Back When

The Story of a Youth Who Lived Through A Very Exciting Era in America

by Karl H. Inderfurth
Mystic, Connecticut
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My manuscript deals with my life as a young boy in Mystic, Connecticut and it is in tune with the United States during that time -- from horse drawn carriages, to trolley cars and locomotives, to automobiles and aeroplanes.

It's about a working farm, it's dairy, and chickens, and vegetables and how it was managed.

It's about a father who came to America from Germany as a textile engineer and became a farmer instead.

It's about a mother who came to America, as a baby three years old, who enjoyed her job as a clerk in a woolen mill, then became a farmer's wife. Mother had a slogan that simply stated: Life is like a sport which has a goal. It's up to you to find it and then work hard to make your goal.

The book is loaded with a true zest for living through a wonderful period of time, when life in America was rapidly changing.

The manuscript should have a large appeal to my peers since the story most certainly will carry them BACK WHEN.

K.H.I.
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To Fran

The one who has shown the utmost patience in the writing of this account of my youth -- who has been of unbelievable aid in the spelling and punctuation of the manuscript -- who has kept the faith that it would eventually be completed even though it did take one and a half years of arduous typing, research and rewriting -- who was always cheerful and loving during my difficult periods of writers block:

I do affectionately dedicate this book.
1. Homestead
2. New London Road Farm
3. Mystic Baptist Church
4. Mystic Drawbridge
5. Academy School
6. Railroad Station
7. Mystic Seaport Museum
8. Fishtown Chapel
9. Rossie Velvet Company

– map courtesy Barbara Reed
I.

THE HOMESTEAD AND MEMORIES

The homestead was a wonderful place for a boy to live and be brought up. Fresh air without pollutants; and where the sky in the spring and autumn at sunset would occasionally be fiery red, and Mother would say, "The angels are baking bread."

Where else but on your own farm could you have fresh vegetables direct from the fields; fresh milk, butter, cheese and eggs; poultry, veal and pork; berries, apples, peaches, plums and sweet cider.

I will always remember autumn, going down Inderfurth Lane and smelling the marvelous aroma of wild grapes; and seeing nature’s magic coloring of the leaves, especially on the maples. We had many white and black birch trees, and since they were springy, I often tried my hand at being Tarzan.

Another aroma was the great smell of new-mown hay. There were other kinds of aromas too - freshly spread manure and the occasional skunks.

I guess the only thing I missed was a brother or a sister to play with. But maybe I didn’t, I will never know.

I was born on Thursday, February 13, 1913 at approximately 11:30 p.m. The reason I know the time of delivery is that Mother often mentioned if I had waited thirty minutes more I would have been a Valentine baby. She often referred to that and the fact that the day after I was born a plane flew over the house, and that was a lucky sign for me.

In 1913, the house was equipped with a kitchen stove and a large stove in the dining room, both wood burners. The wood came from the trees we cut on our farm. We had no running water; there was a hand pump in the kitchen sink which pumped the water from our well. There was no electricity; therefore, illumination was from kerosene lamps, and for the outside, kerosene lanterns. We had no telephone.

We had a bathtub with claw feet, and Saturday nights were bath nights. The hot water was gotten by heating it on the stove. In the warmer weather we used the bathtub and in colder weather we bathed in a galvanized tub in front of the stove. There was no inside toilet, so these duties were taken care of with chamber bowls or pots at night when the weather was extremely cold. Otherwise, we used the outside facility. Mother often told me about the time I was 2-3 years old and I was using the outside facility. Unbeknown to Mother, a group of hornets had decided to build a nest therein. I was dressed in an undershirt and rompers minding my own business when the hornets decided to attack. They got into my rompers and shirt and really worked me over. Such yelling and screaming you never heard, all according to Mother.

Since the bedrooms were not heated, in cold weather we slept in our long handled underwear with several blankets topped off with feather beds. I can remember seeing my breath in the bedrooms. Summertime was different. We slept in night-
gowns; and even though we had screens set in all the windows and doors, mosquitos were available.

While I said we did not have electricity, we did have an engine house with a large engine, fly wheel and generator to produce electricity. However, it was always malfunctioning and more trouble than it was worth, so it was very rarely used.

The washing of clothes and other washable items was a real task for Mother, especially in the wintertime. I can remember her red and cracked fingers and hands caused by washing clothes. Mother would soak the clothes in the kitchen sink, then place them in the washtub filled with warm water (the same tub we used for bathing), and scrub the clothes with Kirkman’s soap over a wash or scrub board. She would rinse and then wring them out by placing each piece into a manually turned wringer, and then hang the clothes outside on a clothesline. This was okay in temperate weather, but in cold weather this was a real task for Mother, as the clothes would freeze almost immediately and become stiff as a board. Hence the wet clothes and cold gave her hands and fingers problems, and she was continually rubbing her hands with various creams.

The clothes I wore as a boy I have mostly forgotten, but I do remember some. For grammar school I wore mostly corduroy knickers, flannel shirts, underwear and either sneakers, ankle high shoes, or knee high shoes, depending on the weather. In warmer weather there were sailor blouses with knee length shorts, always in blue. And in winter, sweaters, sheepskin coats, mittens, caps which pulled down over the ears, long socks and long underwear. Work clothes were overalls. There is a picture taken of me, and I remember the day well because of the outfit Mother bought especially for the picture. It was a so-called Lord Fauntleroy outfit with a billowing silk bow tie. It was really for a dude, and I hoped my friends would not see me. George Tingley was the photographer - Mystic’s best. Pam, our daughter, has this framed photo. Rain wear consisted of yellow slickers, boots, rubbers and overshoes. To walk ice grippers could be attached to the shoes to give them better traction.

When I was somewhere in the neighborhood of four years old, we had a severe blizzard. So deep was the snow that it banked against the stone walls and crusted and froze. It was frozen so solid that I could walk right over the wall without climbing over. This was fun until one of the crusts collapsed when I was walking over it and I dropped into deep powdery snow from which I could not get out. I became panicky because I was suffocating. Fortunately, Dad had missed me and was looking for me, found me, and pulled me out. It had to be scary for me to remember this experience for this long.

Dad had somewhat the same type of experience right after he and Mother were married; only this experience was falling through the ice on the Mystic River, and water, rather than snow was the culprit. Mother was working at the time at the Mystic Woolen Mill, which is now the main building of the Mystic Seaport. Dad had taken the afternoon off to try his luck at fishing through the ice. The location he had chosen to fish was close to the woolen mill, and Mother could see him out of the plant's window. He cut two holes in the ice, each having a diameter of 2-1/2 feet, and
each hole about 5-10 feet apart. As he was pulling up a fish, the ice broke and Dad fell into the water. His heavy clothes and boots plus the current pulled him under the ice and he was out of sight. Fortunately, he saw the light spot where the other hole was, and by not panicking he was able to reach this hole and pull himself up onto the ice. Mother saw most of this happen and, though it was frightening, it was over quickly.

***

Prior to the United States entering World War I, there was considerable trade being carried on between Germany and this country, even though England and Germany were at war. England had blockaded the German access to the ocean and only German blockade runners and submarines with luck got through. One of the German subs which evaded the blockade was the Deutschland, Captain Koenig commanding.

The Deutschland created quite a stir when she put into New London and berthed at the State Pier to discharge her cargo of German Analine’s dyestuffs. Before the sub returned to Germany, the Captain and crew were entertained by various civic clubs. One of these clubs was the Mystic German Club to which Mother and Dad belonged. The club is still operating today. Naturally, we went when they came to the club in Mystic, and we met Captain Koenig, his officers and some of his crew. I don't remember too much, but I do remember I was a holy terror, running around and generally disturbing the peace. The next day, Mother and Dad visited the U-Boat, but without me.

America entered World War I on April 2, 1917, and suddenly America changed for people of German ancestry. No longer were they considered patriots and Americans, but rather possible spys and Huns - a label given them by the press. Mother was an American citizen, since she was only three when she arrived in the United States. Dad became a naturalized citizen on February 26, 1910. He once told me it was the proudest moment of his life. The country enacted the draft, and Dad signed up. The hysteria and macho to take on Kaiser Bill was overwhelming at first; but as this subsided, the people realized that most of the German-Americans were truly for an American victory, and relationships got better.

When America entered the war, many of Dad’s milk, egg, and produce customers no longer bought his products. It was rather hard for us, but as time progressed most of them came back.

I remember the day when Dad was called by the draft board to appear - since he took me along on his milk and egg route, before driving the horse driven wagon to the town house. I stayed with the wagon until Dad returned. He was not taken at this time and was classified as having an essential occupation, married, and a father. The war was over before he again was to be reclassified.

Mother and Aunt Theresa organized knitting clubs to knit socks and sweaters, roll bandages and sundry other items for our Doughboys. They also had rallies for enlisted men where they helped serve doughnuts and coffee. Mother and Dad also
bought Liberty Bonds.

At first, the children of German parents were treated harshly by some of their teachers and especially by their peers, taunting us with names like Heine, Hun, Dutchman, German bastards, Kaiser; and beating on the smaller children and ganging up on the bigger ones. Again, this situation got better as the war progressed. The Chairman of the School Board, Dr. Allyn who delivered me, had a daughter, Lucia, who was in the sixth grade when I was in kindergarten. She took a special delight in taunting me and pushing me into muddy areas and gutters. Nice kid, a real friend.

During the war I saw a picture of a cavalry trooper on a white horse carrying an American flag. Gee, we had a white workhorse and a small American flag! So, I asked Dad to put a bridle on Nellie, which he did. We did not have saddles for our workhorses, but I rode bareback quite often. Mother gave me the flag to carry and everything went well. I guess I even sang "Over there, over there; the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, and we won't come back till it's over over there", which was the popular song of the war. I decided to gallop and get the flag to fly, but my legs were not long enough to get around Nellie in order to steady myself. Therefore, my galloping was very short lived, and I ended on the ground, knocked out. Fortunately, our troops did better. In regard to the song, I don't think I sang it; but it was a popular song during the war. I had to put it in somewhere, and this looked as good as any place to mention it.

***

After World War I Dad's business increased and it became necessary to build a new barn to house the additional cattle, and also a new chicken house for the laying hens. Along about this time the modernization started on the house.

First a telephone line was brought in from New London Road and run down Inderfurth Lane. Dad had to pay for the telephone poles as well as the stringing of the telephone wire up to the house, and the wire itself. The type of phone service installed was a four party line, and the phone itself was hung on the wall. To get the operator a small crank was turned, and when the operator was reached, she would say "Number please", and then would ring the number you asked for. The telephone was a great delight for Mother, since she could get to the outside world without walking or driving the carriage.

There were disadvantages to a four party line since the phone rang whenever any party of the four on the line was called. Each party had a ring number, such as 4481 - ring 1, 4481 - ring 2, 4481 - ring 3, and 4481 - ring 4. So there was always some confusion and a lot of listening to conversations. There were also problems getting to use the phone, since some people were long winded. A Captain Fish was on the same party line as we were and when he wanted to use the phone and other people were talking, he would bang a wash tub until the people got off the line. Telephone operators were well known to each user. They would give you the correct time, take wake-up calls any time of the day or night, and sometimes even give the current
news and gossip, also the weather forecast.

Since Dad had the telephone poles put in and paid for, the next logical addition was electric power. Again, he had to pay for the wire and stringing it. We had some beautiful lamps which I am certain would be very valuable today, but they are gone. The electricity was used for many things: pumping water to all our buildings, making it possible to install a flush toilet and have running water in the house, and having automatic fountains in the barns for the cattle and horses, etc.

The next to be added for our comfort was a furnace. Since the dining room was located pretty much in the center of the house and the furnace was hot air, a large rectangle was cut out of the dining room floor. An iron grate was placed over this cut, and the furnace was directly under the grate and connected by flues. The furnace was coal burning and adequate to heat most of the rooms.

With the advent of electricity Dad was able to hatch chickens in our basement. What a pleasant noise to hear, the baby chicks chirping after they came out of their shells. I think we had three or four incubators, each having a capacity of 100 or more fertile eggs.

About 1922 Dad bought his first automobile, a Ford two-passenger delivery truck. The truck bed could be removed and a small trunk could be placed in its stead for family outings, but this was rarely used. Ford motor products were called Lizzies, and ours was painted black, which I think all of them were. Lizzie was our pride and joy, since it opened up a new dimension. We could travel to New London, Westerly, Norwich and quickly visit relatives in the evenings and Sundays. No more horse drawn carriages. Dad's milk and egg route could be covered in a quarter of the time.

Lizzie was great. The car had some interesting features for the times. Magneto instead of a battery, hand wind shield wiper, foot brake and clutch, but the emergency brake was operated by hand. There were wooden spoked wheels with tires and inflatable tubes. On the steering wheel shaft were two levers, one for feeding gas (accelerator) and the other for spark. In order to start Lizzie, the gas and the spark had to be set in exact positions. Then came the exciting part - cranking the motor by hand. This was a man-sized job sometimes, since if the spark was advanced too far and you were cranking, the motor could backfire and reverse the cranking motion, causing many sprains and even broken wrists. Many men wore wrist supports when cranking, as did Dad.

When we got the Lizzie, Dad had a bridge built over the stream on Inderfurth Lane. It is still being used. In 1983, it seemed to be as good as ever.

The family had some excitement when a motion picture company came to the Brown farm to do a picture called "The Old Oaken Bucket." The Browns were
neighbors of ours and they had a well which fitted the script. We got to see the actors. Boy what fun. There was a song at that time which went something like this: "The old oaken bucket, The old oaken bucket, The iron bound bucket, The old oaken bucket that hung in the well."

I suppose on this song the picture was based. It never became as famous as "A Birth of a Nation", one of the most famous motion pictures of all time. Mother and Aunt Bert took me to see it in New York.

***

I had a number of friends, but Malcolm McDonald was perhaps my best friend in grammar school. He often came to the farm and we played such games as follow the leader, which could get hairy. I remember once Malcolm and I went trout fishing at the Cheeseboro Pond. We were not having much luck so we decided to play 'follow the leader on the big ice house Cheeseboro owned. It was three stories high with long entrance gangways, each about 8-10 feet high. One would drop from one gangway to another when playing follow the leader if you were lucky enough to catch the gangway below you. So, we were playing and Malcolm was the leader. He missed the gangway below and dropped straight down about 20 feet. He was badly shaken but walked home. There it was discovered that he had several broken ribs.

Mother decided that I should learn a musical instrument, and it was mutually decided that violin would be the instrument for me. Mr. Grinnel, a former violin player with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, was my teacher at first, and then Frank Noyes, a former music professor at the University of Nebraska, became the lucky one.

Frank had a younger brother about my age and we planned that I should bring my pony, Jennie, over one day so he could ride her. The Noyes lived at Poquonock Bridge, four or five miles from Mystic. When I took my lessons I walked to Mystic and took the trolley car to Poquonock and back. However, when I visited Frank's brother I rode there on Jennie. He enjoyed riding her, and fortunately on this day she was in one of her better moods. After riding, we decided to play follow the leader, and I was the leader. On the property there was a large ledge, and I thought I could climb down its sharp slope. I slipped and fell to the bottom, about 25 feet I guess, and was knocked cold. I came to and after a while I rode home. No bones were broken, but I spent several days in bed. Severe bruises were with me for quite a while.

You could play follow the leader under many different circumstances: diving off schooner masts, skinny dipping at dockside in the Mystic River in visible areas, skating on thin ice until someone fell in, holding a sledge hammer to your nose with one arm, etc.; etc.

One Sunday when I was about 14 years old, the family drove to Narragansett Pier, and while Mother and Dad went shopping I went in swimming. The breakers were not too high, but there was a strong undertow. One of the breakers broke on me and smashed me to the bottom. I could not break the suction for what seemed a long time,
but at last I did. I got out of that water fast! I never told Mother or Dad about this episode.

Another incident I did not tell them about was the time we all went to Aunt Theresa's for a Fourth of July picnic. I guess I was about 10 or 12 years old. We had the fireworks, including a few firecrackers which were left over after the sky rockets and sparklers were spent. It was okay for me to shoot the firecrackers, but if they did not go off when lit and thrown away, I was cautioned NOT to go up to them to see why they did not explode. Well, I threw several which did not go off until I got up to them. For days I had a film over my right eye and could not see very well, but the problem finally cleared itself up.

Halloween was a special time for kids in Mystic, but since I lived on the farm away from town, I only heard of the exploits of Halloween from my friends, what they did to windows, cars and outhouses. This was before the time of tricks or treats. The outhouse stories were especially bold, since three or four boys could push them over. Occasionally someone would be in it when this was done.

Once when I was about 12 years old, I was allowed to go to a Halloween night in Mystic. Mother gave me a long stocking filled with flour with which I could hit people, getting their clothes all white, and running after the attack. It was fun until our group went to one of the local barber shops to paint their windows with chalk and whitewash. Unbeknown to us, four of the barbers were inside with all the lights out. When some of our group started on the windows, the door of the shop flew open and out charged the barbers, with brooms and fists flailing. Boy oh boy, did we get beat up! Forget Halloween.

***

During the prohibition years Dad had his own still to make his own whiskey, and a big crock behind the kitchen stove to make his beer. About all of Mother and Dad's friends had similar methods of beating the crazy prohibition act, for their own use, of course.

Bootlegging, the art of selling liquor illegally, was a booming business, and should you want whiskey all you needed to know was a bootlegger, and he might even deliver it to you. One favorite sales method of a bootlegger was to stand on a corner wearing an oversized coat filled with bottles of booze which could be bought from him on the spot.

The good whiskey was brought into the United States by fast speed boats, fishing trawlers, sail boats, etc. which met the supply ships twelve miles out in the ocean. There the contraband was picked up and brought to a pre-determined spot to be picked up by trucks for distribution. Fortunes were made in this business by respectable people, but it was also the real big beginning of organized crime.

I can remember being awakened many nights at our home by the sounds of the Coast Guard firing their guns while chasing speed boats in Fishers Island Sound. Fishermen would frequently, as would anyone else with a boat, find many cases of whiskey floating in the sound the next day after some boat about to be caught had
thrown the evidence overboard.

There was a famous case of the fast boat "Black Duck" making her way through Fishers Island Sound with her contraband. The Coast Guard gave chase and the "Black Duck" did not stop, whereupon the Coast Guard fired and killed the entire crew. I have forgotten the details, but the "Black Duck" stayed tied up in New London for a long time.

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As indicated previously, Mother and I went to New York on various occasions, and if we did not stay in the homes of friends or relatives we would stay in hotels. What I remember was that on each floor, depending on the number of rooms, two or more people were stationed 24 hours a day to be certain that only those with keys (these were obtained by only registered guests from the room monitors) could get into the room. This eliminated crime and the opportunity to commit Hanky Panky.

