

8/280

**My Search For**  
**ELIZABETH MAGIE PHILLIPS**

**Copyright© August 23, 1990**

**By**

**Patrice E. McFarland**

1

3293

I can hardly wait to tell you what has been happening during my search for Lizzie Magie Phillips. I can't start yet though; first there are some people I want very much to thank. The following people opened their hearts and minds to me and I want them to know I am eternally grateful. They make the world a welcome place to be.

- Especially to Bill Alexander for his unending support, good advice and his solid ethics.
- To Bruce Whitehill for sending me articles, and for telling me the same good advice again and again until I heard it.
- To Lee Dennis for her enthusiasm, encouragement and wisdom.
- To Herb Siegal for listening to a novice and knowing a good thing when he heard it.
- To Erika Wilson for giving me long-term momentum by telling about her searches (she has the patience and persistence of a saint).
- To Debby and Marty and Stephanie Krim for being warm and fun and for sharing games from their collections.
- To Phil Orbanes for knowing what the right thing to do was, and for seeing into the future.
- To Randolph Barton.
- Deepest and heartfelt gratitude to Professor Ralph Anspach for making me the wiser and fighting for his rights. Also to Dottie Harvey Leonard and Dorothea Raiford for living it, surviving it and sharing again and again . . . you are extraordinary people. And to Joanna.
- To Janet, ". . . just Janet, she'll know . . ." and her husband, and to Irene Harvey for knowing to send me on to Dottie. I thank you all and promise to carry your story into the future so all may know you.
- Special thanks to the following AGCA members (and all the members I spoke with). This association, when people share, becomes the best of all possible associations. Thank you Dave Oglesby and Susan Stock, Sharon and Mark Carron, Sid Sackson, Andrew Egendorf, Alan Winston, Pat Laffin, Jim Harmon, Bob DeCenzo, Bob and Marianne Schneider, Paul Fink, Judy Emerson, Carolyn McCoy, George Petry, and Harriet Morgan!

- To the many people who shared with me as I called across this great country in search of Lizzie. You all took the time and care to help and I cannot thank you enough. Lew Herndon, Dini Coffin, Meg Allen, Peg and John Overholt, Jean Slade, Ivy Quist, Jim Lewis, Kim Bunner, Julia Moed, Gary Williams, Mr. Gilmore, Laura Keen, Dona Horowitz, Charles Longely, Dennis Bilger and Cathy Powell. And all the S.L.C. crowd. Thank you!
- To the folks at home who listened and helped: Ann Ross, Linda Champagne, Elisa Kolibash Martin, Miriam Soffer and Cathie Gifford. I'm not done yet!
- And lastly, with all hopes for the future, I thank Carolyn, John and Ham Jr. . . . you kept her in your hearts all these years so that we may all come to know and love her. Thank you.
- The rest of you know who you are and what you mean to me. That goes for you too, Lilly, Suzzy, Woody and Bunoo.
- If I left anyone out, call me collect!

#### -----

#### Preliminaries

I'm grateful to Phil Orbanes for writing his book and telling the truer, more revealing version of the Monopoly story. We all should thank Parker Brothers for putting Monopoly on the market. So many generations in America and around the world have enjoyed the game. May your future be rosy as you continue to market and support Monopoly as it has supported you all these years.

I want to state very clearly that my research on Lizzie Magie Phillips is in no way an attempt to challenge or discredit Parker Brothers. On the contrary, I hope it creates even more interest in their game and its history. The people involved in the dealings of 55 years ago have their own consciences to make peace with. It was a different time; good people did get hurt. But it happened the way it did and while we may judge it from our vantage point here in the present, I doubt we

would prefer not to have had Monopoly or Parker Brothers in our lives. Let's right the record for the future, then hope that Monopoly and Parker Brothers thrive for millennia to come.

### Backgrounds, Mysteries, Questions, Oh My!

If you took everything ever written about Monopoly and attempted to make a whole story of it, you would end up with a mass of contradictions. I think those of us who played and loved Monopoly always wondered where it came from; many of us had heard different stories and had questions about its beginnings. Even after reading Phil Orbanes' book which was published in 1988, I had a lot of questions because things still did not add up. Why did this book suddenly appear with a broader new story in it?

After joining AGCA, I found the club's own accounts didn't clear up the confusion entirely. Why, for example, did the Darrow myth prevail as the singular story when there was frequent mention of Lizzie J. Magie as Monopoly's original creator? What was the mystery of patent #1,509,312? Why did it appear on early editions of games like Finance, Monopoly and Easy Money? Why not the number for her 1904 patent? And who was this Lizzie Magie and what became of her? Where were her games??? Who were the other contributors and where were they now? And what about this lawsuit?

I wondered! I wondered, too, if the story followed a linear pattern or if it was more like a stone tossed into still water sending waves radiating out in all directions?

After reading Phil's book, I, like many people, made a mental note to look for this *Landlord's Game*. Little did I know what it would mean if I found it!

