Lots of people associate the date of their birth with some important date in history. As an example, my father was born on the night that Lincoln was re-elected to the Presidency. I was not that fortunate, but I was born on March 25th, 1901 right after Admiral Dewey returned from Manila. The part of Brooklyn where my parents lived was known as the Bushwick Section. Most of our neighbors were German, with a smattering of Irish. I can still remember hearing "Three cheers for the Irish and down with the Dutch!"

Cornelia Street

Many people won't believe this, but when I was about three years old, I can remember my afternoon naps being disturbed by the sounds of the clop, clop of the horses and the metal rims of the wagon wheels on the cobble stones on Cornelia Street in front of our house. That was a very spooky house at night. Each bedroom had a tiny fairy night light that would flicker with the slightest breeze. I imagined all sorts of creatures were lurking in the shadows. I remember that a guitar stood in one corner of my bed room. Whose it was, or how we came by it, I'll never know, for nobody in the family knew anything about music except my mother. We had a very nice Mason & Hamlin parlor organ that my father bought for mother when they were married back in 1888. Mother's brother, my Uncle Charlie, was the organist at the Ainslie Street Presbyterian Church. Whenever he wanted to go "courting" on Sunday, my mother, who was only about 12 years old at the time, would substitute for him. In this way, she acquired quite a repertoire of old-fashioned hymns. In her later years, she would play many of the old hymns from memory and most of the Stephen Foster songs as well.

East 21st Street

We moved from Cornelia Street in the spring of 1905 out to the country. "The Country" was Flatbush! It sure seemed like the great open spaces to us after Cornelia Street. Flatbush was advertised as "Swept by Ocean Breezes", and it sure was, except when the wind shifted from the direction of Barren Island. That was where they used to burn up the dead horses, of which there must have been a great many in those days. Floyd Bennett Field is where Barren Island used to be.

Father paid \$7,550 for a fine three-story house at 645 Kenmore Place. Within a year, the address was changed to 761 East 21st Street. The name of the street was changed to conform to the City Map, but why they also changed the house number, we never found out. From then on, our house was always referred to as "761", and it still is to this day. It was more than a home to us; it was a sort of a way of life. After living in such crowded quarters for so long, the new place seemed sumptuous. The thing we were most proud of was having beautiful parquet floors on the first floor. We had a parlor, a library, a large dining room, a big old fashioned kitchen and a good sized hall which was always called "The Foyer". In between the dining room and the kitchen, we had what was known as "The Butler's Pantry". This was a mystery to me because we never could afford a butler.

Hired Help

We were very fortunate in getting a good wash woman. In fact, I think we had only four of them in all the 60 odd years we were to live there. The first one was Mrs. Murphy who had a grand-daughter that was the telephone operator at the Metropolitan Opera House. She would occasionally slip us a couple of passes to the opera. My mother took me a number of times, but we really didn't know what it was all about. By the time we started to appreciate operatic music, Mrs. Murphy retired. So that was the end to our visits at the Met.

Our next candidate was Mrs. Missalowiak, a lady from Finland. I don't remember too much about her, for she didn't last long. The only unusual thing about her was her name. At first, I just called her Missalowiak, but soon mother made me add the "Mrs." on the front of her name.

The one that made the biggest impression on me was Liza Johnson. She was the first black person to come in close contact with the family. She was a big, powerful woman and a fine worker. She must have been very old, for she was born a slave in the Deep South. We got along very well together and she stayed with us for many years. She washed every Monday and then she would return on Tuesdays, and she and mother took all day to do the ironing. To this day, I can still remember the nice smell of the clothes boiling in the copper wash boiler down in the laundry. We had a small potbellied coal stove down in the cellar. The ironing would all be done up in the kitchen. In winter, the irons would be heated on top of the coal stove. In summer, they would heat the irons on a portable, two burner gas stove set on top of the regular stove. There always seemed to be quite an odor of gas from the flexible tube to the gas stove, and I can remember father replacing it every now and then.

As I said, Liza was with us for many years. She was with us until my oldest brother, Walter, was married. It seems somebody connected with the family had hidden a bottle of gin in the ice box out in the back vestibule. Somehow, Liza found it and finished it up. And that wasn't all. Mother had paid her to help out in the kitchen, so that she could be with the wedding guests. As soon as Liza finished her work in the kitchen, she passed her hat around amongst all the guests, that is, until mother caught her in the act. I'm sorry to say, I never saw Liza again. She never came back.

Next came Fanny, a fine looking, young, light colored girl. She was a very good worker and we liked her very much. She was with us for a long time too, but not as long as Liza. I never heard why she left us. Perhaps she raised her rates, and mother felt she couldn't afford to pay that much. About that time, the Pilgrim Laundry started to come to our house. I think they did most of our laundry from then on. Their electric trucks used to fascinate me. They went so fast in the morning, but when they went home at night, they just about crawled back to their plant near Prospect Park.

The fanciest electric trucks were the ones from Frederick Loesier. They were painted just the same as their delivery wagons had been - shiny black with their name in gold

script. There was a wide yellow stripe at the bottom that had vertical red stripes about an inch wide. They were very distinctive.

Guests

When we moved into 761 we had lots of room to spread out. There were five bed rooms on the second floor and two more on the third floor and an attic besides. The family consisted of my parents, my brothers Walter, Bill and Fred, besides myself. I almost forgot my Aunt Minnie. She was a character if there ever was one. She was mother's old maid sister, who lived with us for over 23 years. Although my father supported her for all this time, she never spoke to him even once as far as I know! In her later life, she suffered from "rheumatism" so badly that she couldn't walk and was unable to go up and down stairs. I contrived a pair of runners out of wood to put on the bottom of her chair so that she could be pushed from their bedroom into the front sitting room so that she could see what was going on in the street. This evidently put me in her good graces for the rest of her life, despite the fact that she sometimes had terrible fits of violence towards the rest of the family. I remember one awful experience when she threw a pair of shears at my mother, when she was terribly worked up over something. Thank goodness, her aim was bad and they stuck in the plaster wail in the kitchen. I was really shocked that anybody would do such a thing, and especially to her own sister.

Most of the time, we had other semi-permanent "guests", some for only a short while and others for a period of years. I remember Alfred L. Hartland who followed us from Cornelia Street. He was a short pompous little guy from Cortland, N.Y. He was Drum Major of the Drum, Fife & Bugle Corps of the United Boys' Brigade of America at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church. Every week he would get all dressed up in his very fancy blue uniform with lots of gold braid and all his medals and a large bear skin shako. He created guite a stir when he boarded the Ocean Ave. trolley car at the corner to get to the old neighborhood to rehearse the band. I'll never forget one time when he brought the whole gang out to our house on the trolley car and serenaded my mother on her birthday! They marched up the block in the middle of the street to the front of our house, all the time playing as loud as they could. I can't imagine what the neighbors must have thought, for this was a very guiet, refined neighborhood. Although my mother was guite flattered, she was also very much embarrassed. I don't think any of the neighbors ever mentioned the incident to either father or mother. I have an idea mother must have expected them, for she had enough chocolate layer cakes to feed them all later. Al worked for the New York Edison Co. as a service man over in Manhattan. He stayed with us for over ten years. My brother Ben was the first one of the family to be born at 761. This was on February 28, 1907. He was christened Ronald Tilton after a very nice young man that lived up at the corner of Farragut Road. He was a friend and classmate of my brother Bill at Erasmus Hail high School. His aunt was known as "Madame Blauvelt" from some operatic company. How famous she was, I really don't know, but I heard her singing many times. More than once, I heard her sing duets with our old Italian scissor-grinder.

Ronald

It was funny how Ben got his nickname. it seems that he didn't answer when we would call Ronald, so my oldest brother, Walter, started calling him Bennie, the same as he did with some young boy over at the old Corn Exchange Bank on the lower East Side where he worked. The name stuck for the rest of his life. Soon after Ben was born, my cousin, Milton Cross, came to live with us. Why, I'll never know. He was a very handsome young man and really wowed the girls all over Flatbush. He and my brother Fred did a lot of double dating. He must have had a wonderful "line" for he sure had the darnedest number of girl friends, many of them quite wealthy. You will hear more about Milton later, for he was just like one of the family for many years.

When Ben was borne, we had a practical nurse that not only took care of mother, but cooked and cleaned the house as well. Mrs. Maas was very nice and worked very hard while she was with us. After she left us, she invited me to go to her camp at Sea Cliff for a week or two. She must have thought I needed building up or something, but I did enjoy sleeping in a very large tent. It was a new experience for me, and the first time I had ever been away from home alone.

Margaret

My one and only sister, Margaret Ellen, was born on April Fool's Day in 1912. Actually, she was born on March 31st, but after having five sons in a row, my father was so elated to have a daughter that he made this up to tell the people in his office. All six of us were born at home, as was the custom in those days.

At the time Margaret was born, we had lost track of Mrs. Maas, so we had to get somebody else. An old German woman named Mrs. Fritz finally came and stayed for several months. We couldn't help comparing her with Mrs. Maas. Mrs. Fritz was a lot older for one thing, but she stayed with us for quite a while. She used to drink Malt Coffee, whatever that was. I tried it a couple of times and it tasted good to me. She had a young son that worked delivering coal. Each time I saw him, his clothes and his hands and face were covered with coal dust. That must have been just about one of the worst ways of earning a living, but I could easily see that his mother was very proud of him just the same. When Mrs. Fritz left us, it was planned that I would move into her old room up on the third floor. I would have my own room at last! Previously, I had always shared a room with a couple of brothers. When we first moved to 761, I had to share a room and a bed with my Aunt Minnie!

Father and I went up to rearrange the furniture in my new bed room, and we soon discovered that the bed was alive with bed bugs! This was my first encounter with anything like this. We ended up by burning the mattress out in the back yard! After giving the rest of the room a thorough cleaning and a couple of coats of paint, it looked very attractive. I shared this room with my brother Ben for quite a number of years.

Home Remedies

I'll never forget some of my mother's home remedies. Every spring we'd have sulphur and molasses. We always had Musterole, Vick's Vapo Rub, Castoria, castor Oil, iodine, Epson Salts and Carbolated Vasoline in the house, and of course, mother could always whip up a mustard plaster, if needed. I can also remember the mention of Sassafras tea, Lydia Pinkham's Pills for Pale People, Father John's and Asafetida, but I'm pretty sure we never had any of these in the house. If all else failed, my mother used to have the druggist mix up a concoction of Ipecac, Squills, Paregoric and Niter. It was terrible, but it worked, and it didn't harm me in any way for I'm now almost 92.

Many times I had to go down to the drug store at night and ring the bell to get the druggist out of bed to make up a prescription.

School

I never went to Kindergarten. In fact, I didn't go to school at all until I was eight years old, principally because there was no school in the neighborhood. At first I went to P.S.139 at Cortelyou Road right near the B.M.T. subway station. I remember I was allowed to duck under the turnstile at the Newkirk Ave. station and ride one stop free. I did this for one year.

The Board of Education planned to build a new school on Glenwood Road between East 23rd Street and East 24th Street, but the South Midwood Residents' Assoc. protested that the design was entirely too plain for such an exclusive neighborhood. After much wrangling, they came up with a design that seemed to please everybody. They ended up with the present design that included a lot of carved stone work and many gargoyles. Quite a few of them gargoyles either fell down or had to be removed many years later. This school was known as the Glenwood Road School, but later changed to P.5.152. This school building was the very latest and one of the best in the city at the time. I started in in the 2-A Class in September of 1908. My teacher was Miss O'Leary, who had been my teacher in the 1st Grade at P.S.139. I was certainly surprised to see her, but glad because I liked her very much. Our new Principal was Dr. Luqueer. Everybody liked him and he was still there when I graduated in 1916.

Mosquitoes

When we first moved to Flatbush, the mosquitoes were something awful. We tried everything from punk to citronella, but nothing seemed to help. It got so bad that an Anti-Mosquito Assoc. was formed to make a study. They came up with many ideas, some of them good and some bad. The first thing that was suggested was to cut down all the privet hedges. Naturally there was a big to-do about this for most of the residents took great pride in their hedges. Most people compromised and reduced their height, and surprisingly this made a big difference. Next, they had the City build drainage ditches in the outlying sections near the ocean. They found that spraying oil on stagnant pools helped. In hardly any time at all, mosquitoes disappeared completely. We had a large verandah on the front of the house that went around on the side for a ways too. This was a great source of pleasure to all of us, especially my parents as they got older. Because of the mosquitoes, my father thought it would be nice to screen in the porch, so we all helped to make them and put them up. Next we had porch awnings made so that it would be cool sitting out there in the late afternoons. For years we would all sit out on the porch until late at night in mid-summer to cool off. Mother even entertained her friends by having lunch out there. More than once, I slept there when we had a very hot spell. My room up on the top floor was as hot as Hades most of the summer. In winter, I darned near froze to death.

Heating with Coal and Oil

Those were the days before insulation, and we had a very small hot air furnace. You would think that a lot of the heat would have risen up to the top floor, but it didn't mainly because there really wasn't enough for the first floor. Many times we would run down stairs in our flannel pajamas and dress in front of the coal stove in the kitchen. When it got too cold, we would close the sliding doors between the dining room and the library and simply live in the kitchen and the dining room. There was a gas grate in the dining room mantel piece and another one in the parlor. We didn't use the one in the parlor very much, but the one in the dining room was a life-saver for many years. The only trouble was that we had to be very careful about it using up all the oxygen in the dining room.

We put up with a very inadequate heating system for many years until father decided it was time to do something about it. He ended up with taking the old furnace out and having a new Holland Furnace installed. This was twice the size of the other one but still burned coal. We got a much better distribution of heat but it still left much to be desired. Still no heat ever reached up to the top floor. My father began inquiring around about oil burners, which were rather new at that time. He ended up by having a Heywood Rotary Burner installed in the new furnace, and what a difference that made. We enjoyed the heat but didn't like the smell of the oil all winter. I had a comfortable bed room at last! As soon as I was old enough, I used to have to help take out the ashes twice a week. In mid-winter, we'd have to hoist four barrels of ashes up the cellar stairs in back of the house and then roll them out front usually at night for the rubbish men came early in the morning. Our old furnace was so inefficient that a lot of the coal went right through the grates without burning. So father bought a rotary sifter and for years we sifted the ashes to reclaim the un-burned coal. This was just about the dirtiest job we ever had to do. He would bank the furnace fire every night with this, hoping to keep the fire in all night. It usually worked, but many times the fire was out by morning and we had a dickens of a time to get it going again.

My folks never had a car, although many of our neighbors did. Father used the excuse that he didn't want to give up the lawn for a driveway and garage. He took great pride in his lawn and garden.

The Scranton & Lehigh Coal Co. men would come every fall and we would get 14 tons of coal for the next winter. Part of this was stove coal for the kitchen and laundry stoves. We had two coal bins in the cellar. They were both serviced from the same window. Father made the men lay down tarpaulins on the lawn to protect the new grass, and they carried all the coal in canvas bags to the coal chute. It was a back-breaking job that took the greater part of a day. The noise it made up in the house was terrible. Father tipped the men generously by giving each one a quarter and a quart bottle of cold beer!

Friends

For a couple of years, I had no boys to play with. In fact, my only playmate was Dorothy Campbell who lived across the street. We got along very well, but when she was 10 years old she got pneumonia and died. This was the first death of anybody that I ever knew. I'm not so sure that I mourned her passing or was sad because I had nobody else to play with.

it wasn't long before the Thomas family moved in next door. I was glad to see that they had two sons. Robert was a little younger than I was, and Olaf was five or six years older. For some reason, Olaf's parents always called him .Ewitt. I never could dope that one out: Bob and I played together for a long time, even though other children were moving in all around us. One of the big attractions was the fact that Bob had electric trains that he was allowed to leave set up on the third floor. I had a wonderful set of stone blocks and a lot of Meccano that we made all sorts of things out of.

Ours was a very stable community. Whenever anybody sold their house and moved away, it was a big event in the neighborhood. As a result, we had the same wonderful friends for many years.

Dorothy Campbell had an older sister named Beatrice that used to come over to our place a lot. She was quite a singer and invariably sat down at the piano and played and sang a couple of songs for us. Frankly, I think she was after one of my brothers, but they didn't give her a second thought.

Next to the Campbells lived a wonderful family. Their name was Blume. I think Mr. Blume was Jewish and his wife was German. They had two sons and two daughters. Helen, the youngest, was one of the nicest and most beautiful girls I had ever met. Clinton, a little older, became quite a ball player at Erasmus and eventually became a pitcher with the Brooklyn Dodgers. Naturally, he was quite a hero in the neighborhood.

Diagonally across from the Blumes on the other corner of Farragut Road, lived the Jacobs family. They were Jewish and a very musical family. Helen Jacobs was a talented violinist and gave many recitals over in Manhattan. For some reason, Helen invited me to a birthday party at her house. I was the only boy! But I had a good time anyway playing "Pin the tail on the donkey" and other games, until it came time for the ice cream and cake. In those days, ice cream was delivered in a large wooden tub.

The ice cream was placed in a covered metal box that was then packed tight with crushed ice. The ice cream had been delivered, but somebody came up on the back porch and taken the ice cream out of the box. To make matters even worse, my brother Fred was suspected of the theft. I never found out whether he did or not, but I was never invited to another party.

