

# MEMOIRS of John James Boericke II

12/29/1914 – 10/29/1993

(started 1987 never completed)

## Introduction

My wife, Jan, has suggested that I set down on paper some memories of my life. It has been an exciting time in history, both politically with four wars; economically with the great depression; and technologically with the astonishing rapidity of aerospace development with which I have been closely associated.

I have had some unusual experiences and a variety of jobs, which has led me to characterize my working career as "a jack of all trades and a master of some". I will outline some of my family tree, but I don't expect to go further with that than my grandparents on both sides. Further genealogy is available, but hardly qualifies as "memories" as I never knew the earlier relatives.

## Childhood

I was born at home on Beacom Lane, Merion Station, Pa. Dec. 29, 1914. I do not remember anything about this house as my mother, Edith Schoff Boericke, and father, John James Boericke, moved with my two older brothers, Ralph and Fred, and my sister Edith (Dedie), when I was about a year old.

Our new house at 416 Brookway, Merion, was one of several in Merion built by Steigerwalt. They were all similar in exterior appearance, being partly stone and partly white stucco with exposed dark stained beams. I guess it was Tudor style except that it had a terra-cotta tile roof instead of slate or shingles.

I remember another Steigerwalt house on Highland Ave., two roads over from Brookway, was built for John Wanamaker, founder of the well-known Philadelphia department store.

Some of the roads on our North side of Pennsylvania Railroad's "main line" in Merion were fairly well built up with mostly one to ten acre properties. Brookway, however, was just a gravel road between Bournan Ave. and Sycamore Ave. and running from Merion Ave. to Montgomery Ave. It had only two or three houses on it when our house was built. The rest of this area was still farmland, and accommodated a few cows and a sizable cornfield.

Our house was in the center of the two acre lot with a two story, two car garage behind it and a small summer house. The back corner of the lot on one side and a clay tennis court and a small vegetable garden with several fruit trees in front. The other back corner included a rock garden, a lily pool, another rustic summer house, and a large rose garden. In front of the rose garden was a long pergola with a continuous roof of grapes forming a lovely walk alongside the rose garden. Between this and the sidewalk and road, was a sunken garden with a landscaped brook running through it, and an enormous maple tree with a rustic tree house. In the shade of the maple grew several large beds of ten to twelve foot high rhododendrons in all colors known at that time.

The first floor of the house was entered through a tile floored vestibule to a long hallway with stairs along one side leading to the second floor. At one end of the hallway was a rather large dining room with a glass enclosed conservatory along the front of the house. The other end of the hallway lead into a large living room with a fireplace, much overstuffed furniture, carved tables and mother's grand piano. Beyond the living room was a closed porch. Along the back of the house was a study-

library entered from the living room and beyond that, a lavatory and a back stairwell with access to the pantry, kitchen, ice box and food storage room, and a servants dining room and rear porch. All of these were in a wing extending to the rear from the dining room.

The second floor had six bedrooms and three baths.

The third floor servants quarters had four bedrooms and a bath, as well as a large attic, and storage drawers built into the side of a long narrow hallway. My oldest brother, Ralph, took over one small boor here for his "wireless" room. He was probably one of the earliest ham radio operators, sending and receiving in Morse code. Later, I took over a larger room on the third floor for my fern and butterfly collections, and such other transient hobbies as photography and chemistry. Dad soon realized that as the chemical lab grew, it was wiser to move it to the cellar alongside my carpentry bench and tools.

During my pre-school childhood I remember a rather steady turnover of servants. I had two nurses who were my cousins. First, Frieda Junge from Glenview, and later Irma Tafel who lived nearby and just came in for the day. She was Gertrude Tafel Synnestvedt's younger sister.

We always had a chauffeur who sometimes lived in the second floor of the garage. My mother occasionally drove our big, open Packard touring car, but frequently stalled the car, and never seemed to be too comfortable driving it.

Dad drove his somewhat smaller Packard to work at Primos, Pa. except when the weather was bad. Then he took the Paoli local from Merion to Philadelphia, and changed to another local to Primos on Baltimore Pike west of Philadelphia.

Uncle Gid, Dad and Uncle Harold founded the Primos Chemical Company in the early 1900's. The company owned several tungsten, vanadium and molybdenum mines in Colorado. All of these were managed by Uncle Harold, who was a graduate mining engineer. The ore from these was shipped to Primos, where it was refined and made into salts for alloying with steel; tungsten wire for lamp filaments; and molybdenum salts used in x-ray fluoroscope screens. The company also produced sulfuric acid for use by industry and chemical laboratories. Dad had gone to Germany to learn a cheaper process for its manufacture and the company was the first in the U.S. to start using this process.

The company did very well through World War I, and was sold in the early nineteen twenties to Charles Schwab, President of U.S. Vanadium Company, a competitor in some areas of products.

After that, Dad and his two brothers shared an office in the Packard Building in Philadelphia, where they principally looked after their investments and those of our church and some other charitable organizations, for which they also served as trustees.

I mentioned the early turnover of servants. Eventually, however, this stabilized and for quite a few years we had Mr. and Mrs. John Gruber, the gardener and cook. They were immigrants from Germany but had come over at an early age. Dan Quigley was our chauffeur and general handyman. He was an Irish immigrant and married Mary, one of our earlier maids. Mary stopped working for us when they were married and she and Dan lived in West Philadelphia in a house Dad bought for them. Dan then commuted by trolley and about a two mile walk to his job with us.

There was also a maid who came to us from her family home in the Poconos. I don't remember her name, but she lived in for quite a few years as did the Grubers.

While there were quite a few cars and trucks on the rapidly expanding road system in those early days of my life, some of the earliest memories included the "clip-clop" of the milkman's horse drawn wagon which came up our drive early every morning. There was also, the ice man who came every other day, and the garbage man who came twice a week. Another horse drawn wagon that was announced loudly by its owner was the rag man with his hoarse call, "Any old rags today?"

In my early childhood, I had most of the usual childhood diseases such as mumps, chicken pox,

scarlet fever, etc. Back in those days, however, a quarantine sign went on the front door and my brothers and sisters couldn't go to school unless they had already had that particular disease. At one point my sister, Dedie, contracted diphtheria which was not one of the common childhood diseases and was highly contagious and often fatal. Then the house was not only quarantined, but her room was off limits to everyone except mother and the doctor. Her food and mother's was pulled up to her room by rope in a basket and all dishes and silver they used washed in a bathroom between her room and mother and dad's room. My older brothers edited a little newspaper during her isolation which kept her abreast of family affairs.

Another early memory I have is the extraordinary efforts made to stop my thumb-sucking. My parents first attempt was to coat my thumbs with some harmless but bitter liquid. This was a failure because I very soon found out that I could wash it off with soap and water. But some brilliant inventor had come up with a "foolproof cure" in the form of round bottomed aluminum cans which at the top were clinched to a cloth sleeve which, in turn, was tied securely about my wrists. The only thing the inventory overlooked was that the frustrated child very soon found that by beating these cans together, the entire household could be kept awake for as long as the child could stand the noise. I don't remember how they finally stopped my thumb-sucking. I probably just eventually outgrew it.

As I got older living in our Merion house included many memories that are worthy of mention. Mombie (a nickname given to Edith Schoff Boericke (from Mom B)) and Dad were both lovers of good music and the opera. Mombie was also an active member of the West Philadelphia Committee of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Of course, all we children were started out on good music by attending all performances of the Philadelphia Orchestra children's programs. We also were all given piano lessons at home and lessons on other instruments as and when we became interested. Following piano, I was given lessons on the banjo mandolin, and finally on the saxophone which I played in the Lower Merion School band and at Camp Riverdale. We also were exposed to string solos and duets with Orlando Cole of the early Curtis quartet and brother Ralph who sometimes struggled along with his violin.

Mombie was also a member of the board of trustees of the Overbrook School for the Blind. Through that connection she got to know Helen Keller very well, and on several occasions we had her with or without her wonderful teacher, Ann Sullivan, as house guests. The first summer I can remember was during World War I at grandfather and grandmother Schoffs summer house in Avalon, N.J. I don't know how long we were visiting them there, but I can distinctly remember a World War I "Jenny" (IN-4) airplane landing on the boardwalk at Avalon. Fort Dix, of course, was only about fifty miles away and this was a principal Air Corps training base. I also recall flour barrels washed up on the beach from our transport ships sunk by German submarines off our coast. Also, I well remember, eating Cream of Wheat with maple syrup instead of sugar on it, to save sugar for our troops.

Grandfather Schoffs principal business was Stowe Flexible Shaft Co. which made flexible power shafts to drive such semi-portable electric tools for industry as grinders and drills. However, as the use of automobiles increased, he also started a small tire making plant in Philadelphia. Many of the automobile tires were then made in local plants for local purchase. This plant was located just off what is now Benjamin Franklin Parkway. Grandfather invited my whole family to join him on the roof of his four story tire plant to see our returning soldiers marching down the parkway.

We were driven to Sunday school and church at the Swedenborgian Convention church, 22nd and Chestnut streets in Philadelphia every Sunday. Sometimes on the way home from church we would have Sunday dinner at grandfather and grandmother Schoffs house in West Philadelphia. This was a big double house on the corner of 34th and Baring Streets - a very fashionable neighborhood at this time. Grandfather often held me on his lap during these visits and invariably gave me a bright new penny.

I always had the feeling that grandfather had more to do with raising the seven Schoff children

than Grandmother did. Grandmother (nee Hannah Kent) was a crusader for reforms, such as the establishment of the juvenile courts which she had much to do with through the sympathetic support of President "Teddy" Roosevelt. I believe Jim still has many of her letters from TR which came into my hands through mother. Grandmother also had a voluble voice in the women's suffrage movement, and was a founder of the National Parent - Teachers Organization. These interests seemed to me to take precedence over her domestic interests.

For the record, I will here mention a little about each of mother's brothers and sisters, starting with the oldest.

Uncle Leonard was a Harvard graduate and never let anyone forget it. Soon after graduation he joined the Kent Woolen Mills in Clifton Heights and a few years later became its President. This business was founded by grandmother's family and had for several generations provided a comfortable living for her forebears. Uncle Leonard didn't marry until his early forties when he married Suzanne Levick of another old Philadelphia family. They never had any children, but raised many stray dogs and cats on their 2500 acre estate on the Brandywine Creek in western Chester County. One of my high school girlfriend's father was a wool salesman and characterized Uncle Leonard as his hardest-nosed customer.

Uncle Wilfred was, for his entire working life, the curator of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. He and Aunt Ethelwyn lived in a nice colonial brick home on Montgomery Pike in Cynwyd. They raised four daughters, all of whom married in due time and had their own families. One of them, Chick, married John Carver, a successful Philadelphia architect. They lived with their family in the same home as Chick's parents for the rest of their lives. The youngest daughter, Mary, married a fraternity brother of my brother Fred, Kenneth (Monk) Yocum. That pair after their marriage became known generally as "Monk" and "Nun"! Jan and I visited them last year in Naples, Florida where they retired.