### The Electric Moment – Nov. 4, 1989

My friend Nancy and I had been traipsing around the Allentown Toy Show since the doors opened. We had purchased a bunch of games and had pretty much packed the car. We went for a last look around when Nancy spotted an old beat up Monopoly an aisle away. (We were always looking for old Monopolys.) We looked at the beat up box and thought it was too far gone. We lifted

up the box to see if the board was underneath and there, to our amazement, sat a small colorful box with a label reading *The Landlord's Game*! I gasped, quickly put the Monopoly box back down over it again, then quickly lifted it once more . . . it was still there! I was stunned. But what was this? Could it be? Was it? We had to act cool. We debated a moment, a L-O-N-G moment. We asked how much. When he told us, we couldn't pay fast enough. (I did point out the mouse hole though and got a better price.) We must have looked like Lucy and Ethel going down the aisle. We might have just as well been holding a hot coal as it passed from hands to hands between us.

' We needed confirmation! Who to ask? Debby Krim, of course! She looked at it and said, "That's it! I think!" When we showed it to John and Mildred Spear, John had it up in the air in a second asking, "Where did you find this?" "Over there," we gestured. "I didn't see that!" he said. Others we showed it to confirmed it as well. But did anyone know for sure? Who had seen it before?

Something equally incredible had also happened. The first time I held *The Landlord's Game*, an electric sense of intrigue came over me. It was a feeling I have never experienced before. Suddenly I was faced with a piece of the past that needed explaining. It was almost a sense of destiny I felt, and I heard a voice in my head saying, "You must tell my story." And if this is too "other worldly" for you . . . think how I must have felt when I heard that message! What was coming next? . . . theme song from the Twilight Zone?

All the way home I took it out of the bag, looked at it and put it back in the bag. My hands were sweaty – why did I leave home without my white artifact gloves? I didn't want to handle it too much! But I couldn't stop looking.

There were quotes on each card and they were obviously thoughtfully selected. They spoke of economics, politics and bigotry! Whoever selected these certainly had extraordinary intelligence and sensitivity. The wry, playful flavor of some of the property names showed that whoever named the streets had a sophisticated sense of humor! That was clear! The design was

nice too; it seemed to be privately produced and was definitely an older game. I sorted the cards . . . four railroads, two utilities, lots of properties. It had chance and luxury cards too. The instructions talked about the single tax and Mother Earth, Monopoly and Jail. The more I looked, the more I wanted to find about this game and its inventor, Lizzie J. Magie. And then an immense sense of responsibility swept through me. I accepted the task ahead of me. It was just meant to be.

### Who Ya Gonna Call?

Bill Alexander, of course, and Lee Dennis and Bruce Whitehill!! Who else? I called everyone! I wrote letters too! Everyone added a detail to the unfolding story and nearly everyone said the same two things: read Phil Orbanes' book (which I had done) and find out about that lawsuit in the 70s. No one knew for sure, but everyone knew something! Bruce sent me articles and he, like the others, kept on urging me to call that guy who invented Anti-Monopoly. "But I don't know enough yet," I said. "Call him," he answered. I called him. That was January.

When I got off the phone with Ralph Anspach, I was just astounded! Here was an economics professor, who invented and produced a game called Anti-Monopoly. In doing so, he landed himself smack into a nine-year legal battle with Parker Brothers, as he fought for the right to produce and sell his game with that name! In the process, he not only won the right to continue with Anti-Monopoly, but retraced the long, involved and buried history of the game of Monopoly! He told me that he proved Monopoly was around long before it was taught to Charles Darrow and that it and other games had evolved as variations of Lizzie J. Magie's *The Landlord's Game* of 1904!!!

Ralph was able to answer a lot of my questions and confirmed that I had been asking the right ones! I can't tell all here but I can tell you that Ralph Anspach is writing his own book on Monopoly. About 2/3 of it will tell of how he invented and marketed his games and of the lengthy litigation with Parker Brothers which ended up in the Supreme Court of the United States. The other 1/3 will tell about how he uncovered the

real history of Monopoly. And if you come to the convention, you can learn more about all this! I don't want to steal his thunder, but he did give me permission to announce his book. The amazing part to me is that as much digging as Ralph did, he hadn't gone into depth about Lizzie! No one had told her story yet! Ralph had all he could to trace the history from Lizzie into the future! As I realized this, I felt even more that it was meant that I would go down the roads to find her. Inspired by Ralph, I resumed my search!

### The Long and Winding Road . . .

So where do you start looking for someone when the only information you have is one address and three different dates?? Remember my mentioning those ripples after the stone is tossed in the water? Well, I jumped right into the middle of the pond. I called everyone, wrote everyone, asked questions, did library research, and followed every guess and clue. I talked to any historical society, museum or library that would listen. And little by very, very little, pieces of information started to float to the surface. A date here, an article there – people were interested in the story, that's for sure. Everyone generously lent their assistance and enthusiasm. It was still so slow and frustrating; yet I went on, not knowing if there were answers to be found. I'd go to auctions and antique shows. I'd go right down the line of sellers, vendor to vendor, asking for old Monopolys and talking about the game's history. It was time consuming and exasperating, except for one thing. A lot of people had heard other histories of Monopoly too! Some even heard of Lizzie! And people shared what they knew.