On the other side of us, at 767, lived Charlie Coleman and his bride Louise. They never had any children, and it was too bad for they both loved children very much, and were always dropping in on us whenever the whole family was at home. Charlie was a bookkeeper in the old Corn Exchange Bank in New York. When the bank failed, he was able to get a job at the Brooklyn Savings Bank down on Montague Street. Mrs. Coleman's brother, Will Cleverley, was the President of that bank. The Colemans were our next door neighbors for a great many years. They seemed to live very frugally, but Charlie was a Shriner, and belonged to the Verona Yacht Club at Sheepshead Bay. He used to row in a one man shell almost every day on his way home from work in the summer time. In his later years, he bought an expensive looking Buick to take trips out to Iowa where his family originated. Lou was a Sunday School Teacher most of her life at the Flatbush Presbyterian Church. For many years her sister, Minnie Cleverley, lived with her. Another unclaimed jewel:

Next to the Colemans, lived a very exciting family, George and Lillian Robertson. George was an automobile racer and drove a Simplex in all the Vanderbilt Cup races. I liked him very much for he gave me many rides in his racing car around the neighborhood. I was very helpful more than once. Behind the driver's seat was a big oval-shaped gasoline tank, and he was forever dropping nuts and bolts in the tank and couldn't get them out again. That's where I came in. I was a skinny little boy with very frail arms. I could put my arm down the opening and fish out whatever he had dropped in. I remember he had canvas mud guards that he would take off before the start of each race. His wife was the most beautiful woman in the whole neighborhood.

A race track had been built down at Sheepshead Bay, and George raced there every once in a while against local drivers like Barney Oldfield. I never saw him race but my father did once. That was enough for him. He got so wrought up that he had to get up and go home. In one of these races, George went right over the edge of the track and lost a piece of his elbow. That was the end of racing for him, but during WW1 he was put in charge of all the Red Cross motor transportation for the United States Army. Lillian had a pair of twin boys, and I think they stayed over in Paris, after the war.

A fine family named Austin bought the house from the Robertsons. I don't remember too much about them except they had a daughter and a boy my age. They were Christian Scientists, and I'm sorry to say that I joined the other kids in the neighborhood in taunting them about Mind over Matter. Little did I realize that in my later years I would become one myself. But that will be disclosed later.

After several years, the Gumperts bought the Austin house, and completely modernized it. They glassed in the porch and really made the place look very luxurious. Mr. and

Mrs. Gumpert were elderly German Jews. They owned the Gumperts Chocolate Co. that made all sorts of things out of chocolate. Mrs. Gumpert used to give us big boxes of chocolate pudding every once in a while. They would go nearly every winter to Baden-Baden and the other "baths" in Germany for their health. Their Scandinavian maid Esther used to come over to visit us on the slightest pretext and she kept up the friendship long after the Gumperts had passed away.

After the Gumpert house came the fabulous (to me) Cuthbert home. They had a son named Richard Lee, Jr., but he was always known as R. Lee. From the name, some people thought he might be Chinese! R. Lee had just about everything they could buy for him. While he was still very young, he had a "Buckboard" with a Smith Motor Wheel that had a gasoline motor. I'll never forget when Mr. Cuthbert bought a Stutz Bearcat. That was just about the sportiest thing that ever happened on the block. He owned a very successful cooperage business. Their house had all sorts of curios that I had never seen before. One thing was a full sized statue of a young colored boy sitting on a gilt wooden chair. Another thing they had was an enormous alligator mounted on a board that extended from the second up to the third floor on the stairs. I really felt a little uneasy in that house. I know there an awful lot of drinking going on there. Mrs. Cuthbert dressed in the very height of fashion, and she and her sister used to wear very expensive clothes and enormous "picture" hats with great feathers on them. They all died off gradually from too much liquor. For a while R. Lee stayed on there with an uncle and aunt to run the house. He went to Dartmouth College, but caught pneumonia and died before he could graduate. This seemed like such a tragedy to us, but I guess it was simply a case of too much money.

I could go on and on all the way down to Glenwood Road, but I'm sure I have already bored you enough. I would like to say that I well remember Mr. and Mrs. Andreas, Harold Porter (whose father was Port Captain of the Munson Line in San Francisco), the Stevens family, the Erskins and the Barneys.

Constant Barney was one of my early play mates. His father was the Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. I was invited to the launching of the large Navy Collier "Cyclops" that so mysteriously disappeared. That is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the U.S. Navy.

I was terribly shy around girls at this time, even though there were quite of few living at the other end of the block. Margaret and Anna Finn were in some of my classes at P.S. 192. So were Josephine Pohl and Gretchen Kronemeier. To my child's eyes, they were "rich" kids. They had ponies and pony carts in stables in their back yards. Then there were the Cohens, who had a wonderful daughter, Annette. She because my sister's bosom friend for many years.

Across the street from us lived the McKee family. They bought the house from the Campbells. They needed a large house for they had a lot of children. In fact, their house was exactly the same as ours only in reverse. They still live there, and I had a nice visit with Mary over a year ago.

I can vaguely remember Dora Horstman who lived down at the other end of our block. She was another "rich" kid. Her father owned the Horstman Doll Co. She was a couple of years older than I was, almost my brother Fred's age.

Philip Griffith was in my class at P.S. 152, and sometimes I would go and play at his house. His father was a doctor and had a lovely house at the corner of Ocean Ave. and Farragut Road. The one thing I really enjoyed about that house was that they had a wide mahogany hand railing on the stairs that went all the way from the third floor right down to the front door. We used to have some fun sliding down. At the corner, was the only fire alarm box in the neighborhood. It was a great big wooden box painted red and fastened to a large wooden telegraph pole. This was kept locked and the key hung in Dr. Griffith's vestibule. Because the doctor was available day or night, the vestibule door was never locked.

Two or three houses up the street from the Griffiths lived an elderly German couple named Koch. Mr. Koch was a semi-professional cellist. I used to love to hear him play. Their only child was an invalid daughter named Margaret. I spent quite a lot of time playing with Margaret before I found out that she was many years older than I was and hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down. As I grew a little older, I began to have friends on East 22nd Street. The ones I liked the most were Bill and June Mudgett. Bill's real name was Guernsey, but somehow the name didn't fit the body. June was a very pretty little girl, and I can remember playing "house" under their back porch! We were friends until we all graduated from Pratt Institute in 1921.

The Neighborhood

When we moved to Flatbush, hardly any of the streets were paved, but for some reason our street had macadam paving half way up to Glenwood Road. The rest of it, like most of the other streets, was just plain dirt. In summer, the dust on a windy day was frightful. Then they started sprinkling the streets with an old fashioned horse drawn truck with a wooden tank on it. I used to have fun watching the driver attach a hose on the fire hydrant up at the corner to refill his tank. Even this didn't help much unless they did it every day. Finally, they found that if the streets were sprayed with oil once or twice a year, they wouldn't have any problem with dust. This really worked.

My father became a very active member of the South Midwood Residents Association. He was elected Treasurer and held that office for many years. This was a fine organization and very helpful to the neighborhood. They not only undertook the sprinkling and later on the oiling of the streets, but in winter when the snow amounted to very much, they had a man with a team of horses and a wooden plow go up and down all the sidewalks. All we had to shovel was from the front porch out to the sidewalk.

Patriotism seemed to be in everyone's heart at that time. We all seemed to vie with our neighbors in getting the flag out first on the morning of any holiday. Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Labor Day and the greatest holiday of all, the

Fourth of July. It was unheard of for any kid to light one single firecracker until the morning of the Fourth. Once they started, it was bedlam until almost midnight. The South Midwood Residents Association annually sponsored an all-day celebration that did much to promote friendships for blocks around. In the morning, they would start out with all kinds of athletic competitions such as 50- and 100-yard dashes, high jump and broad jump for the boys. For the girls, they had other more ladylike sports such as the potato race and the sack race. The finish line was usually in front of our house, and the free ice cream cones, already made and individually wrapped, were delivered to our house for safe keeping. The last event was a bicycle race three times around the block. Naturally, no girls would ever think of doing anything like that then. One year, I won a bronze medal for second place, and I was muscle -bound for a week after it. I still have the medals!

After supper, the residents decorated their porches and front lawn with paper Japanese lanterns with candles. Of course, .electricity still hadn't reached Flatbush. We lugged the old Victrola out on the front porch and played "Under the Double Eagle" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever" until far into the night. As soon as it got dark, all of the residents would congregate in the "lots" on Ocean Ave. at Foster Ave. to see the most wonderful fireworks display I have ever seen. People came for miles around every year to see them. I don't think my folks ever won a prize for the best decorated house, but we sure had fun trying.

I almost forgot to tell about the Blume's flag. They had an American flag that was so big that the only way it could be displayed was to suspend it from the third floor windows of their house and the one across the street. My brothers usually were pressed into service to put it up and again take it down. It extended to within about 6'0" of the pavement.

Church

Soon after we moved to Flatbush, we started in attending the Flatbush Presbyterian Church. They had a very small stone building at the corner of East 23rd Street and Foster Ave. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, who lived next door, were very active members, and I think it was due to their urging that we all joined that church. I went regularly to the Sunday School for many years, and had some very devoted teachers. At first, I had Mr. Emanuel Ducker. He was a letter carrier and worked with my uncle Edward Cross. Later on, I had Miss Henrietta Frost, an old maid school teacher. I never found out where she taught, but she and her old mother lived in a house across the street from P.S. 152.

Anniversary Day was a holiday unique in only Brooklyn. It was to celebrate the founding of the first Sunday school. I think it was always on the first Thursday in June. The schools would be closed, and we usually had new clothes to wear in the parade. We would all go to our Sunday school and at a given time we marched two by two with our teachers to a given point where we would join in at the end of the procession. There were quite a few bands, but they were usually far away from where I was. It was

amazing how many thousands of children and grown-ups took part in these parades. The various sections of Brooklyn each had their own parade, and each one had a "reviewing stand". These were filled with local dignitaries and usually the Borough President or the Mayor. We were always warned to look our best when passing the reviewing stand. Later on it took on a sort of a Mardi Gras atmosphere with a lot of small floats decorated with colored crepe paper and pulled by hand. There were still many American and Christian flags carried by the larger boys. By the time we finished marching, we were very glad to get back to the church and have our refreshments consisting of ice cream and homemade cake.

Mother

I had never quite realized what a wonderful man my father was until after I was married many years. At the age of 21, he met my mother at William Vogel Bros. and they were married three years later. I'd like to quote from my father's autobiography that he wrote many years later.

"About 1885, we engaged the first girl we ever had in the office as billing clerk who was introduced to us as Miss Carrie Cross. She was put in my charge for instruction. As I was the only eligible man in the office at that time, it was quite natural for us to become friendly and intimate and it was not long before I was courting her and eventually we were married on May 2, 1888 at her residence at 273 Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N.Y. by the Rev. A. Z. Conrad, Pastor of the Ainslie Street Presbyterian Church of which her father was an Elder. We started housekeeping with my four younger sisters at 30 Troutman St.". At that time, father was earning \$15 a week.

Mother was considered very well educated for those times. She was a High School graduate! She graduated from what was then known as Brooklyn High School. I'm not positive, but I think that later became Girls High School. She was typical of the majority of the young married women of her time. She was completely dependent on father, and whatever he decided was perfectly all right with her. No Womens' Lib, and there were no Male Chauvinist Pigs either.

To the best of my knowledge, there was never a cross word between them until the time of my father's retirement. But that is another story.

Churches

The Minister of the Flatbush Presbyterian Church was Rev. Dwight Marvin. He was very friendly and greatly admired by the people in the congregation. When he retired, he was replaced by a much younger man named Rev. Aerbert Field. In 1905, All Souls Universalist Church sold their old church building in Williamsburg and built a beautiful new building on Ocean Ave. corner of Ditmas Ave. Helmle & Corbett, the architects, did a wonderful job of incorporating the stained glass windows from the old church in the new. They were designed and executed by the Tiffany Studios, and are considered almost priceless.

Mr. William Vogel, who was President of my father's company, was a very active member of this church. So was Mr. Frank Wilson, who knew father from down on South 9th Street. They evidently gave my parents such a wonderful invitation that they couldn't resist. Father started in by attending some of the meetings of their Men's Club, which was a sort of an interdenominational group. Their Annual Men's Club Dinner was always a huge success. It was the only time in the year that my father wore a tuxedo, and I really think the only reason he wore it was because Mr. Vogel always wore one. Mr. Vogel was a very distinguished looking man and very kind and friendly with my parents. Father walked with Mr. Vogel to the church from our house, and I'm sure that mother was very proud. These were no ordinary church suppers. It was a fine dinner served by a famous firm of caterers. I always marveled at how they were able to procure such well-known after-dinner speakers. Every year they had famous speakers such as Teddy Roosevelt, Hiram Maxim, Grover Whalen, Jimmy Walker, Mayor Hylan, Rabbi Wise, Judge Lazansky and Ole Singstad, Chief Engr. of the Holland Tunnel. I'll never forget the last dinner that I attended. At the end of the dinner, before the speeches started, they passed around boxes of cigars to all of the tables. There must have been about 400 people there. About 399 of them lit cigars at the same time, and there was no ventilation system in the church. Never having smoked, I could feel myself getting weaker and weaker by the minute. Somehow, I managed to walk home, but I had to take a week off from work.

Another interesting event at the Men's Club was on Election Day. They hired a telegraph operator who would somehow receive the election returns. Somebody would letter the results on glass slides as soon as they would come in, and it would be projected on a large screen up on the stage. There was a lot of good natured rivalry between the Democrats and the Republicans, although I think Brooklyn was more Republican in those days. When it was all over, and the election decided, Dick Hill, who was in the coffee business, would make coffee and bring out an ample supply of crullers and jelly doughnuts. That was long before we knew of calories and carbohydrates!

Because of the Men's Club and the friendly welcome they received from Dr. L. Ward Brigham and others of the congregation, it wasn't long before my parents transferred their membership to All Souls Universalist Church. Meanwhile, my brothers and I still attended Flatbush Presbyterian Sunday School. One at a time we followed our parents to the Universalist Church. By the time my turn came, they refused to give me a "letter" to the new church. There was much bitterness between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists at that time. They wouldn't even permit the Universalist and Unitarian Sunday Schools to participate in the Anniversary Day parades for many years. Finally, I decided to join the rest of my family at All Souls Church. I think it was the wisest decision I ever made.

Father's Office

Father used to delight in telling us all about the different ones in his office down at Vogels. Kate Maloney was one of the greatest characters I had ever met. She was a

little old maid that always dressed in black. Her skirts and petticoats touched the floor. Her face was really something to behold. Although she must have been as old as my father, she still had that peaches and cream complexion that she brought over from Ireland with her. It seemed so funny to hear her call my father "Freddie"!

Kate was a combination "Office Boy", cleaning lady and first aid attendant. As soon as any of the men got cut or injured in any way, Kate would take them in hand. The sheet metal business can be very hazardous, and whenever a man would cut his hand or a foot, Kate would make him put his hand or foot in a tub of boiling hot water! That was her cure for everything, and the men never stood a chance of arguing her out of it. He said big men would sometimes yell but it wouldn't do them any good!

She lived right near the factory with a bachelor brother that was always getting in trouble for drinking too much. She finally got him a job at the factory as one of the truck drivers. This helped a little, but she often had to spend all of her small salary to pay bail for her brother Roger.

Kate used to take all the money to the bank for the office. She was such a relic of bygone days that nobody would suspect her of having any money tucked away in a petticoat pocket! Occasionally, she would go over to the Standard Oil Company on Lower Broadway, but eventually they called up and asked them to send somebody else. She was such a leftover from an older generation that she completely disrupted the office routine every time she appeared.

At about this time, a poor young boy came and asked for a job as office boy. He lived directly across from the office on South 9th St. His name was Walter Arthur Richardson, and came from a big family. Father decided to try him out. From the start, he showed great promise and was welcomed by everybody. He was always called by his middle name, Arthur, because by that time my brother Walter was working in the office with our father. Arthur was so terribly thin that they used to invite him out to our house on weekends to try to fatten him up a bit. We got very fond of him and we began to treat him just like one of the family.

Events and Holidays

About once a year, my brothers and I took long weekend hikes. Arthur would always be included. Once, we took the Ferry from Dyckman St. to Englewood and hiked along the Palisades to Alpine. After staying overnight there, we took the Ferry to Tarrytown, and then hiked as far as Oscowana where we had a swell Italian dinner. We'd take the New York Central R.R. home from there.

My brother Bill belonged to a group known as the Decagon at Erasmus. They used to go over to Rockaway Point on the boat from Sheepshead Bay. Little by little, they built a shack out of driftwood. When they weren't using it, we used to go there and stay for several days at a time. As far as I know, it was the first "house" built on Rockaway Point. We all went around naked most of the time and got a good tan. The only person

we would ever see was a mounted policeman that rode up and down the beach every morning looking for dead bodies washed up with the tide! We knew just when he would be along and we always managed to be in the water at the time. This lasted for several summers until a new owner came along and burned the shack down while we weren't there. Somehow, it never seemed the same to us after that. It was fun while it lasted.

Decoration Day was always an important day in our family. Now they call it Memorial Day and they're even changed the date of it. That was the day we would take down the storm windows and put up the screens. If we all helped, it wasn't so bad, and we were always glad to have the job finished.

Labor Day was quite different. As a rule, we didn't do anything special except just relax on the front porch.

Columbus Day was the time we usually took down the screens and put up the storm windows again. We followed this routine for many years.

When I was very young, I really didn't like Easter at all for I always had to get new clothes and wear new shoes that were very uncomfortable. The Easter basket with milk chocolate eggs and jelly beans took the curse off the whole thing a little. I sometimes wonder how we ever survived eating so much candy! But of all the holidays, Christmas was by far the most important to all of us. We celebrated in the German manner. The tree would be hidden away down in the wine closet in the cellar until Christmas Eve. We weren't supposed to know that it was there, but I could smell that beautiful smell as soon as I came into the house. The smallest children had to go to bed early, usually up on the third floor, so that they wouldn't hear the commotion of bringing the tree up to the parlor. The tree was always a foot or so too long to fit, so a piece would have to be cut off at the bottom. Then mother would get a large white sheet to put on the floor to go under the tree. Once the tree was in place, the sheet would be sort of wrapped around the base to hide the metal stand. Then all the ornaments were brought down from the attic. We had to work fast in putting the ornaments on so that it would be finished by midnight. I'll never forget the thrill we all got the first time we had tree lights. This was before we had electricity in the house, so they got their power from a wet battery.