Mother was the next oldest. Then Uncle Harold, more familiarly called "Uncle Babe", who had had infantile paralysis as a youngster and was probably mother's favorite brother, and certainly one of my favorite uncles. Although he could stand with the aid of leg braces, he could only move around with crutches. However, he made up for his useless legs, by an unusually well developed torso and arms. He was a formidable wrestling opponent on the floor and along with his two sons, Bill and Steve, we four often participated in this kind of physical play during the many years that I saw much of Bill and Steve. They also lived in Cynwyd, an easy bike ride or roller skate run from my Merion home. Uncle Babe continued his father's machine shop business under the name of Stowe Flexible Shaft. He continued producing those power tools too, but as they were replaced by more portable electric tools, he relied more on contract machining and tool making. Bill became a history teacher at Germantown Academy and Steve became a Vice President of Pepsicola Co.

Next came Aunt Louise Ehrman. She became a school teacher in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where she met and married Edgar Ehrman, quit teaching, and raised a girl, Emma, and two boys, Kent and Bobby. I didn't see much of them except when Aunt Louise would pack a tent and the boys in her model T Ford, and drive and camp all the way to Maine. One summer, she even went beyond to tour around the Gaspé peninsula of Canada.

Aunt Eunice married Harry Simmons and for many years lived in grandmother's house on Baring Street in a third floor apartment. There she raised Warren, Bud (who died suddenly of a childhood disease), and Miriam (Mim). After grandmother died, they moved to Cynwyd. Aunt Eunice died too young of cancer, leaving Mim to be housekeeper for Uncle Harry and Warren. Warren went on to work for Uncle Leonard for several years at the Kent Mills, and then moved to Los Altos, California. I believe Warren married before he made that move. Mim married David Reeves after Uncle Harry died. I don't recall ever meeting him and don't remember seeing them as a couple.

Mother's youngest brother was Albert. He was still a captain in the Army when he married Aunt Lucy soon after returning from World War I. I remember the wedding at our 22nd and Chestnut St. church with Uncle Albert in uniform. I perhaps should mention here that the Schoffs as well as the Boericke's were all Swedenborgians and members of that Convention church.

Uncle Albert and Aunt Lucy started married life in Caldwell, N.J. where Uncle Albert was working for a division of General Motors. Soon after their first two of four children were born, Uncle Albert was transferred by GM to Yokohama, Japan where GM had a major sales office. They were there for several years, and their other two children were born there. I don't recall whether Uncle Albert left GM to come home, or whether GM laid him off, but the family returned to the U.S. and took up residence in Swarthmore. Uncle Albert wound up working for Uncle Leonard at Kent Mills and I don't think he was ever happy about that arrangement. Uncle Leonard was a very demanding boss.

Before leaving my recollection of the Schoff side of my family, I should mention that grandfather's family went back to a several times great grandfather, Jacob Schoff, who immigrated from Germany to the Boston area in 1752. For quite a few years he lived in the Boston area near Lexington until 1773 when he bought 500 acres near Franconia, N.H. (at that time Morristown, N.H.). Jacob Schoff, Jr. was made a Lieutenant in the Colonial Army and was in the Battle on Bennington, Vt. Jacob's second son, John, served at the winter encampment at Valley Forge and took part in several of Washington's campaigns. At Valley Forge, he was said to have been in Washington's bodyguard.

After Burgoyne's surrender in 1777, and about the time a road was built from Franconia to Lancaster, Jacob sold his Morristown property and moved to a new home three miles south of Groveton in the Aummanooseec river valley where it flows into the Connecticut river. This was in about 1782. He lived here for about two or three years, when he moved across the Connecticut river to a beautiful place in Maidstone, Vt. Directly behind his house here was a beautiful little lake. This is Maidstone Lake - now a Vermont State Park. Mom and I visited this area and the lake, but being Sunday we couldn't examine local records. Jacob lived here for about 10 years and sold several plots of his land to sons and daughter for their houses.

I should also mention that grandmother Schoff, nee Kent, claimed that one of her ancestors came to America on the "Mayflower". She also claimed some relationship in England to the family of a Duke of Kent. Uncle Wilfred wrote a very complete genealogy of the Schoff family which Jim has, and I have a paperback update of the same book added to by a man in Ellsworth, Maine.

Even before the summer in Avalon, I apparently spent a summer at "Malvaruh". I only know this because I have a picture of my cousin "Bo" Boericke and me crawling around the German gnomes on the Malvaruh beach in our little white dresses. We were both too young to remember any of this. The imported ceramic gnomes were about as big as we were.

"Malvaruh", meaning "Malvina's rest" in German, was grandfather and grandmother Boericke's retirement home on Lake Keuka, one of New York States famous "finger lakes".

I think its appropriate here to relate a little of the history of the Boericke side of my family. Grandfather Boericke was born in Glachau, Germany in 1824, as Franz Edmund Boricke (later anglicized to Francis E. Boericke). Glachau is in the province of Saxony. Later his family moved to Ulm on the Danube river.

He emigrated to Philadelphia in 1849 and founded Boericke and Tafel, homeopathic drug manufacturer and pharmacy. In 1854 he married his partner's cousin, Elise Tafel. In 1857 grandfather graduated from Hahnemann Medical College as a medical doctor, although he never practiced.

Grandfather and grandmother produced eleven children, not including two that were stillborn.

The oldest of these was not mentioned by name when I was young, as he was the family "skeleton-in-the-closet". His name, I later learned, was Frank, and he married a Russian ballet dancer by the name of Olga. They produced two children, Edmund and Margaret. Olga left Frank, abandoning

the children as well. Frank committed suicide and the two children were brought up by my three maiden aunts, Clara, Helena and Johanna who lived together all of their lives.

The next was Felix who married a cousin, Selma Boericke, and had one daughter, Winfred (Winnie). They settled in Bryn Athyn when there was a split in the church, and were the only Boerickes at that time to espouse the General Church as opposed to the Convention. Uncle Felix (also an M.D.) carried on B & T after grandfather's retirement and was the company's president until his death. Winnie never married and, after Aunt Selma died, she remained alone in the big old house in Bryn Athyn. When Jan and I moved to Bryn Athyn we checked in with Winnie frequently until her death in 1969.

The oldest girl, Aunt Malvina, married Uncle Will Junge and they settled in the New Church community of Glenview, a suburb of Chicago. They produced eight children. Elise, who married Percy Brown and lived in Pittsburgh, had one daughter, Margaret. William Junge, Jr. married Eleanor Ranch and produced three sons, one of whom is Jim Junge. Felix Junge married Amy Doering and produced a daughter and three sons, one of whom is Bob Junge. Lenore married Benjamin McQueen and produced two children. Ben Jr. and Dan (the latter now living in Bryn Athyn). The other (single girls) were Frieda, Winfred, Phoebe and Virginia (Jean).

[Editor's Note: Lenore & Benjamin McQueen's children were Benjamin Jr. and Joyce. Daniel Bruce McQueen is the son of Harold Pitcairn McQueen and Maude Virginia McQueen. This information provided by Clay McQueen, the Family Genealogist. (12/25/2007 update)]

Then came Clara, Helena and Johanna -the three spinster aunts who as before mentioned lived together all their lives. Aunt Clara was the family matriarch in my eyes, as grandfather and grandmother Boericke had died years before I was born. Aunt Clara also handled the monetary affairs for the three maiden sisters, and was remembered as a rather shrewd investor.

Aunt Helena pursued a career in music and taught piano at the Settlement School in Kensington as well as having quite a few pupils at home. Aunt Johanna studied painting at Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts and was privileged to study there under Philadelphia's famous artist and teacher, Thomas Eakin. Aunt Johanna became rather well-known herself in Philadelphia, starting with oil painting - both large canvasses and miniatures on ivory and porcelain - and later as her eye-sight began to fail, she switched almost entirely to water colors.

"The aunts" were an important part of our Sunday family "coffees" in my formative years, and their German cookies and cakes were always a source of delight. It was they, of course, that started our traditional "Baseler lecherle" cookie bake with all the family gathered in their big kitchen to sing German Christmas songs as the hot honey and burning brandy were stirred in a large crockery bowl. Everybody joined in both the singing and the stirring which got quite challenging as flour was added to the liquid ingredients!

Uncle Ed (Edward) was next. He was always a lot of fun, and had a droll wit. He never amounted to much financially, but he was devoted to Auntie Grace. They lived quite modestly in a semidetached house in Clifton Heights - near Primos.

Uncle Gid was the next in line. He graduated from Lafayette College where he was a football star. I'm not sure what his degree was, perhaps Chemical Engineering, but he seemed to be a "big man on campus" and was for many years an active trustee of the college. Uncle Gid was the kingpin in the founding of the Primos Chemical Company, and was its President. Dad was Vice President and Treasurer and Uncle Harold was Secretary.

Uncle Gid married the beautiful (violet eyes) Mildred McGeorge. She was brought up on the McGeorge estate in Cynwyd right next to Uncle Wilfred's property. The McGeorge mansion was known as a "station" of the "underground railroad" to assist escaping Negro slaves during the days before the Civil War. Incidentally, the next "station" was the Bowman estate just a block from our

Merion house. Here the escaping slaves were hidden in the middle of a very large woodpile. It was claimed that this started the cliché "nigger in the woodpile".

With the success of the Primos Chemical operation, Uncle Gid built a beautiful estate on about 10 or 12 acres on Lancaster Pike in Wynnewood.

Uncle Gid and Aunt Mil had five children - Mildred Elise ("Lisel"), Helena ("Duck"), Ethelwyn ("Thweeny"), Gideon Jr. ("Bo") and Beatrice Ann ("B-Anne"). As is evident the Gideon family were great on nicknames for everybody. Bo was just six months younger than I, and we were constant playmates throughout our teenage years. His name for me was "Jake".

The Gideon house, "Deep dene" was a regular place for Sunday afternoon coffee when most of the Boericke's in the general area met. It was also a regular place to hold the Boericke "bunch" meetings which included a sit-down dinner and skits and songs that the adults planned and executed. Every Christmas there was a Boericke family dinner party with venison shot a couple of weeks before by the uncles on Uncle Gid's farm in Maryland.

Here I should point out that these "Boericke Bunch" get togethers were a continuing result of the Boericke children regularly entertaining grandfather at Malvaruh. Grandfather had severe arthritis (in those days called "gout") and was confined to a wheelchair, so the children cheered him up by giving him impromptu skits and singing songs - mostly German folk songs. So all of this was continued for many years, for their own, and their children's, pleasure!

I also heard a story from Jim Junge just recently about one of Dad's skits he fooled his father with during these family entertainments. Jim's grandmother, my Aunt Malvina, told him this. It seems that Dad dressed up as a girl, and appeared from a beached canoe one evening as the daughter of a new neighbor across lake Keuka. He joined the group of children for the evening's entertainments and was never recognized by his father although the children were all "in the know" and supporting his act! It seemed that when the party broke up late in the evening, Dad left alone in the canoe he had come in. Grandfather gave Uncle Gid hell for not taking the young lady home across the lake! This shows the keen sense of humor Dad always displayed!

Then came Dad who was the survivor of a pair of twins - John and James. One of them died soon after his birth, hence both names were given to Dad. He used to recite a poem about this with a heavy German accent. It went as follows:

I'm a broken hearted Dutchman  
Bot iss filled mit grief und shame.  
I tell you vat de trouble iss,  
I doesn't know my name!

You tink dat very funny, eh?  
But when you da shtory hear,  
Yon vill not vunder den so much  
It vas so strange und queer!