### Chance?

It was June; the months as they passed didn't reveal Lizzie to me fast enough. I knew her age now and I knew that anyone who might have met her would now be about 60-100 years old – if I could even find them! It was a more urgent search than before. It was compelling and was filling up all my scarce spare time, but I loved it. I continued to combine it with game collecting in general. This day was no exception. There was a nice antique show very close by. Located in one

of the suburban areas to the north, it was much too convenient to be missed and a chance to hand out more lists and talk to more vendors. Off I went.

The show was outside and it was a gorgeous summer's day. I started my tour, going down each row looking for games and always asking, "Any Monopolys?" I chatted with each vendor and told them, "Did you know the game of Monopoly first started as *The Landlord's Game*?" Some knew and some didn't (as usual) and I enjoyed proudly telling them about Lizzie. I noticed that two people had been close by me for several booths in a row. They seemed to be listening to the conversations about Monopoly. They caught my eye; the woman approached and said she had overheard me talking about Monopoly. The man listened intently. I thought it was nice of her to take the initiative to share. Then she said, "You know, I knew of the woman who made the first Atlantic City Monopoly board!" "What?" I said, amazed. The electricity was turned on again! "Yes," she said, "I knew of Ruth Harvey, the Quaker woman who made the first Atlantic City board!" (I knew about the Quakers from Ralph honoring them in Atlantic City but he hadn't put me in touch with them.) The woman went on to say that Ruth Harvey was gone now as was her husband, Cyril, but that Cyril's second wife, Irene, and his daughter were still here. She said I should call them! I assured her I would. She said Irene Harvey would tell about Monopoly and could put me in touch with Ruth's daughter if she thought it was a good idea. She gave me the name of the town and the area code. That was all she had with her. "What are your names?" I asked. "Janet," she said . . . "Just tell her Janet, she'll know." "Okay," I said, "I'll call her! Thank you so much!" What a strange coincidence had occurred – and so close to home!

#### Seeing Eye to Eye

Well, Mrs. Harvey did tell me about Monopoly and when I told her about my search, she did think it would be good for me to talk with her stepdaughter and she gave me her name. On Sunday evening I called Dorothy Harvey Leonard and introduced myself. I told her what I had

found, what I was doing and that I knew Ralph Anspach – she could hardly believe what she was hearing! And neither could I, as we talked for nearly five hours into the night and next morning. She had been telling her story for 55 years and never felt that she was seriously believed (outside her family). And I had been believing so intensely for nearly 10 months and hadn't met anyone who knew the seriousness of my search for Lizzie and the truth. We made alliances on a lot of points that night. It was great!!

I have continued to be in touch with Dottie ever since that long first conversation; you are about to read for yourself what she shared with me that night. She has graciously agreed to publish her entire manuscript in this *Game Researchers Notes*. She has waited nearly 55 years for her truths to be known and accepted.

Dottie Harvey Leonard is an extraordinary human being. She is extremely intelligent, wise and insightful, and has a great sense of humor. Her forty years in nursing included positions as an instructor and director. She has lectured, chaired various committees, and has received acclaim for her contributions to the field. She has accomplished much in both administrative and service capacities. The profession of nursing, particularly psychiatric nursing, has been the beneficiary of her contributions.

She is retired now and lives in New Jersey near her daughter and her sister and their families. A warm, energetic, sharp, observant person, Dottie possesses what many would call a photographic memory. She also has the spirit and wisdom that gives her a clear vision of her life experience. She challenges me constantly to see more clearly and I am the better for it. In her retirement, she is a prolific writer on many subjects. Read what she has written. We are privileged to have it here in GRN.

**Generic Atlantic City Monopoly  
by Dorothy Harvey Leonard**

**1. Pennsylvania Avenue – The School Year of 1929-1930**

Mother, Ruth Thorp Harvey, peeled off a long sheet of oilcloth from its cardboard core. It covered most of the dining room table. She cut it and it seemed longer than I was. I was almost five.

It was not to be another table cover – it would be a game “board!” She took a ruler, a small paintbrush and other items. She made lines, drew boxes around the four borders. It took several days of oil painting the boxes in color groups and lettering each one. I often watched her and asked questions, like any child would of a parent engaged in an unusual activity. After the paint dried, she covered it with sheets of waxed paper and rolled it up so it could be protected from sticking to itself when not spread out on the table. I can still remember the wonderful scent of the painted oilcloth, which is almost like a new car smell!

One day I discovered that my Old Maid Cards were marked with typed words (deeds, chance and community chest cards). I wanted to know why and learned that they were to go with the painted oilcloth.

Another day – Dad, Cyril H. Harvey, Sr., took me for a long walk from 151 S. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE to about five blocks south on ATLANTIC AVENUE, where the street was wide enough for trolley cars in the middle. He took me for a visit to one of my favorite stores. It looked like a junk shop. It was packed with every kind of writing and art supplies – rubber bands, pencils, scissors, and knives. The paper was in all sizes. One could buy it in a sheet, pack or box. The store was narrow with bins of things to the ceiling, and ladders to reach. It was fun to see everything – inks, envelopes, pens, pen points, paints, poster boards, crayons, charcoal sticks, glues, erasers, etc. We looked at the game pieces, poker chips, dice and spinners. I wondered what Dad might buy for me this time. I waited. I would keep my request small, because we did not have much money.