As soon as the tree was decorated to our satisfaction, and the step ladder was taken down to the cellar, we'd all get our carefully wrapped presents and pile them up on the floor in the center of the parlor. Invariably, it was a big pile! Then father would put on his glasses, read the labels and pass it on to whoever it was for. It took a long time to go through the whole pile one at a time, and in the meantime, the excitement of opening presents was really something. Nine times out of ten, mother would remember some present she had forgotten to bring down and would have to go upstairs and find it at the last minute. This was always a most joyous time for us, and we would examine each other's presents very carefully. Mother would almost always say "I hope you like your presents". Of course we did. Then we each wished everybody a Merry Christmas. In a little while, we had coffee and coffee cake for a midnight snack. We were not exactly what you would call a religious family, but without fail my father would sit down at the organ and play "Jesus Lover of my Soul" very nicely. It was the only time in the year that he would touch the organ. It got so that we all rather looked forward to this. When he was finished playing, we all went right to bed for the small children would be coming down as early as they dared. Mother and father never got much sleep on Christmas Eve.

Quite often we would have a turkey dinner on Christmas. It depended on who was coming. My actress aunts, Aunt Jane and Aunt Margaret usually came for dinner, and brought us all more presents. They sometimes brought friends from the stage with them, and they all seemed to enjoy the hubbub of a family of our size. If we didn't have turkey for dinner, it would usually be a ham and baked beans. Frankly, we liked that better, for we were a bean family!

We'd just about get over Christmas, when New Year's Eve came around. We had sort of an open house when all our friends knew that we would be at home. Without much of an invitation to anybody, this increased year by year to enormous proportions. It got so that total strangers showed up. How they knew about the party, we never found out. The last one that I can remember, I think 75 people came. This turned out to be a rather wild bunch, and there was quite a little drinking too. We had quite a time getting rid of some of them very early next morning, and even father had had just enough to be very happy. I think it was the only time I ever saw him that way, but by the next morning he was all right again. I think that was the last time we ever had a New Year's Eve party!

There must have been something wrong with me, for I actually enjoyed school, possibly because I started in school much later than most kids, and I had my three older brothers and my parents to help me with anything that I didn't understand. We had a lot of really dedicated teachers at P.S. 152. I went all the way through to the 8-B with the same boys and girls. Practically all the teachers were women, but I did have Mr. Wirtz for the 8-A and Mr. Hall for the 8-B. It was very sad for us to leave our school and classmates that we loved so dearly. I had been Captain of the Safety Patrol and Editor-in-Chief of the Glenwood Echo, our school paper, so that I was kept busy right up to graduation time turning over my jobs to my successors.

Most of the boys that I went through school with were very well behaved and obedient and I got along well with them. There were two tough kids that were always in some kind of trouble. One was Fred Luck whose father owned a saloon and bowling alley near the Newkirk Plaza, and the other was Joe Francavilla. Both these kids had "gangs" that used to fight or threaten the younger ones all the time. I avoided both of them as much as possible. I don't think either of them ever went to high school, for I never heard of them again.

The first movie I ever went to was at the T.N.F. Theater. This stood for The New Flatbush. It was a very small place and charged only ten cents, if my memory is correct. They had the "Perils of Pauline", where Pearl White was always hanging from a cliff or something else and then "Continued Next Week"! The suspense was terrible,

but we never missed an episode if we could help it.

The T.N.F. was right near the Newkirk Plaza where the Brighton Beach Subway of the B.R.T. ran. That was before the tracks were depressed, and there were many accidents at the street crossings. The Smith Street Trolley Cars ran over the same tracks to Coney Island until they had several tragic accidents with the trains. Before they depressed the tracks into the "cut" as it was known, the T.N.F. had to be moved a block over to East 16th St. House moving was quite a common occurrence in those days. Labor was cheap and plentiful and there was no traffic problem to speak of. An automobile was a rarity.

Up until the time I graduated from P.S. 152, peace had reigned all over the world. This had been a most wonderful era in the U.S.A. when immigrants were flocking here by the thousands. Little by little we were beginning to hear languages other than English being spoken.

The boys on East 21st Street were very fortunate in having several vacant lots up near Glenwood Road to play in. I spent many days there building caves and houses out of all sorts of odds and ends of lumber. Of course every house had to have a "fire place" and a chimney, and as the weather got colder, we'd beg, borrow or steal potatoes to roast in the fire. Usually they'd taste awful, but we'd eat them just the same. Then somebody found out that there was a better way to roast potatoes. This was by using a fire can. We took a No. 2 can or the next size larger and punched a couple of holes in the bottom with a nail and a hammer. Then we'd make holes near the edge of the can and fasten a long piece of wire to it. Then all you needed was a small fire and a potato. To bake the potato all you had to do was to swing the can in circles very fast. In no time at all, the can would get white hot. Then you could sit down and eat: I don't remember any girls ever playing with us in the lots, but we did have our share of "tom-boys" who tried to more than once. I'm sure they soon got discouraged and never returned.

People Who Came to the Door

We used to have a peddler named Gussie Finkel who came to see mother every week. He always carried a large battered sample case with samples of all sorts of things that he sold mother. If he didn't have what she wanted, he'd make a note of it in a small note book and bring it on the following week. I know that all our lace curtains came from him, and much of our clothes too. When money was hard to come by, and it usually was, mother would pay him so much a week. This went on for many years. I have often wondered what ever happened to him.

Another weekly visitor to 761 was Mr. Murray from Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Mother had taken out what they called Industrial Policies on each of us as soon as we were born. They didn't amount to very much, but mother paid the premiums for many years. As soon as I earned enough money, I took over the payments for my policy, and I think each of my brothers in turn did the same. We have been helping to support Metropolitan Life for about 65 years! Mr. Bartholomew was our letter carrier for many years. We got to be very good friends and enjoyed having him come in on a bitter cold morning to have a cup of coffee with us to get warmed up. His route ended at our corner so he would deliver any mail to the remaining houses and then come back. He explained that the mail had to be delivered first before he could sit down and rest.

Stores

Gypsies were a common sight in those days. They had enormous wagons pulled by a team of fine horses. We always ran out to see them go by, but our parents warned us to stay away from them. They had a bad reputation for stealing and kidnapping, which I never believed until one time my father had his wallet taken from his pocket by one in a long flowing dress, when he was on his way to the bank. They had a great knack for living in empty stores especially on Flatbush Ave. They were not good tenants so it wasn't easy to get anybody to rent to them. The way they got around this was to have a white man go alone and pay the first month's rent. Usually this was all the rent the owner ever got, and by the time he went to Court and had them evicted they had 4 or 5 month's rent free!

Actually, there were very few empty stores on Flatbush Ave. I well remember the James Butler grocery store at the corner of Farragut Road. Somehow, that place always seemed dirty. It had an unpleasant smell about it, and we didn't go in there unless we had to. Mother ordered most of her food from Rathgeber's Delicatessen. Probably the most expensive place to deal with, but they gave credit and made deliveries with a push cart every day.

For years we had a wonderful candy store run by a Julia Biersack, who was considered quite a shady character by most of the women in the neighborhood. I never heard just why they objected to her. Her store had the nicest smell of penny candy, newspapers, cigars and chewing tobacco. She also sold kites, tops, roller skate wheels and hockey sticks in season. All my spending money went to Julia.

Like all the others, Meyer's Ice Cream store made their own, and was it wonderful. They didn't make many different flavors, but what they did make was very good. They had a great business for there was no competitor within a mile or more.

On the same block, but no relation, was Meyer's Drug store. This was a fascinating place to me, what with all the strange things on display and the faint smell of various drugs. I always tried to deal with Mr. Meyer. I felt a little easier with him than with the pharmacist. I never heard the pharmacist's name, but I know he always wore a black derby hat when he waited on customers in the store. That always seemed funny to me. Mr. Meyer lived upstairs over his store, and there was a "night bell" next to the door. More than once I had to rouse him out of bed for a prescription, and he didn't seem to mind.

All through my childhood, there were very few changes in the stores. Schmidt's Bakery, for instance, was up near Ave. H. We called that "The Junction" where Nostrand Ave. and Flatbush Ave. came together on an angle. Nearly every day, I'd skate up there after school to buy a dozen crumb buns or jelly doughnuts for afternoon "coffee". If any were left, we'd have them for breakfast next day. Across the street from Schmidt's was the Chinese Laundry. I had to take my father's shirts there, and usually I would get a litchi nut when I'd come back to get them. I never liked the smell of the butcher shops, even though the butcher usually gave me a slice of baloney. They always had sawdust on the floor, but I never found out why.

It seemed funny to me that two stores had always been run by women. One was Grenz Husted's Paint Store where father bought his white lead and linseed oil to make his own paint. This was an awful job. We'd have to stir this stuff with a wooden paddle until your arm almost fell off. Evidently, it was worth it for our house always looked very nice. The other place was the shoe store run by old Mrs. Henkle. I had some of the darnedest looking shoes from there. They looked as though they had been made in a prison, maybe they were. They didn't wear very well, for in no time at all I'd have to take them to Mr. Carmine Reale, the shoemaker, to have him put on half soles and heels. I always wore sneakers in the summer time.

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I think my father really enjoyed painting, for it seemed as if he was always painting the outside of the house in summer, and doing the inside in winter.

This was a minor source of annoyance to my mother, for she didn't enjoy having the furniture moved about during the process. The ceilings were all calcimined except in the kitchen. The kitchen ceiling was always painted with high gloss paint. For some reason, this paint didn't hold up very long. In a short time, it would start to peel off in big pieces. After doing this over several times, father had a metal ceiling installed by Schneiderman & Korn. This did the trick. He never had any more trouble with it.

All the trim on the first floor was golden oak. So was the wainscoting in the foyer hall and the dining room, and the stairs as far as the second floor.

In the dining room, the walls above the wainscoting were covered with something called Lindcruster-Walton. It was quite thick and very expensive, and when it began to look shabby, father had it replaced with dark green burlap. This lasted for many years, but made it difficult to calcimine the ceiling. We had to very carefully tack up drip cloths on the picture moldings to keep from spattering the green burlap.

The dining room was always the center of activity, partly due to the Welsbach mantels. We had the best light there for reading and doing our home work. Our dining room table was large enough so that we could spread out our books, and mother would read or do some darning or sewing. Father often sat at the head of the table and did his book-keeping for the Church. By this time, he had been elected the Treasurer, an office he held for about 20 years. We had a large china closet with a curved front in the dining room which came with the house. When the old owners moved, they said they couldn't get it out the front door, so they left it for us. I've never seen one as large.

One of the biggest excitements in my childhood was when The Edison Co. came and installed electricity in the neighborhood. What an improvement that was! We still gathered about the dining room table for a while, even though we really didn't need to. We had electric lights in every room, and we even kept a gas jet or two in most rooms just in case! The Edison Co. was so anxious to have everybody switch over to electric light, that whenever a bulb burned out all you had to do was to turn it in to them and they would give you a new one free.

More School

Those were very happy days at 761. My brother Walter had graduated from Commercial High School and had a job over in New York. Bill was about to graduate from Erasmus Hall High School with very high honors. He was head of Arista, the honorary Greek Society. Fred was still at Erasmus and a distinguished football player. Margaret, Ben and I were still at P.S.152.

My last year at P.S. 152 was quite memorable. For one thing, I was Editor-in-Chief of the Glenwood Echo, the school paper. Another was that we had a choice of Latin or Spanish in the 8th Grade. I chose Latin, for I intended to go to Erasmus where you had to pass 3 years of Latin to graduate. I also discovered "Girls"! Not that I ever spoke to them, but they were kinda nice to look at. There were two girls in my graduating class that I especially liked, but I'm sure they never knew it. I called them the "Two Irma" for their names were Irma Weed and Irma Renton. Irma Renton had her hair curled in such a way that her curls would bounce up and down as she walked along. Invariably they walked home from school down East 21st Street and past 761 about 100 feet ahead of me every day. Irma (either one) where art thou?

In January 1916, I graduated from P.S. 152 and entered Erasmus Hall High School where my brothers Bill and Fred had gone. It was very different from what I had been accustomed to. The freshmen then used the "Old Building", and it really was old. Erasmus had been started in 1787 by the Dutch settlers and was then known as the Erasmus Academy. Each room had a big fireplace, but of course they were never used. The old building was a terrible fire hazard, and they were constantly on the alert for smokers. I got plenty of exercise walking back and forth to Erasmus, usually with two or three other boys, some of them from P.S. 152. I adjusted quite rapidly to my new school because I was fortunate in having Miss Emily Platt as Room Teacher. She was also my Biology teacher, and a very good one too. Everybody had to take Latin, but it was easy for me. The first year was a review of what we had learned at P.S. 152. I chose French as my second language, which I never regretted. Not many people can talk in Latin!

World War 1

There was war in Europe, and it began to look as if the U.S.A. might get involved. It wasn't long before the Germans sank the Lusitania with many Americans aboard. Not long after this, we declared war on Germany.

It was the patriotic thing to do to offer your services to Uncle Sam. My brother Bill found out that now he was a college graduate he was entitled to a commission in the Army. He trained at Plattsburg and Madison Barracks and was given a Commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Quartermaster. He was shipped to Deming, New Mexico for a while before going overseas. He looked very grand and military in his new officer's uniform.

Meanwhile, Fred tried to get into the new Army Air Corps. Before he could get approval, he was drafted and sent out to Camp Upton, at Yaphank, Long Island. At just about the same time, my cousin, Milton Cross, came to live with us. He had joined the 1st Cavalry, a part of the National Guard that was filled with society people and was considered very romantic. Before Fred was shipped over to France, the 1st Cavalry went as a unit to Europe as Machine Gun battalions, which was not so romantic!

Bill, Fred and Milton were all "over there" at the same time. Our home was very empty and sad. Letters were very few and far between from any of them. We had the distinction of having a three star service flag in our parlor window for several years. Father and Walter were members of the local Civil Defense Corps, and wore gray uniforms on the nights that they drilled. They were never called out for any emergency as far as I knew.

By the time I arrived at Erasmus, the family name was rather well-known. I'm sure they expected a lot more from me than I had. Bill was a Greek student and Fred had been quite an athlete. I was neither, but I did do pretty well in my first year. Dr. Lowe was the Principal and Kate Hodgedon was his Assistant. Miss Hodgedon was a very active member of All Souls, and as luck would have it, we shared the same birthday. We exchanged cards on March 25th for many years. Because we all studied Latin, it was customary for us to open our Chapel Service by singing "Integer Vitae" in Latin, in four parts. Dr. Schmidt was at the big organ and Miss Mulligan conducted the singing. I shall never forget it. Even now it is difficult for me to sing English words to that tune in my Christian Science Church.

During my second year at Erasmus, I didn't do too well, partly because of the war. When I needed help with my school work, my parents were unable to be of much help. I began to really miss my brothers. Then they passed a law requiring all students to take Military training at one of the Armories. I was one of the first ones to have a complete uniform to wear to drills, so I was made Captain of one of the Companies. We used to go all the way over to Caldwell, N.J. to learn to shoot a rifle. That summer I went to Camp Smith at Peekskill with a number of boys from Erasmus for two or three weeks. It was great fun, and also the first time I'd ever been away from home alone. The following summer, we couldn't have the use of Camp Smith. The National Guard was using it to train units before sending them overseas. We ended up at Blauvet, N.Y. where, by the way, my mother was born. This camp had belonged to the Y.W.C.A. for many years, so we had a lot of work to make it suitable for about 1000 boys.

I began to spend a lot of time at the Library on Linden Blvd. It was then known as Linden Avenue. Many of the books I read were required reading for school, but I also got acquainted with a lot of other authors at the same time. One book that really interested me was "Over the Top" by Arthur Guy Empy. This was an up-to-date book all about tank warfare in Europe. I got so excited about it, that when Empy began a recruiting campaign over in New York, I went over and tried to enlist. I neglected to say anything to my parents about this. I met Empy and had a long talk with him. He thanked me for coming, but said I was too young. I was then 17. He said the only way I could enlist was to forge my birth certificate, and if I was caught I'd get two years at Fort Leavenworth prison. I said I'd wait, but I never went back, for not long after, my old friend Constant Barney was killed in action in the Tank Corps in France.

In addition to the drilling we did at the Armory each week, a number of us from Erasmus went to the Parade Grounds on Parkside Ave. and drilled once or twice a week. Later we found out about a group known as "Boyce's Tigers" that drilled each afternoon over on Governor's Island. Most of these were older men and much more serious, but we went there many times.

For a long time we didn't get any word from my brother Fred. He was Battalion Sergeant-Major in the heavy field artillery in the worst part of the fighting in the Argonne Forest. Somehow, he became separated from his Regiment and all he had to eat was raw cabbage from the fields. He became very sick and was hospitalized. He managed to get word to our brother Bill, who was by now a First Lieutenant in a Quartermaster Depot in France. Fred wrote a long letter home and Bill signed it to get it past the Censor. Officers had that authority. We all breathed a sigh of relief when we heard that they were all right. Soon after, we heard from Milton. He was up with the Belgians and having a bad time of it.

One of the greatest moments of my life was the day of "The False Armistice". This was a week or two before the real armistice on November 11th at 11 A.M. New Yorkers just about went wild with excitement and joy. I was in class at Erasmus when the church bells at the Old Dutch Church across the street on Flatbush Ave. began to ring. They rang for at least an hour, and there was no question in our minds what that meant. Without any permission at all, the school completely emptied out in a very short time. For some reason, most of us just stood around in the church yard unable to speak. I was in uniform, for it was our day to go to the Armory. Instead, we all went over to New York to see the excitement on Fifth Ave. Very few people knew that it wasn't the real armistice, but that didn't make any difference. I saw many beautifully dressed ladies walking along the street holding up newspapers with enormous headlines "PEACE DECLARED"! Everybody went crazy. I ended up by riding on the front of an Army truck

all the way to Central Park. We really had a celebration at home, my folks were so thankful. The day of the real armistice actually passed unnoticed except in the newspapers.

