THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SCOTT LAURIE III

I
1908-1938
THE AUTobiography OF JOSEPH SCOTT LAURIE III

I
1908-1938
The Laurie family lived near Edinburgh, in the village of Musselburgh. Perhaps the most famous of the Laurie sept, as a branch of a clan was called, was Annie Laurie, born in 1682. She was the daughter of Sir Robert and Isobel Cranston; her unrequited love for William Douglas is celebrated in the famous melody. She married her cousin, Alexander Fergusson; she died in 1764.

In Robert Burns' ballad, The Whistle, a Laurie reclaimed his sword from a Dane by drinking the latter under the table.

Dr. James Laurie (1778-1852) married Elizabeth Scott (1778-1813) in 1802. On the day of their marriage they sailed for America, going first to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington, D.C. There, Dr. Laurie founded "The F Street Church." He was one of the first ministers to accept negroes in his congregation. The church, burned, was rebuilt, moved, and is now known as The New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

They had six children, three surviving. Elizabeth died and Dr. Laurie remarried. Their son, Joseph Nourse Laurie, named for the Register of the U.S. Treasury, was born in 1812. He married Jane Davis and they moved to Marshall, Missouri. Their son, Joseph Scott Laurie (1840-1912) married Bodine Keene (1846-1907) in 1869.

Among the English forebears of the Keene family were Sir Benjamin, Minister to Spain during the reigns of the early Georges, and his younger brother, Sir Edmond Keene, Lord Bishop of Ely. Another branch of the Keene family had settled in Maryland in the 17th century. Richard Keene, who died in 1675, had an estate on the Patuxent River in Calvert County, and one in Dorchester County on The Eastern Shore. He left this to his youngest son, John. John's son, Thomas, married Mary Tubman, and moved to Scott County in Kentucky, he dying there in 1804. Their son, Richard Tubman (1787-1832), married Priscilla Wilmot in 1817 and had Robert Wilmot (1821-1894), who married Catherine Williams in 1845, and moved to a farm called "Edgewood" near Lexington, Missouri, where their five children were born - Bodie Annah (Bodine), Virgil Williams, Martha
Allen McCracken, Catherine, and Frances Wallis.

Joseph Scott and Bodine Keene Laurie moved to St. Louis, where they lived in Nicholson Place and he practiced law. Their daughter, Annie Laurie (1878-1946), married Dr. Carver Ford and they had four daughters, Bodine, Jane, Annie, and Alice.

Their son, Joseph Scott Laurie, Jr. (1876-1948), married Nina Amy Hequembourg (1874-1936) and had Joseph Scott Laurie III and Kathrine Keene Laurie.

Charles Louis Hequembourg, born in Alsace-Lorraine in 1758, came to America in 1781 to fight with Lafayette. He married Mercy Clark, and worked as a silversmith, knew Paul Revere, the eminent smith.

His son, Theodore, married Heloise Williams, whose great grandmother, Eunice, was killed by the Indians in the Deerfield massacre in 1704.

The family came to St. Louis where he worked at his trade of silver. They had six children in St. Louis, and then they moved to Dunkirk, New York. One of the boys, Harry, became president of The Aalco Locomotive Works there. They all, except for Charles Williams, stayed in or about western New York.

Charles Williams Hequembourg came back to St. Louis, and worked for the Missouri Pacific RR Co., eventually becoming vice president. He married Emily Kathrine Jacko in 1873.

Franz Joseph Jecko (1821-1916), also from Alsace, came to America with his mother when he was 9 years old. He married Marie Agatha Gantert (1825-1910) from Curtweil in Bohemia. They lived in Charleston, Missouri, where he operated a mill. They had three children. Their daughter, Emily Kathrine (1853-1934), married Charles Williams Hequembourg.


Nina Amy Hequembourg married Joseph Scott Laurie, Jr.
Name
Joseph Scott Laurie III

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scott Laurie Jr.
Date May 11, 08
Father's Autograph Joseph Scott Laurie Jr.
Mother's Autograph Nina S. Laurie

BABY'S first laugh was heard by his father and mother on the 10th day of June in the year 08.

BABY was first weighed on the 11th day of May in the year 1908 and turned the scales at eight pounds.

Weight when six months old, Seventy Six.
I spent my early childhood in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri. We must have moved there in or about 1912 - I was born in 1908 - and I don't recall very much until the arrival of my sister in 1913 - she seemed to be getting all the attention. We lived at 415 Newport Avenue - this was on the edge of Tuxedo Park. Our house was two houses away from the main line of the Mo Pac, which ran thru a deep cut on a long grade up to Kirkwood.

There were many commuter trains in those days and Papa used to use them going downtown to Vandervoorts, which was THE department store in St. Louis. He had to walk several blocks to catch the 8:15 at Tuxedo Park Station which got him downtown about 8:45, and then there was a trolley down Market Street, in front of the Union Station, and after debarking from that he'd trudge up to the store at 10th and Olive.