Dad bought paper money! It looked so real! I seldom saw a dollar, so four-inch stacks of paper

money looked “rich!” When we got home, the paper money was put into a box with my Old Maid cards. Mother said, “All the things that go with the oilcloth are to be kept in this box.”

One weekend, Mother’s aunt, Edith Palmer Griscom, and Uncle Leslie visited. Uncle Leslie took from his pockets tiny carved and painted wooden houses and hotels. Mother admired Uncle Leslie’s work and placed them in the box with the paper money and Old Maid cards. Each hotel was carved in a different way, some matching the looks of the hotels on the BOARDWALK.

Jesse Raiford and Dad’s cousin, Cyrus R. Harvey, also made hotels and houses. Cousin Cy was a draftsman, and made another oilcloth board for painting and lettering, so Mother could make an exquisite board.

There was hilarity some evenings when Mother and Dad had visitors. Being curious, I would sometimes sneak halfway down the stairs to spy on them. Seven o’clock was my bedtime, but I hardly ever went to sleep until later! Even when Dad read me a story I didn’t always go to sleep! It became a frequent thing for me to quietly sneak down the stairs to see what adults were doing with the oilcloth, houses, and my Old Maid cards! I was usually ignored – or unnoticed – sitting on the stairway.

One night I was awakened. It was Ruth Hoskins’ special laugh that I heard. She was a teacher (later principal) at my Friends’ School, on the corner of PACIFIC AVENUE and South Carolina, and who lived at PARK PLACE. She and my parents were having fun, laughing – almost shouting! They were playing the new game which I soon learned was called Monopoly.

One night I was so engrossed in watching, I forgot to stay hidden. I had been lowering myself, step by step, until I was in view of Dad. Dad put me back to bed! From that day on, I repeatedly asked to play the new game and was told I had to grow up to learn it. Monopoly was an adult game! I could only watch until bedtime.

After that I watched many times. At Mother’s suggestion, each player used a personal object – a ring, button, coin, lady’s pin, lapel button, tie tack, or a Cootie chip (like a small poker chip), small toy, jack, white metal dog or cat – putting it on the

start place. Dice were thrown to get the number of spaces a player advanced to. It was the way Parchesi was played. That was easy enough, I thought! But when someone squealed and said, "I'll buy it!" or, "I bid \$200.00," I realized that I did not understand the game. Once my mother had to "Go to Jail," which made me laugh!

## 2. The School Year of 1931-1932

By the time I was six, 1931, I was learning about the game. Teachers came after school to play it and the game went on for hours – days! A part-time maid, who lived on BALTIC AVENUE, sometimes stayed to help Mother with refreshments after a long afternoon and evening of playing.

Some of the teachers I knew, because I attended Friends' School on PACIFIC AVENUE at South Carolina, which is now the Quality Inn. On weekends, school board members and adult relatives from Pennsylvania also came to play Monopoly. "Uncle" Paul and "Aunt" Alice Cope, co-owners of Hotel Morton, VIRGINIA AVENUE, who lived next door at 153 S. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, also joined in. "Uncle" Paul was also Chairman of the school board of Friends' School, where Dad taught junior high school children.

Our game was frequently loaned out after word spread about how much fun it was to play. Sometimes our oilcloth board went to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall hotel, at NORTH CAROLINA and the BOARDWALK. Other times it went to the BOARDWALK hotels of Dennis, Marlborough Blenheim, and the Traymore. Nathan and Daisy Jones, who owned the Glaslyn Chatham, PARK PLACE and THE BOARDWALK, occasionally played at our home.

Other oilcloth "boards" were made because the game of Atlantic City Monopoly was in demand. Raifords made an oilcloth board to play with their friends, and by the winter of 1932-1933, rumors were that a man was in the process of making and selling "our" game!

## 3. Charles Darrow Selling the Game in 1933

April 1933 I was eight years old. I heard my parents talking about a man (Charles Darrow) who had made copies of Monopoly and was peddling it in the Philadelphia area. After that, we were

careful about playing our oilcloth game. A Mr. Darrow was trying to make it "his game!" (Darrow Copyright, October 1933) This was very disturbing, since Mother said that no one person could own Monopoly. Anyone could make it and sell it, since it had been around for years!

## 4. Monopoly by Parker Brothers – 1935

Parker Brothers had exclusive rights to Monopoly by 1935 and I saw boxes of the game in the stores in 1936. I was almost eleven years old and I had watched six years of this event unfold. I was thoroughly disgusted! It seemed unfair that no one knew my mother had made the exact board being sold in stores. I joined the ranks of those who know righteous indignation!

Now the game was in the stores, but we never purchased one. Someone gave us EASY MONEY, which we sometimes played, but WE NEVER BOUGHT A PARKER BROTHERS' MONOPOLY! We did not even play our own Monopoly game anymore. We had become fearful of playing it and, my parents did not want to think about what had happened. The whole matter was dropped from conversation.

## 5. The Quaker Connection to Charles Darrow

The Quaker connection was that Darrow's wife was a friend of Mrs. Todd, and they both attended Westtown Boarding School, Chester County, Pennsylvania. The Todds also knew Jesse Raiford's brother and wife, Eugene and Ruth Raiford, all of whom were playing the new version, Atlantic City Monopoly, for a year or so before Darrow was introduced to Monopoly and taught how to play it.

