Fifty-one years ago on March 15, 1917, the American Occupational Therapy Association was signed into existence at Clifton Springs, New York. On Founders’ Day, March 15, 1968, the freshly-painted white frame house at 16 Broad Street waited in the morning mist, while the vestiges of snow were washed away by a warm drizzle. The only distinguishing factor which might have interested the usual passerby on that day was the red velvet cloth covering a three-foot square on the wall of the front porch.

By ten o’clock several cars had arrived, their occupants crossing the wet sidewalk hurriedly and entering the house. Before eleven, both sides of Broad Street were lined with automobiles, some with out-of-state licenses. Meanwhile, in the house the visitors were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the present owners of Consolation House, and by Florence Cromwell, AOTA president. Conversation mingled with the smell of fresh coffee; the Colonial decorations of the room were admired by the visitors.

At eleven o’clock, the crowd of about fifty people spilled out of the house. Mrs. Isabel Barton, accompanied by Florence Cromwell and Margaret Zinsley, an occupational therapy honor student from Buffalo, stepped onto the porch and Miss Cromwell welcomed the group. Some excerpts from Miss Cromwell’s talk follow:

In trying to think about today and the significance of this occasion, those of us who have planned its events have wished to do two things—to recognize and do honor to those persons who have preceded us and especially to their careful thought and vision, their courage and hope, their energy and creativity, but also to dedicate and pass that precious legacy to those who will soon hold our future in their hands. How one can do this presents many possibilities. We have chosen to leave a symbol of all our thoughts and appreciation, coupled with our hopes, that future passersby may note and remember too.

There is an old Japanese proverb which says, “The old forget, the young don’t know.” Lest we miss the opportunity to have our young know and appreciate, we who may by the Japanese definition be getting old, will today try to pass on some taste and flavor of our Association as we have known it—to the young. Each will do this individually during the day, but now acting for us are two special people who will dedicate our collective symbol, the historic marker.

Representing the target and the hope for our continued growth and progress is Margaret Zinsley, occupational therapy student at SUNY Buffalo. Today she represents all of our students, and it appears appropriate that she should, for at Buffalo she has been elected to the Student Senate as the representative of all students in the School of Health Related Professions. This is a singular honor and responsibility. We congratulate her for that position and are delighted that she could be here with us today.

And representing the heritage we pass on is one who in the short time we have known her personally, has already endeared herself to many of us as a very young, vital and delightful col-
league—our surviving founder, the mistress of Consolation House for 27 years, the first secretary of our Society, the wife of George Edward Barton, who with Dr. William Rush Dunton was the inspiration and moving force for the establishment of our professional society. It is with real pleasure that I present to you Isabel Gladwin Newton Barton. Mrs. Barton, will you and Miss Zinsser do the honors for us and unveil the marker?

After the welcome by Miss Cromwell, the red velvet drape was removed from its hooks, and the crowd applauded as the bronze plaque was unveiled. It would mark for future visitors the significance of 16 Broad Street in the growth of a profession.

By twelve-fifteen, the assemblage moved to a huge dining hall. A long speakers' table seated the guests of honor: Mrs. Harriet Tiebel, executive director; Miss Ruth Bruniate, past president; Mrs. Barton, Florence Cromwell, Dr. Sidney Licht, guest speaker and long-time friend; Colonel (re-tired) Ruth Robinson, past president; Miss Betty Yerxa, president of the American Occupational Therapy Foundation; and Miss Ingrid Hanson, local chairman of events. At each of the other tables there was a mixed group of local and visiting friends of Mrs. Barton and the Association, including Dr. Copeland, Clifton Springs Mayor and neighbor of Consolation House, Mr. Clark, administrator of the hospital and his assistant, Mr. Middleton, Mrs. I. T. Cost, octogenarian, youthful friend and neighbor of the Bartons.

Miss Cromwell pointed out the significance of the surroundings with the following remarks:

You may know that on Saturday, March 17, 1917, our first members gathered here for luncheon at the hospital at the invitation of the hospital superintendent for the conclusion of three days of meetings. I am not the one here to recount those events, but will only point to several things related to today. Our official birthday is March 15—for that is when our articles of incorporation were drawn and subsequently dated. On March 16, By-laws were detailed, committees were formed, and "learned papers" were read by most members present. On the seventeenth, discussions of future plans and further organization and meetings were held, as well as the luncheon here.