I used to watch the great trains puffing their way up the grade, and at night you could hear them huffing, and occasionally whistling for a helper to push them up the hill. Those coming Eastward had clear sailing down the slope and came by in a hiss. Of course, there were no diesels then - just those monstrous mechanical giants, the 2-6-4's I think they were called, the two wheels under the cow-catcher, six driving wheels and four under the cab. They didn't have stokers on the boilers then, and the firemen would have to work in shifts keeping up the blaze.

I went to the Avery School on Bompart Avenue, and a long hike it was to get there. Fortunately, almost across the street my grandmother - mother's mother - had a little house and there were always a couple of my loving aunts there to feed and fiddle me. There was Talla & Argie & Anggad & Aunt Kitz - no uncles, just darling ladies. And they had a persimmon tree, and oh, how those unripened ones puckered.

Grandmother was quite a lady...she was a pioneer in the League of Women Voters, and she was a staunch supporter of the WCTU. She really worked to keep her brood going, after their darling father died at 51 with no money and no insurance. Mother had to drop out of Mary Institute and get a job as a secretary - then circa 1895 - and the other older one - Talla - also became a secretary and she continued to work at Laclede Gas Co. until her marriage to Will Kay in 1917. Anggad was a favorite of her Uncle Harry, who lived in Dunkirk, N.Y., and she travelled extensively with him. Charlie, that's Argie - her real name was Charles Williams Hequembourg because her papa wanted a boy and never got one - and Kitzy became primary school teachers; so, with this inspired group of ladies, I gradually grew up.

Life was so simple then...we'd play baseball and soccer at the school, and as I must have been growing bigger than the other boys I received many kicks in the knees so that I learned to stick with baseball. Our little house had, what seemed to me then, an enormous yard whose grass I had to cut and...
whose leaves to rake, and I hated — & still do — those chores. We also raised a few chickens, and I did not mind cleaning the pens or picking up the eggs, but I sure hated to have to kill one for Sunday dinner.

There was a living room with a fireplace and a dining room and a butler's pantry and a kitchen downstairs. Going up the staircase off the living room, there was a large bedroom, and two smaller ones and a bath. Papa had a sleeping porch, screened, built over the back porch, and on cold and snowy nights it was cozy to crawl under the tarp and the blankets and snuggle up to his warmth.

I had a cave house back behind the little barn — it became the garage about 1918...and my pals would steal potatoes and we'd cook them in the ashes of a smoky little fireplace we'd constructed. Boy, they tasted so good, with their very burnt skins.

On November 7, 1913 Dr. W. A. Smith delivered Mama of a baby girl, who was later christened Kathrine Keene. Here, it is interesting to note our then small world to recall that his nephew became one of my good friends at Amherst. Anyway, in those days before the sibling emerged, we had good fun in horse and buggy trips. The favorite trip of Papa was down to see his married sister, Mrs. Carver Forder, at the Forder estate on Telegraph Road. Telegraph Road is just a mile or so away from what once used to be Jefferson Barracks, and the Forders owned lots of lots and acres there. Dr. Forder had studied medicine and had graduated with his degree, but had renounced it after medicine failed to save his sister. Pardon the back-up. Anyway, there was a saddlery in Shrewsbury - a part of Webster — that had buggy and horse for hire. Papa would reserve one for the next weekend using our new TELEPHONE with the number, I think, of WEBSTER 53.

So all would be set for Sunday, and the driver would arrive about 6:30 AM, and we'd bundle into the buggy and take him back to his stalls on our way to The Barracks. Mama always had packed a light lunch of sandwiches and iced tea and now and then we'd stop under the shade of a giant maple for a little bite or two. The trip took about 3 or 4 hours, and it must have been — then — about 25 miles. We always went in the summer when the weather would be fine.

Then, once arrived, I'd romp with all the various little lads and lassies and we'd all work up a tremendous appetite to enjoy the fine Southern and Northern cooking.

Aunt Annie Forder's oldest child, Bodine, was born down there on the "farm." I think I was a bit too old for her then. Her other children, Jane, Annie, & Alice were also born there. But Telegraph Road was the place to be on a summer afternoon. The charming old house with the many climbable trees all over the big lawn, and across the little road, there was a forty acre or so piece of land that sloped down to a scum-covered spring-fed pond that it was fun to muck your feet in the sucky mud. As I hadn't learned to swim, I never got deeper than my knees.

Then Sam Forder, Carver's brother, THE SPORTSMAN — if there ever was a TRUE one, would bring his setters down, Jake and Jane, and throw them in the mud, and when it dried and fell off there were two
dogs who now would look as it they'd been washed in Clorox. Dr. Carver Forder, born in this house over 90 years ago, later died there - which is a record for these times. He was a kindly man, much esteemed by my father, mother and my aunts. I'm sorry I did not get a chance to know him better.