Mr. Todd said – at that time, and in his 1975 deposition for Anspach's trial – that he, Mr. Todd, explained and described the game to Darrow, in more than one session. Mr. Charles Darrow needed help in getting the rules down correctly! This was the usual procedure by which the game had been passed on for years, so Todd never thought anything about it, until Darrow was selling it in Philadelphia.

What upset me the most was – he did it to my mother! Of course he did it to many more people than my mother, but as a child, all I knew

was that he was dishonest to use my mother's handmade board design without saying so.

#### 6. Jesse Raiford's Contribution

Years later I found out how important Jesse Raiford's part was in making the game saleable. No wonder it became so popular. The Jesse Raifords, who moved to Atlantic City in 1930, and later lived in Ventnor, were very involved in Atlantic City Monopoly. It was Jesse who figured out the mathematics leading to property values, sale prices, and mortgages. From 1930 to the end of 1931, the game was usually played by an auction process. Actually, before a group played, a choice of rules was decided like the way a card dealer announces "what's wild" in a poker game. But the game never ended! When a player went broke, another might loan a loser some money, at interest, giving the loser a chance to get back in the game.

Jesse Raiford figured out property values and my mother, who was excellent in math and algebra, worked on this with him. Jesse went to the Atlantic City tax office to plan the property values for the game, and these were applied to the streets Mother had chosen for the board. This was how the game was changed from auction to sales.

The changes lowered the noise part of playing and provided an end to the game! Before the rules of specific prices of rents, sales, and mortgage values of properties, even the quiet Quaker could become argumentative and loud in this competitive game! Atlantic City Monopoly was being created through Quaker persuasion towards peaceful and orderly play!

Set prices by Jesse Raiford resulted in the best yet version with rules that children could understand. Making it possible for children to play was no doubt tantalizing to whomever was watching the development of Monopoly. One has to give credit to Darrow and Parker Brothers and Darrow for realizing how saleable the game was with the latest design and revised rules.

I was told that I was the first child to play Atlantic City Monopoly! If so, Jesse and Dorothea Raiford's daughter, Joanna, was the second. Joanna's brother, Bill Raiford, played at five years

of age in 1933, before Darrow took and manufactured the game. Some of the other children who played on "the oilcloths": Paul Jr., Walter, and Edith Cope (Jones); Jane Potter Bostrom – friend and neighbor of Joanna Raiford (Bostrom); my cousins, Garrett and Jim Forsythe, and the late Arthur G. Thorp, Jr.

#### 7. The Secrets

Even now, as the truth does not go away, the myth is perpetuated. In my opinion, and in the opinion of many others, its commercialization was not fairly executed. Those who were the "makers and players" of Atlantic City Monopoly knew the game belonged to everyone, but could not defend it. There was no fight until years later.

#### 8. Disappearance of the Original Oilcloth Board

In 1936 our original oilcloth game was loaned for the last time. No one could figure out who was to have returned it. The request came from the hotel Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, and I was at home when it was to be picked up. Mother was against loaning it. She thought we could get into legal trouble, since Parker Brothers owned the game. Dad said he did not think it mattered among "FRIENDS!" I was worried that we would never get it back. Our original oilcloth game was never seen again.

I was the last to see it because I was the one who handed it over to the courier from Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. I have always regretted this loan. I can still feel the oilcloth and box of playing equipment sliding from my hands to the man who arrived to pick it up. I was sorry that Mother had not stopped the loan – even for the wrong reason! The last artifact of proof of Atlantic City Monopoly was gone!

Later we tried to make a makeshift game, but felt like criminals when we played! It didn't seem right that Darrow was a hero and we felt wrong if we played our game!

#### 9. Marven/Marvin Gardens

In 1929 we knew and visited friends in the section called MARVEN GARDENS, and September 1934, we moved to 21A S.



Fredricksburg Avenue, the last street in Ventnor. At the corner of Fredricksburg Avenue and VENTNOR AVENUE was the entrance to MARVEN GARDENS, Margate, where I often rode my bike. Later, in 1936, I would think about the misspelled street on the "store" Monopoly board. I wondered why Parker Brothers spelled it wrong! I thought they were dumb!

#### 10. Trying to Forget!

As I said before, I have never purchased a Darrow (1933) or Parker Brothers (1935) Monopoly game! When I was a teenager, I tried to be a good sport and occasionally played Monopoly at a friend's house. Try as I might, I could never stop explaining the Atlantic City streets on the Monopoly board. The names of the streets were not known by out-of-towners – except, maybe, for Atlantic, PACIFIC, and BOARDWALK!

I would say, "You won't believe me, but my mother made this board design! She was at the center of changes in the rules and board design of an old game, which became Atlantic City Monopoly! We lived in Atlantic City at the time, and the street names had to do with our lives – where we and our friends lived, worked, played, shopped, and went to school!"

At first, in the early 1940s, few responded to this claim of mine. More people listened and believed me as the years went by, especially when I could rattle off all the streets and reasons! I told anyone who would listen – why certain streets were chosen. I explained the game as stolen! Most friends and acquaintances believed me, while others would stare at the floor!