Perhaps you would like to know something of its history. Did you know it was founded in 1849-50 for sixty patients for the "water cure" and was known as the Clifton Springs Sanitarium? Did you know that in 1856 rates were $18-520 per week, though fuel was 50c extra? Did you know it has grown to its present 160 beds as an accredited facility with in- and out-patient service, both
general and psychiatric, and now plans a $7,000,000 new facility? Did you know it had an occupational therapy department in 1914 and still has, though it has not had a registered therapist for the past seven years?

The luncheon was spiced by an entertaining and commemorative talk by Dr. Licht who highlighted some of the meaningful incidents of Mr. Barton's life. Betty Yerxa introduced the AOTF, and Miss Carlotta Welles inaugurated the Founders' Fund (see brief story following this article). Mrs. Barton thanked the visitors for the entire occasion, and the commemorative meeting ended.

The cars drove away and the little up-state village fell back into its usual Saturday afternoon tempo, with hospital staff and townspeople resuming their routine activities. Nevertheless, through the placement of the marker on Consolidation House the quiet New York State town now holds a permanent significance to more than eight thousand professional men and women, and to the countless people of all ages who have been or will be the beneficiaries of an idea born in Clifton Springs fifty-one years ago.

AOTF Founders' Fund Established

As a significant event during the Founders' Day Program at Clifton Springs the new American Occupational Therapy Foundation Founders' Fund was inaugurated. Elizabeth Yerxa, the president of AOTF, accepted the initial contribution from Carlotta Welles, O.T.R. Miss Welles in presenting her memorial gift paid tribute to her cousin Edith Stamate Cheney, who worked with Eleanor Clarke Slagle at Hull House.

The Founders' Fund is a flexible fund which may be used to support research, education, professional writing or any other creative contributions to occupational therapy.

The Foundation welcomes contributions of any amount from persons who would like to share in remembering our past by helping to build our future.

Gifts to the Foundation are tax deductible. Requests for information about contributions or bequests should be forwarded to Mrs. Harriet Tiebel, O.T.R., Executive Director, AOTF, 251 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Occupational Therapy Group To Observe Founders' Day

The American Occupational Therapy Association will conclude its Golden Jubilee Year with a Founders' Day celebration in Clifton Springs, where the Association has its beginnings 50 years ago. Founders' Day will begin at 11 a.m. on Saturday, March 16, at Consolidation House (presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Wright), 16 Broad Street, Clifton Springs. Ceremonies will begin with the unveiling of a marker commemorating the Association's start, and a reception in Clifton Springs Hospital and Clinic will follow. Luncheon will be served in the hospital dining room at 12:15 p.m.

The marker will be unveiled by Mrs. George E. Barton, Redding, Mass., widow of the founder of what is now the American Occupational Therapy Association. Mrs. Barton is herself one of six co-founders. She will be assisted by a student from the State University of New York at Buffalo, School of Occupational Therapy, as a symbol of the old and the new.

Guest speaker at the luncheon will be Dr. Sidney Licht, New Haven, Conn., president of the American Congress of Rehabilitation Medicine, and editor of the Physical Medicine Library. Also present will be Florence Cromwell, Los Angeles, Calif., president of the American Occupational Therapy Association.

George Barton, an architect born in 1871, conceived the idea of forming a society to promote occupational therapy after he suffered severe health problems including tuberculosis. He came to Clifton Springs for treatment at the Sanitarium in 1912, and helped his recovery by manual work. Finding this procedure a success, he decided to devote all of his time to the reclamation of the sick and disabled.

At the Broad Street house he bought and called Consolidation House, he opened a workshop and vocational bureau for patients sent to him by local physicians.

Through articles and books on patient occupation, he learned of others with the same interest and corresponded with them. Five others joined him to form an organization and profession based on the concept of therapeutic application of work to aid in recovery from disease and injury. The six founders met in Consolidation House on March 15, 1917.
Ed. note—Mrs. Barton is the widow of George Edward Barton, one of the original founders and a past president of our Association. In connection with our 50th Anniversary and our dedication of Consolation House, Mrs. Barton shares with us her memories of the beginning of occupational therapy in this country.

Consolation House at 16 Broad Street, Clifton Springs, New York, was opened on March 7, 1914 by George Edward Barton. Mr. Barton had spent over a year previously in the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, recovering from a serious break in health. At this time, physicians brought into consultation the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, and author of “Religion and Medicine”, among other books. Through Dr. Worcester's counseling, Mr. Barton became interested in the subject of occupational therapy.

