedding songs of all time. These pieces, born of grief and love, were just manuscripts; there was no way to have them published in Janesville. Carrie's return to her hometown was not working. Sometimes one cannot go back.
CHAPTER III

A FIVE YEAR STRUGGLE IN CHICAGO

1896-1901
Carrie needed the stimulation and opportunities which a great city could provide. She decided to try her luck in Chicago and sometime in the spring of 1896 Carrie and Fred moved. She sensed that it would take some time, even in Chicago, before she would become well established as a songwriter. It was necessary to find another means of support, and she decided to open a boarding house in the vicinity of a physician's college. Carrie still thought of herself as the "doctor's wife," and as such she expected and received courteous treatment from most people in the medical profession. Struggling medical students need good homes so running a boarding house seemed a good bet. It was also a perfectly respectable and common venture for a woman of the period. Several young men took up rooms in Mrs. Bond's home, but the experience was not exactly rose-colored. A few of the boarders were rowdy and too unprofessional for Carrie's taste, and she was too soft and sensitive to survive in such an endeavor.
The depression years were not particularly kind to anyone and Carrie was very sympathetic to the people who were even worse off than she. Soon, she was opening her home to a rather wild assortment of transient boarders and poor families. Carrie was slowly using up what was left of the insurance monies in order to eat and buy one bag of coal at a time. She used candlelight as a money saving measure and painted china in an effort to create something salable. Nothing seemed to work; the boarding house attempt failed. Carrie and Fred moved to a one room flat and began to sell their possessions, china, silver, and furniture, one piece at a time.¹

All the while Carrie still heard music, and a gnawing conviction that she would one day sell the songs that raced through her head motivated her to write the tunes down. The notes were scribbled on the backs of receipts, on brown paper bags and one wrapping paper, anything that was handy. Carrie persistently visited the publishing companies which were handling her early songs, even managing to
place a few more compositions with them. But they always insisted that the songs were selling poorly and Carrie saw little financial gain from these efforts.

One day she went to the publishing company which had a number of her songs and asked if she could buy them back. For some odd reason they refused. Carrie was angry and confused. She felt they had done very little to promote her work and she wanted to wash her hands of the connection. The company finally offered to purchase the complete rights to the songs for $35, presumably to get rid of this insistent, strong-willed woman by giving her a fraction of the monetary value of her music. In desperation Carrie agreed, but she was determined to find a better way to market her pieces.2

Through all these years Carrie had fought with the demons of her upbringing. She knew the values which constituted "acceptable" female behavior. She respected motherhood and the sanctity of the home. But she could not ignore the magnitude and force of the urge she had to compose and sell her own songs. It was
doubly disappointing to be coaxed into writing "children's songs."

Carrie was certainly not in the mood to do that now, but she did not know how to get her more serious pieces to the public. Women had their "proper" place in the world of music as well as elsewhere; their expertise as nurturer and comforter was considered primary. Carrie had learned to comply, as she had at age 12, sewing her first party dress, as she had in Iron River, confining her musical creations to a "proper" sphere. She had also written "My Dolly Is Dead" and "The Captain of the Broomstick Cavalry" to placate her society.

Carrie's problems were not unique. Songwriting was a very acceptable ladylike pursuit in the nineteenth century and thousands of amateurs indulged in it. It was great fun to see your own song in published form and to hear it sung around the parlor piano in the homes of the townspeople. Several of the women even managed to get their music before a broader audience, and a few wrote songs which bridged the gap between the home and the professional stage at the turn of the century. Privileged
women who showed musical promise were encouraged to attend the new conservatories and many of them ventured into composition beyond the simple song style.\textsuperscript{3}

Carrie Bond was neither the nineteenth century amateur songwriter, casually creating music, nor the serious conservatory composer out to make her mark in the history of American music. Carrie wrote what she heard in her head and felt in her heart, without the benefit of extensive formal training. She wrote because she was driven, not merely for pleasure.

The amateur lady composers faded away as music publishing became big business commercially. The professionals did some very commendable work and tried to establish themselves as successful composers for several decades, but they too diminished in import, number, and success in the early twentieth century. Women are peculiar victims of the times. They are encouraged to be productive outside the home when it benefits the economy and revered as homemakers when men need the outside jobs.
Carrie needed the outside job. She felt that her musical talent was her greatest strength and was determined to make it support her. But how could she promote her own works? Carrie was a frail, inexperienced widow now in her mid-thirties. She still wore the traditional black mourning clothes, and still pined for her lost love.

Carrie had been very naive in her first publishing venture. It was only through the good fortune of meeting Amber (Martha Holden) that her children's songs were published and performed. Unfortunately, Mrs. Holden died before Carrie moved to Chicago. The sorrow and hard times of the previous years served to increase the determination of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. She was a little wiser and much braver. Carrie decided to promote her songs directly by singing and playing them herself. She had absolutely no confidence in her talent as a singer, but that did not stop her. Carrie asked her friends to sponsor home recitals. She began giving these performances for $10
each. Mrs. Henry Howe, of Marshalltown, Iowa, was one of the first people to book Mrs. Bond.

While staying in Iowa some friends took Carrie to hear a lecture by publisher Elbert Hubbard, of the Philistine magazine. She had read some of his writings, which she thought to be cynical, and she was not prepared to be entertained and certainly not prepared to be captivated. However, on this particular evening Elbert Hubbard presented a subject very dear to the heart of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. He talked about the problems of getting your own works published, and the common solution of forming your own publishing company. He spoke about his own business, the Roycroft Shop, and stated that any person who really believe in her or his work, its value and quality, should do everything in her or his power to promote it. Carrie Jacobs-Bond had never heard a more interesting speech by a more interesting person. She assertively approached Hubbard after the talk and began telling him something about herself. He laughed and stopped her, because he
already knew of her work. She was surprised and pleased, and they decided to meet together for a long talk.4

Elbert Hubbard knew how to help creative people to focus on possible steps toward success. He knew how to inspire imaginative approaches and how to work toward the ideal by practical means. After a long visit, Hubbard decided to invite Carrie to do a performance at the Roycroft Shop. He sensed that she would learn a lot from seeing his business operation, and he also wanted to give her an opportunity to earn some money for further promotion. Carrie spent a week in East Aurora, New York at the Roycroft Shop and Hubbard's home. It was the first of many visits.

The Roycroft Shop had been modeled after an English Shop, the William Morris and Kelmscott Press at Hammersmith. Hubbard had started by printing the Philistine, a philosophical pocket-size periodical, which was very original in appearance and opinion. Elbert Hubbard was a rigorous, daring man. He exposed many shams though his writings. In 1899 he published a
popular treatise on perserverance, "A Message to Garcia." The Roycroft Shop made an art out of printing books and periodicals; volumes were bound by hand and "artistically illuminated." Four hundred people were eventually employed in the operation, which also produced leather goods and furniture.\(^5\)

All of the employees were invited to come and hear Carrie's Roycroft recital. She was dismayed to find that she had to play on an ordinary upright piano; her music sounded so much better of the grands. However, the concert was very well received. Elbert Hubbard, a widower, sat in the audience and listened; his eyes filled with tears. Carrie made a deep impression on the Roycroft community. Her simple songs were very much in keeping with the spirit of their work.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was fascinated with what she saw, and Elbert Hubbard was fascinated with Carrie Jacobs-Bond. He was so taken, in fact, that he invited her to accompany him to a very special testimonial dinner in New York City. Carrie accepted, and she sat with Elbert's
son, while listening in disbelief to her first "roast." Not realizing that the people gathered were honoring Elbert Hubbard by satirizing his life and works, Carrie was deeply distraught until Elbert aptly defended himself. Her admiration for Elbert Hubbard inspired Carrie to begin to publish her own works and to create the Bond Shop in emulation of his enterprise.

A month after her visit Elbert Hubbard printed the following account in the Philistine:

Art, at least, is a matter of the heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago upon hearing Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself -- simple, patterning little child songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some ways they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate, from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and singer, Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Cazin, and as true and effective as a sketch by DeMonvel.

The first Bond Shop was started in a hall bedroom closet. The shelves were just deep enough to hold the standard size sheet music
and they stretched from floor to ceiling. It was modest, but it was a beginning. Before long, the little closet could not accommodate the volume of music and the Bond Shop began to infringe on the living space of the tiny apartment.

Carrie had found a printer, she designed and hand-painted the covers of her songs, and she personally carried her stock to the music stores in Chicago. One day, Carrie was scurrying along on Lake Park Avenue when she noticed a sign, "For Rent: Three rooms for $15." She could hardly believe it. She was paying that much for her one room and hall flat. This apartment was owned by the Dunlap and Smith real estate firm, and was located at 42 East 31st Street, on the second floor above a restaurant managed by a Miss McGraw. Carrie and Fred immediately took the flat; once again she began accepting boarders. Carrie's friends worried that she would one day be murdered by one of the "back room strangers," but Carrie had no fear. Miss McGraw cooperated with Carrie in giving food and coffee to needy vagrants,
and together they enlisted their help in doing chores around the building. 7

During these years just before the turn of the century, Carrie continued her efforts to promote her songs through the little recitals while she struggled to survive on the meager and infrequent rent her boarders could give. Fortunately, her printer, Mr. Nelson (who was almost as poor as she was), was willing to trust her to pay when she could. Nelson was a wonderful, big Swede, typically unemotional, and a very fine craftsman. He felt sorry for Mrs. Bond, but it was not in his nature to give her moral support, or to demand payment. Carrie would sing a recital and then she would rush downtown to check on the stock of Bond songs in the stores. Business would usually pick up right after an appearance, but her sales were only averaging a profit of six or seven dollars a month. There were days when she had to spend her last nickel to get back home after peddling her wares. One time, in desperation, she visited Mr. Nelson, and startled him by shaking him, begging that he
express some verbal faith in her work. Nelson tried, but it did not make the difference. 8

One day Carrie was watching out for a visitor who was expected to arrive soon at a neighbor's flat. The neighbor had gone out on a short errand, and sure enough, the young man arrived early. Carrie invited him to wait at her place. He came in and went straight to the piano. (In the depression years, may people had had to sell their instru-
ments. Carrie sacrificed to hold on to hers, a treasured wedding gift from Dr. Bond.) The man was Victor Sincere, a lawyer who was also a fine amateur singer. He saw some manuscripts on the piano and asked Carrie if she would be kind enough to play for him. She was always delighted to do that, so she played "I Love You Truly" for Sincere. He loved the song, and asked if he could copy it. Carrie was wary of losing another song; she had not yet copyrighted it. She put him off for awhile and then gave it to him.

Soon after, Carrie went to the Dunlap and Smith office to pay a little towards her back
rent. The owners were very sympathetic and understanding of her plight; they also knew that she was a very talented songwriter. On this day they introduced her to a relative who had begun a promising career as a tenor. George McConnell was looking for new material and he offered to look at her songs. Since Carrie had never been completely comfortable as a singer, she decided that it might be a good idea to have other singers performing her songs too. She began to trust McConnell and Victor Sincere, and both men made a point of including a Bond song on every one of their programs.

Another useful avenue for Carrie Jacobs-Bond was the sophisticated network of women's clubs in America at this time. Mrs. Henry Howe, who had sponsored her in Iowa, was the president of the Twentieth Century Club. Through newsletters, correspondence and word of mouth, influential women promoted Carrie Jacobs-Bond by sponsoring her in recitals and encouraging other women to buy and sing the Bond songs. Much to her surprise, Carrie
found that her audiences liked her performing style. She often said that people "heard" the tears in her throat, the tears for her lost love.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond's voice has been described in various ways:

She half talked, half sang her songs in what she called a 'composer's voice.'

Equipping herself with a nerve she never knew she possessed, she sat down and played, her frail voice trailing the melodies.

There is some truth in the rather extravagant phrase 'No one can sing well till the heart has been broken,' whether the song be of the lips or of the heart, and certainly the great sorrow of Mrs. Bond's life proved to be her inspiration. Of a naturally joyous temperament, her verses are a composite of humor, pathos and that delightful philosophy which she learned among the big-hearted loggers in the northern woods. . . . Her ability to sing or recite her poems was almost a revelation to Mrs. Bond herself. There may be some who question her singing ability, and Mrs. Bond would probably be the last person in the world to claim a singing voice in the accepted sense of the term. But the thousands who have been charmed by her rendition of her own songs have never think of coldly and sharply defining her vocal art. Indeed,
since she half talks, half sings the words, there is no criterion by which to judge save the effect upon her hearers.\textsuperscript{11}

Victor Sincere called Carrie's voice a "contra-contralto."\textsuperscript{12} Recordings of her performances in later years reveal a manner of recitative in which she rapidly spoke the lyrics of her songs over the background of an unevenly paced piano accompaniment. Arthur Camston called hers "the voice of humanity."\textsuperscript{13}

Victor Sincere had met some influential political people when he served in the "First Voters' Legion" in the McKinley campaign in 1896.\textsuperscript{14} Among his eminent friends were Governor and Mrs. Richard Yates of Illinois. The Yates invited Sincere to sing in a musicale at the Governor's mansion in Springfield which featured the famous baritone, Charles W. Clark, as the artist of the evening. Sincere was very honored, and he used the occasion to sing some of the Bond songs which he had recently discovered. Victor Sincere was very moved by the courage and fiery ambition of Carrie Jacobs-Bond.\textsuperscript{15} He felt that her music was spiritually uplifting, written from the heart and soul of a woman who
had her finger on the pulse of the world. Charles Clark praised the songs, and the Yates' asked Sincere to arrange for Mrs. Bond to come to Springfield soon to give a full recital of her works.

It was a long expensive trip from Chicago to Springfield in those days, and Victor Sincere did not know how he would be able to afford to bring Carrie Jacobs-Bond there, but he found a way. The recital was a great success. Carrie made a valuable connection and found a new and lasting friend in the Governor's wife, Helen. Victor Sincere was delighted that he had been able to help Mrs. Bond. He so enjoyed the incongruity of seeing Mrs. Yates' carriage pull up to the curb at Carrie's modest apartment for one of her visits. The Yates' were also concerned to help the young widow. They offered her a steady job as Child Labor Inspector in Chicago, and Carrie held that position for about six months. Her monthly salary was $85, more than she had ever earned before.16

Carrie hated to see very young children encouraged to work in factories so that their families could survive. The government was
even willing to pay the needy families the same amount of money that children as young as six or seven could make if they would only send the children to school instead. Carrie trudged from apartment to apartment, trying to explain that there was a better way, an alternative.

But Carrie Jacobs-Bond was struggling too, trying to keep her little flat warm and to provide sustenance for Fred and herself. Both Carrie and Fred were frequently ill. They almost took turns in the Cook County Hospital. Carrie fought inflammatory arthritis and rheumatism; at times, she just stayed in bed to try to keep warm. For many months they survived on one meal a day. Much to her dismay, Carrie's son decided to quit school after his eighth grade graduation, so that he could work to help out. Fred worked as a messenger boy and took engineering courses in the evening. He turned all of this paycheck over to his mother, except for a nickel each week, which he used to buy her favorite candy, gumdrops. The hard life took its toll
on Fred Smith; he became seriously ill and was hospitalized for three months. The doctors told Carrie that he needed to be working outdoors in a healthier environment. Carrie called on Mrs. Perkins, a friend whose husband owned the Burlington Railroad, and asked if there might be a job for Fred. There was, and Fred went off to make use of some of his engineering training for about three years.  

Meanwhile, Carrie continued her efforts to promote her music. Many people active in the world of music and literature visited her unpretentious but colorful flat. Carrie’s watercolors graced the walls, rows of hand-decorated china lined the shelves and a huge coffeepot kept warm on the back of her three-burner stove. Because she was so hospitable and shared all of the little she had, many visitors did not realize the extent of her poverty. But Victor Sincere knew things were not getting better quickly enough. He suggested that Carrie consider calling on the famous singer, Jesse Bartlett Davis, in order to call her attention to the Bond songs.
Miss Davis was the prima donna of the Boston Opera Company. She had singlehandedly made a success of the song "Oh Promise Me" in the production of Robin Hood by Reginald DeKoven (from Middletown, Connecticut). Very timidly Carrie walked to the corner drugstore and telephoned the famous singer, asking for an appointment. Miss Davis was very gracious and she received Carrie at her Chicago apartment a few days later. Carrie brought the seven little songs she liked best and played and sang them for Miss Davis. Tears rolled down the listener's cheeks; Jesse Bartlett Davis wanted the songs at once. Alas, they were not published. Carrie explained that she had been working and saving in order to bring out this first book of seven songs, but that she had only managed to save $250 so far, and it would take twice that amount to do it.  

Miss Davis walked to her desk and immediately wrote out a check for $250 and handed it to Carrie. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was absolutely stunned. This wonderful act of faith and generosity would make it possible to publish a col-
lection of the pieces she loved most, the words and music which were born of her grief, her sorrow, her love and her hope.

The book of seven songs contained "Parting," "Shadows," "Just A' Wearyin' For You," "I Love You Truly," "De Las' Long Res'," "Still Unexprest," and "Des Hold My Hands." Several of these songs became so popular that Carrie had to print them in single editions later on.

Chicago was beginning to notice Carrie Jacobs-Bond. She was invited to be a guest of honor at the Chicago Press Club luncheon, along with the great actress, Olga Nethersole. The touching story of Mrs. Bond's struggle moved Miss Nethersole, as it had so many more fortunate artists before. The actress planned a reception and performance for Carrie and introduced her as "the little American, who can write her own . . . words and music . . ." Olga Nethersole told Carrie a few days later that she was going to introduce her to a London publisher, so that her songs could be enjoyed over-
seas as well as in America. She wrote to Mr. Boosey:

This letter will introduce a very charming lady, Mrs. Bond of Chicago, United States of America, 'a writer of songs,' sweet tender words, and soft harmonious music. She will send you with this letter, some of her recent songs, and you will do what you can for her, will you not? She is poor (as far as worldly goods are concerned) but rich, rich, in her beautiful talent. Help her, dear Mr. Boosey, for my sake.19

It was signed by Olga Nethersole and copied to Carrie. On the bottom of the composer’s copy. Olga wrote:

With all good wishes dear soft voiced gentlewoman, may this little effort of mine bring you heaps of money and fame.20

Another of Carrie’s Chicago friends, Mrs. Bessie Gardner, thought it was time for Mrs. Bond to make her first extensive professional journey to London. She wrote to Mrs. Frank Mackay, an American who was very prominent in the British royal circle and told her about the music of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Mrs. Mackay offered to pay the roundtrip expenses plus $100 to Mrs. Bond if she would come to England and perform. Carrie was very hesitant. England
was so far away and she really had no friends there. But Bessie insisted that it was an important step to take and Carrie finally agreed.

London felt cold and dreary. The English formality was unsettling and Carrie felt completely out of her element. She wandered the streets until she was nearly faint from worry and hunger. She had been so frightened that she forgot to eat. A kindly policeman escorted her into a little restaurant. As they walked in, Carrie saw a familiar face. A dear old American friend, Madame Marione, was also visiting London with her family. This lady had been very supportive of Carrie when she first moved to Chicago. Carrie was relieved to see her; her friend comforted her by finding a room in a boarding house which was run by a sympathetic woman who happily took Carrie under her wing. 21

A few days later the great event came, and Carrie went off to sing at the home of Mrs. Mackay. A young girl played a few violin pieces, followed by two songs by Mrs. Bond, and two songs sung by a popular singer, Enrico Caruso. The audience was reserved and applauded politely.
After the concert, the artists were ushered into a small room and served wine and cakes. Caruso was warm and friendly, and the ambassador, Joseph Choate, snuck into the room to congratulate the artists. He particularly enjoyed Mrs. Bond's "... Captain of the Broomstick Cavalry." But Carrie was sure she had been a failure. The audience had been so silent; there was no intermingling afterwards, as she would have expected in the United States. The next day Carrie found that this was typical audience behavior in England, and that she had indeed been a success. But it was so unsettling that she wanted to go home.22

Before she left England Carrie happened to walk by a music store where she saw something very familiar in the window. Her song "Pansy and Forget-me-not" was selling like hot cakes in London. The sheet music with her hand-painted cover had been internationally copyrighted. The text and the music had not even been altered. But her early publishers had told her that her songs were not selling.
She realised that the time had come to better protect herself, and Carrie remembered Olga Nethersole's letter. Perhaps she did need a London publisher. Through Mr. Boosey, Carrie was able to place her music with the Frederick Harris Company of London. Carrie returned to Chicago, but her music had a foothold in another country.

Carrie had followed Elbert Hubbard's good advice. She had indeed believed enough in her work to actively promote it every way she could. She had performed the songs herself, she had enlisted others, amateurs and professionals, to do the same. She had made her first professional trip and secured an international publisher. Most important of all, she had established her own publishing company. It was now time to advertise, not only by word of mouth, but in a proper business manner.

Carrie still didn't have enough profits to buy advertising space, so she employed the old barter system, and once again used her friendship network. She approached the woman
editor of a musical magazine and arranged to
sew for her in exchange for advertising space:

    I think those hours in the six days
that I sewed for her, trying to make
myself believe that I was earning
the money, were the longest hours of
my life. 23

Carrie had learned to sew as a child. It
was a proper pastime for young girls of the
nineteenth century, as were piano lessons and
the practice of painting. All three came in
handy for Carrie of course; she could turn her
dresses inside out when they wore thin and add
strips of ribbon or lace to transform an outfit.
Her art training not only enabled her to deco-
rate china and create watercolor landscapes,
but it made it possible for Carrie to design
the distinctive rose-wreathed music covers
which became her trademark. (These works of
art are now becoming collector's items.) Piano
playing was a staple of her trade, of course.

But Carrie Jacobs-Bond did not want to
sew for other people, and she certainly did not
want to sew for a living. She was once asked
why she chose to be a songwriter, and she re-
plied:
I could write music, and I could sew. But I was damned if I was going to sew pretty dresses for other women to wear.24

Carrie kept trying every angle of promotion she could think of. In 1900 she decided to attempt to perform on the vaudeville stage. The experience was chilling. She wore her traditional black mourning garb to the theatre. A backstage actress took one look at her and offered to spruce her up a bit with a little makeup. Carrie thought she looked garish, but she was not used to performing in a big hall on stage. Her entertainment was really more suitable for elegant parlors.

Nevertheless, she took a deep breath and walked out on the stage of the Dime Museum and, ignoring a commotion of sorts, went right to the player piano and began singing her songs, pumping away an accompaniment as fast as she could. in sheer terror. The audience hissed and shouted; it was far removed from the genteel manners to which Mrs. Bond was accustomed. Carrie fled from the stage and fled from the theatre. The owner, Mr. Middletown, ran after her, begging her to come back and try again that night.
But Carrie was not ready for vaudeville. If she were going to perform on a stage in a big theatre, it would have to be for a different clientele. 25

But Carrie Jacobs-Bond was courageous; she was also fiercely ambitious. In November she agreed to perform at Cable Hall in Pittsburgh, again braving the unknown, and gaining one of her first newspaper reviews. Her voice, the critic wrote:

... is of peculiarly sympathetic quality and she sings many of her songs an octave lower than they are written, which makes them all the more effective and unique. Her songs are not pretentious and she does not try, as do so many of the modern composers, to ape the German or modern French, and fall by the foreign wayside. 26

Carrie was relieved, but tired, when she returned home to Chicago. Because of her many illnesses, she had great difficulty in writing out her compositions. Her printer, Mr. Nelson, suggested that she contact Henry Sawyer, to see if he might be able to help her. Indeed, Sawyer, a fine musician in his own right, was interested, and he agreed to write her music
down by dictation as he listened to Carrie play. He too had a great ability to catch music by ear, and Carrie and Henry Sawyer began a collaboration which was to last for twelve years.\textsuperscript{27}

Carrie was quite sensitive about the many tales she heard regarding her inability to write manuscripts. She readily admitted that she had no formal training in composition or counterpoint, but she was very proud of the fact that no one had ever done any arranging for her, nor written any of her accompaniments. She also said that her "music never had any need of correction."\textsuperscript{28} However, she conceded that she was insecure because of criticism she had received about her pieces. This insecurity prompted her to send her manuscripts to a highly respected music critic prior to publication, in case they stood in need of correction. Only twice over the years did this anonymous gentleman recommend changes.

One day Carrie sat down to take stock of the financial picture in her fledgling publishing business. To her absolute horror,
she discovered that she had run up a bill of $1,500 to the printer alone. Even with all the promotion, concerts and support of friends, the music was still only bringing in a tiny profit.

The nightmare of the past few years of struggle became overwhelming. In utter discouragement, Carrie Jacobs-Bond checked into the sanitarium run by Christine Forsythe, an old friend. Carrie had been there several times before to recuperate from various illnesses, but this time she came to die. After a restless night, Carrie began to feel tremendously guilty about giving up. After all, she still had her son Fred to think about. Surely she should leave something for him, other than her debts. Mrs. Forsythe asked Carrie if she had any friends who might be able to help her out financially. Carrie thought back to her childhood days in Janesville, and she remembered Walter Gale.
CHAPTER IV

LOOKING UP

1901-1921
When Carrie had left Janesville for Chicago, she had been too proud to let her friends and relatives know how frightened and uncertain she was about her future. So she cut herself off from all of them.¹ Now, when she was in desperate need, Walter Gale was the first person who came to mind.