Mother's sister, Aunt Bert Kallenberg, and her husband, Herman, lived in New Rochelle. So did her brother, Fred, and his wife Nell and their two daughters, Marie and Corrine. My only two cousins. I have not seen them since 1950. I do not know what has happened to them since complete contact has been lost between us.

I spent many happy times in New Rochelle during summer vacations from grammar school. Uncle Fred was addicted to major league baseball. Each Saturday and Sunday and once or twice during the week we would go to see the Yankees or the Giants, depending on who was in town. The Yankees had Babe Ruth, L.F.; Lou Gehrig, F.B.; Bob Muesel, R.F.; Earl Combs, C.F.; Tony Lazzeri, S.B.; Mark Koenig, S.S.; Jumping Joe Dugan, 3 B.; Benny Bengough, C; and a fine pitching staff including Waite Hoyt, Herb Pennock, Wilcy Moore and others. Boy, was it great -- especially when they played double headers. The Giants also had some stars: Rogers "Rajah" Hornsby, Mel Ott and Freddie Lindstrom were my favorites. But all in all, the Yankees were my team.

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We had four black families living in Mystic -- The Wilsons, the Sebastians, the Davises and the Rocks. I often played with them and went to school with them; occasionally visiting in their homes and they in ours. They were very much our friends, to a certain degree. There were no racial problems at all between blacks and the whites. We went to the same churches, theaters, and schools. Idabell Sebastian sat in front of me in school and I enjoyed pulling her pigtails. The teacher sent me out of the room more than once for this.

The K.K.K. was in operation in the area during those days, but to my knowledge never bothered the blacks. They mostly burned their crosses in the yards of the white people who they felt were sinners in one way or another. But they could sure scare hell out of me in their white robes and crosses. I saw cross burnings twice in Mystic when I was a boy.

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On special outings the family would go to New London or to Westerly to see vaudeville shows. These were pretty good, especially the comics. They would spout off such nonsense as "I just saw a sign 'Five Gals for a Dollar,' I think I am going to like this town!"

Of interest is the fact that Eugene O'Neill, the great American playwright, was born in New London, and his parents were actors. Today one of the main streets in New London has been named Eugene O'Neill Drive.

In the autumn, when all the crops were stored in the various farms located in our area, our family and some of our neighbors would have barn dances. We would go to their farm, and they in turn would come to ours. Square dancing was the vogue, with live fiddle music and a caller. There was plenty of food with cider, both sweet and hard. The children would usually just watch and eat.

One of the days we most looked forward to was Boat Race Day, held in June of each year on the Thames River in New London. This was the site of the annual Yale vs. Harvard crew races. There were three races: Freshmen, Junior Varsity and Varsity. The Varsity race was over a four mile course. I am not sure if the other two events were that long. The shells were eight-man with coxswain. The crews trained for a short time prior to the races at their quarters near Gales Ferry, and we would drive up to see them practice. The race, of course, was the prime reason for going to race day, but what a sight it was -- never to be seen anywhere again. On race day the course was lined solid from start to finish with the most beautiful yachts afloat in the world. All of the yachts were large, as evidenced by the latest Corsair IV, 334 ft. long, the fourth yacht built by J.P. Morgan; and she sported a huge crimson H between its masts for Harvard. Vincent Astor's 264 ft. Nourmahal was there; as was the Hussar owned by Mr. and Mrs. E.F. Hutton. The Hussar was the last of the great sailing barques, and was later to be known as the Sea Cloud.

I suppose there were at least 100 to 150 yachts on the course, lined from the start to the finish four miles downstream to the New London Bridge. The yachts were in varying sizes, from 40 feet on up, most of all of them motor or steam powered. They all had powerful horns which they blew continuously as the shells came down the course.

Dad rarely went, since it was an all-day affair and the race was generally around four o'clock in the afternoon, depending on the tides. I usually went with Mother, Aunt Bert, Aunt Theresa and Uncle Will. Uncle Will drove us over to the Highlands near Connecticut College where the overlook was very good. One time Mother and I took the observation train which followed the entire race from start to finish. It so happened that the train ran along the river bank from Norwich to New London, and the observation cars were actually flat cars with bleachers fitted onto them. The train stopped on New London Bridge where the race ended. It was the only way to really see the race. It was like being on the 50 yard line at a football game.

What a special event! All those great yachts, the wealth, the power, the fun, the sport. It was just great to be a very small part of this event. After the race the parties would continue at the great homes on the Groton side of the Thames and at the
Griswold Hotel until far into the next morning. Then the Thames would empty itself of this great armada. The sight of all the magnificent ships and the deafening sounds of their horns blasting and their bells chiming is something I will remember forever. The depression of 1929 ended this era. However, the Yale-Harvard race is still throwing the coxswain overboard at the conclusion of the race.

* * *

While on the subject of water, the old divining rod comes to mind. The divining rod was basically a birch (or similar) tree branch cut so that it could be held in the palm of each hand and forming a pointer on top as shown here.

![Divining Rod Diagram]

The size of each handle was about 10-15 inches long with a diameter of one quarter to one half inch. The handles were held in the palms with the back of the hands held downward, I think, and with the pointer in the up position. The object of the divining rod was to locate water beneath the soil, thus finding places where wells could be dug. There were men called dowsers who made a partial or full-time living out of finding water spots for wells with divining rods, and we employed one to find our new well. How it worked was as follows: with rod held as shown in the diagram above, the dowser walked slowly over the soil and when water was underneath, the pointer of the branch would rotate downward and this would indicate water was below and a well could be dug here. The divining rod generally worked, but it did not give any clues as to whether or not the digging was easy, or if one would strike rocks or ledges before water was hit. When our new well was dug we had to plant dynamite charges to blast through a ledge before we hit water, about 15-20 ft. down. I used to play with a divining rod which I made and it worked. Maybe there was something mystical about Mystic?

* * *

We often wondered where the name Mystic came from. Legend has it that an Indian brave paddling his canoe got caught in a strong ebb tide. He did not understand why he could not make any headway, no matter how hard he paddled. So, he looked up and said Mystic! The name of the town, Noank, was also attributed to an Indian. The Indian was on the bow of a sailing vessel entering the Mystic River when the captain gave the order to drop the anchor. The Indian threw the anchor overboard, but it did not have any line attached. Shortly the captain shouted, "Why are we not fetching?" And the Indian answered, No ank.

While we are in this silly part, we did have jokes back when. The Pat and Mike stories were the craze. Pat and Mike were two dumb Irishmen and the brunt of Irish
jokes somewhat akin to the Polish stories of today. There were many Pat and Mike stories but I can remember only one. It seems Pat met Mike coming home from work and started to laugh. Mike asked, "What's funny?" and Pat said, "You know Murray." "Sure", said Mike. "Well," said Pat, "Let me tell you what happened. A friend of his put his hand against a brick wall and told him to hit it as hard as he could. Murray swung as hard as he could and his friend pulled his hand away and Murray hit the stone wall and smashed his hand." Mike said, "I do not understand." Pat said, "Well, I will show you." Whereupon he placed his hand over his face and said, "Go ahead and hit my hand hard." Mike did and Pat pulled his hand away and took the full wallop in the face!

Before electric refrigerators, natural ice was harvested in the winter and placed into icehouses. Since we had an icehouse, we used this for our home icebox as well as to ice down the milk bottles on our wagons and later, on our delivery trucks. Icemen delivering ice to homes were as much a part of the culture as were the milkmen, mailmen, etc. Since many iceboxes had different dimensions, the ice block had to be chipped to size. Here is where the ice wagon was a boon to kids on a hot day. They would follow the ice wagon and take the ice chips to suck on to keep cool. I've done it many times. Just as a matter of interest, Northern Schooners frequently loaded ice blocks, covered them with sawdust and sailed to Southern ports where the ice was sold.

There was also a joke about icemen which I remember. An iceman was delivering ice on his route when a lady opened her window and called to him, "Iceman, do you have the time?" "Yes mam," he says, "If someone will hold my horse!"

In addition to my friend, Malcolm, I frequently played with other boys from school, provided Mother had given me permission. (I guess all dads never had authority to grant permission - this was always a Mother's duty.) I am talking from first hand knowledge. When my children Pam and Rick called home and I answered the telephone, they always said, "Let me speak to Mother." and Fran always answered their questions. So it was with my Dad, too. Anyway, on this particular day I went straight home riding Jennie. That turned out to be a smart move on my part, because Malcolm, Pick Sheen, Dinky Smith and Carl Brown had decided to play a joke on one of their friends, a Raymond Pecore. Raymond was not one of the brightest people, but still a nice enough kid who did play around with us from time to time. The gang had found a large hornet's nest in one of the trees not far away from their homes and they decided to have some fun with Raymond, since he knew nothing about the discovery. They first asked him if he liked honey and he said he did. "We know where some is - would you like to help us get it?" "Sure", he said. Well, they took him down to the nest and outlined the following plan.

First, they gave him a butcher knife and then a water pistol. He was to climb the tree and if any hornets came too close he was to shoot water at them; but the hornets would not likely notice him climbing up the tree since they were too busy storing honey. When he got up to the nest he was to use the butcher knife to cut it down. The gang said they would stay below and catch the nest with the honey in it for safe
keeping. What a master plan! There was only once casualty - Raymond. The hornets tore him up. The hornets kept their nest and the gang ran home. Raymond's Mother called their Mothers and those in on this prank were wood-shedded. As I said, fortunately I was not in on this caper.

* * *

Poison Ivy and Shumate. What a fearsome combination, and I was very allergic to both - especially poison ivy. In the autumn the wild grapes were getting ripe, and the aroma when I walked down Inderfurth Lane was delightful, especially in the morning hours. I suppose this was true because the moisture on the grapes was being absorbed by the air and blown into the atmosphere.

The wild grapes grew on trees in and around swamps and the taller the trees the more plentiful and bigger were the grapes. Wild grapes made excellent jelly, and Mother put up many jars of grape jelly each season. Of course someone had to pick the grapes, and that was mostly my job. I enjoyed it - fantasizing that I was Tarzan. I was a freshman in high school when the following incident happened.

I returned home from school and decided to pick some grapes. It was a rather warm autumn day, ideal for tree climbing, so I got dressed into my work pants and my undershirt. I got three 2-gallon pails and a good supply of rope to tie to the pails so I could pull them up empty and lower them to the ground when they were full of grapes. Then I walked down the Lane until I saw the best tree full of grapes and started to climb up, with the rope tied to my belt. As I was climbing the rope got entangled on a limb, and before I knew it my belt was busted and was no longer able to hold up my pants. So, I just dropped my pants, leaving me with just my jockey shorts. And, since it was a hot day, I took off my undershirt as well. A Real Tarzan!

I was in a swampy, dense area where no one could see me. I picked all of the three pails full of grapes and only then noted there was some poison ivy and shumate around some of the trees and also in the area where I had lowered the full pails. The grapes were excellent, and Mother was certain they would make good jelly.

The next day when I was in school I started to itch. I went to the men's room, dropped my pants, and sure enough my skin was full of poison ivy - especially on the most sensitive parts of my anatomy. Scratch, scratch, scratch until I got home. By that time my legs and even my toes were covered. Mother put some white kind of lotion on the affected parts, and also Kirkman's soap which was used for washing clothes. Kirkman's soap was alkaline and was to help dry up the skin. The next morning the rest of my body was covered with poison ivy, and my eyes were starting to close since my face was swelling so badly and I was running a pretty high fever. Dr. Allyn was called and he prescribed wet sheets to be placed on all affected areas which were now total. Ordinary work gloves were put on my hands to stop me from scratching, and nourishment was through a straw. I was in this condition for four or five days with the doctor coming each day. When I finally began to get better all the hair on my eyelashes and some on my eyebrows was gone. My face had swollen so much it had pulled these hairs out. I guess it was several weeks until I went back to
school. I am sure I picked more grapes at another time, but I was damn sure to avoid poison ivy, and still am even up to this day.

While on the subject of picking wild fruit, we had a number of wild blueberry trees near our pond. There is nothing better than freshly picked blueberries made into pancakes, or better yet, muffins. Dad and I would pick a batch before breakfast, and Mother made either pancakes or muffins for our breakfast. Or, we just ate them plain with milk and sugar.

***

Many kids were given nicknames by their peers, and I was called "Chick". This was a contraction of "chicken farm", which I hated. It was given to me by an older boy named Wolfe who had worked on our farm during the summer months. He saw that calling me "chicken farm" upset me, and many of the grammar school kids called me that which made me even madder. Anyway, the "chicken farm" name was finally shortened to "Chick", which was bad enough. I never finally got rid of that damn name until I went to Clemson; then it became Damn Yankee.

I played several games to amuse myself on the farm, one favorite was playing Captain of a fleet. In our back yard were two small ledges about three to four feet high with a foot path in between. With a little imagination this could be a battleship, and I spent many hours sailing on my ship. But there were some enemies about in the form of puff adders. On several occasions when I was commanding my fleet I saw these snakes. When they saw me they would either scurry away or lie still and puff up to about twice their size. At the time I did not know if they were venomous, so on my next voyage I took an axe along, just in case. Well, one came out and came right for me, and it was quickly detached by the axe. Right away another came after me with the same results, thank God. I found out years later that the American adder is not venomous, but the European adder is a common venomous viper. So much for adders. Black snakes were abundant; and water moccasins and copperheads were there, but rare.

In the spring we collected watercress and cow-slips from one of the adjacent streams which ran through our farm. Mother used the watercress for garnish and the cow-slips as a vegetable that tasted somewhat like spinach.

In this same stream on very hot days after work Dad and I went swimming, often in our birthday suits. The water was always cool since it was a fast running stream and pretty well shaded by trees. The only things we watched for were snakes and blood suckers (leeches). A leech is a very small worm-like animal which clings to rocks under water. When in close proximity to a human, it could attach itself to the body and start sucking blood, somewhat like a mosquito does. We always checked our bodies for these suckers when we left the stream. I heard that leeches were in demand by hospitals to suck discolored blood from bruises, such as black eyes. Leeches were also widely used for blood letting back in early times.

We also caught nice size brook trout in this stream.

There was another fun game I played by myself with a work horse and an empty
The drag was used primarily to move heavy stones when building fences. The bottom of a drag was always slick. The slickness came from friction as the drag was pulled over the ground with its load. We had a few small hills on the farm, and when the haying was finished and if we had a dry spell, the hay stubbles would become very slick. Now came the fun. Hitch up Nellie to the drag. Get on. Hold onto the reins and run her down hill. Half way down, turn Nellie quickly back up the hill. In effect, you had created a snap-the-whip situation. If you were not very, very careful you went flying off! A pretty hazardous game, but it was fun. Fortunately no one was ever severely injured. Bruised, yes, but we always came back for more dragging.

***

Around 1923 or so radio became very much a part of our life. Atwater Kent and Philco were the big sellers. Our first radio was a crystal set with earphones. Our next radio was a Grebe which had a built in speaker that was a pleasure.

We all enjoyed listening to such radio programs as the Clicquot Club Eskimos, an orchestra plugging Clicquot ginger ale. The singer Rudy Vallee and a duet, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, were popular. The Philco Hour with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; Paul Whiteman's smooth dance orchestra; singer Jessica Dragonnette; tenor Morton Downey and many, many more artists. But the biggest show of all was the Amos and Andy Show, and no one ever missed it. George Bernard Shaw said, "There are three things I shall never forget about America, "The Rocky Mountains, the Statue of Liberty, and Amos and Andy." The Amos and Andy Show was a Negro comedy show played by two white comedians. Charles Correll played Andy and Freeman Gosden played Amos. They also played other characters, such as the Kingfish played by Andy and Lightin played by Amos. A typical dialogue; Kingfish talking to Lightin: "Now Lightin', de reason I ast yo' to pay some o' yo' dues yo' is back in. De record show dat yo' ain't lodge dat's purtectin' yo' lake it is." Lightin: "Yassah. I is behind wid ev'ry thing. My coffin moneys even back now. Insurance man come oveh dis mornin' lookin' fo' 10 cents. I hadta duck him. Ah think dat's done lapsed on me."

Our radio picked up many stations: KDKA Pittsburgh, WABC and WJZ New York, WBZA Springfield, Mass. and many other New England stations. Radio also carried news, big fights, the World Series, etc.

I remember listening to the World Series like the one in which Babe Ruth, when playing against the Chicago Cubs in Chicago, pointed to the bleachers indicating where he would hit the ball for a home run. The crowd and all radio listeners went wild when he did it. Graham McNamee, the outstanding sports announcer of the time, was at the mike that day, and his description of that epic event thrilled all
Another time I stayed glued to the radio was in 1927, when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, one of the great events in my time and the history of aviation.

With the advent of radio came the business of advertising. One of the by-products was advertising on the highways. Burma Shave had one of the most unique and successful advertising campaigns of all. Instead of one billboard, they used individual signs for their message, these were signs spaced relatively close together, about 10 yards or so apart so that the traveler could read them as he drove along the highway.

Every Shaver Now can Six Than Before By BURMA Snore Minutes more Using SHAVE

Another One

Does Misbehave Grunt Rant & Rave? Shoot the BURMA Your Husband and Grumble Brute Some SHAVE

At this time there was an aid for the traveler which was quite interesting, called ALA. ALA was founded by some enterprising individuals to help the motorist find his way from place to place, since road signs were not plentiful and those that were, not very accurate. The ALA (I don’t remember what the initials stood for) put out a book on how to get from place to place. By today’s standards it was weird. These are the directions explaining how to go from Mystic to Stonington, a distance of about four miles:

Always set your speedometer at zero and start from a designated place as the zero point as: (mileages are not accurate as shown)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Distance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mystic at the Bridge (Groton side)</td>
<td>0 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Continue straight to Civil War Memorial</td>
<td>.4 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take right to R.R. station</td>
<td>.2 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turn left and continue to Quiambaug</td>
<td>1.5 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where windmill house sits on your right,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>turn left and go to top of the hill</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>which you can see, then reaching top of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hill turn left and continue on road to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stonington</td>
<td>2.0 miles</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The result was that one person would read the book and the speedometer while the other person drove. I wish I still had one of those books! ALA also gave you an emblem to place onto your auto. It was good business for ALA because you needed a reference book of sorts to go any distance. I guess indirectly it served another purpose too, since the children had the opportunity of improving their reading. When Dad was driving, I was reading the ALA to him.

Speaking of reading, I had a few favorite books such as TOM SWIFT, a series of adventure books, and books written by Thorton Burgess which were landmarks in nature books for young readers. Some of his books included: The Adventures of
PADDY THE BEAVER; BOBBY COON; BUSTER BEAR; JIMMY SKUNK; and SAMMY JAY. History and geography books were also included in my favorites.

There were two books I was not allowed to read. One was PECK'S BAD BOY (the author I have forgotten), and the other was TOM SAWYER by Mark Twain. The reason was that Mother felt that I might be wrongly influenced by them. Many other mothers and pastors also felt the same way.