Knowing his weakened health would not permit going back into practicing his former profession, architecture, he determined to devote the rest of his life to the subject of reclamation of the sick and crippled. It was natural that he began with himself—hence the interest in occupational therapy, a new field at that time before World War I.

To carry out this new purpose in life, Mr. Barton bought the house at 16 Broad Street and after extensive alterations, the house was opened as Consolation House on March 7, 1914, his 43rd birthday.

At the time of purchase, the house itself was a simple wooden clapboarded country house with identical upper and lower porches across the front. Property deeds went back to the 1840's. A red slab-sided barn was back of the house. The property was owned previously by a Mrs. Reifsteck. The vacant lot immediately north, owned by a Mrs. Belding, was also acquired by Mr. Barton. It was converted into a garden, not only for Mr. Barton's own rehabilitation, but for others who came for therapeutic help. The old deeds carried a right of way and water rights to a community well four houses south, down Broad Street. This, of course, was before the village installed water to residents. The house at that time consisted of six rooms downstairs, counting a roomy front hall and a big pantry; there were four bedrooms, bath and stairway hall upstairs.

Barton Supervises Alterations from Wheelchair

Extensive alterations had to be made before Mr. Barton could move in. He superintended these alterations from his wheelchair. He was still a patient in the Sanitarium, recovering from paralysis of his left side and amputation of two toes affected by the freezing of his left foot in Colorado in 1912. In readying the house for occupancy he scoured country-side auctions to pick up furniture.

The old chimneys were torn down, and the old bricks were salvaged to face two new fireplaces built in the living room and the dining room. These used bricks gave the fireplaces an authentic air of age, to conform to the age of the house. Mr. Barton's idea was not to "modernize" the house, only to make it more comfortable and livable.

For the dining room fireplace, Mr. Barton sent to England for a hob-grate to be installed in the new chimney there. With a cannel coal fire and a little copper kettle, many an afternoon was cheered by toast and tea from the kettle boiling on the hob.

Local country workmen were employed by Mr. Barton for the carpentry and masonry work. For the main chimney serving the furnace and the living room fireplace, the old mason insisted that the chimney must be built from the very cellar bottom. Mr. Barton insisted that money and bricks could be saved by building a trimmer arch from the cellar wall just below the cellar ceiling. Mr. Graves, the old mason, had never heard of a trimmer arch. But under Mr. Barton's supervision the arch was made and the chimney laid above it.

When the time came for the forms to be knocked out, Mr. Graves objected and refused to take the risk. "You know those bricks are going to fall down!" So Mr. Barton himself hobbled down the stone cellar steps from his wheelchair and knocked out the boards under the chimney arch. When Mr. Graves saw that nothing happened and the whole thing did not collapse as he had predicted, he exclaimed, "Well! I'll be damned! I've learned something!" Mr. Graves objected strenuously also to using the old bricks to face the fireplaces, saying "You know those old bricks are going to show!"
Besides completely redecorating, laying hardwood floors in the main rooms downstairs and installing new bathroom fixtures, Mr. Barton installed a complete bath downstairs, next to the living room. He took the dining room for use as his bedroom, a convenient arrangement since he was so incapacitated. The pantry opening from the dining room became his dressing room, complete with a cherry chest of drawers and a small closet.

The bath upstairs Mr. Barton insisted must have a big six-foot tub, much against the plumber’s advice, because, Mr. Barton argued, he had been cramped up so many months, not having been able to stretch out during his long confinement at the Sanitarium.

Parlor Converted to Occupational Therapy Office

From the front door, one entered a roomy hall. Off to the left was a square room obviously meant for a “parlor” in former days. Mr. Barton used this for the office. Here was a mahogany roll-top desk which had belonged to his father in the South Boston Savings Bank before his death. A typewriter and desk, with files, and the library pertaining to occupational therapy was also in the this room, and a glass case in which articles made by occupational therapy patients were on exhibition. A “captain’s” chair sat in front of the big desk.

At the end of the hall was the living room in which Mr. Barton and I worked at a cherry drop-leaf table, the leaves extended to make a writing table. He dictated letters and articles sitting in his favorite Boston rocker, pipe in hand, old pewter porringer ash tray handy. This table took up space between two windows to the north.