He was a successful drugstore chain owner, and he was married to a former classmate of Carrie's. She wrote to him asking for advice. He must have sensed the desperation between the lines, for he came to see her at once. Carrie confided that she was poor with figures and feared that she was not managing her business very well. Gale appraised the situation and concluded that she was in far better shape than she imagined. She had started a publishing business with no capital. She had borrowed only the $250 from Jesse Bartlett Davis, and she had built a company that was worth at least $9,000 by his estimates. Gale offered to lend her that amount, but Carrie made him a better offer.

She asked him if he would instead buy an interest in her publishing business. He agreed, and it
proved to be a spectacular investment. In the second year, Walter Gale had a 90% return.\textsuperscript{2}

Shortly after Gale gave Carrie the wonderful news that her efforts were paying off, another couple of friends offered a wonderful opportunity. Carl Bronson, of the Mason and Hamlin piano company, and his wife were particularly supportive of Carrie's early work in Chicago. They wanted to sponsor a testimonial concert and reception for her at the great Steinway Hall.\textsuperscript{3} The asked Carrie to line up the artists. The Bronsons also provided a Mason and Hamlin piano and paid for all the promotional materials. At the time it was common to send invitations as well as announcements, and window cards (posters) were put up in store fronts. Carrie took these up and down the main business streets in Chicago. She also called on her dear friend, Jesse Bartlett Davis again, this time to ask if she would sing in the concert. Miss Davis agreed and offered to help line up the other artists. Paul Schloessing, a cellist with the Theodore Thomas orchestra, was booked; a child star,
Olive Haynes, agreed to sing, and Charles Clark joined the program too. Carrie wrote to Governor and Mrs. Yates, rejoicing in her good news. They wrote back, asking her to send 100 tickets. The were planning to bring a big crowd.

One of the best-known stories of Mrs. Bond's career is related to this testimonial event. Since she had very little money, it was impossible for her to purchase a new dress for the auspicious occasion. So she made a gown from some old lace curtains and a piece of yellowed satin. It was a tedious project; it took her four weeks to sew the gown by hand.4

The concert was presented on February 28, 1901. An organ prelude preceded the monologue, "Talkin' 'Bout Little Things," which was a characteristic reading by Mrs. Bond. (Carrie introduced these readings in order to add variety to her programs, and also because she was sure people would tire of hearing only her voice and music all night long.) Then Carrie played and sang four "Songs of Child Life"; "Shadows," "When God Puts Out The Light," "Po' Li'l Lamb," and "His Buttons are Marked U. S." Jesse
Bartlett Davis sang "Auf Weidersehn," followed by the "Tzigani Dances" as a cello solo by Mr. Schloessing. Charles Clark ended the first part of the concert with renditions of "'Tis Summer in Thine Eyes," "The Lily and the Rose," "I Love You Truly," "When Youth's Eternal," and "Until God's Day," a piece Carrie Jacobs-Bond wrote for Mr. Clark. After the intermission, Mrs. Bond recited "Chimney Swallows" and offered four more songs; "Still Unexpressed," "When I Am Dead My Dearest," "A Lullaby," and "The Captain of the Broomstick Cavalry." Little Olive Haynes then sang "Have You Seen My Kittens?" and "My Ship's Come Home." Jesse Bartlett Davis returned with several selections from the Bond book of eleven songs and also sang a composition which was expressly written for her, "Love's Sacred Trust." Carrie continued with some of her most famous monologues, "That Smith Boy and His Mother," "My Old Man's Heaven," "The Woodman's Story," and "Loyal," followed by a few darkie laments, "Songs of Color" as they were then known. An organ postlude formally ended the concert.
The Steinway Hall performance was a huge success. Carrie netted about $700 and the newspaper reviews were very flattering. Only one took exception, saying:

Carrie Jacobs-Bond is a plain, angular woman who writes plain, angular songs, and sets them to plain, angular tunes. That criticism plagued Carrie for the rest of her life and she became very apprehensive about her physical appearance on stage.

The testimonial concert is typical of the programs Mrs. Bond gave. While some of the songs are still known to the American public, much of the other material has been forgotten. Carrie Jacobs-Bond's monologues were little stories of homely philosophy based on her dreams and imagination as much as on real life events. She experimented with many kinds of writing. Besides the song verses and monologues, she wrote some poetry, children's stories, animal tales and one-line "sermonettes." One of her Chicago writer friends, Agnes Green Foster, convinced Carrie to publish a book of her stories and verse. Mrs. Foster typed the poems out and encouraged
Carrie to run a small edition. About 200 volumes of "Little Stories in Verse," dedicated to Mrs. Foster, were printed in 1905.

The publishing business was steadily growing; Carrie was not able to handle it alone. She wrote to Fred and asked if he would be willing to come back to Chicago and assist her. Carrie missed her son terribly; he was her greatest supporter and comfort, and she knew he had a good head on his shoulders. Fred came back and happily began a promotional campaign and a reorganization of the shop.7

Carrie once again had been squeezed out of her living space and they decided to move to 5455 Drexel Avenue. Here the dining room was transformed into an office/workroom. Fred managed to interest an few magazine writers in the oddity of a woman succeeding in such a masculine business. In 1901 The Music News featured an article which was called "The Bond Shop," but which was really about the genius of Mrs. Bond, calling her:
... first, last and for all time
AN INTERPRETER; vocal art counts
for nothing when listening to her
-- piano technic [sic] recedes
into the dim distance -- and she
speaks to you through the emotions,
and interprets each bit she speaks
or sings faultlessly. 8

Carrie was thrilled to be able to lean
on her son. She had sacrificed so to raise
him, and he had always been such a devoted,
loving child. In 1902 Carrie wrote a verse
which expressed her feelings:

Oh! time has taken my baby away,
My baby I loved so well,
And the lullaby song he has taken along,
And the reason he will not tell,
But time said, "Do not grieve, for I'm
going to leave
In the cradle where he has slept,
A mem'ry sweet of the baby asleep,
Since away from your arms he's crept.["]

O! [sic] time has taken my boy away,
My boy that I loved so well,
And the march for fun with the little
gun,
And the tales that he used to tell,
But time said, "Do not grieve, for I'm
going to leave
A man who will care for you,
With a big, strong arm that can shield
from harm,
And a heart that is brave and true.["]
Now a girl has taken my man away,
My man that I loved so well,
And the big strong arm that could
 shield from harm,
Just belongs to a girl named Nell,
And I'm growing old, and the world's
growing cold,
But of course, as he is a man,
He will have to go, and its [sic]
better so
And I'll do the best I can.9

Fred Smith was only nineteen when he mar-
rried Louise Honbegger on June 12, 1901. Carrie
was forced to accept this "intrusion" but she
expected Fred to share his devotion equally
between his new wife and his mother. She also
decided that it was time to travel a bit more,
probable to the great relief of the newlyweds.

Carrie went again to London, this time
to perform several recitals and to renew old
friendships. She tried to call on another
singer, David Bispham, in order to push her
songs some more. She did not make contact with
Bispham this trip, but she did manage to appear
before King Edward and Queen Alexandria.10

Upon her return, Carrie made the rounds
of the businesses and the friends she relied
on. Her friend Bessie introduced Carrie to
her brother, John McCutcheon. He had been
hired by the Chicago Morning News as an artist right after his graduation from Purdue University in 1899. In 1903 he began working as head cartoonist for the Chicago Tribune, specializing in political cartoons and human interest stories. Carrie made a new friend in John; she valued his advice and respected his work. 11

When Carrie Jacobs-Bond inadvertently used an unauthorized text, "Just A' Wearyin' For You," for a published song, she turned to McCutcheon for help in dealing with any possible legal problems. The poem had been published in a newspaper, without crediting its author, Frank L. Stanton. Carrie had assumed that it was public domain, and later discovered that it was not. The poem had been published in a book by the D. Appleton Company in New York. McCutcheon advised that Carrie be scrupulously honest, and that she immediately go to the publishing house in New York. She did, arranging for a meeting with Mr. Appleton himself. Appleton reassured Carrie that she had done no wrong; he had purchased the rights
to the poem and was very happy that she had set it to music.

Such was not the case with another "anonymous" poem Carrie set to music. She had used "Po' Li'l Lamb," which she also found in a newspaper. The author, the famous black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar, wrote to Carrie demanding an appointment. When they met, Dunbar began, "Mrs. Bond, you are using one of my verses without permission." After a long heart-baring talk, Dunbar finally asked to hear Mrs. Bond's song. He must have liked it, because he not only agreed to let her have the rights, but he asked if she would write the music for a new cycle of poems he had just completed. Carrie breathed a sigh of relief and began to compose the music for "Love and Sorrow."

The careful cultivation of influential friends sustained and supported Carrie Jacobs-Bond throughout her life. She often befriended husbands and brothers of her dear women friends. John McCutcheon was eight years younger than Carrie, and it is not likely that she had a
a romantic interest in him, although she certainly admired him greatly and thought of him as a colleague of sorts, if not a mentor.

But how did Carrie feel when she heard that Elbert Hubbard was about to remarry? Hadn't she carefully followed his advice and built a career and a business to be proud of? Wasn't she a successful author and composer? Perhaps Carrie had forever buried any desire to share her life with another man; after all, she was now forty years old. Hubbard married Alice Moore, another author. But Carrie was still a welcome guest in East Aurora, and she made certain to visit often, always giving a little concert for the Roycroft folk.

One day Carrie got a surprising telegram from David Bispham.\textsuperscript{13} He had received her music in England and he liked it very much. Indeed, he wanted to perform fifteen of her songs at Studebaker Hall in Chicago. Carrie was very excited. The next day she went down to the office of Bispham's Chicago representative. The manager was certain that there had been a terrible mistake. He could not conceive
of Bispham singing a program entirely of songs by Carrie Jacobs-Bond. But David Bispham sincerely intended to keep his word; in fact, he asked Carrie to accompany him at the concert.

She was very nervous. At least she could finally afford to have a dress made. But Carrie was not used to transposing her music, and Mr. Bispham could not sing many of the songs in the original keys. Somehow, Carrie managed, and in spite of her awe and trepidation the concert was warmly received. The applause seemed endless. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was frozen stiff, she dared not look out into the vast sea of faces. Finally, David Bispham tapped her gently on the shoulder and asked her to please acknowledge the applause. It was for her.

Something in the spirit and demeanor of Carrie Jacobs-Bond inspired trust, faith and love. She never bemoaned the fact that she could not write the big works, orchestral compositions and futuristic classical pieces. She felt that her real calling, talent and interest was in writing songs which appealed
to the great mass of common people who needed comfort, solace and hope in their lives.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond's song sheets now sported the proud label "Carrie Jacobs-Bond and Son, publishers." Fred Smith carefully managed the shop; ledgers, erasers, packing boxes, journals and music filled the rooms. Carrie Jacobs-Bond wrapped the parcels of sheet music which were mailed to purchasers. Fred Smith used to tie bundles of music on the back of a motorcycle and deliver the stock to the Chicago music stores. Before long, they had to purchase a side car to accommodate the quantity. Fred and Carrie decided that they would be wise to move closer to the downtown district, so the picked up the Bond Shop once again and moved to the Chicago Musical College Building.

Carrie had developed a real love for travel. Her doctors frequently prescribed a trip as a healthy change of pace or a rest cure. Most of the time Carrie was incapable of "rest," but she did love to see new coun-
tries. In 1906 Carrie performed in a private theatre in Paris. The owner, Jean de Reszke, wrote to her:

I was perfectly charmed to hear your composition, sung by yourself, and it has seldom been given to me the hear the poet, composer, and interpreter all in one.14

A famous Welsh baritone also heard Mrs. Bond perform on this trip. He was so taken with her work that he was moved to write a fan letter:

I am very fond of violets and of clean, fresh morning fields. That is why I like your little songs. You have the insight of the seer and the poet; you see deep. Simple things are difficult. There's work in the world for such as you. Many thousands are waiting for your message.

-- David Frangcon Davies15

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was conscious of the power of the contribution her simple songs could have, and she rose to the challenge of having her philosophy, indeed her life, serve as an exemplification through her work. In 1907 she was invited to perform at the White House for the Roosevelts. They had invited a small number of guests, including Joel Chandler Harris, author of the Uncle Remus stories. Chandler, a painfully shy
person, was listening to the recital from an adjoining room. He heard something in Carrie's music which put him at ease; perhaps it was the still-buried tears of her grief, perhaps it was the "voice of humanity." Joel Chandler Harris overcame his timidity enough to reach out to Mrs. Bond, and to tell her that her music spoke to him in a way he could really understand. President Roosevelt liked her music too. He had experienced a trying day, and Carrie provided the homely message he needed. 

A popular American actress, Margaret Anglin, decided to sponsor an East coast recital tour for Carrie. The concerts, in New York and New Jersey, provided yet another opportunity for Carrie to meet new friends and other artists. In Atlantic City Carrie sang on the same program with Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink. They shared many interests. Soon Carrie was busy at work; writing new songs for her new friends. "His Lullaby" became a standard song for Madame Schumann-
Heink, and Margaret Anglin used "Sunset" in the play "The Great Divide." 18

Carrie was wearing herself out with all this travel, and Fred was trying to juggle a business and a stock that was growing faster than he had ever imagined. People were hearing Schumann-Heink and Davis and McConnell and Bispham singing the Bond songs and orders were coming in from all over America. Fred Smith needed some help and more space. The Bond Shop moved to the Fine Arts Building; here they had a shipping department, a general office, a bookkeeping department and several employees. Mrs. Bond was simply not strong enough to do the amount or type of work that was required in the publishing company. It was enough for her to write and perform.

She went to her trusted physician, Dr. Ferguson, because she was worried about her dwindling energy and frequent poor health. The doctor advised Carrie to move to a warmer climate, at least during the ferocious Chicago wintertimes. At least, Carrie had Fred to look after the Bond Shop, but she was at a
loss to figure out how she could go, and where she might stay. One day Carrie was performing at the Heart's Delight Farm in Chazy, New York, near the Canadian border. The owner, Mr. Minor, had a novel idea: he suggested that Carrie earn her passage each winter to California by "singing for her supper" on the Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe railroad. Mr. Minor arranged the whole deal with his friend Mr. Brusser, and Carrie left for California. On the first trip she gave eight recitals.

The tour business was an experimental idea for the Santa Fe. The gymnasiums and reading rooms were mostly in the planning stages, so Mrs. Bond usually performed at churches along the way. She also sang and played at the Fred Harvey restaurants. It was a grueling life for a weakened woman. By the time she arrived in California Mrs. Bond was gravely ill. Luckily she had some friends waiting for her. Dr. Duffield treated her and soon she was able to renew her acquaintance with the Homer Johnstones, former midwestern
neighbors. Through them Carrie met Madame Genevra Johnstone Bishop, a Chicago singer who was performing at the Hollywood Hotel. Madame Bishop took an interest in Carrie, and introduced her to the hotel proprietor, Mrs. Anderson. Before long Carrie was invited to perform too, and she was so popular that Mrs. Anderson made her an exciting offer. It Carrie would plan the Sunday evening recitals, performing at least once a month, and lining up artists for the other events, she could earn both her room and her board. It was an arrangement that lasted for seven years.  

During one of her first years in California, Carrie dragged some hardy women friends up to the San Bernardino mountains. They went to a mining camp; Carrie charmed the old timers by reciting and singing for them in that unlikely locale. The next day a new stake was found and the miners named it "Gold Bond Mines" after "that woman who can make you see things."  

In the winter of 1908 Carrie made a triumphant visit to Janesville, Wisconsin, her birthplace. 300 people jammed Library Hall
to welcome "their Carrie" home. The event was sponsored by St. Agnes Guild of Christ Church. Carrie sang her newly popular pieces, including "I Love You Truly" and "Just A' Wearyin' For You," and charmed the audience with "May I Print A Kiss?":

"May I print a kiss on your lips?"
he said,
She nodded he kind permission.
They went to press,
And I rather guess,
They printed a whole edition. 25

Carrie Jacobs-Bond had written "An' I've Got Home," one of her first Old Man pieces, in honor of her return to her birthplace. (For a discussion of the character of the Old Man and its place in Mrs. Bond's writing see Chapter V.) She thanked everyone for the warm welcome and vowed to return often to sing and to visit her old friends.

She kept her word, for in the following August she was the guest of honor at a huge homecoming celebration. 26 Governor Emmanuelle Phillips presented an address to the 5,000 people who had gathered. Hundreds of others were turned away. When Carrie appeared on the platform the crowd gave her a thunderous
ovation. Unfortunately, she was not well enough to perform this time; she was accompanied by a nurse. But she did read a message to her "home people" and thanked them for honoring her once again, remarking that "a woman is no older than she feels." Then, Letitia Gallagher, a soprano soloist, sang three of Mrs. Bond's most popular songs. When "A Perfect Day" was played, "a wave of approving applause" greeted the opening chords.

By this time Mrs. Bond's first book of seven songs had sold 275,000 copies and she had sung at the White House for the Roosevelts. She had also begun to publish materials other than music.

America was a letter writing and card sending country in the early decades of the twentieth century. People had "secret pals" to whom they sent cards commemorating anniversaries, birthdays, holidays, and even ordinary days. The greeting card business provided many young people with an avenue to earn extra monies, for they had regular cus-
tomers for boxes of Christmas cards, everyday assortments, humorous cards, notepaper and gift items such as framed "sayings." An enterprising businesswoman, Carrie Jacobs-Bond naturally seized the opportunity to start a new line of specialty items. Her simple, philosophical poems and her lovely hand painted floral designs could not only be "recycled" in new uses, but they could also serve as additional promotional devices.

The P. J. Vollard Company of Joliet, Illinois was contracted to manufacture wall hangings of the Bond poems in picture frames. These items were packed in attractive boxes so they would be very appealing, low cost gifts. A typical poem presented in this fashion read:

Ain't it funny that some folks you can't miss,
And some folks you jus' miss a pile?
An' the folks that you can't miss, you see lots,
An' the other folks, -- once in awhile.28

Another example had an honored place on Luther Burbank's mantelpiece, although he did not know
until he entertained Carrie Jacobs-Bond that she had written it:

The Reason Why

It's not so much about the house that anyone can see
It's not so much about the ground that calls the bird and bee,
It's just the folks that live within, and flowers that bloom without,
That bring the friend and bird and bee, that's what we care about. 29

Among the other things that Carrie created were glued stickers with pictures of musical motifs. These were used to decorate envelopes. She also had greeting and calling cards made; these often featured her poems and her paintings with the symbolic rose patterns.

The sentimental, Victorian personality of Carrie Jacobs-Bond even extended to her choice of furnishings. The bedroom in her Chicago flat was overwhelmingly patterned with roses. The wallpaper, the bed spread, and the pillows were covered with a busy floral print. A cluttered gallery of cupid wall hangings, framed poems, pictures of the Madonna and son, a plaque of the Ten Commandments, and several portraits of her late husband and her father added to the decor. 30
Thus Carrie surrounded herself with constant reminders of her past life. At least she had the comfort of knowing she had once been happily married. The other expressions of art, the tranquil flowers and the religious works, typified the proper and acceptable feminine response to a life which included much sorrow.

As much as Carrie loved her home, she also loved traveling and visiting old friends. In 1908 she made her first trip to Honolulu, where she was sponsored in several recitals by an old Michigan acquaintance, Mrs. Tenney. The next year Carrie headed back to Europe, this time visiting Germany. Newspapers across the country announced her comings and goings.

*Musical America* published a full length article about Carrie in November of 1909, entitled "Her Songs As Sweet As A Robin's Lay." An accompanying picture of Carrie at the piano showed the composer attired in an exquisite long brocade dress with a matching stole. A fancy tapestry provides a backdrop and a cupid sculpture appears to be guarding the artist.
In the article Stella Reed Crothers likens the simplicity, sentiment and gentle humor of the Bond compositions to the works of another Chicago poet, Eugene Field, who had recently died. Miss Crothers described Carrie Jacobs-Bond as having:

The same irresistible gift of weaving little stories of sweet sentiment and translating the quaint philosophy of homely, everyday life into captivating rhythm. Happily, too, the same cordial recognition is being given all over the country to this poet who can tell little tales, both grave and gay --- though after more than a score of years of success the wonder has not died out that this recipient of national admiration is a woman.31

Carrie's genius for publicity had indeed made her name, her songs and her writings known to a great number of people throughout America. Her love of travel and her network of friends in different parts of the country and abroad also played an important role in maintaining her prominence in the public eye. She was no longer just a resident of the midwest who liked to travel; she actually maintained two residences.

It was in California that Carrie had the inspiration for her greatest song. She had
been motoring through Southern California with several friends; they ended the day upon Mount Rubidoux, where they all watched a glorious sunset. Upon their return to the Mission Inn in Riverside, Carrie had an overwhelming urge to thank her friends in a special way. She hurried back to her room and sat down at the desk and wrote a poem about the beautiful experience she had just shared. Later at dinner Carrie read it, beginning "When you come to the end of a perfect day, / And you sit alone with your thoughts . . ." Then she crumpled the paper and stuck it in her pocket. 32

The Mission Inn is a glorious hotel. Its Spanish architecture covers an entire city block. It boasts Tiffany windows, arches, altars, patios, balconies, fountains, sculpture and paintings galore. The original building was constructed as a private home in 1876 by the C. C. Miller family. It was sold to a son, Frank Miller, in 1880. Frank added a new building and a cloister wing to the original one. He decided to make the inn a showplace, so he traveled to Europe to pur-
chase art objects which would be gracious additions to his collection. The Mission Inn became a social and cultural center for writers, artists, musicians, and prominent public figures. Miller even had a special chair made in anticipation of a visit by President Taft, who was a very rotund man. His preparation was almost in vain, for Taft was greatly delayed during his California trip and decided not to visit the Mission Inn. Somehow Miller convinced him to come by for five minutes, so he could have a chair that President Taft sat in.33

Miller also had an "Author's Row" of rooms, dedicated to the famous personages who had allegedly written important works while guests at the Inn. One very handsome handsome room is called "The Carrie Jacobs-Bond Room."

Frank Miller was the leading force behind the Mount Rubidoux Easter sunrise services, which began in 1909. These services attracted thousands of people and the Mission Inn filled every hotel room with visitors. One year Carrie
Jacobs-Bond was asked to write an anthem for the service. She did, and her old Chicago friend, Carl Bronson, was to direct the singing of the anthem by a 600 member Los Angeles choir. The choir arrived at the tope of the mountain, along with an orchestra from Riverside. Madame Marcella Craft, the soloist, was present. However, the crowd was so formidable that Carl Bronson could not get through. Much to Carrie's embarrassment, the sun began to rise and the anthem began. The members of the choir started to sing at different times, and the band and the soloist could not coordinate with them or with each other. The undaunted lady of song marched straight through the audience, waving her arms madly until the amazing cacophony stopped and a fresh beginning was possible.  

By this time Carrie was beginning to be a little sensitive about people who dismissed her work lightly, calling her songs "little things," as if they might not compare favorably with other composer's works. She said:
I have given each single song an
infinity of thought in preparation,
and polish each for public use with
such exquisite care as can only be
imagined by those who have them-
selves done such work.35

Indeed, some of the Bond songs exhibited
a Dickensonian quality in their universality
and brevity. Sometimes referred to as "ser-
monettes," thirteen one-liners called the
"Half-Minute Songs" are in the spirit of ori-
ginal "jingles" set to piano accompaniment.
They vary in performance time from six to
twenty seconds. A few of the texts illustrate
the witty philosophy:

A friend is a present you give
yourself.

Opportunity may knock often, but
it's better to answer the first
rap.

Ain't it gay that what they say,
Can't hurt you unless it's true.36

While Carrie was condensing some of her
life experiences into these little "sermonettes,"
she was trying to ignore the gossip about her
son's marriage. Fred and Louise Smith had stopped
living together in September of 1911. The Smiths
had one child, a daughter, Dorothy, and her
birth had been proudly announced in the Chicago newspapers. But the strain of Fred's conflicting loyalties between his wife and his mother finally took its toll. Louise Honbegger Smith filed for divorce. During the court proceedings, she testified that her husband, a "traveling salesman," was out a great deal at night. The judge asked Louise Smith if she had "any knowledge of improper conduct," and she replied, "Yes, I have. I heard it through my cousin." 37 Whether the alleged "improper conduct" was a result of Fred's interest in other women or whether it was an excuse for a dissolving a marriage terribly strained by the demands of the domineering Carrie Jacobs-Bond is a matter for speculation.

