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In the 1850s, two surveyors from Scotland arrived to work for my grandfather. A post office was to be built and its location had to be named. One surveyor suggested Glenshaw. A log house for a school was half way up the hill on what is known as Kleber Road. Great-grandfather built a Presbyterian church on his property. (The sickle factory had doubled as the meeting house.)

His son became a doctor in Pittsburgh and married Katherine Stoner. The eldest of their nine children was my father, Henry Shaw. My great-grandfather had given him a piece of property near his own house and my father built a house to his own design. There I was born, the youngest of five daughters.

In the narrow wooded valley between the two bridges that span Pine Creek — “The Crick” to us — was the house my father built, great-grandfather’s house, the church, and a small house occupied by a family named Hunter. This was during my early childhood, around the turn of the twentieth century. Our house had a large garden, fruit trees and a grape arbor. The Presbyterian congregation would come on the road made of planks, in surreys, buggies, and traps, tying their horses to hitching posts across from the church at the edge of the creek.

The hillsides were thick with trees, mountain laurel and sassafras, with trillium and jack-in-the-pulpits in spring. The shallow creek with the flat rocks was where we played, catching crayfish and shivering at the sight of the occasional water snake. A wide lawn stretched from our house past my great-grandfather’s house and then the barn, big and mysterious with the lovely smell of horses and leather. We would climb at some peril onto a beam in the hayloft and jump off into the mountain of hay.

By the barn grew an apple tree which bore what we called July apples, for they were the first to ripen. We children would gather the first that fell and hide them in the hay-mow to ripen. They were small, yellow with red stripes, and I have never tasted their like — the best ever. There were other apple varieties, Northern Spy was one, and they were for cooking or eating, and some for making apple butter. A huge iron cauldron was placed on a wood fire outside, under a sycamore, and filled with sour apples flavored with cinnamon, spice, and sugar. My great aunts, Maria the cook, and anyone tall enough, would take turns with a long handled paddle
shaped like a hoe with holes
in it, stirring until the mix-
ture was a dark ruddy brown.
Then it was put in Mason
tubs. The family legend is
that Mrs. Heinz made her
first ketchup in the huge
copper cauldrons borrowed
from our Glenshaw kitchen.

Beyond the hay field
behind the barn was a
path made of two narrow
planks with a wooden
railing. It was overhung
with elder bushes, first
laden with white blossoms
and then masses of deep purple berries. The path
ended at a little wicket gate that I was forbidden to
pass, for there was the high bank and the tunnel
through the hill. The trains came roaring up the
valley, blowing their whistles and ringing their
bells, rushing with thunder into the tunnel. A great
cloud of black smoke would come out after they
passed. How I longed to see what was on the other
side of the tunnel! For me, it was through the
tunnel that the great wide world lay. I heard that
was the way to travel: hop a freight and lie flat on
the top. Then came the fast trains with the sleeping
cars bound for Chicago, streaking past and away
through the tunnel.

My great-grandfather had told my father how as
a little boy his father had lifted him up on his
shoulders to see General Washington pass by on a
white horse when he came to Pittsburgh. In
addition to serving as a surgeon at Gettysburg, my
grandfather had been a doctor for the immigrants
in the slums of Pittsburgh who had come to work
in the mills. He was first an intern and then a
doctor at Mercy Hospital, which was a Catholic
hospital with nuns, and of course he was a Presby-
terian. The nuns adored him. When my sister Kay
got to work in the 1930s as a pathologist with Dr.
Ernest Willets, a prominent Pittsburgh physician,
an elderly nun saw my sister’s name on the door
and said, “Are you by any chance a relation to a
Doctor Thomas Shaw?” They were still making up
his “purge pills,” known as “Dr. Shaw’s Little Black
Devils.”

My father was the eldest son and the pride of his
father, a civil engineer and a graduate of Rensselaer,
already a famous college of engineering. He had
wanted to be an artist and had shown some talent
in portrait painting, but my grandfather regarded
artists as Bohemians in velvet jackets and flowing
ties, supported by their parents. My father bought
pictures to enjoy and his
greatest delight was seeing the International
Exhibition of paintings
that came to the
Carnegie Museum once
a year and attracted
visitors from Europe as
well as from around the
United States. He
longed to visit London,
and when he was
recovering from pneu-
monia and in need of a
change from pneumo-

My father first worked in a steel mill in Joliet,
Illinois, after college. He later became head of the
Garrison Foundry in Pittsburgh on the south side
of the Monongahela River. My father knew every
man in the mill — many were Czechs from Pitts-

My father travelled daily, including Saturday,
from Glenshaw to the Allegheny depot on the
North Side and back on a B & O train. This was
the early 1900s. When I was 7 years old, my father
took me to see the fiery molten metal being poured
into the sand molds — a fearsome sight — and to
meet the mules which pulled the heavy loads. The
animals were black and enormous, but they bent
their heads to allow me to stroke their soft, white,
velvety noses.