In the mid forties, responses included, "Yes, I have heard about Monopoly being played before it was in the stores". Had people become more sophisticated about the unethical? Or, were some of them just getting smart about how most inventions and discoveries evolve?

It was never as much fun to play on the store board as it was on the "old" oilcloth. I missed Uncle Leslie's uniquely carved hotels, lost after years of play and many moves. Some were missing after loaning the oilcloth game – understandably – for the hotels and houses were very nice. Nothing was left of our five year old

handmade game when we moved from Atlantic City.

#### 11. Moving Away From Atlantic City and Monopoly in 1937

The Spring of 1937, when I was twelve, we moved from Atlantic City. It helped me to forget most of my Monopoly misery. Yet I still reacted when I saw a Monopoly ad, picture or display. Any reminder of my mother painting the oilcloth board made me angry or sad. Any sight of the printed or audible word "Monopoly" momentarily hit me hard in the middle of my stomach!

But, so long as I was not asked to play Monopoly, visit the game section of a store, or think about Atlantic City, I could avoid the pain and suppress the memory.

#### 12. Another reminder in 1945

In 1945, I was a nursing student in my psychiatric nursing affiliation, at the Pennsylvania Hospital, 4401 Market Street, Philadelphia. Five other schools of nursing affiliated at the same time, and we all shared a dormitory at 111 N. 49th Street. It was during this rotation that I met a student from another hospital school. During a three hour break in a twelve hour duty, we often congregated in the big dorm living room. This particular day was cold and gloomy. Someone suggested playing Monopoly to forget our boredom, which was met with enthusiasm by all except for the student and me.

We were firm about not wanting to join the others in playing Monopoly. We were begged to participate, but we wouldn't! We were asked why we were so adamant about not playing such a fun game. We excused ourselves from the group, and walked away.

The student and I did not know each other until this moment. But I will never forget this incident because I had never met anyone who was as reluctant as I was about playing Monopoly! We asked each other for the real reasons! Right off the bat she said, "Charles Darrow is a relative." No one in her family knew how he had invented the game. Their families lived states away from each other and were not in contact.

The next time her parents came to see her, they visited at our home in Media, Pennsylvania. She and I sat in the back of Dad's Ford station wagon listening to my parents telling her parents about the Atlantic City Monopoly with rules Ruth Hoskins brought from Indiana in 1930.

This student friend married a serviceman before her graduation and after WW II. They visited in 1947 and signed my parents' guest book. After meeting relatives of Charles Darrow I let Monopoly rest for almost thirty years! During Anspach's case I made a phone contact which did not reveal any supporting information for his defense.

### 13. Again in 1974— My Problem about the Truth!

It was a rare occasion for me to agree to visit Atlantic City. It had changed so much since my childhood — and there was always Monopoly to think about if I visited! But, it was enjoyable to be in Convention Hall again. As a kid I liked ice skating and ice hockey with my classmates, and attending horse shows in Convention Hall, accompanied by organ music.

As real estate salespersons, Ann Rhoads and I attended a real estate convention in Atlantic City, December 1974. She and I toured the booths of the builders, bankers and others. She spoke of her husband's childhood in Atlantic City. We compared notes, but I purposely did NOT say a word about Monopoly. After a lecture, we returned to the booths of home displays, wrote our names on chances, threw balls at targets, and — I won a prize! THE PRIZE WAS A GAME OF MONOPOLY! I almost threw up!

At lunch, I was asked to explain why I was not thrilled with my prize! I told Ann and other salespersons the Monopoly story, and that was why I was so upset over winning a MONOPOLY game. It seemed as if I would never get away from the memory of my mother making the oilcloth board. As I was raising my voice over an old rage, I felt that I was embarrassing myself when, to my surprise, my audience readily agreed with me! Several in the group remarked they had heard there were questions about the derivation of the game. A couple in the group mentioned meeting

people who claimed to have played Monopoly on oilcloth boards! I could hardly believe they believed me!

About two weeks later, Ann's husband, Jack, gave me an article to read. It was the usual bunk about Monopoly; a review of a new book by Maxine Brady! Jack Rhoads said that he would give me something to read if I promised not to get upset! After I promised, I read a few paragraphs and came across the words, "And Darrow sat down at his kitchen table . . . and invented Monopoly". I was more than upset than ever, I was STEAMED! Jack and Ann Rhoads laughed at my reaction!

The next morning I phoned the book publisher, The David McKay Company. I asked for the author, Maxine Brady. My reason for calling promoted me to an editor, after several levels of other voices! The editor, a woman, was as sweet as pie to me, after I stated that I knew that Darrow did NOT "sit down at his kitchen table . . . and invent Monopoly!"

Immediately the editor asked, very nicely, for my name, address and phone number! My quick reaction was NOT to give her my name, address and phone number! I said, "Thank you for your interest. Your response answers my question — you are not sure, or you already know!" I hung up and called my father.

Dad said that a Dr. Ralph Anspach had phoned him a couple of months before my discovery of Maxine Brady's book. Anspach had been sued by Parker Brothers for marketing a game, ANTI-MONOPOLY. Anspach wanted help, but my dad said he was not sure he could remember details — it was his deceased wife, my mother, who had done the work on the game's development. Dad said he was the "pied piper" who got people together to play.