Then there would be the long trek back to Newport Ave., and I'd be sound asleep as soon as the horse's hooves started to clop-clop; I suppose Papa went by the livery stable and picked up the boy, and brought us home. I never knew, and forgot to ask, as I was dead to the world. Such fun, such a short while ago.

After Katy's birth, and before she'd started to school, except for kindergarten, Papa bought a Model T Ford - the kind with the cloth roof and the side curtains. Papa learned to drive it, and that was the beginning of many delightful trips. The first one I recall was up to Lexington and on to Marysville and back. In Lexington we stayed with Aunt Fan (Frances) and Aunt Martha - Papa's two aunts from his mother's side. We stayed in their town house - they also had a farm outside of town...the cooking by Aunt Fan was memorable. Thence on to see Aunt Sallie - who had married Fan and Martha's brother, Virgil.

The roads were "secondary or tertiary" by today's standards - just little narrow gravel roads, with ruts, and wet ditches on each side. No bridges across any of the streams or little rivers - just fords for a high-wheeled Ford. At Jefferson City there was an ancient ferry to haul us off from shore to shore, and as it was pitch-black night, it was scary. Papa always had a 32 cal. pistol along, and a little flask he kept referring to, in the darkest of the nights. We made Jefferson City the first night and put up at its best hotel, and slept like logs.

Aunt Sallie's house reminds me of our own now, except for a couple of differences. She had inside and outside plumbing, she had cistern water for clothes washing and well water for drinking. And except for those things, the two old houses are so similar. And there was her big living room with huge fireplace, and the buffalo-horn leather covered chair that was Uncle Virgil's favorite reclining spot...and a woodpecker that rammed its beak on a silvery roof turret on the house. I guess I was about 8 years old, and there were several times when we got stuck in the mud and I had to go back to a farmer's house we had just passed and beg him to bring down his mules, while Papa sat with his little 32. Dad was born in 1876, and I'm sure the stories of brigands were fresh in his mind...and there were no road police...in fact these lanes we travelled weren't roads. Yet, this one was to become U.S. 50.

Travelling in those days was FUN compared to today: automobiles seldom had a trunk - you had a luggage carrier that hung onto the "running board" - did you ever hear of a r-b? There were no maps - everyone had a "Blue Book" that would say, "turn right at the third green house after the 2nd red church, and proceed to R.R. crossing; after careful lookout, cross, turn left at white fenced barns and proceed down poplar lined lane." And GAS was hard to find, and there WEREN'T ANY REST ROOMS IN THE GAS STATIONS you did find. Better a tree, or a bush. And the only places to eat were little restaurants, or
hotels, and their REST ROOMS often lacked toilet paper. But there were joys: the many little hotels patronized by the train-travelling salesmen, with almost perfect food and cuisine. Where are they now with the multifloored Holiday INN? Where has the JOY gone with all the god-damned trucks? Oh, MODERNITY - SHIT.

In 1918 we rattled downtown with cowbells attached with all the other noisemakers to celebrate the end of WWI. But we went down one night too early, because of the cable people's eagerness. So, the Globe-Democrat said the next night's exhilaration was anti-climactic, and so it must have been. We didn't know then now stupid wars can be and are, did we or do we?

Newport Hill - that portion from Shady Avenue where the "04" line ran, up to the bridge over the Missouri Pacific Main Line, offered many attractions. In the Winter, if there'd been a good snowfall, people came from miles around to sled down the slope. There'd be little sleds, big sleds, bobsleds - a bobsled was a homemade affair, with runners - polished, mind you, on the sides of the sled and with a pair in front that you steered with, and a pair in the rear that were fixed. These were usually joined by a stout plank, and the longer the plank, the more that could ride, and the greater the weight the faster and further it would go. A well-loaded sled could make it easily past the village sewer works on the right on the way down, and they'd have to put their feet down as brakes if an "04" was coming. Papa'd bought me a Flexible Flyer, and belly-flopped, one on the back of the other, we could go quite a distance, too.

In the good weather - the warm, sunny days - all the people who had new cars would try to see if they could make The Hill in "high." I don't recall anybody getting to the bridge without shifting "down" as they say. A group of my pals - Martin Zinzmeyer, Red Crompton or Don Dunaway would usually, rag-a-muffin like, be standing near the top of the hill ready to jeer at the unfortunates. The cars in those days were "touring cars" or "phaetons" - a fancier word for a T-C - which usually cost more because of that name. None had windows that rolled up or down - in a rain storm there were isinglass curtains to put up hurriedly - so without protection, our Bronx Cheers might have been funny. At least, WE thought so.

Down at the bottom of the hill there was a stinky tributary of The River Des Peres - and even in those days, both were polluted. But crayfish could stand the slime, and flourished. We'd get a nickel's worth of hog liver, cut it up in little chunks, tie a string to each piece, and aim the meat at a flat stone, under which the little fish usually lived. And when we'd caught a few, we'd boil them in an old tin can, peel and eat their delicious tails. We never got typhoid - it must have been because they were well boiled.