My father was extremely well-read. Every
Christmas, we five daughters would give him a
George Elliot novel in the Nelson Edition. He and
my mother gave one another books and marked for
one another passages they’d enjoyed. They were
both very active in the Pittsburgh Civic Club,
trying to do something about the slums where the
immigrant mill workers lived. My father voted for
Woodrow Wilson because he liked the man; he
couldn’t abide Teddy Roosevelt; I forget just why,
but I’m sure he’d have opposed anyone so pugna-
cious.

My mother’s maiden name was Fanny Patchin,
daughter of Henry Lyman Patchin and Lydia
Tompkins. She was a Yankee from New England,
where breeding and mental ability were what mattered. Her maternal ancestor, Joseph Patchin, came to Connecticut in 1640 from England as a bonded servant. In the following 100 years, the Patchins married into well-known New England families and eventually settled in Bennington, Vermont. I think she found the wealth of the Pittsburghers, without the distinguished minds, difficult to take. But she had in my father a like mind in taste and in books.

The “big house,” as we called my great-grandfather’s house, was always cool on the hottest day. The room known as the front parlour was only open for special callers and tea parties in summer. It was a light and pretty room with a white marble mantelpiece and portraits of the great-grandparents. In winter it was piercing cold; one time it was said to be below zero. But the living room and dining room were warm and welcoming. The house had 10 rooms; one of the large bedrooms was made into a bathroom long before my time. There was a carriage house, various farm buildings such as the wash-house which had a fine open fireplace, and a spring cellar with a stone trough cut by Daniel Boone’s nephew. There were two rooms above the wash-house for the hired men. All but the barn are there today. There were both horses and cows in my earliest memory.

My great-aunts, Martha Shaw and Ellen Watson, and her husband, Robert Watson, and a nephew, Charles Spencer, lived for many years in my great-grandfather’s house. There was also the Negro cook, Maria Lawson. The family spent summer afternoons in their splendid wicker chairs.

Above: Glenshaw, 1912. The train depot, right, and grain processing building, center, owned by one of the Shaws, are now gone. The Shaw homestead is up the valley, behind the grainery. Today, the area is connected to Route 8 by the same road that crosses the tracks in this photograph on the far right. Opposite: Thomas Wilson Shaw’s building, also gone, was a farm implement factory. He built it in the mid-1820s a few hundred yards up the Pine Creek Valley from the Shaw homestead. Date of the photograph is not known.
on the porch with its four white pillars. They had pockets in these chairs to hold their books and the big palm-leaf fans that they used slowly and elegantly.

My great aunts were a contrast. Aunt Martha was tall and large. Looking up beside her, it seemed a mile to her belt with the silver buckle. Her loving kindness was a warm cloud around her great frame. Aunt Ellen was small and stout with a sharp tongue and a keen wit. With her smart black bonnet tied under the chin with broad ribbons, so neat and assured, she was a pillar of the church and the missionary society. She had no illusions nor awe. My father went with her to attend the funeral of a wealthy relative by marriage who had been a missionary in China. The family knew him to be very hard on their gentle cousin, but the minister extolled the virtues of this man, who carried the message of Christ to the heathen. “He shall be found in the bosom of Abraham,” said the minister. Aunt Ellen whispered, “Harry, wouldn’t he make a handsome breast pin!”

Aunt Ellen outlived Martha and Robert, dying in 1928 at 90, and the house was inherited by my four sisters and me. Caroline has continued to live there and the eldest, Dr. Katherine L. Shaw, returned there after her medical studies. My sister Martha was then Mrs. Paul Caruthers and Elizabeth became Mrs. William Boone Groves.