It seemed ages until my brothers came home. Fred came first, and Milton soon after. Bill had to stay on for he was Provost Marshal in the town of Jevres, in France. We were all very grateful that not one of them had been injured. Bill turned over whole buildings filled with canned food and Army trucks to the French Army before he could return home.

While they were in France, my Aunt Minnie had passed away. Soon after this, my Uncle Fred, one of mother's brothers, came to live with us and he also died. In many ways, the war had changed my brothers, and it took quite a while for them to readjust to things at home.

Mother's Family

My mother was from a very large family. She had seven brothers and one sister, my Aunt Minnie. All her brothers had one thing in common - they were all bald! The oldest of the seven was my Uncle Jim who lived in Buffalo and owned a very nice wooden box business there. It was always a very exciting time when he and Aunt Lottie would drive down in their big Franklin car. They never had any children of their own, so they adopted a little girl that turned out to be a Mongoloid. I never saw her but I understand she lived in an institution for 25 or 30 years. It was a great tragedy for both of them.

Soon after Milton's mother passed away, his father, my Uncle George, remarried. The strange thing about it was that he and his son, Bert, married two sisters. It sure made complications like "I'm my own Grandpa". I was always made to call Bert my uncle, although really he was my first cousin. Bert was a great character. The last I heard of him was that he was prospecting for gold out near Spokane, Wash.

Father's Family

I've already told about how father started out his married life supporting his four younger sisters. Two of them became famous actresses on the legitimate stage. They went by the name of Gordon. My Aunt Margaret's manager, David Belasco, felt that the name Gordon was more suitable than Gaus, so she went by that name for the rest of her life. My Aunt Jane also changed her name to Gordon at the same time. Neither of them ever became stars, but they were well-known in their day. Aunt Margaret was very pretty and had natural auburn hair. Her greatest part was as the nurse in Peter Pan. It was a huge success and she went on the round-the-world tour with the original company. When she returned to the U.S.A., she lived with Maud Adams most of the rest of her life. She never played again after David Belasco went down with the Lusitania. Aunt Jane had occasional parts, and she even acted in a couple of movies. They were both very generous with us at Christmas. They always came in a taxi loaded down with gifts for each one of us. I always felt a little strange with them. I wasn't sure

whether they were stage-acting or not. To me, the tragic thing about my two aunts was that despite all the money they must have made, they both died penniless. Aunt Jane was in the home connected with St. Luke's Hospital for a long time, supported by my father and The Actor's Equity League.

All the time I was growing up, I kept hearing the name "Gunnison". Rev. Almon Gunnison had been the Minister of All Souls Church in Williamsburg. His brother Herbert F. Gunnison was Principal of Erasmus when Bill and Fred were there. When Bill went to St. Lawrence, another brother was the President there. Of course, the Gunnison family owned the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, the greatest paper that Brooklyn ever had.

Walter

In the spring of 1916, there appeared two beautiful young Italian girls on our block. My oldest brother, Walter, somehow managed to be out shoveling snow when they would be going by each night. In a very, short time he struck up an acquaintance with both of them. They were both very lovely girls, but spoke practically no English. Of course, Walter didn't understand a word of Italian. How he ever did it, I'll never know, but he found out all about them. It seems that these girls were from Messina, in Sicily. There had been a tragic earthquake there and Mt. Etna had erupted at the same time. Their home had been demolished and 42 relatives had been killed. They probably would have shared the same fate had they not been studying in a Convent in Spain at the time. They had no home or family in Messina, so they came to stay with their uncle Mr. Andreas up the street from us.

In no time at all, they were invited in to meet the family. It was a case of love at first sight with the family and both Sylvia and her younger sister Emily. Walter fell madly in love with Sylvia and got permission to marry her from her uncle. They were married by the Priest of Our Lady of Refuge Church in the Rectory as Walter was not a Catholic. He had to sign an agreement that girl babies would be brought up Catholic and boy babies Protestant. At 761 we had a wonderful wedding party. I played the Wedding March from the Huguenots as Sylvia and Walter came down the stairs to the living room. Mother had a fine dinner ready and a beautiful wedding cake, which I had decorated with fancy white icing. I don't know how I learned to do this, but it looked very nice.

Emily, like her sister, had beautiful black hair, but hers was in a braid that extended down to her waist. I liked Emily very much but she was a year or two older than I was, and aside from taking her to the movies a couple of times, that was all we ever did together. It wasn't long before she met and married Edgar Ridley, who was an ardent Episcopalian. Emily gave up Catholicism and joined Edgar's church. They were very happily married and had two beautiful daughters.

Not long after Walter and Sylvia's wedding, her uncle, Mr. Andreas, passed away. Although he was not a strict Catholic, his wife insisted on having lots of candles kept burning around his coffin for a day or two. I think it was an Italian custom to have someone sit up with the body all night and to be sure the candles were kept lit. Somehow, Walter was chosen for this job and I'm sure he lost years off his life doing it. He was not the bravest man in the world by any means!

When they were first married, Walter and Sylvia lived at 761 for a short time. We learned to like Italian food very much, for Sylvia was a fabulous cook. We were sorry to see them go, but they had a nice apartment on Glenwood Road near East 26th St.

Bill

Bill had met a beautiful girl at All Souls named Helen Chrisler. She was a year ahead of him at Erasmus. After graduation, she left to go up to St. Lawrence University at Canton, N.Y. Bill was at a complete loss without Helen, so he decided that he too would go to St. Lawrence the following year. So that they would graduate together, Bill graduated in three years Summa Cum Laude. He was the brain in the family. I regret to say that about a year later, before they could be married, Helen got pneumonia and died. It was one of the saddest things in my life, and had a disastrous effect on Bill's life. Soon after, he went in the Army. After a year or so of training, he was shipped to France, where he met Catherine Creager from Indiana. She was a Dietician in the Army. Not long after they were both back in the States, they were married and moved over to South Orange, N.J. Somehow, she didn't fit in with the family very well. She had been an orphan for many years, so we had thought she would be glad to be welcomed into a large family such as ours. But this was not the case. They came to 761 for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, but we rarely saw them at any other times. We were never invited over to their apartment. This didn't bother me very much, but my parents were very sad about the whole thing. They did everything they could possibly do to make things pleasant for Cath, but nothing seemed to work. At length, father discovered that if he had a rather strong drink to give her when they came over, she was guite sociable for a while anyway. He kept this up for several years, and it worked!

Fred

Fred, being the football hero that he was, had many beautiful girl friends. One that I remember was named Fedora Mackenzie. She was a real Scottish beauty, whose father was the family chauffeur for Mr. Roefer of All Souls. Another was Florence Schmittmann, also from our Church. She was a school teacher and lived on East 22nd St. behind the Coleman's. She was a very lovely girl, but Fred thought that her parents were so wealthy that he would have a problem of a domineering mother-in-law. He eventually married Gertrude Blenderman in the Lutheran Church at Floral Park, Long Island. Her parents were both born in Germany and owned a delicatessen near Carnegie Hall where they worked very long hours. They were very industrious people. Gert had a younger sister who never married.

Vacations

When I was quite young, my parents took me to Calverton, Long Island for a two weeks' vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Free had a large farm and took in summer boarders. Mr. Free worked for the L.I. R.R. and had a funny looking three wheeled hand car that he rode to work on. I don't know for sure how they ever found out about this place but I think they might have been listed in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle Summer Resort Guide that we got every spring.

The following year, we went to Malthanner's Farm at Monticello, up in the Catskills. Toward the end of our stay, they had a disastrous fire that burned just about the entire town. It was the most awful scene I have ever witnessed. The whole town had to be rebuilt.

A year or two later, father was invited to go up to Moosehead Lake with Doctor Bell who lived on East 18th St. near Ave. H. I don't know how he ever got his title, for I'm sure he was not a Medical Doctor. He was the owner of a small company that made croup kettles or vaporizers. Most of the parts were made at Vogel's factory. It was a very clever device that held benzoin, which was heated by an alcohol flame. The object was to breath in the vapor from the spout at the top. The trouble was that the body of the thing would get very hot, so father decided it needed some holes for ventilation. He and I got together and made up a design of four small bells radiating from a 1/4" hole. From then on, two of these designs were punched out, one on either side. Dr. Bell was very happy, and he liked the bell design very much.

Father enjoyed going to the hotel at Moosehead Lake but thought it would be too expensive to take the whole family. Next summer, Dr. Bell told him about a very fine country hotel at Newport Junction, Maine. This was a most wonderful place owned by Hubie Turner and his wife. It was on 1000 acres and right on Lake Sebasticook. I never had such wonderful food in my life, and there were so many attractive things there. It was a long rambling wooden building with a large "den" at the rear. Even in mid-summer, they would have a roaring fire in the fireplace every evening, and we would all sit around and read or just talk. It was very pleasant. We met a lot of very interesting people there, and two of them made quite an impression on me at the time. One was the wife of Col. De La Mater, the Band Leader of the 7th Regiment, and the other was a Mrs. Hollander whose husband was in the hardwood floor business. They both had a couple of children with them. I thought they were both very beautiful, but I think that mother thought they were rather "fast" women. She didn't think it was right for young women to be away like that without their husbands!

In order to get to Turner's, we had to take a Pullman sleeper from Grand Central on the N.Y., N.H. & H. R.R. (New York, New Haven and Hartford Rail Road) to Portland, Me. There we would take a Boston & Maine train to Corinna, which was the extreme other end of the lake. A man who owned a steam launch usually took us to Turner's pier. If he was not available, Hubie would drive into town with his big buckboard pulled by two very wild ex-race horses. That was some experience. When we stopped to let a freight

train go by, the horses reared up on their hind legs. Without a moment's hesitation, Hubie jumped out and grabbed a short piece of 2" x 4" and wacked both horses on the head. They didn't do that again.

Fishing at Lake Sebasticook, like most lakes in Maine, was fabulous. I had never fished in my life, and I remember I caught an eight pound bass that nearly pulled me over the end of the boat. More than once, we saw moose around the edge of the lake and quite close at that. Huebie's cows used to swim across the end of the lake to get to his pasture on the other side. I never knew that cows could swim, but these did.

Henry, the hired man, did all the farm work and was with the Turners for many years. We noticed that he would always hide whenever any strangers came near. He told us later that he was a deserter from the Army and was afraid that they would come and get him. Maggie, the cook and waitress, was also quite a character. She too was at Turner's for many years. Hubie and his wife never had any children, which is very unusual for farm people.

Erasmus

By the time I entered my Junior year at Erasmus, my marks were getting worse and worse. In addition to Latin, which was required, I was taking French. I guess because of the Latin, French seemed to come easy to me. I had a choice of either Chemistry or Drawing from Life. Because I had always been pretty good in drawing, I chose Drawing. I knew nothing about Chemistry, and it sounded rather difficult. I'm glad I made that choice because Alan Doggett was the teacher and he was way ahead of the times in his method of teaching. His classes were up in the tower over the front entrance. He was a Graduate of the Royal Academy in Munich, and had many unusual ideas. For instance, he would ask the students to dress up in one of the costumes which he had and pose for the rest of us to make quick sketches. In between sketches, different ones would play the piano and the boys and girls would dance for a while. This was until the Board of Education found out about it and they put a stop to it. They thought that was much too informal, but they were wrong, for his classes all turned out some beautiful art work. I got 100% on my Drawing Regents Examination.

I wish I could have said the same for my Latin Regents. After I had taken it, I was so sure that I hadn't passed and would have to take it over again to graduate. I somehow talked my parents into letting me quit Erasmus and enter Pratt Institute to study Architecture. In a way, I regret that I didn't graduate, for several months later I was informed that I did pass the Latin Regents after all. By this time, I was enrolled and working very hard at Pratt. My good friend Sterling Moir from Foster Ave. was there ahead of me and had told me all about the place. Because of the Endowment Fund, tuition was very little. I think it was only \$75 a semester. Otherwise, I couldn't have even considered it, for my father had a very small income, and I had no way to earn any money except during the summer vacation. At that time, Architecture was only a two year course, and only three years of high School was required. They gave no degrees, only Diplomas.

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The Berkshires

Near the end of my first year at Pratt, I was invited by one of my art teachers, Ernest Watson, to work that summer at the Berkshire Summer School of Art in Monterey, Mass. This was a very happy time for me although I ended up washing dishes for about 150 students. 130 of them were girls and 20 were boys. It was a spectacular spot on top of a small mountain. We all slept in very nicely designed buildings that were wooden at the lower half and canvas above. There was a large frame building called the Recreation Hall. This was a combination dining room and dance floor with a large kitchen and shower rooms at the rear. A big porch extended across the front facing the valley hundreds of feet below. After working so hard at my studies all year, Monterey seemed so restful by comparison that I still enjoy going there 50 years later. I became well acquainted with Ernest Watson and his wife and children. Raymond Ensign was the other Director, but somehow I didn't feel as easy with him as with the Watsons.

Quite a few of the students were from the Cleveland area because Mr. Ensign was the Art Director of the Cleveland Public Schools. Most of the rest were from Pratt or Brooklyn. This was where I first met Ralph Greeker from Utica. We got to be very good friends, and because of me, I think, he decided to go to Pratt to study Normal Art and Manual Training.

Everybody seemed to have a good time at the B.S.S.A. that summer, and some of the art work turned out by the students was exceptionally good. Toward the end of the summer, they had an exhibition of all of the best work hung in the Dining hall. A couple of days later, a terrific storm came up at about 7 P.M. It was one of those quick mountain storms without any warning at all. Actually it only lasted for a few minutes, but in that time, lightning hit the roof and made a big hole about ten feet in diameter. The stone chimney was knocked off, and the stones rolled down the roof and onto the ground. It was very frightening and people came running from all directions.

I had just started to wash the dishes, and had stacked them in the large wooden sink. It suddenly got so dark that I had lighted an oil lamp. I had removed my wrist watch and had hung it on a nail over the sink. The lightning bolt came right down in front of me, so close that it blackened all the dishes, extinguished the oil lamp and pulverized the lamp globe. The concussion knocked the screen out of the window next to the sink. I had the presence of mind to pull my hands out of the water. It's a good thing that I did, for the bolt was grounded in the water in the sink, and followed the water pipe up the hill to a huge wooden tank that held our only water supply. We lost all the water in the tank.

A very strange thing happened. In the sink with the dishes was an old fashioned sink brush with a metal ferrule and a wooden handle. The ferrule burst open and the wet bristles caught fire and flew out the window along with the screen: I kept this sink brush for many years as a souvenir. It all happened so quickly that nobody knew what had happened. It came so close to me that I could hardly hear for several days. My first thought was to rush upstairs to get a fire extinguisher that I had seen. I was so sure that something must have caught on fire. When I reached the upper floor, I saw that there was a large hole in the roof, but it was raining so hard that nothing was burning. Most of the paintings on exhibition were ruined, but we all got together and cleaned up the mess. A lot of the kids were afraid to go to bed, so we stayed up very late that night hashing it over and over with one another. We were fortunate that we had called off the usual weekly dance that would have been held in that room. Otherwise, there might have been a few casualties. Ralph Greeker and I got up our nerves and asked a couple of girls to walk over to Tyringham one Sunday. Ralph asked a girl named Martha Funk from Farmville, Va. and I invited a girl named Cynthia who lived near my Uncle Jim in Buffalo.

We had a very nice time at a very quaint tea room in the old Shaker Village. There was no electricity, and each table was dimly lit by a single candle. Very romantic!

In all the time since then, Monterey and Tyringham have changed very little, and I enjoy going back there every year or so for a quick visit.

My second year at Pratt seemed a little easier than the first, and I received very good marks. I graduated in June of 1921, and I think I was the youngest one in the class. We had a lot of returned servicemen who had been wounded in action and were there at the expense of the U.S. Government. They were a lot older than I was. Some of those I remember quite well. Michael Barishenkof was from Vladivostok, and had come under the G.I. Bill somehow. Lorenzo Young from Salt Lake City was a Mormon and a descendent of Brigham Young. Emil Verpillot was from a famous Huguenot family on Staten Island and is at present Comm. of Docks & Aviation of New York City, I think.

When Ralph Greeker came to Pratt, he shared room with two other art students. One was James Waltz from Brodheadsville, Pa. I got to know him very well. I invited him home for Sunday dinner once or twice and he asked me to go to his home to meet his family. That was quite an experience for they were a very religious family, belonging to the United Brethren. The other fellow was very good looking. His name was Rudolph Belarski, and came from Dupont, Pa., in the heart of the coal mining region. I heard that he became a rather famous commercial artist, but haven't seen him in many years.

First Jobs

Architects always have to start out by working as draftsmen for other architects, but by the time I graduated, those jobs were few and far between. Somehow, I was able to get a drafting job with Charles W. Van Neuron, who was an Architect and Builder at 343 Fulton St., Brooklyn. I earned very little money, but it was awfully good experience. All of his work was small one and two family houses. I not only did all the drafting work, but I went to the Building Dept. and obtained the Building Permits and then supervised the construction of the houses which were scattered all over Brooklyn and Queens. I had to give up this job after about five months because I had a severe case of quinsy sore

throat from being out in all kinds of weather.

As soon as I recuperated, I got a much better job as a draftsman with Montrose Morris' Sons at 533 Nostrand Ave in Brooklyn. Most of their work was hotels and apartment houses. This was where I first met Clark Lewis, who was working there when I arrived. They did some very interesting alteration work on the old brownstone houses on Brooklyn Heights and they could have made a fortune out of it if they had played it right. The firm consisted of Le Roy Morris, who was the son of a famous architect Montrose Morris, and Alfred C. Foster. Although Morris was married to Foster's sister, he was always running around with other women. I was too naive at first to realize what was going on. Pretty soon, Morris bought a very elegant Moon limousine and that was the beginning of the end of the partnership. Right after leaving them to work over in New York, I heard that the company was out of business and that Morris was divorced from his wife. The last I ever heard of him was that he was in jail for not paying alimony to his wife.

I really felt very sorry for Foster for he was a very good architect. It was rather odd how I got this job in the first place. Foster's mother was a close friend of my mother and in the Cheerful Circle of All Souls Church. She was the one who told me about them needing somebody.