When I was 12 years old I joined the local Boy Scout troop. The Scout Master was Mr. Jim Galvin, and I enjoyed my scouting days with him. We would go on overnight trips and camp out, cooking some wholesome things like hot dogs, toasted marshmallows, etc. To start the fire for cooking, we did it Indian style by rubbing two sticks together. We marched in parades in Mystic, Stonington, New London, and Westerly. Riding home in an open truck, we would sing, among other songs:

"Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more
It ain't gonna rain no more.
How in the heck can I wash my neck?
If it ain't gonna rain no more."

New London County, which Mystic was in, ran a very fine boy scout camp near Colchester, Conn. called Camp Waccamaw. I went for two weeks each of two summers, enjoying the swimming, canoeing, and working on merit badges. I never became an Eagle Scout; but I did become a Life Scout, which was 10 merit badges. In later years, when my son Rick was a young boy, I became a Cub Scout Master in Charlotte, N.C.

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One entertainment the family enjoyed was the Victrola (record player), and we had many records. Our Victrola was a stand up type of cabinet, and really was an attractive piece of furniture. It housed a turntable upon which a record was placed, and had a shaft which held the needle. Nothing automatic about the Victrola. It operated as follows: select one record from the record library, which was located in the bottom part of the Victrola, and place it onto the turntable. Crank up the turntable to its maximum, then release the crank and the turntable would rotate with the record. Then place the needle onto the record and presto: Music. Caution: One had to be sure that the turntable kept up its correct R.P.M. or the music would slow down. If that happened one cranked again to speed it up.

Our record library included Caruso, Schuman Heinke, the dance music of Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra, a comedy act "Cohen on the Telephone", Willie Pickels, a boy singer, Charleston dance craze music, and many others.

Some of the most popular songs of that era were: "Mary Is a Grand Old Name", "It's a Long Way to Tipperary", "Give My Regards to Broadway", "Smile A While and Kiss Me Sad Adieu", "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning", "Lady Be Good", and a real favorite, "Three O'Clock in the Morning".

For those who have forgotten (or never knew) the words to two of the very most popular songs of the time, these are for you.

16.
BARNEY GOOGLE
Barney Google with the goo-goo-googly eyes
Barney Google, had a horse three times his size.
When the horses ran that day
Spark Plug ran the other way
Barney Google - with the goo-goo-googly eyes!

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS
Yes, we have no bananas
We have no bananas today.
We have onions and scallions
And all kinds of fruit,
But, yes, we have no bananas today!

And that's the way it was -- BACK WHEN.
A WORKING FARM AND CHORES

Dad and Mother bought our farm off New London Road on July 15, 1910. It had been a rather large poultry farm which had gone bankrupt. Since Dad was dissatisfied with his managerial position at Rossie Velvet Mill and wanted to be his own boss, he bought the defunct poultry operation plus 35 acres of land and sundry buildings, a home, and a small orchard.

Dad again started the poultry farm. Understand, he was a textile engineer and knew absolutely nothing about farming. This venture was not too successful, so he added other items: a small dairy, produce, flowers, hogs, and timber (cord wood). As to acreage, the farm was small but most diversified.

No one in the world loved to grow things as much as Dad did, and he became a master at it; and he loved his independence. Early on he did most of the work himself taking care of the livestock, milking, planting, harvesting, butchering and making daily deliveries, since he sold his products door to door to his established customers on a daily basis (the milk, eggs and vegetables). Mother helped bottling milk, cleaning and grading the eggs, dressing the poultry, picking vegetables, and other sundry chores. After several years, Dad hired a man to live on the farm and work for him year round. In the summer months Dad hired men and some boys to further help him.

By the time I was going to kindergarten I was doing little chores around the farm, which included feeding the poultry with scratch feed, and also giving our two dogs and a number of cats their food. I am sure I was doing other chores, but who remembers 69 years ago? Anyway, Mother always told me I was very fond of the geese, even though the ganders chased me when I was two to three years old. That was because I would pick up the goslings by their neck and stroke them, saying nice things to them; nice goosey, nice goosey, or words to that effect, not realizing that I was choking them to death. So I was told by Mother.

My chores really are remembered from the time I was in the second grade, or seven years old. When I got home from school, I helped Mother wash out the five-gallon milk cans and clean the milk bottles. This was done by washing them out in hot water with a power driven brush mounted on a horizontal spindle, rinsing them off and placing them upside down in racks so they would be ready for filling the next morning. While Mother did all the filling during the week, I helped to fill every day when I was not in school. When I returned from school, I also fed the chickens, filled their drinking fountains and collected the eggs.

I will always remember a very funny incident that happened one wintry afternoon after Dad and I had collected the eggs. The hen house was situated at the bottom of a small hill. During the wintertime when there was a thaw and the snow melted, water would collect in a small hollow at the bottom of the hill and form a small pond that was not deep but slippery when frozen especially when covered with snow. But
it was the shortest way to the hen house from our house, and I frequently chose this route summer and winter to do my chores. The alternate was along the walled fence, but it was longer. However, in the wintertime when the snow was on the pond, this latter route was deemed safer, especially when carrying eggs. Well, on this occasion, when the pond was frozen over and covered with a slight amount of snow, Dad and I had collected the eggs - each with his own pail - and started home. Dad cautioned me not to go the short route, but I did. Anyway, about half way across, my legs went out from under me; as we said "ass over tea kettle", and the eggs went flying. Dad saw this and said a few cuss words, and in his excitement he slipped and fell, scattering his eggs all around. And HE had taken the SAFE route! I have forgotten if I was invited to the woodshed when we got home, but we laughed over this incident for many years afterward.

As I grew older my chores increased to include feeding the livestock, as well as to clean the cattle and horse barns. Do I remember all that manure which grew, building a pile larger and larger and larger until spring, when I helped load it onto our spreader so it could be spread onto the land before plowing began. Understand, Dad and Tom (our hired hand) did this chore, too. I only helped on weekends.

"What makes the garden grow?"

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

In the spring I did my share of plowing; and I have walked many miles behind a plow, being able to plow up to five acres a day. After plowing came disc harrowing. But this was easier, because you could ride while the horses did the work. But when employing the spring harrow it was necessary to walk again, this was the operation before planting.

Since Dad had an excellent produce business, but again, small, he used to sell produce to his customers along with his dairy products. There was a great deal of varied planting to be done each year. The crops included asparagus, radishes, beets, lima beans, tomatoes, lettuce, pole and string beans, sweet corn, zucchini, acorn and summer squash, potatoes, celery, red and white cabbage, kohlrabi, red and white turnips, strawberries, raspberries, carrots and spinach. Also, green peas, melons, cantaloupe, cucumbers, onions, rhubarb, and kale. There was also field corn and mangle (sugar beets) for the cattle. We had about 8 to 10 acres under cultivation, and it was a never ending job to plant, cultivate and harvest fresh for market to Dad’s customers each day, and also to selected stores. I spent many long hours in the garden. I guess that is why I am not at all interested in planting anything today.

***

Our farm abounded with various types of wildlife, some of which could be very destructive to our crops and poultry. Woodchucks were a plague to newly planted vegetables, and Dad would have to replant various sections of his fields, where the woodchucks had eaten the young plants. Dad would set traps and poison, at the
entrances and exits of the tunnels, where the animals lived. These methods were mildly effective; the best prevention was our two dogs and Dad's rifle.

Birds, especially black birds, starlings, and blue jays would peck away on our strawberries, raspberries, and tomatoes until they were ruined. Crows would work over both our sweet and field corn. We did have a partial solution for keeping the birds away from our fields, by placing scarecrows in among the crops. Dad would make the wooden scarecrow frames, and Mother and I would complete the job. We placed old clothes, old hats, empty colored feed bags, and even old corn cob pipes onto the frame. The finished scarecrow varied in height from 4 - 6 feet.

Squirrels and rats were very troublesome in the wintertime. Both of these animals would invade our corn cribs and eat the field corn, which we had harvested for our cattle to be fed in the wintertime.

Foxes would occasionally kill a few of our chickens, and Dad would set traps. And he kept his rifle handy. Several times, I remember a fox being trapped or shot.

Deer would also visit our fields and orchards, doing very little damage, primarily because our dogs would spot them and chase them away. Skunks would get into our hen houses and on rare occasions they would be caught sucking eggs. When a skunk saw any of us, they would very quickly leave. We were rather reluctant to chase them, or even to let our dogs chase them, than suffer the consequences of that fragrance.

There were other animals that the family would see from time to time including raccoons, possums, chipmunks, and the interesting muskrats who built their shelters in shallow running water, preferably in marshy areas. The shelter was built in such a way that the animal would swim under water to enter it, and then climb to the top of the shelter which was above water. I was always interested in seeing this builder working on his shelter.

The birds that frequented the Homestead area each year included robins, redwing blackbirds, bluebirds, swallows, chickadees, owls, hawks, Canada geese, and whip-poor-wills, among others.

The whip-poor-will is a nocturnal bird whose nightly song is always the same, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, etc. The bird and his song always fascinated me and still does.

In addition, Dad loved flowers, especially pansies. He grew these for sale. When Dad bought the farm it included a small apple orchard. It was my job to prune the trees each year, and when the apples were ripe they were picked and sold. The apples were McIntosh, Baldwins and Russets. The McIntosh and Baldwins were delicious, but the Russets were good for cider. Dad also planted peach, plum and pear trees. All of these trees had to be tended to.

Cows like to eat the green apples. Why? Because green apples made them drunk. After a feast they would fall over in a complete drunken stupor. Then, after a long sleep they would get up, I guess with a hangover, since their milk production was only half as much as normal. It was a real sight to see a drunken cow. Dad had three basic breeds of cattle: Holsteins for quantity of milk and Jerseys and Guernseys for 21.
high butter fat content. Chickens were Rhode Island Reds, Black Rocks and Minor-
cas. Hogs were all Hampshires.

Naturally I helped deliver the milk, eggs and vegetables, but by this time we had
a Ford delivery truck.

* * *

During the summer we mowed tons and tons of hay, and I enjoyed haying because
I got to use the mower which was pulled by the horses and you could ride it. But this
was tricky, since you had to occasionally lift the mowing blade about five feet by
means of a foot pedal to avoid rocks and thus prevent damage to the blade or to break
it completely. After the field was mowed and the grass became dry enough to
become hay, it was raked into windows prior to bunching into piles, and after
bunching it was pitched by means of hayforks onto a haywagon - which was large
as this diagram shows.

2-HORSES

There was an art to loading a hay wagon, and Dad stayed on the wagon and built
the load. Tom and I and whoever was hired for the summer pitched the hay onto the
wagon. When the wagon was full, I loved to drive the horses back to the hayloft
because I was sitting up so high! When we got to the hayloft, the hay was unloaded
with pitchforks and stored in the hayloft, later to be used as feed for the livestock.

Wagon maintenance on a farm, especially in the summer months when there was
an abnormally dry period, required checking the wagon wheels to be sure the wagon
wheels' iron rims did not come off and that the spokes did not come out of the
wooden hub. If that condition was found, the wheels were then taken off the axle and
placed into our pond until the wooden parts of the wheel absorbed enough moisture
to swell them back into their proper position.

Hoeing was another very big chore when vegetables began to grow, since Dad was
a fanatic about keeping the garden free of weeds. Many times I hoed from morning
until night.

In the autumn we harvested the field corn, first plucking the ear from the stalk
then husking it and placing it on a dump wagon. When full, we would drive the
wagon to the corn cribs and unload it. Excellent feed for the cattle. We did not own
a silo.

Another crop we grew was mangle beets, better known in the West as sugar beets.
Mangle beets were excellent cattle food, and they, too, were harvested in the fall.
They were pulled from the ground and by means of a good sized knife the leave
were chopped off and the loam was scraped off. The beets were then transferred by a dump wagon to the bottom floor of the dairy barn where they were dumped and fed to the cattle each winter evening. Mangle beets weighed anywhere from two to six pounds each.

***

One fun trip I always enjoyed was going to Whittle's Cider Mill at Burnett's Corner, about four to five miles from our home. When all the best apples had been picked out for sale, those apples not considered good for selling were either used for jelly or sent to the cider mill for making cider. We would collect the apples, place them onto a dump wagon and with the team haul them to the cider mill. This was always my job. A cider mill was just a press into which the apples were placed while the press was open. Then the press would be closed and screwed ever downward, causing the apples to be crushed and the juice would be collected at the bottom in 25 to 50 gallon barrels. You haven't lived until you took your tin cup and placed it under the flow of apple juice emerging from the press, and drank it fresh. Oh, it was delicious! Only one thing. Caution. Don't drink too much as it could be a vicious laxative.

Sweet cider for you non-cider buffs is not alcoholic; only when it becomes hard cider does it carry a wallop.

Anyway, during the years of prohibition, Dad developed a super way to ferment sweet cider into a delicious hard cider which bubbled like champagne. As best as I can remember, the process was something like this: Take a 25 gallon barrel not quite full and lay it on its side. Withdraw the bung (stopper), add sugar (lots, I guess) and orange slices to the cider. Put the bung back and let the fermentation begin. How long this took, I don't know. But what I do know, the end product was great. Dad and Mother had many good parties where this was the only beverage served.

***

Taking the team to the blacksmith was enjoyable, since here someone else did the work. I waited and watched the forge glow red hot while the iron shoes were molded into shape. I remember Jim Melvin, the smitty, because he could bend horseshoes by brute strength.

I was fortunate that I did not have to milk any of our 30 head primarily since my other chores kept me pretty busy. And, I was not a very good hand milker, since I always left some milk in the cow's bag, causing Dad to finish off the job. If a cow's bag was not milked dry each time, she would soon reduce her output of milk. When we put in automatic milkers the cow still had to be stripped. I was allowed to use the milkers, but Dad still did the stripping.

Mother was a most important person on the farm. In addition to her helping with the dairy and poultry chores, she did much more: making cottage cheese, canning the fruits and vegetables, washing and mending the clothes, making some of her own clothes. She helped me with my homework, kept the house spotless and pre-
pared great food such as good soups and outstanding pies and cakes. She taught me to play cards and insisted I learn to play a musical instrument. I chose the violin. The farm was totally self-providing for the family, since Mother made butter and all the breads. Her raisin bread was outstanding. We never needed much from the grocery store except fish, some meats such as lamb, and seasonings.

A working farm was a real team effort. I often look back to when children had so much work to do that they had no time to get into trouble. But still, they had fun, BACK WHEN.
III. RECREATIONS

The winters afforded lots of spare time on the farm since there were not so many chores to do outside. The winters were much more severe in the 1920-1930's than the winters are today. Certainly we still have bad winters, but then snow and freezing weather arrived around the end of October and lasted into March.

The family celebrated all the National Holidays, in various degrees. Early on my favorite was Christmas. What excitement to wake up, and rush into the living room to see what Santa Claus had left me. I was never disappointed in any of Santa's selections. Especially when I received a Flexible Flyer sled, ice skates, erector set, or a Lionel train set.

On Christmas Eve, Mother, Dad and I would go to a neighboring hillside to select a cedar tree. Once selected, Dad would chop the tree down and load it onto the wagon or sleigh, for transfer to our living room. Mother selected where the tree was to be placed, and Dad would fasten it to the floor. The tree was then trimmed with various ornaments. Up to now the trimming of the tree is pretty much the same as it is today.

The next step in finishing our decorations was the placing of small candles into individual candle holders, and then affixing the holders to the branches of the tree. The candles were lighted with matches since we did not have electricity. The lighted candles were hazardous and were only lighted on Christmas morning, and in the evening when people were present, in order to prevent any chance of fire. Mother liked to create a special effect, when candles were lighted in the evening, by turning off the kerosene lamps, and Mother would say, "Isn't it a beautiful tree?" And we all would agree.

Sometime during the Christmas Season it was the custom, at least in our home, that Santa hopefully would visit. I remember one such visit, and it was scary. I was about five years old, and had gone to bed with my door closed. All at once I heard the noise of a chain rattling, and someone calling my name. Oh, boy, maybe Santa Claus and it was. He came right up to my closed door, rattling the chain louder than ever. Santa, after announcing who he was, wanted to know if I was a good boy? I answered in a trembling voice, 'Oh, yes, Santa Claus.' The dialogue continued a few more minutes, and I am sure that I had convinced Santa Claus that I was the best boy in the world!

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The farm had several hills on it, excellent for sledding with my Flexible Flyer sled. I spent many happy hours with Mother and friends sledding on the farm. Stanton Hill on New London Road, Reynolds Hill in Mystic, and a great many more hills in and around Mystic provided great places to sled with the gang. We would use the sit-up position or belly-flop, with as many as four belly-floppers on one sled. Lots
of fun was using our sleds in a single long line, with each sledder's feet hooked over the openings on the front end of the following sled in the belly-flop position! On long hills up to 10 to 15 sleds could be hooked together. Seldom did we have any problems with autos, since there were not many in the 20's.

Snowballing was also a great sport. Making snowballs to hit girls with, and sometimes teachers, was great fun. Not so much fun for the mothers though, for the clothes and gloves were wet and was a good way to catch cold. We also loved to build snow forts so we could do battle.

We did a lot of ice skating, and I was fortunate that we had two ponds on our farm. The largest one even had a very small island in it. These were natural ponds. Also there were two larger man-made ponds owned by others for the production of ice which were fed by brooks running through our property. These ponds were very close by, a five minute walk from home.

I guess I was five or six years old when I got my first skates. They were double runners which had to be attached to my shoes every time I went skating. Very soon after, I got my first pair of shoe skates with single blade, and now the fun began. Mother and Dad liked to skate, so did my friends, plus my very own pond! It was very important for me to announce to the class each morning whether or not my pond was safe for skating.

Skating had its hazards. Each year we read about skaters falling through thin ice and drowning. None ever did on our pond, but many broke through the ice and suffered a few anxious moments, a cold body, and a long walk home. I had my share of falling through the ice, but I was home. Since our pond was fed by springs it froze over quicker than ponds by brooks, due to the fact there was no current, and moving water is harder to freeze.

There were many games to be played on ice, the most popular was ice hockey. This was not the kind you see on TV, with all kinds of equipment, blue lines and nets. This was straight out pick-up sides, place two rocks as the goal on either end of the so-called rink, and no side lines. When you had the puck you could skate all over the place until someone scored a goal or lost the puck to another player. I broke my nose twice in this not too gentle game.

We also had races in both forward and backward skating. We played tag, "catch me if you can", and we jumped over barrels. Some could jump over five or six barrel without incident.

When the weather was very cold we could also skate on the Mystic River especially where the Mystic Seaport now stands. Sometimes we could skate across the river, but not very often. Salt or brackish water is harder to freeze than is fresh water. Mother and Dad could remember one very severe winter in the early 1900's when Fisher's Island sound was frozen over from Noank to Fisher's Island and people could skate across it. This happened only one time in their memory.

