

Flames of Mame

FIRST EDITION

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Dedication

The reasons and seasons that causes writer's to write is a varied multiplex of wanting fame, fortune, emotional release of pent up happenings in daily life. Other people write to give people knowledge about people, places and things they might not know about, but want the knowledge of.

I was given a talent by God to write, and it was of a supernatural event, that was given to me, by the loss of a dear and close friend in death. I have continued to receive these directives and write to this day.

I dedicate this book to all the people who have walked this journey of life with me, and have supported my talent and efforts in my writing's, awards and seen amazing things happen from, blessing's, joy, and the Lord's Ministry in the words my hands and guided mind have brought forth for all to read.

I thank my husband, children, grandchildren and family and friends for their patience and understanding, of my desire and dedication to Fulfilling "MY DREAM," of getting this book published. I have no knowledge as to why this book, and it's characters seemed to have possess my "inner being" and kept pushing me to write it, and get it published through the years. I hope that it is enjoyed and that the character's and story, drawl you into it's very innards and gives you a walk through it's pages as if you, yourself are one of the characters.

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Emiline and Chester Finkle.
Owners of Clifton House, a boarding house.



Arrillia: servant girl, squeaky voiced daughter of Carrie, Arrillia helped with birthin', kitchen, laundry and "cookies" and cookin'.

The Gathering Place

T

he plumed hat sat very tight upon her head. The tilted nose, precise air of snob-bishness, which could be seen in the total form; from the collar of her deep purple bustled dress, which was chokingly tight. When singing in the church choir, her face often turned flush – red with purple veins extending on the right side of her temple.

Mrs. Finkle stood at the church door talking at her husband Chester. "Come along Chester", we are invited to White Oaks for dinner with Garfield and Dorche and we are not to be late! "Chester, stop gaucking at Mame, she's in one of her moods again." I can't believe she's wearing that hat! "Always reminds me of a peacock. Don't know how she stuffs herself into that dress either!"

"You know Chester, the Dorches are splendid people who keep to themselves and I don't want to be late, come on Chester!"

Chester being a little less exuberant gives a muffled cough and clears his throat, walks slowly behind Emiline, mimicking her walk just as a small boy would do. Can't stand these gatherings he said as he puffed on his "nasty stick" as Emiline called it. No need to be in a hurry he mumbled. Chester why do you go on so. You need to get rid of that awful smelling thing, and use some bitters, (later a form of sin-sin).

Everyone knows your just using it to cover up and hide either liquor or cigars. It's a mark of a man Emiline!

This Landau carriage is in need of some iron strapping and I'll need to stop at Merm Foleys and let him check them out. "Oh! Chester why do you insist on dawdling and being late to all social affairs?" It will only take a minute my dear, only a minute.

One wheel is bent and the other are well worn and Other Renick will have to fashion the strappings Merm declared looking over his reading glasses only. We are going to be late squeaked Emiline. No, I don't think so my dear! We can have Merm deliver the carriage when its fixed and we can borrow another carriage. Chester heard Mames large carriage on the roadway. Maybe Mame will give us a lift. I shan't be happy riding a loaner or with Mame either! She drives much to fast when her English coachman doesn't carry her places. She's much to independent for my liking! Chester, need a ride? Using her abrupt attitude voice. Emiline copied what she knew Mame would say. Oh! Be quite Emiline don't be going on so, snapped Chester.

Hello Chester said Mame, "would you like a ride"? I knew it! Snuffed under her big bosomed dress in a whis-

pered breath. Mames hat titled, plume erect and her bustled dress pinched against her slender body. Chester definitely knew the difference in these two women!

Why yes Mame, we are off to see the Dorches and dine at White Oaks but our carriage wheels are bent and giving us a bit of a gaff said Chester. Well Chester I'm going to the White Oaks myself. I shall be glad to take you. (Mame always did that made Emiline feel invisible.)

Hurry, along or we'll be late. You don't know how delighted we are to ride with you Mame. Such a lie thought Emiline, remembering the Preachers sermon that morning . . . "There are no such things as white lies."

I do believe that Elbert Dorby has a table reserved for me, Mame through out for who ever might catch it. Why Mame whatever are you meeting him for? Emiline spoke in low tones, I know its none of our business. Investments, purely investments! Chester looked quizzically and grinned. Emiline punched him with her chunky elbow.