Clark Lewis told me about a job over in New York with James P. Whiskeman, who was an Architect and Engineer with an office at 207 East 43rd Street. This was wonderful experience for me for I did all the architectural work, and Mr. Whiskeman did most of the engineering. I enjoyed working like this and stayed with him for seven years. I was alone in the office a great part of the time, for Mr. Whiskeman used to go out of town alone on some jobs. He commuted from Peekskill every day and would have to leave around 4 P.M. to get a train home every night.

Dating

Not long after starting work with Mr. Whiskeman, I was introduced to a very nice girl at All Souls, named Ruth Layton. She lived with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill on Rugby Rd. I liked her very much and took her to all the Y.P.C.U. affairs. It was nice to have a girl to take to the various church dances, although there was much to be desired in my dancing. Somehow, I never did get the hang of it.

At that time, we heard a lot of talk about the "Youth Movement". To be perfectly frank, I didn't know what they were talking about. Whenever we had any sort of a social affair at All Souls, invitations were usually extended to the various young people's groups at the other Flatbush churches. In that way, Ruth and I soon got to know many fine young boys and girls rather well. This was especially true of the groups from the Unitarian and the Friends organizations. Pretty soon our activities extended to the Church of Divine Paternity, the Universalist church over on Central Park West, and the Universalist Church of the Redeemer in Newark. By this time, I was elected Treasurer of the Metropolitan District of the Y.P.C.U. and our activities carried us further and further from

Flatbush. Nearly all our group attended a Convention at the Universalist Church in Middletown, N.Y. The following year, we all went to Philadelphia, and the next year to Washington, D.C. in a private car on the Pennsylvania R.R. We all had a wonderful time there. They not only put us up in their homes, but took us on a conducted tour of the city.

During the four years that Ruth and I were friends, I never dated another girl, and I don't think she dated anyone else. Not that I heard of anyway. There was always some air of mystery about her that I could never fathom, and I was too shy to ask. I know she had a mother with a different name living down on Reid Ave. in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section. This was even then a very poor neighborhood. I never met her mother, and she never even mentioned her father. It was strange because she knew my whole family very well, and I used to bring her to 761 guite often. We rarely went to the movies, but when we did go it was usually to The Capitol on Times Square. We'd always stop off for ice cream or English muffins at Childs on the way home. I was really the last of the big spenders. I couldn't say for sure what terminated our friendship, but I think it was a combination of things. One was that marriage was never mentioned by either one of us, and I'm sure she wanted desperately to get away from the Hills. They fed and clothed her and perhaps gave her a little spending money, but I'm sure her social status suffered in the process. I remember that I always had to wait until Ruth finished the supper dishes before we could go out in the evening. Just about the time Ruth and I "broke up", there appeared at All Souls a very slender, young English girl with short blond hair. Her name was Ellen Palmer, and she very proudly told me she was from Birmingham, in the County of Lancastershire, England. I was immediately intrigued by her British accent and lovely blond hair. She told me that she was an orphan and was living with an aunt and uncle on East 23rd Street. Her uncle, Tom Gould, was the President of Oppenheim Collins (a woman's clothing store), and a very fine man. Her Aunt Bertha was a real English beauty, but very domineering not only with her two little daughters, but with Ellen as well. Ellen was her sister's daughter. They had a very fine home and beautifully furnished. But it didn't take me long to realize that Ellen wanted to get married and get out from under the domination of her aunt. Her uncle was very kind and generous with her. I found out later that he had allowed Ellen the free use of the beauty parlor at Oppenheim Collins, and that is where she got her lovely blond (?) hair.

We got along very well together for a year or two. I felt that her feelings toward my parents weren't too cordial, mostly because of my German name. Ellen had lost a couple of brothers in the British army and she still felt very bitter about that, and I really didn't blame her. But she did something that my folks didn't like at all. We went to all the Y.P.C.U. affairs and the movies quite often. If we didn't see each other for several days, she would walk over and pop in on me unannounced. My mother thought that was the most unladylike thing to do, although I didn't mind. I think I really felt a little flattered. Many a cold evening we spent together in front of the gas grate in the dining room, along with all the rest of the family. Usually mother would make coffee, but Ellen preferred a cup of hot water, don't ask me why.

Little by little, she told me some of the horrible experiences she had been through in England. Nearly all of her family had either died or been killed in the war. She still had a couple of sisters left in England, but she had lost track of them and it didn't seem to bother her very much. She had almost lost her own life in an automobile accident in England, with a couple of sailors who had been drinking. Pieces of the wind shield had gone into her side, but she was so far gone that they sewed her up with some of the glass still inside of her. After she was in America a year or two, a piece of the glass worked its way out of her side. When she went to the Hospital to have it removed, they X-rayed her to see if they could find any more, but evidently they must have gotten it all out.

I used to have the happy faculty for finding things. One day, I picked up a coin that resembled a souvenir from Brill Brothers, or so I thought. When I showed it to Ellen, she asked me if she could have it. Of course I gave it to her, and it turned out to be a Spade Ace Guinea. She put it inside her compact and held on to it for many years. She finally parted with it years later when she was destitute in El Paso, Texas. I really don't remember what came between us, but I think the Goulds went away to the seashore for the summer and took Ellen with them.

Marguerite

During this summer, an attractive young girl turned up at a Y.P.C.U. meeting with my younger brother Ben. Frankly, I didn't pay too much attention even when he introduced me to her. Ben was always very nice to all the young girls, and I naturally thought she was just another youngster. I couldn't have been more wrong. She was Marguerite Doty, who I found out later, was really two years older than I was. Ben dated her only once or twice, so I asked her out, never thinking for one minute that I would eventually have enough nerve to ask her to marry me. By the way, she and Ellen were rather close friends. This made some complications when Ellen returned to Brooklyn at the end of the summer. Neither Marguerite nor I ever spoke of marriage, but I'm pretty sure it was on our minds a great deal of the time. Although I avoided Ellen as much as I could, Marguerite was also dating a fine looking Irishman named Joseph Mc Phee. He was the Assistant Manager of The Cornish Arms Hotel over in New York. She even brought him over to one of the dances at All Souls, and introduced him to me. I could easily see how attractive he would be to a young girl. He was good looking, a good dancer and had a great "gift of gab" as my mother used to say.

Later in the fall of that year, Marguerite had been invited to drive up to Boston with some friends. While she was there, she thought she would look up the McPhee family and discovered that their son already had a wife and a new baby living at the same address! That was the end of my competition. Marguerite had several things very much in her favor. She had a very nice way of dealing with older people, and she couldn't have been any nicer with my mother and father. We discovered that her father, who was a Mayflower descendant, had been brought up on the same street as my father, and they had many old friends in common. She knew Mr. and Mrs. Lantry who were good friends of ours from All Souls. In fact, she had worked for the Lantrys when

their children, Charles and Barbara, were born.

At the time I met her, Marguerite was working as an office nurse in a very busy office of Dr. Herbert Fett, who was a famous orthopedic surgeon on 8th Ave. near Flatbush Ave. Quite a few times I went to the Fetts to pick up Marguerite and we walked all the way home to my house by way of Prospect Park. It was especially nice in spring when the azaleas were in bloom. More than once, we "borrowed" a couple of Fett kids and took them home for the day. They had eight in all, but I think we liked Edna and Marie Louise the best.

One very hot summer day, we brought Marguerite's parents out to Flatbush to meet my folks. They had a nice time together talking over old times. I'm sorry to say that that was the last time they ever saw Phil Doty, for he passed away very suddenly right after his visit. Of all the boys that had dated Marguerite, I was the only one that he approved of.

The Dotys lived in a very old, cold-water flat on Reid Ave. for many years. I guess I had had a very sheltered life for I didn't imagine that people lived that way anymore. Just in case you don't know what a cold water flat is, I'd like to tell you. I think theirs was typical. On the street front, there was a parlor with a round coal stove. On the back there was a large kitchen with a coal range. In between, there were two bedrooms with an air shaft in between. The only heat they had was what managed to escape from the other rooms. There was no bath room. They shared a toilet out in the hall with the other family on the same floor. As soon as I saw the horrible living conditions under which her family lived, I couldn't help but wonder how such an attractive young girl could live in such a place. It wasn't long before I felt that I should marry her and get her away from such poverty. After much deliberation and sleepless nights, we decided to get married. I took her down to the Wise Jewelry store on Fulton St. and let her chose a diamond engagement ring. This was a most difficult decision for my salary was still only \$40a week! We got a nice platinum ring with a small, but perfect diamond for \$125. Soon we decided on a June wedding. We had wanted to have it on June 4th, but Bob Gibbs, my best man, had to be at another wedding that day in Newport, R.I. So we made it a week later on June 11th. We made arrangements with Dr. Grose to marry us, and Ed Hilmuth, our next door neighbor, would play the organ. We were so well known at All Souls, that the Church was guite crowded. The ladies of the Church had volunteered to decorate the Church with flowers from their own gardens, and it was very beautiful. It was a very hot day.

Right after the Wedding and reception at the Church, we left for Grand Central Station where we boarded the Bar Harbor Ltd. I was able to get a compartment as far as Portland, Me. Then we went via. Boston & Maine and the Bangor & Aroostook R.R. to Newport Jct. Hubie Turner met us with his Model T Ford and drove us the rest of the way to his house. It was just like another world - so quiet. I didn't know until we got there that Mrs. Turner had passed away a year or so earlier, or that the "hired girl", Maggie, had a seven year old son named Robert by Hubie! He was a cute little boy, but swore like a trooper.

It was so early in the season that we were given the Bridle Room and most of the rest of the house to ourselves. To make it easier for Maggie, we ate most of our meals in the kitchen. The food was just as delicious as it ever was, and we had a wonderful time exploring around their end of the lake. We went out in a row boat every day, but we didn't do too much swimming. Even in mid-summer the water in Maine is ice cold!

At the end of two weeks, when it came time to leave, Hubie drove us over to Bangor where we boarded the steamer that went down the Penobscot River and then to Portland. The river was quite narrow in spots and had many twists and turns. it seemed as if the whistle kept blowing most of the way down to the ocean. it got rather rough where the river met the ocean at Rockland. After a short time in Portland, we took the boat from there to New York. It was a most enjoyable sail around Cape Cod. The Canal hadn't been built yet. We saw both whales and porpoises out in the ocean. The trip was so nice that we really were a bit sorry when we headed into New York Harbor.

When we arrived at 761, I surprised my mother and father with a big, bushy, bright-red mustache that I had grown in just two weeks! I shaved it off before going back to work the next day. I didn't want to look older than Mr. Whiskeman, my boss.

Before we were married, I had fixed up an apartment on the top floor at 761. We were very proud of our new home. I had partitioned off a bath room in the attic and had a toilet and basin installed. There wasn't room for a tub or shower, so we used the one down stairs on the second floor. I wanted to cut a hole in the roof and put in a window, but my father wouldn't let me. He was so afraid I couldn't do a good job of sealing it up to prevent leaks. Marguerite and I liked our new place very much, except that it got very hot in summer and very cold in mid-winter. I remember we had a portable gas heater that we would use when it got very cold. Even at that, we entertained a lot of friends and had many good times there. The major drawback was that we had no cooking facilities, so we always ate with the family.

When we were married, Marguerite had given up her job with Dr. Fett, so she was home most of the time. She used to help with the cooking for the family and sometimes even taking over preparing the whole meal once in a while. After living like this for over a year, we began looking around at apartments in the neighborhood. We found a very nice two-room apartment in a new building on East 23rd St. near Foster Ave. We thought it was very luxurious because it had beautiful stained glass front doors and a large lobby and automatic elevators. We paid \$50a month for two rooms and kitchenette and bath. We got the first month rent free, and when it came time to renew our lease, we got the 13th month rent free. This was a very fine apartment and kept immaculate by a very hard-working young German couple. I could see that Marguerite was happy now that she could cook just for the two of us. We still went over to 761 for Sunday dinner with the family.

Adam

Not too long after we moved, Marguerite became pregnant and Adam was born on November 1, 1930 at Long Island College Hospital. Dr. Phelan, who had been recommended by Dr. Fett, was just about tops in his field. The only thing was that he was a heavy drinker and reeked of liquor the morning we went to the hospital. She was in the hospital two days before Adam was born, and had a rather difficult time of it.

We had decided ahead of time on the name Barbara Ann for a girl baby, but somehow we hadn't decided on a name for a boy. We had a dickens of a time coming up with the name Adam. Marguerite didn't want a name that had a nickname such as Bobbie, Tommie, Charlie, etc. As far as we could see, there was nothing like that with the name we chose. Later, we discovered that my father's father's name was really Adam Frederick. He hadn't told us that. Then we thought his middle name could be Christian. It was a good Teutonic name, and there was Christian Gauss, Dean of Princeton, who we believed to be related. Dr. Greenway refused to christen him with that name. He said in no time the kids would be calling him "a damn Christian". So Adam never got a middle name. I hardly think it ever did bother him very much!

Directly beneath us in the apartment, lived a young divorcee named Eloise Gill who had two lovely little girls named Barbara and Penny. In some way or another, they found out about our new baby and used to come up and hold him every once in a while. I still see those kids, and by now they are both grandmothers.

I had always liked to play the organ and was given permission to play the organ at All Souls Church. In fact, they gave me a key so that I could practice during the week. The first wedding that I ever played for was when Bob Gibbs and Elizabeth Chrisler were married. I soon was asked to play quite a few times. One that was especially important to me was when Charlie Jahnke married Louise Neel on August 17, 1929. Little did I think that they would be my lifelong friends, or that Louise would someday be my wife. But that is much later.

More Monterey

After being almost hit by lightning at the Berkshire Summer School of Art, I thought that I would never want to go back to Monterey, but there is something very beautiful about that place. When we were married about a year, we rented a rough shack on Lake Garfield with Jack and Rose Klein. Marguerite had known them for many years, and we had a most wonderful two weeks with them. On the train all the way to Great Barrington, we planned exactly what we needed to buy for every meal for two weeks. Believe me, it took some planning. Not having a car made this necessary. We knew we could walk in to town to get bread and milk, but most of the other things we had to buy in Great Barrington. The place we rented wasn't much better than a tar paper shack, but we were all young and didn't mind the inconveniences at all. In fact, it was a lot of fun. We were near the tip of Scott's Point, so we went swimming before breakfast every morning. We had a row boat and had to cross the lake to get drinking water. We made Jell-O and left it in the spring house to harden, but by the time we got back to camp it all melted again. It never occurred to us to eat the Jell-O on the other side of the lake. Rainy days were a bit of a problem, but we ended up by reading aloud from a book on Early American Architecture that Marguerite had given me for Christmas. This was very interesting to all of us, because we were surrounded by many Early American houses. Rose had to be busy all the time, so she always had a table cloth and napkins to embroider. She was able to finish the job on the very last day we were there.

When Ralph Greeker and Maud Mullen were married at the Ocean Ave. Congregational Church, I was their best man. At first, they lived with the Mullens. Soon after, they bought 10 acres of land in Monterey and Ralph built a nice summer cabin. They suggested that we could camp down on the lower end of their land. I designed and put up a small one room cabin the following summer. We enjoyed that spot very much and so did all our friends! Charlie and Louise Jahnke came and brought their little Julia, who was a little younger than Adam. We had many wonderful times together. Charlie and I went sketching every morning that we could. He did very beautiful work. I just went along for the ride! We had the use of the cabin and the land for over ten years. We really got attached to Monterey, and we still enjoy going there.

Jobs

Business at Mr. Whiskeman's office began to taper off until it got so bad that I told him I'd try to get another job and when his business picked up, I'd come back with him. I never saw him again, for building was one of the first things to stop completely. He passed away not long after I left him.

At first, I started making the rounds of the most important architectural offices in the city. Most of them were completely devoid of draftsmen, so I began reading the Want Ads in the papers every day. Then I started going to the employment agencies that specialized in architectural and engineering jobs. This went on for many months, and things got worse instead of better. There were simply no jobs available. Many architects were very sympathetic but told me frankly that they felt obligated to take back all their old draftsmen before hiring anybody else. Things began to look very bleak.

Finally, I landed a temporary job with S. D. Kelley's Son at 160 Maiden Lane. They were Engineers and Builders. While there, I worked on an enormous alteration to an old mansion up at Tuxedo Park, owned by Thomas E. Brown, one of the main engineers for the building of the George Washington Bridge. This building must have been built in the 1890's. Everything about it was done on a grand scale, and all the wooden trim was golden oak. The main stairs were the most elaborate thing I've ever seen.

I was taken there to measure up the whole building for the purpose of reproducing the plans on paper. I was there a whole week, and was given a bedroom up on the third floor along with all the maids. I had all my meals down in the big kitchen in the basement, but usually ate alone. Up on the third floor, there were 14 bed rooms. I think

there were only five or six large bed rooms on the second floor. The main floor was what startled me. The living room was the most enormous room I've ever seen. On the front was a curved bay window that had something like 25 full sized windows in it. The room was so massive that they had a full concert grand piano over in one corner. When I was working near the piano, I saw there was a hymn book opened to "Abide with Me"! The Browns were very strict Episcopalians. They had five little girls that were very pretty. I tried to avoid the family as much as possible, even though I had to enter each of their bed rooms and bathrooms at some time or another.

The cooking was all done down in the basement, and the food was placed on a dumbwaiter and pulled up to the dining room where a maid would then take it to the table. By the time it reached the table, everything was only luke warm according to Mr. Brown. He objected mostly about having to eat cold toast, so the first thing we had to do was to install an electric plug under the table so that he could make his own toast.

Directly under the huge living room was a billiard room the same size. This room had never been modernized at all. In fact, over the table was a battery of gas jets. There was no electricity in this part of the house at all. They had a large carbide gas tank and they made their own gas!

To this day, Tuxedo Park is still private property. You can't get by the watchmen at the entrance. They call up and send down a station wagon to come and get you.