To me one of the best times to enjoy skating was during the full moon, and many of us did. Among other games we played snap the whip, or "fanuary." This was aptly named, for when the whip was snapped the end person would more than likely fall...
on his or her fanny. We had snaps that included up to thirty people, and those on the end really had to skate fast. What a joy to return home after a cold night of skating and have hot chocolate. I still have the skates I had in Mystic, which are hockey skates rather than speed or figure skates. They must be close to sixty years old, and still in good condition!

I got a pair of skis when I was about 12 or 14 years old. Some friends and I learned to ski on the hills along the side of New London Road. We never got very good at it, but we even tried to ski jump from a riser of about four feet. The basic problem was that the skis did not have the elaborate foot gear and clamps modern skis have now. The only thing that held my skis on was a leather tong which fitted over the instep onto my shoes. This was not a favorite sport of mine.

* * *

Summertime was the time for swimming. We had the river and the ocean. There were ponds, sounds and lakes. We had our choice, depending upon transportation. But I had Jennie and we went everywhere, except to the ocean. This was reserved for Sundays when Mother, Dad and I went to Watch Hill near Westerly, R.I., or to Ocean Beach in New London, Conn.

The Mystic River was a favorite place to swim. My friends and I often skinny-dipped near the car barn, now near the site of the Mystic Art Museum. One of our favorite games while skinny-dipping was called "Lighthouse on the Rocks." This was played by swimming or floating on your back, nude. Schooners unloaded their cargo right below the Bascule Mystic River Bridge, and as kids we loved to board these ships and climb the masts. Occasionally, we skinny-dipped off the rigging into the Mystic River. Someone told the police though, and we were run off for good.

Both my uncles and aunts had row boats, which I often used to row out to Mystic Island. This was fun, since it was uninhabited and the beach was sandy, with no rocks. I also used the boat to row out to the channel of the river. There I would dive deep and get a mess of quohogs which were lying on top of the mud. These Mother made into delicious chowder. I did some fishing, but it never really interested me. From time to time I did catch trout, perch, flounder, etc. from streams, the river, or the sound: I also went crabbing for blue-claw crabs and dug for clams. Dad and Mother loved lobster and they would go to the lobster men and buy them right off the lobster boats. I did not like lobster then. Now I yearn for the taste of fresh lobster from New England.

* * *

Ah, movies. We had two movie theaters: one on the Groton side of the river called the Mystic Theater, and one on the Stonington side of the river called The Strand. For a town of our population that was a lot of movies. We had a matinee and two evening shows every day. We had children's shows every Saturday morning for 5 cents. Later on it was raised to a dime. I guess the main shows were 25 cents.

In the early days, prior to talking pictures, each theater had its piano player who
played different mood music, depending on the dialogue being shown on the screen. There was soft, romantic music for love scenes; scary music for mysteries; fast, exciting music for the "chase." Mr. Rogers played at the Strand, and everyone said that he was the best, since he followed the action on the film so well with his music. The Saturday morning children's shows did not have music; but who needed it with a theater full of very noisy kids yelling and screaming at scary moments, hissing the bad guys and yelling for the good guys.

I was a big cowboy movie fan of Tom Mix, William S. Hart and Dustin Farnum. There were many of their films shown on Saturdays. Most all of the kid shows featured at least one serial, which would end an episode with the hero or heroine in desperate trouble. Then you would have to wait an entire week to learn the outcome of that situation, only to have another horrible fate awaiting at the end of the next episode. I remember one serial which kept me scared from week to week. It was called the Green Archer, and the star was the good guy who would always arrive in the nick of time with his bow and arrow to save the victims from fates worse than death. One of those fates showed the bad guys tying the heroine across the railroad tracks before an oncoming train. Another classic was to tie the heroine to a moving platform which was used to saw lumber, and she was left moving toward the large saw - until the next week when the Green Archer would save her!

Mother had a sister, Aunt Bert, who lived in New Rochelle and we visited her once or twice a year. It was on one of these visits that I saw "BIRTH OF A NATION." We would travel to New York by train. The New York, New Haven, Hartford railroad had trains that stopped at least twice a day in Mystic. We also, on occasion, took the New England Steamship "Richard Peck" from New London to New York overnight. This trip was always quite an adventure, and it was also a big thrill to see the Statue of Liberty as we came up the river to our wharf.

One of the many things my friends and I enjoyed doing in the summertime was to go to the part of Mystic called Boguetown, which was on the road to West Mystic. Boguetown was located on the Mystic River and was very close to the railroad drawbridge which spanned the river. On the west side of the river was a small ledge which descended into the river, while the top portion of the ledge was used as a foundation for the railroad tracks and bridge. Prior to entering the bridge from the west the tracks were straight; but upon nearing the bridge it was necessary for the train to negotiate a severe curve, which slowed it down considerably. This was the fun part for us, for the train was a coal burner which was stoked by a fireman and we could watch him shoveling coal into the boiler. He would shovel very fast as this was the slowest part of the train's run between New Haven and Boston. Actually the train started in New York on electric power but switched to a coal burning engine in New Haven. The engineer would always wave to us as he passed and frequently he would blow his whistle. We would watch from the bottom part of the ledge where it was easy to stand. In between trains we would dive into the river and watch for other trains to come.

The crack train of the New York, New Haven, Hartford line was the Merchant.
Limited, an all-Pullman train from New York to Boston, with only three stops, New Haven, New London and Providence before reaching Boston. The Merchants was a very fast train, and from our ledge we could hear the engineer braking the train long before he reached the curve. The Merchants was a beauty and after she was out of sight we would talk about her speed. Some said a mile a minute. Others said on the straight away it was more like seventy miles an hour. We would further wonder if we would ever have enough money to ride on the Merchants, and what kind of a job we would have in order to make that kind of money.
IV.
WORK HORSES AND
A PONY NAMED JENNIE

All my life, from the time I can remember until I went to high school, I was associated with horses one way or another practically every day, since horses were used to work the land, round up the cattle and provide transportation.

On our farm we had two work horses for heavy farm work such as plowing, disc and spring harrowing, manure spreading, pulling dump wagons to move ice houses and hay into hay lofts. Hitch-ups were either single or double hitches, depending on the load and work to be performed. Our work horses were named Tom and Nellie. In addition to the work horses we had another mare for light work called Dot. She was used to pull light wagons for delivering milk, eggs, vegetables, etc., to stores and private customers on our routes. She was also used for transportation when the family went to visit in the buggy or sleigh. One other horse joined the above three animals when I was seven years old, and that was my pony, Jennie, and she was my pride and joy. But, more of Jennie later.

We had a full compliment of farm equipment to be used when employing horses. This consisted of heavy and light duty harnesses for both single and double hitch, heavy duty and light duty wagons both four and two wheelers, plows, harrows, cultivators, drags, rakes, dump wagons, heavy duty mowers, saddles, and a very special wicker pony cart for Jennie.

When harnessing a horse the following steps were taken: first the bridle, sometimes a tough job, depending on the way the horse felt that day. Then came the horse collar and next the harness and the reins and a check to see if the belly bands were tight. The ready horse was then either walked in if double hitched, or backed in if single hitched. Then the proper hitching to the wagon, buggy or sleigh was made. A whip was generally placed in the whip holder (if a buggy) and the driver was ready to say "GID'AP" or "GIDDY'AP."

The horse always seemed to have an edge over me, since when our day's work was done mine was not yet over. He was unhitched; walked into his stall; harness, reins, horse collar and bridle removed; wiped down if sweaty; and food and water served to him. After his main course he was given hay for his dessert. The next day his stall was cleaned, he was brushed and curried and even his harnesses were oiled. If he was sick, a vet was called at once.

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Over the years there has always been a great deal written and even a song about "Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh." Well, forget it! It may be fun for the first 5 or 10 minutes, depending on the wind; but after that you slowly start freezing to death. Nevertheless, we often used the sleigh to go visiting friends or

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Mother's sister, who lived about two miles away.

First the horse had to be harnessed. The animal would be lying down and relatively warm, and we had to get her up. We usually used Dot since she was more sure footed than our work horses. We took the bridle first, but in order not to injure her the bit was warmed in the house before putting it into her mouth. A cold bit could freeze and tear the skin off her tongue. That done, we finished with the bridle and put the harness on her without too much trouble, except that our hands were getting colder and colder. Next we took Dot out of the stall and walked her down to the storage area where the sleigh was kept, a distance of about one-eighth of a mile. We are getting colder by the minute. We backed her into the shafts and after several unsuccessful attempts, hitched her up. Then we got into the sleigh and sleded up to the house to pick up Mother, who came out with heavy blankets and a thermos full of hot cocoa, and we are off to Aunt Theresa's house two miles away. Now comes the fun (?) part. A sleigh is a miserable vehicle with absolutely no protection from the elements. The only protection you have is the heavy clothes you have on plus the robe or blanket over you. After a few minutes your face is really cold, especially if you are going into the wind. Dot, of course, was warm. She had on her winter coat and was moving as fast as she could.

Our sleigh had bells on the shaft, and they produced a very pleasant sound as we rode along "singing all the way." But we were still rigid by the time we reached our destination, tethered Nellie and placed a horse blanket over her. And there was more to come, we still had the ride back home.

In more clement weather we used our buggy for transportation when visiting or shopping. The buggy had a convertible top and isinglass windows, which made traveling in bad weather more comfortable.

When following the rear end of a horse we often sang this dittie which was popular at the time.

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be.
The old gray mare ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

The old gray mare, she pooped on the wiffle-tree
Pooped on the wiffle-tree, pooped on the wiffle-tree
The old gray mare she pooped on the wiffle-tree
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

This jewel was usually sung as a "round."

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ince the Academy School was about a mile and a half from where we lived, it was necessary when I entered kindergarten at age five for Dad to reroute his deliveries in order to take me and pick me up from school. This was a real problem, especially in winter weather. Kindergarten started at 8:30 and was over at 12. Because of the weather I was late many times, and Dad was often late in picking me up. The first trade became more of a problem, since the hours changed from 9 to 12 noon and rom 1 to 3:30 with an hour for lunch. In order to get me back and forth from school, Dad's route was completely disorganized. Also, Mother's schedule in regard to diners around 12:30 was disrupted, since we always ate our dinner in the middle of the day.

The problem was solved when Mother and Dad decided to buy a pony for me. I could ride well on the big horses without any trouble at 6 years old. I did have my share of falling off on bare back, since we did not have saddles for the work horses. A pony was the answer to Father's problem in regard to getting me to school and back. Also, since I had an hour for lunch, with careful and exact planning I could ride home, have a hot dinner, and be back in school in one hour's time. Only one problem remained, what to do with the pony when I was in school. This was quickly solved since there was a livery stable about a 5 to 10 minute walk from the school. The stable was run by a Mr. Duncan (Dunk), and he agreed to keep the pony and saddle her each noon time. This would enable me to ride home without delay, eat dinner, and be back in school on time. Not to worry, I am going to get a pony!

The good news came several weeks after the decision to buy a pony was made. What excitement! A real pony for my very own. And, with a brand new Western saddle. I am sure Dad had been looking around for some time, for the next day after the decision Dad and I hitched the buggy up and drove to Quiambaug to get the pony. What a surprise! The pony was a beautiful black animal with a long black mane, and was a so-called Indian pony, which made the pony about 5 hands higher than a Shetland. Boy, what a beauty. Included in the sale was a bridle, harness and two wheel wicker pony cart. While Dad was concluding the financial arrangements I went over to the tethered pony and discovered she was a mare. Anyway, we got along fine. So fine in fact that I persuaded Dad to let me ride her home bare back, since we had not brought my new saddle. He agreed, and I rode the 7 or 8 miles home, closely following the buggy and the towed pony cart. No trouble so far on the main road. As we turned off the highway onto Inderfurth Lane Dad decided to go head and advise Mother that we were coming. It was just a short way to our home, and the ride so far had been without incident. Well, good luck.

In order to reach home it was necessary to cross a small running brook about 2 to 3 feet wide and 1 to 2 feet deep. When the pony saw the water she stopped dead. I tried to urge her to step into the water. No go. I dug my heels into her ribs. Nothing doing. I dismounted and tried to pull her forward by the reins. Forget it. Here I am with a beautiful pony, and who is the boss? Sure as hell, not me. Now I have it! I took out my pocket knife and cut off a small switch and tried this on her while trying to pull her with the reins. This only resulted in her digging her hooves deep into the

35.
sand and mud, daring me to pull her. At this time Dad returned to find out what had happened, and he quickly took the matter in hand. I guess the pony decided that here was someone she better look out for. As Dad took the reins, she crossed the brook without hesitation. That was our first contest of wills as to who was to be top dog. There were to be many, many more of these determinations. That evening we decided to name the pony Jennie, which Mother thought was a nice name for a beautiful pony.

Jennie quickly became accustomed to the saddle and to taking me back and forth twice a day to school. I can not ever remember when she gave me any trouble during the 7 years we traveled back and forth during the grades 2 thru 8. This did not mean that we did not compete one on one, since she possessed several "Got cha's" designed to throw me off. One scheme was to gallop at full speed into a low hanging branch of a tree when I was not paying close attention. The branch would catch me in the chest or lower, and off I would go. But she was good about stopping about 10 or 20 yards away from where I was so unceremoniously dismounted, and wait for me to mount again. As time went on I became very aware of this tactic, and the tree branch trick was greatly reduced. Another classic game which she devised was a bit more dangerous. We would gallop along at top speed and she would abruptly stop. Above her head I flew. However, bless her, she would again wait for me to remount if I could.

Occasionally when Mother baked cakes or pies, she placed them on the outside window sill to cool. Jennie got wise to this, and more than one time she stole up to window sill and ate the pie or cake. Once when she was prowling around Mother had left the kitchen door open, and Jennie proceeded to come right into the kitchen. That did not surprise me. At the local candy store where I bought greenies, licorice ice cream, etc., if I did not hitch her she would come right in with me, as she liked ice cream. Obviously the owners objected, so Jennie had her ice cream outside.

I had Jennie about six months or so when Mother and Dad decided we should tie her with the pony cart. I helped Dad put the bridle and harness on, and I backed Jennie into the shafts while Dad held the reins. Mother got in first and then I took the front seat and the reins. A word of explanation about this wicker cart. It was entered from the back by steps, and the seats were around the front and sides. Also, the cart had only two wheels.

The above is a rough sketch, top view, of the cart. It would seat 2-4 people.
On this first venture with the cart when I said "Gid-ap," Jennie responded very well, and we decided to drive down to one of our fields. Everything went along nicely for about 15 to 20 minutes. To this day I do not know what happened, whether she was spooked or whether she resented pulling the cart. Anyway, she took off at full speed over a rocky field, and no amount of holding back on the reins could slow her pace. After a few moments of terror, one of the wheels was knocked off by a large rock which the cart hit. This slowed our speed somewhat allowing Mother to jump out and I followed. Jennie kept on running into a wooded area where the cart became tangled among some trees, totally stopping it. Jennie was sprawled on the ground, unable to move. Dad heard the commotion and came running to help us. Mother was a nervous wreck and had a badly bruised side, but I was okay. After tending to Mother, Dad and I unhitched Jennie. She was not harmed, but the beautiful wicker cart was a complete wreck. I guess Jennie was sorry, but she never again drew a cart while she was my pony.

Each day during the summer months, as well as the spring and autumn, one of my chores was rounding up the dairy cows for milking. This was a fun thing to do. Jennie was a pure joy rounding up the cows as we drove them into the barns. Jennie was a take-charge animal. It was only a very short time after her arrival before she took over the other horses in regard to some of their habits. During the summer months, the horses were put out to pasture after the day's work was done. Jennie was often put out with them. When we needed the horses the next morning or whenever, Dad or I or both of us went down to the pasture with a pail of feed. When we held the pail up the horses would come quickly to get fed, and we would then place bridles on them.

However, when Jennie saw us coming with a feed pail, she immediately would recognize this ploy, and she took charge. Instead of the horses coming to us, she led them at a gallop away from us with her tail held high. Then it was up to us to chase them into a corner of the field where, hopefully, they could be caught and bridled. Chasing horses was time consuming for us, but Jennie was having fun. Many times we were able to bridle the work horses, but Jennie still wanted to play, especially if I needed her. I would continue to try the "feed in the pail" ploy to coax her to me, but she would stop about 10 to 15 feet away and stand still until I got almost close enough to collar her. Then she would canter off another 10 to 15 feet and repeat the episode all over again. She did this any number of times until she decided she had had enough of this sport. Then she would let me collar her.

Jennie did not like blacksmiths. She knew when I was riding her to the blacksmiths, for it was a different route. The moment she sensed this she stopped, and no amount of heel jabbing would make her move. I would then dismount and try to pull her with the reins and walk her. Finally, I won and mounted her again; but she constantly turned her head away from the direction we were headed. This total performance was repeated several more times before we got to the blacksmith. When we finally arrived and the smitty tried to raise her hind leg, she kicked him.

Jennie had a few more tricks. She liked her feed. When the other horses were
around and I fed them first, she would come over and nudge me with her head. She wanted to make sure she got her share right then. She loved apples. I would bring her one every day when they ripened, just to keep her on my side. Those days I missed she seemed to look at me as if to say, "Have you forgotten something?"

Jennie and I were nearly inseparable for seven years, and during those seven years I rode her every day, weather permitting. We went everywhere, through the forests, to the swimming holes, and to visit friends.

I started high school in New London when I was fifteen years old. I had outgrown Jennie, and Dad decided to sell her. I am sure it was the right thing to do. One day a man came to take her to her new owner, a little girl who lived near the Mystic River. I never saw Jennie again, but my heart will forever remember the purest of joy she brought me as a boy.
THE MYSTIC BAPTIST CHURCH

When I was an infant I was christened in the Catholic Church in Mystic, since my Grandmother was a very devout Catholic and would hear of nothing else, so I learned later from Mother, who was then also a Catholic. Dad was a Lutheran, or so he said. Since we had no Lutheran Church in Mystic, there was no opportunity for him to go. I was christened Carl Frederick Henry Inderfurth. Carl was my Dad's Father's name, Frederick was my Mother's Father's name and Henry was my Dad's name. For some forgotten reason, when I went to high school I changed the spelling of Carl from a C to a K. I asked Mother about it and she said it would be all right.

I first remember going to church in the Fishtown Chapel, which was very near our farm. Mother would take me whenever an itinerate minister would come by to preach, since the chapel did not have a permanent minister. Fishtown Chapel was non-denominational, and neighbors came because it was close to their homes. Today, the chapel is a part of history, located in the Mystic Seaport Museum.