Veil dere vas me and me brudder,  
Und ve looked so much alike  
No vun knew vich from de udder.  
Veil vun of us died!  
Ya, mien herr, dat is so,  
And vedder it fas me or me brudder,  
My mudder she don't know!

So dat iss vat de trouble iss  
I can't get troo my head,  
Vedder I iss Hans vat's living  
Or de Jacob vat iss dead !

Dad started out after school working at Boericke and Tafel for a few years, during which he obtained a degree in Pharmacy from the University of Pennsylvania, with the plan of continuing in the family business.

However, when Uncle Gid and Uncle Harold approached him about starting Primos Chemical Company, he realized that this could offer an opportunity for a more rewarding future, as Uncle Felix was slated to be the ultimate successor at B & T .

So Dad, as previously mentioned, went to Germany to learn their method for making sulfuric acid, and became the head of the laboratory and the plant operations at Primos.

Uncle Harold was the youngest of the original Boericke clan. He graduated as a Mining Engineer from Lafayette and immediately took his bride, Aunt Irma (Tafel) to Colorado where he was managing the Primos Chemical Company mines at Leadville and Telluride. Their two daughters "Ray" and Betty, were born in Colorado. Their son, Harold Jr., was born later upon their return where they lived on Latches Lane in Merion.

I think this completes the genealogy of my father and mother's family as far as I think is appropriate to these memoirs.

The earliest vivid memories I have, seem to start when I was four years old, with my first summer spent in Southwest Harbor, in Mt. Desert Island off the coast of Maine. Dad had rented the Clark Cottage for the summer. This was right next to The Claremont Hotel's tennis court and we all had our meals at the Hotel. I very clearly remember climbing up on a big eight or ten foot high granite rock on the beach in front of the hotel and sitting there drinking in the beauty of the water and mountains behind Northeast Harbor across the opening to Somes Sound, the only fjord in the USA.

Our trip from Philadelphia to Southwest Harbor had started out by train from North Philadelphia to New York. We then boarded a night boat from New York to Boston - spent the day sightseeing in Boston - boarded another night boat from Boston to Rockland, Maine arriving there at six AM. Then we got on the smaller steamboat "J.T. Morse", a side wheeler with a "walking beam" on top to transfer the power to the side-wheel crankshaft. This was a day boat that crossed Penobscot Bay to Vinal Haven on the island of the same name. It then went "down east" stopping at Stonington on Deer Isle, Bass Harbor on Mt. Desert and then Southwest Harbor where we debarked. It was just a short walk to the Clark cottage and the Claremont Hotel. Our luggage and several trunks were picked up and delivered to the cottage by the hotel truck.

That first year, at least, grandfather Schoff was still alive and he and grandmother were living in the hotel for the summer. Grandfather had graduated from Cornell University as a Civil Engineer, and his first job when he graduated involved surveying the railroad right of way for the Bangor and Aroostook railroad which was about to be built there in Maine. During some time off from the job, he visited Mt. Desert Island and fell in love with Southwest Harbor. When he married grandmother and started raising a family, they all spent summer vacations at the Claremont Hotel which opened in the early 1880's. At some point, he and grandmother bought a five acre plot which encompassed Clark's Point - one of the most beautiful spots on Mt. Desert Island. While grandfather was still alive, he and grandmother could never agree on where to build a summer home on this property. Grandfather favored having it on high ground near the hotel, while grandmother wanted it near the rocky point and small sandy beach right on the water. I think it was around 1924, when grandfather had recently died,

that grandmother had her way and built an "Aladdin" pre-fabricated house (one of the earliest such houses) where she wanted it - near the water. She named the property "Ledgemeer" and that is where I spent at least a part of the next fourteen summers.

In order to keep this biography more or less chronological, I think it would be useful to continue some of my summer experiences in Maine going back to the days when we went there by boat. I think this was probably only about three years (1919-1921).

When we spent the day in Boston, we checked in to the Copley Plaza Hotel (Dad called it the "costly pleasure") arriving in time for breakfast. I remember ordering baked beans without even looking at the menu. It seemed obvious that in Boston they would always be available. However, the waiter informed me that they were only on the menu on Saturday! Our sightseeing in the city was probably rather diverse, but the only thing that seems to remain in my memory was a visit of Paul Revere's birthplace.

In those early years when we were still staying at the Clark cottage, and for some years thereafter, the hotel employed a native captain who had a thirty foot launch available for hire. He also was the major domo of the hotel boathouse right next to the hotel dock. Milton Capen, that was his name, was actually not a native born Maine man. He was of a good Boston family and a graduate of Harvard, but decided to live in Maine and earn his living there. Dad rented his services one day a week to take our family and usually a dozen or so friends from the hotel on an afternoon tour of the many islands within ten or fifteen miles of Southwest Harbor. We also used his services to take us on picnics to some of the islands - usually Great Cranberry, Isleford, or Baker. The latter was only occupied by a lighthouse which was a regular stop when there. Baker island also has a very large flat granite rock where we usually had our picnics - most people called this rock the "dance floor". In landing at Great Cranberry Island, it was desirable to plan landing in "the pool" when the tide was right. This would provide debarking at the Hamor House, a private house that served tea and home-baked goodies. From here also it was only about 1/4 mile walk to a good picnic spot on the rocky open ocean side. One year there was a wrecked coal barge her to poke through. When we visited Islesford (also called Little Cranberry), the chief attraction was the Sawtelle museum which had many photographs of the early inter-island steamboats and shipwrecks. This island also had a fully manned coast guard rescue station, and if you picked the right day you could watch them drill with life boats and bristles buoys to rescue crews from wrecked ships.

Mt. Desert Island is unique in that it has a chain of mountains all the way across its 24 mile diameter. So one of the frequent day's pastimes was to pack a lunch and climb one or more of the many mountains. One of the early adult achievements used to be to climb the entire chain of mountains in one day. Very few men managed to do this, but my Uncle Leonard claimed to be one who did. I climbed, I believe, all of these 17 mountains at one time or another and some many times.

For boating, besides Capt. Capen's launch, there was Capt. Fred Stanley. He was a native fisherman who cleaned and painted his Friendship sloop to take up to 10 summer people for afternoon sails when the weather was nice. At age 6 or 7, I experienced my first few exposures to sailing and I well remember that I didn't like the way the wind tipped the boat. Also my discomfort was increased by having the mast break one afternoon. Fortunately for all on board, the wind carried the whole rigging overboard without touching any of the passengers (many were old ladies) who were sitting in the rather large open cockpit of the sloop. Capt. Stanley hauled the mast, boom and sails aboard and tied them along the gunwale, and we proceed home on the big old "one lunger" engine. Capt. Stanley also had a fine baritone voice and was the lead baritone in his local church choir. Often his boat passengers would encourage him to sing a few well-known hymns. Dad also frequently entertained passengers with his harmonica!

I should mention here that after the early days of only taking steamers to Southwest Harbor,

there were a number of years when we were staying at grandmother's "Ledgemeer", that the accepted way to get there was the "Bar Harbor Express". This train started in Philadelphia and for several years terminated at a dock - Mt. Desert Ferry - on Frenchman's Bay where the passengers then boarded a steamer ("Norumbega") which went across the bay to Bar Harbor. From there it was necessary to find transportation by jitney to Southwest Harbor. After a few years, the Bar Harbor Express terminated in Ellsworth and limousine's went from there to the various Mt. Desert villages.

## **"Malvaruh"**

We didn't always go directly to Maine for the summer. For several years, we would spend a couple of weeks at "Malvaruh" on lake Keuka in New York state's grape growing section. I mentioned before that this was grandfather Boericke's retirements home which he built on "Three mile point" on the western shore of the lake. Grandfather at this time was an invalid with severe arthritis which confined him to a wheelchair. There was nothing senile, however, about his brain and he enjoyed managing a large grape vineyard (I think about 60 acres) sloping up from the shore, and paralleling a beautiful glen with a forty foot waterfall, ending in a series of cascades to a short creek alongside the residential part of the estate. Grandfather during his remaining lifetime, managed this operation quite successfully, selling his grapes to Pleasant Valley Wine Company in nearby Hammondsport and the Urbana Wine Company located almost next to Malvaruh's vineyards. Both of these wine companies are still in business as of this writing (1987) and sell their Sauterne and Champagne under the names of "Great Western" and "Gold Seal" respectively. The founders of these wine cellars were of French extraction and came to this part of New York state because the climate and soil there is very similar to the champagne district of France. Also the grapes grown here were originally imported from France, and the methods of aging the wines were the same as those used for hundreds of years in France.

During "prohibition" (the Volstead Act) which the U.S. Congress passed while our service men were mostly fighting World War I in Europe, my father and his brothers bought much of the Union league Club's liquor cellars, so they were pretty well fixed in the early days of prohibition for liquor supplies. I helped Dad make home brew beer in our cellar in Merion, which was perfectly legal as long as it was not sold. Dad also arranged to have barrels of grape juice shipped to Merion by Pleasant Valley Wine Co. The wine company representative came periodically to check on how the wine was maturing in the barrels and, at the appropriate time, they brought bottles and bottling equipment in and bottled the champagne (which it then was) and applied a label saying "Private Cuvee from the cellars of John J. Boericke". That was enjoyed for quite a number of years thereafter by both family and guests. As these operations in our Merion cellar took place several years later than my story chronologically, this is sort of a diversion from my story of Malvaruh, but some of it started with the contacts the family had with these wine makers.

To return now to my young days at Malvaruh, I should describe the estate as I remember it. The main house was a large two story affair with many rooms as it had to accommodate a family of 12 plus a few servants. I think by the time grandfather retired and moved there, Frank and Malvina were already married and raising their families, but the rest of the brood was very much a growing and busy family. I should probably also mention here another uncle - Rudolf, who was drowned by accident at Malvaruh. He and Uncle Ed were in a rowboat on the lake with the family Newfoundland dog "Mike" on Christmas day. The dog became excited and tipped over the boat. Of course the lake was very cold with much floating ice. Uncle Ed made it to shore but Rudolf didn't. The dog came home nearly a month later with its tail between its legs. I believe Uncle Rudolf was about 21 years old then. Uncle Ed would have been several years younger.

The house itself holds many nostalgic memories for me. The interior was all vertical tongue

and groove 2" wide boards of a mahogany color, I don't know what the actual wood was but it had a very nice and distinctive smell as soon as you walked in. This was probably accentuated because it was closed up for all but the summer months. Another smell that was evident was from all the kerosene lamps. There was never any electricity in the house even after the service was immediately available along the road that went through the property. It was always the grandchildren's jobs to clean all the lamp chimneys and refill all the lamps every morning.

Another recollection I had of this house was that every window was bordered with small variously colored glass panes. This was typical of many large homes in New York state built in the "gay nineties".

Other smaller buildings on the estate included an 8-holer outhouse (4 men and 4 women). Next to this was an ice house where the lake ice from the previous winter was buried in sawdust. Across a footbridge over the glen creek was a fairly modern looking summer house raised a few feet above the lake shore. This was built by the three aunts and was where they spent most of each summer. Across the lakeshore road and overlooking the glen was a rustic cabin called "Loon Attic" that could accommodate about four teenagers for the night.