As soon as I had finished laying out the plans of the Brown job, I was laid off and out of work once more. In a month or so, I was accepted for "Relief Work" by the C.R.A. This stood for City Relief Administration. This was soon taken over by the U.S. Government and called the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration). When I went down to the Brooklyn Borough Hall to enroll, there were hundreds of others doing the same thing. I was assigned to the Bureau of Highways in the Municipal Bldg. along with quite a few others. I was surprised to meet a couple of my old classmates from P.S. 152, Rhodes Morgan and Sidney Swindells. I hadn't seen either of them in many years. We became very good friends.

We were all paid at the rate of \$27.50 a week, no matter what kind of work we did. At first, we all had to go out and make preliminary surveys of certain streets. In warm weather, this wasn't so bad, but as soon as it turned cold, I didn't enjoy this work at all. Pretty soon, I was transferred indoors to the Topographical Dept. to work on the City Maps. This was very interesting work. The man in charge of this work was named Clarence Hawkins. He was an old bachelor from Patchogue, Long Island. I really liked working with him very much.

In the early spring, there had been a bad fire at Coney Island and about a half a mile of the Boardwalk had burned. Otto Clausner, the Chief Engineer, asked me to work down on the boardwalk as a clerk-of-the-works to report to him on the progress of the work as it went along. Of course, I was elated. It was really very simple work, and I was given one of the lifesaver's buildings on the beach as an office. I even did a little first-aid work

in the mornings before the lifeguards came on duty. I had a swim in the ocean every night before I left for home. I rather hated to see that job get finished, soon after Labor Day.

Then I went back to the Borough Hall, where I did administrative work for the Highway Project of the W.P.A. I worked with Henry Witulski, a clever Polish engineer. He was paid \$27.50 a week the same as I was. We formed the nucleus of what was to become an enormous project that pretty soon had over 9000 men. I used to help give out the pay checks, which was a big job, especially when they were a day or so late. We had near riots several times, and the whole thing got to be very discouraging. Some of these men had earned large incomes previously, but they were glad to get what we gave them.

Soon after we were married, we arranged to have Clark Lewis meet Ellen Palmer at our apartment. After a very brief courtship, they decided to get married too! The wedding took place at the Episcopal Church of the Nativity at the corner of Ocean Ave. and Farragut Road, and I was the best man. That night, they sailed to California by way of the Panama Canal. They did not correspond with us for a long time.

By this time, we had moved from the apartment on East 23rd St. and had a six room flat at 1212 Rogers Ave. This was over the printing shop owned by Jean B. Post. This was not a very fashionable location, but it gave us a lot more room for only \$30 a month. This was about all we could afford on my W.P.A. wages. We only lived there a couple of months, when we were surprised to get a letter from Clark Lewis from El Paso, Texas. He had lost his job in Los Angeles and had moved to El Paso. That job also petered out and he wanted to come back to Brooklyn again. We ended up by inviting him to stay with us until he could get settled again. We had an extra room that we fixed up for him, so he came and stayed for several months with us. Meanwhile, Ellen and her baby, Tom, were alone down in El Paso. They were having a terrible time of it. Clark was unable to send them any money, and eventually the Red Cross paid their bus fare up to New York. They stayed with us for a short time too until Clark was able to get some kind of work.

We decided to put our furniture in storage and spend the next winter with Marguerite's mother down on Reid Ave. As cold-water flats go, this was above the average. Of course, right away we started fixing the whole place up. By the time we left, it was very comfortable with new curtains and a good coat of paint. About a month after we had moved in, I think it was on Thanksgiving, we had a surprise visit from Mr. Brown from Tuxedo Park. It seems that there had been many irregularities in the way that Kelley had been charging him for doing the alteration to his house. In fact there was going to be a lawsuit up in Newburgh, and Mr. Brown asked me if I would mind going there to testify in his behalf. He showed me a lot of time sheets with my name on them, charging two or three times what I had been paid, and my signature had been forged on every one. A week or two later, Mr. and Mrs. Brown came and drove me up to the Court House at Newburgh. I really disliked having to testify against a man who had given me a job, even a temporary one, but he was evidently very dishonest. When I

told Mrs. Brown that I had stayed a whole week in her house, she had to admit that she hadn't seen me once in that whole time. The Browns had five daughters, and I remember Mr. Brown took such a fancy to Adam that he jokingly offered me three girls for one boy. After my day in Court, the Browns took me for dinner at the Hotel and gave me \$20 for my time, then they drove me back to New York again.

We didn't want to stay another winter with the Dotys, so we got an apartment down in the basement of Norwayne Court at 451 East 22nd St. Even though I was still with the W.P.A., and the depression was still pretty bad, we somehow managed to have many good times here. The Cowies lived across the street, and we saw Martha nearly every day. She loved to take care of Adam, so we left him, with her quite often. Sidney and Jeanette Swindells also lived up the street with their two children. Sidney asked me to join the Reception Committee of the Brooklyn Arts and Sciences at the Academy of Music. This was a wonderful opportunity for me for ushering, in my tuxedo, about once a week. We received two reserved seats for all of the concerts and best of all, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We enjoyed this very much.

By this time, Adam was old enough to take to some of the Children's concerts and shows at the Academy of Music and various other places given by W.P.A. orchestras. It seems strange that he doesn't remember going to any of these things at all.

My W.P.A. job was getting more and more complex, but no matter what I did, I still was paid the same as all the rest. At one time, I was given 13 girls to find work for in the office. Twelve of them were Jewish and the other one didn't seem to hit it off very well with the rest. So I made her my secretary. It turned out that she had been working for quite a while as secretary to Mr. Whiskeman's lady friend in a girl's school up in Tarrytown. She was very capable and a big help until she had a mild form of a nervous breakdown. I was very sorry to see her leave. Her name was Gloria Stone, and she lived in a place over in New York similar to the Y.W.C.A. After she recovered, I even went over to see her one evening, but she never returned to work with me again.

I'd like to tell you about another little episode in my life on the W.P.A. All those in my office were given old wooden desks that had been stored away after the Civil Service employees had been given new metal desks. Our own carpenters repaired them and fixed them up rather well. The desk that I got had been used by a judge and had all sorts of cubbyholes to keep various legal forms. It worked out very well for me. The carpenters had even made wooden name plates with our names printed in gold letters!

After working very hard for a long time, I applied for a higher rating that would have given me an increase to \$30 a week. We had all been tipped off to register as Democrats whether we were or not. An Inspector came down from Albany to interview those who were up for an increase in pay. This fellow was a big, fat politician. As soon as he saw my name, he asked if I was related to the druggist named Gaus from Albany. I replied that it was my grandfather. He also asked if I knew that he had become the Mayor of Albany, and later the Comptroller of New York State. When I replied to the affirmative, I was sure that I was going to get my new classification. As he left to go, he

turned to me and said "He was a Republican too!" I never got the increase in pay.

I began to feel that my best bet was to get away from New York, so I began applying for Federal Civil Service Examinations. The first one, I think, was for architectural work at the Panama Canal. I could have had that job. We even went over to look at the staterooms on the ship. Then I found out that Marguerite and Adam couldn't go, for there were no facilities for women there at the time. A little later, I applied for work in the Matanuska Valley of Alaska. At this project, I had to take my wife, but she didn't think much of the idea. Several months passed, and then I was offered an appointment as an architect at West Point at the rate of \$1966 a year! I didn't even answer the telegram. Instead, I hopped on the Hudson River Day Line boat and got the job. This turned out to be very pleasant work. I was directly under Col. Anderson, the Post Executive Officer, and I worked in the Main Administration Building. This was June Week, and Gen. Pershing was to give out the commissions. It was the 50th Anniversary of his graduation. I was given the whole week off and they also gave me a ticket for the Commencement exercises. Pershing got the most wonderful ovation. I'll never forget it.

I was able to rent a nice room in Highland Falls from a woman named Mable Yagle. It was near enough to West Point to walk to work. In bad weather, I took a bus. The only thing about the place I didn't like was that almost every place had a dog that would come out and bark at me every time I went by. Nearly every weekend, I'd take the West Shore R.R. or the bus down to New York. A couple of times Marguerite brought Adam up for the weekend.

After three months, it began to look as though my appointment was permanent, and I liked the work I was doing very much. My job was to design living quarters in various old buildings for young, newly-married officers. I had the use of a large car and chauffeur that belonged to the Commandant, a Major General. I liked working for Col. Anderson, who seemed like a very fine man. One day, without any warning, I was transferred over to Capt. Stillman, the Post Quartermaster who was handling the new Stewart Field. I didn't like him at all and wanted to get back to my old job again. He must have confused me with another draftsman, for he gave me the job of figuring the cut and fill for the new airport. I didn't have the slightest idea what to do, but he was not the kind of a man to ask anything. I was able to do the job, but with lots of help from others in the office. Meanwhile, Marguerite and Adam had moved up from Brooklyn and we were living now in Cornwall-on-Hudson right on Storm King Highway. The house was well over 100 years old and very romantic with a fireplace in every room. It was wonderful in the fall, but we soon found out that we simply couldn't keep warm when it got real cold. There was no way at all of heating the bath room up on the second floor.

A week or two before Christmas, I was informed that they had run out of money and there was a new appropriation coming any day. Meanwhile, I was told I could stay and work with the promise of getting paid later. Marguerite and I talked this over, and I decided to go back to Brooklyn and try to get another job.

By this time, the worst of the depression was over. Marguerite and Adam were still up at Cornwall and nearly freezing in the old house, and I was staying temporarily at 761. After several weeks, I landed a temporary job with an Air Conditioning Engineer over in New York near the Empire State Bldg. His name was Rapp, and was a very difficult man to work for. He had many radical ideas about everything, it seemed to me. On the strength of this job, I rented an apartment at 1212 Ocean Ave. which was a very nice place with elevators and even a doorman. The day that Marguerite moved down from Cornwall, I was laid off once again. This was just about the worst thing that could have happened to us. In order to make it look as though I was working, I would leave early in the morning, make the rounds of the employment agencies, and then stay over in New York all day until around 5 o'clock. I found this routine harder than actually working.

Carrier Air Conditioning

After a couple of weeks, I remember going to the Engineering Placement Bureau late on a Friday afternoon. At first, they said they had nothing for me, as usual. As I was leaving, the man called me back and said he had just heard of a drafting job, but it was way over in Newark. Without any hesitation, I said I would take it. It turned out to be with Carrier Corporation the air conditioning company. Somehow, I managed to get over there just before 5 o'clock and was interviewed by J.J. Mc Allister, the Chief Draftsman and Mr. Walter Grant, who was the Chief Engineer. I had to admit that I knew very little about air conditioning, but the fact that I was a graduate of Pratt Institute counted a lot with both of them. I suppose my short stay with Rapp the engineer helped a little. This was on January 7, 1937. Little did I think at the time that I would spend the rest of my life working at air conditioning, but that was the way it worked out.

Up until this time, air conditioning was only used for industrial and manufacturing purposes. Dr. Carrier, who was the inventor of air conditioning, conceived the idea of using air conditioning for comfort. As a result of this, they had more work than they could handle. It seemed every theater in the country wanted it. I worked on plans for many theaters and large department stores. I enjoyed the work very much even though it was a long trip from Brooklyn. I had to take the B.M.T. Subway to Cortland St. station, and then the Hudson Tube train to Newark. Then I had to take the Frelinghuyson Ave. bus to Elizabeth. It took an hour and a half each way, and I also had to work on Saturday mornings. This meant traveling for 3 hours to work 3 hours. All for \$30 a week too. But it was a job.

After several months, there were all kinds of rumors going around that Carrier was moving out of New Jersey. Suddenly, many faraway places were mentioned. Knoxville, Syracuse and Nashville came up nearly every day, and we used to have discussions about this, secretly of course. We soon found out that there was some truth in this for we were all called into the auditorium one afternoon to hear Lemuel Boulware, the Senior Vice President. He told us that the company had accepted an offer from Syracuse, N.Y. to buy the old Franklin Motors plant. This meant that all of the Carrier factories from New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Long island City would move to Syracuse and be under one roof! By this time, we had 14 draftsmen in the drafting room. Each one was asked separately if he wanted to go. Nearly half of them decided not to. I wanted to go, for I felt that there would be more of a future for me away from New York. Another fellow in the office that wanted to go was named Bill Beska. He and I became very good friends, and we still are only we don't see each other very often now. The next thing we had to do was to find a place to live in Syracuse. Carrier offered to pay our bus fare when we went up to look around. I was so busy at the office trying to finish work on the Stouffer's Restaurant on 5th Ave. that I persuaded Marguerite to go alone and see what she could find. The real estate people had evidently banded together and raised the prices on everything for the Carrier people. Even at that, we were able to get a rather nice old, six-room house for only \$27 a month. As an added feature, it was close enough for me to walk to work, and I even came home for lunch every day!

Carrier had arranged with Allied Van Lines to move us up to Syracuse. There were over 600 families moving up in a very short time. This was the biggest moving job in the history of the country at that time. We had to wait for a van to be brought up from Savannah, Ga. to move us. I had to go up a week ahead of Marguerite and Adam for no good reason. Our drafting room was so piled up with all sorts of junk that we were told to leave and come back a week later. We were all staying at the Y.M.C.A. until our furniture arrived.

By comparison with the New York area, Syracuse seemed like a real hick town. I guess it had been very badly affected by the depression, and they hadn't gotten over its effects yet. The policemen reminded us of Keystone Comedy Cops with fat beer bellies, and the firemen weren't much better.

Shonnard Street

I'll never forget the day our furniture arrived. Marguerite and Adam and I were sitting out on the front steps of our new home at 329 Shonnard St. waiting for the moving van to come. A rather nice elderly lady came out of the next house and came over to speak to us. We introduced ourselves and told her we were moving in. She said her name was Mrs. Heintz, and then surprised us by saying to Marguerite "You look like a very nice girl, and if I were you I wouldn't move into that place!" When we asked her why, she said the place was alive with bed bugs! It seemed the woman had won a ticket to the Irish Sweepstakes, went to Ireland to collect, and never came back. Meanwhile, the old man had been there alone and drunk ever since. We didn't know what to say. We told her our things were due there any minute and we just had to move in. Finally, she suggested that we spend the night downtown in a tourist place and she would light sulphur candles in every room. We never expected such a welcome as this, but the sulphur did the trick. We never saw a bug, but I must admit we were timid about inviting any overnight guests just in case.

The lady that owned this house lived at Elmira. She really didn't care what I did to it as long as it didn't cost her any money. I sent her a check for the rent and never saw her

at all. There was a two-car garage out in the back yard, full of all kinds of junk. We didn't need the garage, for we had no car. In fact, I didn't know how to drive yet:

We had an awful time cleaning up the house, especially the cellar. I took out piles and piles of debris, bricks, stones, sand and dirt. The place turned out pretty nice after we painted the inside of the whole house. I had to re-putty every window and replaced many small panes of glass. I even spaded up the front lawn and in no time had a nice lawn.

As soon as we got settled, we thought we should shop around for a church to join. The first church we went to was the May Memorial Universalist Church. This turned out to be an old, rather dingy place. We didn't like that at all. We went around to a couple of others before we tried the First Church of Christ Scientist. Although the service was entirely different from any other church, we liked everything about it from the start. They welcomed Adam into the Sunday School, and we never went to another church again. We made many wonderful friends there who I shall never forget.

We considered joining the Christian Science Church, but out of consideration for my parents we decided to keep our membership at All Souls. They were still very active, and thought it rather odd that we even thought of making a change. We did a lot of walking at that time, and we usually walked all the way to Church. It took us about 45 minutes each way for Adam was only 7 years old.

Merriman Avenue

We went over to Monterey for our vacation, and while we were there, a real estate company came and fastened a sign on the front of the house saying that the house had been sold. Of course this was a real shock to us, for we had worked so hard in cleaning up the place and had made a nice front lawn too. We called the real estate people to make sure there hadn't been a mistake. They said we had to get out by the first of the next month. We walked all around the neighborhood looking for signs on buildings, and finally we found a large second floor apartment in a two family house at 323 Merriman Ave., which was only about a block away. When we called the real estate people to let them know that we had a place to move to, they had changed their mind about us moving out. Evidently something had gone wrong with the deal, and we didn't have to go after all. In fact, they even threatened to garnishee my salary if I moved. I took it up with the Carrier attorneys, and they told me we had nothing to worry about.

So on June 6, 1938 we moved. This was a big apartment with very high ceilings. It was much more space than we needed or had furniture for, but we liked it. I made screens for all the tall windows, and then I screened in a little front porch that we liked to sit out on in the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, who owned the house, lived on the first floor. They showed us a brand new heating system that they had just installed for \$2000. The furnace was a Spencer automatic-feed furnace that burned buckwheat or rice coal. The one furnace heated the whole house and the arrangement was they would buy the first ton of coal, and then we would buy the second. At first, this worked

out all right, but pretty soon instead of buying the coal by the ton, they were getting 100 lb. bags of it. The hopper on this furnace would hold a whole 100 lb. bag. We discovered that they supported the family by playing cards for money. Many times they neglected to buy coal and let the fire go out in bitter cold weather, so Marguerite bought a used kitchen range that burned wood. She didn't want it to get so cold for Adam. We had a supply of wood down in the cellar. More than once they came up and wanted us to buy coal before they did, but we refused. You can easily imagine how our friendship disappeared. We put up with that until May of 1940, when we moved to 102 Berwyn Ave. the extreme other side of the city.

Berwyn Avenue

This was a funny little house in quite a rural part of Syracuse. The Erie R.R. (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western – DL&W) ran right through our back yard. We enjoyed watching all the trains go by, especially in winter when the snow was deep. The first winter we were there was very cold, and the house had no insulation at all. We had called the Air Base and asked them to send us a couple of older Airmen for Thanksgiving. It just happened that it went down to about 35° below zero at Thanksgiving, and stayed that way for almost ten days. In spite of the snow and cold, we went up to the Air Base and picked up our two guests for dinner. This was a new experience for us, meeting two complete strangers. They were both 38 years old, and near the age limit for active service. Jim Cathcart was a rather nice looking man. He had been a Credit Manager of a large furniture store in Boston. The other fellow was Albert Busee. Hhe had a very black eye, and after our dinner Marguerite began kidding him about the evils of fighting. Then he told us that he always had a black eye, for it was a birth-mark. She felt pretty bad about that, but he said he was used to it. At home in Akron, Ohio, he used some kind of make-up on it when he went out on a date.