One of the most touching and unexpected evenings of my life came when my children, Pam and Rick, presented me with a beautiful painting of the Fishtown Chapel. The artist was Katherine Grimes, and was entitled "The Open Church Door." It was an emotional moment that I will always savour in my memories.

Services at the chapel became more and more infrequent, and finally none at all. I do remember the time when some of the members used it as a gathering place to discuss the affairs of Captain Fish who lived nearby and was living with an unwed woman. We had a family of Quakers in our neighborhood who were dead set against any such goings on, as were some of our other neighbors. We were at the meeting, so I assume we were outraged, too. The leader of this group was a Mr. Watrous, a Quaker, and he incited them so that they decided to make a call on Capt. Fish and inform him that they would not tolerate his actions. The group walked to the Fish home about one-half mile away and called for him to come out, which he did. But he had his shotgun. After listening to what the group had to say, he told them to go to hell, and not very politely either. Several months later I understood he was visited by the K.K.K. who burned a cross in his yard. Capt. Fish was furious, but he kept on living there as he had before.

Mother and Dad insisted that I continue to go to church on a more frequent schedule, which was fine with me. Since the Mystic Baptist Church was the one nearest to where we lived, it was decided that Mother and I should investigate this church. On our first Sunday we met a lot of people whom we knew, and also Mr. Osborne, the pastor. After attending several services here, we joined the church and became Baptists.

Before church service I went to Sunday School. The classes seemed somewhat like grammar school, since many of my classmates were there. I enjoyed these, and one year I even got a perfect attendance pin. We had a little song with which we closed
"Sunday School is over
And we are going home.
Goodbye now, goodbye now
We are going home."

After Sunday School I went to the church service and usually sat with Mother. If I sat with my friend Malcolm on the back row, the ushers would tell us to quiet down.

There were many activities for us at the church. One of my Sunday School teachers started the Pioneers Club for boys. The Pioneers was a national organization which was something like the Boy Scouts. Our camping trips were great fun, since we would go out to Mystic Island and spend the night.

Once a year we had a Sunday School picnic, usually held on Ackly's Point which faced Fisher's Island Sound. The fathers would go ahead and get the stones heated preparatory to having a clam bake with all the fixings. These picnics were fun for the entire families. There were games to play such as horseshoes and mumbley peg, and contests to enter like potato sack races, 3-legged races and tug of war. And, of course, there was always swimming and rowboats for us to enjoy.

The Mystic Baptist Church stands on the top of Baptist Hill, and overlooks the town. The building with its majestic steeple and belfry is much the same today as it was when I went there. The beautiful sound of church bells can be heard all over the village.
"We love the Academy School
That stands on the hill so high.
And if we mind its teachings
We will leave it bye and bye."

As mentioned in another chapter, the Academy School was beautifully located on top of a ledge and had a commanding view of the Mystic River and the surrounding countryside. It was great. From the Pearl Street side it was necessary to climb a number of steps to get to the top of the ledge, while from the other side, Bank Street, one passed right by the ledge at the same elevation. Remember that Mystic in those days was and still is a divided borough. The Mystic River was the dividing line between the borough of Groton in which we lived, and the borough of Stonington which was on the other side (the east side). Each borough had its own grammar school, police force and town hall.

The Academy School is still being used today. I had the opportunity to go through the school in August, 1980, and actually it had changed very little with the exception that a new auditorium had been added. Oh, the memories it brought back of 62 years ago, when I entered the Academy. I was a 1927 graduate.

I remember the first day in September 1918, when Mother brought me to kindergarten to meet my teacher, Rachel Bemette, and my new classmates. I am not sure, but I think I was looking forward to going. After I had been registered I took a seat on one of the chairs forming a circle, and as the registration continued the circle started to fill. Up to this point everything was normal, but not for long. A boy and his Mother arrived and all of a sudden he yelled, "I am NOT going to this school!" He kept yelling while his Mother kept dragging him into the class room. Finally he broke away and ran out the front door with his Mother chasing him and he still yelling, "I'll never, never want to go to this school!" It was several days before Mr. and Mrs. McDonald came back along with Malcolm, who by now was much subdued and participated without further problems. Over the years Malcolm and I became the best of friends.

There are many things I remember about kindergarten. If you were good you were allowed to paste a sun or a rainy circle onto the calendar, depending on the kind of day it was. You were made to feel that this was a very high honor, and if I were selected I could not wait to tell Mother and Dand.

We played revolving chairs. The students would march around the chairs to music, and when the music stopped one student could not be seated since one chair had been removed. This would continue until all but one had been eliminated and won the game.

We quickly learned the significance of holding up one or two fingers when we needed to go to the toilet.

On Tuesdays our drawing teacher came and we drew on the blackboard. We were encouraged to draw at home and bring the drawings back the next week to be
judged. I never got best in show and even to this day I would not qualify.

On Thursdays our music teacher came. Here I got along better, since I was chosen to sing in the chorus. I continued to sing in the chorus and also had some lead parts throughout my days at the Academy.

Kindergarten was real hard, but we all passed, with no one flunking. A real solid group!

Before I go any further, I should mention the Academy structure. I suppose it was built around 1910, and it was a very massive brick building consisting of three floors and the basement. Kindergarten, 1, 2, and 3 classes were on the first floor. Classes 4, 5, 6 and 8 were on the second floor. The 7th class was on the top floor, which also served as the assembly room. All of the toilets were in the basement. Down the center of each floor was a large hallway, with coat racks outside each room. All rooms had large windows.

The desks in each room (except for the kindergarten) were similar to those used today. Some had tops which you lifted in order to place your books inside. Others had fixed tops with a space underneath in which to place your books. The seat was either attached or not attached to the desk, depending on the manufacturer.

We, the graduated class of the Mystic Academy School kindergarten, are now in the first grade and taught by a very pretty young teacher, a Miss Fiedler. The real world of reading, writing, and arithmetic was started. Also, that damned stuff called "homework" was begun. All of the subjects were rather easy for me except drawing.

Friendships made in kindergarten were continued with Malcolm, Carl Brow, Hans Dahlgren, Dinky Smith and others. As yet no girls were noticed. I think first grade was rather unexciting, and all of us were ready for the big challenge of the second grade.

In the second grade, history and geography were added to the existing curriculum of arithmetic, reading, spelling, English, music, and that damn drawing in the order. Each teacher handled the entire curriculum, including calling the roll. Arithmetic problems were hard to do, and my Grandmother who lived with us part of each year would help me. Music and drawing teachers taught their subject on a one-hour per week basis.

Second grade will always be a highlight, because this was the year I got my pony, Jennie, and with that acquisition naturally followed a whole lot of new friends. Maybe there was a more bashful acknowledgement that girls also existed. My teachers had a special day for me to bring Jennie to school in order that some of the kids could ride her.

We had fire drills and the alarms would go off whenever the principal felt like pushing the button. We were rushed out into the halls in columns of four and marched right out of the building. I'll bet we were the best fire-drilled school in the state. Another thing the entire school excelled in was recess. We had two a day: Morning recess was held outdoors and was mainly for exercises. During inclement weather we exercised in the halls. The afternoon recess was more fun, since we could do as we wished. The boys played horseshoes, volleyball, marbles, baseball, hopscotch, and jacks. The girls rollerskated, played jump rope, hopscotch, and jacks. And we did not enter into our games - yet!

I am now in the third grade and doing especially well in history and geography...
My other subjects were pretty good too, but damn that drawing. Our teacher was Mrs. Noyes. She selected one student each week who, in her opinion, was the best behaved. She would give that lucky kid the pick of one bird. She had a fine collection of bird photographs that hung around her blackboards. It was a status symbol to be chosen, and I so desperately wanted a bird. I nearly gave up hope. I’m not sure, but I think I got one the last week of the school year. It was also the only one left.

The fourth grade is only worth mentioning because we moved to the second floor, and because our teacher was known as Skunk-Tail Prentiss. In the wintertime she wore a fur hat which had a skunk tail on the back of it, hence the name. This was the year when I started to get invited to birthday parties. My bashfulness toward girls started to wear off, and spin the bottle became real fun, as did post office. There were a lot of cute girls, but the only one I really remember was Delores Neff.

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As mentioned, the Academy was situated on top of a ledge. Sometimes during recess "follow the leader" was played as we tried to climb down the ledge. The school principal strictly prohibited our playing on the overhang of the ledge. Well, forget it. We did it anyway, if not at recess, after school. One day after school (fortunately, I was not involved) some of the kids got up a game of follow the leader on the ledge. One of the boys slipped and fell, breaking several ribs and his arm. This resulted in the school board having a sturdy iron fence built around the top of the ledge. So much for that game.

One of the favorite "sports" boys participated in was called Flag Day. The name does not describe in any way the game as played. This type of Flag Day was as follows: knickers were the usual trousers worn by boys back then, and the trouser fly was closed and opened by means of buttons and button holes. When the fly was closed, a swift deft hand of another person could lash across the front of the fly of an unsuspecting person, catch the fly in his fingers and draw the fly towards him, opening the fly completely. The time required to do this was maybe a second or so and the result was pandemonium. The attacker yelled "FLAG DAY" and ran like hell to get away while the boy with his fly open was mortified. One other thing to bear in mind was that most knickers were held up by belts or suspenders, and woe to the Flag Day victim who wore neither. Total disaster. Also, buttons went flying and several buttons would be missing for the entire school day. It is easy to visualize the embarrassing situations Flag Day could create. You might be talking to a girl and someone flags you. Chances were the girl would never speak to you again. Or, while walking to the front of the class some one flags you and creates much confusion. The teacher, not seeing what happened would blame the innocent victim and he was the one who received any punishment for the disturbance. There was pretty much of a code that you did not squeal on the one who flagged you. I received my share of flags, and also gave a few. But I was never an expert as some of the boys were. They could flag so fast and easy you wouldn't even know you had been flagged.

I will never forget the following incident relative to flagging which happened to me. I was in the eighth grade and, as was the seating custom, the trouble makers were always seated on the front row. The following rows were the less troublesome, etc., until the last row where the students with the best conduct sat. Our eighth grade teacher was Joanna Bernette, who was also the school principal. She was not a
favorite of mine, and that was certainly a two-way street. But, surprise, this time was seated in the back row! To my left, as we faced forward, was Kenneth Paine who was a very accomplished flagger, a real expert. One day the principal moved me to the front row directly in front of her desk for talking too much. I got my books out of my desk and moved most of them to my new location. I had to walk back to get the remainder of my belongings and as I did, Kennie flagged me. I told him quite explicitly that I would see him outside. Miss Bernette heard this and she was furious with me for talking again. She had not seen what had happened, and she quite loudly informed me "You are the biggest fool I have ever seen going over Fool's Hill." I will not forget that day.

* * *

Skipping school was something I tried only once, with absolutely no success. I was in the fourth grade and Malcolm had urged me to skip classes with him someday. We finally decided on a date and plan. We would go to class in the morning, and after riding Jennie home for dinner and back to the stable, we would skip school for the afternoon. We walked down to one of the old ship yards which had plenty of places to run for cover if we were spotted. It was a beautiful spring day, and we spent some of our time jumping on spars floating in the river. The spars were left over from World War I. It was fortunate that we did not fall in the river while we were playing follow the leader. One of the main reasons for skipping school was the fact that Malcolm had tried smoking and he wanted to try some kind of new cigarette called "Cubebs." These, he said, came from Cuba and he enjoyed them. Since I had never smoked I got sick, but only for a few minutes. Then we rolled some dried corn silk and smoked this. Again I got sick. I did not smoke again until I went to high school.

Now our adventure was over, and I rode Jennie home and put her up for the day. Mother met me out in the yard and said, "How was school today?" "O.K." "Well, were you in school this afternoon?" (Oh, something's wrong.) "Yes." "Well, that's funny. I saw your teacher this afternoon and she wondered if you were sick, since you were not in class." I had no choice but to confess. Mother called Dad and he got the message. A very well laid on wood-shedding followed. I never again skipped school while I attended the academy.

Discipline at school was rather strict, depending on the infraction. Some infractions could be fighting, swearing, talking in class, being late for school, homework not done, pulling girls' pigtails, not minding the teacher, etc. Punishment for any of these could be having your hands hit with a ruler by the teacher, being sent to the front of the room and made to stand in a corner with your back to the class, staying after school to clean the blackboards, or being sent from the room to stand in the hall. The worse punishment was a strapping by a school-board member. This latter never got, but the rest of them befell me from time to time.

* * *

Two very important events occurred during the years I was in grammar school. The round-the-world flight of the U.S. Army planes was of special interest to me since one of the pilots, Lt. Leslie Arnold, was from New London, Conn. The flight started in Seattle, Washington. After many landings, they flew around the world and back to Seattle, with one of the flights flying directly over the academy. The other
event was the flight of the "Graf Zeppelin" enroute from Germany to New York. This airship, too, flew over the academy. The entire school was allowed to view both of these epic flights as each passed over in perfect weather.

I graduated from the academy school in 1927 with honors, but not as valedictorian. That honor went to Hans Dalhgren. However, I was selected as a speaker. For my commencement speech I chose as my subject "Clipper Ships," (see Appendix 1) since Mystic and her people had played such an important part in the clipper ship era.
HIGH SCHOOL DAYS AND TIMES

Mystic was divided into two boroughs, Stonington and Groton, with each having its own school system. Stonington had grammar schools and one high school. Groton, where we lived, had grammar schools but did not have a high school. Therefore, those of us planning on going to high school were required to go to New London. New London had three high schools: Bulkeley, all male; W.M.I. (Williams Memorial Institute), all female; and Chapman Technical High. Bulkeley and W.M.I. offered both classical and business courses, while Chapman Tech accepted both male and female but offered predominately trade courses.

On matriculation day it was necessary to choose either a business course or a classical course, the latter if you planned to go to college or prep school. I chose the classical course. Soon I became acquainted with algebra, chemistry, Latin, geometry, English and history. There was a "professor" for each subject, and he taught only that subject. A new world was opening up to me.

Bulkeley had a varied sports program including football, basketball, baseball, track and cross country. I did not participate in any of these sports except on an intramural basis. There was too much to do on the farm, and a lot of time was taken up getting back and forth to school. I did play violin in the school orchestra, since practice was during study hours.

Some of our classmates from the academy school did not continue on to high school. Instead they opted to go to work in the mills, shipyards, grocery stores, etc. We missed them, but we were making new friends and enjoying their company.

In order to get to New London, a trip of about nine miles, it was necessary to ride the trolley. One of the many trolleys on this route was designated for the school children only and stopped in Noank, Poquonock, and Groton to pick up students for the three high schools. Then, it went over the Thames River bridge to New London. The trolley left the barn at 7 a.m. sharp. After leaving Noank and before reaching Poquonock, it passed through a wooded area and down a relatively steep and very long hill. It was some fun to go fast down this hill, and all of us riders would urge the motorman to go faster, faster! Several times during one of these wild rides, the troller which was attached to the top of the trolley pole would jump out of the electric wire which powered the trolley and we ran free. Since the trolley’s brakes were mechanical, it could be stopped. However, it would make the motorman mad, as he had to stop the trolley and go outside to the back of the car. Then, by means of a rope which was always fastened to the pole lined up with the wire and the deep grooved troller wheel on top of the trolley pole. The pole was tensioned by heavy springs, and often it took some time to get it in the right position to accept the wire. Meanwhile his passengers were having fun with the thoughts of being late for school.

Even though it was fun riding the school trolley with friends, it was hard to get up around 5:30, or earlier, each morning, especially in darkness and bad weather. We lived about a mile and a half from the car barn, so it was necessary that I walk this
istance. After about a month of this I learned that several business men drove from Mystic to New London each day. I started hitching rides from the end of Inderfurth ane each school morning, and was very successful. Soon I had three regular rides. If I missed one of the rides, another was sure to follow. They let me off one block from Bulkeley. Boy, what a relief. I also hitched rides home each afternoon but this was catch as catch can. Generally though this method was quicker than the trolley ride back to Mystic and then walking home.

In my junior year Dad gave me a used Buick touring car to drive back and forth to school, and this was just great. The only problem was that it didn't last. During a study hour at Bulkeley several friends and I decided to drive down State Street, which was the main street in New London. As we were driving down a car came careening out of a side street and ran into us, totaling the Buick. Fortunately, no one was injured. It was the other car's fault, but there was no insurance. So, back to hitching rides.

Bill Canty taught algebra and was the football coach. He was also a very strict disciplinarian. He had several cute tricks to enforce order in his classroom. All the professors sat on elevated platforms at their desks which enabled them to see all of their students. If he saw someone whispering or not paying attention he would throw a piece of chalk at the offender. He threw it hard and with amazing accuracy, he never missed his target. Woe be to those hit by Canty's chalk. He also hated gum chewers in his class. If he found one, his punishment was the old peanut trick. The student came forward and was given a peanut, then told to get down on his hands and knees and push the peanut around the room with his nose while the other students continued their studies. Canty had one student, a fellow by the name of Marsdale, who spent a lot of time pushing a peanut. Marsdale had a talking and gum habit. I can still hear Canty yelling, "Marsdale, come up here. Here is the peanut. You now what to do with it." Canty could also lay the ruler on you.

All students taking the classical course were required to take a foreign language. I was fortunate that I knew some German and that subject was easy for me, except for conjugation of verbs. My favorite subject was history, and Latin was certainly the one I cared for least.

During my sophomore year I became interested in W.M.I. girls, especially one by the name of Edna Gregg. Bulkeley held school dances in the school auditorium and occasionally at the Mohegan Hotel or the Norwich Inn. Edna and I had a lot of fun going to these. I got my first tuxedo at this time, but I hated the stiff celluloid collars. During my high school days I rather fancied myself a classy dresser, what with my lus-fours and sweaters, blazers and bell-bottom white trousers, suspenders and straw hat. In cooler weather, a derby and spats. That was CLASS! The cat's meow.

My high school days were during the years of prohibition, and most all of us did some experimenting with booze which was purchased from bootleggers. Some of it was good stuff, but some was made by the sellers and it was really "rot-gut," with very high percentage of alcohol. It's a wonder none of us died. Those were the days of silver flasks, which conveniently fit into your inside coat pocket or the back pocket of your trousers. It was a fast, hell-raising era of jazz, dancing the Charleston and the himmy, booze, radio, autos. The mode of life was changing in America, and
everybody was living high. Then came the Great Depression. Hoover was blamed and Roosevelt got credit for putting America on track again. However, my father-in-law said, "Hoover was a great engineer, the greatest America ever produced. He drained and damned the whole United States!"

I graduated from Bulkeley in 1931 and was selected as one of the commencement speakers. I chose as my subject "Sandino, Rebel Chief." (see Appendix II). My speech was delivered in June, 1931. It is interesting that in 1981 the United States is still odds with Nicaragua where so-called Sandinistas control a shaky government. I this situation the United States supports the Contras, who are the guerrillas fighting to overthrow the Sandinistas.