There were wide paths of water washed slate gravel from the beaches which were nearly all made of this. The slate pieces varied from 1/2" to 2" and were about 1/8 to 1/4" thick. They were very smooth from the wave action of the water and made wonderful skipping stones.

Two of the paths ended at a large dock constructed of vertical piles at two corners about 25 feet apart, and horizontal piling between these and the shoreline. The whole wood structure was then filled with large stones and beach gravel. This rugged dock would accommodate the small lake steamer that stopped here regularly all summer until it went out of service around 1925 or 26. Our mail and trunks and other express shipments were delivered by steamer from either Hammondsport or Penn Van on the North end of the lake which was also where the train came in.

In the early days we went by train to Lake Keuka. It was an overnight trip arriving at Penn Van early in the morning. We then would take a rented jitney down the west side of the lake about 24 miles to Malvaruh. I remember one time when we arrived at Reading Terminal a little too late to catch the train, Dad phoned a Vice President of the railroad who he knew, and had the train held at North Broad Street station until we got there. I suspect that the man Dad called was Ezra Hyde Alden, our Sunday School Principal who also was a Vice President of the railroad.

Malvaruh had two beautiful mahogany lapstroke rowboats and a matching canoe designed for sailing. There was also a larger old rowboat that was powered with one of the first Evinrude outboard motors that everyone referred to as the "kicker". This was because the flywheel had a wood knob on top that if you didn't let go at just the right time, it would kick back and crack your knuckles. Most of the trips I took in this boat, we would wind up rowing home! It was not very reliable power.

In those early years at Malvaruh, I learned to swim principally with help from the aunts who only knew the breast-stroke and side stroke. When we could swim around the dock, we were allowed out alone in the rowboats as long as we stayed within about 50 feet of the shore. We, of course, soon learned how to row and paddle the canoe. Sailing the canoe came much later, and I don't believe I ever made it all the way across the lake - about a mile - without going over at least once. The canoe had a sealed-off cockpit and air compartments at both ends. Across the cockpit gunwales was a sliding seat to provide windward ballast, and it had two bat-wing sails - fore and aft, a tiller to the rudder, and a telescoping brass center board. Usually I tipped over backwards when the tricky lake wind suddenly let up. It was fairly simple to right the canoe and bailout the cockpit, but one still had to paddle it home as the wet sails would not permit sailing it home.

Another activity on the lake that is worth recording here is the fact that Glen Curtiss, the pioneer airplane designer, had his first factory at Hammondsport. For several years, we saw his flying

boats being rested up and down the lake. He was the first anywhere to build flying boats.

I think Malvaruh was left to all of my aunts and uncles. Probably they shared the maintenance costs, as I felt that all of them were free to be there at any time during the summer months. When I was eight or nine, Dad bought an inboard powered lake boat and a new boat house was built to house it, and also to store it out of the water during the winter. It was named "White Swan" and a suitable pennant was made showing a white swan against a blue background. The boat was rather slow, but with a sufficiently large home-made aquaplane, one could be pulled behind it. I remember once when I was foolishly riding it with my feet forward of the rope to make it submarine, it dived too deep and I was swept back by the water with my knees locked under the rope! My entire life to date went through my mind as I started to drown! Fortunately someone in the boat noticed my predicament and rescued me.

When we were at Malvaruh we always had a daily brief worship which would include a couple of hymns as well as readings from the Word. Every afternoon, the adults had coffee at a clearing near the beach. The children could join them if they were only seen but not heard.

Bugles called for the events of the day - Reveille, swim call - morning and afternoon and taps when the flag was lowered. All of the uncles could play the bugle well enough to harmonize when there were two or three playing. Also, occasionally, they would take the long straight coach horn down from the living room wall and use them for the calls instead of bugles. Lunch and dinner were announced by the big farm bell outside the kitchen pantry.

I was told many years later by Pat Schanck whose family had a summer place directly across the lake from Malvaruh, that they and many other summer people set their watch by our bugles or bells.

I was at Malvaruh for the very elaborate 4th of July celebration several years. The uncles chipped in to buy a large supply of fireworks from firecrackers and snakes for the children to many rockets, roman candles, pinwheels and an elaborate "waterfall" of white fireworks strung between the dock and the big elm tree on the point. The rockets and other night displays were all set off by the uncles. I will never forget when one rocket fell off the wooden launcher and chased Uncle Ed around the dock and into the lake! Red, white and blue paper ribbons were wound around all of the porch railings and strung across all the paths.

In the afternoon, a paper hot air balloon was sent up and the prevailing wind from the west would carry it out across the lake. The balloon itself was about 6 feet high and there was an aluminum tray under it on which a fire was built to provide the hot air to send it aloft. Usually, care was taken to build a fire that would only last about a minute or two so that the balloon would land in the lake and the fire would be quenched. But once, either the fire was too big or the wind was too strong and the balloon landed well up the steep, wooded hill on the other side of the lake and started a small fire. Fortunately the local residents put it out before any serious damage was done!

## **"Camp Uucas"**

When I was nine years old, I was sent to Campus Uucas on a small lake west of Kent, Connecticut. This camp was owned and operated by the same people that owned Camp Ponemah which was a girls camp at the top of a hill above the lake. Uucas was on the lake shore but the swimming facilities were shared by both camps. It was designed for the girls' little brothers with the idea that if any of the little brothers got homesick, their sisters were just up the hill. The idea may have been good, but I was homesick and I don't remember ever seeing Dedie at all.

After four weeks (half of the camp season) and many blue letters home, I was rescued by Mom and Dad and spent the rest of the summer in Maine. There was one activity at Uucas that was on the plus side - I learned to swim the crawl and back stroke, and I learned to dive.

## "Camp Marienfeld"

When I was ten, I went to Camp Marienfeld near Chesham, New Hampshire and within sight of Mt. Monadnock. It was situated on a high hill above Silver Lake. Brother Fred was there both years that I was there and we saw each other fairly frequently. Of course I was a Junior and Fred was a Senior, but while our activities were different, there were plenty of events that involved the whole camp. The camp was owned and operated by "Uncle Shorty" Shortledge who was headmaster of a wee-known private school in Connecticut. I don't remember the school's name as I was never there.

My first year at Marienfeld I was principally interested in Nature Study, and Clay Modeling (the latter under a handsome young Greek instructor named Mike Deresis). Marienfeld had hundreds of acres of untouched forest which offered plenty of opportunity to see unusual birds and animals, as well as acres of open fields for butterfly collection. I had a cabin buddy by the name of Eustis Poor who was equally interested in nature. In clay modeling, I remember executing a rather good tiger and firing it in the kiln. I brought it home and had it in my collection of things until the Merion house was sold. I also remember that "Uncle Mike" Deresis invited some of his pupils to join him in daily Greek coffee. You could almost stand a spoon up in the little demitasse as it was so strong.

I think the first year I was Marienfeld, the juniors took a fairly short "long trip" by bus which led to climbing a few nearby mountains, including Monadnock, Chocorna and Kearsarge. Of these, Chocorna stood out as an unusual climb. The majority of the trail was loose shale and each step taken involved sliding back a half a step. The trail was also consistently steep.

The second year I was in the oldest "junior" cabin and my activities that year changed significantly. I had some previous horseback instructions around home, but that summer I really took advantage of Marienfeld's fine stable of about thirty horses. We started out mostly in the ring where I gained real confidence in the saddle after one of the horses shied and I fell off. I found that you can falloff a horse without suffering anything but a little loss of pride!

From that time on I rode every day except Sundays and the week of our "long trip". I managed to get a permanent assignment to my favorite horse called "Rockaway". He was so named for his willingness to canter most of the time the other horses were trotting (a slow canter) or galloping (a fast canter). I also was among the 15 or 20 selected to fake a moonlight ride to Mt. Monadnock where we "paddocked" the horses for the night and took turns keeping watch and sleeping. We climbed Monadnock in time to watch the sunrise, and rode back to the camp in time for dinner.

Our "long trip" that year took us to the White Mountains where we had plenty of opportunity to climb several. The first night we spent at a small farm near Mt. Kineo. We had an early breakfast and climbed Mt. Kineo, Mr. Liberty, and Mt. Haystack. These three are in a close sequence that ends up at Lost River which is a fascinating experience itself! The trail through lost river is mostly under very large boulders and in some places, only small people can go through "the lemon squeezer". In another place, the guide has to take each person by the hand and swing him around a slanted rock with water beneath. In another place there is a "pot hole" about ten feet deep with a "pot stone" in the bottom where the water had whirled it around until it became about the size of a basketball perfectly smooth and spherical. This pot hole had been left perfectly dry after the river receded mostly underground.

The next day we arrived at the base cog railway station for the Mt. Washington railway. We decided that rather than using a trail which roughly followed the cog railway, we would walk all the way up the railway ties! We started out in reasonable weather, but by the time we were about halfway up the mountain, it started to rain. At one point, a few of us were caught on a trestle

over a ravine when the only train we saw came up behind us. We had no choice but to scramble down one of the trestle supports to the ground -about 20 feet below! As we continued to climb, the rain got harder and we were, of course, soaked to the skin! A little breeze as well didn't help much to keep our body heat up! We finally made it to the top where there is a sort of restaurant as well as a "live-in" U.S. Weather Station.

We were very well-treated and given towels to dry off and blankets to put around us until our clothes had been dried off in several loads in the weatherman's clothes dryers. I think we were also given hot soup and after a couple of hours no-one was any worse for the experience. The rain stopped about mid-afternoon, and we may have established some sort of record going down the automobile road on a dead run to our bus which was waiting at the end of the road!

## "Camp Riverdale"

My fourth and last year at camp was at Camp Riverdale at the north end of Long Lake in New York's Adirondack State Park. It was named for and owned by the headmaster of Riverdale Day School in Yonkers, New York. The owner was called "Big Chief".

There was no road into this camp from the main highway and little town of Long Lake. Thus, we all learned to paddle canoes the first day of our arrival at Long Lake. The camp had enough Old Town canoes for everyone in the camp to be afloat. The major part of these were 75 lb., 3 man canoes or 85 lb. "torpedo" canoes. There were also three big 8 person "Indian war canoes" that weighed close to 300 lbs. It was a ten mile paddle up the lake to camp. Our foot lockers and other baggage were brought up the lake in two good size barges powered by outboard motors.

Our counselors, of course, were all good paddlers and it was surprising how quickly the neophytes learned to paddle so they could keep it up all day, with the wind or against it.

After arrival we soon settled into our big 8 man tents. These were set up on raised wood platforms and were quite snug. By this time I qualified as a "senior" camper at 12 1/2 years old. This had its privileges but, as I learned later, also some disadvantages. -r

The first few days were spent with swimming tests to classify all of the campers as "minnows", "bass", or "shark". I qualified as "shark" and within a week also passed my canoe test which involved paddling the canoe alone to an island the camp owned about 1/2 mile from the shore. There we tipped the canoe over upside down - got under it and by rocking it and lifting at the same time got most of the water out, flipped it over right side up and paddled it back to camp. Successful completion of this test qualified the camper to go out in a canoe alone, but normally there were two campers in a canoe.

The camp was located quite close to the Raquette River which empties Long Lake to the north and after entering a draining Tupper Lake and another large dammed lake eventually empties into the St. Lawrence River near Massena, New York. This was an excellent river to practice some modest "white water" canoeing and learn to portage the canoe upstream around the rapids.