Mame took hold of Chester's arm and continued their conversation. "Thank goodness there is a place like White Oaks so one might enjoy a palatable meal and confer with people socially and even discuss business." Mame lifted her head to make sure she looked the way she wanted to. Do you have a way home Chester? Oh yes, I'm sure. They separated abruptly. Mame always did that too, just ended whenever she felt like it.

I told you she was in one of her moods I just can't understand what she and Elbert Dorby could be discussing. I doubt that its investments. He is a loan and personal money manager. I bet Mame is putting her money into something! Mark my word Chester she is up to something. That's Mame for you, always tilting her nose and off on some new flight of her mind. I'm sure its not investments

Chester. It's none of our business Emiline, but whatever she is doing it will put more money in her bank account. She's always been good at making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The Dorches are waiting for us Chester. Hurry along, and get rid of "that nasty stick" There's Helen and Merm Foley. I guess they brought our carriage. We don't have time for that now! Speak to them Chester and we will make arrangements later. They are dressed to eat here so we will gather with them at tea time. We are staying for tea Chester!

Mame was seated with Elbert Dorby. At a glance, one realized that this gentleman was overwhelmed with Mame's beauty and he treated her as if she was setting on a very high pedestal. They sat in the high back wicker chairs looking at each other. Smiles and laughter emulating from the delicate lace fan, Mame held first against her bosom and then tilted in front of her face. (Don't say it again Emilie!) Chester called her this when he had reached his limit with her attitude.

The Dorches being very quiet people, refined and to themselves, sat in the corner waiting for Chester and Emiline. Sorry we are so late, but as so often happens we have circumstances that affect our arriving anywhere on time. Why you are not late at all. We are a bit early. Come let us not miss our table. Ole George always waits on us, seems to know exactly what we like, and always serves us goodly portions too. The dinner continued with conversation and laughter, with at times, deep concern over people, travels and those abroad.

The afternoon moved forward into late afternoon and tea time. Tea time at White Oaks was always very elegant, of course a lot more than tea. Fancy petite finger sand-

wiches, cheeses, candies, and fruits of the seasons. Several selections of teas from abroad, a touch of sherry for those that do. The Quintet playing in the background softly.

Helen and Merm moved toward the warmth of the crackling fire in the stone fireplace. The stone brought to this place from England. Moving along with elegant airs came Mame with her arm on Elbe's arm and Emiline, Chester and the Dorches. They all sort of came together in one area. Greeting each other with pleasant amenities, it seemed as if they began to enjoy the day at tea time.

Mame seemed to be a totally different person at tea time. Almost as if she was a little girl again. Holding her fan to her face, she giggled, which was so out of character. Putting her fan over her lips as if to suppress any more that might seep out. Chester stop gaucking at Mame! Go with the gentleman and fetch us all some Sherry. Yes! Emilie! Chester taking a side ways glance at Mame.

The ladies enjoyed the warmth of a large stone fireplace with its crackling fire and aroma of pines and cedars mixed. They talked of social events and the Auxiliary. Mame! I wish you would delegate some of your precious time to the Auxiliary. We have so much work to be done to the Crickmere house, and you have so much talent in these things. The old house is such a lovely place and needs the Auxiliary to proceed with its plans and of course, we could use some monetary help too!

Emiline you are going to host the circuit preacher aren't you? Your roomers will be somewhat socially misplaced for awhile but we must do what we have to do.

Clifton House as it had been known because Emiline's mother was a Clifton, and had named it that simply because her first husband was named Clifton. He died after they had been married on shipboard, crossing over from

Scotland. After they married he came down with Cholera. They had been married in name only the marriage had not been consummated!

The ladies continued to talk about their plans for the Crickmere House, soon night closed in, and it was time to speak their good-byes and leave for home.

The next day the two new arrivals at Clifton House made for small talk in the halls. The famous well-known writer, Thaddeus Pettry Warbaugh and play-write, Lloyd Cramer. Lloyd sat at the table waiting for Arrillia to bring the food to the sideboard. Dinner was always a stomach filler at Clifton House it seemed as if food came from all directions and so much. "There's enough food for the Armenians and us too." Lloyd commented laughingly. Left overs were never heard of at Clifton House.