We had a wonderful turkey dinner, and both men enjoyed the home cooking very much. In fact, both of them came back several times for Sunday dinners before their unit went overseas. After all the training they went through, just before it was time to go to Europe, they were both discharged on account of their age. It was quite a long ride on the bus to the office on South Geddes St., so I began looking at cars. After a great deal of looking, we finally decided on buying a used 1937 Buick Special. This was a very nice car. It just happened to be exactly like Dr. Carrier's car except his was a Roadmaster. I really got preferential treatment when I came into the parking lot until they saw who was in it! When I bought my first car, I didn't know how to drive, and didn't have a license. I had all sorts of help to get my license. I even took lessons from a man at the Buick agency. The Motor Vehicles Bureau was under investigation at the time, and they were so strict that they failed me three times before I was able to get a driver's license.

We had some wonderful neighbors who were very helpful. Jack and Edna Horrocks lived two or three doors away from us, and we got to know them very well. We loved their little girl, Barbara, and their son, David. I am happy to say that I still see the whole family from time to time, but not often enough. War was declared soon after we moved

to Berwyn Ave., and Carrier was doing all kinds of war work. Jack Horrocks asked me to be an Air Raid Warden with him. This section was like a small town isolated from the rest of Syracuse. The Civil Defense organization got to be like a small social club. We were given First Aid lessons by the Red Cross and fire fighting by the Fire Dept. We even had a very successful Victory Garden up at the end of our street that had been plowed and harrowed by a neighboring farmer for us. All summer long, we would work like everything there to try to raise better vegetables than anybody else. The thing we did best was our crop of tomatoes. They were excellent. The rest were so-so, but we had an awful lot of fun doing it, and it was good exercise, even to carrying the water in watering cans from home!

Foster Children

We had 200 babies. In fact we had well over that but we lost track of them after a while. In 1938, my wife Margie had heard that there was a need for foster homes for babies in Syracuse. She inquired about it at the Childrens Bureau. Needless to say, she was welcomed with open arms. After a perfunctory inspection of our home, a baby was promised within a short time.

Within a week or two, a social worker brought us a beautiful baby boy about a week old. A short time later the same social worker called to see if we could take another. My wife figured that it wouldn't be that much harder to take care of two instead of one, so she said of course she would. It was a girl and even more lovely than the other one. Ann was 11 days old and not much younger than the boy David. When we took them out in the carriage, everybody thought that they were twins. We let them think that, for it was easier than trying to explain. They were always dressed alike, for Margie had made and bought a lot of baby clothes and receiving blankets. She refused anything from the hospitals, because she didn't want to take any chances with infection. I can still remember all the large cans of Dextri Maltose and other products that the case workers used to bring for making the baby formulas. I'll never forget all the baby bottles in the refrigerator either. They had to be kept separate because they were usually quite different.

We had to have two alarm clocks set for different times to feed the babies during the night when they were very young. Margie felt that it was very important that they were fed on schedule. Most were on a four-hour schedule, but every once in a while we'd get one who needed to be fed every three hours, day and night. It wasn't long before they would sleep right through the night, and this made things a lot simpler.

When the babies were about six months old, David was being considered for adoption. We really weren't prepared for this, although we should have been, for we had known about it all along. The morning when the social worker came for the baby to deliver him to his new adoptive parents, we both had conflicting emotions about it. Although we felt very sad to lose David, we knew that he would make some couple very happy and it would be much better for him. We still had baby Ann who was getting more and more beautiful every day. So we lavished all our affections on her now. She looked quite a

bit like Shirley Temple. After a while, perfect strangers would stop us on the street and remark about the resemblance. Little did we think that within a year or so we would be able to adopt her ourselves, and she would be ours to keep.

Before Ann's adoption became final, we had three or four more babies. Nearly all the babies we received were illegitimate. Very few were orphans and fewer yet were not absolutely perfect in every way. By especially concentrating on these, Margie was able to do wonders with them, and by the time they were up for adoption, they certainly were fine healthy babies.

At first when we would get a new baby, the doctor would send along distinct feeding instructions and a formula, but after a while they gave Margie carte blanche to use her own good judgment. We had a couple of extreme cases when no formula seemed to agree with the baby, but sooner or later she was able to hit on something that did the trick. By now we were known as the "grooming home" and we were getting more and more babies with problems. Margie welcomed the challenge, and it sometimes taxed her ingenuity.

Marguerite kept the foster babies immaculate all the time. Everywhere we went, we took a baby or two along with us. We used to take the babies to church on Sundays in fancy wooden boxes that I made just for that purpose so that they could sleep. We soon found out that the ladies in the nursery used to pick them up and hold them even though we asked them not to.

At about this time, Professor Elizabeth Manwell, who was an old friend, asked Margie to speak to the girls in her pre-marriage course at Syracuse University. They all seemed to show a great interest in babies and wanted to know all about adoption. We ended up by having half a dozen girls coming to our house each week to help bathe and dress whatever baby we had at the time. Most of the girls had never even held a baby before, and they sure did get a kick out of it.

By now we had acquired a New York State license for a foster home which had specified that we were not to have more than three Protestant children. Most of the time, we had only two at a time, but there were several emergencies when we were asked to take four for short intervals. Nor were they all Protestant either. More than once we took babies down to St. Joseph's (German) Church and had them baptized.

We had several cases of mixed parentage. The most unusual one was the product of an Italian-Chinese couple. She was like a tiny Oriental doll, but the agency, considered her unadoptable. We also took her to St. Joseph's to be baptized, and it was up to us to find a suitable name for her. Quite a few foster babies did not have a name when we received them. Neighbors who had been to the Orient several times suggested the name Kai Lu, which meant "Hidden Pearl" in Chinese, and that was the name we gave her. When Kai Lu first came to us, Margie examined her all over, as she was accustomed to do, and discover a mark at the base of her spine about the size of a quarter. The doctors at the hospital assured her it was not a birth injury. Margie was quite concerned about it until the Saturday Evening Post arrived in the mail, with a feature article about the "Manchu Mark" and that is what Kai Lu had. Evidently, Kai Lu's mother was a descendent of Manchu nobility! According to the story, they are the only ones to have this mark. Despite her beauty and noble ancestors, she was considered unadoptable in New York State because her father was Catholic and her mother Protestant.

For about a year and a half the agency was unable to find suitable parents for her. We really didn't mind, for she was such a wonderful baby, but we were concerned that she might end up in an orphanage or put in a permanent foster home, and we certainly didn't want that. So we began making inquiries in the Chinatowns of New York and San Francisco. She was finally adopted by a rather wealthy couple in New York. I presume they were Chinese, but we were never told who got the babies. Make believe that wasn't hard on us after having her for a year and a half. Our 10-year-old son sat down and cried when he came home from school that day. He said he didn't even have a chance to say good bye to her.

Another unusual baby we nicknamed "Rosie-the-Riveter". She was perfect in every way except that she had large hands and feet at birth. We called her Rosie, because she reminded us of the Norman Rockwell cover on the Saturday Evening Post. She was part Jewish and part Gentile, which made her a little difficult for adoption. It just so happened that I had a cousin Mathilda who had recently married a fine Jewish man, and they were looking for a baby to adopt. Thanks to our social worker Frances Brumbacht, we were able to give the baby to them. I can't tell you how happy they were, even though David was on his way overseas with the Army. Mattie wanted to have the baby while David was over in Europe. She would come from Bayside and David somehow managed to get passes as far as New York City. The rest of the trip to Syracuse, he was A.W.O.L. I'll never forget the sad farewells at the New York Central R.R. station. Not only David and Mattie, but hundreds of other servicemen were leaving their families every weekend.

Pamela was another baby considered unadoptable by the agency because she had been born with terribly deformed club feet. "Pammy" was born with a full head of straight black hair, which actually hid her eyes. This was something we had never seen before. Margie trimmed her hair so we could see her eyes. Because of her experience in Dr. Fett's office, Marguerite wasted no time in taking her to St. Joseph's Hospital where a Dr. Jurgens Bauer was in charge of orthopedics. He turned out to be from Brooklyn and was a student of Dr. Fett at Long Island College Hospital! With the use of plaster casts, which were changed every week or so, her feet began to assume their correct positions. She learned to walk on the plaster casts, which was very difficult to say the least. Despite her difficulties, she was one of the happiest babies we ever had, and we had a hard time giving her up. The doctor really did miracles with her, and we were told later that she had developed into a fine athlete by the time she was 10 or 12 years old.

I can't tell you how much pleasure we got out of having all these babies, but it gave us great satisfaction to know that it made an awful lot of people very happy indeed.

Fair Haven Beach State Park

It wasn't long before Edna Horrocks became a foster mother too, and she also had a long series of babies, which delighted her children very much. Thanks to Jack and Edna Horrocks, we learned about the wonderful Fair Haven State Park up on Lake Ontario near Oswego. For several summers, we rented adjoining cabins for our vacations and had wonderful times together. Charley and Louise Jahnke came with their children too. We had some never-to-be-forgotten games of badminton. Charley and I covered that whole section looking for red barns to sketch. It was a lot of fun.

One summer, Jack and Rose Klein came up on the train with their children. They had rented the only 5-room cabin. They had bicycles with them and at the end of two weeks they all rode from Fair Haven all the way down to Bath, N.Y. which was unheard of in those days. They had a lot of publicity when they reached Bath. We tried to schedule the foster babies so that they would be adopted before we left for our vacation each summer, but every once in a while due to foot-dragging on the part of the judge or a social worker, we would take one of the babies along with us to Fair Haven. It never seemed to hurt them very much.

Aerofin

When Carrier moved up to Syracuse, I was in the Eastern Contract Division. A year later, they moved that Division down to Philadelphia. I didn't want to leave Syracuse, so I was transferred to the Research Dept. Charley Gilbert was Chief Draftsman, and we soon became rather good friends. Not long after I was there, I was asked to go to Pittsburg to help lay out the air conditioning for the Joseph Horne Department Store. I was there for about four months. I liked the work very much, but I didn't like being away from Marguerite and Adam for so long. Before I got home again, I had to work for a couple of weeks in the Philadelphia office on the Gimbel job. When I finally got back to Syracuse, when the pay envelopes were distributed, there was none for me. There had been some kind of a mixup in the Chicago office I was told. Charley Gilbert told me that his friend, Monk Noble, who was the head of Aerofin Corporation, an affiliated company, was in terrible need of somebody like me. He asked me to go and work at Aerofin just temporarily until he could get the whole mixup straightened out in Chicago. I never thought for one moment that I would stay there "temporarily" until I retired 26 years later.

At that time, Aerofin was a very small affiliated company owned by Buffalo Forge Co., Carrier Corp. and the Sturtevant Division of Westinghouse. We designed and made heating and cooling coils not only for Carrier but for all their competitors as well. I went there with the understanding that I would receive the same pay that I had been getting in Carrier, which, by the way, wasn't much. I was really amazed at Christmas to get a bonus check for over \$500, and then when the books closed in March, I received another check for over \$600. Nobody had told me about this, and it came as a complete surprise. It sure was most welcome. This bonus system went on for several years like this until the Government put a stop to it for some reason. Then we all got an increase in pay instead, which I liked much better.

Once more, Carrier asked me to help them out on a big contract they had. This time it was the Famous Barr Department Store in St. Louis. I remember I had to leave on Christmas afternoon to reach there by the day after Christmas. This was ridiculous, because I just sat around most of the following week with nothing to do except acquaint myself with the huge building. It was 12 stories high and a block square. To save money, I stayed at the Y.M.C.A. which was a good walk from the store. I got along fine with the other fellows, most of whom were from the Chicago office. Herman Hoffman was in charge of the work, and I got to know him and his wife Ann very well. They took me up to Hannibal one weekend to see Tom Sawyer's home and the Cave. Not long after this, Herman was transferred to Syracuse and made a Vice President. I liked him very much.

I had an idea that St. Louis was much further south than New York, but when I got there, the Mississippi River was frozen over solid for the first time in over 100 years. When I had previously been sent to Pittsburg, the air pollution was very bad from the chimneys of the steel mills. When I reached St. Louis, it was very much worse, because everybody burned soft coal. At that time, it only cost about \$3.50 a ton compared to around \$21 a ton for hard coal. It was so bad that I used to see girls going to work with handkerchiefs over their faces so that they didn't have to breathe the coal dust. A year or two later, soft coal was banned from the city and it made all the difference in the world. It had been so bad that the white people had nearly all moved out to the suburbs, and only poor Negroes were left.

I liked St. Louis very much because there was so much to do and see. I used to walk along the river front a lot, and on Sundays they had reduced rates on the trolley cars. For 25 cents, you could ride all day for many miles to the suburbs. The trolley cars had small coal stoves that burned soft coal, and every once in a while the conductor would have to go up front and add a block of coal to the fire to keep the passengers warm.

At the end of four months, I returned to Syracuse and was very glad to be home again with Marguerite and the children. They were glad to have me back with Aerofin again too, for they were getting a lot of defense work at that time. When I went to work for Aerofin, George Regan and I were the only draftsmen. Eddie Mount did some engineering and acted as the Chief Draftsman. He wanted to be promoted to Engineer and when he was refused, he left to take another job. Bob Sargent was hired as the new Chief Draftsman, but he didn't stay long in that job either. I was promoted to succeed him as Chief Draftsman, a job I held until I retired many years later in 1966.

Mr. J. I. Lyle was President of Carrier Corp. and at the same time President of Aerofin. He died during the war years, and Mr. Noble was made the new President. Immediately, they began to hire new engineers and draftsmen and pretty soon we had a rather large office force. They also opened up several new branch offices. During the war, we had more work than we could handle, so we had to do a lot of overtime work. The draftsmen liked it because of the pay. I didn't because I didn't get overtime pay. The draftsmen were getting more money than I was. After a lot of complaining, they decided to pay me straight time instead of the time and a half that the others were getting. This was a little better, but I still didn't like working nights and weekends.

Mother

Bob Kuhnla, my sister Margaret's husband, was the only one in the family that was in the Army in World War II. It was a great relief when he finally came home, and Margaret and everybody else was very happy. They were living at 761 with my mother and father. In fact, my parents were very fortunate to have them. My mother was ailing for a number of years, and she finally passed on in 1953 when she was 86 years old. This was not long after they had celebrated their 65th Wedding Anniversary with a big party. This was our first experience with death, and it was a severe shock to all of us, especially my father. I really don't know what he would have done if it had not been for Margaret and Bob. They were very good to him right up to the time of his death, and my brothers and I were very grateful.

My brother Ben was away on a vacation at the time that mother died. He had taken a bus trip out to California and there was no way to reach him. By the time he reached home, mother was already buried. It came as a terrible shock to him.

Lancaster Avenue

Our house on Berwyn Ave. was very comfortable in summer, but no matter what we did, we couldn't keep warm in winter. So we decided to look around for another house preferably in the Edward Smith School District. This was an unusually good school, so we had heard. Our dentist, Dr. Rooks told us about a large house that was for sale or for rent right near Edward Smith School and handy for Syracuse University. It was a very nice neighborhood, but the house was terribly run down. Dr. and Mrs. Keppel, who owned the house, lived right across the street. They didn't want to rent the house, but they offered to sell it to us for only \$7,500. We saw the possibilities in the place and decided to accept their offer. I enlisted the aid of Mr. Williams, from the Legal Dept. of Carrier, who agreed with us that it was a good buy. We spent quite a lot of time and money getting it in shape to move in, but we were never sorry. We had some very nice neighbors, and Adam and Joyce both enjoyed going to Edward Smith School and Nottingham High School. Both of them did very well in school, I'm glad to say.

Adam

After graduation from Nottingham, Adam went to Syracuse University to study Electrical Engineering. By this time, Joyce was at Nottingham and during this time she became interested in horses. We ended up buying a horse for her and she kept it at the

Haffenden Farm. For a long time this was where she spent all her spare time and money.

The War in Korea started while Adam was at the University, and it soon appeared that he would be drafted at the end of the next semester. Instead, he enlisted for pilot training in the Air Force and was accepted. He went to Samson Air Force Base for his boot camp, and this was quite a shock to him. For the first time in his life, he was learning the meaning of the word "discipline": This was the beginning of a new world for him, and I'm sure he has never regretted it. From Samson, he went to Texas for flight training and he did so well that he was given a choice of where he wanted to be stationed next. He chose Mitchel Air Force Base on Long Island. He then went to Bitburg, Germany with the 1st Pilotless Bomber Squadron for two years. He returned to the university under the G. I. Bill. His marks were very good at the time of his graduation, he had several good offers of jobs, but the one he picked was with Airborne instruments Laboratory on Long Island.

Joyce

Meanwhile, Joyce graduated from Nottingham and decided to go to Cortland State Teachers College with a major in Recreation. This was a rather new field at the time, but her preference tests all pointed in that direction. It was a very wise choice for she has been very successful in her field.

In her Senior Year at Cortland, Joyce had to go out to the Kellog Foundation School in Battle Creek, Mich. where she got some wonderful experience. We drove out there to bring her home in the new V.W. that Adam had brought home from Germany for us. Then she had to spend several months at Syracuse, and live in a dormitory as part of her training. When she graduated, she hoped to go back to Battle Creek, but she found out that they were accepting only Oberlin graduates. This was quite a disappointment to her but she soon was able to get a teaching job in a Public School at Stanhope, N.J. In the summer, she worked at The School of the Outdoors in Branchville, N. J., where Ben Cummings was the Director. After a couple of years, she began working full time at this place, and they changed the name to The Stepping Stone Environmental Education Center.