The enticing finger of fame still beckoned to Carrie Jacobs-Bond, and she chose to follow it, rather than to devote her energies to the pursuit of personal happiness, which had always eluded her. Carrie joined the celebrated mezzo-soprano Blanche Hamilton Fox in a big concert at Ebell Hall in Oakland, California in 1911. Of course, Carrie was still singing
at small home recitals too, but the guest lists at these affairs were quite a bit more impressive than they had been earlier in her career. At Clara Munger's home studio Carrie performed for an exclusive audience of composers and socialites, including Katherine Lincoln, Priscilla White, Marie Sundelius, composers Josephine Knight, Ida Knapp, Pauline Orcutt and Mabel Daniels, and Mrs. Henry Russell, wife of the famed singer.38

In 1914 Carrie gave a recital in Chicago's Little Theatre on November 16. The Chicago News reported:

... compositions, both verses and music, are frankly and even militantly sentimental; hence their wide popularity. Their sentimentality is such, however, that it may be entertained without a blush, because it is the most honest thing in the world. It fills the songs with a contrasted, dramatic phrasing that the hearer appreciates even when the voice that is making them is unmusical. The work of this Chicago woman is not held in high esteem by technicians; the fault is theirs, for where Mrs. Bond is employing a voice for which she laughingly disclaimed any merit, sang love songs or crooned lullabies, it was undeniable that words, melody and accompaniment were perfectly combined. Mrs. Bond is decidedly a minor poet, and is inclined toward mediocrity in
melodic productions, but in reconciling the two arts of poetry and music, she proves herself to be possessed of exquisite charm. 39

Fortunately, Carrie's reputation was not dependent on the press she received in Chicago. In other parts of the country she was receiving raves:

Carrie Jacobs-Bond is the "James Whitcomb Riley of Petticoats."
. . . a genius with commercial sense and business acumen; a poet who is an expert with the multiplication table; an artist who knows how to open a bank account; a dreamer who is wide awake during business hours; a successful business manager who is contemplative, meditative, given to poesy and melody, and right up on the edge of the market; a woman who writes a song that will thrill your heart with memories of old, and delicate as lavender, and draws up a contract as strong as the song is sweet; a woman who printed her first songs on a little toy handpress such as schoolboys buy and wreck, which stood on the end of the sewing machine in her tiny home, and who today is the head of a music publishing house in a busy city that was humming with competition in the days when she worked her own little handpress; the singing, poetry-loving woman who supplies sentiment, poetry, business sense; words and music and market for all her songs and stories.

Because she does it all herself, there is never a limp in dancing tune and rhythm, never a forced construction in the lilting grace of line or mea-
sure. She has never to compel some adjustment of her lines to fit the music writer's idea or whim of scansion or emphasis. The words and music of her songs are twins, charmingly alike in every expression, born of the same mother -- genius.40

Burdette thus praised Carrie for her "genius" in bringing text and melody together in a meaningful way. He also mentions her business acumen repeatedly, indicating that Carrie was even more instrumental in the running of her publishing company than she admitted. The picture which emerges is one of a talented woman who had come up the hard way, never making the same mistake twice. Burdette implies that Carrie rarely misses a trick, or an opportunity, and that she can strike a hard bargain.

In 1915 Carrie toured and performed in Lincoln, Omaha, Salt Lake City, Oklahoma City, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Rockford, Kansas City and New York. 1916 brought many honors, including a "Carrie Jacobs-Bond Day" at the Panama-California Exposition, a testimonial dinner by the Chicago Post and another day in her honor at the San Diego Exposition.41
Fred Smith had remarried by this time. He and his new wife Betty visited Carrie during the San Diego celebration. Carrie never mentions her son's second marriage in any of her public writings. Perhaps she hoped that this too would dissolve, if she ignored it. Her own marital happiness had been so short-lived, and she still lived in its shadow. When John McCutcheon surprised her by sending a wedding invitation to her San Diego residence, she responded:

My Dear John McCutcheon --
The invitation to your wedding just arrived -- I wish I might come to it, but, alas, I cannot . . . but I can tell you from a distance a few things I might not tell you "face to face." I have always said you were the best unmarried I know, and the girl would be lucky who finally won you and I hope you are lucky too -- May God bless you, and I only have one wish for you -- I wish you to be as happy as I was -- and may it last longer than mine -- just seven years is a great thing to have had -- seven years of warm companionship . . .

Carrie obviously yearned for that lost warmth and compassion. She was a very carefully controlled person. Filled with emotion, she was fastidious about keeping those feelings
within. She made a constant effort to appear "proper" at all times. Her art was the means of expression which gave her a safety valve. What she couldn't or wouldn't say verbally she said through her writings and her music. In fact, she was so circuitous that she even invented a "suitable" character through whom she could "speak." This grandfatherly figure was known as the "Old Man." He was certainly not based on her Grandfather Davis, who was a stern and forbidding person. The Old Man was, rather, representative of the grandfather she would have liked to have had. Carrie imagined that this character had owned a large piece of land and lived very happily on it, until the day when some speculators tried to buy some of his property for a railroad path. The Old Man was inexperienced in the ways of the business world; he was dumbfounded to be offered a very large sum of money for his land. It was a temptation he could not resist, so he sold some of it and embarked on an around-the-world trip with his new fortune. The Old Man couldn't convince his wife
to accompany him; she insisted on staying put so he "would have something to come home to." The first monologue in the "Old Man" series in entitled "An' I've Got Home." The other poems, witicisms, admonitions and satirical stories present a cynical viewpoint which Carrie Jacobs-Bond could not express in any other way. Most of the men in her life had deserted her by dying young and tragically. Not a single one had been of continuing support, except for her son Fred Smith, and he had conflicting loyalties at best. Several men had disappointed Carrie in other ways, notably by marrying other women.

Her paternal great-grandfather, John Jacobs, had lived to an old age, but his son Cyrus died at 49, leaving six year old Hannibal to struggle along with his widowed mother. Hannibal fathered Carrie, but died when she was only 9. Carrie's maternal grandfather, lived to normal old age, but Carrie was not particularly close to him. Edward Smith, Carrie's first husband, also lived a long life, but he too had earned her wrath. Her real love, Dr. Frank Lewis Bond, had died tragically.
at the age of 37. Fred Smith had "left" her once by going to work for the railroad and twice by marrying. It is no wonder that Carrie felt she could never trust a man to support her after Frank died. Even the men to whom she was attached in friendship left her in some way. John McCutcheon was marrying another woman, and Elbert Hubbard, who was probably the strongest romantic figure in her post-marriage life, had remarried several years before.

Carrie did what she had to do in order to survive, support herself and to be true to her musical ambitions, but she also continually searched for something beyond her reach. The only acceptable way for her to cope with these unfulfilled desires was to create a fictional character who exemplified the qualities Carrie most wanted in a man.

When Carrie decided to publish a collection of her "Old Man" stories, she asked her Chicago photographer, Ellsworth Gross, if he knew of a suitable model for some accompanying pictures. Before Gross recommended "Uncle Ed" Fuller,
an early settler of Hinsdale, Illinois, who was well known throughout his state as a musician and a respected philosopher. Fuller was a lean old man with a long white beard. He was the perfect person to be featured in the "Old Man" book. Several editions were published, including a fine leatherbound copy, about eleven inches by fourteen inches with overlapping pages, each succeeding one longer than the previous one.

Some people assumed that Carrie had written her "Old Man" stories after meeting "Uncle Ed," and had based them on his life and sayings. But Carrie had created the character in her own mind, out of her need for expression, and she had performed the material in public long before meeting Fuller. Audiences were extremely moved when Carrie read the "Old Man" monologues. The character became so popular that she had to include it on every concert.

Late in her life Carrie made a privately released 78 recording of one of the "Old Man" monologues, "The Path of Life." The performance
is of the highest calibre, and easily gives credence to her contemporaries' enthusiasm about these monologues. Unfortunately a thorough discussion of these performances, and other surviving recordings of Mrs. Bond as pianist and singer, are beyond the scope of this study.

The song that was most frequently requested on Carrie's programs was "A Perfect Day," written in California in 1910. While the "Old Man" series had established her reputation as a writer and dramatic reader, "A Perfect Day" brought her to the peak of her song-writing career. It was several months after the writing of the text that Carrie found the crumpled piece of paper in her pocket. She was on another motor trip with a friend, Mrs. Hawks; they were crossing the Mohave Desert. Carrie looked at the poem and hummed a little tune. Mrs. Hawks remarked that Carrie had a new song. Sure enough, it seemed to fit, and Carrie wrote down another composition. 47

David Bispham was the first singer to present "A Perfect Day" in public. 48 He used it frequently on his programs and other singers
started to use it too. In the early twentieth century songs did not become hits in a matter of months or even weeks, as is usually the case now. For America just before World War I, "A Perfect Day" was an almost instant success. Carrie was once asked how long it normally took for a song to take hold in American popular culture. She answered, "About four years . . . but I had one make it in two."49 That one was "A Perfect Day." It eventually sold over eight million sheet music copies and five million records. It was published in over sixty different arrangements for voices and instruments and in several foreign languages.

"A Perfect Day" held up so well as a beloved song that it had to be reissued in 1918. By this time the title had become a household phrase and the tune was recognized throughout the world. Only a few critics had ever panned the piece; Sigmund Spaeth referred to it as "the imperfect song."50

Several threats of lawsuits followed the first publication of "A Perfect Day." It seemed as though people were jealous of the
success it brought. Curious stories about when and how it had been written appeared in print and circulated in oral tradition. One wild story about its creation was that it was written while Carrie was honeymooning in the Swiss Alps. The newlyweds had supposedly climbed up a high peak when Carrie was suddenly inspired by a beautiful sunset. In her excitement, she embraced her husband in a fit of passion, causing him to lose his balance and fall of the cliff, dying instantly. Carrie, undaunted, was said to have rushed back to her hotel to write "This is the end of a perfect day . . ." Another apocryphal account appeared in a newspaper. It claimed that the song had been written while Carrie was a houseguest at the home of Colonel A. C. McIntire in Mendota, Illinois.

So many people knew the song, either by singing it or playing it, or by listening to it on the radio or records, that it entered the culture much in the same way as a folksong does. The title was often used in cartoons; one showed a smiling cherub in a bubble bath
in Killarney, singing "This is the end of a perfect day." Another shows a dozen drunken men spilling out of a taxicab singing the same phrase.53

Carrie was understandably upset at some of these uses. But she was honored when she heard it lovingly sung, in Jerusalem, Monte Carlo, Constantinople, Edinburgh, Dublin, and many other foreign cities. One special day, when Carrie was to be honored by a Los Angeles group, she arrived a little late for dinner. As she hurried down the hall she heard the orchestra playing her famous song, but the audience began laughing. Carrie was almost too upset to enter, but she swallowed her pride and went in. Later she found out that another guest of honor, an Austrian musician, had stood when "A Perfect Day" was played; then, he chided the audience for not standing during their national anthem.54

For many decades the song was played every evening on the chimes at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California where the text had been written. It was also played daily at the San
Francisco and San Diego International Expositions, and it was used in an English play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" by Sir James Barrie. Of course, it was sung in parlors and concert halls across the nation, even in the White House. It was the favorite song of President and Mrs. Warren Harding.

When the First World War began, the nation adopted the song as its "prayer." A more sober cartoon appeared in the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper. It showed a young soldier in a muddy trench, standing in the rain. His pipe is in one hand, in the other is a skillet in which he is trying to cook something over a very smoky fire. Bombs are exploding all around, and he is unshaven and disheveled. Through everything he is singing, and the song is "A Perfect Day."

Carrie received hundreds of letters during the war from people who had been moved by her song. She herself sang it with thousands of soldiers at camps across America. She republished the song in a special "Peace Edition" which featured the Statue of Liberty on a deep
blue cover. On Armistice Day, Fred Smith was in New York City when a hundred thousand people woke joyously through the streets, singing "When you come to the end of a perfect day." Carrie asked Fred if he had sung with them, and he said, "No, Mother, I cried." 58

"A Perfect Day" symbolized an expression of hope and thanksgiving for all people. The tune is memorable, its lyrical melody is easy enough for most people to sing, yet it is also a beautiful art song for solo singers. The text has a simple and deep appeal which can be felt by all. This song is the best example of why Carrie Jacobs-Bond was called "a great musician commoner," who built "... a democracy of songs." 59

The demand for this song alone put an incredible strain on the warehouse capacity of Carrie and Fred's business. The Bond Shop had indeed developed beyond all reasonable expectation; it was an amazing accomplishment for Carrie Jacobs-Bond. It received much attention from the press across the country. The Musical Observer in 1917 described it as having:
... striking originality of plan, the elegance of its appointments and the unique impression it conveys at first glance stamp it as one of the quaintest and most artistic establishments imaginable.

It continued:

The fittings are all carried out along lines of elegant, dignified simplicity, and all in mahogany. The feeling ... is one of restfulness, which can never be associated with any idea that the place has been established for mere commercial gain or profit ... Every package and every shelf are spotless. The employees are furnished with every possible convenience to lighten their work, and make it more agreeable, and it is the consideration of employees which has made them such enthusiastic workers for the Carrie Jacobs-Bond shop. Each employee receives two weeks' vacation and on Saturdays the store is closed the entire day during the summer months, and during the week, if all the orders have been filled, they declare it a day's work and most of the employees leave for home ... The entire business is under the active management of Mr. Fred Smith, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond's son, and his courteous treatment of the trade has won him many warm friends throughout the country, all of whom seem to feel it is a privilege to know such a congenial and pleasant businessman.

In interviews for articles such as these Carrie was careful to credit her son for much of the success of her business. Fred Smith must have been a pretty good manager, but Carrie was the artist, the genius of the operation.
This was apparent not only in her home decor, but in her office furnishings, her elegant clothing, and in her musical design.

The standard sheet music paper of the day was not good enough for Carrie. She insisted on using a very expensive, unusual quality stock which was heavier than most and textured, rather like wallpaper. The hand-painted design of wild flowers with the motto "as unpretentious as the Wild Rose" worked beautifully on this paper. The sheet music was instantly recognizable as Mrs. Bond's, and the fine quality of the stock enabled the music to hold up better than most other published songs, printed on cheaper paper. Thus her enterprise was distinguished by three distinctive and memorable characteristics, all of her making; the motif of the rose, the motto, and the quality of the paper. Her ideas had worked very well and she could finally relax and let Fred tend to the business.

In the early stages of the meteoric rise of "A Perfect Day" to international acclaim, Carrie received a royalty check for $8,500.
She was spending the winter in California, and she decided to do something extravagant to surprise Fred on his coming visit. So she purchased one of the currently fashionable electric motor cars. Learning to operate it was another matter, and Carrie had an unfortunate mishap her first time out. A policeman signaled her to stop at a busy Los Angeles intersection, but she overshot the line by about ten feet. The officer ordered her to back up, but upon glancing behind, Carrie thought she would surely lose control and hit someone. She refused to back up the car, and a dramatic scene ensued. The policeman threatened to take her to jail, so she accepted, insisting that he ride with her. He was so embarrassed that he climbed in and off they went. A mortified Carrie Jacobs-Bond was detained at the station for several hours until her lawyer smoothed things out, and a sympathetic trooper lent her the money for a fine. The incident was so painful to Carrie that she snuck out of town with a friend and hid in Grossmount for two weeks. 62
Back in Illinois, a startled Fred Smith saw the following headline on his way to work the next day: "Carrie Jacobs-Bond Arrested In Los Angeles." After picking up the paper and reading the account Fred, always a clever promoter, saw the potential value of the story and he sent releases to newspapers around the world. Fred agreed with P. T. Barnum's philosophy that "all publicity is good publicity, even when it's bad publicity." 63

Another and much more serious headline shocked Americans in May of 1915. A German submarine torpedoed the British Cunard liner, the Lusitania. 128 of the 197 Americans aboard lost their lives. Elbert and Alice Hubbard were two who died. Carrie Jacobs-Bond had performed at the Roycroft Shop just a few days before the Hubbards left on their ill-fated journey. When Carrie went to say goodbye to Elbert after this performance she couldn't find him. Elbert Junior explained that his father had been upset and had jumped on his horse and left, shouting back to his son to please "say goodbye to Carrie for me." 64
During the years when America was undecided about entering the war, Carrie spent more time writing songs than traveling. She wrote "O Time! Take Me Back" and "The Cottage in God's Garden," which was dedicated to Fred Smith. She had made it a point not to write patriotic songs, but she finally had to express herself in this way. Carrie had written a "child-song" in 1902 called "His Buttons Are Marked U. S." It expressed the confusion of a young person whose father was going into the service. In 1918 Carrie reissued the songs, and she also published "We Are All Americans," "Democracy," and "My Son." The "Democracy" number was a first prize winner in a contest judged by none other than Sigmund Spaeth, the man who had once panned "A Perfect Day."65 (The manuscripts were submitted to the judges unsigned.) "My Son" is a virtuosic solo which was sung frequently by Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heinck, to whom it is dedicated. The poem tells of the fear of a mother as her boy goes off to war; it ends happily upon his safe return.
When the war ended Carrie returned to her normal touring schedule. She introduced two of her new songs at the Mission Inn in 1919. The Riverside audience was very proud of "their" celebrity. She had written the song that had made their Inn and their little town famous. The local newspaper mentioned the beauty and simplicity of Carrie's songs and ventured further, describing the sheer power of her performances in these words:

There is a heart throb that no listener ever fails to feel acutely . . . 66

The State Federation of Musical Clubs honored several California composers at its annual convention in Oakland in 1919. Carrie Jacobs-Bond shared the laurels with Charles Wakefield Cadman and Gertrude Ross, and she also had the opportunity to meet some rising new singers, Anna Rozena Sprotte and Grace Mabee. 67

Carrie was 58 years old in 1920 when Variety announced that she would soon go into vaudeville. The F. F. Proctor's Amusement Enterprises sent her a contract, which was drawn up by Harry Weber, theatrical manager, on October 27, 1920. 68
Smith had long tried to protect his mother from any possible further embarrassment on the vaudeville stage, and it is not clear when and under what circumstances Carrie signed this agreement. Fred may have hidden the original contract, but Harry Weber was a persistent man, and he finally got through to Carrie herself. By this time Carrie no longer had to prove herself. She was known throughout the world and beloved by thousands of people. She was also in a position to command a high fee, and so, of course, she was game for the experience.69

Carrie signed up to do a maximum of fourteen performances per week for a three month run. Her weekly salary was to be $750. The other two celebrities who shared the stage with her were Ernest Thomson Seton and Helen Keller. Carrie was in one of her fragile stages during this period. She complained of feeling poorly and insisted on very courteous treatment from the vaudeville people. She engaged a young singer, Lois Bennett, to assist her during performances. It did not really
occur to Carrie that the structure of vaudeville runs would not bend to her needs or whims. The first time that Carrie was to have a rehearsal with an orchestra, she arrived too late and missed it. That evening she had to play "A Perfect Day" on the piano with the orchestral accompaniment in public for the first time, absolutely cold. She was plenty nervous, and to top it all off, she had noticed a gaudy sign, "Carrie Jacobs-Bond: The Grand Old Lady of Songdom," in the front of the theatre when she arrived. Carrie was horrified and insisted that it be removed. It was not until years later that she discovered that Fred Smith had arranged that the vaudeville people could instead project the same message on the drop curtain at the back of the stage just before Carrie's act.70

Carrie also did a vaudeville appearance with Eddie Foy, the "world's greatest buffoon," in Washington, D. C.71 The B. F. Keith Theatre newsletter ran an article about Carrie, promoting her as "one of America's immortal geniuses" and citing the incredible achievements
she had made as a composer, poet, publisher, and performer. The writer boasted that Carrie's "A Perfect Day" was passed from person to person across the nation, and that it was "safe to say that half the nation have sung or played or whistled this remarkable song . . ." It described the appeal of the Bond songs as the "sort that send one home with a band of happiness encircling the heart."72

Back in California Carrie participated in many charity drives, offering her talents for benefit performances for various groups. One such appearance was for the Western Motion Pictures Advertisers of Warner Brothers Studio. The double bill featured Carrie in a live performance, followed by a film showing of "Mighty Lak' A Rose."73 Considering the title of the song, it was an apt match. This amazing woman, herself "as unpretentious as the Wild Rose," had come a vast distance since she borrowed $250 from Jesse Bartlett Davis to save her fledgling publishing company.
CHAPTER V

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME!

1921-1929
Carrie was still traveling back and forth between Chicago and California, and doing lots of touring besides. She began to feel somewhat rootless; she was now 58 years old, and her son Fred was 38. Fred and Betty Smith had lost their first born child, Fred Smith Jr., shortly after his birth in 1917. The baby was buried in the Oak Hill Cemetery in Janesville, Wisconsin. Fred and Betty lived in Chicago, but they visited Carrie in California when they could.

It was natural for Carrie to become heavily involved in the life of the community wherever she resided. In California she was one of the founding members of the Hollywood Bowl. She was very proud of the cultural and artistic activities that drew such a huge audience response and support there. She was a favorite entertainer there too. In the summer of 1921 she played an afternoon concert for over 9,000 people at the Bowl.\(^1\)

Carrie had been concertizing up and down the state for several years. She was beginning to be called a "California composer." She had
heard a lot about the beauty of the southernmost part of the state, and one year she left with a group of friends on a leisurely motor trip to San Diego. Along the way her party visited Mount Helix, a high point overlooking La Jolla, San Diego, Point Loma, Coronado Beach, the Pacific Ocean, the bay and the Mexican islands. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was completely overcome at the thrilling majesty of the spot. She knew that she had found the site of her dreams and that this was where she wanted to build a home. By coincidence, the owner of the surrounding land had been planning to sell lots in the hopes of developing an artist's colony. Carrie couldn't afford to build immediately, but she did have the $1,700 to buy the lot, which she did.

For four years I built a house on that spot -- all in my mind, of course.²

Ten years after Walter Gale had first bought an interest in the Carrie Jacobs-Bond Publishing Company, he bought yet another share, this time for $8,500. The royalties from the Bond songs were also bringing sub-
stantial monies into the business, and it was not long before Carrie was able to establish a new home plus a vacation home on the West Coast. But Carrie missed her son very much. She was torn between her loneliness, her lack of contact with the Bond Shop and her love of the sunny climate of California. Sometime in 1922 Carrie decided that the Bond Shop should move to California with her.

Fred and Betty Smith had had a daughter Elizabeth in 1921. They were good sports about moving to the West Coast. It provided them with an opportunity to try some other business ventures. Fred was a very social person; he became involved in Los Angeles circles and was soon elected president of the Hollywood Athletic Club.

The Bond Shop was established in a row of quaint looking English style shops on Highland Avenue. The block of buildings was brick with gabled peaked roofs, striped awnings, and lush greenery trailing the walls. It was a very elegant, final home for the publishing business of Carrie Jacobs-Bond and Son.
Carrie was 60 and Fred Smith was 40. They had both worked very long and hard to establish a flourishing business. Although Carrie confessed to insecurity about her abilities as a business manager, it is really not certain whether Carrie or Fred held the upper hand in the finances of the Bond enterprise. Carrie was supposedly living on an allowance, which was determined by Fred and Walter Gale, who jointly handled her investments. Carrie said that the best thing she had ever "let anyone do for her" was to let Fred set up a trust fund to take care of her in her old age. She called herself "profligate" in money matters, prone to give away to charities and neglect her own debts because of disorganization or absent-mindedness. After living through years of poverty in Chicago Carrie had no desire to do so again:

> We can be what we want to be,
> despite everything.
> If we set our minds and hearts on it.
> Adversity is an opportunity.
> I'm glad I've been poor; it makes one more human.
> But I don't want to be starving poor any more.
Carrie did not have any worries about starving by 1922. But she had peaked as a composer, and her public personality encompassed many other aspects. She was in high demand as a speaker and performer, and people valued her opinions very highly. Her world of friends included many people in the world of literature as well as musicians and high society types. In California she socialized with Charles Kellogg, Lloyd Douglas, Christine Witherell Stevenson, all writers, Paul DeLongpre, painter, and several up and coming film stars such as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Buddy Rogers.

The Bond Shop at Highland Avenue boasted fine offices for both Fred and Carrie. It also served as a literary haven for booklovers, and a showcase for many promising authors. It did not serve in the same capacity as the Chicago shops had done, however. It was very difficult to keep enough stock ready to ship to the East Coast. Within three months of its beginning it changed character. Gustave Schirmer, a friend of Carrie's, offered to buy the
publishing rights of all the Bond music for
the Boston Music Company. His firm was having
hard times, and he thought it would be wise to
capture such a lucrative account. Carrie was
tired of the problems and responsibility of
the business, so she agreed to sell to Schir-
mer, on the condition that the music always
be credited to Carrie Jacobs-Bond and Son,
and then imprinted with the Boston Music Com-
pany seal. Heaven knows how Fred Smith felt
about the sale. He had just uprooted his
family and moved to Los Angeles. This sudden
change of plans meant that he had to establish
a new career.