Such a composite of people. There was Lloyd Cramer and preacher Thomas Albrittan, of course Emiline and Chester who owned the rambling cream colored house with brown trim. Nothing like Mames big old house which was almost ostentatious. Far bigger than it needed to be, but Morris built it and lived there for twelve years, married to Mame. Still married as far as everyone knew . . . but he left and no one knew where he went. Suspicions have it he just went abroad. Mame always said he went to his mothers home to help her with nine children because his father and three other children had died from Scarlet fever. Mame said he had the ability to do that!

He had always taken care of them long before he left home. Maybe that was why he was a very strong man. Mame told this story and because Mame said it, it was true. Morris was a fun loving man, gentle and loving but could be crusty at times. He enjoyed people and loved to make them laugh, always had a quip to say.

Why would Mame let him go she was such a perfectionist and precise person. Wouldn't it make her look bad for Morris to have left? It was always the back door gossip of the servants and even the social set.

This era was brought about by many factions and at times gave people many things to discuss which seemed to cause some fury. Doughface a northerner who favored slavery, free soiler one who advocated excluding slavery from Western Territory of the U.S.

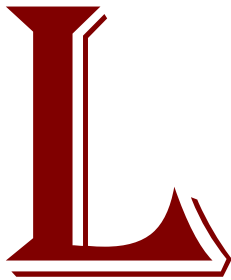
Free Negroes before the civil war, free Negroes included those who lived in the North or maltose of free colored mothers or manumitted slaves. These ideas and more, about the Indians and even some influx of foreigners from abroad seem to give people political, social and a great deal of spiritual discussions.

Thaddeus Warbaugh was a serious well-known writer and Lloyd Cramer was a play write and director also known in America and foreign theaters. Elizabeth Rebecca Torstaltdt was Thaddeus lady friend soon to be fiancé (he thought). Lloyd's wife was a famous actress and was always in and out of the country. Sometimes she would make a stop at Clifton Boarding House when time permitted, usually on holidays. "No one, absolutely no one" likes to work on a holiday, "even for money" she would comment as she entered the front door with her exuberant flare.

The preacher well he had his own story and somehow it was what brought people to church and at times turn them from their wicked ways. The ladies of the Auxiliary often chatted about the wonderment of why they were different from men! Ladies did church work and helped to run the household, usually with servants and keep spiritual tradition in the home.

What was it that Preacher Warbaugh was trying so hard

About the Author



Lynch, Juliet Rhodes, Topics for my Poetry and Writings come from inspirational and personal life experiences. Juliet Rhodes Lynch, 2-Who's Who in Women's Executives 1989, 1990 World of Poetry . . . 2-Who's Who in Women's Executives 1991,1993. World of Poetry. 2 Golden Poet Trophy Awards 1989,1990. 4-Awards of Merit 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990. 2-2000 Noble American Woman 1991, 1992. 1-West Virginia State College Certificate of Merit. 2-American Poetry Association. 4-Awards Trophies for Poetical Achievement, 1989, 1990, 1994, 1996. The American Poetry Association has printed some of her works in the following Anthology Treasure Books. American Poetry Anthology 1987 and 1990. Best New Poets 1989 and 1990. Loves Greatest Treasures 1988. The

World of Poetry has printed some of her Poetry in the following Anthologies. Great Poems of the Western World. World of Poetry 1989 and 1990. World of Poetry 1989 and 1990. World Treasury of Golden Poems. Mrs Lynch has received listings in publications as follows: Anthology listing 2000 NOTABLE AMERICAN WOMEN. Who's Who World Wide Platinum 1992. Professional Societies, The American Biographical Association, The International Platform Association, 25 Year Member of the Charleston Woman's Club, 36 Year Member of the Clendenin Woman's Club, American Biographical Inner Circle, Who's Who World Wide Platinum 1993, West Virginia Writer's Inc., The National Library of Poetry, Golden Rod Conference of Writer's, Clendenin Public Library Board, Clendenin's Writer's Group. Publication by the Author: Joy In The Morning, Book of Written Poetry, Writings and Reading's for Community Affairs, Drury's Publications . . . Anthologies and Publications of Poetry and Writings, The Clendenin Herald Newspaper and The Clendenin Town and Country Newspaper.