If there was illness or company in our house we were sent to stay in the big house and this was an adventure. The beds were so enormous and one sank deep in the feather mattress with a mass of bedclothes on top. A hot brick wrapped in flannel warmed the frigid feet. The first sound in the morning was the coffee mill which Maria held between her knees to grind. Breakfast was always with Maria, in the kitchen: buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, wheaten cakes with hot molasses and butter, corn meal mush or porridge. A neighbor farmer, Mr. Glasgow, always brought pork sausage when he killed a pig in winter weather.
Maria was related to my parents’ Negro cook, “Birdie” Nash, whose husband was Louis, the gardener and house man. Their son was Harry. They had a house in the village. They left soon after my mother’s death in 1911, when I was 7, and Alice Diggs, also Negro, came to live in the house. We also had teenage nursemaids from the village, two of them being the sisters Mary and Minnie Myers. We were close friends with all of these people. Harry was between my sister Elizabeth’s age and mine, and we played and went to school together. I kept in touch with him, and his oldest daughter became a highly-thought-of maternity nurse at Magee Hospital in Pittsburgh.

And how cold the winter! The creek was frozen hard and there was skating on the mill pond. The snow lay deep and one knew from the special squeak of the wagon wheels that it was below zero. We would put bananas on the windowsill when we went to bed, and in the morning they were frozen as hard as stone and we chipped off pieces. So delicious!

Then a thaw would come and the ice on the crick would crack like the sound of a gun. One time, around 1912, it formed a great gorge a long way up the valley. My father, hurrying home from the train, warned us that the gorge was about to break and would bring a flood. We sat by the fire listening. Soon we heard the sound of water in the dark. It filled the cellar and my father, with his trousers rolled up his thin white legs, went to rescue his laundry which was afloat in the baskets. Then the water was above his knees and he came up the cellar stairs, worried about the big house, for the year I was born the water had come in several inches deep and the best carpet in the front parlour was frozen to the floor. We peered out the window into the blackness and could see the shine of lighted windows on the water and great white lumps of ice banging against the house and floating away.

The next morning found us marooned. Enormous cakes of ice, like plinths of giant statues, were everywhere. The whole valley was a frozen lake. My sisters put on their skates and sailed off to the big house to find that all was well, and then on across the lawn and through the meadow. What gaiety this catastrophe brought! My father managed to scramble from the back door to the hillside and found his way to the village and came back laden, mostly with baked beans. There was no gas, so we dined from a chafing dish, which was more fun. There were no trains and no post, no school for my sisters for several days. Everyone was skating. So many Shaws: uncles, aunts, countless cousins, and my sisters. I, being the youngest, was spoilt one hour and bullied the next. Just as a very pretty cousin bent down to give me a kiss, a young man put his dirty hand between her lips and my cheek.

Even in summer the creek where we loved to play, and whose gentle song we heard as we lay in bed, could become a raging flood, sweeping across the lawn, surrounding the houses, washing away the road planks and the bridges, as it swept on to the Allegheny River. Then it would quietly return to its proper place and the yellow water would clear. We would wade in the pools left in the garden and catch the tiny minnows in the grass. Once, around 1906, the water filled the cellar and washed out the mushroom beds of manure from the dark recesses. But there was little destruction compared to what happened in a village called “the Flats” further down the valley. Mrs. Mauser was carried away while seated in her outdoor privy, which fortunately lodged between two trees. She was gallantly rescued, but I was horrified, thinking of her embarrassment. It was afterwards known as Mrs. Mauser’s gondola.

Automobiles were appearing and our more well-to-do relations would come from their fine houses to call on their country kin in large Pierce Arrow limousines with liveried chauffeurs. The seats were of fine leather, but in summer they were covered in white linen. We were sometimes taken to visit these relatives and I enjoyed their elegance but was so shy that I could scarcely speak when spoken to and had a painful time swallowing at the table. “Don’t you like your orange juice?” I was asked. Of course I loved it but felt that I made such noise swallowing that I was ashamed to drink it.

There was a lovely summer when my father’s young widowed sister, with her little boy and various uncles, visited. The little boy brought his pony with a governess cart, a thing we had never seen before. Our world had only buggies and
surreys and what we called a “trap.” How I longed to ride in that two-wheeled contraption that looked like a giant laundry basket, but my mother forbade me to ask. I stood in the drive watching them jump in. I could bear it no longer, and I said, “Here’s me!” The kind uncle lifted me up. I hadn’t asked and now I think I was extrordinarily astute for a child of 4.