When Mr. Barton bought the house there were rows of antique wrought iron coat hooks on wooden strips around the walls of the hall and living room. These had been used as coat hangers for people who came to cottage prayer meetings held in the house by two sisters, former occupants.

When he renovated the house, bookshelves were built on two sides of the living room. In a little room off the living room, between the front room and the downstairs bath, Mr. Barton built a large wood-box, convenient for the fireplaces. A small square window was inserted between the bath and the living room over the bookshelves and opening into the bathroom, thus giving more light to the living room. Once when Mr. Barton was asked why he put in this window, he replied, “So I can stand up in the tub when I’m taking a bath and see who is calling on me!”

Instead of plain glass in this little window, Mr. Barton installed a panel of leaded stained glass. This depicted a medieval lady, with trailing draperies and headress, a falcon on her outstretched arm, riding on a horse—all in shades of brown and gold color. Another colorful bit of stained glass was inset in one part of the bathroom partition visible from the living room. This was a mere five or six-inch circle, in which was depicted a full-masted sailing vessel, heading into the wind, over wind-blowing waves, shades of blue in the sky and sea, a little red pennant floating from the mast. The composition of wind and motion was portrayed simply, but so graphically in the small six-inch area—a gem in design. These two bits of leaded glass, so decorative as seen from the living room, such individual touches indicative of Mr. Barton’s artistic taste, were relics from his architectural days, made by a famous New York firm of stained glass designers.

The living room reflected Mr. Barton’s personality as did no other room. The bookshelves full of books reflected his literary taste, from Nicholas Carter to Plotinus, books on comparative religions, as well as the usual collection of fiction. The living room walls were papered with a warm, muted, design of various fruits in an over-all tone of golden brown. On these walls hung gold-framed oil landscapes, paintings of the Victorian period, which had graced Mr. Barton’s boyhood home in Brookline, Massachusetts.

On the fireplace mantel was a beautiful old
mahogany clock, tall, reaching to the ceiling, acanthus-pineapple carving framing the door, the dial face above a mirror. This was an eight-day clock reputed to be a Simon Willard clock. Mr. Barton built the chimney breast and mantel of the fireplace to fit the height of the clock.

Flanking the clock on either side was a pair of colorful old candlesticks, made of an English pottery similar to the familiar Toby jugs. These were not identical twins, in design, but were similar figures—old English Tavern figures, dressed in gay apparel, reds, greens, yellows. One had an ale keg on his shoulder, with a socket for a candle in the top of the ale keg. The second one was a minstrel, lute in his hands, with the candle socket in the top of his hat.

House Reflects Owner’s Humor

In the fireplace was a pair of Hessian Grenadier andirons, authentic from Colonial times, their worn-off snub noses and swords in their left hands, testifying to the state of contempt with which the hired Hessian mercenaries were regarded by the Colonists in New England. Thus was it customary to show one’s patriotism by spitting and kicking the noses of the Hessian andirons.

Mr. Barton with his sense of humor and love of the ridiculous, named those andirons “Obadiah and Obadiah,” after an old bit of doggerel:

“Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah,  
‘Let us drink, Obadiah! Let us drink!’
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah,  
So I think, Obadiah! So I think!’

“Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah,  
‘You are drunk, Obadiah! You are drunk!’
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah,  
‘So I thunk, Obadiah! So I thunk!’”

In the general alterations of the house the dining room was entirely replastered, the woodwork painted a soft sage green, the walls white. Three windows, two to the north, one to the south, were hung with pre-war chintz, with an all-over design of roses in shades of rich reds and rose. The dining room opened onto the side porch, as did the living room.

The kitchen on the southwest corner of the house remained a bachelor’s kitchen, with no major alterations at the time of purchase beyond the laying of a new floor. The old sink was retained and a gas plate was installed for heating early morning coffee. Mr. Barton took all his meals at the Warfield boarding house across the street. On the south wall, between the sink and the back door, was an old pine cupboard with open shelves above the cupboard lower part. On these shelves were colorful Quimper plates and cups and saucers and other colorful English ware dishes, remnants from Boston days. All the kitchen woodwork, including the pine cupboard, was painted sky blue, against plain white walls.