Much to Joyce's dismay, there was a major shake-up at the School and Ben Cummings was eased out of the organization, while she was made the Assistant Director. With Adam living and working down on Long island, and Joyce now in New Jersey, we felt that we no longer needed the big house in Syracuse. Joyce's horse was now down in Lafayette in a pasture owned by the Coonradts. They owned a horse too.

Lafayette

The Coonradts put up a For Sale sign on the fence, and we decided to buy the land for it was beautiful country. They were asking \$2,500 for 17 acres. With a little difficulty, we were able to pay cash for the property. It was a good thing that we did, for

Samantha Coonradt, who handled all of the negotiations, proved to be a little mentally unbalanced. She had even given us a deed for the wrong property, whether intentionally or not we never found out. We found out later that she had done the same thing with two other people in the area that had bought property from her. We had to go all through the trouble of having new deeds made up and it made some unpleasantness in the neighborhood.

Womans Day magazine had designs for a pretty little one room cabin that we liked. After sending for prints of this, Adam and I prefabricated two cabins in 4'0" sections out in the back yard of the Lancaster Ave. house. We got somebody with a truck to cart them down for us, and with the aid of Ray Coonradt we assembled one for Adam up near the road, and then one down at the other end of the land down near the stream for Joyce. They turned out beautifully. We finished the inside of Adam's cabin with wallboard and had electricity and a telephone installed. He filled it up with all sorts of electronic odds and ends that he couldn't part with, also several years of old sciencefiction magazines. We left the inside of Joyce's cabin unfinished but very comfortable for sleeping. One of the first things that Adam did was to rig up an intercom between them, but we finally had to remove it because of the bad lightning storms. We had a great deal of pleasure from both cabins. All our friends did too. And the Girl Scouts were allowed to camp on the lower end of our land and the leaders slept in the cabin.

Again looking through Womans Day, we found designs for some very attractive small summer homes. We liked one especially that had a "butterfly roof". After sending for blueprints of it, I completely re-drew the plans and changed it around to suit ourselves. The Chapman Lumber Co. in Syracuse gave us a very good quotation to build the framework and finish the outside in California redwood. We were to act as the general contractor and hire the rest of the work to be done. This way we would save a lot of money, but we soon realized that we would have to do a lot of the work ourselves.

The next thing in the order of business was to get a mortgage from some bank. Most banks wouldn't even consider a mortgage that far from Syracuse. Finally, Merchants Bank agreed to give us one provided we would change the roof to a conventional peaked roof. When we refused, they said they would only give us \$7,500 of the \$12,500 that we needed. This turned out all right because my brother Fred sent me a check for \$5,000 to make up the difference. He generously offered to give us the money, but we insisted on paying him back with interest. Willis Sargent, our attorney, made up a legal agreement with a schedule of payments to send to Fred.

Before we started any work on the house, we thought it best that we had a well drilled. We felt that if we couldn't get water, there was no need to build the house. Down in the village, there was an old man who was considered quite expert at witching for water. We had always thought this was sort of a vaudeville act, but we soon discovered that some people in the country actually have the power to locate water that way. We had arranged to have this fellow come the following Sunday and find water for us. It turned out to be a very beautiful day, and we had 28 people come to visit us nearly all at the same time that he was finding water for us. With a pen knife he cut a Y-shaped branch from a wild pear tree. He held the two ends in his hands and walked back and forth in front of where we wanted to place the house. In no time at all, he located the place to have the well drilled. It was right in front of where the house was going to be. I tried it and it worked for me too. He said it must be from a live tree that has fruit with a pit in it. He also told me that the branch wouldn't work two weeks later. It must be cut fresh from the tree.

I drove a wooden stake into the ground to mark the spot he had chosen. Later on, the day before the well driller was to come, we carefully removed the stake and planted a couple of wild flowers. We asked the well driller if he would witch for water and darned if he didn't come upon the same spot that the other fellow had found. We were sure that we were going to have a good water supply. It turned out that the well driller had to drill for 180 feet before he got to what he considered a suitable supply. He was right for we always had a plentiful supply of the finest drinking water.

As soon as we were sure of our water supply, we gave Chapman Lumber Co. the contract to build the house. H.R.Irwin & Son did the excavating for the foundation, and Alvah Cook did a very fine job of the foundation and cellar floor.

We had sold our house on Lancaster Ave., and while the house was being built, we were living in a small apartment at the Roosevelt Arms on South Salina St.

As soon as the foundation was ready, we notified Jim Chapman and he sent men up to lay the floor joists. They discovered that the foundation was only 24'0" wide instead of 24'6" which was called for on the plans. It was too late to do anything about it, so they cantilevered the floor beams 6" on the north side. I didn't know what the bank might say about this, for it was shown correctly on the plot plan from the surveyor. I never told them and apparently they never found out.

I hadn't realized that the house was going to be prefabricated in the lumber yard, and we sure were surprised when they arrived with a huge truck and backed up to the foundation. All they had to do was to slide off the four outer walls and the center partition, and nail them together in place. Another gang of men came the next day to put on the roof beams, which were 4" x 8" and very heavy. Fisher Roofing Co. men came and put on a temporary roof until the fireplace and chimney were completed.

It was good that we had had electricity and a telephone installed in Adam's cabin. We bought a very long extension cord that reached over to the house, so that the mechanics could use power tools. The telephone was very useful in many ways. Almost every morning, I would drive Marguerite down there and she would stay there supervising the job. It seemed that whenever the mechanics did something wrong, she wasn't there to check up on them.

Dudley Riffancht installed the pump down at the bottom of the well. He also did all the plumbing and heating work, and did a very fine job. Mr Ferris, who did the electrical work, was the father of a good friend of Joyce's.

All of the sub-contractors that we engaged did very fine work, when they worked. The delays were frightful. As an example, the oil burner was all installed. We had a tank full of fuel oil, but we couldn't turn it on, because the inspector from the Underwriters hadn't seen it yet. The greatest delay of all was from the stone mason who built the fireplace and chimney. Patsy lacone was highly recommended for the work by several people. We had been warned that he was very busy, and we would have to wait until he finished another job. More than once we were on the verge of letting the job to somebody else, but we were glad that we didn't. He did such an excellent job that it was well worth the long wait. By the time the chimney was finished, it was the .first of November and it was bitter cold. When the roofers came back to install the permanent roof, they nearly froze up there. We felt so sorry for them. By this time, the house was all closed in except the kitchen window hadn't come vet. There was a sheet of plywood covering most of the opening. We kept a small fire going in the fireplace with scraps of lumber left over from the building. Eventually, we got the electricity turned on so we could use the oil burner. Then we had a hard job getting the carpenters to come and hang the doors. First, they sent some of the wrong size doors, and then when they did come, the men were working on another job. It seemed to be one thing after another to finish up the job. It certainly was wonderful when we finally swept out all the odds and ends of building material and burned what we could in the fireplace.

Marguerite and I completed the inside of the house. We put up all the sheetrock walls and partitions, and I built the partition around the shower and toilet in the cellar. I also had to close in the overhang on the north side of the house. The house was so very well insulated that we were comfortable in the coldest weather.

Our first winter in Lafayette was quite revealing. We thought the snow and ice was bad in Syracuse, but it was nothing compared to living in the country. We were completely dependent on whether the snow plows were able to plow our road. Our Volkswagen worked very well even when the roads were very slippery. We had no garage yet, so each morning I'd have to go out and shovel the snow off the car and the driveway where the garage was going to be. The following summer, we started building the garage which would have space underneath to store garden tools and other things we didn't have room for in the house.

Before I could get the upper part of the garage finished, Marguerite bought a pair of bantam chickens, a hen and a beautiful but vicious rooster. She fed them in the lower part of the garage, and in no time we had half a dozen tiny little chicks. They were very cute. After that, we used the eggs for a while. Not long after this, Jane Bauer came with a pair of white Peking ducks. They were named Tristan and Isolde. They had been given to the kids at Easter, and by then they were almost full grown. So we put them down with the chickens. The ducks started out by giving us double yolk eggs almost every morning. They were enormous! Marguerite used them in cakes, but they were too strong to eat.

The next summer, I was able to complete the upper part of the garage. I was much

relieved to be able to get the V.W. under cover in the winter. It made it a lot easier to get started for work in the morning. In order to build the garage only 10'0" from the edge of the road, I had gone to the local Board of Appeals and had filed for a variance, which they granted. In fact all of the local people had been very friendly, our neighbors especially. To the north of us was the Curtis farm. Keppel Curtis was a dairy farmer, and he had about 130 head of cattle. He also had eight children. They were so helpful that we never could have survived the first winter without them. George Earl and his family lived to the south of us. For a couple of years, the 14 heifers in their field kept breaking down our fence and coming over to our land. It was quite a nuisance, and we were very glad when they were sold.

George Earl was a Professor of Art in the Forestry School, and had a beautiful home that he had designed himself. We were very happy to discover that he was the son of a Practitioner that we knew from our Christian Science Church. They also had eight children, the oldest three we knew from Sunday School. They were all very nice kids.

Fred and Father

A couple of years after we moved to Lafayette, my brother Fred died quite suddenly on February 9, 1961. Eleven months later, my father dozed off late at night with a cigarette in his mouth. It fell down in the upholstered chair he was sitting in, and he was severely burned. He passed on January 12, 1962.

Marguerite thought it would be nice to have a young bull, so she bought a very young Jersey bull from the Curtis boys. They brought it down to us in a truck and lifted it down and put him in the barn with the chickens and ducks. We named him Delmonico Murgatroyd, and foolishly thought that we would raise him and have him slaughtered. How naive can you get? While he was still small, he made a fine pet, but it wasn't long before he must have weighed 1000 lbs. Although he was always gentle, we had been told never to trust a bull once they start to grow up. In the spring, we bought a strong collar and a 30'0" chain. Each morning I'd have to screw a large steel auger into the ground and clip the end of his chain to it. Every day I'd move the auger to another spot so that he would graze more evenly. As he got bigger, I got more and more afraid to handle him. Once when we had a large Girl Scout Troop camping down at the lower end of the land, Delmonico somehow got loose and got entangled in the barb wire fence near the barn. Marguerite saw what had happened and she ran out to untangle him, and by this time he was pretty wild. With the help of our neighbor, Ray Coonradt, she was able to get him back in the barn again. He soon calmed down, but I'm afraid that Marguerite never guite recovered from the excitement. She was so afraid that he might run down where the girls were and injure some of them. I was very happy when the meat dealer came and took him away in his truck. We couldn't have eaten any of his meat anyway. We felt the same way about all the chickens and ducks that we had raised. You just can't eat a pet.

Every summer, Marguerite and Betty Bye would make water melon pickle down in the cellar. It was a kind of a messy job, so they preferred to do it down there. They would

buy two large melons and remove the insides which would go to the Curtis kids usually. They'd divide up the jars between them and we had a good supply of it to last all winter.

Somehow, Betty and Marguerite heard about a fine Morgan mare that was for sale. She had been bred already, and it sounded like a wonderful opportunity. So they decided to buy her and keep her at our place. Rosie turned out to be very beautiful, and not only Joyce and Carl Bye rode her. Every kid within miles came to ride.

We had been told that Rosie's foal would be born on July 15th, and sure enough on the morning of the 15th, we looked out the picture window in the living room and there were Rosie and the foal right in front of the house. I got out there as soon as I could with my camera and took half a dozen pictures of them. Dr. Leonard, our veterinary friend, said he had never heard of such a thing before. He said the prediction can be as much as a month or two off.

At first, Rosie wouldn't let anybody get near her foal, but after a couple of weeks we were able to get a bridle on him with the help of two or three others. We were told that if you didn't get a bridle on them while they were still young, it would be impossible later. We held a little competition to find a name for him and we finally decided to name him CIBA, after the famous Swiss chemical company. The father of the girl that suggested it worked for that company. When he was born, CIBA was the regular Morgan brown just like Rosie. A couple of months later, he started to turn gray for his sire was an Arabian. He eventually became a beautiful gray all over, and we registered him in the Half-Arabian Club. Our public health nurse from Skaneateles took such a fancy to him, that we finally sold him to her. Not long after this, Rosie was sold to a friend of the Byes.

Walter

During the summer of 1962, my brother Walter retired and took his family to Italy. From there, they decided to go to Baden-Baden where my father's family had come from. While in Germany, Walter was taken sick and passed on July 6, 1962. His body had to be taken to Holland for cremation for some unknown reason, but we never were told about my brother's death until about three months later. The first we heard about it was when we were invited to attend a memorial service in Upper Montclair. It was such short notice, that we couldn't come down for it. We were really tied down with babies and live animals on the farm. Sylvia has isolated her whole family ever since.

We liked our house in Lafayette very much, and we were always doing something to improve it. I was kept pretty busy in summer outdoors with repairing and creosoting fences and the barn. Every other year or so, I'd have to stain the redwood of the house. I also tried to keep a good supply of firewood for the fireplace, which we all enjoyed very much.

There was a very active committee for the Herald-Tribune Fresh Air Fund, and they asked us to take a boy for two weeks in the summer. The first year, we had a Puerto Rican boy who was quite nice. The next year we had a black boy who wasn't. He was

not very agreeable about anything, and we were sure that he actually was not eligible for any charity. If he was telling the truth, they had much better things than we had. The next year, they sent a very fine Puerto Rican boy named Javier Soto. He couldn't have been more satisfactory. He was not only truthful, but completely dependable in every way. We were invited to meet his mother in Harlem, and we went during the winter and found they lived in the most terrible place we had ever seen. Javier was one of 12 children, and they were all jabbering away in Spanish when we got there. The father had stayed in Puerto Rico, but the mother kept on having children every year by other men. Of course, they were all on relief: There was a beautiful sister about 17 or 18 who spoke English very well. She acted as interpreter for the mother, who didn't understand any English at all.

The following summer, at our invitation, Javier brought his younger sister, Margrita, who was just as nice except for the fact that she insisted on talking in Spanish. Marguerite did all she could to get her to speak English and she did rather well after Javier jumped on her a couple of times. We enjoyed having both of them for a couple of years more until the mother took them all back to Puerto Rico. The father had died, and because he was a veteran, they were given free housing in San Juan. We never heard from Javier again, and I have never been able to trace him through either the Fresh Air Fund or the East Harlem Protestant Center that had sponsored him.

While we were living in Lafayette, it was discovered that Marguerite had breast cancer. This was removed by Dr. Gregg at the Upstate Medical Center. She recovered very quickly, thank goodness. A year or so later, due to the unpleasant experience she had with the bull, she had a bad case of insulin shock. Up until this time Marguerite had been very heavy. In a very short time, she lost 100 lbs. It was very frightening when old friends didn't recognize her in Syracuse. She had to get all new clothes, for none of of her old clothes fit any more. After going back in the hospital again for observation, Dr. Kutzer thought he could control her diabetes with Aurinaze tablets, but this didn't work with her. She took more and more of them each day until she was taking the safe limit, then Dr. Kutzer prescribed insulin and showed her how to inject it in her thighs. This she did for the rest of her life each morning.

Marguerite no sooner had the diabetes pretty well controlled, when Dr. Gregg found out that she had cancer of the rectum. This had to be taken care of at once, and she ended up with a colostomy. During the operation, it was discovered that she had had a burst appendix the year before and never even knew it.

Quite suddenly, Aerofin Corp. decided to move down to Lynchburg, Va. I was asked to go too, but in a couple of months I was going to be 65 and I really wanted to retire. I didn't think I would like the hot summers down there, and we would always be known as the Yankees from New York. They are still fighting the Civil War down there.

Bill

My brother Bill's wife had always been unfriendly. We had never been invited over to their home in Towaco, N.J. In the late fall of 1963, we were surprised to be invited for dinner one Sunday. My brother had retired from Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, and they were going to live in Phoenix, Arizona. Bill had bought a large travel trailer and a G.M.C. station wagon to pull it. We had a wonderful dinner and a very nice time, much to our amazement. Little did I think that that would be the last time I would ever see either one of them, for Bill was taken sick on the way down south and passed on in Phoenix on January 27, 1964. Catherine has been living in Guadalajara, Mexico ever since, as far as I know. She would never answer any letters from me. I am very glad that we were able to get to get over to see them before they left.



Headlines of the Month:

HERE ARE HEADLINES THAT APPEARED ON OR ABOUT MONDAY MARCH 25, 1901

- 03/02 THE PLATT AMENDMENT TO THE ARMY APPROPRIATIONS ACT SETS CONDITIONS FOR U.S. TO PROVIDE FOR NAVAL BASES IN CUBA.
- 03/04 PRES. McKINLEY BEGINS HIS 2ND TERM AS PRESIDENT. TEDDY ROOSEVELT IS VICE PRESIDENT.
- 04/19 REBELLION IN THE PHILIPPINES ENDS; A PROCLAMATION FOR PEACE IS RELEASED.
- 05/03 FIRE AT JACKSONVILLE, FL, CONSUMES 1,700 BUILDINGS, CAUSES \$11 MILLION DAMAGE AND LEAVES 10,000 HOMELESS.

| CONSUMER | PRICE | INDEX |
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| Loaf of Bread | .03 | .96 | | |
| Gallon of Milk | . 27 | 2.31 | | |
| Pound of Butter | . 27 | 1.76 | | |
| New Ford Auto | 0.00 | 9,011.00 | | |
| Gallon of Gas | .04 | 1.06 | | |
| New Home (Av.) | 3,395.00 | 89,331.00 | | |
| Annual Income | 1,009.00 | 22,138.00 | | |

COMMODITIES

| Dow Jones Index Oz. of Gold Oz. of Silver | 64.87 20.67 .59 .17 | 1,189.23 303.25 6.09 .61 |
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| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THR | FRI | SAT |
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| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | | | | | | |

SPORTS NEWS

BASEBALL PENNANT WINNERS: NATIONAL LEAGUE - PITTSBURGH AMERICAN LEAGUE - CHICAGO WORLD SERIES START IN 1903!

POLITICS

President of the U.S. was: WILLIAM McKINLEY - REP

Vice President was:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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