Bulkeley was a very highly rated high school and, along with Boston Latin, was the only all male high school in New England. Many of Bulkeley's graduates continued on to college.

The Great Depression stilled any thoughts I had about college since money was a very large problem, but I was determined to go some day. Mother and Dad, seeing my steadfast determination, offered to help if I could get a job and save my money and at the same time help around the farm.

* * *

My first job was in the winter of 1931 working for the W.P.A. on Fisher's Island. In order to get to Fisher's it was necessary to take a bus to New London. Then, with many other W.P.A. workers, I would take a ferry at 7 a.m. and return to New London about 5 p.m., depending on the weather. The passage normally took one to one and a half hours. The ferry was similar to a large ocean going tug, but with an enclosed seating area. We had many rough passages in cold winter weather, encountering high winds, rough seas, snow and fog. Many times in the winter the waves breaking over the bow would coat the entire superstructure of the vessel with ice.

The W.P.A. work on Fisher's consisted of constructing sidewalks at Fort Fisher. Building sidewalks was a very slow task, and the work was close to useless. The weather was extremely cold, and how much could be accomplished with a hard shovel and frozen ground? Nothing. And that is what we did mostly -- nothing. The arrival of spring was most welcome, but then the W.P.A. decided to terminate our jobs.

I was lucky to get another job, this one in Mystic, right away, working for the Climax Tube Company which made paper products for the textile industry. The pay was $20 for four 10-hour shifts per week.

As the depression started to ease ever so slightly, I was hired by the Rossie Velvet Mill (the same organization that brought Dad over from Europe). The pay was better, $30 for a 40-hour week on the basis of five 8-hour days.

I suppose working in a textile plant had an influence on my decision to go college, which offered a degree in textile engineering. Mother had always told me, "Son, when you decide on your future don't be a farmer or a textile worker, and sure to marry a rich girl." Sound advice but, being normal, I did not take it.

I had been working for about three years since my graduation from Bulkeley and had saved about $1,000, which included the sale of my boat "KIEG." I was ready to go to college, even though my bank account was meager. However, I felt that if we were lucky, I could get a job doing something at college, in addition Mother and D
would help me all they could.

I wrote for catalogs from all the textile schools I could find: Lowell Textile in Lowell, Mass.; Philadelphia School of Textiles in Philadelphia, Pa.; New Bedford Textile in New Bedford, Mass.; Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, R.I.; North Carolina State in Raleigh, N.C.; Clemson College in Clemson, S.C.; and Georgia Tech in Atlanta. All these schools had one big thing in common and that was out-of-state tuition, something I had not figured on. I chose Clemson, since it offered an excellent course in textiles and furthermore, the out-of-state tuition was less than the others. Also, if you qualified in your junior and senior year, you were automatically in the R.O.T.C. which paid a small amount of money. This would help me with my finances.

I left Mystic in September, 1934, and to save on transportation I thumbed my way to Clemson, making the trip in three days. On the way, I would spend the evenings in Y.M.C.A.s or ride a Greyhound bus overnight. I would only bum rides in the daytime.

Enroute an idea struck me which, if it worked, would possibly save me the out-of-state tuition. I had heard that in order to vote in South Carolina it was necessary to pay poll tax. I reasoned that since I was 21 years of age I could live anywhere I wanted to, registering and thereby becoming a citizen of that state. Further, if I paid my poll tax there should be no question of having to pay out-of-state tuition since I would be living in South Carolina nine months out of each year.

The day after I arrived at Clemson, I thumbed to Walhalla, the county seat of Oconee County, the county in which Clemson was located, and paid my $2 poll tax. The next day I registered at Clemson, giving my address as my post office box number at the Clemson Post Office. No one questioned my out-of-state situation.

This went along very well for the entire first semester. However, when I returned from Christmas Holidays in Mystic and went to the treasurer's office to pay for my second semester, I was advised that Mr. Evans, the treasurer, wanted to see me. I went into his office, and there was no doubt what he had on his mind. He spoke very firmly, and not at all in a friendly tone. "Cadet Inderfurth (Clemson was military), I expect you to pay your out-of-state tuition for the second semester as well as the balance you owe on your first semester for the out-of-state tuition." Well, he certainly put it on the line. My turn. "Mr. Evans, I am 21 years old, I have registered and paid my poll tax in South Carolina. I reside here for a minimum of nine months out of each year; therefore, I am a citizen of South Carolina and not subject to out-of-state tuition." Mr. Evans was quite agitated by this time and went through his statement again, and I responded as before; to wit, "I am a citizen of South Carolina, etc., etc." I may have omitted some of the dialogue after all these years, but in substance it is accurate. We reached an impasse on the out-of-state situation, but this scenario was repeated for six more semesters until I graduated. I did not enjoy my sessions with Mr. Evans, since he often threatened to expel me, but he always stopped short of this. Anyway, I kept paying my poll tax all the time I was at Clemson; and not having to pay the out-of-state tuition was very helpful towards my financial situation. I graduated in 1938 with a BS Degree in Textile Engineering.
VIII.
SAILING IS MY SPORT

"Mystic." The name is derived from the Indian name "misatuck", meaning "big tidal basin". The town of Mystic is situated on the Mystic River which starts in Old Mystic and flows through Mystic, past Noank, and empties in to Fisher’s Island Sound on its way to the Atlantic Ocean. Enroute, the river also passes Mason’s Island, Ender’s Island, Mystic Island and Fisher’s Island.

All of this great panorama could be seen from the top of Stanton’s Hill, which was part of route No. 1 from Maine to Florida. Since I lived about one-half mile from the top of Stanton’s Hill, I could see this magnificent view each day when I went to school. Very often there were working schooners sailing in Fisher’s Island Sound with their cargo. Some of the schooners came into Mystic with their cargo and tied up at the wharf. Any time I had the opportunity I would go down and visit a captain and crew. This was fun, since they would always spin some very interesting yarns.

Mystic had at various times as many as 11 shipyards during its shipbuilding zenith, 1820-1880. Mystic yards built clippers, whalers, schooners, smacks, skiffs, whitehalls, sharpies, seine boats, etc. One of the classic clippers built by a Mystic shipyard was the medium clipper "Andrew Jackson", captained by John "Jack" Williams. Captain Williams made an outstanding run with the "Andrew Jackson" of 89 days, 4 hours from New York to San Francisco.

A Mystic shipyard built the ironclad Galena. The Galena was enoute to engage the Merrimac during the Civil War. However, the Monitor arrived there first, thus winning a place in naval history.

Various types of sailing vessels and fishing boats continued to be built in diminishing numbers in Mystic until the end of World War I. After that, most of the remaining yards closed. The only ones I remember continuing were the Franklin Post Boat Yard, which built motor yachts and sports fishermen and the West Mystic Shipyard, which built sea sleds. The sea sled was a truly innovative speedboat. The hull was an inverted "V", and was built with or without cabin, depending on the size. Sea sleds were mass produced in sizes up to 32 feet. The biggest sleds were toys for the wealthy, since with two 400 H.P. engines, it had a guaranteed speed of 45 m.p.h. They were beautifully finished boats, and I enjoyed watching them being built. Occasionally I got to ride in one when a friendly mechanic was testing a new one. The company had a large business but went bankrupt in the 30's, and sea sleds were never again built.

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Living in this type of environment of rivers, sounds, the ocean, ships, shipyards, captains and sea stories, I was filled with the love of the sea forever. I became more and more interested in sailboats but for a long time the nearest I got to one was a rowboat owned by my Aunt Bert, which I could borrow anytime I wanted. I would row up and down the Mystic River, and even out to Noank which was a graveyard for several large sailing ships. I would board these, even though they were in sinking condition, and fancy myself a captain sailing the seven seas.

51.
One day I was walking around the Mystic River Yacht Club admiring the small sailboats moored there, when I met Jerome Hoxie. He asked me if I would like to crew for him on his Friendship sloop. I could not wait to say YES! I found out seven days later that he was the Commodore of the club. Friendship sloops were built in Maine, and were very versatile, being used for fishing, lobstering and pleasure. Jerry’s Friendship was for pleasure only. She was Gaff rigged and her cabin could sleep four very comfortably. Hundreds of Friendships were built, but today they have sailed into history, though occasionally you may see an old one which has been restored.

Jerry and I sailed the Friendship together for about two years; both on day cruise and overnight to such ports as New London, Essex, Long Island and Fisher’s Island. The closest I ever came to being seasick was on the Friendship. We were off New London and there was no wind. It was a very hot summer day and the ground swelled the ship rock excessively. I was about to go over the side when fortunately the wind picked up and in no time I was feeling better.

There were many memorable sailing trips with Jerry and our friends. Sailing under a full moon is to me one of the great experiences in all of sailing. The quietness of the movement of the hull through the sea, with a slight heel, the bow breaking the water and the white foam rushing past forming a wake is an absolute thrill. An added dimension is given to moonlight sailing when phosphorescent bodies glow as the ship passes through them. Beautiful!

The Friendship was a fine sailing boat, and in rough weather she handled herself well. However, on one occasion Jerry and I were in Long Island sound coming up on Fisher’s Island when we saw a thunderstorm on its way. Quickly the wind became very strong and the seas rough. We dropped the jib and full reefed the mainsail as we prepared for a ride. It was an exciting few minutes when a wave near swamped us and half filled the cabin. Fortunately we weathered the rest of the storm which quickly passed over. After pumping her out we continued our return trip to Mystic.

We sailed the Friendship from spring through the first signs of winter. I remember some fall days off Fisher’s when the winds coming out of the nor’easter were extremely cold and the water was very rough. It was really cold when it was your turn at the wheel or when tending the sails. But it was fun to a degree. I have often marveled at the seamen during the age of sail who had to climb the rigging and set the sails in all kinds of weather. I shudder to think of doing this in wintertime with the ice and snow all over the lines and sails. Bare hands and no special wet gear, all hours whether it be night or day! These sailors stayed wet for weeks at a time. It was a rough, tough life, for which they were paid very little. But, surprisingly, after the end of a passage, many signed up for the next voyage, even on whalers who might stay away from their home port for as long as three years.

Jerry, on occasion, would let me have the Friendship; and I will always remember a rather hectic one-day sail. I invited Herman Anderson, a good sailor, and some friends to join me on this trip. The girls brought a picnic lunch and the men some liquid refreshments. We dropped our mooring around 10 a.m. under beautiful skies. With an excellent breeze, we sailed out of Mystic into Fisher’s Island Sound and set our course for New London Light. We sailed down the Thames River to
submarine base, then back to the light and set our course for Mystic Island. After reaching the island we anchored and went swimming off the beach. Mystic Island was a small, uninhabited island with a half-moon beach which was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Akeley, the African explorers. After our swim, we had a few drinks and our picnic lunch. We had been keeping a watch on a fog bank which was off Fisher's Island, but it seemed far enough away so we were not too concerned about it. Unfortunately, it started to come in on us with alarming speed, and soon we were in a real pea-souper. Since the entrance to Mystic Island was guarded by rocks we decided to start our one-lunger engine and get out into more open water. With everyone keeping a sharp look-out we missed the rocks; and after a short run, we plotted our course to Noank. Darkness, plus the fog and the shallow depth in parts of our run to Noank, keep us working our lead to determine our depths. After what I considered enough time for us to be near Noank and the mouth of the Mystic River, we heard breakers. We decided to drop anchor in order to determine our position. Since we knew we must be near shore, it was decided to let Herman row towards the breakers and, hopefully, ascertain where we were. Since we had a lot of line, we let the line out as Herman rowed towards shore. He had gone only a short distance before he was on the beach and informed us that we were on the west end of Mason's Island. After he rowed back to the ship, we now knew our position and set a course for Noank and the mouth of the Mystic River. The depth became deeper and we judged this to be the mouth of the Mystic River. We ran a few minutes and then executed a change in our course, which we reckoned would clear the first elbow in the river. We moved along slowly in the fog, continuing to make soundings—until we ran fast aground. Fortunately, the tide was nearing flood, and by kedging we got free and continued our journey through the fog. There was one more turn to make prior to our run down the river. We estimated a time of about 7 or 8 minutes on our present course, continually checking our depths. I turned our helm and the water depth continued to be deep, so we were at last on our way to our mooring. As we motored close to the Sea Sled dock we could distinguish people, and they yelled, "We never expected to see you tonight." Well, they were not by themselves; we never expected to see them, either. Some of the girls' parents were among the group and, instead of complimenting our seamanship, all we heard was what fools we were. There is nothing like a warm welcome at home port on a foggy night.

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I graduated from Bulkeley High in 1931, at the height of the depression. I was lucky to get a job and I saved my money, hoping to go to college some day. But I still had a longing for my own sailboat. There was a small shipyard in Noank which built Noank Class 14 ft. sailboats. This was a classy light ship sloop rigged, jib, mainsail, centerboard, and tiller. The cockpit was large enough to accommodate four people, but, ideally, it was for two. With sails, a brand new Noank cost $125. Cash. I discussed the purchase of the boat with Mother and Dad. After some haggling, especially about the money for college bit, they agreed that I should buy the boat. Then, if I went to college, I could sell the boat and perhaps even get my money back. I was a very happy young man the day I picked up my boat and sailed her to the Mystic Yacht Club, where I had arranged for a permanent mooring right in front of the club. My mooring was within easy reach of the club dock, so I could either swim
out to her or use the club dinghy. After rains and foggy weather it was necessary to
bail her out and raise the cotton sails to prevent mildew. I named my sailboat KIEG,
which were my initials and those of the girl I was going with, Edna Gregg. KIEG was
painted blue with a red boot, and she looked super when she was heeling. It is always
fun to sail on someone else's boat, but nothing compares to owning your own when
you make all the decisions and chart your own course.

The first summer KIEG sailed to Sag Harbour, Watch Hill, New London, Fisher's
Island, Mystic Island and Essex, among other ports. KIEG day sailed as well as
overnight, depending on the distance involved. Since KIEG had a center-board, we
could drag her up onto the beach. There, over burning driftwood which we would
collect on shore, we would cook our meals.

One of the exciting places to sail was to Latimore Light. This lighthouse was built
from masonry stone in a circular configuration; the masonry stone was generally 18
inches thick at the base and tapered to eight inches at the top. It was painted black
to a height of 35 to 40 feet; and in its loft, or tower, there was a huge revolving light
to warn ships of the danger of Latimore’s Reef and further act as a navigational
guide. It was also equipped with a very loud foghorn to warn Mariners during a fog
Latimore’s Light was tended by two lighthouse keepers employed by the U.S
Government. They stayed on continuous duty for four weeks, and then were
relieved by two other keepers, and the rotation continued.

Since the reef was very shallow, KIEG, because of its shallow draft, could
successfully sail over the reef to the lighthouse. This was fun, since the lighthouse
keepers were always happy to see us, and we in turn enjoyed visiting with them
Latimore’s Light was very interesting, especially the light and the fog horn. I learn
a lot about how they operated, and how the seconds of flash time were controlled

The quarters where the men ate and slept were very clean and comfortable. It wa:
exciting to hear about their experiences during storms when the waves broke ove:
the lighthouse. They would tell of how cold it would get in the winter time, and o:
shipwrecks which had occurred. I became very friendly with two of the keepers an:
would sail over to visit and eat with them from time to time during the summer.

There were many lighthouses that could be seen from Stanton’s Hill which
enjoyed to a lesser degree. One was located on the Hummock, which was a smal
island in Fisher's Island Sound about midway to each end of Fisher's. This was a
smaller lighthouse built on the Hummock, along with a home for the keepers who
were man and wife. It was like a tiny farm: two cows, a garden, cats, dogs. What:
fine place to be if you wanted solitude. I sailed out there once or twice, but the people
were not very friendly.

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Mother and Dad would sail with me occasionally, and they enjoyed a day trip in
Fisher’s Island Sound. Fisher’s Island, although nearer to Connecticut than to the
State of New York, was located in New York waters. The island was very beautiful
and was easily visible from Stanton’s Hill or Noank. During World War I, a fort
containing heavy artillery was built on the western end of the island to serve as an
outer defense for New York City. Most of the inhabitants lived on the western par
of the island. The eastern part of the island was exclusively for summer residents
and exclusive it was. Many of America's wealthy families built magnificent home
there.

Hay Harbour Yacht Club was built on the north side of the island, and many of the big yachts would frequently enter Fisher’s Island Sound and make for Hay Harbour. Sailboats have the right of way over motor powered yachts, and when I saw big yachts such as J.P. Morgan’s CORSAIR coming up the Sound on its way to Hay Harbor, I would deliberately sail KIEG into its path, hoping to make the CORSAIR change course. She never did, and it was KIEG which gave way. Well, considering over 275 ft. versus 14 ft., it was the prudent thing to do.

The Mystic Yacht Club had a number of sailboats of various length and make, including about 10 Noank Class boats. There was a race between classes every week, and KIEG was entered in the Noank Class.

The course was generally laid out in the Mystic River. The starting line was at the north end of the Sea Sled Dock. The first leg was to the black buoy off Elbow Point. The second leg was to round the black buoy at the entrance of Noank Harbor, and then return to the finishing line which was in front of the club. In order for spectators to see some of the race, the committee on special occasions would place a red marker towards Ridenway Bridge and when this marker was rounded, the boats were heading directly to the finish line in full view of the spectators. The lay-out was super and a good test of sailing, since generally we had different wind directions on each leg. I sailed single handed or with one crew member, depending on the wind force. Light wind, just me. In heavy wind I always had a heavy crew member, since if we heeled, KIEG would be more stable with the extra weight on her gunnels. During the summer months, I was the number two point getter for the two years I sailed in their races. I won some, but not enough to be number one.

We had a shipbuilder named Manchester in the club who built boats for Post Shipyard. He was an expert sailor who really used the wind to the best advantage. His boat was excellent on reaches, but not as good as my boat going with the wind. We battled each other constantly, and I do not ever remember beating him. On the Fourth of July, we had our big races, and we invited other clubs who had Noank Class boats to join us. Our families came to see the race and enjoy the Fourth of July picnic. On one of these occasions the course was laid out for six miles, since the buoy off Mystic Island was included, and again it looked like Manchester and I were leading the other boats. Every time he tacked, I tacked. I felt if I kept him close on the windward course, I had a chance, since if the wind held its present position the last leg would be with the wind, and here I should be faster. When we rounded the buoy for the finish line, Manchester was ahead by two to three boat lengths, but I rapidly overtook him and blanketed his sails, leaving him far behind. I was roaring home a sure winner! Hell, no. There was only one submerged rock in all of the Mystic River, and in my moment of happiness I looked around to see where he was and promptly piled up on the rock. By the time I got Kieg free, Manchester had waved me goodbye, and went on to win the race.

I sailed KIEG for many pleasant hours. During this time I ran aground several times, but raising the center board usually got me out of trouble. I also tipped over one time. But that’s not a bad record for a young man and his ship!