On rare occasions I was taken to Pittsburgh — “town” as we called it — on the local train from Glenshaw to Allegheny. One train ran in the morning and the other at noon, with a return at night. My sister Martha took my nearest sister, Biddy, and myself to see “The Bluebird” at the Nixon Theatre. We were so excited, dressed in our beaver hats and Peter Thompson coats (navy blue with brass buttons and an eagle on the shoulder); then the train ride and the sight of the wonderful theatre in red plush, white, and gold. I was spellbound until Tytyl, the black cat in the play, cried at a door on stage to be let in. Such a passion for cats I have that I was desperate, seeing one in such a state. I cried out, “Let him in, let him in!” Poor Martha was so embarrassed and I was soon in tears and disgrace.

The visit to the Carnegie Museum was much more of a success. It was not only by train to town, but a trolley car ride to this enormous grey stone building. Such a hush was inside! My sister Martha’s one reason for taking me was to see what she called the “dipple-a-dockus.” The complete bones of this reptile had recently been put together, and it was the biggest ever found. I was appalled at the sight, though I was told it would wear a thick grey hide and only eat vegetables. I saw it again in a dream when I looked from my bedroom window to see that the crick had flooded and subsided to leave the valley a sea of yellow mud. Half-buried in the mud was a railway engine and very near at hand stood the dipple-a-dockus. It looked amiable but not pleasant.

My father tried to persuade me that most snakes were harmless and beautiful, making me stand beside him while he tickled a harmless black snake with a long piece of straw so that it curled up and shot out its forked tongue. Black snakes were the friend of man, and the water snakes in the crick would do no harm unless we stood on them. But I knew there were copperheads about. My friend Rosalia was playing in the grape arbor one hot Sunday afternoon and began to cry. Her aunt took off her sandal and sock to see the two fang marks. She at once began to suck the wound, and the only car in the village was sent for to take her to town to hospital, where she stayed quite a while. From that time on, we were made to wear boots while playing in the long grass.
Aunt Ellen’s tomcat brought in a snake and left it on the flagstones at the kitchen door. We all gathered to see it and were told by our young nursemaid Minnie that it wouldn’t die until sundown. I showed the most fear, so she took it by the tail and chased me, whirling it around and then letting it go. It struck me in the back. I ran so fast and tried to scream, but no sound came. After that I had dreadful nightmares: a snake was in the goldfish bowl, and I could see its white underside as it moved against the glass. My sister’s long black pigtail on the pillow in the night made me scream. I was a long time getting over this fear, until some years later I made myself pick one up by the tail. I found it dry and firm, not like what I had imagined. It cured me of my phobia.

My father was a lover of animals, but he didn’t allow dogs because there had been a case of rabies, and he was nervous, especially in the summer. There were so many wild animals in the wood. The most lovable were the raccoons: so fat and thick-coated with stubby ringed tails, and bright sweet faces. They were a pest, but my father had forbidden hunting of any kind. They would come down at night in a band to take the ears of corn off the stalks, never finishing one but tasting many. They could remove lids from garbage pails and had a fondness for cake and sugar. We had a tame one that lived in a pen built around a tree. He had to have a pan of water, for everything given him he would take in his little hand-like paws and wash thoroughly, whether bread or a crayfish.

Weasels were the great menace. If they got into the hen house they would murder every one, sucking the blood. One day a fine red fox carried off one of my father’s precious Rhode Island Reds, but he was so delighted that such a rare animal should be in the vicinity, he ignored the crime. Opossums would come to steal the eggs and one gorged himself and then fell asleep in a nest. I saw him there as I tiptoed in: such a lovely fur coat but a long and scaly tail. I was distressed because the gardener took him away to be roasted for a party. But Louie was a wonderful friend, always patient with questions and showing me many exciting things. Once he took me through the snow to the crick bank. The ice on either side didn’t quite meet and the water ran swiftly between. There on the opposite side was a brown mink with her two striped kittens clinging to her back. She was busy fishing. I remember his anger when the orange cat, Caesar, walked up the back steps which he had just finished painting green. My sister cried to him from the kitchen door, “Poor Caesar, how shall I get the paint off?”

“You bring me a kettle of boiling water...!” Louie said.

Being the youngest of five
sisters, with three years between myself and my sister Biddy, I was left alone to find my pleasures. I can still hear the voice of “Chick-a-biddy” as I tried to follow her and her friends: “Do we have to take her?” But I concluded that to tag along would be grim, and I had other interests. Music was a joy even when it brought tears. My father gave my mother a phonograph that played wax cylinders, but they were distressed when, upon hearing “My Darling Nellie Gray,” I flung myself in my mother’s lap and was hard to console. It was my first taste of woe. I much preferred listening as my cousin Charlie would sing “Susan Brown” to his guitar, or “Over the Bannister Leans a Face,” or my favourite, “Beauty’s Eyes.” All his songs were cheerful and full of love. Sad songs were a disaster.