And speaking of Winter reminds me of a wintry Fourth of July. Papa had bought all the necessary fireworks - the fire-crackers, the cannon-crackers, the Roman candles, the few sky-rockets, the little black snakemakers and the torpedoes. He'd left them
Papa tried to dry the damp fireworks in the oven. Boom.

on the front porch that Saturday night, and the 4th was the next day. Papa loved fireworks as much as I did - he told me he used to get them as Christmas presents when he was a boy.

Anyway, the wintry dampness did it to the fuses, and nothing would ignite on the celebrating day. You couldn't buy any more - never on Sunday - so Dad tried to dry them out. He put the whole batch in the oven, and turned the fire on to just simmer. Simmer, hell, there was a frightening series of explosions, and my pet duck who used to live in the kitchen, almost learned to fly. So, our 4th was a bit premature, but, boy, the whole house smelled of it.

So, we had to content ourselves that night with the neighbors' shenanigans, and watch their Roman candles and fancy skyrockets, and trace the passage of the hot air balloons - made by ingenious souls who fashioned very thin paper into a big balloon, cemented to light balsa wood sticks, and had a place for a Sterno can, which they gently lit. When the warm air filled the bag, this air being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, the balloon would quiver and gently take to the heavens. When they came down, after the fire had petered out, if there were any flame left, they were a hazard to fields and houses.

We had a cheap way of making a big BOOM. We could buy calcium carbide - the stuff they used in those days for lighting the non-electric lights on cars and bikes. Then, all cars had these lamps. When a little water was added to the carbide, it would start to sizzle and would give off the flammable gas acetylene. So, we'd get an empty syrup can from Mama - the can's lid squeezed down into the top of the main container, and you'd pry it off, like a paint can today. Beer can openers were yet to be invented, along with the beer can itself.

We'd poke a small nail hole in the top of the lid, put some water on the carbide therein, and wait a few minutes for the sizzle. And after a proper time, we'd hold a match to the orifice and there's be a hell of a bang - and the lid would blow in one direction and the can in another, and after retrieving them, and resealing, we'd shortly be able to make another BOOM.

Sometime in the early twenties we moved from Newport Avenue to 6338 Waterman Avenue in University City, then a municipality just outside of St. Louis. "Limit" Avenue or "Limit" Walk separated these two communities, and taxes were paid according to whether or not you lived on the east or west side of this line. For further information, study Ernest Kirschten's Catfish and Crystal.

Katy and I hadn't finished our "term" at Avery, and had to commute by street car from U.C. to Avery in Tuxedo Park. We did this by the "04", the Florissant to Kirkwood street car, and we'd walk up to the car stop on McPherson, board this luxurious monster that even had a heating stove, motorman and conductor, and ride out to Webster, getting off to walk up the long steep hill, packing our lunches.

Then, after our classes and games and a visit to the AUNTS as we came to call Grandma's house, we'd mosey down the hill, stop in the little grocery store and get two cents worth of dried apricots, out of a big barrel, and munching them, we'd wander down.
the hill to Shady Avenue and wait for the "04." It might have changed its number going in the other direction, but that I don't recall. Then homewards, and I'd be starved and would go into the kitchen and make myself a sugar and butter sandwich and consume that with a glass of milk. No wonder I've such a paunch now.

Well, the school term at Avery properly ended, and our papers were transferred to the University City schools.

When I was about 8 years old, I went down to Charleston, Mo., to visit Grandma's brother and sister, the Jeckos. Papa put me on the train - in a coach - and instructed the "drummers" to take good care of me. Drummers in those days were today's flyboy salesmen, except they were tramborne and they stopped off at each little town to call on their customers. Since there weren't any autos to count, and rail was the only method of transportation, some of these peddlers would get off every town that came along & see their customers, and WAIT for the next train to carry them down their line. Many had trunks of samples of the stuff they were selling up in the baggage car, and when they arrived at their particular destination, they'd have a display room reserved at that hotel, and would lay out their goods. These display rooms had a small bed and a bath, and room for a case of whiskey and a closet or two. The Drummer-Peddler-Salesman would set out his wares, and call his customers whom he'd previously notified by mail that he would be there on the specified day. Then he'd show his goods, and take their orders for the coming season - which might be 6 months away. And then they would have a few drinks, and it was up to the drummer to provide as good an evening as he got that afternoon.

The Peddler - the name comes down from the ages from those people who were PEDIARS and carried stuff about that they had made or bought hanging on their animals or their wagons, and hoping to find buyers along their route - were friendly people. They could always be relied on to tell a funny story, or to take care of a less fortunate soul, or just to be a good host. Papa put me in good hands, as I well know now, since I spend most of my life trying to be a good peddler.