I was now getting to the point in my life that I had saved enough money to start college, and it was time to sell KIEG. A lady from Pittsfield, Mass., bought KIEG for her son to sail on the lakes around Pittsfield. The purchase price was more than I had
paid for KIEG, and look at all the fun I had! There have been many sailboats since my Mystic days which I have chartered or crewed. I am always ready to go sailing whether it is on New England waters, on the Mediterranean, on the Chesapeake or the English Channel. Let's go!
IX.
CHANGING TIMES

In the years prior to and during World War I, Mystic pretty much followed the trends of the times. Early on, Mystic provided watering troughs for animals, and I remember one large circular watering trough in Bank Square which was fed by manual pumps. Whenever our wagon or buggy was in town, I was usually the one who pumped the water for our horses. Mystic's Main Street provided hitching rails for teams, carriages and riding horses. Occasionally, when all the hitching rails were in use, we would find an open space to tether our horses. The horses were tethered by means of a heavy iron or lead dead weight called a "stand still", which weighed approximately 5 to 10 pounds depending upon the hitch. The "stand still" was placed onto the ground and then attached to the horse's bridle by means of an adjustable length of rein or rope. This gave the horse or horses a feeling of being tied, and it worked very well. To further keep the horses quiet, we often placed a feed bag over their mouths. The horses were generally quiet, except when a rare motor vehicle came down the street with its loud engine and loud exhaust. Then the horses would get restless and occasionally bolt.

To keep the streets free of horse droppings, Mystic employed street cleaners whose primary job was to clean up after the horses. The classic cleaners dressed in white pants and white jackets. The sweeper's tools were universal. They consisted of a large push broom, large shovel, and a two-wheel push cart upon which an open top metal barrel was affixed in such a way that it could be tipped over when filled.

Mystic had several shops for the carriage trade, to build excellent carriages for either single or double hitch. Another shop built heavy duty wagons for hauling, including dump wagons. Still another shop built all types of carriage and heavy duty wheels. There were also several shops which fabricated harnesses and saddles. I was very proud of the cowboy saddle Mr. Hydecker, a saddle maker, made for me. I spent many happy hours in this saddle riding Jennie.

There were three barber shops in Mystic, and they were all equipped with revolving red, white and blue barber poles. Two of the shops were located on the Stonington side and one on the Groton side. Dad and I went to Squadrito's Barber Shop, located in the center of town on West Main Street. The shop was run by three brothers, Tommie, Connie and Vincent. The brothers had all the up to date information of the goings-on in Mystic - and in the world for that matter, which they related to their customers. I usually had to wait my turn to get my hair cut, and when I was not listening to them I would look over their well stocked reading material: The Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, Collier's, National Geographic, Popular Mechanics, The New London Day and The Westerly Sun. The latter two were area newspapers.

The shop had three barber chairs, each chair equipped with a leather strap which was used to sharpen straight razors, since there were no safety razors in those days. Each chair had a relatively large mirror in front of it, and on each side of the mirror were a number of shelves on which reposed shaving mugs, some of which were very ornate. Each shaving mug had the owner's name on it, usually done in gold leaf. Dad had a black mug with "Henry" on it. Each mug had its own shaving brush which was
used to mix and then apply the shaving cream which the barber had concocted. Many men went to the barber shop daily to have a shave and hear the latest gossip. The price for a haircut varied between 25 to 50 cents, depending on the style and whether or not you also had a shave or shampoo.

One of the early forms of advertising was the Cigar Store Indian. The purpose of the Indian was to identify those stores which sold tobacco products such as cigars, cigarettes, pipe tobacco, snuff, chewing tobacco, cuspidors, matches, etc. The Indian was about four feet tall and was generally placed in front of the store. The Indian was carved out of wood and was complete with Indian skirt, feathered head dress and tomahawk. I enjoyed going into cigar stores with Dad while he purchased his weekly amount of smokes. This consisted of two cans of tobacco for his corn cob and regular pipe, and a six pack of cigars. The tobacco was always Prince Albert and the cigars White Owl.

The hundreds of wooden cigar store Indians once so widely used throughout the States have now passed into history.

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During the summer the family always looked forward to the coming of the CHAUTAUGUA to Mystic. The CHAUTAUGUA SHOWS, and there were many of these, traveled the United States in the summertime, bringing varied entertainment to the people of the towns and villages. The talent was usually excellent and consisted of some professionals and some college students working during summer vacation. The shows were presented under a very large tent which had ample seating space. There were mid-day and evening performances, and every other day new acts would be introduced. The show usually stayed in town five or six days before departing for its next engagement. The program always consisted of some of the following: A band would play marches, hymns, and popular music of the times. Next came a "Welcome" by some forceful inspirational speaker. Then the jugglers or acrobats performed. Or there could be opera stars or singers singing popular songs of the day. One and two act plays were favorites also. And at the conclusion of the performance, the band would play again. Mother and Dad usually thought the entire program was excellent, while I enjoyed the band. All in all, I would rather have gone to see Tom Mix.

Most cities and towns from time to time sponsored Minstrel Shows in their local auditoriums. The shows were either put on by professionals or local talent. I suppose we enjoyed the local talent more since we knew most all of them. The family enjoyed the Minstrel Shows, especially when the singing was good and when the end men and the interlocutor were funny.

The family enjoyed driving to Westerly to hear the Westerly Brass Band play in the park on Sunday afternoons. In order for Dad to have Sunday afternoons free, we all got up at dawn and helped with the livestock. We bottled the milk and loaded the milk truck with milk and fresh vegetables which we delivered to our customers about two hours earlier than usual. Since the band did not start playing until the middle of the afternoon, this gave us time to all go swimming at Watch Hill and for me to ride the carousel. Mother generally prepared a picnic for us to enjoy at the beach.

After several hours at the beach, we drove back to Westerly and seated ourselves
around the bandstand. The band played stirring music, and that would set off a bunch of us kids to marching around the perimeter of the bandstand. Sometimes we became noisy and unruly and had to be told by the band leader to be quiet and sit down. We would return home around supper time to do the milking, egg collecting, and feed the livestock. But the family had had a fun day.

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With the advent of more electrical power becoming available, trolley cars became a major source of transportation, particularly in the larger cities, which up to this time had depended on horse drawn trolleys. It was also the finish for many of the street cleaners.

As more and more electrical power became available through Connecticut Light and Power Company, a trolley line was built to connect Mystic, Noank, Poquonock and Groton to the west and Stonington and Westerly to the east. To get to New London from Mystic by trolley it was necessary to travel to Groton and transfer to the New London ferry across the Thames River, since the only bridge across the Thames was a railroad bridge. By the time I went to Bulkeley a vehicle bridge had been built. Mother and I traveled frequently to New London, Stonington, and especially Westerly where she traded in her Green Stamps she received for various items purchased for the home. The fare from Mystic to Groton or Westerly was 20 cents. The trolley was handled by a motorman and a conductor, whose job it was to collect fares and announce destinations.

The arrival of the automobile necessitated the building of roads and bridges, and the entire country - Mystic included - started to build roads, either of macadam or cement. There was very little reliable mechanical equipment to help build roads, so they were built by hand labor until such time as mechanical equipment was developed.

The horse, which survived the trolley even though the trolley had taken its toll, was finished as a means of transportation, as roads and automobiles became the way of life. In turn, the automobile and roads finished the trolley for intercity travel. However, the trolley continues as a major intracity transportation vehicle around the world.

Early on automobiles and roads bred another type of crime; Highway Men. They operated especially at night where roads ran through woods. The highway men had several approaches. One was the broken-down-car tactic, in which the unsuspecting motorist would stop to offer help, but instead be greeted with loaded guns and stripped of his money and sometimes his car as well. The more direct approach was used on top of a hill where cars could only travel at a slow speed and in many cases would stall trying to make it to the top of the hill. The highway men were waiting, and the car and its occupants were easy prey against pointed guns. Most of the highway men wore masks and were difficult to identify. Shades of the old west and the stage coach.

Occasionally Dad would have to go to Groton on business in the evenings, but he would never go alone. He would ask one of his friends to go with him and they would both take loaded shot guns. Fortunately, they were never stopped.

The highway men problem gradually diminished as vehicular traffic increased and states started highway patrols. ***
After World War I there were many more changes in America, some of them becoming a way of life all over the nation. Again Mystic was not spared.

Ford paid an unheard of wage of ONE DOLLAR per hour. Installment buying was ushered in and a new way of merchandising began. New words became a part of the language: Jazz, Hooch, Flappers, Ukulele, Charleston, Mahjong, Sheiks and Shebas. Living through these changing times was both fascinating and exciting.

The evolution of the bathing attire for both sexes during these changing times must surely be one of the most interesting.

Men's bathing suits were one-piece, sleeveless, woolen garments, which covered the body from neck to the knee. Optional was a white belt and a Panama hat. Dad and I had identical suits, (except mine was smaller). Neither of us wore a belt or a Panama. Whenever we went swimming in the ocean, the woolen suit was fine. However, when a wave knocked us down, the suit would start filling with sand. The combination of the sand and the wet wool clinging to the body made one feel like he was in a bed of ants. From skinny dipping to this! UGH.

Mother's bathing suit was a real exotic creation, consisting of a pile of fabric, either woolen or cotton, nearly heavy enough when wet to drown her.

There were several variations of ladies bathing suits; but all had to adhere to a rigid code in order to comply with the indecent exposure laws as they applied to the ladies. Mother's bathing suit consisted of several garments and accessories. There was a body suit, somewhat similar to a man's bathing suit but with sleeves extending to the elbows; pantaloons or bloomers used to cover from the belt line down over the knees, and a final one piece garment similar to a full dress which sported a V-neck and short sleeves and extended over the knees. The accessories included stockings which were extended over the knees and rolled, bathing slippers or sneakers, bathing cap, sash or belt, and a small tube of sun tan lotion.

Mother, Dad and I, provided the weather was suitable, looked forward to going swimming whenever we could get away. We would drive to Watch Hill and rent a bath house where we could change into our bathing suits, one at a time. I bet our family looked real sharp entering into the Atlantic hand in hand and meeting the waves head on. The length of time we stayed in the water depended to a large extent on several conditions: how cold and rough the water was and how often we were knocked down, since each knock down contributed to more sand collecting in our bathing suits. We stayed and collected sand until one of us would say "I can't stand this sand anymore. Let's go change and go home." Usually there was instant agreement. We also swam in the local lakes. Here the water was calmer and there was no sand.

After a few years men rebelled against their bathing suits, and soon they were wearing scaled down versions of the suit which gave them more freedom. These were bathing trunks, and they became very popular. But what about the ladies? Were they given any relief? Not yet. Women had a much longer wait to get their bathing suits more comfortable and to show a little skin, since anything different than that sanctioned by the law was deemed to be "indecent exposure."

But times were changing. Broadway shows like the Ziegfield Follies, Gilda Gray and her shimmy dance, The Cotton Club Dancers and others were showing more skin. Women were given the right to vote in June 1919, and this event opened the door to more freedom for women. Dress designers started to make ladies' clothing
more appealing by raising the hemline and lowering the neckline. But nothing was to women's bathing attire to make them more comfortable and appealing. This was to come, but it did not come easy. Women tried to have the indecent law modified so that they could at least have a one piece bathing suit, somewhat similar to a man's one piece suit. Their complaints were not given any consideration; but the authorities did not reckon with the "woman scorned" philosophy. It was not long before small groups of women began appearing on beaches in men's one piece bathing suits - and were promptly rounded up by the police, put in paddy wagons and taken to jail. The magistrate generally dismissed the ladies with a warning not to do it again. The struggle went on at beaches all over the country. One of the larger beaches finally invoked an ordinance that any ladies wearing one piece bathing suits would be allowed - but only so many inches above the kneecap could be exposed under penalty of the law. The police had the authority to enforce this law; and if there was any doubt, the police could measure the distance with a tape measure. The only results of this ordinance were: (1) it made the ladies mad and (2) it vastly increased the applications at the police department. I enjoyed seeing these episodes as presented by Pathe News in the theater and pictured in magazines and newspapers. Seeing the ladies in their one piece suits was especially exciting when they kicked the police who were trying to arrest them.

Eventually the entire matter was dropped at all beaches, with the ladies outright diners. An era passed into history. A new era was begun, slowly at first, but with an increasing show of skin each year, until the era of the string bikini which left very little more skin to be exposed - as does sunbathing at the Cote D'Azur. Ladies, you certainly won a most worthy struggle. A victory which we all appreciate.
GOING BACK

Over the years Fran and I have visited Mystic many times, and Pam and Rick were always enthusiastic about going to visit their Grandparents. Our drive from Charlotte, N.C. to Mystic was most enjoyable, since we stopped overnight in various large cities. Pam and Rick especially like Radio City Music Hall and the Empire State Building in New York.

Once we arrived at the farm we were greeted by Mother and Dad, and in very short order Pam and Rick were into the jelly doughnuts and cookies made by Mother. Once they were consumed, out they went to help Dad collect the eggs. If strawberries were in season they helped Dad pick them, but this was a small mistake since they ate more than they saved.

Mother and Dad operated a vegetable stand, close to their house, directly on New London Road. There they sold fresh vegetables right from their garden. Pam and Rick enjoyed helping run the stand, under the supervision of Mother and Dad. As the children grew older there were other priorities such as the surf at Watch Hill, the small beach on Mystic Island and the Mystic Seaport Museum with all its treasures. Now that they are grown, and have their own children, Pam and Rick have not lost one iota of their enthusiasm for Mystic.

Mystic and the surrounding villages of Stonington and Noank are deeply embedded in Maritime history. The core of each town has remained practically the same over many years. The population of the area has increased but, fortunately, most of the building has been around the periphery, thereby leaving the core very much intact. The pace of life has changed, especially during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn seasons. Then thousands of tourists arrive in cars, boats, and trains, to visit and absorb the charm of the area. When Fran and I now go back to Mystic we start our visit by walking on West Main Street. Many of the business buildings when I was a boy are still there, but many have different owners and merchandise. The Mystic Livery Stable where Jenny was stabled while I attended classes at the Academy School has long ago passed into history. Kretzer's Store, one of my favorite stores when I was living in Mystic, still is located on the corner of Pearl Street and West Main Street. Kretzer's had the largest soda counter in Mystic and served delicious sodas as well as plates or cones of different flavors of ice cream. Soft drinks andandy, chewing gum, and tobacco, novelty items, fresh breads, and an ample election of personal and household necessities were also available. Here is the place one bought the out of town newspapers: The New York Times, The New York Herald Tribune, The New York Daily News, The Boston Globe and The Boston Herald. Also, the local papers, The New London Day and The Westerly Sun were purchased here. Kretzer's was really an early-on convenience store.

William Bendett's Clothing Store has been in business over 90 years and is still operated by a member of the family. The William Bendett Store now advertises Coming to Mystic and not stopping at William Bendett's is like going to Freeport, and not visiting L.L. Bean."

West Main Street is a business street, while East Main Street is both business and
residential. In order to get to East Main Street or vice versa, it is necessary to go over the Mystic River Bridge which was built in the early twenties. The bridge is a Bascual Bridge so called because when opening, its span moves directly upwards, and when closing its span, moves directly downwards operating on the principle of a sea-saw, with counter balanced weights. The opening and closing of the bridge annoyed many of the townspeople, including Dad and me. Like many other things in life that are annoying, the bridge always seemed to be opening whenever we were in a hurry. Eventually, though, we got used to it. Often on a summer evening I would meet some friends and sit on the guard rails of the bridge in front of Cabannis's ice cream parlor while talking and listening to his radio, and the sounds of the Big Bands playing from the Glen Island Casino. Today, those same townspeople would be even more annoyed whenever the bridge opens, since the traffic, especially on the West side, is often backed up several miles. Progress does at times have its frustrating moments.

There is no place my family and I enjoy visiting more than the Mystic Seaport Museum. About the time I was preparing to leave Mystic to enter college (1934) the Mystic Seaport was approximately four years old. Like all fledgling enterprises the exhibits were meager. The Founding Fathers envisioned great things, and today it is one of the greatest Maritime Museums in the world. Each time I go back to Mystic I allow myself plenty of time to visit the exhibits, which are ever expanding. Also, there is a special interest that I have, since a certain period of my family history is on the land which is now a part of the Seaport Museum.

Mother and Dad were married on December 10, 1905 and moved into rented rooms in the Edmondson's home. The home was ideally located for Mother and Dad because it was very near where they were employed. Mother worked as a clerk in the woolen mill which was about a 2 or 3 minute walk from the Edmondson's home. The mill is now a part of the Mystic Seaport Museum, and is named after one of the Seaport founders, Dr. Charles Stillman. Dad was superintendent of velvet finishing at the Rossie Velvet Mill, which was no more than a five minute walk away. The Rossie Velvet Mill building is now owned by the museum.

Mother and Dad continued to live in the Edmondson's home until they moved to their newly purchased farm in 1909. The Edmondson's home is now a part of the Museum and features a hand weaving loom among its exhibits, along with other items indigenous to the by-gone local textile industry.

My Mother's sister, Aunt Bert, and her husband owned a home on Isham Street overlooking the Mystic River. The house was built on a small bluff, and in order to get down to their private beach it was necessary to use a series of steps. The beach was small but our family had many enjoyable times there swimming, crabbing and diving for quohogs. On the Fourth of July the family often celebrated the holiday on the beach, with a clam bake which was great with its lobsters, sweet corn, and many other good things to eat. This property was in close proximity to the Mystic Seaport and was purchased by the museum in the 1970's. This acquisition provided area to build dock space for cruising yachts. The home still remains on the bluff, but as of now nothing has been done with it.

All of the fine maritime exhibits, with their very knowledgeable interpreters,
nakes for a most enjoyable stay at the Seaport. Naturally, we always visit the fishtown Chapel where Mother, Dad and I worshipped. I still like to sit on the back row of seats and conjure up memories of my childhood.

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Four factors made the name Mystic known around the world: One - the Mystic shipyards. Two - the quality of the ships built there. Three - the captains who continually demonstrated their outstanding ability to handle sailing vessels. And our - Mystic's able bodied seamen who from early manhood dreamt of going to sea.

Many of the captains built homes in Mystic. The architecture which they favored was mostly Cape Cod, Greek Revival, and Italian Villa. Many of their homes are still in their original state, while others have been renovated to their former beauty. The majority of these homes are located on Gravel, Pearl, Clift and High Streets, West Mystic Avenue, Willow Street, and Reynold's Hill. I enjoy walking or driving over these streets to admire these homes so full of sailing history, and to remember when I delivered milk, vegetables, and poultry products to some of these homes.