About four miles downstream from Long Lake, there was a deserted logging camp. It was decided that the "midgets" would be canoed down to this camp for a picnic using the three camp "war canoes". As seniors several of us were picked to help the counselors in this activity. Actually, I think there was one senior and one counselor in each canoe. In this case, as the war canoes full of the youngest campers were too risky to shoot the rapids, we had to undertake about a half mile portage both down and back around the rapids. It soon became apparent that with the 300 lb. war canoes on the shoulders of one counselor and one 12 or 13 year old boy, the midgets couldn't even reach the gunwales of the canoe to share any of the load. This proved to be the disadvantage of being a selected senior canoer.

While water sports were the major activity there was also a good nature study program in which I won a prize for the best fern collection. I also was a regular member of the camp band. I played the saxophone.

Sometime during this summer, I got a dose of impetigo on my face that kept me out of the water for a week or 10 days. The standard treatment for it in those days was removing the scab daily and painting it with either silver nitrate or gentian violet - not a very pleasant process. On another occasion I slid down a rock on the seat of my pants and buried a porcupine quill in my bottom deep enough for the doctor to have to lance it out.

Our long trip at Riverdale was principally by canoe, and only by bus ;' toward the end. There were about 20 canoes with two people in each, our instruments for those in the bank, and backpacks and blankets as we would be sleeping outside the whole way. We paddled down the Raquette - past where the Cold River joins the Raquette and on beyond about 15 miles altogether to a landing near the highway where trucks were waiting to take our canoes and gear to Upper Saranac Lake. We hiked there along the highway. At Upper Saranac Lake portage landing, we loaded up the canoes and paddled across Saranac Lake - through a canal that joined Upper and Middle Saranac Lakes, and then across Middle Saranac to our first camp area. The paddling that day across both lakes was dead into a strong East wind, and if we had not already learned to feather our paddles at each stroke, we did that day!

That evening and the next evening our band and chorus entertained the tuberculosis patients at the Saranac Sanitarium and the Trudeau Sanitarium. We enjoyed a good and welcome dinner at each. Medicine has made some significant progress in conquering the dreaded tuberculosis which supported sanitariums such as these! In passing these sanitariums a few years ago, I noticed that one of them was no longer existent and the other was now treating patients with other lung problems such as emphysema and cancer.

The third morning we broke camp bright at--early and climbed Mt. Ampersand and Mt. Seward with our back packs. That night we camped at leantos on Cold River, well named as we found out when we took a dip.

The next day still with our back packs, we climbed Mr. McIntyre and Mt. Marcy (the highest mountain in New York State). We finally completed our two days of mountain climbing and were met by a bus in Keene Valley that took us all to a beautiful private estate overlooking Lake Placid. There we enjoyed another excellent dinner in exchange for which we entertained the estate owners and many of their friends. We camped that night on the lawn and returned by bus to Long Lake where our canoes were awaiting us for a return paddle up the lake.

This camp was a very different and interesting experience, and lead to my interest in spending several summers much later at Tupper Lake and seeing a little more of the Adirondack area.

I was fortunate in getting home from camp just in time to have my appendix out. It had not bothered me at camp at all, but flared up as soon as I got home.

## "Schooling"

I spent the first four years of my schooling at Lyman School, a small private school on Lancaster Pike between Wynnewood and Ardmore. This little school in an old main line residence catered to boys and girls and not only taught the three Rs, but even introduced its students to a little French, and read to us regularly from Homer's Iliad and Oddesey. I well remember that we were taught reading and spelling by word families. I also remember that I had trouble with spelling and got some tutoring at home that must have worked because I never had a problem with spelling from that

time on.

Lyman School also had access to a lovely little natural pond right across Lancaster Pike from the school. One of our teachers would take us on frequent tours of the pond and point out all the water life that we could observe - water spiders, pollywogs andtroggs, salamanders, etc. I think I started my enjoyment of nature study here!

Following Lyman School, I went to Haverford School for two years. Ralph and Fred were already there, but were several grades ahead so I didn't see them much. I don't remember what I did to achieve as many demerits as I did at Haverford, but it kept me busy almost every Saturday morning serving off 12 demerits (3 hours of supervised study).

I took the train (Paoli Local) from Merion to Haverford and back every day. The school was only a couple of blocks walk from Haverford Station, but our house in Merion was about twice as far from Merion Station.

I remember the headmaster at Haverford was "Buck" Wilson and the assistant headmaster was "Bob" Clothier. I seemed to see a lot of the latter both for any misbehavior and for rather consistently poor marks.

Eventually, by the end of the second year there, it became apparent to both the school management and my parents that I and Haverford School should part company. However, there was one outstanding course that, whether my marks in it were good or not, I am sure I learned and retained a great deal! This was "Wiggy" Wyckoffs course in English grammar. We spent most of the year learning the parts of speech and "parsing" sentences. I know that that course had a great deal to do with my having some natural writing ability, and my having rather a fetish for criticizing those who didn't at least speak acceptable English!

After my questionable two years at Haverford, my parents thought they would give Episcopal Academy a try. Since this was only eight or ten long blocks from our Merion house, I could easily bicycle there and home. I was still in Junior School at Episcopal under the redheaded Reverend Lucas (Greville Haslam was the overall school headmaster).

Interesting enough, the Reverend Lucas (I forget his first name) had a large and beautiful summer home just at the foot of Flying Mountain at the south end of Somes Sound on Mt. Desert Island. The name of his place there was Petite Pre, and it was where a Jesuit colony was first established soon after the French discovered the Maine Coast.

Even though I left Episcopal after only one year, I did enjoy a cordial relationship with Lucas during quite a few later summers in Maine.

My principle home room teacher at Episcopal was a little, very English man with the title of Lord North. He insisted that we all learn and say every morning the Athenasian Creed. Being a New Churchman I resented this! By the way, Lord North was my "principle" home room teacher, because the school couldn't seem to make up their minds which of the classes I belonged in, sixth or seventh grade. I think this probably had some influence in my parents deciding that Episcopal Academy was not the answer to my education either!

Therefore, I finally wound up in the Lower Merion Public School System in which I finished my secondary schooling. I started with seventh grade (a repeat year) at the Merion Grammar School, and then went on to Lower Merion Junior and Senior High Schools in Ardmore.

At Merion Grammar School, I made a very good friend - Taylor ("Tay") Brown. For some reason we were picked (perhaps because we both always rode our bikes to school) by Mrs. Rohrer, the school principal, to take the weekly savings account deposits to the Narberth Savings Bank. The seventh grade and maybe the sixth as well were encouraged to open individual savings accounts and make weekly deposits as a matter of establishing good monetary habits. Because sometimes Tay and I took the rest of the afternoon off when we had made these deposits, we would get in dutch with Mrs.

Rohrer. I remember she would get so worked up over this that she would end up crying. I guess there was still some Peck's bad boy in me, but Merion Grammar School at least didn't have a demerit system so Mrs. Rohrer didn't really seem to have much way to punish us but have us write suitable sentences on the blackboard. I never thought that that form of punishment was very effective!

From Merion Grammar School, I went on to Junior High School - then eighth and ninth grades. Here we had a real martinet by the name of Ezra Snow as the principal of the Junior High School. He was noted for enforcing strict discipline in that establishment, and as a former college boxing champion, he was known to sometimes carry his discipline to corporal punishment. For this age group of students, it was probably justified at times. At any rate, just by observation, I soon learned here that it paid to obey the rules, and I never personally had a run in with Snow.

In Junior High I didn't do too badly with my marks except for Latin and French. Latin I flunked my first year exam twice and dropped the subject. French I continued to struggle with and got some tutoring on the outside from my "Aunt" Betty McGeorge, Aunt Mildred's sister.

I also took up soccer and gymnasium more or less seriously. My favorite gym equipment was the flying rings. Following in brother Fred's footsteps, I became pretty good at this.

L.M. Junior High also had several Votech type courses - Automechanics, Machine Shop, Electrical Shop, Tinmakers Shop, and Print Shop. I think in the two years I was there I managed to get all of these courses because they were only two to three months each. I recall working on rebuilding a Dusenbergracer in Automechanics. This belonged to one of the teachers. The four cylinder L- head engine had cylinders that were about 10 inches in diameter!

There was also a band where I started playing the saxophone, and a chorus which I sang in. The chorus one year put on a minstrel show, and I was one of the end men singing a duet with one of the girls - probably my first exposure to the female sex. It didn't take too long to learn however!

It was Junior High that I first met and got to be very good friends with Don Esty. This went on even after he went to Deerfield for the last couple of high school years. Since his family also had a summer home on Greenings Island just across from grandmother's summer place at Southwest Harbor, this friendship went on all summer where we really saw more of each other than we did at home!

It is worth noting here that Don's mother was a Colton. And her father owned the eastern end of Greenings Island with the big house, two boathouses, three small summer cabins, an ancient timber sided swimming pool and a tennis court. Also sharing this property was Don's mother and father's summer home, a small log cabin that was Don's summer residence with a separate bedroom for a guest (which Don often had visiting), and his father's "library and study" which I learned later was also his father's bar-room!

Don and his sister Mildred were adopted by Robert and Mildred Esty who had no children of their own. The other member of the family was Gordon Wilkinson who was "Jack of all Trades" for the Esty's. He could do anything from running and maintaining the cars and boats, to plumbing, electrical and cabinet making. He also acted a little like an older brother to both Don and his sister.

The Colton estate also had a small fleet of boats. The largest was a 45 foot yacht that spent several years in the boathouse and was eventually sold by the Colton heirs. The Colton workboat was an old double ender with an ancient one-lunger engine. Then the Esty's had a 30 foot launch, the Hippoglossus (latin for the popular Haddock fish), a Cape Cod 18 foot sailboat, and Don's mahogany sea sled with a 25 HP Johnson Outboard. It would do close to 45 MPH! Then Don's uncle, Ralph Colton, who came up and stayed in one of the cabins for several summers, had a large wooden ketch with brown dyed sails called the Half Moon. The last summer he was there, he was working on the old one-lunger auxiliary engine in this boat, when the exhaust manifold blew off the engine and hit his head killing him!

During this period of time and starting when I was about 13, I had bought a second hand 4 HP

Johnson twin outboard which I put on a rented Claremont Hotel rowboat. This would at cruising speed do about 10 nauts (nautical miles per hour), and with charts and a good compass which Capt. Capen lent me, I became quite competent in navigating all around the area in dense fog which was quite frequent summer weather. I think I had this arrangement until my last year of high school when I sold that outboard for only a little less than I paid for.

Don Esty and I were together almost every day during these summers, either playing tennis, or taking local girls to the public dance pavilion at "Dreamwood" or going to the weekly wrestling matches, also at "Dreamwood".

Gordon [Unknown] also took us in the "Hippo" on a camping trip to the island of Placentia about 10 miles to the south. The weather report from the Coast Guard Station at Southwest Harbor warned us of an oncoming Nor-Easter, but that wouldn't deter Gordon or three teenagers. We arrived at Placentia before the weather really started to deteriorate. We anchored the boat off shore and took all our gear in to the beach in the dinghy. We set up our two pup tents and piled into them just as the rain started and the wind rose to about 30 MPH! We very soon found that the steep bank up from the beach became a waterfall and soon was a couple of inches deep in our tents! That, coupled with the fact that there was no shelter from the northeast wind for the boat which if the wind got any higher would probably drag its anchor, dictated that we should as quickly as possible pack up and go home!