The Hollywood Bond Shop remained open
as an outlet for retail music and book sales.
Next door Fred and Betty Smith opened a tea
shoppe. Originally furnished with small round
wooden tables and comfortable chairs, the shop
was decorated with autographed pictures of
popular Hollywood personalities. It soon be-
came a hangout for many artists. In time, Fred
decided to experiment with a new idea, and
renamed the enterprise the Betty Bolton Shoppe.
Large glass containers of fresh candies graced
the counters, fancy ice cream dishes were created for the customers, and Fred devoted his time to opening branch operations. These endeavors were quite successful. Fred and Betty lived in a lovely house in Beverly Hills, and they were able to afford a nursemaid for little Elizabeth. Dorothy Smith Hawkes, Elizabeth's half-sister, was a frequent houseguest.

While the Smiths were settling into their new life in Los Angeles, Carrie was building her dream house. She decided on a modest, shingled bungalow which could capitalize on the extraordinary view. She called the house "Nest-o'-Rest," and exulted about "home."

Home -- the greatest word in our language, isn't it? It means mother, love, inspiration, hope, purity, power, all of which prove conclusively the existence of a Supreme Human Being. 6

Mr. Fletcher, the dreamer developer of the San Diego artists' colony, had managed to sell several other lots to well-known musicians. Before long Carrie's illustrious neighbors included Madame Amelia Galli-Curci, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Gertrude Ross, and Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heinck.
Nest-o'-Rest was decorated in shades of yellow and roseate pink. Wood paneling was abundant; a tile fireplace dominated the living room. The furniture was mostly gay wicker in pale grey hues. The outstanding feature of the home was an expanse of windows of plate glass framed in pine. Carrie called these windows her "$10,000,000 painting." This magnificent art gallery let all within see "the pictures which were painted by the Great Master."7 Carrie wrote a poem for the Old Man to read which described the view at Nest-o'-Rest:

Could your painter begin to do pictures To compare with the beauty o' there? Could he do in a lifetime of tryin' Anything like my flowers and my trees? If he could, a' I don't say he couldn't, There is one thing I know mighty well -- He may paint things that look like my pictures, But he can't give them life nor their smell.

And talkin' about your originals, My painter just paints things for true; He never made copies of his work Every one of his pictures is new. So I'll just take my own little gallery And look through my framin' of pine To my shadows made bright by the sunlight And I know everyone of 'em's fine. And I bet that I've got a collection
Beatin' any collection for show
Cause my gallery holds nothin' but treasures
That was all painted careful and slow. 8

Nest-o'-Rest was snuggled between two boulders; the largest room that could fit there measures forty feet by twenty nine feet. The contractors, Davis and Brennan from La Mesa, designed this large room to take the best advantage of the view by having twenty sliding windows installed in lieu of walls.

The house had modern conveniences, but guests were usually entertained by candlelight, while an aroma or eucalyptus logs in the fireplace drifted through the rooms.

No one was allowed to sleep very late at Nest-o'-Rest, because Carrie insisted that every new guest rise in time to see the glorious sunrise. Nights were beautiful too. Many times the best known voices in the world of music projected from the top of Mount Helix late at night, spinning over the lights of the city below. 9

Carrie used Nest-o'-Rest as a vacation hideaway. Her main base of operation was Los
Angeles and Hollywood. It is interesting that she was able to engineer and maintain her career from the West Coast. While California was the place to be as far as the movie industry was concerned, New York was really the center for composers and musicians.

Of course most of Carrie's composing was done before 1910. After this peak of songwriting activity she leveled off to publishing an average of four songs per year. Some of the earlier songs had continued popularity. "I Love You Truly" was sung at countless weddings, including the first marriage of Shirley Temple. Thousands wept when "Just A-Wearyin' For You" was sung at the memorial service for Will Rogers. And "A Perfect Day" maintained a remarkable sales volume. Carrie was coasting on her royalties, but not content to stay dormant for long. When she wasn't composing she was touring.

In 1923 she made an extensive East Coast trip, performing in Chattanooga on the way to engagements in Pennsylvania and New York. By this time in her life she was accustomed to
having a companion at all times. An old Janesville friend, Mrs. Bostwick, accompanied her on the tour. Back in Hollywood, a new house companion tended to her home and pet. Carrie was worried about Esther Fairbanks, her newest employee, and she wrote her frequent letters. Fred Smith had written to his mother, telling her that Esther seemed quite lonely and homesick. She was part of the Alaskan Fairbanks family, and had been recommended by her sister Lulu, a dear friend of Carrie's.

Carrie's letters to Esther Fairbanks typically begin in a self-pitying fashion. She may express some concern for her companion in California, by always reminds her that she too, Carrie Jacobs-Bond, is not quite well. Her malaise probably stems from over-exertion rather than illness; she plans to spend the next week in a rest cure; and so on. ¹¹

Esther had her hands full back in Hollywood. Penny, Carrie's dog, was not house-broken. Carrie loved the animal so much that she dreamt about her each night, and always asked about her in the letters. She also
asked about her "precious little granddaugh-
ter," Elizabeth.

By the time that Carrie got to the offices of the Boston Music Company she was evidently feeling much better. She wrote to Esther saying that she was:

. . . the busiest woman you ever knew -- music, playwrights coming to see me; the title pages; new music; radio concerts -- three within next week . . . 12

Carrie had a piano in her hotel room and she had even written a new composition while she was there. 1923 was a good year for publishing; Carrie brought out five new pieces.

One of the 1923 songs was entitled "Little Lost Youth of Me." Carrie found the words in the Good Housekeeping magazine.13 The wistful poem touched Carrie, because it so poignantly expressed the sadness of lost youth. Its message was one which could be felt or understood by most people who have left their first few decades behind. Carrie set it to a plaintive tune and had it introduced by Madame Irene Pavloski, "who sings it most beautifully."14
Shortly before this tour of the East, Carrie had the opportunity to explain her ideas about song writing in an article in *Etude* magazine:

*A song without appeal is dead... It must have the human touch. Why is it you sing a simple song or whistle a familiar tune? Most often it is to cheer yourself, sometimes because you are especially happy, but if the little song brings a picture to your memory of a little incident, then it has found its mission. Most people feel instinctively that music is the natural source of expression. The result is song. If you are musical and know how, you can perhaps preserve the sentiment and the melody of your own thoughts; and this is the basis of the highest musical composition, whether you are a MacDowell or a Stephen Foster. The multitude needs music--perhaps more than the cultured few. This inference had been the working principle of my life, to supply that need out of my own heart, and now I feel that if I were given my own choice, I would say, 'Let me write the simple songs for the people rather than the intricate and curious pieces which only the critics extol for their eccentricities."

Although Carrie was pining for days gone by in her latest songs, and fretting about her failing health in her letters, she still had more than twenty years of productive life ahead of her.
Early in her career, as an aspiring composer and performer, Carrie had been well supported by the women's club movement. Now she was often being sought after by these groups as a treasured speaker and celebrity. In 1924 she was commissioned by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs to write a theme song. Carrie wrote the words and music of "The Golden Key," a song which exemplified the values of hard work and faith in God. She was invited to countless occasions to talk about the song and to hear it performed. Carrie said:

In regard to women's clubs, personally, I owe them a great debt. I do not know for how many I have sung in the last 20 years nor of how many I am an honorary member, but through this experience I have found that my simple home songs have made an appeal. 16

The strenuous lifestyle of touring again caught up with Carrie and she booked a long ocean voyage upon doctor's orders. She visited Constantinople, Jerusalem and Cairo, and then went on to the Orient. In Shanghai she decided to buy one of the lovely canaries, because its song was so beautiful. The bird in the
cage attracted other wild members of his species, and Carrie ended up with three by the time her ship, the Pacific Mail Liner, President Wilson, docked in San Francisco.  

Thousands of people across the country and in many parts of the world recognized the name Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Someone once asked Mussolini who his favorite American was, and he answered "That is easy . . . Carrie Jacobs-Bond." The questioner was quite surprised and remarked:

That is unusual. Most people would say 'One of the Roosevelts,' or 'Lincoln,' or somebody like that.

But Mussolini said that the first two songs he ever learned on his violin were "I Love You Truly" and "A Perfect Day." He continued:

Anyone that [sic] can produce such marvelous music is my favorite, and I want to play it over and over again. I do not care anything about who is President of the United States. They come and go . . . But, music such as our grand opera that originated in Italy, or such as the music of your composers in America, lives and will always live.  

So Carrie had the great fortune to have her music widely circulated and beloved while
she was still actively composing. Most composers are better known after their deaths. But Carrie was also respected for her moral philosophy and sage advice. She was even asked to write scholarly articles occasionally, and she did so with great aplomb. In May of 1925 she wrote a comprehensive piece on "Armenian Music" for the Overland Monthly and Out West magazine. She had been very moved by the spirit of joy in the music and people of Turkey. Carrie had visited orphanages where the children had fine musical training and even constructed their own instruments. She reported that it was a custom to give blind boys the best musical training, because they could play before mixed audiences (since they could not see women who were protected by the veil.) Carrie's article demonstrates the ability to express and share her keen insights and humanitarian interests through her writing.¹⁹

Carrie was restless and did not publish any more songs in 1924. In the fall she toyed with the idea of opening an antique shop which
would feature art objects from around the world. She had collected many fine pieces, particularly from the Orient. The shop didn't materialize, perhaps because Carrie got an interesting new job offer.

John Anson Ford, newspaperman, was impressed with the writings of Carrie Jacobs-Bond, and he asked her if she would consider writing a syndicated column. Carrie was delighted and she began a new career, preparing "Friendly Preachments" each week. This challenge inspired Carrie to dig out poems she had written years before, and to organize her thinking and opinion about current lifestyles. The columns were little gems of homely advice tinged with nostalgia for a bygone era. Carrie talked about the simple pleasures which were available to all who would just notice them:

Every morning the roses in my Hollywood garden turn their sweet faces toward the light of the rising sun. Folks are just like that. How often I have seen folks about me reflect hope and good cheer when I was able to show it in my face. And how often I have gone through a whole, long, hard day more cheerful and more courageous just because of the hope that
I saw in the face of a friend,
or of my own boy by my side. 21

Carrie discussed sympathy, the humble
and understanding natures of truly great
artists, the friendliness of neighbors, the
joy of pets, common courtesies, and the tonic
of humor. She used the format to present
her disdain for "cosmetic coverups," the cur-
rent fashion of young women to use excessive
beauty preparations:

The men I know . . . are looking for
the girl who can think, and who can
'stick to her ideals' as well as
make up beautifully . . . 22

Many of the "Friendly Preachments" were
allegorical, and some expressed irony. "Excess
Baggage" describes the lengthy preparations
some people make before vacations:

One must show forethought, and plan,
it is true, but everyone should learn
to travel shorn of dragging odds and
ends which clutter up the baggage,
the time and the lives! It's the
same thing with life's journey . . . 23

Sometimes Carrie dealt with troubling
subjects, and occasionally she used the column
to let off a little steam. The moral tone was
still reminiscent of a proper Victorian lady,
and she frequently touted the values of home and hearth, but she was able to poke fun at the excessive homemaker:

Homemakers have an irritating way of getting in a rut; they are mighty particular about moths and fussy about mildew, but it never occurs to them apparently, that there are furnishings in their mental equipment which are more than mildewed, and sadly in need of being aired, sunned, and then given to the junk man, along with the cracked bowls and wobbly stools . . .

In 1920 Carrie Jacobs-Bond was interviewed by *Etude* magazine on the topic of musical composition as a profession for women. The great debate of the turn of the century about women composers had abated with the advent of World War I. Women had entered the working force in large numbers and their considerable contributions to our country during the war finally persuaded Congress to pass the nineteenth amendment to the Constitution, granting women the right to vote. Although Carrie had never been active in the suffrage movement, she did have to make public statements justifying her unusual activities as a working woman. In order
to do that, she fell back on her nineteenth century Victorian upbringing and its values, saying:

Of course, one of the first things a woman has to encounter or had to encounter a few years ago, was the idea that she should only be a homemaker and that she could not possibly do anything else, that that would occupy her entire time. This idea has passed, and the world is beginning to see that a woman can be the best kind of homemaker and mother and at the same time a successful professional woman. In fact, we all know and believe that the best place on earth is home, and that the woman who does make of herself a real homemaker and a mother who has the confidence of her children is the one most capable and efficient in going into the world as a professional woman.25

The ladies in Janesville, Wisconsin were reading Carrie's columns, and several of them started scrapbook collections of news clippings. On September 26, 1927, the historical site committee of the Eastern Star erected a boulder and plaque at the former home of "their illustrious celebrity." 150 people attended the ceremony. Mr. V. F. Richardson gave the main address of the day, beginning with a historical statement about "song's place" in the world. He ended with this tribute:
We are met here today to do honor to one of our friends who is a sweet singer of the homely fireside songs that move our hearts. Her songs have been sung in every clime, and by all people. She had that divine touch that makes the heart strings vibrate to all the gentle lovable sentiments of home. And it is especially fitting that these exercises should be held here and this memorial erected here, her first home. Many people will journey to this place as to a shrine and will carry away from here some of that peace and strength that comes from a frank expression of beauty and love.26

The plaque proudly read "The Birthplace of Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Composer, August 11, 1862."

It was pictured in books on Wisconsin tours, and many people visited.

The Ladies Home Journal asked Carrie to write her autobiography. She did, and it was so lengthy that it had to be presented in installments. The next logical step was to present it in book form; The Roads of Melody: My Story was published in 1927 by the Appleton Century Publishing Company. Carrie also wrote several children's books at this time, including The Little Monkey with the Sad Face and Stories for Children.27
When the Atwater Kent Foundation decided to have a contest for young singers, they naturally called on Carrie to be the California division chairperson. One of the rules of the contest was that the singer must never have sung in any state except his own home state. Carre was very excited about this program; it provided a real opportunity for talented young people. It had also built in an equal chance for performers of both sexes; there were ten prizes, the first two were $5,000 each to a boy and a girl and two years of study at "the best conservatory of music in the world." There were over 1,400 entries and Carrie personally answered letters from aspiring hopefuls.

1927 was a busy year of writing, traveling, and receiving honors. The Los Angeles Breakfast Club presented the "Shrine of Friendship" medal to Carrie. She was included in Who's Who in America, and became a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. A new song, "Lazy River," was composed during Carrie's first trip to Alaska. During the
Christmas holidays, Carrie was back in the East visiting friends and relatives. She decided to drop by and see John McCutcheon when she was in Chicago, but he was not at home.

Upon her return to California Carrie wrote to McCutcheon, chiding him in an amusing manner:

I have come into your port on your schooner in the offing; and our ship bumped its nose against your coral rocks and we came back and had a little time passing you 'low, rakish craft,' landing at the watch tower where they said they were sorry you were not at home . . . The disappointment of not finding you at home was made easier by having something new to think about. I read all the little signs along the shore as earnestly as I did on my trip up the Rhine, and I presume it did me as much good in a way for everybody was out in all the castles on that trip.28

In April of 1928 Carrie fell at home, spraining her ankle. She continued writing, dictating her letters and columns to a secretary. A former Chicago friend, John Stahl, was corresponding regularly with Carrie at this time. Stahl had retired to Florida and he was writing his autobiography. He and
Carrie had been building their careers at about the same time in Chicago; Stahl was curious as to just which of Carrie's songs was published first and how she came to begin her own company. Carrie told him in a letter:

The very first of my songs to be published were 'Is My Dolly Dead?' and eleven songs which were really stolen from me and of which I never speak, and my book of seven songs which included 'I Love You Truly,' 'Shadows,' 'Just A-Wearyin' For You,' which are among my best known compositions.

When Carrie was idle or laid up in bed, time weighed heavily on her hands and she became cranky and self-pitying. Of course she expected her son Fred and his wife Betty to visit and comfort her. Carrie's relationship with her second daughter-in-law was better than the first, but it still had moments of great strain. Betty Smith was a cheerful, unassuming woman. She loved being a homemaker and had no strong aspirations to be a professional woman. But she supported and helped Fred in his business ventures, and she exhibited a great flare for fashionable clothing. Carrie
Jacobs-Bond was forever asking for her daughter-in-law's advice on fashion matters and she frequently rushed about trying to purchase an exact copy of a dress Betty had just bought. Betty Smith found this form of flattery disconcerting.

Once Betty dared to compose and publish a little song, much to the dismay of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. No woman who was closely related to the indomitable great lady of song was supposed to compete with her for public attention, and her daughter-in-law was even writing music. A more direct affront was not possible. Carrie's close female relatives were expected to be subservient, to support and care for her.

In the summer of 1928 Carrie had recuperated sufficiently to travel back East to Janesville. She was most anxious to see the plaque at her birthplace and to see the Bostwicks, Mrs. C. S. Putnam, and Mary Doty, her childhood friends. It was not merely a pleasure trip, however, because Carrie was also scheduled to do a radio broadcast at the Wrigley station in Chicago.
At this time her old friend Victor Sincere was traveling on a crowded boat to Alaska. He was approached by a little white haired lady who introduced herself as Gertie Cummings. The gentle lady knew of Sincere's friendship with Carrie Jacobs-Bond, and she wanted to confess that she had been the teenaged girl who had given Dr. Bond his fatal shove. Miss Cummings had suffered all her life with that horrible memory. 30

Fred Smith remained in California that summer, troubled by impending blindness. Things were not going well for him financially, in addition to his problems with his health. The chain of candy stores did not turn out to be as lucrative as he had hoped. As he thought back over the course of his life Fred must have felt that he had reached his peak several years ago and his life was now headed downhill. He had spent his early years divided between his real father and a new stepfather. Then he suddenly became the man of the house as a young teenager. Fred tried very hard to help his mother in every way possible, devoting his
life to her. He quit school after the eighth grade in order to take a job and put any educational ambitions behind him. He had taken engineering courses and even had a couple of years to himself working on the railroad. But his independence was short-lived. Carrie called Fred back to help in her publishing business, and he became forever hooked into a familial partnership. Although Carrie Jacobs-Bond's future was reasonably secure financially, Fred Smith's was not.31

Sometime in 1928 he suffered serious financial reverses, and the Smith family had to give up their palatial Beverly Hills home and their hired help. Fred Smith began to develop frequent stomach pain. He entered the hospital for treatment of what was suspected to be appendicitis. An incurable cancer was diagnosed instead. Fred became severely depressed and distraught. One day he went up to his San Bernardino Mountain cabin to get away from everything. He put a record of his mother's song "A Perfect Day" on the phonograph and he played it over and over. The phonograph
needle was worn out and bent when Smith was found there, dead by his own hand. 32

Los Angeles was shocked. Fred Smith had been a very successful, popular man. His widow was left to cope with straightening out the business matters and caring for young Elizabeth. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was absolutely crushed. She bitterly blamed her daughter-in-law for Fred's unhappiness. She hastily made arrangements for Fred to be buried in a nearby cemetery, Forest Lawn, and she ceased all professional activity.

Carrie's sorrow and anger led her to search for ways she might "contact" Fred. She talked to mystics and psychics; she held seances. She could not let go of Fred, even in death. She experienced strange events, one day finding a piece of jewelry she had given him under her pillow. Betty Smith was concerned about Carrie, but she was also afraid to let Elizabeth spend too much time around her grandmother while she was in such an upset state. Carrie's friends finally convinced her
to take another "rest cure" trip, the early
twentieth century cure for the sick, the
tired, and the bereaved.33

Since Carrie was incapable of writing
her newspaper column, the editor of the paper
wrote an explanation, saying that she had
taken:

. . . a leisurely and health-giving
sea voyage from Los Angeles to New
York, stopping at many quaint and
colorful ports on her journey to
and through the Panama Canal. It
was a journey that helped restore
a heart that was almost crushed.
Soon Mrs. Bond will be returning to
her home and its inevitably sad mem-
ories. To those many readers who
have followed her Friendly Preachments
column from week to week, we venture
to suggest that few things in this
earth would do more to cheer her
brave sad heart than words of appre-
ciation and cheer from her far flung
audience. Even during her first weeks
of blinding grief at home and on the
sea she has sought to send her weekly
messages of faith and courage to her
great invisible company of 'dear friends'
which is the way in which she considers
all her readers.34

John Anson Ford reprinted some of Carrie’s
earlier columns during the times she could not
come up with anything new. Shortly after Fred's
death, the editor ran a previously unpublished
poem "To My Son," which Carrie had written as a
tribute for one of Fred's birthdays. The paper noted that a framed copy had hung above Fred Smith's bed. It read:

That every joy you've ever known 
Since first you came to me 
That as I look back there's a mist 
But through it I can see 
A little baby's wondrous face 
Can touch a baby's hand 
And feel a little beating heart 
My own can understand.

I wonder if you'll really know 
You've been the world to me 
Through every moment of my life 
Yours is the face I see 
That every joy you've ever known 
And every sorrow too 
Has touched the very soul of me 
For I am part of you.

I wonder if you can believe 
That I would really give 
My life and every hope through death 
That you, my son, might live 
And now I know in all this world 
That I can never find 
A son more gentle or more true 
And no one half so kind

You helped me bear my burdens well 
Through glorious struggling years 
'Twas you who brought me happy days 
And wiped away my tears, 
All this is what I think of you, 
No matter what I say, 
So, dear God, bless my only son 
On this his own birthday.
Fred Smith had been the only constant in Carrie's life. She had demanded and received his utmost loyalty. Many years before Carrie had written a monologue "That Smith Boy and His Mother," about their unique closeness. Now he was gone. In death, as in life, she "smother-loved" him, tormenting the Forest Lawn staff by having his remains moved from site to site, always seeking a better resting place. Carrie had now lost all the close men in her life and Fred had meant more to her than any other, even her husband.

An Iron River woman who was a close friend to Carrie Jacobs-Bond in the last years of her life wrote to me:

Her love for her son was such that I feel it may have caused his suicide. She got daily notes from him, even after his marriage. I wonder if there were an Oedipus complex involved?

Carrie could not concentrate on her work and took one cruise after another in an effort to deal with her grief. On August 4, 1929, she wrote to John Anson Ford from the Warwick Arms Hotel in England, asking him how long she
had to get him some columns. She begged him to "please be particular in seeing they are O.K." She also said that it was ". . . a great effort . . . to take interest in anything . . . " but she was trying. 38

One day on the deck of a ship a friend handed Carrie a book, When Rome Burns by Alexander Woolcote. Carrie had been so pensive she needed distraction. A passage in the book seemed to speak directly to her, and she wrote to the author:

On page 306 was something which gave me a great deal of comfort. I quote, 'I would like, on some other page and date, to discuss the smug arrogance of those busybodies who always speak of self-destruction as if it were a shameful thing.' I know something of the sorrow of these things -- the one I loved best gave his life as a sacrifice. 39

After Fred Smith's suicide, Betty Bolton Harper Smith struggled to settle his business affairs. She eventually met Carl Walters, through a former lawyer friend of Fred's. Walters was the son of a Methodist minister. He was an exceptionally compassionate person and he and Betty fell in love and were married. 40
In the last few years of his life Fred Smith had assumed the responsibility of supporting and caring for his own father, Edward Smith. The elder Smith had been abandoned by his second family in Wisconsin and he had come to California, hoping to be near Fred. Edward Smith took a job in the warehouse of a big department store. Now Carl Walters assumed responsibility for Edward Smith, as well as helping his new wife Betty create a happy home for Elizabeth.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond did not feel like writing any music. She was almost at a loss as to how to deal with her emotions. One day, she was up and about planning her next trip and playing with her pet dog Michael; the next, she was flat on her back unable to stir under the weight of self-pity. It took almost two years before she recovered sufficiently to resume her former pace of activity.

When Carrie next visited Janesville in 1931 she was interviewed by Janesville Gazette reporter Peg O'Brien. Miss O'Brien denied in her article the reports which stated Mrs. Bond
would never write another song. She cited the health problems which had plagued Carrie for so long, and she told the public about a new poem, "Lovely Hour," which Carrie had just written in memory of Fred. She also printed this statement from Carrie:

To say that I am inconsolable because of my son's death is untrue . . . How could I have lived this long if that were true? I am resigned to his death and since he went away I have had time to reflect of God's goodness in giving me such a wonderful son. He was with me for more than 40 years and I am sure we will be together again in a few years.41

Carrie was finally ready to go back to work, and she had lots more to do.
CHAPTER VI

TIME ON HER HANDS

1929-1940
It was still the fashion in the early twentieth century for serious musicians to spend some time studying in Europe. Of course Carrie Jacobs-Bond had never had such an opportunity, but now time hung a little heavier, and she decided to make up for her lack of formal training. Carrie sailed off to Europe for a summer of study at the Salzburg Song Festival and the Austrian-American Conservatory of Music in 1929.

Before she went, she was honored by the Club Presidents' Association at the Hotel Stevens in Chicago. Two Pulitzer Prize winners, Margaret Ayers Barnes and Bernadette Schmitt, and midwest author Opie Read, shared the kudos. Upon her return from Austria, Carrie was honored by the Rubenstein Club in New York City.¹

The American public was quite concerned about their "gallant lady of song." They were anxious for any good word about Carrie's travels, honors and works. While the Bond songs continued to sell, there were no new ones being published. Carrie had been unable to write
music after Fred's death. People were reas-
Sured, however, when an article, "Fortunes
Made By Songs," appeared in newspapers across
the country in March of 1929. The writer
called Mrs. Bond a "clever exploitation mana-
ger" and said she was "rated as a millionaire,"
although he qualified that to include her real
estate holdings. 2

It she couldn't write, at least she had
no financial worries. Indeed, Carrie had been
very careful in preparing for her security by
buying property. Her dream vacation home,
Nest-o'-Rest, was in San Diego, but Carrie also
began buying bungalows in Hollywood in 1928.
She evidently waited until the late twenties
before building a custom home. It was also
on Pinehurst, and was appropriately named "End
of the Road."