But the great temptation was the piano. Caroline was the sister who showed musical talent; she was given lessons by a German professor in Pittsburgh. I was not to touch the piano, for it was hers to practice on and play. But when she was out of the house, I would touch the keys and find a tune. One day as I tried both hands, I suddenly found my tune and played “All Through the Night.” Louie was polishing the stairs and showed his astonishment. The key I had hit upon was six sharps and remained so for all my tunes until I added five flats. I was limited to those two keys. To this day, I can’t play the simplest thing in the key of G by ear, but I can be blind and play in six sharps. Now the piano is, after all, a modern instrument. Why is it that somebody born today plays in that key without any training at all? I don’t understand it. This habit of playing by ear in those two keys from the age of 6 (and ever after) proved a great handicap when I started my music lessons at 12.

My father was delighted, and from that time, he took me to hear the very rare little concerts that came to Glenshaw. (Most of the music at Glenshaw came from the church choir, which sometimes had the accompaniment of a string quartet. I disliked contraltos and cellos which to me were dark brown and sad.) I remember the first time vividly: four men called the “Bell Ringers from London” came to Glenshaw and arranged their innumerable bells on a long table in the church. They played with such agility and ease that the audience had the thrill of its life — or so I felt. But the day above all others was the day when my father took me to Pittsburgh to hear Sousa’s band play at Exhibition Hall, around 1910. “Stars and Stripes Forever” and Liszt’s “Hungarian Rhapsody Number Two” stayed in my head until I found their titles long afterwards.

It was at Easter time that my mother died. My sister Biddy and I had been taken to stay with a family friend, away from our valley where this sorrow was to come. The friend took me on her knee to tell me my mother had gone to Heaven. In my misery and tears, I told my first lie. She asked me if I was using a handkerchief, and I said “yes,” but it was my doll’s dress. This was on my conscience for years.

Why is it that grown women will talk together before a child of all the pity and worry they feel, as if the child were deaf and could not have any understanding? Then there was the embarrassment of returning to school, which was thought would be the cure for my grief. The stares and silences from the other children were too hard to bear. I ran off one afternoon, crossed the crick and hid in the woods where I found relief and interest in the flowers and in being alone. When I thought school would be out, I walked through the woods to the village, where I would meet the other children to come home. It was too early. My way took me through the back yard of an elderly cousin. She saw me and called me to come to her porch where she had milk and cookies waiting. She never asked me where or why, and she never told. I loved her forever.

My father decided when I was 9 that we would move over the hills to the village of Sewickley on the Ohio River, where he had sisters and brothers to comfort and advise him on bringing up his five daughters. He had pleasure in building a house there in 1913 on Thorn Street. But it was a contrast to the lovely woods, fields, and freedom of Glenshaw. No more Louis, Birdie, or little Harry, to my sorrow — and then Alice, whose loving arms knew what I missed. She wore her spotless white aprons so stiff with starch that I cut my lip on the hem when I flung myself into her lap; I still have the scar.

I remember sitting on the steps of the house at
Glenshaw looking down the valley towards the place where it makes a sharp bend, and there is on the hillside a sheer rock that used to catch the red glow of the sunset. I had watched for that glow so many times; long afterwards I found a poem of Emily Dickinson's lines that bring back that desolate day:

There's a certain slant of light
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.
[...]
When it comes the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;

When it goes, 'tis like the distance
On the look of death.

Sewickley is some 20 miles over the hills from Glenshaw. People used to refer to it as a village, but it was much more like a small town, with two banks, many shops, a police station with two cells, and a fire engine house. Along the tree-lined streets were the fine houses of the well-to-do, while up the hill were the splendid estates of the very wealthy. It was and still is the elite suburb of Pittsburgh.

My sister Martha, who was next to the eldest, had returned from boarding school to take the responsibility of being mother to me, and of the
house. At 18, this was a heavy load for her. It would have been easier to go on living in Glenshaw, where we belonged and had no overseers. In Sewickley we were surrounded by aunts, who had moved there, too. Martha was determined that my sister Biddy and I should appear before them as models of neatness and good behaviour. Biddy was all that could be desired in both accomplishments, and besides, was very pretty. I was untidy and slow, also plain, called dilatory by Aunt Ellen, and had a mind that wandered. My school reports always had the note: "lacks concentration." And yet I had two teachers whose teaching stayed with me: tall, elderly Miss McClyments, who gave me an understanding of grammar and an appreciation for the pleasing sound of a sentence rightly in order. She read aloud for one hour on Friday afternoons. Miss Mitchell, who followed her, was regal and severe, but she encouraged us to use our eyes with our minds and to make a map with illustrations in watercolour of Stevenson's Inland Voyage. She praised my effort, a rare occurrence.