Anyway, the drummers saw to it that I got lunch from the newsboy at one end of the car who sold sandwiches & milk & coffee & papers, and after a lengthy, happy journey - I got put in the "smoking" car where all the drummers were - the decent people stayed in the other cars, but Papa knew best, and if there were those cars any more on the rails, that's where I'd put anyone I cared for. They might have had a Pullman car on that train, but now I feel that Papa was wise in exposing my tender soul to the crudities of the drummer. They weren't any cruder than anyone else - they were just more relaxed most of the time.

Pullman cars I learned to love at a much later date. They served as my Hotel on wheels. I'd have a bedroom or a roomette with my own private toilet, and a wash basin, and I could get on a Pullman car at midnight and wake up three hundred miles away the next morning, and have breakfast on the train, and
be ready to see customers as soon as we stopped in
the station. So, we got progress now?
  After a year at U.C. Jr. High & a year at U.C.
High School, Papa didn't think I was getting any-
where scholastically, and I now don't suppose I was.
He was a rising young executive and he came into
contact with other people his age, and they
naturally discussed their offspring. From them, I
gather now, he decided that I should go to The St.
Louis Country Day School, headmastered by Mr. R. H.
B. Thompson. I took the necessary examinations and
their archdeacon of English, Mr. Eugene Arthur
Hecker - that darling man - found I was deficient
in HIS grammar, and I had to be set back a year.
What a nice set-back it has proven to be. Not only
did I learn now to say "as" not "like" but I formed
many fine friendships in college later on, with
people I'd have missed if I were a year ahead of
them. To EAH, again, *Ave Atque Vale*. He was the most
of any teacher by whom I was ever taught, and he was
a friend indeed.

  We'd go out to Codasco on the SPECIAL street car,
and I'd walk down to the old Gasen's drug store on
Pershing and Skinker and wait for it. When you were
on it, there'd be a Master to keep order - he had to
be there because of the prankishness of les brats -
and as it will come out later, I joined their group.
Then the car would head north on Skinker up to
Delmar, and turn to the right - eastward - and then
head down to the crossing of the railroad - The
Wabash - and having successfully negotiated the
gates, it would go down to Hodiamont, and speed
northerly from there. Then it went thru Easton and
was hooked on the "04" tracks and thence Ferguson-
wise it sped in a northwesternly pattern and dropped
us off at the bottom of a long hill. Then the "march"
to school started.

  I was an "upper class boy" - not in the "lower
school" - only because of age. The "upper school"
was high school - the lower was primary. We'd go up
to the old stucco buildings and there we'd start
whichever class we were in. It was a 2-storey
building and had classrooms on each floor, including
the basement. Once there, we started either with Mr.
Kent - English or Mr. Phillips - chemistry - or Mr.
Hecker - English & Latin.

  At 10:30 everyone trooped down to the auditorium
and had milk and graham crackers, and thus
sustenanced, back to classes. Lunch was served in
the dining room AND WAS USUALLY LOUSY - EXCEPT FOR
THOSE LUCKY SOULS WHO SAT AT THE TRAINER'S TABLE,
AND WOULD HAVE A STEAK BEFORE A FOOTBALL GAME. Then,
back to classes for an hour and thence to the
gymnasium for SPORTS.

  I was so clumsy - and still am - that I wasn't
much good at anything. I was oversize for my years -
a tall, very thin, gangling kid, and because of my
height, they put me on the football team. My
uncoordination made me sit on the bench all the time -
and as the dust and pollen accentuated my hay
fever, I had to have a handkerchief always available.
Mr. Hecker took me off and put me on the Track Team
because he thought my long legs would make a great
broad-jumper. But I was never any good at that, either. I used to fancy throwing the javelin,
because I did love to throw things - but my uncoordination didn't produce any more success than I did with the discus. Anyway, I had Papa buy me my own javelin at Leacock's Sporting Goods Store on Locust St., and I'd practice learning to throw it in the little park in Parkview. As I recall, a good throw then was about 180 feet, and if stance were good and my delivery perfect, I could make about a hundred feet. Obviously, mea fata was not in sports.

It wasn't too good in learning either; though I did manage to graduate second in the class to Parker Finch. I'd had all the bratty behaviour of a misspent youth - but I acted like some of the bratz today, I guess. One night, on the way home on The Special, I turned out one of the lights, and since the car was wired, not in parallel but in series, they all went out. For that misdemeanors I was suspended two weeks... and during that inglorious time, I consumed David Copperfield, whom I probably wouldn't have touched were it not that he happened to be handy. What days... then when I went back to Cadasco, after several good "briefings" by Papa, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Hecker, I turned into a model student, and did graduate on time.

One of my classmates was "Mac" Blayney - both he and I listened with awe to the blandishments of Luther Ely Smith, on the merits of Amherst College over any other competing schools, and we both persuaded our papas that that was our choice. So, after graduation in 1927, having passed the College Boards, we were ready for the big adventure... at considerable sacrifice to our parents, as it wasn't cheap, then, either.