When John Anson Ford and his wife Lois paid
a visit to Carrie's new home, they described
it as an adventure. 3 The Fords turned off of
one of Hollywood's busiest thoroughfares onto
a short street which connected with Pinehurst,
a dead end road. The street was tucked between
two hills, sheltered by cedars, eucalyptus and pine trees. It inclined slightly to an abrupt end. High above, a wood-colored house peaked through the heavy foliage. Brick stairs led up from the street, curving and turning as they made their way to the high perch which overlooked Hollywood church towers, office buildings, and ribbony roads.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond had planned this home to be a sanctuary. It was also "the little house that grew," because she restlessly added rooms in every possible direction. The music room had redwood walls and a vaulted ceiling. A red and blue Turkish rug graced the floor, and the grand piano was the resting place for many autographed pictures, including one of Teddy Roosevelt. An oil portrait of Hannibal Jacobs was hung over the fireplace. Several Oriental pieces of furniture and art objects were included in the decor.

When Carrie received guests she usually entertained in the music room. Her treasured Chinese cook served tea and biscuits and company was often treated to a little music too.
When the Fords visited, the Austrian singer Josef Disday charmed them by singing some of Carrie's songs. "End of the Road" was the setting for many musicales. Carrie loved to be supportive of struggling artists and arranged many benefit affairs.

Because of Carrie's illnesses, it was necessary to install an invalid's elevator. The house had many levels, and each floor opened out onto a lovely garden. Carrie's favorite garden was dedicated to Frank Lewis Bond, the husband she had lost over thirty years before, and for whom she still pined.

When Carrie was not entertaining, she was playing with her dog Michael or planning another trip. Animals were very important to Carrie and this pet stayed with her for fourteen years. Michael gave Carrie some very needed warmth and pleasure. He also served as inspiration for her to begin writing again. In 1930 Carrie began to write his autobiography. She was convinced that he recognized certain tunes on the piano and was therefore a remarkable pet. Carrie was working
on this book when she embarked on another ocean voyage to Europe.

This time she visited Ireland. Carrie found the countryside to be very relaxing. It was a good thing, because she discovered a little surprise on a shopping expedition in Antrim. A music store there was selling an Irish version of "A Perfect Day," complete with a new verse, one which Carrie had never seen before, much less written. She took it in stride, buying two copies and said she was "tickled to death."^5

"Death" was finally back in her vocabulary in a humorous usage. It is not uncommon for seventy year old people to be obsessively concerned with the imminence of the end of their own life, and with the loved ones who have preceded them. But Carrie exhibited no fear. She still had a real zest for life, even though it had not always treated her kindly.

When Fred Smith was alive, Carrie's life had run quite smoothly. He had taken care of all the pesky little details of managing an
artist's career. Carrie had been able to indulge in her love for travel, she had been the "great star" without having to pick up all the pieces after concerts and business deals. Now, Carrie found that she could not begin to organize by herself. While she still had lots of creative energy, she did not have the stamina or desire to change her ways. Besides, why should she? After all, Carrie Jacobs-Bond was an internationally acclaimed celebrity.

Sometime in 1933 Carrie was traveling in the East, trying to leave the jumble of her Hollywood life behind. One of her bungalows became vacant and the caretaker agreed to show it to prospective tenants. Upon her return, Carrie interviewed several people. One of them, Jaime Palmer, was a young writer who had recently moved from New York to the Los Angeles area. Carrie was very taken with Jaime and accepted her as a tenant. She also decided that Jaime Palmer would make an ideal business manager and asked if she would consider it. Miss Palmer was not interested because she had other intentions.
She was the sole support of a young deaf and mute boy who was assumed to be her brother. She was also dedicated to her writing. 6

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was not used to having anyone say "no." A few weeks after Jaime Palmer moved into a bungalow on Pinehurst, she was surprised to see Mrs. Bond's chauffeur at her front door. Before she could even protest he carried in several boxes of bills, statements, bank books and correspondence and dumped them on her living room floor. Jaime was in awe of her famous landlady, and she had begun to feel sorry for her. She gave in and began the task before her. 7

For the next sixteen years Jaime Palmer kept the bank accounts straight, made contracts, and took care of Mrs. Bond's financial obligations. But Jaime was not merely a business manager. She also served as a trusted companion, frequently traveling with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Jaime described Carrie at that time as:

... a tall, slender woman who held herself regally, dressed with the simplicity of true elegance ... Her eyes were blue under the slight
... frown that creased her brow . . . Those who knew [her] . . . will recall the mellow richness of her contralto voice, its imperious ring at times, and recognize the swift change of mood which gave no certainy as to what could be expected from one moment to another. This element of suspense communica-ted a matchless sense of drama in all her contacts . . . 8

Jaime Palmer was active in the Writers Round Table, an authors club in Los Angeles. Through this organization, she introduced Carrie to several new and influential people. Several of these new "author friends" came to Carrie's seventy-second brithday party on August 11, 1935. Hamlin Garland, from Wisconsin, Bess Streeter Aldrich, and Lloyd Douglas, author of Magnificent Obsession, as well as actor Burr McIntosh, watched as Carrie cut the cake, on which was inscribed "Past, Present and Future."

In Iron River, Michigan the townspeople read the newspaper accounts about Carrie's birthday, and they decided it was time to recognize the wonderful woman who had spent "the happiest seven years of her life" in their midst. 10 A proud signpost, "Former
Home of Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Composer," was erected at the former Bond homestead.

But Janesville, Wisconsin was not to be outdone. The high school glee club voted to purchase and dedicate a plaque to be placed on the home at 402 East Milwaukee where Carrie had written "I Love You Truly." The glee club put on an operetta to raise the funds for the plaque. Miss Kathryn Keating, director of the glee club, wrote and invited the composer to the ceremony. Although she could not attend, Carrie sent the following telegram:

Dear Janesville friends -- I scarcely know how to thank you for the honor you are conferring upon me by marking the house where I wrote 'I Love You Truly.' I have never spoken of it before, but I would have you know I really began my life work in that little brick house there, and wrote at least 25 songs, including 'Shadows' which I believe is still my favorite. Again, I thank you all, and say, 'God bless the little city where I was born and where I shall finally rest."

Before long Carrie came through Janesville on her way East to do a radio show in New York City. As was her custom, she went to the Oak Hill cemetery; this time she also went by her two former homes. Carrie planned her motor
trip carefully so that she could visit her friend Myrtle Walgreen, of the drugstore family, and the Henry Fords of Dearborn, Michigan.

Carrie was frequently chosen as a subject for radio shows and she enjoyed being interviewed in person too. A radio serial program, "The Melody Master," which had nine regular performers, invited her to do a walk-on for the Christmas show in 1935. They worked Carrie into the script, supplementing their forces with the Bretton Woods Boy Choir, so they could sing some Christmas music and some Bond songs.  

Announcers often paid tribute to Mrs. Bond, especially around her birthday. In 1938 Frank Luther devoted his fifteen minute "Person to Person" show to Carrie on her seventy-sixth birthday. He played her two most famous songs, and then reminded the audience it was also the birthday of another American composer, J. Rosamond Johnson, whose brother, "Professor James Welden Johnson, the colored poet," had just died in an automobile accident in New
Luther also played one of the Johnson's songs, "Under the Bamboo Tree."

Singer Kate Smith was a big fan of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. On March 28, 1939, she paid tribute to her on her noonday program, playing her songs and telling the story of her hardships in life. Kate closed the show, calling Carrie "the salt of the earth" (the show was sponsored by Morton Salt).

A sophisticated presentation of Carrie's life was broadcast on January 18, 1939 when Edgar Guest had Carrie on his program, "It Can Be Done." Guest first interviewed his illustrious guest, and then the professional actors took over.

In October of the same year Carrie was "The Woman of the Week" on "The Hour of Charm," a WEAF coast to coast program which featured Phil Spitalny and the All-Girl Orchestra playing Bond songs.

A week later she was interviewed by NBC for a live show, "California Composers." Carrie was asked if she had any advice for young composers, and she replied:
I would not discourage anyone who has a real talent for composing although it is rather discouraging these days... To win success, you have to begin with your own thoughts, to keep yourself free from jealousies and envy of other people's successes, and be glad when someone else succeeds; thinking all the time that maybe by and by, it may come to you. And don't think too much about getting rich and famous. I have discovered that the people who have thought least about it have sometimes received the most.18

Even though Carrie was now in her mid-seventies, she was willing to travel anywhere to do one of these radio shows. It is remarkable that she continued to travel such long distances, especially coast to coast by car. When she got back to her home in California she was usually tired and cranky. Of course, her doctor would then prescribe a "rest cure." This was the popular medical solution for many female ailments.19

While nineteenth century physicians were convinced that female ailments originated in the uterus, the early twentieth century doctors exhibited a bit more compassion and sophistication. (In the nineteenth century women
with headaches were often subjected to leeching and cauterizations.) The common "rest cure" sometimes required about two or three weeks of absolute bed rest. Other times it involved a journey for a change of scenery or a change of pace. Doctors also expected that their patients would eat heartily in order to rebuild their strength. Many women gained twenty or thirty pounds during these "cures."\(^{20}\)

It may have been the frequency of these "cures" which conditioned Carrie Jacobs-Bond's huge appetite. Food was one of the great joys of her existence. She particularly enjoyed canning and preserving fruits and vegetables, and had a strong penchant for pickles. Breakfast often consisted of fried potatoes and salt pork, smothered with gravy.\(^{21}\)

Pictures of Carrie camouflage her figure. She always wore long dresses and they usually had gentle skirts. But she was a tall woman and probably did not experience a serious problem with overweight. Her overeating did cause frequent digestive problems, though, and Carrie
was often laid up with stomach trouble. She could never understand why she suffered so much discomfort. A newspaper once reported an unusual case of a person who was discovered to have an upside-down stomach, and Carrie decided that she too must have the same rare problem. 22

Once, when Carrie was in extreme discomfort, she called on Betty Walters, her former daughter-in-law, to come and help her. Carrie had heard about a new treatment, mustard plasters, and she wanted Betty to give her one. When Betty arrived Carrie was lying in bed, moaning, certain that she was on her death bed. She weakly gave Betty instructions on how to prepare the plaster, and Betty followed orders, bringing the hot plaster and laying it on Carrie's petticoated midriff. Carrie instantly leaped out of bed with a howl, saying she had never imagined that anyone could be so stupid as to apply a hot mustard plaster to a perfectly beautiful petticoat, completely ruining it. The flustered
Betty Walters had no idea that she was supposed to apply the plaster over a towel. While Betty was willing to be "on call" for Carrie, she also tried to lead a separate life with her new family circle. Little Elizabeth Harper Smith had grown very fond of her new stepfather. Betty and Carl Walters decided that it would be good if Carl legally adopted her, and gave her his name. They anticipated strong objections from Carrie, so they cautiously arranged for the adoption to take place as quietly as possible. However, one of Carrie's acquaintances heard a rumor that Elizabeth was about to become a Walters and rushed to tell her grandmother. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was hopping mad. She had her chauffeur drive her directly to the Walters residence where she gave Betty a ferocious browbeating. Carl Walters was furious when he came home and found his wife in complete hysteria. He informed Mrs. Bond that she could no longer be a welcome guest in their home until she learned to behave like a lady.
After a while Carrie relented and apologized. She even came to admit that the adoption was probably a wise thing to have done and that it made Elizabeth a happier child. Carrie evidently loved her granddaughter dearly, but her passionate and irrational love for her late son made many other family relationships painful and strained. Carrie was much more comfortable in her public role.

A mutual friend offered to introduce Carrie to Luther Burbank. She was very much in awe of this famous horticulturist and was excited to be visiting his home. Much to her dismay, she was not to be visiting when the roses were in bloom. Nevertheless she found much in common with Burbank. He even had one of her first poems hanging near the fireplace. They discussed books, their friends, and the beauty of flowers.  

In 1936 a new variety of rose was named the "Carrie Jacobs-Bond." This beautiful flower was "christened" at the Hollywood Bowl and the lady who had written well over a hun-
dreaded songs "as unpretentious as the Wild Rose" felt very proud.

Carrie was also proud of her birthdays. Her seventy-fifth one called for a special celebration. At Vick's Open House radio broadcast Jeanette MacDonald did the honors, singing "A Perfect Day." The Los Angeles Breakfast Club gave a joint party for Carrie and local impresario L. E. Behymer, attended by 450 people. A society tea was given for thirty close friends by Mrs. Russell Avery. In the evening Carrie had her own party at home, where she cut the cake which symbolized her "final quarter of a century." 26

Most of the women in Carrie's family had been long lived. Her paternal grandmother, Elizabeth Paine Jacobs, died at an advanced age in 1974. Carrie's mother, Mary Imogene Davis Jacobs, had married twice after the death of Hannibal Jacobs. Carrie never got along well with her mother. Mary Imogene was a very beautiful woman; even in old age her appearance was regal. There was a keen sense of competition between the two women. It was
rumored that Mary might have had a child out of wedlock, a Mary Ellen Kemp, who in some way was related to Carrie. At any rate, Carrie was kind enough to hire Mary Ellen to work in her Hollywood Bond Shop.27

Mary Imogene suffered from severe melancholia in later life. She was incapable of being sociable during her last years; she even kept her back to company in her tiny Chicago apartment. Plastic flowers "grew" from her window boxes, and it was hard to imagine that this defeated woman had once been a dynamic and talented person, powerful enough to threaten Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Mary Imogene probably died sometime in the 1930s, and she was put to rest in the family plot in Janesville.28

Betty Bolton Harper Smith Walters died tragically of leukemia in 1937, when Elizabeth was only fifteen. Carl Walters was completely heartbroken, and he had a fatal stroke six months later. Evidently, Carrie Jacobs-Bond did not feel that she could take her granddaughter into her home. Instead, Eliza-
beth was sent to live with a maternal aunt in Hartford, Connecticut. The move was not a happy one. This new family was well-to-do and sought to arrange a debutante's life for Elizabeth Walters. She balked mightily, feeling very unloved. The sensible solution was to send her to a boarding school, so Elizabeth was enrolled at Dobbs Ferry in New York. On vacations she would have to take a train back to Hartford. She hated the thought of returning home so much that she prayed for the train to crash and end her misery. 29

It may have been that Carrie felt she was just too old to raise a teenaged girl, and that Elizabeth would be better off in a family situation. Of she may have been too busy to notice that her granddaughter desperately needed her. Carrie had always delighted in being busy; one of her favorite quotes about another woman was:

Her body was kept young by constantly hurring to keep up with her mind. 30

Carrie added, "That is my idea of keeping
young." Carrie Jacobs-Bond was still hurrying through life, impatiently and impervious to the needs of those closest to her.

In 1938 she returned to Iron River, Michigan for the first time in 45 years. The town turned out in mass to greet her. Six hundred people assembled at the high school auditorium to hear Carrie speak. She played and sang her three best known pieces, "I Love You Truly," "A Perfect Day," and "Just A-Wearyin' For You." Mrs. Monica Irvine, wife of an Iron River physician, had organized the event. 31

The local newspapers ran stories about the "seven happiest years" that Carrie lived in Iron River, and many older residents came forth with their tales and memories. Mrs. Alice Trevarthen Annear remembered that her father "used to come home from work humming Mrs. Bond's tunes." 32 Others remembered the barter system by which they paid Dr. Bond for his medical services. It was a triumphant return, and Carrie was moved to say:

I feel very much indebted to a great many people in this world . . . If
you had written the songs that had given you a comfortable living and if you had any conscience at all, you would feel that you owed something to the people who had made these things possible.33

Carrie was staying at the Iron River Hotel. The proprietor, Louis Bigari, had met her when he was stationed in the Los Angeles area. Bigari had heard a lot about the famous former resident of his hometown, and he sought her out. Carrie was always happy to meet people from the towns in which she had formerly resided, and she was especially willing to entertain men in the services.

Unfortunately Carrie had developed a heart condition by this time and she had great difficulty managing stairs. There were no guest rooms on the ground floor at the hotel, so Monica Irvine offered to put Carrie up at her home. Carrie was very grateful for the invitation, and it gave her the opportunity to reminisce with the Ivines about what life had been like for a doctor's family in the 1890s. The flood of happy memories made Carrie very
nostalgic. She and the Irvines quickly established a close friendship.

After a wonderful stay in Iron River, Carrie motored down to Janesville. Her hometown had changed. While Carrie had the great and unusual pleasure of living long enough to see her songs become part of her country's history, she also lived long enough to see the destruction of some of the places and things that had meant the most to her, as well as living through the deaths of those closest to her. The Davis Hotel had been torn down in 1929 and in its place was a Firestone service building. German Davis had built the hotel in 1870 and it had evidently outlived its usefulness. But now Janesville chose to raze the home on East Milwaukee where Carrie had lived as a young widow on the threshold of her career. She had written "I Love You Truly" and many other songs in that house. It was going to be replaced by a filling station. An editorial lamented:
Maybe it is true that we need more filling stations. One by one, the few old landmarks which mark some sentimental interest in Janesville, disappear. The first school-house went long years ago, and places where the beginnings of things in this community have interested a good many people have passed into the modernistic movement. The dissolving view of a great city, the steps one by one, which have been taken to make it different, the old places disappearing and replaced by the new, have increased in number. The blacksmith and the shoe shop, the old mill where grist was ground, the houses in which song and music and sentiment dwelt for a time, have given way to garages and filling stations and radio shops of the present . . . Well, [the house] is going the way of mundane things, but one thing that cannot be destroyed is the memory of Carrie Jacobs-Bond.35

Carrie was hurt, but she didn't turn her back on Janesville. In 1939 she came back, boosting a local Boy Scout effort by making a radio interview on WCLO with young Scout Gordon Craig.36 She stayed with her old friends the Bostwicks, and then left to visit other friends in Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit and Iron River.

On this trip she was invited to vacation at the summer residence of the Irvines. It was a rigorous vacation for a 77 year old lady. The party was in the middle of a boating trip
when a sudden violent storm threatened to destroy their fun. The Irvines had all they could do to keep the boat afloat in the roaring river and they were all drenched by the heavy downpour. Carrie rose to the occasion by carrying the young Irvine child to safety. Carrie though it was a great adventure; she had always loved to be in the midst of excitement, as long as she could also have her peaceful times. 37

By this time Carrie was quite deaf. Since she had depended very much upon her hearing in her work, this loss may help to explain the fact that she wrote very little music in her later years. Her deafness once "saved face" for the people of Iron River, however. Carrie was a frequent visitor to the Sunday Episcopal church services when she was in town. One day the congregation was mortified to hear the vicar preach on the subject of suicide while Carrie sat prominently in the front row. Right after the service there was a flurry of activity. The poor unsuspecting priest was deluged with telephone calls. The parishioners need
not have worried, though, because Carrie had not been able to hear a word. Indeed, she was so deaf that she had been overheard praying loudly that the war would end while a house-guest at the Irvines, thinking that she was doing so in complete privacy. 38

Her infirmities, deafness and heart trouble were not about to stop Carrie Jacobs-Bond. The biggest public tribute of her life was just ahead of her. For eighteen years Chicago had been sponsoring a mammoth annual festival for the purpose of bringing to Chicago "the music it wants to hear." In 1939 the festival committee decided it was time to honor Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

The excitement about the coming event began weeks before. On July 30 the newspaper ran an article entitled "Lyricial Lady to Make Party a Perfect Day." 39 Mrs. Bond was described as "a quiet little lady whose white hair rests softly like a cotton bloom on her forehead and whose prestige falls even more gently on her shoulders." 40
It is hard to understand why anyone would call Carrie Jacobs-Bond "quiet" or "little." For nearly fifty years Carrie had been a very vocal champion of her music and her writing. In her efforts she had posed for thousands of photographs, and her tall imposing figure was instantly recognizable to thousands of people. Most of these publicity shots were quite formal, showing the great lady in her most elegant concert gowns. Many pictures also included famous people she was proud to know.

Since the Chicago Musicland Festival was a huge promotional event, sponsored by the Chicago Tribune Charities, Incorporated, in conjunction with several newspapers and musical organizations, they had a field day with the vast amount of available publicity material about Carrie Jacobs-Bond. The Arche Club claimed to have been the "first organization to give Carrie a paid engagement." An old time resident recalled that Carrie had once entered a "Best Song" contest when she was a struggling Chicago composer. The Seigel Cooper Company had offered a prize for the best
entry entitled "Meet Me at the Fountain."
First prize was $100, which would surely have
come in handy, but Carrie did not win. In
an article called "When Genius Ran a Boarding
House" it was admitted that another of Carr-
rie's former homes was about to be demolished.
But the festival committee were planning to
create an extravaganza that would make up for
many of Carrie's disappointments.

Vocal and instrumental contests were held
all over the state. The winners were scheduled
to perform at the festival. Opera star Edith
Mason was booked to sing "I Love You Truly,"
supported by a tableau of a live bridal party.
The object of this was so that "fame will seem
easy and graceful to all onlookers." An hour
of preliminary events would culminate in a
parade of 8,000 people. A 2,000 member accor-
dion band would play a Victor Herbert medley
and the traditional "Pomp and Circumstance."
Henry Weber would conduct Strauss's "Blue Dan-
ube" waltz, and a 1,000 member Negro Chorus
would sing "Ol' Man River."
The festival planners had carefully explained all the proceedings to Mrs. Bond in advance, so that she would not be overcome. She gratefully said:

It will be the greatest thrill of my life to see all those people listening to my song... I hope it doesn't overcome me. You know I'm not accustomed to thrills like that. I'm glad you told me all about it first. If it came upon me as a surprise, I'm afraid I would have been affected. I don't like to cry -- even if the tears are tears of happiness.45

It was predicted that 100,000 people would attend the festival.46 On the big day, August 19, Carrie entered the field in an open limousine, accompanied by opera singer John Carter. The band was playing a Bond medley, and thousands of people cheered and waved as they passed. Tears streamed down faces in the crowd and one young man took off his hat as Carrie passed by him. When they reached the stage all the lights in the stadium were turned off. The audience had been cued to light matches at this point in the ceremony, and a sea of flickering lights set the stage for a rousing rendition of "Invincible U. S. A." by a high school band of 1,000. Next the Illinois Rural
Chorus, numbering 500 voices, sang the "Soldier's Chorus" by Gounod and "Rain in the River" by Fox. Miss Britain, Marjorie Farrax, charmed the audience with two art songs, followed by several operatic arias by John Carter.

The winning contestants of the local contests got their chance to perform too. Jane Nelson sang "Speak to Me" by Mana-Zucca, another famous woman composer, and Robert Spiro sang "Roadways" by Edith Rose. The festival included something for everyone, from the very young to the young-at-heart. Mrs. George Fergus, age 92, sang ballads of the old frontier, and W. F. Murphy, age 84, sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" to his own violin accompaniment.

Carrie was introduced to the audience amidst wild cheering. She was presented with a blue and gold medallion and asked to say a few words. She was nearly overcome with emotion and she blurted:

Well, this is my last parade, and it's going to be my last. Not only because it's the greatest parade, but because I think three are enough.
Recovering, she reminisced about her Chicago days:

How little I knew of achievement then, I have had the grandest, fullest life anyone could have. I am happy. Chicago has meant everything to me. It was here that I had my bitterest struggles and it is here I . . . have my greatest triumph. I love Chicago and I love Chicagoans.49

The band struck up "A Perfect Day" while the audience exulted in wild applause. 5,000 voices joined together in the "Hallelujah Chorus."

For weeks Frank Duffield and the technicians of the Thearle Duffield Company had been working to create a spectacular fireworks display for the close of the festival. They promised:

. . . Bombshells that will split the heavens with sound and lurid color will mark the intervals between the magnificent set pieces and the fiery tableaux that will light up the field.50

The results surpassed the wildest hopes of the people. A portrait of Carrie Jacobs-Bond was produced in flame against a background scene of an old fashioned porch and a setting sun. The grand finale was a silver fire production of Niagara Falls, an enormous American flag
in full color, and a pandemonium of bursting rockets and colored fire high up against the evening sky.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond was exhausted by the festivities. She returned to her hotel room and collapsed. Luckily she had invited Monica Irvine to accompany her as a protective companion on this trip. Monica ironed her dresses and kept callers away from her hotel room. Carrie wanted to keep the fast pace she had always enjoyed, but it was getting harder. Monica recalled:

She was very alone really. She was afraid to trust many of the people and seemed to depend on me."