The seas were already getting rough enough that we couldn't all safely go in one trip in the dinghy. Thus, we had to make trips and face both another landing on the exposed rocky beach and another take-off and transfer of gear and people from the tossing dinghy to the Hippo! All of this was a real test of our seamen's skill!

When we finally upped the anchor and got under way dead into the wind which now was about 40MPH and kicking up 6 to 8 foot seas, we noted that the engine thermometer was showing a bit too much heat. So Gordon shut the engine down and added a quart of oil while we were tossed sideways in the wave troughs. That was no fun! However, when we got going again into the wind, everything seemed to be okay, and when we cleared South Bunker Ledge and Flynn's Ledge off Seawall, we had some lee protection in the Western Way from Cranberry Island!

We decided we didn't want to admit defeat by the weather by going back to Don's place, so we went on to the Rock End harbor at Northeast Harbor and tied the boat up at the dock there. Then we walked about 1/2 mile still in pouring rain to the garage where the Esty's car was kept. We then drove up to the North end of Mt. Desert to a Motel just before the bridge over to the mainland.

We got out of our wet clothes and somehow got them dry enough to put on again in the morning!

When I was about twelve years old I met John Hough who was a friend of Kent Ehrman's. John was in his late thirties and worked for the Portland Cement Association in Chicago where he lived. In his capacity with the association, he traveled extensively in the U.S. and Canada as his primary job was to promote the use of reinforced concrete construction for bridges, highways, and buildings.

Soon after I met him, he proposed that I join him for a trip out to see Kent and the other Ehrmans in Colorado Springs, and plan to climb Pike's Peak while we were there. Since John had also been a scout master in his earlier years, my parents seemed to feel comfortable about his ability to lead us in such an adventure.

I should also mention that Aunt Louise had died a few months before this trip, so this would also be an opportunity to see where the Ehrmans lived, and meet Uncle Edgar who had never come East as far as I know.

The Ehrman's house was not very large, but there was room enough for us to stay there. It was on the outskirts of Colorado Springs to the North, and looked West to Cheyenne mountain. Behind the house to the North was a hill high enough to block off the view of Pike's Peak which otherwise would

have been visible.

The first night we had dinner at the Broadmoor Hotel - famous for its big ice skating rink even back in those days - about 1927. Today it is still one of the major ice rinks for figure skating contests every year!

I guess it was the next day that we assembled ourselves for the mountain climb -John Hough, Kent, little Bobby (I think about 10 years old) and me. We drove a few miles to Manitou Springs. From there, the first leg of our trip involved a relatively short ride in a cable car to a hilltop about 500 feet above Manitou Springs. From there on we walked up and down several ridges eventually winding up in the late afternoon at "half way house" at the foot of the final steep climb to the top of the peak. We had been told that half way house would be open and serving dinner and breakfast as well as having accommodations for the night. Apparently the information was in error! It was locked up tight, and completely deserted!

We each had a full canteen of water and had packed a lunch of several sandwiches, fruit and a couple of chocolate bars. We had, of course, expected to get both dinner and breakfast at the half way house, so we faced rather slim fare for the remainder of our climb the next day. We also did not bring blankets or any other sleeping gear! Fortunately we each had a little of our lunch left which we pooled and rationed equally. We also had plenty of water.

For spending the night, we found a couple of old mattresses on the porch that were probably being discarded. We also found plenty of wood which we collected from the nearby forest and piled in an area we deemed safe for a fire.

We arranged the mattresses, started a fire and assigned 2 1/2 hour watches for the night. It was wise that we did so because soon after dark there were a number of coyotes gathering around us! Their eyes glowed all around from the reflected firelight! They were probably more curious than dangerous, but it did become necessary to occasionally throw a fire brand at one or another when they got uncomfortably close! Also, we were not sure whether there were any wolves in the area!

Early in the morning, we finished most of our leftover sandwiches and fruit, but saved the chocolate bars for energy needed on the trail. We hit the trail soon, as we still had about a six hour climb ahead of us.

When we got to about ten or eleven thousand feet, we were under rather constant observation by marmots (woodchuck size rodents) which followed us for some time. I don't know whether it was just the altitude (Pike's Peak is 14,109 feet high) or whether the skimpy food could have been a contributing factor, but before I got to the top, I had a good case of altitude fever - actually exhaustion and a steady headache and a pounding heartbeat. We finally made it, however, and set down at the restaurant on top about noon for a much needed meal! That also seemed to overcome the altitude fever.

Uncle Edgar had driven his car up the road and we were driven down and home by him. It was quite an adventure!

A day or two later we, were all driven to another mountain which was a favorite spot of Aunt Louise's for its lovely view to a whole range of the Rockies to the west. There, we helped Uncle Edgar hollow out a rock for Aunt Louise's little jar of ashes, filled it with cement, and mounted a small bronze tablet in the still wet cement.

When I was eleven or twelve, I started attending dancing classes at the Merion Tribute House - a beautiful memorial to World War I soldiers. These classes were taught by a buxom little lady - Mrs. Dewar. As I recall these classes continued for three winters and toward the end I was old enough to appreciate the girls I met and dated some of them. This also carried over to the many dances scheduled by the high school fraternities and sororities. By this time I was old enough to have my driver's license and was dating fairly steadily on weekends.

Having mentioned earlier the outstanding English grammar course I had at Haverford, I should

also mention a couple of outstanding courses at Lower Merion Senior High School. The first was Mr. Nash's course in Trigonometry.

The first day he had us design and make at home a simple little wood device for measuring angles of altitude. He then took us out in front of the school and pacing off a distance from the base of the flagpole, we sighted the angle with our home-made alidade - went back to the class room and using the trigonometric tables calculated the height of the flagpole! That simple little introduction to trigonometry aroused my interest in the subject immediately and the rest of the semester we had trigonometry, I enthusiastically developed all of the logarithmic tables and formulas in notebook form which I used for years later as a draftsman! The other course that, I found particularly interesting was another one-semester course in Zoology. We were allowed to proceed with this course at our own pace, and another student and I completed the four months of assignments in about six weeks. The teacher had quite a job keeping us busy for the other two and a half months, but he did find enough projects such as animal dissection and special study assignments to keep us interested.

My senior year at L.M. High was when our basketball team took the state championship! Of course everyone followed the team to every game on the way up. The last game was with Sharon High School - and was played in Pittsburgh. I took a carload of students out to Pittsburgh in a model A Ford. In those days that was an all day drive up and down the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. Also, we stayed at the downtown YMCA in Pittsburgh for the night and we really experienced the air pollution that was rampant in those days from the steel mills. The final game, however, was worth it all as we won the state championship!

A quite traumatic event occurred the day before I was scheduled to go on the senior class trip to Washington. Dad had a heart attack while walking from the Union League to Philadelphia Suburban Station! He was declared dead at Hahnemann Hospital! I was home when Mombie got a phone call from a policeman at the hospital! We, of course, all went into shock as we knew that Dad did have some heart trouble, but were not prepared for a sudden fatal event like this! I remember Uncle Gid walked in the front door about two hours after the phone call. He had read of Dad's death in the evening paper on the train out from Philadelphia, and had gotten off the train at Merion instead of Wynnewood and walked to our house!

My graduation from Lower Merion in 1933 took place six or seven weeks after Dad's death. It was only a short time after that that Mombie, Dedie and I were taking the train to Fallon, Nevada for Dedie's marriage to Andy McCandless. Audy, Fred, and his recent bride, Gabrielle Hopkinson-Evans were already there for the wedding having driven to Fallon from Round Mountain.

It should be remembered that this year of 1933 was still in the great depression which followed the horrendous stock market crash of 1929. Jobs were very hard to come by for young college graduates with no job experience. So Dad, through his mining connections, managed to get Fred and Andy their first job in a gold mine in Round Mountain, Nevada. This town was located half way between Tonopah and Austin, Nevada - about 60 miles from each. It was the only inhabited town (other than ghost towns) along this 120 mile gravel road! It supported about 1000 inhabitants, most of whom worked in the Round Mountain gold mine - a few worked their own separate gold claims, and the rest ran the service stores, bars, and gas stations to serve the town inhabitants. There were a few dozen Indians in town and they had to be watched by the local sheriff pretty carefully because if they got hold of any local moonshine, they often started shooting sprees and had to be rounded up and put in the little jail rather quickly before someone was killed.

Round Mountain was about 500 feet high and right next to the town. It was just to the west of the Toquima Mountain Range and the edge of Big Smokey Valley. Here the valley was about 12 miles wide and across from Round Mountain is the Toyabe Mountain Range. Both of these ranges of mountains had mountain peaks within sight of the town that were 10,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level.

level and snow covered most of the year. The desert valley itself was about 2500 feet above seal level so although it would get to about 110 degrees F in the summer during the day, it would cool off considerably at night. The humidity was so low that you could take a handkerchief out of water and flip it in the air a few times and it would be bone-dry! Very few town residents owned electric refrigerators. The usual means of keeping food was in home-made "desert coolers". These were refrigerator size wooden frames covered with burlap and with a burlap covered "A" shaped top that a petcock would drip water on such that all of the burlap was kept wet all the time. With the low humidity illustrated above, the interior would stay at about 50 degrees F from evaporation of the water on the burlap!

Most of the houses in Round Mountain were little more than frame shacks with "balloon" ceilings (cheesecloth covered with wall paper) in various rooms. Hot water in the summer was provided in most of the homes by a steel boiler mounted on the rood and heated by the sun. In the winter most of the houses were heated by a pot-belly stove in the living room which would use either wood or coal when that was available and affordable. Winters were bitterly cold!

Having described this gold mining town of Round Mountain, I will now return to the events which took place in the railroad and farming town of Fallon after our arrival on the train. The chief product of Fallon, which was even smaller than Round Mountain, was "Heart of Gold" cantaloupes raised by most of the little farms surrounding the town. It was a real treat to eat a few of these picked ripe from the farmer's vines!

We all stayed in the one small motel in town and spent one night there before the wedding. I remember at the little bar-restaurant where we went for dinner, Andy put a dime in the "one arm bandit" (they were all legal in Nevada), took his hat off and held it under the coin return, and pulled the lever. Believe it or not, he hit the jackpot on one play and almost filled his hat with dimes!

The next morning we had breakfast at the same place and while Dedie was getting into her wedding gown we drove around the town - it didn't take long, but we met the sheriff when he complained about our backing up in traffic!

There was no one in sight when we backed up a few feet to turn off on another street, but the sheriff seemed to need to find some excuse to exercise his authority over these darn Easterners!

The little wedding took place right after lunch in a little church - I don't remember the denomination - but it may have been the only church in town. The two couples (Andy and Dedie and Fred and Gay) left for Round Mountain by car right after dropping Mombie and me off at the other railroad station to take our luggage and ourselves to Tonopah where we would be picked up by Fred with our luggage later that day after he dropped the rest off at Round Mountain.