Mother died in 1962, and we would not have the advantage of her great memory. Dad had remarried and did not want to be involved in a troublesome legal battle. He said he was still concerned about what the ramifications might be if he or anyone talked!

Nevertheless, Dad gave me some information — he gave me the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the other 1930 Atlantic City

Monopoly makers who were still alive, and I could do what I wanted. I phoned Ralph Anspach in California. I phoned: Dorothea Raiford, widow of Jesse; Ruth Raiford, Dorothea's sister-in-law; Ruth Hoskins; and, some others. This began another chapter about what happened to the Atlantic City Monopoly game in defending Ralph Anspach. I and the aforementioned gave depositions in 1975.

#### 14. The Nine-Year Case

The case went on for nine years! After exhaustive research at much personal expense to Ralph Anspach, and some expense of the few others who helped him, he won the right to use the name of his game, ANTI-MONOPOLY. It was 1983, and he could sell it again.

#### 15. Origins of Monopoly Not Known by the Public

The many established facts about the origins of Monopoly, ending with the Atlantic City version – owned and sold by Parker Brothers since 1935 – have never been revealed and explained to the public! The clever Quakers of 1929 to 1933, who changed the ever evolving game to its marketability for both adults and children, are not part of the record.

Anspach's win meant he could use the word "Monopoly," get some money for damages, but the origins of the game which were revealed during the nine-year battle (1974-1983), were still kept buried.

The origins of the generic game of Monopoly began in 1904 by a bright educated woman who wanted to teach about the issue of the day known as "The Single Tax". Miss Lizzie J. Magie, who became Mrs. Elizabeth Magie Phillips, invented and patented THE LANDLORD'S GAME. This game must have inspired others to add their own rules and the game evolved. An auction version was introduced to Atlantic City Quakers by Ruth Hoskins in 1930. The rules came from Indianapolis, Indiana, from Mr. Daggett, a friend of Ruth and her brothers. The rules traveled like a chain letter! Then the game was changed by Jesse Raiford, with the help of my mother, and Darrow learned it and passed it to Parker Brothers!

It is time for the public to know that Darrow learned the game from Mr. Todd in 1933 which became the property of Parker Brothers in 1935. Therefore the generic game became the "new game" instead of a revised spin off of an old game.

MONOPOLY became an all-time favorite store-bought game for several reasons. The Atlantic City Quaker revisionists added easier rules to make it possible to end the game in a reasonable amount of time! All could play it with specific prices of properties and rents. The accidental fact that it was composed of Atlantic City streets provided a special marketing for both the game and the city! Like the call letters of the radio station of Atlantic City, WPG, the WORLD'S PLAY GROUND, "fun city," it was the best place for it all to happen!

#### 16. Monopoly sues Anti-Monopoly!

Darrow and Parker Brothers had little to fear about the last generic Atlantic City Monopoly players. They were mostly Quakers who would never fight back. In the first place, it was not their game; in the second place, they were pacifists, so not inclined to sue.

The few non-Quaker in-laws and friends had similar views and, besides, most of those who played and participated in the development of the "new" game were too poor to fight! It was DEPRESSION TIMES, these revisionists were living hand to mouth, many working for the prestigious and powerful who were not interested in a battle for credit due to Jesse Raiford or my mother, Ruth T. Harvey. Therefore, no legal action was directed against Darrow or Parker Brothers.

But the same Quakers and friends rose up to defend Ralph Anspach's right to make and to market the next kind of real estate monopoly game. When Ralph Anspach was sued by Parker Brothers for selling his newly invented game, ANTI-Monopoly, the once passive Atlantic City Monopoly tribe regrouped and helped Anspach in every way possible! In retrospect, I bet Parker Brothers wishes they had not sued Ralph Anspach.

Perhaps Parker Brothers did not count on a defense being alive and well enough to help! By 1974, half of the originators of Atlantic City

Monopoly were dead and the rest were over seventy, except for Joanna and I, the children of Jesse and Dorothea Raiford and Cyril and Ruth Harvey, respectively. We are the next generation of witnesses!

Maybe it was thought neither the witnesses nor sufficient evidence was available to prove Monopoly had been in the public domain. Or, it was not expected of Anspach and others to exert the energy and determination to insist on the truth! Who would have known that some of the handmade monopoly games of the Midwest and South predated "our" last version? Fortunately, for Ralph Anspach, some of these boards were still around. There was much more to the story than Charles Darrow!

No one expected an historical research project to be conducted. Ralph Anspach, often referred to as "the Monopoly detective," tracked down the rumors of generic monopoly, which led to several states and groups who would attest and loan their evidence in order to prove "Monopoly" was around for years before Darrow sold it. The name of the game, AT LEAST, was not his idea in the first place!

#### 17. Return of the Quaker Connection for Truth

Why did the Quakers and their friends stay quiet through the years until 1974. Because in the twenties and thirties, they were still conservative enough not to sue! The thirties was not an era for Quakers, or other similarly conservative people, to take legal action in their own behalf. They certainly were not going to defend their part in a game of chance! By 1975 they could openly confess such behavior and defend the origins of Monopoly.