The summer before, Papa had sent me to Dr. Pollock's ranch of Mesa Verde in northwestern Arizona. I was a sickly looking kid, I guess, and he'd thought that the nice clean air would add to my stature. It did, but not to my middle. So, this year Dr. Pollock offered me a half fare if I would go as a half ass counselor, for the younger folk. Papa agreed, and off we went.

We went by train - in the old sleeping cars with uppers and lowers, and perhaps we'd have one or two cars. We'd go by MoPac to K.C., and thence westward thru Kansas up to Colorado Springs, where we'd transfer to the D & RGW. Then to Alamosa, where we took the Narrow Gauge Train that Wove Thru the Mountain Passes. What a darling train... it had a couple of baggage cars, several coaches, and a diner and observation car. On some of the hairpin turns ascending or descending you could sit in the last car and be parallel with the engine, which was just a few feet higher or lower, if you were going up, or down. Gorgeous country, up where there still was snow, even in July, and thru such towns as Alamosa, Pagosa Junction all the way to Allison, where we were met with old Winton touring cars and hauled out to the "ranch."

Dr. Pollock had been my orthodontist, as my lower jaw was a receder, and Dr. Sauer had recommended him to Mama, and I patiently endured the braces and the rubber bands for several years. All the gadgets he hung on my teeth, probably wounded them mightily, as they're all out now, after much misery. But Dr. Pollock and Dr. Shanley were real gentlemen. Thanks
to them, I now don't look like some of the monsters you see on the streets.

Papa would drive me in, or I'd take the "04" and transfer to the University City street car, and get off at Grand & Olive and go up to his office in The Metropolitan Building, and endure his ministrations, and come out full of vim and hungry. Then I'd hop another University City car, and ride as far as De Baliviere, where they changed crews, and I'd run across the street to Garavelli's and get a couple of his baked ham sandwiches and dill pickles and run back to the car before it was ready to leave. Then, transferring to the "04" at the little terminal at Pennsylvania Avenue, I'd get on and sit in the back in the conductor's rear area which had a half-round chair covered with lattice wood strips, and munch my lunch all the way to Newport Avenue.

Then, up the hill, past the branch of the creek that ran into the River Des Peres, and past the sewage plant, and up the long bleak hill to the trestle that spanned the MoPac, and down pleasant Newport to our little house. So, with straightened jaws and a full belly, I'd set out on some of the chores that were laid out for me.

To get back to the camp, shall we say, you had to RIDE. When I first arrived, the little pintos were so close to the ground that my feet dragged in the sage brush. Everyone was assigned a horse, and you fed it, curried it, got it water, etc. So, me not fitting any of their livestock, they got me a mule, and that was the smartest animal I ever rode. It could trot or lope faster than the pintos, and it has such an easy seat.

We'd go off onto exploration trips, up onto the mesas, each equipped with a canteen of water and peanut and jelly sandwiches, and we'd ride until the hot afternoon. Then, back to the camp to the swimming pool, with water from an irrigation ditch, and heavily chlorinated. And thence to the showers, and in clean jeans off to the mess hall where we'd feed.

Aunt Kitzy used to take me to the theatre, especially to see mystery plays, which were in vogue then, before the films took over. Her favorite, and mine too, theatre was the old Shubert located just south of The Jefferson Hotel on 12th Street. One play I'll never forget - except I forget its title - was a mystery where one of the protagonists is killed when he picks up the French type telephone. We didn't have the common cradle phone then, but had a speaking box and a separate receiver. Anyway, a phony telephone man installs a bullet in the ear piece - you see him doing his work on the stage, but you think he's just fixing the phone. Next scene, the phone rings, and old Johnny who answers is deaded by a pistol shot. Needless to say I dreamed about this many a night, and often would have a nightmare about phones and would crawl in bed with Papa so I could feel safe again.

Another favorite theatre that all the Aunts went to was the Empress on Olive Street just west of Grand avenue. There, a little troupe put on all kinds of drama from "Mrs. Wiggs in the Cabbage Patch," to, I think, even Othello. They were GRAND and the leading lady and the leading man would get such
applause from the loyal patrons, whenever they came on stage, and at the finale the whole cast would get a standing ovation. There was also a tiny orchestra that came in for its share of applause.

We'd go down there on the street car that stopped just a few doors away at the Grand Avenue intersection. The Aunts lived on Nina Place, and it wasn't much of a walk from their spacious apartment over to De Baliviere and Pershing where we'd get on the car, and then a twenty minute or so ride would get us to The Empress on time. After the show we'd go to the corner drugstore on the east side of Grand and have an ice cream soda and sort of wait for the next coming Olive Street car - we wouldn't want a "Delmar" car, as it veered north to go out Delmar Blvd. So, we'd take the same Olive Street car that I took when going to Dr. Pollock's office, and we'd get off at De Baliviere with the only difference between these trips with them and my dentist visits, was that we didn't stop at Garavelli's. I'd spend the night with them, and then head homewards on the same line till it hooked up with the "04" - and chances are, I'd have another ham sandwich to munch as we rode out through the country. And country it was then. Then, on reaching Newport Avenue in Webster there would be that long climb up the hill and home to Mama for a fine lunch, in spite of the former sandwich.