The train ride from Fallon to Mina was rather uneventful although it was interesting to travel in an old wooden coach (complete with pot-bellied stove for winter comfort) and pulled by a quite antique locomotive. At Mina, we transferred to another railroad, the Mina, Tonopah and Goldfield RR. This was a narrow gage track and the little string of small empty gondola cars were pulled by a Model A Ford car with small railroad wheels instead of highway wheels. Mombie and I were the only passengers and sat on a bench seat right behind the engineer. He entertained us with a running story of anecdotes of this railroad experience on the Mina, Tonopah and Goldfield RR, including a time when he was held up at gunpoint by bandits who were after fold bars they believed he was transporting! He said the railroad carried untreated gold ore in the little gondolas, but never accepted refined gold bars!

When we came to a long up-hill grade, the engineer had to stop the train a couple of times to add water to the radiator from a spring near the track or from a barrel full of water next to the track. He also slowed down near a couple of ranches to heave out the daily paper for the rancher.

After about a three hour ride, some of which was beautiful mountain and lake (Walkes Lake) scenery we arrived at Tonopah. Fred turned up at the Mizpah Hotel to meet us, and we had dinner

there before driving up to Round Mountain.

Dedie and Andy were already settled in their little house, so Mombie and I spent the rest of the summer with Fred and Gay who had two bedrooms. Fred and Gay had Bonnie who was a little baby then.

After the wedding in this part of the West, it was customary for the groom to put on a charivari (pronounced "shiveree") for as many in town as wanted to come. In Round Mountain, this party was thrown in the town hall as that was the only building big enough for a couple of hundred people. The groom has to supply the liquor - in this case bootleg corn whisky, generally called "panther pi--" in this part of the country! Usually the guests would bring cakes and whatever else the wives could make to eat. Music was supplied by an old upright piano which I wound up playing all evening because no one else would volunteer! My quite limited repertoire didn't seem to be noticed because by the time I got through the first round, most of the people were crocked enough not to mind the repetition. Everyone was dancing with everyone else and the form of dancing was quite different from anything I ever was at dances in the East. We called it the "Round Mountain Stomp"!

When the food and drink had run out, a small group of friends and acquaintances took the bride and groom on a "badger hunt". This involved a dozen or more cars led by one carrying the bride and groom out into the desert with horns and dishpans supplying enough noise to drive away any badger that might be unlucky enough to be in the desert!

The final action of this party was to have everyone leave their cars and lead the bride and groom on foot to "find" the badger. The large crowd of friends gradually disappeared and eventually the bride and groom found themselves quite alone in the desert and at least a couple of miles walk back to town. Fortunately, from anywhere within 10 miles of town in this "U" shaped valley, and with little vegetation but sagebrush and mesquite, anyone could easily see the lights of the town so there was no danger of getting lost! It was just a long walk back at night with most of the walk not on a road!

The next morning, I'm sure I was not alone in nursing a major hangover! This particular variety of bootleg whisky packed a terrific wallop!

Andy worked below ground in the Round Mountain mine. Fred started there too about a year before, but he had now been promoted to the mill foreman on the night shift. This may have been partly the fact that he was a graduate Metallurgical Engineer from Cornell. As a foreman, Fred was in position to show me not only the mill operation, but also the gold refining lab and the hydraulic mining operation above ground.

The stamp mill that Fred was in charge of at night was the accepted way of extracting the gold from the gold bearing ore in those days. Basically, this mill had four batteries of stamps - six stamps to each battery. The batteries were all belt driven, each from a belt and clutch on an overhead shaft running the length of the building. This master shaft was driven by a high horsepower electric motor. Each stamp consisted of a ten foot high by 4" diameter solid iron shaft with a removable cast iron shoe on the bottom. This was lifted by a cam on the rotating shaft of each battery and then allowed to drop about a foot onto the ore which was gravity fed from a large hopper at the top of the mill and fed over a cast iron bed in each battery that caused the ore to be crushed very fine by the stamps. The finely crushed ore formed a slurry with water that was added and the slurry ran down a mercury covered sheet of steel. The mercury having a very high affinity for gold, built up a gold and mercury amalgam on the sloping steel sheet. About once a week the mill was shut down long enough to remove this amalgam from all four batteries and send that to the refining lab. The batteries then had to be re-coated with fresh mercury before starting the mill again. The stamp shoes would also wear down until they cracked and fell off the stamp, requiring closing down a battery to replace any other cracked shoes as well as the one which had broken. This shoe replacements involved heavy work as

each stamp requiring a new shoe had to be jacked up high enough to put the new shoe in place.

When the refining lab received the amalgam scraped off the steel "beds", they heated this mixture in a large retort which drove off the mercury as a vapor. This was then chilled by water cooled coils and returned to its original semi-liquid form for re-use. What was left in the retort was a pure gold "sponge" which was then melted down in a crucible and poured into a standard gold ingot. These ingots were about three inches long, three inches wide, and about 1 1/2 inches high. Each ingot as I recall weighs about 40 pounds. This would be 640 ounces this at \$32/ounce (the government frozen value of gold in 1933) would make each ingot worth about \$21,500. Naturally these ingots were kept in a large safe in the carefully guarded refining lab until they were picked up by an armored truck about every two months.

In addition to underground mining, there were hydraulic operations going on in the early spring of each year when there was plenty of water available from the spring snow and ice melt.

The town of Round Mountain as well as the mine operations got its water from a dam high enough on the Toyabe mountain range to provide gravity feed both for the town and the mining operations. The twelve mile pipeline extended across the valley from the dam to the town holding tank and to a holding tank on top of Round Mountain. Near the bottom of the mountain on the south side, there was a large gravel area which had a fairly high gold content from runoff from the mountain. This gravel area was the site for a 4 inch diameter monitor nozzle which was fed by a surface 4" fire-type hose from the mountain top tank.

The monitor was mounted on heavy oak skids so that it could be moved around by tractors to daily-altered sites. The powerful water stream was played on the gravel bank by manually aiming the nozzle on its skids. This washed down large quantities of gravel to a 12" wide wooden sluice box which had wooden cross strips to retain mercury in each "riffle". Again the mercury captured all the loose gold by amalgamation. The sluice box sloped down from the gravel pit a distance of about 60 or 70 feet.

Generally this hydraulic mining operation could only go on for a couple of months at most before there was insufficient water to support its continuing. However, it was both an efficient and very cheap way to recover substantial quantities of "free" gold!

After the tour of the mine operations, I spent another week or so touring the area in Fred's '28 Model A roadster. About five miles north of town in the valley there was a small cattle ranch with a swimming pool fed by a sulfur hot spring. For one dollar, this facility could be enjoyed by anyone and, in the winter, it was the most popular way for the villagers to take a bath!

Above the town to the east, there was an attractive picnic area on a little creek and effectively shaded with tall aspens.

Across the valley to the west was a favorite picnic spot at the edge of the town's reservoir. I had decided to pack Dad's .38 Smith & Wesson revolver which I carried when I was either in the mountains or the desert. I figured it might be protection if I unexpectedly encountered a mountain lion, and if I saw a rattlesnake (sidewinder) in the desert, I would skin it to make a belt. As it turned out I never saw either, but one time at a picnic at the reservoir, some of the natives were kidding me about the gun. They didn't think an Easterner would know how to do anything with it. So I looked around for something to use as a target and spotted a knot in a stump about 50 feet up the mountain from where we were. I aimed at it and somewhat to my own surprise, I knocked the knot right out of the stump. It was probably about as much luck as good marksmanship as this revolver was not a target pistol - it only had a three inch long barrel. However, no one kidded me anymore after that and, of course, I never offered to demonstrate my marksmanship again!

Another rather interesting side trip that I took was to the ghost town on Manhattan. This was a gold town that died when the mine there petered out. It was about 20 miles from Round Mountain and

in the next valley to the east. There were about twenty old frame buildings and tumbleweed had taken over! No one lived there anymore and inspection of a few of the buildings didn't reveal any souvenirs worth taking.

Several times during the summer, we drove the 60 miles to Tonopah and back to see a movie. Nobody thought anything of this as, without any cross roads and with very little traffic, this drive was quiet easy. The only things to look out for was whether a sudden rain shower filled a dry creek bed with water. These dry creek beds were normally just dips in the gravel road, but if they were waterfilled, it was very easy not to notice until you hit them at 60 miles an hour. The other hazard that the driver had to watch for was herds of wild mustangs.

While we were there, one car from Round Mountain was stampeded by a herd of these wild horses, and both occupants of the car were killed!

After about ten days, Fred asked if I would be interested in working just for the experience in a local prospectors mine. I said I would so I started with a man whose name I don't remember anymore, but he worked an exploratory mine shaft while his brother supported both of them working at Round Mountain mine. This operation was within easy walking distance of Fred's house. It consisted of a horizontal shaft in a hill just to the east of the town. The shaft had been blasted in about a hundred feet and the rest of the summer - a couple of months - I helped extend it in another 12 or 15 feet.

The daily operation involved carrying the dynamite and caps into the shaft (these explosives were never left at the mine). It was interesting that the mine owner always carried the dynamite in and left it to me to carry in the small box of caps and fuses. I wondered about this so after a week or so I asked him why he always carried the dynamite. He said that dynamite was much safer to carry than the caps which in some ones pocket could go off accidentally or by a short wave radio signal and blow a leg off. He backed up this reasoning by tossing a stick of dynamite in the forge fire where it just burned like punk!

The first operation every morning was to "muck out" the blasted mine face from the charge of the afternoon before. This involved both of us shoveling the material into a two wheeled cart (usually two or three cart loads) and wheeling it to a short vertical shaft which had been sunk down from the horizontal shaft about half way in. Sometimes in the process of shoveling out the material, enough trapped gas from the dynamite would be released to give us a headache. It was then necessary to get outside where we could breathe clear air and wait a few minutes before we went back in to finish the job.

After this, we spent the rest of the day "single jacking" ten new holes in the quartz face. "Single jacking" is drilling holes with a flat, single edged tool steel drill about a foot long by one inch diameter, by repeated blows from a 5 lb. maul in the right hand. Between each stroke, the drill was turned about 1/8 of a turn. Each of the ten holes were about 7" deep which is the length of a stick of dynamite. Because space to work at the mine face would only accommodate one person at a time, we took turns single jacking. Believe me, two months of this developed my right arm biceps very noticeably!

When all of the holes were drilled - usually about 3:00 PM, we slit each stick of dynamite with a sharp knife, crimped the 18" fuse into the open end of the copper cap (with great care), and inserted the cap into the slit in the dynamite. Each stick of dynamite was then shoved into a drilled hole (and again very carefully tamped into the hole with a wooden tamp so that no sparks could be generated!

The fuses were then all lit and we would leave the mine carrying the unused dynamite and caps out with us again. The eighteen inch fuses gave us plenty of time (about 5 or 6 minutes) to walk out of the shaft and we would hear the blast a minute or two after we got out.

The next thing was to sharpen all our drills - we took about 6 drills in each day. A portable hand cranked forge was lit and with another 5 pound maul we reshaped and sharpened the drill edges and retempered them by reheating them and dunking them in water until they had a straw color

appearance.