The Chicago papers ecstatically reported the success of the festival. 15,000 people had been unable to get in to the stadium. One person who was lucky enough to get in to the festival lamented that they had not thought of giving an old fashioned tribute to Carrie, saying:

*Is the Chautauqua salute forgotten? How lovely it would have been to salute her with the waving of thousands of white handkerchiefs.*
Photographers had taken pictures of every seating section in the arena, and on the day after the event they published them so that Chicagoans could see themselves. "Can You See Your Face?" attracted a great deal of interest.

The Chicago Tribune also honored Carrie at a luncheon shortly after the festival. The two other dignitaries being feted were George Ade, American humorist, and an old friend from Carrie's past, John McCutcheon. It was almost too much for Carrie. She had corresponded with John over the years, but she had never met his wife, Evelyn Van Doren Shaw McCutcheon, in the twenty-two years of their marriage. By this time the McCutcheons had been blessed with four children, and John had been awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1931. The luncheon turned into a marvelous reunion and an opportunity for Carrie and John to catch up on many years of news and memories. Carrie met one of the McCutcheon sons and she asked about John's sister Bessie's son, who was off fighting in the war.
After Carrie returned to California she wrote to John and told him how happy she was to have finally met his wife and son, saying:

I tried to picture that boy of yours but it was quite impossible, but time goes flying, and my own son would have been 59 years old if he had lived. That seems to me another dream.54

Carrie also expressed concern for Bessie and the worries she must be having with a son in the war. She assured John that the boy would probably be safe, because he was not the "impulsive" type, and she rationalized:

... it is certainly the experience of a lifetime to be in the midst of battle.55

Carrie soon received a package in the mail from Chicago. Newspaperwoman Bessie Vydra of the Chicago Tribune had thoughtfully saved clippings and pictures of the festival events. She and some of her colleagues made a beautiful scrapbook memento. It was inscribed, "I know you'll love this collection of festival stories because we all love you." It was signed "Phil Maxwell." 56
Carrie accepted another honor, a medal, at the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939, and then she decided that it was time to check up on her private life. Carrie scheduled a trip to New York. She wanted to see her granddaughter. Elizabeth Walters had traveled to Sweden during the summer and now she was back at Dobbs Ferry. While Carrie might have intended that this meeting would be an intimate family visit, she was not able to make it that. The imperious lady was used to adoration and she wanted Elizabeth to be proud of her. Carrie offered to perform at her school and to meet her friends. Elizabeth was embarrassed and desirous only of a family closeness which she lacked and dearly needed. The visit was therefore strained, but Elizabeth did give her grandmother some welcome news. She was aspiring to become a physician. Nothing could have made Carrie happier than to see one of her own enter the medical profession. But Elizabeth Walters did not feel very good about this visit. In fact, she felt rebuffed.
While Elizabeth's feelings could be understood as those of an adolescent who had experienced several tragic losses, Carrie Jacobs-Bond's behavior indicated a serious lack of compassion for the closest surviving members of her family. What makes a person who is revered for her advice, moral standards, and heartfelt writings incapable of being a loving relative? Did the struggle to follow her own "masculine" drive and talents necessitate the development of a distancing from ordinary emotional involvement? Did her ambition and quest for fame force Carrie Jacobs-Bond to make her decisions on the basis of her own personal gain without concern for the needs of others? Had the years of pain, sorrow, and struggle made her construct a barrier to the give and take of familial love?
CHAPTER VII

A LEGENDARY LADY

1940-1947
As Carrie Jacobs-Bond braced herself against any further pain which she might incur through her few remaining relatives, Elizabeth Walters suffered unfairly. She was an innocent victim whose short life had been filled with tragedy even before she reached the insecure teenage years. Carrie had suffered more than her share of sorrow and disappointment too, but she at least had the advantage of maturity. Carrie's older granddaughter, Dorothy Smith, had troubled her grandmother greatly. Dorothy had been unable to find a stable marriage and spent years searching for an unattainable happiness. She had had a great deal of responsibility, helping to put her two half-sisters through college and postponing her own education. Her second marriage, to a man named Rowley, was as unhappy as her first.

Carrie felt closer to Elizabeth, and she hoped to prevent her from making the same mistakes as her half-sister. When Elizabeth graduated from Dobbs Ferry she was accepted into Vassar College. During her summer vacations she usually came to her grandmother's home in Hollywood. Time had smoothed their
relationship somewhat. Elizabeth was now more interested in meeting her grandmother's artist and writer friends.¹

Carrie was finally able to relax a bit with Elizabeth, but she also felt compelled to give advice freely. Since Carrie was very opposed to the use of alcohol she insisted that Elizabeth not drink. As a matter of fact, she thought it was "downright evil" for a young woman to even date a man who "indulged."² But Carrie Jacobs-Bond took a little wine "for her health" in her later years.

Carrie often publicly counseled in her writings and interviews with strong moral opinions which belied her own experience. One early piece of writing, "The Path of Life," told the tale about two young couples who had married at about the same time in the same church.³ One couple shared their burdens, hand in hand, and enjoyed a long, happy marriage. The other couple could not agree and they walked on "different paths," the man urging his wife to keep up, but charging quickly
ahead without her. Carrie's moral was to:

Grasp the hand that's in your path --
Sometimes the path is long --
And life is sweeter when you have
Companions with a song... 4

Of course, she had not been able to do that
with Edward Smith. And she had attempted to
play down, ignore, and even conceal the reality
of that first unhappy marriage.

It was not until the late 1920s that she
was comfortable enough to even say the word
"divorce" publicly without feeling squeamish.
In one of her "Friendly Preachment" columns
she ventured to deal with the subject, offering
"Broken Homes" to her readers. The article
laments the then current trend for couples to
divorce without thinking of the impact on
any children, not "remembering all they owe
them." 5 Carrie said that fifty years before
there had only been "one real reason . . . ac-
cepted . . . for granting a divorce." 6 She
had never been convinced that that was the only
reason a couple should separate, however. But
she thought that too many people broke up their
homes for flimsy reasons, and said:
When old age comes on and they sit in their homes alone, they will look back to the things that seemed so terrible, only to find that they were just little drops of rain in the ocean...

She continued, sagely acknowledging the wisdom of age:

I have lived long enough to know that the years are great things to have for a background. To have known all kinds of lives and sorrows gives you something to work with that cannot be duplicated. 7

Perhaps Carrie was better at giving advice than at following it, at least where her family was concerned. Her relationships with her friends appeared to be more stable.

In the summer of 1941 Carrie finally got an opportunity to make a second trip to Alaska. 8 So many of her dear friends lived en route, and she was particularly anxious to see all of the Fairbanks family again. Los Angeles had had an extraordinary winter of rain and the passengers on her ship were ecstatic about the invigorating air and cloudless skies on the ocean voyage. When the boat docked at Seattle Carrie was saddened to learn that Lucy Fairbanks, the mother of her dear friends Esther and Lulu, was very ill in Columbus Hospital. 9
Even though Carrie at age 78 had difficulty climbing stairs (on ship she had taken her meals in her stateroom for this reason) she insisted on visiting the hospital. This must have tired her, but she soon left with the cruise party for a month's journey to the Matanuska Colony in Alaska. Carrie hoped that she would get a lot of rest and that her health would improve. The vagaries of old age were perplexing to Carrie. The "rest cures" did not work as well as they used to. This time she actually felt worse after the trip than she did before she left; She tried to describe it:

I am so tired I sometimes feel I can't raise my hands again -- and then, up go my hands and I'm out once more . . . Of course, I'll do it once too much someday -- well maybe that will be the best way. 10

Carrie Jacobs-Bond had led far too active a life to be willing to gracefully accept the necessity of slowing down. Her determination and activity probably contributed directly to her longevity. She was not going to rest on her laurels. It was time for Carrie to write a new song and she did so while visiting the
Victor Sinceres in Michigan. In a madcap flurry she composed "The Flying Flag," and left for New York, where Gustave Schirmer recorded it for her. Carrie was amazed at the modern methods which allowed her to tape her own playing and transfer it quickly to record form. She got a new surge of energy and wrote another song, "Somebody's Waiting For Me."

Carrie hated the ravages or war and she did what she could to support American service men. She donated the royalties from both of these new compositions to the Red Cross and the U. S. O.¹¹

On her eightieth birthday Carrie joined two other famous octogenarians for a birthday celebration given by the Los Angeles Breakfast Club.¹² John Steven McGroarty, author, and L. E. Behymer, impresario, shared the honors with Carrie. They all agreed that their long lives had made them more tolerant and hoped that they would still have plenty of opportunities to be useful. McGroarty
remarked, "We learn to do less hating and more loving." 13

Carrie certainly tried to be useful. She was still busily writing poems as well as songs. Her keen memory and full lifetime provided her with much material to draw upon in these works. And she was almost ready to admit some of her faults and weaknesses as she looked forward to eternal rest. One of the most moving poems she wrote was never published:

Over eighty years ago my spirit was sent
Into its new home on earth
But there was a room for me in my Father's mansion
I knew it would always be mine.
My book of Life was in this room --
And every day was told.

I believe God said to the recording Angel,
'Balance this book each year.
It shall hold both good and evil
Because to acknowledge both is just.
Write not only what you know the motives have been,
Allow no uncertain things to appear on its pages.
I have given her a tender heart,
Never willfully unkind.
So she shall have a forgiving spirit,
Talents to be used as she sees best.
A sincere desire to be good.
I have also given her a quick, impulsive tongue
With which to contend --
A spoken truth may sometimes hurt,  
Not always so we know why things are done.
I will give her what the world calls prosperity,
She shall have her heart's desires, Also crosses to bear and burdens.

She will enjoy greatly
She will suffer greatly
She will know that always her room will be waiting --
Waiting just as she left it.
Only now it will be filled
With eighty years of worldly experiences.
She will need no earthly honors --
If she has earned them, they will be there.

And thus I fact the setting sun,
The same sun that rose for over eighty years
To give me courage for a better life.
The majestic dawn where rose the sun Through clouds of radiant color, To give to me a new and perfect day To mar or beautify.

At last the sunset beckons me With rays of brilliant light, The setting sun fraught with splendor Ending one more day of strife; A gorgeous sunset marking out A path of gold that leads me home.

So shed no tears over the sunshine of my death.  
To live is wonderful,  
To die is glorious.

And then the full moon silvering my journey's end.
Carrie seemed to be preparing her public for the inevitability of her passing. She was in good humor about it herself, perhaps comforted by the fact that she had attained the height of fame not only for her songs, but for her writings as well.

She had become so highly respected for her philosophical wisdom that she was included in Julian Arnold's book *Giants in Dressing Gowns* as one of the "greats."$^{15}$ She was certainly in good company there, sharing the honors with Darwin, Ruskin, Edward VII, Carnegie, Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Carrie was very flattered by Arnold's book, but she kept misplacing her personal copy, and she had to write and ask him for a second complimentary one.

In her later years Carrie loved to read; she took particular delight in reading gossip columns. She thought that Hedda Hopper was brilliant; she always read her column about the Hollywood stars with great glee. Gaylord Hauser was another of Carrie's favorites.
He often visited her and soothed her aging ego with true stories of the agility and accomplishments of older women. Hauser was very taken with Greta Garbo and Carrie was convinced that she sensed a real romance. Lee Shippley was another frequent visitor. He was a popular columnist and often wrote items and anecdotes about Carrie.16

Shel Wallach wrote a daily series called "Shel's Dairy." It was an informal, name-dropping gossip column, widely read by West Coasters. Shel was an acquaintance of Lulu Fairbanks' and through that friendship he was able to attend a high society "Boost the Philharmonic" event in 1943. Shel had begged Lulu to take him so that he would have a chance to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Bond. Shel had visited her home once, and Carrie graciously remembered him, inviting him to drop by again. Shel remarked in a subsequent column that Carrie Jacobs-Bond looked positively regal in her lovely gown and magnificent tiara headdress.
Carrie often entertained at little dinner parties. She mixed her friends with a mischievous abandon, inviting people from very different worlds to the same party. One night she entertained Mr. Shippley, the Walt Disneys, the Howard Verbecks, Mrs. James Langford, her business manager Jaime Palmer, and the Lee Millikan family. Millikan, an outstanding scientist, brought his two sons and his wife. The party began on a precarious note when Carrie discovered that the party totaled thirteen people. Being a very superstitious woman, Carrie quickly created an extra table and had two guests sit at it. The guests probably expected Mr. Millikan to be the center of attention, but the Millikan boys took over by asking the usually shy and reticent Walt Disney question after question about the Three Little Pigs and Mickey Mouse.¹⁷

Tea parties were a regular event at "End of the Road." Carrie loved company as much as she loved traveling. People often dropped by unexpectedly too. On one birthday Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers took time to come
by with a gift for their friend, even though they had just returned from a tiring trip. Everyone loved to look around the Pinehurst home, to see what new addition was in the works. One unusual afternoon Carrie was relaxing around the house in an old bedjacket, a favorite comfortable one, but one one in which she would normally receive guests. Unexpectedly Gracie Fields dropped by to visit. Carrie apologized, saying with characteristic self-pity that she "didn't have a thing to wear." The next day a beautiful new blue bedjacket arrived as a gift from Miss Fields. Carrie hung it in the closet with dozens of others.\18

Carrie still did a lot of traveling. Often she asked Jaime Palmer to accompany her. They went by motorcar or train up and down the coast from Seattle to Tia Juana. If Carrie was traveling by train or boat she would usually check to see if there were any physicians on board, not because she was afraid of being ill, but because she had such a penchant for men in the medical profession.\19 It was fairly
easy for her to strike up an acquaintance with strangers, because she was known to everyone.

While Carrie loved to talk and exhibited a keen interest in worldly affairs, she also loved to engage in competitive games, especially with the physicians she befriended. On her many visits to her distant cousins the Byfields in Wisconsin, she played countless games of Chinese checkers with Dr. Arthur Byfield. Carrie was fiercely determined to win; her female friends often suspected that the male partners let her. She also loved cards and indulged in playing lightning fast games with seeming abandon and recklessness.

Carrie's granddaughter Dorothy Rowley was living in Austin, Texas and Elizabeth Walters was only able to visit her grandmother during the summer. Carrie employed a housekeeper, a Chinese cook and Jaime Palmer, the business manager who tended her affairs. While old friends continued to correspond and visit as frequently as possible, a new breed of friends began to appear in Mrs. Bond's life. These "friends" catered to her, using her to meet
other celebrities and lavishing her with affectionate poems and tributes. While some of these associates surely had honorable intentions, a few did not.21

Among the people who "befriended" Mrs. Bond in her later years were the Howard Verbecks. Poems, books, visits and letters were frequently exchanged between the parties. Howard wrote a florid poem to Carrie, which complained that she was "ignoring" him in favor of another, more prolific man's attentions. Verbeck was a Los Angeles interior designer.22 His wife, Blanche Harriman Verbeck, fancied herself to be a writer. She had a book of verse, Moods, published by a vanity press in 1943. She inscribed a copy as a Christmas present; "To my beloved Aunt Carrie Jacobs-Bond, December 25, 1943." In 1942 she had signed a birthday card; "To my best and dearest friend, Aunt Carrie, From Blanche."23

Carrie Jacobs-Bond in her eighties was comfortably well off. Her home housed antiques,
valuable pictures, and letters. Her contacts were invaluable. Carrie had spent many decades promoting young artists and donating to worthy charities. In her last years she was surrounded by many writers, or would-be writers, mainly friends of Jaime Palmer in The Writers Round Table.

Carrie was very appreciative of the services and devotion of Jaime Palmer. She inscribed a Christmas present:

To my dear faithful Jaime to keep as a remembrance of me -- and as a token of appreciation for hard work and patience with one who is (I suppose called 'temperamental'!) sometimes or even hard to understand!!

Jaime served her mistress well. She took the mountain of paper scraps, manuscripts written on shopping bags, notes on the back of menus, and other miscellaneous writings and put them in some kind of order. She looked at the mass of material which Carrie had produced in a random manner and decided that there must be another book there. Jaime sorted out poems from prose and assembled a new collection, which she gave to Mrs. Bond as a loving Christ-
mas gift one year. She then introduced Carrie to publisher George Palmer Putnam and he agreed to publish the new book. It was called *The End of the Road*, and appeared in 1940. Carrie asked Jaime to write an introduction and she generously acknowledged Jaime's effort in compiling the work, but she dedicated it simply "To my son."

In 1945 two soldiers returned from the war anxious to take up their work in the film capital of the world once more. Colonel William Keighly and Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Jester were looking for a good story. Keighly had been very successful as a director with Warner Brothers before going into the service. His films "Robin Hood," "The Bride Came C. O. D.," and "Green Pastures" had been very popular. His wife Genevieve Tobin was a famous screen star. Keighly also started a new career as master of ceremonies for the Lux Radio Theatre. After searching for a suitable script for quite a while Keighly and Jester decided to investigate the possibility of doing a true life story. The most appropriate vehicle
they could imagine was in their own back yard in Hollywood. The success story of Carrie Jacobs-Bond had all the elements writers usually create in fictional accounts; romance, poverty, a struggling artist, tragedy, the power of influential friendships, wealth and fame at the end. Keighly approached Mrs. Bond with the idea and secured the rights to her life story for a film. Then he set out to visit all of her former homes, publicizing his visits in local newspapers and asking residents to cooperate by sharing information, stories, and pictures with him. Iron River and Janesville were both very excited about the national interest Keighly had generated in their little communities. A syndicated columnist rumored that Irene Dunne was being considered for the lead role. The Janesville Gazette announced that the world premiere was scheduled to be held there. Monica Irvine flew to Hollywood to visit Mrs. Bond once again; Keighly took her around the Warner Brothers studio.
Harold Heffernan wrote an article about "the little old lady . . . who has probably influenced your emotions more than any glamour screen star that ever lived." The world seemed ready for a feature film about Carrie Jacobs-Bond. But for some reason the film was never made. Several short film clips about various aspects of her life and work did appear, however. One featured her Hollywood garden. Another, by Ampico, was entitled "Songs of Life" and included several California musicians.

Carrie no longer had to exert any effort to publicize herself. Instead she had to cope with countless inquiries, calls, letters and requests which she could not handle. She still enjoyed every bit of the notoriety and interest and she had certainly earned it. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was good copy for newspapers everywhere. They reported her travels, her awards, toasted her on her birthdays, and valued her treasured words of advice.

On August 11, 1942, her eightieth birthday, hundreds of newspapers carried articles about her. In Phoenix they reported that
Carrie had tried to "shield herself from the influences of beating tom-toms of war and modern swing" by seeking refuge in her Hollywood home. She had confided:

I try not to listen to war news, lest it disturb me and influence my music. And I have not patience with modern swing, it may be all right for those who like it, but I prefer the music that touches closer to the heart. 30

In Glendale, the local paper told the readers that Carrie was now able to compose at the piano in her own home while a recording machine etched the song for her. This wonderful new method enabled Carrie to capture the songs in her mind without having to have them taken down in dictation. Carrie had recently been inspired to write a new song, "My Mother's Voice," while she was shopping in downtown Hollywood. She rushed home, wrote down the words, played the tune she heard racing in her head and recorded it. 31

San Diego ran a tongue-in-cheek article, "Reveries of an Imperfect Man," which said:

Everything seems to be jitterbugged up a bit over the pace of yesteryear. Just last night we heard Carrie Jacobs-
Bond's immortal "End of a Perfect Day" breezing in swing tune over our radio. It sounded pretty good at that . . . but when the singers came to the end of the song, they didn't stop. They threw in a few extra gurgling de-boop-a-doops -- or something we couldn't understand . . .

Perhaps it was a blessing that Carrie's poor hearing prevented her from hearing some of the "new" arrangements of her music. In Spokane one columnist was very grateful that Carrie stuck to her musical guns. He said:

Carrie had not listened to the temptations of the box office to commercialize her art, nor to the influence of the modernists to forget the persuasiveness of melody in favor of freak constructions ending in seventh chords. 33

He was certainly right about the melodic line in her songs, but he may not have realized the extent to which Carrie had gone in her determination to write songs which would sell to the American public. It is not that she ever wrote "pot-boilers," but she certainly did not write merely for her own pleasure.

Cards, gifts and telegrams by the hundreds arrived at Carrie's home on her eightieth birthday. Elizabeth Walters was there to help re-
ceive well wishers and sort the mail. Gustave Schirmer, Lloyd Douglas, Gene Buck and Dorothy Smith Rowley, Carrie's other granddaughter, were among those who sent telegrams. Many fans, friends, and stars sent cards and notes. The King's Men, a male singing group, wrote a card, and two old friends sent humorous "working girl" greetings. Rita Navarre, actress, sent a note:

Isn't it wonderful for you to know that your beautiful music and poems will be rewarded with their own immortality -- that your own art will go on after you.34

It was almost as if the American public was scrambling to praise Carrie in time, before she was gone forever. The Iron River school-children sent a laboriously handwritten personal scrapbook.35 The University of Southern California had awarded her with an honorary Master of Music degree.36 The Conference of Club Presidents gave Carrie an award for Distinguished Service to Humanity, reading:

In grateful recognition of a beloved American composer, one whose treasured melodies echo the cadences of human emotion, whose songs of comfort and of courage live in the heartbeat of universal sentiment.37
The Heaven on Earth Club of San Diego presented Carrie with a certificate of honor and an honorary life membership for her "public spirited interest and cooperation." In 1941 the General Federation of Women's Clubs had honored Carrie as one of two women composers who represented the extraordinary progress of women in the first half of the twentieth century. The other composer honored on this occasion was Amy Marcy Cheney Beach.

After she was eighty Carrie still wrote new songs and poems. It really was not until 1944 that she slowed down to any considerable degree. In November she came to the realization that she was not consistently well for long periods of time and that she could no longer exercise control over her affairs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond then drew up a formal contract granting Jaime Palmer power of attorney in all her business matters.

On the eve of her eighty-fourth birthday Carrie received the Forest Lawn Award for achievement in music. Part of this award was the establishment of a scholarship, in her
name, at the University of Southern California. It provided full tuition for a music major for four years. Dr. Rufus B. von Kleinsmid, Chancellor of the USC School of Music, and Dr. Hubert Eaton, founder of the Forest Lawn Memorial Park, made the award. Carrie was presented with a miniature replica of the statue "Moses" by Michelangelo. A picture of the event which was printed by many newspapers showed a frail and sinking Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

For several years now Hubert Eaton had been trying to convince Carrie to be buried at Forest Lawn. She had always thought she would be buried at Janesville, Wisconsin in the family plot at Oak Hill Cemetery. It seemed only logical that she should rest beside Frank Lewis Bond, the husband to whom she had written love songs since 1895. In 1942, on her last visit to Janesville, she had indicated that she would eventually rest there. She even wrote to a dear Janesville friend, Mrs. Garbutt, with the following epitaph for her tombstone:
Weep not for the joy of my death, if you have not wept for the sorrows of my life. 41

But Carrie was not really sure where her heart was these days. Fred Smith was buried at Forest Lawn. She had actually spent more of her life in California than in Wisconsin, and it had been nearly fifty-one years since Frank Bond passed away.

Hubert Eaton wanted Carrie Jacobs-Bond to join the hundreds of other celebrities who had chosen Forest Lawn as the place for their eternal rest.

Forest Lawn was the dream creation of Hubert Eaton. Eaton had been raised in Liberty, Missouri, the son of a college president. Upon graduation from college he held several positions as a metallurgical chemist, eventually investing all of his capitol in a silver mine. The vein stopped abruptly and Eaton lost his money. He planned to get a job again as a metallurgist, but a friend, Charlie Marsh, proposed an intriguing idea. Marsh was convinced that there was a market selling cemetery lots "before need." This was a revolutionary
idea for the time; few people made arrangements for cemetery plots until a family member died. The idea appealed to Hubert Eaton, and through a circuitous set of circumstances Eaton ended up instituting his own version of the plan at a small cemetery in California, Forest Lawn.42

Eaton thought a lot about the customs and practices of the American public regarding death and burial. He was a very religious man, with a strong feeling for the importance of art. He disdained a "universal" preoccupation with material things as a great weakness of society and felt that only through art could we "communicate with the world's greatest minds, learn what they though worthwhile and better understand life."43

With all this in mind Hubert Eaton decided to create a beautiful memorial park, filled with art treasures, as the model cemetery of the future. He envisioned a park replete with flowers, fountains, trees, lawns, statuary and classic architecture, without "misshapen tombstones." Tombstones were not to be allowed at Forest Lawn.
Eaton traveled around the world seeking to purchase, preserve, and replicate the art objects most valued by the world. He was particularly interested in art which had religious significance. Eaton wanted to emphasize the meaning of Christ's teachings by displaying art which portrayed three dramatic moments in Christianity; "The Last Supper," "The Crucifixion," and "The Radiant Christ," after His resurrection. Eaton erected "The Hall of Crucifixion" for the sole purpose of displaying Jan Styka's famous painting of that event. And in the Memorial Court of Honor, the great mausoleum which was to house in the future so many of America's famous personalities (Charles Laughton, Chico Marx, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Walt Disney, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Aimee Semple McPherson, and hundreds of others), Eaton erected "The Last Supper Window."