After we moved into the city - Parkview - to 6338 Waterman Avenue, the same theatre process would be repeated many times, except in those cases I think Dad drove us to the Empress, and then we'd return on the trolley.

Art Hill, in front of the Art Museum, was a favorite for sledgers, and for the few skiers who were starting to appear. With a good iced snow you could sled all the way down the hill and end up midst the cursing-at-you skaters on the lagoon. Dad finally acquiesced to my cry for skis and one Christmas they were by the tree. Then, there was just a leather loop at the center of the ski that you stuck most of your toes into - none of the modern rigging that clamps the boot to the ski. And just as well, then, or all the inexperts that tried to stand up going down Art Hill would have ended up in the broken leg section of The Jewish or Barnes. Perhaps halfway down the hill you'd get a clump of snow building up under your heel, and then that ski would slide off and you'd go a-tumble head first into the snow.

But even without poles - though some of us had sawed off broomsticks - we'd roll up snow balls - big ones - and spread more snow around to make a sort of shelf and go back up the hill, and hoping for god-speed, we'd aim at the shelf and if we were lucky, we'd fly thru the air for a couple of feet.

And there were people with horse-drawn sleighs, with a broken bale of straw in the bottom part to wiggle your feet into, and the folk would have a couple of blankets or a buffalo or bear skin, and the horses had tinkly bells that jangled at every step.

And there would be huge bonfires of old railroad ties, with a warming throng around its perimeter. And the warmed ones would venture forth again to slide down the hill and they'd be replaced by the
cold ones. Some people would hook a bobsled to an automobile, and though we never were allowed to participate in such a hazardous sport, it must have been fun, especially if you were well wrapped.

The lagoons of Forest Park were always well filled with skaters. In those days the skates were fastened on to your boot by a tightening key, and sometimes, no matter how hard you screwed the key they'd come loose and you'd land like a fool on your duff. Only after seeming to progress a little in this sport did Papa get me a pair of racing skates attached permanently to the boots. But weak-ankled me, I was continually having trouble standing upright with my legs sometimes bowing out at the ankles, and then ready for a tussle with myself to regain my stalwart repose.

When there wasn't any snow, but when the temperature got well below freezing, some of the more enterprising souls would get out the garden hose and let water rush out over the lawn, and by being extremely careful and with the aid of a hoe, after a couple of days - if the cold weather held - you could have your own skating rink. The only trouble was that now and then a few blades of grass would not bow down to the inevitable, but you would when your skates hit this mass.

My good friends in those days were Tom Bond, who lived across the street, and Charlie Fox, who lived behind our house on Pershing. Tom's father was a lawyer, and somehow or other, his mother was a very distant cousin of ours. Charlie's papa was with The Aluminum Ore Co. in East St. Louis. And I well remember a trip he took both of us on thru the manufacturing processes that eventually made silvery aluminum out of a lot of rocks.

I had become absorbed with the idea of studying chemistry, and eventually becoming a chemical engineer. We, Charlie and I, made quite a few experiments. I had learned that a mixture of potassium nitrate, sulfur and charcoal would produce an explosive substance. And I'd also learned that potassium chlorate and sulfur would make a bigger blast. So we'd gently mix these things together...Sam Forder, one of the early investors in Texas Gulf Sulphur, from which he'd made plenty, gave me a jar of the company's product, and you could buy all the chlorate you wanted at the local drug store. So we'd mix up about a pound - I've forgotten the proportions now but we had worked out the equation and could sort of figure the proper amounts - and we'd take it down to the street car tracks that bounded the south side of Parkview and while spying to see that no car was coming, we'd lay out a strip a foot or so long on one of the rails, and then hide in the bushes of a hedge nearby, in back of one of the houses. Along would come a car and as soon as a wheel crunched our mess there'd be a hell of a blast. I dream now of seeing one side of the car rise a couple of inches - but I'm sure that my memory has been helped by many dreams. The motorman would bring the car to a squealing halt, and he and the conductor would be out and on the alert to try to find the culprits. And we'd sit in the bushes too thrilled by what we'd done, and too scared to move.

Charlie got a piece of fuse once - I guess from...
his father for some odd reason or other—about two feet long. So we made a bomb out of the same mixture. We wrapped it in newspaper and tied that together with adhesive tape, and wrapped the whole thing with fine copper wire. We had a projectile that must have weighed a couple of pounds. Then we snuck over to the little park in front of his house, dug a hole at the base of the cement foundation of the flagpole, thoroughly tamped down the dirt, lit the fuse and ran like hell for the bushes. There was a horrendous blast—the pole shook so hard we were afraid that it would fall over. We hid in the farthest clump of bushes until the summoned police arrived, and we stayed in the shurbbery until they departed. Then, I recall we slunk homewards, sort of ashamed of all the commotion we'd started—but I don't think we ever were afraid of what might have happened had the mixture gone off prematurely. Such, I guess now, is youth.