Barn Becomes First “Rehabilitation Clinic”

The old red barn, of course, needed the most extensive alterations to convert it to a combination workshop downstairs and studio upstairs. The building was clapboarded outside, stairs constructed on the outside for access to the studio. The inside was plastered completely all over, a hardwood floor laid upstairs, a cement floor downstairs. Both shop and studio were heated by chunkwood stoves.

Downstairs consisted of one large area for the workshop with a small room partitioned off for storage, paints, etc. This workshop was fitted out with a large carpenter’s bench, smaller work benches, a manual training cabinet and bench complete with carpenter tools, a lathe, and a drill press. Racks hung from the ceiling for lumber storage and there hung also an assortment of wood clamps. Sliding sash windows were installed along the south side of the shop and also on the south and north sides of the studio.

Upstairs in the studio, Mr. Barton installed his old architectural detail drawing table, a long board top with numerous drawers underneath for storage of drawing paper, tracing cloth and other supplies. Storage shelves with sliding window-sash doors were built on the wall above this drawing table.

Here in the shop and studio was the heart of Consolation House. Here began Mr. Barton’s own rehabilitation of himself. Paralyzed in his left side, he could scarcely do more than stand. With no motion possible in his left hand and arm, he used his own body as a clinic to work out the problem of rehabilitating himself.

Mr. Barton Helps Others

Later his medical friends, seeing the improvement in Mr. Barton’s own health, began to send patients to him in order that he might do for them what he had done for himself. Thus began his first experimental practice of occupational therapy.

In the shop models were made from drawings of plans. These models built to scale were examples of what could be done by bed patients using small-scale hammers, saws, planes, etc. Later, full scale houses for rabbits and a pigeon house with surrounding wire cage were built at the rear of the shop.

At Consolation House these experimental projects were carried out in the quest for new occupations to be offered incapacitated individuals. To quote Mr. Barton, “I am going to raise the cry
that it is time for humanity to cease regarding the hospital as a door closing upon a life which is past, and to regard it henceforth as a door opening upon a life which is to come. I do not mean heaven. I mean a job, a better job, or a job done better than it was before."

Such a complete transformation of the old red barn into an efficient workshop and studio—the heart of Consolation House and its practice of occupational therapy—was so amazing to Mrs. Reifsteck on a subsequent call, that she was prompted to say, "You mean to tell me this is my old red barn?"

The vacant lot north of the house was a weed patch when purchased by Mr. Barton. As a beginning for his own rehabilitation, he started to reclaim this weed patch into a garden. Very soon he became the object of the curiosity of passersby who went out of their way to see a man who had to hold himself up with his hoe while weeding.

Eventually the garden lot was divided into three sections. The front section, bordering the street, was the vegetable garden. This was divided into quarter sections, paths between, each section bordered with sweet william and other flowers. Here were conducted experiments in vegetable growing.

One notable experiment consisted of raising calabash gourds, the object being to find a possible suitable occupation for rehabilitating a man, with a new project and occupation in making calabash pipes from the dried gourds. In following out this project, at its conclusion Mr. Barton wrote to the seed firm, Peter Henderson Company in New York telling them of his success, enclosing a picture of himself holding one of his homemade calabash pipes. Mr. Barton was honored when the photograph was published in a subsequent catalogue.

The middle section of the garden lot was graded and seeded into a lawn, reaching from the side porch the entire width of the lot. The back section of the garden lot was left to grow wild with grass scythed twice a summer. Old apple trees bordered the back and young fruit trees were set out here and there in this section along with flowering bushes and shrubbery. A big cherry tree grew here also, with a hammock stretched underneath handy to the garden and the gardener.

Neighbors next door to the south—now Dr. Copeland's house—were an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Olin Corwin, former farmers who had retired into town. To the north lived another elderly couple in retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hill, he a former carpenter. It was Mr. Hill who told the tale about the house at 16 Broad Street when it was being built. He was a carpenter on the job. When the workmen went home to dinner at noon one day, a high wind came up and blew the whole framework down and they had to start all over again, rebuilding what had been blown down.

Mrs. Corwin was one of the first to call on me, a young bride, May 1918; and Mrs. Hill was the first to call at the birth of our son in 1920. Mrs. Hill, very old and feeble, hobbleed over the side lawn to see the new baby. "I hope he will be spared to you!" was her quavery-voiced greeting, which struck me as anything but a cheerful thought to leave with a young mother!