In 1924 Eaton was in Milan viewing the decaying masterpiece, "The Last Supper," which had taken Leonardo da Vinci three years to paint 450 years before. Da Vinci had used
tempera on dry wall, and the painting had been flaking away for years. Napoleon had once cut a door through the wall on which the painting existed in order to stable his horses in that room. Eaton felt extreme sadness about this monumental loss. He had a sudden inspiration. There might be a way to have it duplicated on stained glass. The Moretti family in Perugia, Italy had been doing such work continuously since the twelfth century, and Eaton immediately traveled there to convince the last member of the family line to reproduce da Vinci's masterpiece. Rosa Casselli-Moretti worked for six years on the project; the firing process had broken the figure of Judas five times. But it was finally completed successfully and installed in the Forest Lawn mausoleum on April 28, 1931.

Hubert Eaton wanted to create a national shrine where the greatest Americans could be honored with entombment, as the English had in their Westminster Abbey. The Memorial Court of Honor was built with this in mind, and "The Last Supper Window" was the natural
focal point for this purpose. The crypts of the selected Immortals were to be placed below this window. No one could buy his way to this particular honor. A Council of Regents voted on the very few people who had made the kind of contribution to humanity, "to the social and spiritual progress of our civilization," which earned them the honor of being an Immortal. 

Sometime in the last few years of her life Carrie Jacobs-Bond finally agreed to accept Hubert Eaton's offer to be the second person to be so honored. Carrie had one condition; her son Fred Smith was to be moved one final time at Forest Lawn to share her entombment.

The funeral plans for Carrie Jacobs-Bond were made well in advance of her death. When she finally succumbed to a heart attack on December 26, 1946, the Forest Lawn establishment whipped into action. It was decided to hold the memorial service on January 11, 1947. Hubert Eaton, a brilliant showman in the style of P. T. Barnum, started to organize a mind-
boggling extravaganza. Formal invitations were printed and sent to thousands of Hollywood celebrities and well-known figures in the literary, artistic and political world. Detailed seating plans were made according to the acceptances received. Arrangements for television and radio coverage were made. John Charles Thomas was asked to sing "I Love You Truly" at the service and the Pasadena Boys Choir began to rehearse "A Perfect Day" and "The Hand of You." 47

The Forest Lawn Council of Regents asked President Harry Truman to write the epitaph which would finally grace Carrie Jacobs-Bond's resting place. Truman refused, saying he made a practice of never doing that. The Council decided it would be a greater honor anyway to have Herbert Hoover write the Immortal's tribute. Hoover wrote:

Carrie Jacobs-Bond
1862 Composer 1946

An Immortal

Beloved composer of "I Love You Truly," "Just A-Wearyin' For You," "A Perfect Day," and a hundred other heart songs
that express the loves and longings, sadness and gladness of all people everywhere . . . truly folk music of the world. Born in Wisconsin. Devoted wife and mother who met widowhood, conquered hardship, and achieved fame by composing and singing her simple romantic melodies. She was America's gallant lady of song.

Herbert Hoover
President of the United States

Above this tribute in bas-relief on an "imperishable" bronze plaque is an engraving of Carrie Jacobs-Bond at a grand piano, on the stage of a huge concert hall playing her melodies before an audience of thousands. Beneath the tribute are the following words:

Her Beloved Son
Fred Jacobs-Smith
1882 - 1928

Fred had never used the hyphenated name during his lifetime.

Thousands of people thronged to the memorial service. Most of the invited guests were ushered into the memorial hall. The organist played a medley of Bond songs; the walls were lined with baskets of chrysanthemums, lilies and red roses. An overflow crowd sat and stood outside the chapel. Famous people telegraphed regrets that they could not attend, and many
celebrities did come. Shel Wallach came to represent Lulu Fairbanks, who could not come at the last minute. Dorothy Rowley, Carrie's granddaughter, rode with Jaime Palmer in the funeral car. Dorothy was aghast at the pomp of the showbusiness-like affair. She was furious at being televised; she thought the whole event was a sacrilege, considering the simplicity of her grandmother's life and works. Elizabeth Walters was with the Army in Germany and could not return for the service.49

When the memorial service began, the Invocation was given by Dr. James Fifield, Jr., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed made the Immortal presentation address. In it he mentioned Carrie's distinguished service in music, poetry, and prose. He read:

Many women have done well,  
But you have exceeded them all 
Give her the due reward of her work,  
And let her deeds bring her praise at the gates.50

Dr. KleinSmid read a moving narration, starting with the pronouncement that only "the hearts of the people may choose the candidate
for this honor." He continued, citing Carrie's remarkable achievements in composing "the folk music of the world," calling the sentiments of her compositions "universal." KleinSmid recalled the trials and joys of Carrie Jacobs-Bond's life, emphasizing that the "fires of experience" had enabled her to have an extraordinary understanding and compassion for her fellow man:

The ability to appreciate the great, yet sympathize with the weak enabled Carrie Jacobs-Bond to voice in her songs -- and in her life -- the heart's most profound emotions.

KleinSmid also brought another thought to the minds of the many mourners. Was it not wonderful that Carrie Jacobs-Bond had lived to enjoy the "fruits of her music"? Indeed, that was one of the most gratifying pleasures of her life, and one that is rarely experienced by the great creators of our world's art and music.

Dr. Hubert Eaton gave the formal pronouncement and placed the traditional gold laurel crown on Carrie's casket. He reminded the great assembly that:
No mortal has the power to create the spark of genius that kindles the flame of greatness in the mind, and heart, and hands of a woman such as Carrie Jacobs-Bond. That spark can only be created by the Almighty God.52

Lawrence Emerson Nelson delivered the Meditation, which was based on Isaiah 40:28-31. The final verse of this passage seemed particularly appropriate:

They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and faint not.

Nelson talked about the great people who had soared to the heights through their works and lives; Jesus, Francis of Assisi, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, da Vinci, Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton. He spoke of the creators who had to work in silence, without adulation and in spite of ostracism, poor health or poverty. He spoke too of the difficulties and danger of working when wealth and fame threatened a creator's motivation and ability to concentrate. Nelson declared that:

A man or woman who can walk through any or all of these, unhurried, untroubled, and unbeguiled from the life-task before him or her, is truly great.53
Nelson closed, acknowledging the thousands of people across America who were at the memorial service in spirit alone. One such person, the novelist Kathleen Norris, had sent a written tribute, and Nelson brought tears to many eyes as he presented it:

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

Where have you flown to, bird, in the dawning glory,
Tear-filled, our eyes cannot follow you over the hill.
How shall we comfort us, wanting the end of the story,
Who shall sing to us, now that our singer is still?

You be entombed? -- Ah, no, for a sunrise awaking
Waits for you. Never for you are the grave and the dark;
There in the east, where the clouds and the shadows are breaking
There you are safe, with the morn and the call of the lark.

Singing forever, -- yes, even today as we mourn you,
Even today as the solemn processional starts,
And the voices break, and the deep-piled flowers adorn you,
Still are you singing eternally, deep in our hearts. 54

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Field, thousands of mourners filed past the casket, and John Charles Thomas lost all control of his emotions and fled home to weep. 55
For Jaime Palmer the service was a sad but glorious event. For Hubert Eaton it was the realization of part of his life dream to be able to "immortalize" a figure of such enormous importance. For John Charles Thomas it was one of the most moving moments of his life. For Dorothy Rowley the memorial service for her grandmother was lavish and emotional; it had all the sophistication and glamour that had been purposely lacking in the simplicity of the songs and verses that Carrie Jacobs-Bond had written for the common people all her life. When she described the service later to her half-sister, Elizabeth Walters was just as glad that she had not been able to attend. 56

Many years later Elizabeth Smith Walters Maiden visited the mausoleum where her father and grandmother were entombed. She abhorred the whole idea of such a pompous establishment. She sided with the author Evelyn Waugh, who based The Loved One, one of his best known novels, on the Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Waugh too thought the conception was grotesque. 57
But many Americans feel otherwise. They are touched to know that Clark Gable rests beside Jean Harlow and that Walt Disney has an entire garden to himself, within the Memorial Court of Honor. Millions of people stream through the park every year, paying their respects to the mentors and idols of their lives.

The crypt of Carrie Jacobs-Bond rests beside that of Jan Styka, the painter of "The Crucifixion"; that of Gutzon Borglum, sculptor of the Mount Rushmore memorial; and that of her friend Robert Andrews Millikan, scientist and Nobel Prize laureate.

The New York Herald Tribune obituary remembered that Carrie had often needed to justify her work by explaining that her songs were meant to:

... reach the masses with a broad, human message ... the multitude needs music, perhaps more than their cultured friends ... Let us write the simple songs for the people rather than the intricate and curious pieces which only the critics extol for their eccentricities.58

The Janesville Gazette devoted several pages to the coverage of Mrs. Bond's life and featured eight pictures of the homes in which
she had lived there, as well as highlights of her career. The *Gazette* confidently reported that "Burial is expected to take place in the Oak Hill cemetery here . . ." \(^59\)

The *Iron County Reporter* in Iron River, Michigan remembered not only Carrie Jacobs-Bond but paid tribute to her husband, Dr. Frank Lewis Bond, who had meant so much to the little town in pioneer days. The *Reporter* described Carrie in glowing terms:

> Mrs. Bond, whose songs are second only to the wedding marches of Wagner and Mendelssohn as favorites of American brides, composed 200 during her long life and was described as 'that rarity among creative artists, a woman with a large supply of practical ingenuity and resourcefulness.'

The *New York Times* obituary included a 1942 Associated Press photograph and included extensive information on her accomplishments. An editorial was devoted to Carrie Jacobs-Bond the next day. Entitled "Her Plain Songs Still Live," the article reminded the American public that "the older type of song . . . dies hard." \(^61\)

In Carrie's case the older type of song survived. People were certainly still singing the songs...
and playing records of the Bond pieces; even the radio stations often programmed Bond songs. The Times knew that the present generation might not recognize the name of Carrie Jacobs-Bond, but insisted that:

Young lovers who sang 'Just A-Wearyin' For You' thirty-odd years ago will not forget the words and the music, nor all their fond associations with that tranquil time before two world wars. This may be rank sentimentality. Perhaps, among the dissonances and broken rhythms, we could still do with a touch of sentimentality.

Thus the greatest newspaper in the world acknowledged the power and value of the woman who set the world to singing.
EPILOGUE
Blanche Verbeck and Jaime Palmer had found Carrie Jacobs-Bond dying at home after a heart seizure on December 28, 1946. After the memorial service on January 11, 1947, the many mourners returned to their homes and busy lives.

Dorothy Rowley went back to Texas. Jaime Palmer began the massive task of sorting out the belongings of her beloved mistress. The executors of the estate met and difficult decisions were made. The University of California announced that it would dedicate a new room in their music building to Carrie Jacobs-Bond. The family and executors decided that the personal furniture, books, manuscripts, and memorabilia should be housed in this room. Jaime Palmer made the arrangements and the university received the gifts in 1947. The memorial room never materialized; UCLA eventually decided that the fame of Carrie Jacobs-Bond dwindled rapidly after her death, and that she did not warrant such an honor.¹

When the family and executors gathered to hear the final reading of the will Mrs. Verbeck
surprisingly presented a nine page handwritten
document, not in Carrie's hand, which she
purported to be the last will and testament.
The nine pages listed gifts bequeathed to
the Verbecks and their daughter Marjorie.
Only a few paragraphs at the end itemized the
part of the estate which was to be left to
Dorothy Rowley and Elizabeth Walters, the
only direct heirs. A sharp lawyer dismissed
the undated document which Blanche Verbeck
had put forward. However, the official will
also seemed suspicious. Although it left the
real estate to the granddaughters as expected,
it did things inconsistent with Mrs. Bond's
character, such as splitting up sets of fine
china. Jamie Palmer received much of the
written material and a fine first edition
set of the of the Bond songs was given to
Elizabeth Walters. And the Verbecks were not
forgotten; they received a number of things.²

Jaime Palmer continued to honor Carrie
Jacobs-Bond in many ways after her death. She
had anniversary commemorations of her passing
and wrote an article about her life.³ She
donated many things to the Rock County Historicals Society in Janesville, including a gift of $100 in 1971. Jaime also kept in touch with Elizabeth Walters.

Elizabeth Walters moved into one of the bungalows on Pinehurst Road in Hollywood. She bought her sister's share in the real estate, because Dorothy lived too far away to use the homes. Dorothy Rowley married Dr. Robert Jaehne sometime in the 1940s. This marriage, her third, was even more unhappy than her others had been. Dorothy desperately wanted a child. When she finally got pregnant, she threatened to miscarry. Her physician husband sent her to a Boston hospital, but he did not accompany her. Elizabeth Walters assumed the responsibility of visiting and supporting her older sister. Dorothy lost the child and became severely depressed. When Elizabeth put Dorothy on a plane to send her back to Austin she did not know that she was saying goodbye forever. As soon as Dorothy got back to her home she took a gun and shot
herself.\textsuperscript{5} Jaehne communicated very little with Elizabeth Walters after that, and he also ignored his late wife's other half-sisters. Robert Jaehne was committed to a mental hospital in 1971 and has since died.\textsuperscript{6}

The woman who leased the "End of the Road" home from Elizabeth Walters rented a room to a successful English author. When this distinguished man met Elizabeth Walters the two fell in love. Cecil Maiden married Elizabeth on January 5, 1953. Maiden had been married several times before, and had five children, all living in England. But this marriage was to last. The Maidens were blessed with three children of their own, Marcus, Miles and Lynne. While they lived in the California homes left to Elizabeth by her grandmother, Cecil Maiden worked as a scriptwriter for Walt Disney.\textsuperscript{7}

When UCLA decided not to complete its plans for a "Carrie Jacobs-Bond Room" much of the furniture was shipped to the Maidens. Sometime between Carrie's death and the delivery of the memorabilia to UCLA several valuable items vanished. Among them were correspondence
to Carrie from Henry Ford, Herbert Hoover, Helen Keller, Jeanette MacDonald, John J. Pershing, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Alexander Wollcott. Carrie had carefully kept all important correspondence in a large indexed scrapbook. Only the autographed letters from the most famous people disappeared.  

In 1950 a Janesville woman, Edith Sanders, wrote to the local newspaper's "Voice of the People" column, outraged that her hometown, which was also the hometown of three of the most famous women in America, Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Frances Willard and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, had done virtually nothing of substance to recognize their greatness. Mrs. Sanders had been in California on New Year's Eve a week before, and she had heard Ted Malone's voice come over the radio, announcing his opening program of 1950, which was completely devoted to the life story of Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Edith Sanders felt that the people of Janesville had missed a great opportunity to honor these women. All of the former residences of Mrs. Bond had been torn down, as well as the Janesville home
of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She asked that the Janesville city government name a park for one of these honored women.9

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce Women's division honored Mrs. Bond with a bronze memorial plaque in 1953. It was placed at the former location of her beloved Bond Shop at 1776 North Highland Avenue. The building was subsequently demolished and the plaque mysteriously vanished.10

On the anniversary of Carrie's ninetieth birthday several old friends gathered at the Forest Lawn Memorial Court of Honor to pay homage to the Immortal composer. The crypt was graced with Carrie's favorite flower, garnet roses, and Jaime Palmer welcomed the distinguished guests, who included Mary Pickford, Rufus KleinSmid, D. Wolfe Gilbert, Mada Soudan Walsh and Mrs. Leland Atherton Irish.

The Milwaukee Journal published a lengthy article, "Mrs. Bond's Imperfect Days," by Walter Monfried, in August of 1962. Monfried wrote the piece in honor of her one hundredth birthday. He talked about the effect of the
songs she had written, recalling that "Hubbard wept over the Bond songs," and about her years of poverty. He mentioned her material success and said that her estate had brought "more than $15,000 a year to her grandchildren and other heirs." Also in 1962 David Ewen included Carrie Jacobs-Bond in his book *Popular American Composers*, giving her a lengthy biographical article.

Vincent Starrett of the Chicago Tribune yearned to relive certain momentous occasions in his experience. In 1968 he expressed these feelings by remembering Carrie Jacobs-Bond in an article, "Chicago Loved You Truly." He concluded that the music publishers of turn-of-the-century Chicago had considered Mrs. Bond's songs to be "too artistic for the public." But in Starrett's opinion the celebrated concert in Steinway Hall on The Loop was the single event that changed everyone's mind about Carrie Jacobs-Bond and really started her remarkable career.

Esther Fairbanks had the privilege of honoring Carrie in 1970 at a meeting of the
Business and Professional Women's Club in Seattle. Esther was certain that Carrie would have loudly applauded the recognition of outstanding women which this organization accomplished so well. Esther remembered Carrie's "inner drive" and "enormous talent."

She had been in awe of her regal appearance, saying that Carrie "reminded her of Queen Mary." Esther recalled the traits which made Carrie so successful:

- She was resourceful, creative, original -- a non-conformist up to a point -- very human at all times.
- Mrs. Bond was sympathetic to those struggling to achieve worthy goals.
- She lived the simple life and loved it -- she was a real-down-to-earth person.

Esther remembered that she often accompanied Carrie on "wild excursions" which terrified her but satisfied and thrilled her employer. Carrie loved all kinds of transportation; trains, boats, and electric motor cars, driven by her liveried chauffeur. A Janesville obituary even mentioned that Carrie was "an early enthusiast of flying," but no other evidence supports that claim.
In 1971 William Lichtenwanger, former head of the music library at the Library of Congress, wrote a very thoughtful and well-researched biographical article about Carrie Jacobs-Bond for *Notable American Women*. He spoke of the lack of pretension in Carrie's singing career, saying "she declaimed her songs," and credited her personality and a "genuinely moving element in the songs themselves" as the major factors in her success. Lichtenwanger felt that Carrie Jacobs-Bond reached the epitome of her career in 1910 with the publication of "A Perfect Day." He mentioned that she had written over 400 songs, but that only 170 had actually been published. "Because of the Light" was copyrighted when Carrie was in her eighty-second year. But Lichtenwanger insisted that the real heyday began with the publication of "A Perfect Day." It was:

... in the decade following 1910 -- the decade of World War I, woman suffrage, and prohibition -- that her prominence reached its peak. But with the decline of the parlor piano, the growing sophistication of concert
audiences, and the cynicism and disillusionment that came in the wake of the war, the conditions favorable to Mrs. Bond's roses of melody passed gradually away.\textsuperscript{16}

In 1972 the curator of the Rock County Historical Society in Janesville wrote to the head librarian at UCLA regarding the Carrie Jacobs-Bond collection. He asked about the state of the materials and inquired about the possibility of attaining an accession record. UCLA replied in a manner which suggested that the Bond material was not valued very highly. It was unprocessed and rather "odd."\textsuperscript{17} The Rock County official saw a golden opportunity and replied to UCLA, questioning the relevance of the collection to the university. He asked if the school would consider transferring the collection to Rock County, as the manuscripts, artifacts and iconographical material in Janesville were quite extensive. Some books were evidently sent in reply, but UCLA retained most of the items, in dead storage.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Steele of Gloversville, New York were traveling through Janesville in 1973. Since Mrs. Steele had long
been a Carrie Jacobs-Bond fan, and indeed had sung many of her songs, she was anxious to see the homesteads where Carrie had once lived. The Steeles were not very successful in their quest to find any kind of a memorial for Carrie, so they wrote to the historical society upon their return to Gloversville. Mr. Richard Hartung, Director of the Rock County Historical Society, answered the letter. Hartung explained that the former residence which lasted the longest was demolished in 1944 "because it was derelict and dangerous."

He made excuses for the owner's decision to raze it and continued:

Mrs. Bond was still alive in 1944 and it is my understanding she never 'forgave' the residents of Janesville for permitting the demolition. She was apparently, a vain and somewhat demanding grande dame and is probably better liked in Janesville today than she was when alive. In any event, there are several other historic sites in Janesville of equal or greater significance than Mrs. Bond's birthplace, including the Tallman House (a National Registered Landmark), the girlhood home of Francis Willard, the schoolhouse she attended (now owned by the Rock County Historical Society) and the residence of Daniel Hale Williams, a black man who became a physician in Chicago and performed the first known heart surgery in 1893. 18
Hartung told Steele about the exhibit of Bond materials which was a permanent part of the Carriage House collections. He also said that the archives included hundreds of photographs, published works and some manuscript items. He offered to send a more complete listing, but indicated that it would be better for a serious researcher to visit in person.

In 1973 the Janesville Fine Arts Club chose Carrie Jacobs-Bond as the subject of their February meeting. The National Federation of Music Clubs promotes a "Parade of American Music" each year during February, encouraging local clubs to devote programs to American composers. Several Janesville women offered selections of Bond songs and poems, and Mrs. Willard Ness prepared a brief history of Carrie's life.\(^\text{19}\)

A Miss Debroux at the Rock County Historical Society was quite persistent in tracking down information about Carrie Jacobs-Bond in 1976. She wrote to Geri Rhino in Iron River and managed to get a wealth of useful data. Rhino had interviewed many Iron River residents
who had had contact with Mrs. Bond. She outlined their remembrances, one woman remembering that her father had often "come home from work humming Mrs. Bond's tunes"; he had been mayor of nearby Bessemer and superintendent of the then prosperous mines. Another recalled that her father had carved a mixing spoon for the young doctor's wife as a gift, because she always bought all her dairy products from him. Geri Rhino did not hide the fact that the former Bond residence was in disrepair. She deplored the vandalism which was made easier by the proximity of the home to the local high school; it was right across the street.

Rhino had interviewed Monica Irvine, the Iron River woman who had befriended Carrie in her later years. Both women had had similar interests and both had married doctors from Iron River. If Monica Irvine had not still been married, she would have been a natural companion for the aging Mrs. Bond. As it was, she traveled to help her when she could, and often entertained her in her Sunset Lake home.
Geri Rhino admitted that the mining of iron ore in Iron River had declined to an almost imperceptible level. She related that one old mine, at Caspian, had been converted to use as a site for the Iron River Historical Society. A room there was dedicated to Carrie Jacobs-Bond and filled with little items which were donated by friends and relatives. In the Spartan society of a remote yet proud community far north of the urban centers of America, people were still capable of being moved when they viewed this little room, a remembrance of a great Victorian lady who had cherished her life in Iron River.

Although her homes in Janesville had been razed, many local people in Rock County wished for an appropriate memorial to Mrs. Bond in the city of her birth. During the Bicentennial, the National Music Council, with funds provided by the Exxon Corporation, placed 200 plaques honoring famous American musicians throughout the fifty states. Carrie Jacobs-Bond was one of the august company honored in this manner, and it was decided that the plaque would be
placed in the Janesville Public Library. Miss Alice Walter of nearby Burlington, Wisconsin organized the ceremony, with the help of a special committee of members of the Wisconsin Federation of Music Clubs, chaired by Dr. Vera Wardner Dougan, who was then president of the state federation. 21

In 1977 the Los Angeles papers had a run on Carrie Jacobs-Bond articles. Jack Smith wrote an article about the controversy, still not laid to rest, over where "A Perfect Day" had been written. 22 He concluded that the Mission Inn was indeed the true site, because a trusted friend, William Smith, president of the Security National Bank in Riverside, had sworn to its accuracy. Jack Smith knew that his old friend was a highly unsentimental character and would not insist on the matter unless it was so. Other former colleagues wrote to Smith; one reminded him that Riverside had few claims to fame, one of them the congressman John Tunney, the other Carrie Jacobs-Bond. He asked his old pal to refrain from disillusioning other people.
Tom Patterson, a Press-Enterprise staff writer, wrote an extensive article, "Perfect Day," which was published in a Sunday edition on August 21, 1977. Patterson included pictures and song excerpts and "new" information containing "proof" that the famous song had indeed been connected to the Mission Inn. He also guessed that Mrs. Bond might have worked on one of the more than sixty versions in another setting. The controversy erupted when someone claimed that the Hollywood Hotel should share the honors. At any rate, Patterson put together an interesting account and ended by concluding that Carrie Jacobs-Bond's popularity as an "active celebrity had waned" by the time of her death in 1946, but her songs still survived.  