While one of us sharpened the drills (I learned to do this very quickly) the other one panned some samples of the ore we had mucked out to see if we were still seeing any traces of gold. To do this, we ground up the ore samples using a mortar and pestle until the granules were quite fine. This was then placed in a sloping sided frying pan (usually without a handle) and adding water periodically, the ground rock was gradually worked to the surface and washed out of the pan. Any gold granules that were present -because of the heavier weight - would be left in the bottom of the pan after rinsing all the rock out. Iron pyrites (fools gold) sometimes is left and one soon gets to recognize the difference between this and real gold. The real gold has a slightly more copper color. Here again, however, sometimes a piece or two of the copper detonating cap will be left when panning. This can usually be identified by the fact that it is sheet metal and retains some such shape, whereas gold would be shaped like a small nugget.

I was allowed to keep the gold grains I panned and I still have a couple of crucible-melted nuggets of pure gold from these!

The prospector I was working with and his brother jointly held a string of six "quartz" claims which was all they were allowed to have. Each claim is 60 acres, so six total 360 acres. He suggested that, in case their mine paid off, and in case the vein of gold they hit ran east and west, I should claim another string of six claims to the east and contiguous to his string. This I did and continued to own them for several years as W.W.II created a moratorium from the government on the annual requirement that to maintain ownership of the a string of claims, the equivalent of \$1,000 be spent each year on the claims. The equivalent was digging 10 cubic yards of dirt, stone or quartz. This I did the first year only to establish my ownership. Incidentally, a lot of what I was digging was quartz laced with pure molybdenum! This in itself might have been worth developing my string of claims, but I never got back to Nevada in later years, so at the end of W.W.II when the \$1,000 requirement was reinstated, I lost my ownership. It was interesting though to go through all the mechanics of pacing off the claims, setting up center markers and corner markers, and going to Tonopah to register the claims!

The last time I happened to be in Tonopah, I met an old man at the hotel who asked me if I would like to take over his turquoise claim! He said that due to the great depression which we were still experiencing, there was no market at all for turquoise which was principally used by the local Indians to set in silver jewelry. He said he didn't expect to live long enough to make his claim worth working again. He drove me just a little way out of Tonopah and showed me where his claim was. He also gave me a large canvas bag full of turquoise he had taken from the mine. I brought this home and gave most of it away over several years, but, again, I never got back to Nevada to see if the claim was still there and available to re-register.

Toward the end of September, Mombie and I packed our gear and Fred drove us back to Fallon to get the train west to Oakland on San Francisco Bay! There we were met by Dr. Charlie Boericke who drove us to their house in Berkeley up near the top of a hill with a wonderful view of San Francisco across the bay and where the sun sets in the passage out of the bay known as Golden Gate. In 1933 the Golden Gate bridge had not been started. The piers for the Oakland-San Francisco bridge across the bay were just being started.

As I recall, Mombie and I spent a couple of days with Charlie and Margie at their beautiful home. Charlie's father was William Boericke, cousin of grandfather, who started the Boericke and Runyan homeopathic pharmacy. Charlie married Margie Boericke who as earlier stated was one of Frank's children who had been raised by the aunties. So Charlie and Margie were second cousins. At the point I should also mention that Arthur Boericke, another of William's sons, was the manager of the Boericke and Runyan pharmacy in San Francisco. We also saw Arthur and his then wife Deet (Edith). Deet soon after was divorced from Arthur and later married my brother, Fred, when he had divorced

Gay.

After this short visit, Mombie was ensconced at a nice hotel on the hill behind Oakland. There she could look over the bay to San Francisco. I went down to Oakland Municipal Airport where Boeing School of Aeronautics was located. This airport is directly across the bay from the larger San Francisco airport which is the main air terminal for all of the San Francisco bay area.

Boeing School of Aeronautics was one of about three leading flying schools in the U.S. as of 1933. The other two were Parks Air College in St. Louis and Casey Jones School on Long Island. Of course, that does not include the Air Corps School at Kelly Field, Texas.

Having determined from the time I was about 12 years old that Aviation was going to be my main career, I looked into all three flying schools and settled on Boeing as it was also the main source of pilots for United Air Lines which was also founded by Bill Boeing.

My thinking at that time was that I would probably get into aviation (at least to start with) as an airline pilot, but Boeing offered 9 months of intensive engineering classes as well as the flying instruction leading to a Transport License, so, as I didn't feel that I was college material for an Aeronautical Engineering degree, Boeing offered the next best training to get started.

Boeing School occupied the northernmost of three large hangars at Oakland Airport. When I went in, I was immediately ushered into Mr. A. F. Bonnallie's office. He was the Ground School and Business Manager. He welcomed me and after filling out some forms for their records, he briefed me on several boarding houses in neighboring Alameda that catered primarily to Boeing students. Of these I selected the "Boeing Club" which was run by "Ma" Carver. It housed and fed about 12 of us in double rooms.

Alameda is an island that is principally residential, but it does have a two block business area. It is only about a mile from the airport. At the other end of the island is a Navy flying field and the ferry slip to San Francisco. There also were several public tennis courts which I used more or less regularly for exercise.

Several boarders had cars so that a ride was always available to the airport mornings and evenings. After a couple of months though, I bought a Model T Ford for about \$35. It gave me more flexibility and for a few months supplied reasonable transportation and let me see more of the area than I would have otherwise. At one point, however, it burned out a connecting rod bearing when I was halfway to the stock car races near Santa Clara. I stopped at a farmer's house and he said for \$5 he would fix it for me. He went right to work under the car and replaced the bearing with a piece of bacon rind! Believe it or not that lasted until I traded the car in on a better 1929 Model A roadster when I was ready to come home.

The day after I got settled at the Boeing Club, classes started at Boeing School.

The ground classes included such engineering subjects as Mechanics of Materials, Aerodynamic principles and applications, Aircraft Power Plants; Aircraft Instruments and Navigation (including practice with the sextant); Communications Theory and practice (resulting in 3rd class Radiotelephone License); and such airline subjects as Air Law, Air Transportation business procedure, Airline Economy; Meteorology and Meteorography (weather maps), etc. We had four or five instructors, each a specialist in his own field. One of these who taught the engineering subjects was Wellwood Beall who became the Vice President of Sales and later the President of Boeing Aircraft Company.

Incidentally, unlike my high school record, I received eleven A's, sixteen B's and only 2 C's as marks for the three terms of ground instruction at Boeing! I have to credit my roommate for help on the engineering. He had an Aeronautical Engineering degree from Washington University.

The School gave courses for ground service personnel leading to a Master Mechanics License. These students did all of the maintenance work on the school's aircraft fleet under adequate supervision. We who were taking the pilot's courses also had some maintenance "hands on" practice as

well as some of the same courses the ground service people were given.

Our flight instruction started immediately. There were three flight instructors headed by George I. Myers, who later became Chief Pilot of United Airlines. My instructor was Leroy (Pop) Gregg, former Air Corps sergeant who was a non-com instructor at Kelly Field during World War I. I was the 1,000th student he had taught and as a result of this, Pop had several pictures of us taken professionally the day I soloed for the first time. I will mention here for the record that I soloed in just two weeks after starting dual instruction, with 6 hrs. and 46 minutes of dual instruction before my first solo flight.

The School's fleet of planes for instruction were as follows: -3- Boeing 203s (these were open, two cockpit biplanes powered by Wright J65 (5 cylinder, radial) engines). These were specifically designed and built by Boeing for use at Boeing School. They were very rugged, and had excellent flight characteristics for the required license maneuvers including precision spins.

One Stearman open biplane. This was preferred by most students for stunt flying as it was somewhat lighter on the controls - particularly the ailerons which were on both upper and lower wings.

One Stinson four place cabin monoplane. This was powered by a Lycoming seven cylinder radial engine and had landing lights, so it was used both for night flying and for cross-country flying.

One Hamilton-Standard single engine, (Pratt & Whitney 9 cyl. Wasp radial), 8 place all-aluminum monoplane. This plane looked a lot like the Ford Trimotor except it was smaller and single engine. This was used mostly for aerial photography as it had a camera mounted in the floor.

One Boeing 40 C. This was single engine biplane powered by one P&W Hornet engine. It was originally designed to carry 2 or 4 passengers in a small cabin, and one or two pilots in open cockpits. The version we had had two open cockpits and a cabin for 2 passengers. It was also equipped with a hood over the aft cockpit, for blind instrument flying practice. This model of airplane was the first one designed for carrying a limited number of passengers on the very early scheduled airlines. When I was at Boeing School, Boeing Aircraft had just introduced the Boeing 247 bimotor monoplane for scheduled airline use. It seated about 20 passengers and provided for a stewardess to serve simple meals and look after the welfare of the passengers. All stewardesses hired then were required to be RNs. While I was at Boeing School, the first Douglas DC-1 prototype flew up to our field and was flown by our instructors for comment on its flight characteristics.

We had a Boeing 80 trimotor biplane that had had limited use as an airline passenger plane. This plane was also equipped for blind flight training.

Another very popular plane we had was a Boeing 100 - the commercial version the P-12 pursuit airplane designed and in service with the Army Air Corps. This was a single cockpit, small biplane with a big 9 cylinder Pratt & Whitney Hornet engine. It was necessary to carefully watch the manifold pressure gauge, and limit the throttle on takeoff to about 1/2 the full engine power or this little plane would be likely to do a snap roll as soon as it left the ground because of the engine torque. This was a lot of fun to fly though, as it would do a lot of stunts that none of the other lower powered planes could do!

My flight instructor was quite typical of an Army Sergeant. He would get out his parachute straps and kneel on the seat of the front cockpit and looking at me through the windshield of the rear cockpit he would yell at me the whole time we were aloft through the speaking tube. In those days we didn't have sophisticated electronic intercom equipment built into our helmets. The speaking tube was a rubber pipe that ended in a Y with two tubes going to pads over each ear under our helmet. If the instructor couldn't get your attention by yelling, all he had to do was blow in the tube and you would pay attention!

It was standard procedure to wear parachutes in the open cockpit planes. We were all taught to

fold the parachutes and when we had completely packed a chute, we tested it by standing in front of a ground mounted engine and prop and pulling the ripcord. Unfortunately no one ever warned us that we would tear the soles off our shoes when the chute opened in the prop blast!

Our flight instruction was very complete! Every aspect of the final CM license tests were gone over and practiced until we were 100% sure we wouldn't have to repeat any of them for the final flight exam. Boeing School had the enviable reputation of never having a student fail his flight test by the CM inspector on the first test.

The transport flight test consisted of doing acceptable shallow, medium, and steep figure 8's around two pylons selected by the inspector. These were all done an altitude of 1000 feet which had to be maintained at all times within 50 feet. Precision spins were required of one turn, two turns and three turns. Spin recovery had to be within 15 degree heading of original heading at the start. Stalls and recoveries were required with wings maintained straight and level. Landings were required involving spirals of 360 degrees, 720 degrees and 1080 degrees each ending in a precision triangulation to a spot landing. Short runway side-slip landings were also required.

On June 11th 1934 (age 19) I took and passed the Transport Pilots test and received my Transport Pilots license #30379. The CM flight inspector was Jim Peyton. I had flown a total of 177 hours prior to the test. 175 hours of logged time was required to qualify for a Transport license.

Boeing had an unusual award for its flying students. It was a small bronze statuette of a winged jackass with a

[This is where these memoirs are ended (in mid sentence).]