AOTA Founders
Accommodated across the Street

Directly across the street from Consolation House was a boarding and rooming house, noted for its good meals. This was run by Mrs. Warfield, a fine upstanding motherly person. She was assisted by three daughters who lived nearby. This was the boarding house which accommodated the founders of the American Occupational Therapy Association, as guests of Mr. Barton during the founding of the Association, March 15-17, 1917.

Of the neighbors who lived on the street in 1917, only one is still alive, Mrs. Irving T. Cost, who lives in the last house at the south end of the street. Mr. Cost for many years was the purchasing agent for the Sanitarium, his hobby being the history of events connected with the Clifton Springs Sanitarium.

Life in Clifton Springs in 1917, as always, centered around the Clifton Springs Sanitarium and Clinic (now called the Clifton Springs Hospital and Clinic). The village government in 1917 was the same as it is now—a mayor, board of trustees, water department, a superintendent of maintenance employees, and a volunteer fire department. In 1917 no streets were paved except Main Street, then the state road through town.

There was the Pierce Free Library in the Pierce block, which also housed the YMCA, both of which organizations are still functioning. Clifton Springs has boasted of being the smallest community in the United States with an active YMCA with a paid secretary. There was the Clifton Springs Press in 1917, the weekly newspaper, now long defunct. Mr. P. A. Kemp was editor for many years.

The town was well churched: St. Felix Roman Catholic; the Baptist; the Methodist; St. John's Episcopal; the Universalist; besides the Sanitarium non-denominational Chapel. The Universalist church closed a few years after 1917-18 and the wooden church building located on the corner of Broad and Main Streets was purchased by the Roman Catholics and is now St. Felix Community Hall.

Gas for cooking was furnished by the Sani-
tarium Company. This was manufactured gas, and a huge storage tank for this gas was located on Sanitarium property just back of the Consolation House line. Natural gas for heating did not come into use until many years later.

My life in Consolation House with Mr. Barton had begun only a few months prior to March 15, 1917. It began with a telephone call to me at my home in Geneva. A most pleasant voice, phoning from the Hotel Seneca, mentioned a need for a secretary; that my name had been given him among others. I missed the caller's name, misunderstood that it was a job connected with the Hotel Seneca. This did not appeal to me and I told the nice-sounding man, no thank you, that I was satisfied with my present job, bookkeeper in a preserving and canning plant.

Later that same evening, I went to church where I was hailed by a friend, a public stenographer, who asked whether a Mr. Barton had contacted me. From her I learned more what the job was to be, secretary to a Mr. Barton in Clifton Springs, who was engaged in writing a book, articles, etc.—short hours, magnificent pay of fifteen dollars a week. The last inducements, especially the fifteen dollars a week compared with my present eleven dollars a week, made me change my mind immediately.Quickly I wrote Mr. Barton and he responded. After an interview with him at the Seneca Hotel (I accompanied by my father!) it was agreed that I come to Consolation House for a day of trial.

Mr. Barton was like no one I, at twenty-five, had ever seen. Such a fascinating personality, such a boyish young air, such a sense of humor, all belied what a painful life of bitter experiences he had been through. Suffice it to say, I was drawn to him from the very first—and apparently I filled his requirements on that first trial day.

Thus began on August 1, 1916, our work together and my introduction to a new world, with a new interest in a subject I never had even heard about—occupational therapy.

Work with Mr. Barton began with articles on occupational therapy, published in the Trained Nurse and Hospital Review, at various intervals. These articles were later combined in a pamphlet called "Occupational Therapy" published by the Lakeside Publishing Company. Foremost was the preparation of his book Re-Education: An Analysis of the Institutional System of the United States published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Later followed Teaching the Sick published by W. B. Saunders Company.

Daily I commuted from my home in Geneva on the Auburn branch of the New York Central, on which numerous trains ran in those days, all with a monthly commutation ticket of $6.30. I left Geneva at 9:00 A.M., and arrived back home at 4:00 P.M. Such heavenly short hours! My lunch I brought in a basket over my arm.

On arrival at Clifton Springs the routine was to stop at the post office for the mail. There was no mail delivery of course and patrons had lock boxes in the post office, which then in 1917, occupied a space just off the street directly next to the entrance to the Foster Building.

Mr. Barton was like no one I had ever had contact with, as I said before. His gay sense of humor carried him through many disappointments. He was a rare raconteur. He was a man of many facets. To quote from a note I received from Mr. George Arliss (the famous English actor) at the death of George Edward Barton:

He was a man of exceptional ability: it might be said of him that he was really too clever; his brain was too active in many directions. He had no greater admirers than myself and my wife.