Los Angeles might have become a little flippant in its recollection of its once prominent citizen, and the people of Janesville, with few exceptions, appeared to be concerned with other matters. But back in Iron River, Michigan there were many people who still cared very deeply for the memory of Carrie
Jacobs-Bond. Even though she had spent only seven years in their midst, the people of this remote community exhibited a love and concern for her, a pride in her achievement, which could not be contained. Time weighs heavily in Iron River, almost as it did back in the "gay nineties." Young people can not motor to a big city for an evening's entertainment; older citizens have learned to rely upon the written word for much of their knowledge and enjoyment. Two high school teachers are among the Iron River residents who have spurred a resurgence of interest in Carrie Jacobs-Bond. This couple, Harold and Marcia Bernhardt, have encouraged a high school group, the Young Historians, to develop and maintain a strong involvement in the preservation of the area's heritage. These enterprising young people, under the supervision of the Bernhardts and other preservation-minded residents, have undertaken the construction of several log cabins at the site of the Iron County Historical Museum. They have also assisted their elders
in many other helpful tasks, working together to create a living monument to their cumulative history.\textsuperscript{24}

Of course Carrie Jacobs-Bond was part of that history, and when her former homestead came up for sale the real estate agent noted that the building would be "ideal for a history museum or memorial center . . ." He also advertised it as an "excellent location for a new gas station."\textsuperscript{25}

But the people of Iron River did not let this historical home be razed or converted for commercial purposes. Ed Forsman, manager of the Chamber of Commerce, commented that it would be a shame for Iron River to "miss the opportunity to keep her memory alive." The price tag was $12,500, not much by most American standards, but a healthy sum for Iron River. The community began a fund-raising drive. It was decided that the home should be purchased and moved to the grounds of the Iron County Historical Society. Imaginative and dedicated people joined together to raise monies by methods which would have made P. T. Barnum proud. An "imaginary move"
was envisioned through the local papers. In December people were asked to contribute a dollar a foot to help Santa and his reindeer move the house; in January teamsters and dog sled teams were going to do the job; cupids were employed for the February vision. Cookie sales featuring gingerbread "feet" were held; each cookie cost a dollar and represented a gain of a foot toward the new location of the Bond home. The series of "unusual helpers" continued throughout the following months with leprechauns, quilters, "musicians, white elephants, Ferrous Frolickers, pie bakers and eaters" and enthusiastic townspeople. With the additional aid of a bank loan, the time arrived when Iron River could relax from the enormous effort and watch the former home of Frank and Carrie Bond move three miles to its final resting place.26

Utility men serviced the broken wires, and dozens of observers watched as Tony Vander Missen and his crew provided the spectacle. The Bernhardts took a Super-8 film, the mayor witnessed the whole scene, and the county
sheriff walked around humming "A Perfect Day."
The feat was accomplished on October 24, 1979.
Only the chimney of the seventy ton wooden
frame home suffered from the move. Junior
historians Jeff Garret and Larry Donson
helped to disassemble it, and the Wiegands
built a new one. 27

This accomplishment was a major event in
the history of Iron County. The snows of early
winter came rushing in to complicate the pro-
ject. It was difficult to keep the new base-
ment from cracking and a space heater was the
only means of prevention. More fund raising
was necessary and Bond music and notepaper
was sold in the effort. Marcia Bernhardt
had written and published a lovely booklet
about Carrie, which was sold in local shops
to townspeople and the few tourists who came
through Iron River. 28

The people of the Upper Peninsula are
persistent as well as proud. They care very
much about developing their tourist business,
because they know that the natural beauty of
their unspoiled land will one day be a haven
for many. They are also shrewd enough and ambitious enough to prepare for that future by revering their past. Hence Carrie Jacobs-Bond has her greatest memorial in the town where she "spent the happiest seven years of her life." To create a national shrine to Carrie Jacobs-Bond in Iron River, Michigan is appropriate in other ways. While it is associated with the happiest events of her life, it was also the scene of the tragedy which changed her life, spurring her on to become an internationally known figure.

Her life story has now been told many times, and her memory properly honored in humble as well as extravagant ways. What remains to be taken seriously is the music itself. Although by the end of her life Carrie Jacobs-Bond was a media personality, for most of her career she was first of all a composer.

It is beyond the scope of this biographical study to deal with her music as music. Suffice it to say that it is an output of
greater variety and intrinsic interest than is generally supposed, and her best songs more than justify her fame and the attention given to the story of her life. There are many of her songs which are the equal of her most famous ones, and some which surpass them as music; but a thorough investigation of these small masterpieces is a project for the future.
APPENDIX I

COMPOSITIONS BY CARRIE JACOBS-BOND
This is a listing of songs and other compositions which I know to exist. I have photocopied of all of them, except for those listed in the Library of Congress.

I have titles and some information concerning about fifty other pieces, but have found no extant copies.

Names in parentheses are the authors of texts. When none is given, the poetry is by Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

The reader will notice an extraordinary inconsistency in the name of the Bond publishing enterprise. After 1902 one would expect all pieces to be published by "Carrie Jacobs-Bond and Son," but this is by no means the case. Also, some copies indicate that they were published in Hollywood while the Bond Shop was still in Chicago. It seems at this point impossible to resolve these inconsistencies. Examination of the records of the Bond Shop would clarify many things, but these were destroyed by fire years ago. Rather than contribute further to the confusion, I have given the citations precisely as they appear.


"A Hundred Years From Now." (John Bennett.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1914.


"Alone." Chicago: Carrie Jacobs-Bond, 1897.


"A Perfect Day." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1905. [French version]

"A Perfect Day." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1905. [with cello obligato]


"A Sleepy Song." Chicago: CJB, 1912.


"As Their Fathers Had Done Before." (Words from *Munsey's Magazine*.) Chicago: CJB, 1907. In *Nine Songs*. 


"Because I Am Your Friend." Chicago: CJB, 1900.

"Because of the Light." (Francis Carlton.) Hollywood: CJB and Son, 1944; The Boston Music Company.


"But I Have You." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Eleven Small Songs.

"California." Chicago: The Bond Shop, CJB and Son, 1902.


"Come, Mr. Dream-Maker." (Samuel Minturn Peck.) Chicago: CJB, 1897.

"Compensation." ("Words by M. H.") Chicago: The Bond Shop, CJB and Son, 1914.


"De Las' Long Res". (Paul Laurence Dunbar.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Seven Songs.

"Democracy." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1919.

"Des Hold My Hands Tonight." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Seven Songs.

"Doan' Yo' Lis'n." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1908.

"Do You Remember?" Chicago: CJB and Son, 1915.


"Going To Church With Mother." Chicago: CJB, 1900.

"God Remembers When the World Forgets." (Clifton Bingham.) Chicago: CJB, 1913.


"Got To Practice." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1917.


"Have You Seen My Kittie?" Chicago: H. F. Chandler, 1899.

"He Advertised." (Words from the Cleveland Leader.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1907. In Nine Songs.
"Her Greatest Charm." (Author unknown.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Eleven Small Songs.

"His Buttons are Marked 'U. S.'" (Mary Norton Bradford.) Chicago: CJB, 1902.

"His Buttons are Marked 'U. S.'" Revised edition. (Mary Norton Bradford.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1918.

"His Lullaby." (Bert Healy.) Chicago: CJB, 1907.


"I Love You Truly." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1906. In Seven Songs.


"I'm the Captain of the Broom Stick Cavalry." Hollywood: CJB and Son, 1900.

"In a Foreign Land." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1905. In Ten Songs.

"In Dear Hawaii." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1908. [Library of Congress]

"In the Meadow." Hollywood: CJB and Son, 1925.


"Is My Dolly Dead?" Chicago: G. B. Brigham, 1898.
"I've Done My Work." (George W. Caldwell.) Hollywood: CJB and Son, 1920; The Boston Music Company.

"I Was Dreaming -- May-be." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1902. In Twelve Songs.


"Just A-Wearyin' For You." (Frank Stanton.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Seven Songs.

"Just By Laughing." (Author unknown.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1902. In Ten Songs.


"Kitten and the Lily." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1911. In Songs and Stories by Carrie Jacobs-Bond.


"Linger Not." (Author unknown.) Chicago: CJB, 1902.

"Little Lost Youth of Me." (Eleanore Meyers Jewett.) Hollywood: CJB and Son, 1923.

"Longing." (C. Jessica Donneley.) Chicago: CJB, 1907.

"Love and Sorrow." (Paul Laurence Dunbar.) Chicago: CJB, 1908.


"Man and Woman." (W. D. Nesbit.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1905. In *Ten Songs* and also in *Nine Songs*.

"May I Print A Kiss?" (Author unknown.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1902. In *Ten Songs* and also in *Nine Songs*.


"Morning and Evening." (Words from the New York Sun.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1908. In *Nine Songs*.

"Mother's Cradle Song." Chicago: CJB, 1897.


"Movin' In de Bes' Soci'ty." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1903.


"My Dream of You." Chicago: CJB, 1897.


"My Son!" Chicago: CJB and Son, 1918.


"O Haunting Memory!" (Mrs. E. C. Pierce.)
Title page missing; no other information available.

"Old Friend of Mine." (George O'Connell.)
Chicago: CJB and Son, 1919.

"O My! She Scratches Me." Chicago: CJB
and Son, 1911. In Songs and Stories by
Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

"O Time! Take Me Back." Chicago: CJB and
Son, 1916. In Songs Everybody Sings.

"Out In the Fields." (Elizabeth Barrett
Browning.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1919.

"Over Hills and Fields of Daisies." Chicago:
CJB and Son. In Twelve Songs.

"Pansy and Forget-me-not." Chicago: S.
[Library of Congress]

"Parting." (Ordway Partridge." Chicago:
CJB and Son. In Seven Songs.

"Play Make-Believe." Hollywood: CJB and Son,
1911.

"Po' Lil' Lamb!" (Paul Laurence Dunbar.)
Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Eleven
Small Songs.

"Remember To Forget." Hollywood: CJB and
Son, 1932.

"Robin Adair." (Author unknown.) Chicago:
CJB and Son, 1910.

"Roses Are In Bloom." Hollywood: CJB and
Son, 1926. [Library of Congress]

"Shadows." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901.
In Seven Songs.


"Still Unexprest." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In *Seven Songs*.

"Sunset (In the Great Divide)." Piano solo. Chicago: CJB and Son, 1907.


"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand." (Dean Alford.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1918.


"The Dark Lament." (Irene C. Dobyne.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1908.


"The Elopement." (Ben King.) Hollywood: CJB and Son, 1928.


"The Kitten and the Cream." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1911. In Songs and Stories by Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

"The Last Goodbye." Chicago: CJB, 1897.


"The Lure." (Words from the Houston Post.) Chicago: CJB and Son. In Nine Songs.


"The Sandman." (Mary White Slater.) Chicago: CJB, 1912.


"Through the Years." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1918.

"Time Makes All But Love the Past." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1902. In Twelve Songs.

"'Tis Summer In Thine Eyes." (Heinrich Hein[e].) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Eleven Small Songs.


"To-day." (John Bennett.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1915.

"Trouble." (Cora Amanda Lewis.) Chicago: CJB, 1901.


"Until God's Day." (Frank Stanton.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1902. In Twelve Songs.


"We Are All Americans." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1918. [Library of Congress]
"Were I." (Nan Terrell Reed.) Hollywood: CJB, 1923. In Songs Everybody Sings.


"When Do I Want You Most?" Chicago: CJB, 1897. In Ten Songs.

"When God Puts Out the Light." Chicago: CJB, 1901.


"When I Bid the World Good Night." (Cathcart Bronson.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1902. In Twelve Songs.


"When You're Sad." Chicago: CJB and Son, 1901. In Eleven Small Songs.


"Your Song." (George F. O'Connell.) Chicago: CJB and Son, 1919.
APPENDIX II

MORTGAGE DEED FROM
JOHN JACOBS TO
CYRUS JACOBS
I, Cyrus Jacobs shall will and truly
without fraud or deceit do perform and fulfill
pay and deliver to him the said John Jacobs
and Hannah Jacobs his wife yearly and every
year during the rest of their natural life,
all and everything as herein after expressed
and contained to wit, pay all the just debts
now outstanding against the said John Jacobs,
keep summer and winter one good hoss [sic],
two cows, seven sheep, and their calves and
lambs till they are six months old, if re-
quired for the use of the said John and Han-
nah, also hay and deliver to them yearly and
every year during said term thirty pounds of
good flax, three hundred pounds of pork, one
hundred pounds of good beef, twenty bushels
of corn, two bushels of rye, five bushels
of wheat, one and a half bushels of bran,
thirty bushels of potatoes to be delivered in
the common season of delivery of such articles,
and pay them the said John and Hannah twenty
dollars of money each and every year during
said term in quarter yearly payments, the
said Cyrus to allow the said John and Hannah to use and occupy the south east room in the dwelling house, the entry adjoining, a privilege in the kitchen, buttery, chamber cellar and oven and the exclusive right to the Blacksmith shop, also provide good and suitable pine wood, nursing and doctRing [sic] in case of sickness or disability or age and infirmity during said term. This deed or mortgage to be null and void if in default of John and remain in full force and virtue in law.

Signed by John Jacobs on March 2, 1825.
APPENDIX III

FAMILY GENEALOGICAL HISTORY
John Jacobs, Jr., and Hannah Bowerer Jacobs were married on August 19, 1784. They had four children: Lydia, born May 11, 1785; Daniel, born February 5, 1787 (he may have died the same year); John III, born February 25, 1789; and Cyrus, born on some date in 1794.

Lydia Jacobs married Nathaniel Smith on March 14, 1811. Lydia died on May 9, 1864, and Nathaniel died on June 24, 1867.

Cyrus Jacobs married Elizabeth Paine Jacobs on December 21, 1819. Elizabeth was the oldest of three children born to Ephraim and Sarah Paine. She was born on March 11, 1799. Cyrus and Elizabeth had a son, Hannibal Cyrus Jacobs, in 1838. Cyrus Jacobs died on March 18, 1843. Elizabeth Jacobs died on August 5, 1874.

Hannibal Cyrus Jacobs married Emma M. Davis on March 11, 1860. Emma (also known as Mary Emogene or Mary Imogene) was born to German H. Davis (1820-1901) and Nancy Williams Davis (1820-1867) in 1843. Hannibal and Emma had a daughter, Carrie Minetta Ja-
cobs, on August 11, 1962. Hannibal died in 1870. Emma (Mary Imogene) died sometime in the 1930s.

Carrie Jacobs married Edward T. Smith on December 28, 1880. Edward was the son of John and Amanda Smith. Carrie and Edward had a son, Frederick Jacobs Smith, on July 23, 1882. This marriage ended in divorce.

Edward J. Smith married his second wife, Grace Norris, the late 1880s. They had one son, Norris. Edward Smith died in 1936.

Carrie Jacobs Smith married Frank Lewis Bond on June 10, 1888. Frank was one of two children born to D. M. and Jane Bond. He was born on October 20, 1858. D. M. Bond died in 1895. Frank Lewis Bond died on December 3, 1895. Carrie Jacobs-Bond died on December 28, 1946.

Frederick Jacobs Smith married Louise Honbegger on June 12, 1901. Fred and Louise had one daughter, Dorothy. This marriage ended in divorce in 1911 or 1912.

Louise Honbegger married her second husband, Nathan Hawkes; they had two daughters, Mary Louise and Natalie.
Frederick Jacobs Smith married his second wife, Elizabeth Bolton Harper; they had a son, Fred Jacobs Smith, Jr., who died shortly after his birth in 1917, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who was born in 1921. Frederick Jacobs Smith died in December of 1928.

Elizabeth Harper Smith married her second husband, Carl Walters. Elizabeth Smith, the younger, was adopted by Carl Walters. Both Elizabeth Walters, the elder, and Carl Walters died in 1936 or 1937.

Elizabeth Smith Walters married Cecil Maiden on January 5, 1953. Cecil had five children by two previous marriages. Elizabeth and Cecil had three children; Lynne, Marcus, and Miles.

Addenda: Carrie Jacobs-Bond's older granddaughter, Dorothy Smith, married three times, the second time to a Mr. Rowley, and the third to Robert Jaehne. Dorothy Jaehne died in the 1950s. Robert Jaehne died in the 1970s.
Carrie Jacobs-Bond's mother, Mary Emogene Davis Jacobs, married her second husband, John Phelps Williams, on November 27, 1871. It is not known whether this marriage ended in divorce of death, but Mary Emogene Williams was married to a third husband, James Benjamin Miner, on May 19, 1880. A son James was born of this union. Mary Emogene Davis Jacobs Williams Miner died sometime in the 1930s.

James Miner married Rose Moxness.
NOTES

CHAPTER I.


2. The biographical information in this chapter was gathered in various records in the Town Halls of Chester, Vermont and Rockingham, Vermont on March 6, 1980.

3. Chester, Vermont land records.

4. This information has been culled from the first chapter of The Roads of Melody, My Story, by Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

5. Elizabeth Paine Jacobs was born in Chester, Vermont on March 11, 1799, the first child of Ephraim and Sarah Paine. John Howard Payne was born in New York City on June 9, 1791. An unidentified clipping suggests they were related through an Isaacs family.


7. Carrie Jacobs-Bond searched high and low for that piano in her later life, tracing it to California, but never finding it.


10. The quote is from an unsigned paper on the door of the Carrie Jacobs-Bond Room at the Iron County Museum in Caspian, Michigan.

12. Ibid., p. 13.


15. "She Recalls Carrie Jacobs Bond as Mrs. Smith;" *Janesville Gazette*, August 28, 1974, p. 5. This article is written by Ruby Walton based on an interview with Mrs. Fred Murphy, Fredenhall's daughter.

CHAPTER II.


2. Ibid.


5. Ibid.

6. "Long Auto Trip," unidentified newspaper clipping found in Iron County Historical Museum.


10. In this regard, he resembled Carrie's grandfather, German Davis. See Chapter I, p. 18.


12. These songs were published by the Brigham Company in Chicago, December of 1894.


15. Iron County Reporter, front page obituary article, December 7, 1895.

16. Ibid.

CHAPTER III.


7. Ibid., pp. 36-46.

8. Ibid., p. 79.

10. Helen Hover, "They Told Her: 'Your Songs are Too Plain,'" newspaper article in Emma Madeley's scrapbook, Rock County Historical Society, no source given.


15. Ibid., p. 12.


17. Ibid., pp. 143-145.

18. Ibid., p. 52.


20. Ibid.


22. Ibid., p. 104.


24. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.


28. Ibid., p. 80.

29. Ibid., p. 82.

CHAPTER IV.


3. Ibid., pp. 87-90.

4. This incident was mentioned so frequently in articles about Carrie Jacobs-Bond that it is quite possible that Margaret Mitchell read it. This may have been the inspiration for the story of Scarlett O'Hara making a gown out of her curtains in *Gone With the Wind*.


6. Ibid., p. 90.

7. Ibid., p. 146.


9. This is the text of the song "Mother's Three Ages of Man."


12. Ibid., p. 133.

13. Ibid., pp. 134-142.

14. Elizabeth Maiden; letter in private family collection.


18. Ibid., p. 119.


24. "Native City of Mrs. Bond to Welcome Her in First Public Recital, Monday," Janesville Gazette, ca. 1908.

25. This is the text of the song "May I Print A Kiss?"


27. Ibid.


29. Ibid.

30. Maiden collection, pictures.


37. Clipping in scrapbook, Maiden collection.

38. Picture with caption, Maiden collection.


41. Material assembled from various clippings in the Maiden collection, NYPL, Rock County Historical Society, Iron County Historical Society, and UCLA.


44. Elbert Gross was a professional photographer who did all of Carrie's early photos.

45. Scrapbook clipping, Rock County Historical Society.

46. Several of the "Old Man" stories were written years before Carrie could have met Ed Fuller.


48. Ibid., p. 141.

50. Scrapbook clipping, Maiden collection.
52. Unidentified newspaper clipping, NYPL.
54. Ibid., p. 173.
55. Ibid., p. 180.
56. Ibid., p. 130.
57. Ibid., picture facing p. 174.
58. Ibid., p. 181.
59. Article by Mary White Slater, Janesville Gazette, ca. 1908, clipping in Rock County Historical Society.
63. Ibid., p. 168.
64. Ibid., p. 64.
65. Scrapbook, Maiden collection.
67. Photographs with captions, Maiden collection.


70. Ibid, p. 185.

71. Program ads and promotional material, including B. F. Keith's *Theatre News*, Rock County Historical Society.

72. Ibid.

73. Ibid.

CHAPTER V.

1. Program collection of Jacobs-Bond material, Rock County Historical Society.


3. Ibid., p. 192.


5. Photographs, Maiden collection; interview with Cecil and Elizabeth Maiden.


9. Clipping, Maiden collection.


12. Ibid., October 4, 1923.

13. The song "Little Lost Youth of Me" used words by Eleanore Myers Jewett. It was dedicated to Mme. Pavloski.


16. Ibid.

17. San Francisco Examiner, April 19, 1924, p. 5, column 7.


20. San Francisco Examiner, October 9, 1924, p. 15, column 3.


29. Interview with Cecil and Elizabeth Maiden.


31. Interview with Cecil and Elizabeth Maiden.


33. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.


36. This information was obtained by reading through private files at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Several letters between Mrs. Bond and Hubert Eaton discuss the problem.


39. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

CHAPTER VI.

1. Scrapbook, Maiden collection.


4. Carrie had always been partial to animals. She wrote several books and songs about them; for details, see Bibliography and list of compositions.


6. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden. It is possible that the boy was Jaime's son.


8. Ibid.


12. Ibid.

14. WEAF radio, "Person to Person," Frank Luther, narrator, August 11, 1938.


17. WEAF radio, "The Hour of Charm," Del Sharbutt, announcer, October 1, 1939.

18. NBC radio, "California's Composers," October 18, 1939.


20. Ibid.

21. Recorded interview on privately released 78 disc, Maiden collection.

22. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

23. Ibid.

24. Ibid.


27. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

28. Ibid.

29. Ibid.

30. Clipping about famous women, scrapbook, Maiden collection.

31. Details were gathered from the Iron County Reporter and the newspaper in Stambaugh, Michigan, May 18 and 19, 1938.

33. Iron County Reporter, May 18, 1938.

34. "Davis Hotel, Landmark of Nearly 60 Years, Will Be Razed for New Building," Janesville Gazette, ca. 1929.


37. Rhino letter.

38. Irvine letter.


40. Ibid.

41. Ibid.

42. "A Line O' Type or Two, When Genius Ran a Boarding House," Chicago Tribune, August 22, 1939.

43. Ibid.

44. David Anderson, "100,000 To Attend Music Festival," Chicago Sunday Tribune, August 13, 1939.

45. Ibid.

46. Ibid.

47. The medallion is in the UCLA collection.


49. Chicago Musicland scrapbook, UCLA collection.

51. Irvine letter.


54. Ibid.

55. Ibid.

56. The scrapbook is in the UCLA collection.

57. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

CHAPTER VII.

1. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

2. Taped interview with Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Maiden collection.


6. Ibid.

7. Ibid.


10. Jacobs-Bond, letter to Mr. Fairbanks, July 1, 1941.


13. Ibid.

14. Collection 647, UCLA.

15. The album of autographed letters in Collection 647, UCLA, includes one from Arnold. The collection also included one from Jacobs-Bond to Arnold.

16. Palmer, "Glimpses of CJB."

17. Ibid.

18. Ibid.

19. Indeed, she was almost obsessed with physicians. Her father had been a doctor, her second husband was a doctor, her son and granddaughter Elizabeth aspired to be doctors. Her first granddaughter, Dorothy, eventually married a doctor.


21. Interview with Cecil and Elizabeth Maiden.


23. Collection 647, UCLA, Scrapbook No. 2.

24. Single sheet cover of "Do You Remember?", Rock County Historical Museum.


27. Hefferman, "I Love You Truly."
28. Irvine letter.
29. Hefferman, "I Love You Truly."
30. Collection 647, UCLA, Scrapbook No. 2.
31. Ibid.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid.
34. Ibid.
35. Collection 647, UCLA, Scrapbook No. 1.
37. Collection 647, UCLA, oversize package, Citation of Honor.
38. Ibid.
39. Indeed, she was even working on a novel. A full book of notes written in a composition book is in the Maiden collection. I have transcribed it in its entirety and determined that it is fictional, but based on real life events.
40. Jacobs-Bond, legal correspondence with Jaime Palmer, November 9, 1944.
43. Ibid., p. 113.
44. "'The Last Supper' Window," pamphlet (Glendale, California: Forest Lawn Memorial Park Association, 1959), p. 15.
45. Ibid., p. 13.
46. Private letters from Jaime Palmer to Hubert Eaton discuss arrangements for Carrie's funeral at least one year in advance of her death. Papers at Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

47. Information gathered from private files at Forest Lawn and from various newspaper sources.


49. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

50. Memorial Service for Carrie Jacobs-Bond, copy from Forest Lawn Memorial Park. The service was held on January 11, 1946.

51. Ibid.

52. Ibid.

53. Ibid.

54. Ibid.

55. Private file of correspondence, Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

56. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.


60. Obituary, Iron County Reporter, December 29, 1946.


EPILOGUE

1. Bernhardt, "Carrie Bond"

2. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

3. Palmer, "Glimpses of CJB."

4. A letter regarding this matter is in the Rock County Historical Society Archives.

5. Interview with Elizabeth Maiden.

6. Family tree in Rock County Historical Society collection, compiled by Jaime Palmer.

7. Interviews with Elizabeth Maiden.


9. Frances Willard had left Janesville before Carrie Jacobs-Bond was old enough to know her. But Carrie had been a temperance advocate, forming a teenagers league in Iron River.

10. Bernhardt, "Carrie Bond."


13. Ibid.


17. A copy of the first page of this letter was sent to me by a Rock County Historical Society librarian. There is no signature.


20. Rhino letter to DeBroux.


24. A research trip to Iron River, Michigan in November of 1978 enabled me to interview the Bernhardts and to see the results of their loving work.


27. I was fortunate enough to be visiting the Bernhardts when the movie film came back from the developer. The three of us watched the first showing of the move.
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