The Watergate scandal in the 1970s resulted in new appetites and courage to fight liars and injustice. Quakers were able to own up to at least some of their vices, like playing the gambling games in the twenties and thirties. After all, Prohibition and the Great Depression taught the best behaved to sneak. It just took a while and a good reason for enough of the same "good people" to stand up and be counted for the sake of truth to defend Ralph Anspach.

In the end, Darrow and Parker Brothers made money, Anspach got his Anti-Monopoly business back, and the appropriate people, who changed a public domain game of "auction Monopoly" to the most saleable game in history, were POSTHUMOUSLY acknowledged. Dr. Ralph Anspach presented a plaque to the surviving family members of the creators of Atlantic City Monopoly, September 11, 1989, at the Quality Inn, PACIFIC AVENUE at South Carolina, Atlantic City.

The plaque is mounted on the wall of the QUAKER ROOM, which was my kindergarten room in 1930-31. Eight photographs are also on display: Friends' School; faculty; a class; students; and, a group picture of "oilcloth" players at our home on New Year's Day, 1933, 915 S. Shore Road (now Main), Pleasantville, New Jersey. The plaque reads:

#### HONORING THE TRUTH ABOUT MONOPOLY

*"In 1931*

*The Game Now Sold As Monopoly  
Was Actually Invented In And Around*

*The Atlantic City Friends School  
Which Once Stood On This Spot.*

*The Invention Was A Cooperative Effort  
Centered On Ruth Hoskins And Jesse Raiford,  
Cyril And Ruth Harvey. Ruth Hoskins Was The  
School's Principal And Cyril Harvey, Ruth  
Harvey's Husband, Was A Teacher At This School.  
Jesse Raiford Was Their Friend."*

*Dedicated September 11, 1989*

#### EPILOGUE

Not every wrong is made right in one's lifetime,  
and my mother used to say, "Some day the truth  
will be known." That day is now.

#### IN MEMORIAM

Cyril H. Harvey, Sr.	1901-1981
Ruth T. Harvey	1899-1962
Ruth E. Hoskins	1904-1986
Jesse T. Raiford	1900-1960

*(All four were members of the Religious Society of Friends)*

Copyright by Dorothy Harvey Leonard  
March 19, 1989

Revised July 12, 1990:  
©Dorothy Harvey Leonard  
441 Holly Avenue  
Gloucester, NJ 08030-2235  
609/ 456-2688

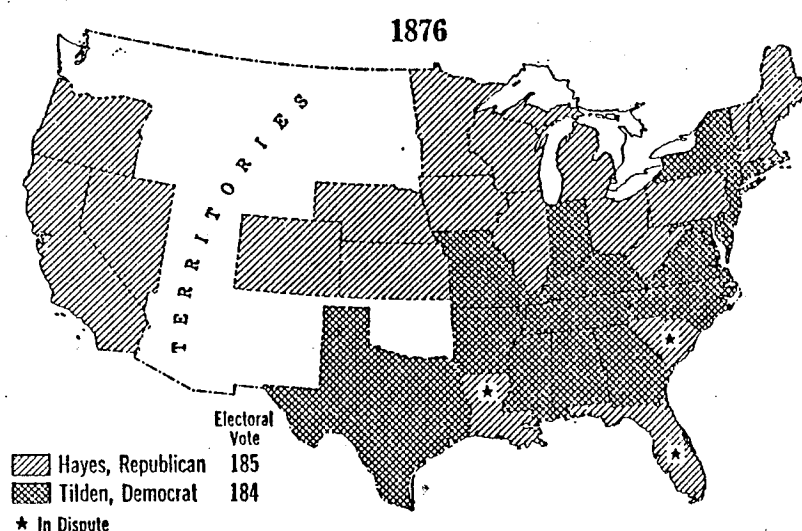
MONOPE.DOC [ss]7/12/90 DL

### Following the Way Back

Finding Ralph and Dottie and learning about their Monopoly experiences was really exciting! They filled in so much more of the picture and it made what I needed to find out about Lizzie clearer.

As I continued my search, I was learning at every turn what an imaginative, intelligent and inventive person Elizabeth Magie Phillips had been. Sensing I was getting closer, I stepped up the search with even greater intensity. It was worth it!

Let me set the stage for you now, for what will be the unfolding profile of Elizabeth Magie Phillips.



By the time Lizzie was born in 1866, her family had moved from the East Coast to the Mid-West. Beyond her home lay territories of open land for settlement.

Her father was a newspaper owner, editor and printer and her mother took care of the home. Lizzie, her younger sister and her older brother enjoyed living in a close-knit family where politics and issues of the day were much discussed. Their father was an outspoken republican whose views on finance were a little in advance of the party.

By the time she was 10, politics and economics had certainly influenced Lizzie's life. The national conditions were reflected in her hometown's atmosphere as the push for railroads and westward expansion changed everything from land ownership to who held office and had jobs.

It was the period of reconstruction after the near national suicide of the Civil War. Philosophical camps were drawn over the best ways to recreate the Union.

In the next update, I hope to describe the history and events that inspired Lizzie J. Magie to create *The Landlord's Game* and patent it in 1904. With an understanding of the historical background for this game, we can better appreciate the intent and devotion she had to her invention, and come to know Monopoly as a truly historical American game! I hope you will never see a Monopoly board as only a 1930s phenomenon again.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~