To try to describe his brilliance is beyond my ability. I can only indicate some of those brilliant facets. For instance, he wrote a play on the life of Nero called "Swift-Heeled Steeds" in which George Arliss was much interested. In the above mentioned letter from Mr. Arliss he wrote, "He and I had known each other a good many years, and it was always a disappointment to me that I was unable to get his 'Nero' produced. We spent many pleasant hours together on the play." Indeed, there is a photograph of Mr. Arliss and Mr. Barton, taken when neither was aware, both men in close conference over the play manuscript. This photograph is inscribed in G.E.B.'s handwriting, "George Barton selling the gold brick to George Arliss."

Another instance of the brilliance of George Edward Barton was his part in Mr. Frederick S. Converse's opera "Pipe of Desire". Mr. Barton wrote the libretto of this opera which has the honor of having been the first opera written by Americans to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1910 under Gatti-Casazza.

Mr. Barton was a man of decided convictions. He detested sham, anything done just for show; "phony" persons he had no use for. In fact he delighted in shocking certain "stiff shirts". He took special delight in wearing a disreputable old brown felt hat, a love of how many years no one knows! Wearing this hat, all former shape gone, the crown peaked up out of shape, Mr. Barton's habit was to tip it to any ladies he chanced to meet on his trips downtown, lifting the hat with thumb inserted in a hole in the crown.

Of the other founders of the AOTA who met on March 15-17, 1917 at Consolation House, I wish I could have known them better to give a more fair description of their personalities. My only contact with them personally was so very brief, only the two days of that conference.
First, there was Dr. William A. Dunton, who at Mr. Barton's behest, and with him, was the prime agent toward forming the National Society. In those two was the vision: they sowed the seed, and through their combined efforts was sparked the first Consolation House Conference. Of course all the conferees were dedicated workers in their fields of occupational therapy, but it was the persistence of Dr. Dunton that coalesced the group not only at the time of the first meeting, but for many years afterwards. He was a genial friendly person with sound ideas, although he seemed to prefer being in the quiet background.

Mr. Thomas B. Kidner, equally interested in the future of occupational therapy, was more outgoing in expressing his enthusiasm. His was a fascinating personality, so very British, even to his tailoring of morning coat, striped trousers and winged collar and tie. He was full of wit and he and Mr. Barton vied with each other as raconteurs. Withal, he was a valued addition to that serious-minded dedicated group and to the purpose of their conference.

Mrs. Eleanor Clark Slagle also was a person of strong personality, great charm, and a dignity that won instant admiration.

Miss Susan C. Johnson, equally dedicated to occupational therapy, was also a strong personality although in a quiet modest manner. However, one felt there were depths in Miss Johnson that did not rise to the surface for the casual observer.

The difference between the two women guests at the conference can be seen in the official photograph of the founders. Mrs. Slagle wore her violet corsage while Miss Johnson kept hers in water in her room! Mrs. Slagle had a certain flair for style while Miss Johnson dressed more plainly. The ladies were presented the violet corsages by Mr. Barton on the first day of the conference.

As I said, my acquaintance with these important personages in the field of occupational therapy was so very brief, with the exception of Mr. Barton, I feel I am not qualified to say any more about their personalities beyond these sketchy first impressions of them.

As a closing note, it should be remembered occupational therapy was such a new and generally unknown field that the name chosen for the newly formed society was "The National Society for the Promotion of Occupational Therapy", emphasizing promotion of occupational therapy as opposed to just invalid occupation (NSPOT!). Promotion of occupational therapy was the uppermost theme of that first conference.

Consolation House has seen many changes since its inauguration by George Edward Barton on March 7, 1914, including two changes in ownership. With the death of George Edward Barton in 1923 came the end of activity in occupational therapy at Consolation House.

ERRATA

The senior authors of the article entitled "On Change" which appeared in the May-June 1968 issue of AJOT wish to sincerely apologize for their error in failing to include the name of one of their co-authors. Inadvertently omitted from the manuscript was the name of Miss Marilyn Blanke, O.T.R., Assistant Professor and Chief, Occupational Therapy, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

In the same article, a co-author's name was misspelled. The name should read Esther A. Gove, O.T.R.

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