Across the street from our house lived Mrs. Hershberger, who was an invalid. She had a Victrola and classical records. When she and her husband found that I loved to hear them, they would ask me to come in the evenings when Mr. Hershberger would be home to put them on. So I heard Caruso, Galli-Curci, Kreisler, and many others who would transport me to Heaven.

Another neighbor had a boarder, a tall, fair young man who was simply known as "Mrs. Bell's boarder." I haunted that house to hear him play the piano; Brahms waltzes were his specialty. His name was James Hendel and he became my lifelong friend. It might have been that he was pleased with my adoration of his performances, but he was kind and amusing. He wrote me letters that were to continue for 70 years. I addressed him as "Mr. H" and I was "M. Shaw." They would come when I was in want of understanding and help. One especially important letter was waiting for me when I went to St. Bride's school in Scotland years later. Feeling the chill of being conspicuous with my accent and my clothes, the letter said to look at this new experience as though it were a movie — not to let it penetrate, but to watch and enjoy it, and to look for the gold which we are told is to be found under the most unprepossessing exterior. This advice was to be my salvation.

Meanwhile, my piano playing improved, always in six sharps or five flats, and when it was found that I could listen and then play the songs and dance tunes my sisters adored, I became of some value. My Aunt Elsie thought I should attend Miss Molly Chaplin's Dancing Class, held in the ballroom of the Edgeworth Club. Being excessively shy, this was an ordeal. I was among children of the private schools, the very well-to-do, and I had no one I knew. My Aunt Elsie, the most generous and imaginative of persons, saw that I had proper dresses and slippers, but I felt a barn cat among Persians.

Miss Molly had a Mrs. Porter, who played the piano for our dancing and for when we marched around the room. She knew that I played by ear, and one day she said to me, "Now you play the march for them to walk out." So I did. Miss Molly, then, meeting my sister Kay when she came to pick me up, said, "Your sister should have piano lessons."

My sisters thought that since Caroline had had expensive lessons and had given them up, preferring to be a singer, that as I could play well enough to amuse them, I had no need for lessons. And I, who had seen my friends labor with scales and silly little pieces, wanted none of it. But Martha thought of the organist at the Presbyterian church who played accompaniments for visiting singers. So a Mr. MacAfee was asked and I went in fear for my first lesson. He was a giant of a man with a head like a Roman Caesar. We began with simple duets, arranged for teacher and pupil.

Playing duets with Mr. MacAfee helped me to read music, though I've never been proficient; people who play by ear always have difficulty in reading music. We progressed rapidly to lovely airs
Fair Acres, Blackburn Road, Sewickley Heights, 1912, was typical of the wealthy estates that looked over Sewickley.

of Schubert and Mozart, to Weber’s “Freischutz” and Polish folk songs. It was a joy for me to play.

My father died suddenly, in 1915, and I had to find my way again. The house was sold, and my two oldest sisters and my sister Elizabeth and I moved to an apartment on nearby Grove Street.

More about the author: At age 14, Margaret Fay Shaw went to the Baldwin School at Bryn Mawr. She continued her education at other schools, including five years as a piano student in New York, London and Paris. In 1928, she began to learn Gaelic and to collect traditional folk songs on the island of South Uist in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. She has spent nearly her entire life since on the Gaelic-speaking islands of South Uist, Barra, and Canna. Her husband, John Lorne Campbell, purchased Canna in 1938; they farmed there until 1983, two years after giving the island to the National Trust for Scotland. They now live in retirement on the island.

Shaw is the author of Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist, the classic on the subject published in Great Britain in 1955, and now in its third edition; the book contains dozens of photographs by her, many of which had previously appeared in a 1947 National Geographic article. [Right: This photograph, #21 in Shaw’s book, is of “Mrs. Iain Campbell (Bean Iain Chlachair) with her Hebridean sheep.” Used by permission of the author.] Her numerous other contributions include films on old Hebridean culture shown several times in Britain. Shaw has retained her American citizenship and keeps a close connection with her old home in Glenshaw.