At one time or another Mystic numbered well over 100 sea captains living there. Among a few of these better known captains, who lived in Mystic and sailed Mystic built clippers were Capt. John "Jack" Williams, of the Clipper Andrew Jackson. Gordon Gates, captain of the clipper ship Twilight, was very instrumental in opening up the extremely lucrative China tea trade. N.R. Littlefield, was captain of he extreme clipper, Alboni and Charles Hull, was captain of the Charles Mallory, also an extreme clipper. Both the Alboni, and the Charles Mallory, were considered to be among the most beautifully built of the extreme clippers.

Joseph W. Holmes rounded the horn, 86 times as captain of clipper ships, a record which most certainly will never be beaten.

Obviously, most of the captains and builders of clipper ships were before my time, but what a great heritage in the annals of American maritime history, was contributed by these captains and builders and their greyhounds of the sea.

Another Mystic captain, Dick Brown, was captain of the Schooner Yacht America, when on August 21, 1851, the America won the Hundred Guinea Cup from the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. Fifteen British yachts were entered and America won. The course was sailed around the Isle of Wight, a distance of 53 miles. America's elapsed time was 10.37.00. The cup was renamed the America's Cup and for 132 years the New York Yacht Club defeated all challengers, truly a remarkable record.

In 1983, Dick Hutchins, a sailing friend of mine from Annapolis, presented me with a piece of the original decking from the yacht America, which was built in 1851. It was a most welcomed gift from one sailor to another.

My interest in clipper ships has never waned, and I find it quite a coincidence that Dr. Lauchlan McKay, a great, great nephew of Donald and Lauchlan McKay is now my next door neighbor in Myrtle Beach.

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Mystic celebrated its tercentenary in 1954, and in the preceeding years, grew from a Hamlet, into a thriving, beautiful town.

Whenever we are in the Mystic area we always look forward to returning to Stonington Village either by car or sail. Stonington has an excellent harbor protected
by two breakwaters, and therefore affords an excellent anchorage. Stonington Harbor brings back many memories, since I frequently sailed KIEG into the harbor, dropped the anchor and spend the night on board.

Stonington Village is located on a small peninsula about four miles from the center of Mystic. It is surrounded on three sides by Fisher's Island Sound and several small tributaries which flow into the Sound. Occasionally, Mother, Dad and I on a hot summer evening would drive to the point on Stonington Peninsula. There we would enjoy the cooling breezes coming off the Sound and savor the magnificent view of Fisher's Island, Watch Hill, New York State, Rhode Island, and the eastern Connecticut Shore. The view was especially spectacular when it was a moonlit night.

Stonington is a charming, picturesque village. A walk down Main Street is like moving back in time to early America. The many beautiful homes, some of which were built around 1700 are excellently preserved. On each side of the street the side walks are lined with stately Maple trees with a few White Birch mingled among them. In autumn the Maples provide a brilliant kaleidoscope of color.

One of the most interesting homes among the many is the home built by Amos Palmer in 1780. The home features an arching outdoor flight of steps leading up to the front door. Major and Mrs. George Washington Whistler and their son James McNeill Whistler lived in this house for a short time, while Major Whistler worked as an engineer on the building of the railroad between Stonington and Providence. James McNeill Whistler became a noted artist and lived most of his life in London. One of his best known paintings is entitled "Arrangement of Grey and Black" - but it is better known as "Whistler's Mother." The painting is now in the Louvre.

Stonington has an interesting Maritime history based primarily on sealing, whaling and fishing. With Stonington as home port for many sailing vessels seal hunting was a most profitable business during the late 1700's and through the early 1800's, at which time whaling began to make its appearance and become the dominate industry. A Stonington native, Captain Nathaniel Brown Palmer at the age of 21 and in command of the Mystic built 41 ft. sloop "Hero", while on a sealing expedition in 1821 discovered Antarctica. A portion of Antarctica became known as Palmer Land. Woe be a student in the Academy School class of Mrs. Noyes, who did not know who discovered Antarctica.

It was a wonderful feeling to have looked back into my youth, and for a fleeting moment to relive, some of the times and events, BACK WHEN.
APPENDIX I

Clipper Ships

My commencement speech, entitled Clipper Ships, was delivered at the Academy School in 1927, when I was 13 years old.

I gathered the material for my speech from several sources, but the most helpful was my discussions with Mr. Justin Mallory of the shipbuilding Mallorys. Mr. Mallory, while working as a young man on a partially built Clipper at the Mallory yard, fell from an unfinished deck portion into the hold of the vessel, sustaining a broken back. He never fully recovered. While he was able to walk, he had to do in a stooped position.

Mr. Mallory had a wealth of knowledge concerning sailing vessels, especially Clipper Ships. He was a most stimulating man for me to talk with, and we got along very well. We talked about many Clippers and record sailing passages, among them the times established by the Andrew Jackson and the Flying Cloud. The Andrew Jackson was a medium Clipper, built by Irons and Grinwell of Mystic. The Flying Cloud was an Extreme Clipper, built by the master builder, Donald McKay of Boston, had made the best time from New York to San Francisco, when rounding the Horn. Mr. Mallory told me that the Flying Cloud held the record, and that was good enough for me. The course was U-shaped, and the distance, approximately 15,000 miles. The time to sail this course varied; any time below 120 days was considered excellent.

In my commencement speech, I stated "The Andrew Jackson" went around the Horn in 89 days, 4 hours. "The Flying Cloud" did it in 89 days, clipping 4 hours from the Andrew Jackson's record.

My speech went very well and the audience gave me ample applause. Naturally I was very proud and happy. The applause subsided and Dr. Allyn, Chairman of the School Board, got up and stated that I was wrong, that the Andrew Jackson held the record of 89 days, 4 hours, and that was an absolute fact! I was flabbergasted. How to answer? Finally some of my composure came back and I told Dr. Allyn that Mr. Mallory had stated to me that the Flying Cloud held the record of 89 hours. I do not remember any more about what happened after my answer, except that what I thought was an excellent speech had been shot down.

Once I started BACK WHEN, I also started researching the two vessels. One thing the reader should take into account is the fact that these two ships did not race against each other. The times, each reported, were given after each passage was completed. There were no fixed starting or finishing points.

In my speech, I stated that the Flying Cloud beat the time of 89 days, 4 hours, made by Andrew Jackson in 1859/60, by 4 hours. Since the Flying Cloud set the record of 89 days, 8 hours in 1891, it is obvious that the Andrew Jackson had to beat the Flying Cloud's record instead of vice versa.

The Flying Cloud with Captain Josiah Cressy, a hard driver, commanding, departed New York and dropped the pilot and tug off Sandy Hook at 7 p.m., June 3, 1851. The Flying Cloud arrived at the pilot grounds off San Francisco Heads at 6 a.m. and was picked up by pilot and tug at 7 a.m., arriving at her anchorage in the
record time of 89 days and 8 hours from New York.

The Andrew Jackson, Captain Jack Williams, commanding, was also a very hard driver, about whom the following sea chantey was written:

"Tis larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl
For kicking Jack Williams commands the Black Ball."
Clipper Ships

As I have lived in Mystic all of my life I have noticed that many hours back captains walked on them others had cupolas. I asked a man why this was and he said Mystic was once a well known ship building port. He said many a voyage captain had sailed around the Horn from here.

The records of clipper ships caused much discussion and comment in the home port.

In the incomplete list of records Mystic had her share.

The "Andrew Jackson," went around the Horn in 89 days 4 hrs.

The "Flying Cloud," did it in 88 days clipping 4 hrs. from the "Andrew Jackson's" record.

The "Twilight," went around the Horn in 106 days.

The "Pamir," in 105 days and the "Mary L. Sutton," went around in 106 days.

Twenty-two years ago the first mate of the Boston-built clipper ship "Lightning" closed his log entry for March 1, 1885 with these words, "Distance run in twenty-four hours, four
hundred and thirty-six miles.

The "James Baines," sixth ship to the "Flying," sailed from Liverpool to Liverpool in 132 days, a record no sailing vessel has ever equalled.

The "Fonseca of the Seas," one of the finest ships that ever flew the American flag, made a record from London to Australia.

No ship, under the power of sails, can beat the "Flying," record of 436 miles for 24 hours. In fact only about fifty passenger lines afloat to-day can better that mark.

The "James Baines," also holds the record for sailing at the rate of 21 knots an hour a marvelous performance for a craft lone by wind.

The clipper ships were similar to the fast freight trains of the present day. They were brought into use by the demand of quick delivery of freight from the east coast of the United States to the west coast of California during the gold rush.

The clipper ships were very sharp forward and were very heavily spars. The ships were built to stand hard driving. The ships near
her keel was made out of oak; the inside planking was made of white pine; the decks were made of yellow pine without a knot in it.

The rigging of these ships was made by "sprogers" of New London.

The oak was hauled out of the woods near line. The white pine came from Maine and the yellow pine came from the Southern States.

Amos Stanton an old gentleman who lives in Mystic used to haul wood out of his farm in Edyard and bring it down to the ship yards in Mystic. He was the first man who succeeded in getting the roots and all up with the trees. These shapes were very valuable. For 1,000 sq ft. of lumber he used to get about $20.

The sails of the clipper ships were made of heavy canvas. The sailmaker improved the sail to the last degree which would make them go faster.

The daily routine on a clipper was almost like the life on a man-of-war. Communication between officers and men was almost as dignified.

On a fine sailing day when the weather was calm and the air was warm and the clipper going at a good rate of speed the officers dressed themselves in
Their finest clothing and the captain adorned himself in a fine silk flag hat.

The chief man on board was the captain then came the cook. The crew consisted of about 25 men and 4 boys.

The captains sometimes carried their wives with them around the Horn. We had one old lady in Mystic who had sailed around the Horn with her husband. It was always her custom to let her visitors sit in the rocking chair in which she had sat in going around the Horn.

Often a clipper ship, having succeeded in getting a cargo, possibly to the Philippine Islands, or the Orient would, if the season were right, load tea and silk and other cargos to Liverpool, then to possibly to New York.

On fast sailing ships as the "Andrew Jackson," the "Flying Cloud," and the "Lightning," an enormous amount of money was paid to transport goods.

$10 a ton on fast clippers and $6 a ton on slow clippers.

The ocean race traps, where these vessels made an exhibition of speed on the course from New York to San Francisco was laid out...
The first zone was from New York to the Equator and this distance usually took about 18 to 20 days. From the Equator in the Atlantic Ocean to 50° South about 25 days. Then from 50° to 50° in the Pacific 12 days. From 50° in the Pacific to the Equator about 20 days and from the Equator to San Francisco about 18 days. This completed the course.

With this layout the comparative speed of ships could be compared.

Mystic had five shipyards in opposition during the Civil War.

Fons and Grinnell had a yard at Pistol Point near the Mystic Bridge where they built some notable vessels: "The Andrew Jackson," "Electric" and the Asia Fish.

Dexter Fons died in 1858 and Will and Grinnell carried on the business. They built the "Mary E. Parker," five Spanish gunboats and the "Dark Horse Castle."

Peter Fons had a yard on the shore now known as Noyes Point where he built several vessels among them the "Eliza" and Charles Malloy."
Next north and on the east side of the river was the Charles Mallory yard. They built several vessels among them the "Samuel Wilkeson," "Mary J. Sutton," "Twilight," "Annie M. Snell," and other clippers. Here too was built the "Varuna," with an heroic record as a gunboat during the passage of the forts at New Orleans in 1862.

Next north came the yard of Geoere Greenman & Co. where were built the ships "Ske Greenman," "William Reithburn," "Femme Dona," the "Trolue," and the ship "Favorite," and others.

On the opposite side of the river was the yard of John A. Foyston who built several notable vessels including pilot boats, schooners, and two Spanish gunboats.

Maxson and Fish had a yard at West Mystic. They built the "Semilolo" and also the "Galena," which was the first vessel after the Monitor to be fitted out with iron plating.

The yards of D. O. Richmond were located just above the Mystic Club and were devoted to the building of light crafts for commerce and pleasure.
Capt. John Williams who commanded the "Andrew Jackson," was an Englishman but lived in Mystic most of his life. He lived in a house which he built on Gravel St.

Capt. Warren Holmes commanded the "Demiscoke." He made two runs from New York to San Francisco in less than 110 days each. Capt. Holmes lived where Mr. Fitch now lives.

Capt. George Gates commanded the "Twilight." The "Mary L. Button" was lost when she dragged anchors and went ashore on Rooks Island in the Galapagos Group.

The "Andrew Jackson" was not accounted for in her fate.

The "Twilight" was condemned in San Francisco and burned for her iron fastings.

So Donald McKay who came to the United States as a boy of sixteen from Nova Scotia, America owes the honor of sweeping the seas in the glorious days of the clipper ships.

McKay's ships were graceful long lean and narrow with tall masts. McKay built the "Sovereign of the Seas," "Great Republic," "Flying Cloud," and the "Lightning."
all record holders.

To-day the clippers have lost the race against man's steamship.

The "Great Republic," biggest of all clipperships, had a main yard 180 ft long and her sails consumed 15,000 sq. yds. The inspired Longfellow from "The Building of the Ship":

Build me straight, o worthy Master,

Stained and strong a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind rests.

—Longfellow

Yours truly,

[Signature]

[Note: The signature is not legible, but it appears to be an autograph.]
APPENDIX II
Sandino, Rebel Chief
Sandino, Rebel Chief.

It is well, at a time like this, when we read and hear so much about Central American disturbances, to speak of Sandino, Nicaraguan rebel chieftain.

This man has been called a barbarian by President Hoover; to the people he is just another bandit; by the people of the United States Sandino has been termed a cold-blooded murderer; but to the people whom he leads he is the George Washington of Central America.

Sandino has played hide and seek with the marines in Nicaragua now for four years. This in itself has made him front page news. In Mexico City his agent is a physician, in Honduras, a poet and editor, and in his army students from the best Latin American universities mingle with the simple Indians of Nicaragua.

Sandino is remarkably well educated, being a graduate of the Instituto de Oriente in Granada. Recently he wrote the American command of the marines a letter comparing him
to Douglas the philosopher. Certainly, in the United States at least, bandits do not talk about Dumas.

Landino's strategy is beyond comprehension and one must know something of his life before one can grasp the meaning of that word Landino.

Landino's objectives in fighting are threefold. He has made the following statements over and over again but they have never been met by the United States.

First- he wants the evacuation of Nicaraguan territory by the marines.

Second- he wants a president appointed who is impartial to the three parties in Nicaragua.

Third- the supervision of elections in Latin America, and Landino adds that when these demands are met he will lay down his arms, disband his forces, and never accept either government office or personal reward.

And who is this little man who has the audacity to dictate these terms to the United States Government?
I will endeavor to relate some of the highlights of Sandino's climb to fame.

Augustino Caesar Sandino was born in May 1893, the son of a small coffee planter of Nicaragua in the province of Managua, Nicaragua. Augustino studied in the local schools and at the Institute de Oviedo in Granada.

He completing his education he went home and helped his father on the latter's plantation but his quiet life was not long for his father, an ardent liberal in a country where politics are a passion, was jailed because the Conservative Party overthrew the Liberal Government. And Augustino was forced to flee to the jungle fastness which was to be connected so closely with his name.

Sandino was working in the Sandino mines when he learned that another revolution, this time headed by Liberal, had broken out and he was invited to join the rebels.

Within a few months he was at the head of 800 men and firmly entrenched on the top of the inaccessible mountain which he named El Chipote. El Chipote is Managuense slang for real Sandino but Sandino.
a tough object.

I am sure he made his effective raids upon the Conservatives. I am sure he captured Honolulu which caused so much wrang upon the Conservative government that Adolph DIAZ, head of that group, asked the United States to intervene. And of course good old Uncle Sam dispatched his "Duell Dogs" to Nicaragua to restore peace.

Then began that four year game of hide and seek with the marines which has so perplexed many people of America—perplexed them because they cannot understand why Sandino has not been quickly wiped out.

The newspapers also have tended to confuse the public for one account would read Sandino disastrously defeated by the marines and his army deserting. The next thing he would crop up in a new place and ambush his enemy.

Another paper would have, Sandino killed in an aeroplane raid on El Chipote, another Sandino walked up in the jungle and cut off from his food supply; that same month he perfected two American gold mines and
captured five employees. More marines were sent to Nicaragua but they could do no better than their predecessors.

Just how has Sandino managed to harass the marines and remain uncaptured, unquenched for four years? Of course Augustino is a native and has the advantage in that wild country of mountain and jungle. He also has that remarkable leadership coupled with the ability to charm the simple Indians of the mountains and spurn them on to extraordinary heroism and devotion, and he has an excellent intelligence service.

Then, too, he has remarkable strategy; one time for instance when the marines were hard on his trail at El Chipote, he moved baggage, supplies and his army during the night and the marines captured an empty mountain top as a result of two months' effort.

Now, that I have related the facts of Sandino's life do we still insist upon calling him a bandit?
He has taken nothing from the inhabitants of Nicaragua; in fact the people, especially the peasants, cleaned up O Chiquito and brought to his armed food, clothes, and the other essentials of life.

How do you think Sandino could have existed for fortified place with the United States Marines after him? If he were a bandit, every man's hand would be against him, every man would be a secret enemy, but instead every home harbors a friend.

We would not think of hurling such a slur as bandit upon the head of the immortal Washington; still Sandino is doing as Washington strived to do, to throw off the yoke of the oppressor.

If the American public had not become so calloused to justice and to the elemental rights of mankind it would not so easily forget its own past when a handful of ragged soldiers marched through the snow leaving blood
markos behind them to win liberty and
Independence!

It we remember it is inevitable that
ever nation must some day achieve freedom
Standing marches to the clear light of
the sun or death. But if the dies the patria
lives on indestructible. Even as the Night of
God lives on.

Adios  Adios

Paul Indefectible

Boutell  J. L. 1897

written 1931  COMMENCEMENT
Burlington  High
P.2  18
About the Author

Karl H. Inderfurth was born in Mystic on February 13, 1913. He was the only child of Henry and Anna Inderfurth, German immigrants who met and married in Mystic in the early 1900's. In 1934, Mr. Inderfurth left Mystic to attend Clemson College in Clemson, South Carolina, from which he graduated in 1938. He married Sarah Frances (Fran) Seawell in 1940 and they settled in North Carolina, where they made their home with their two children, Pam and Rick, until Mr. Inderfurth's retirement in 1974 from the textile business which he had owned and operated for many years in Charlotte. Upon his retirement, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina became the Inderfurths' permanent residence. There the manuscript of Back When was begun in the early 1980s and completed in 1985. While Mr. Inderfurth did not return to live in Mystic, he and his family visited often and his ties to his hometown remained strong and deep. Following his death in 1992, Mr. Inderfurth's collection of sea and sailing books was donated by his family to the G.W. Blount Library which is a part of the Mystic Seaport Museum.
Karl H. Inderfurth
1913-1992
Born in Mystic. Loved the Sea.