We didn't make any more bombs, nor did we try to blow the trolley off the track. Instead I grew more nefarious and Charlie seemed to become a GOOD boy. There was considerable house building in the area, and fascinated by all the lattice-like studs, and the future layout of the rooms they were to develop into, we swarmed over the structures, got down into their basements' bowels, and behaved with a carefree abandon that sends shivers thru my gizzard just recalling the crazy exploits. If Papa & Mama had ever known what we did...

I had developed a way to make a beany—a rubber sling shot—out of the wire clothes hangers...you'd sort of bend it double, and then reinforce the wire with numerous layers of adhesive tape, until you had a fork that might have come from a massive maple. Since parents frowned on lopping off limbs just to make THAT fork that would make the perfect beany, we had to improvise. For a few cents you could get big fat rubber bands at the drug store, and for the pouch to hold the missile we'd use the tongue of an old shoe, and properly pierced at each end with an ice-pick, you could hook the rubber bands to it and, when you had completed these unions, it was easy to hook the bands into the prongs we'd provided in the wire.

But shooting odd shaped pebbles was sort of like losing the game. You couldn't predict with any accuracy just where they would go. We needed something heavier, a ballistic missile, and we soon found out how to achieve that end. The plumbers, in these new houses, would leave scrap lead from their connections; I'd go thru each house accumulating a little pile of lead, and when I'd gotten enough, would melt it in an old pan on the gas-fired laundry stove in the basement of our house. Then, when the lead was nice and fluid, I'd pour it down the sloping expansion grooves in the cement floor; after it hardened there'd be a strip of lead several feet long, and borrowing one of mother's old knives and a hammer and a cutting board, I'd guillotine the lead strip into 1/4" slugs. Boy, you could really knock out a street lamp with one of them.

Nefarity must have been in my soul in those days. Once, some friend of Papa's sent him a barrel of apples, packed in straw. The barrel was put in the
A barrel of rotten apples brought the cops coolest spot in the cellar, but alas, it wasn't cool enough. After we'd sated ourselves on the fresh fruit, the remainder began to moulder. One Sunday, after Papa and Mama had gone to church, I got rid of them - as previously instructed to haul them out to the ashpit didn't seem to me to be their fate. In those days I could really THROW, and thought I might grow into a pitcher, as the balls went very fast, and sort of true.

So, I hauled the apples up the back basement stairs, ate a couple, and found they were not too sloppy, and that you could throw them against the brick wall of the garage and they would sort of splash with a nice gurgling sound. Then a malicious idea hit me - why not throw them a little faster and a little farther at a more distant target - and that's what the west wall of our eastward's neighbor's brick house became. So, after using up the barrel, THEY returned, and THEY called the cops and MY family returned to find the boys in blue had me in tow. So, after much wailing, I'd guaranteed that I would clean up the mess, and like a good boy, finally got it all hosed down.

But those neighbors had it coming to them. I'm still sorry I didn't hit her in the puss with a rotten apple. We shared the same driveway to the street, as both garages emptied onto a little plaza. There was a locked gate to the alley, and they and we would back out and then head north down the drive to Waterman Avenue. She, the lady, would always be yelling at ME for making too much noise...I hate to say it, now, but she was an ugly old bitch.

In the winter, we'd let the hose run on the slope to the street, and as it froze it made a nice slide into the street area, right by the gas street lamp. The street lights in St. Louis were gas lamps, with an incandescent mantle. They emitted a golden glow, and they were staggered down the street, one on one side, then one on another. But they had to be turned on and off, manually. The Lamplighter would appear at dusk with his lighted stick, and deftly inserting it would ignite the gas. He was good to see, coming down the street, turning them on.

She had - that is, the old Witch - an Electric Sedan, and she would take it out and it whirred going up the little incline, and then out on to the street. They used to plug it into their electric line when they returned from a jaunt, and it got itself all stored up with new juice for the next day's journey. We had to buy gas - they weren't so dumb.

Back in the days before Super-Markets, all retail foods came from individual stores, and each store owner would go very early to the Central Market to get the freshest meat and vegetables. He would have several delivery trucks, and quite a store of things for sale. There'd be a meat counter, with all the various cuts, either in a glass enclosed refrigerated box, or else, if the pieces were too big for display, they'd be hanging on hooks in the cold room. And then there were the fruit and vegetables, the staples like flour and corn meal and sugar and such. There were racks of canned goods, some with fancy labels, and some just ordinary like Campbells, Heinz, DelMonte and others - but there were no frozen foods.
Mr. Birdseye didn't hit the market till the Forties.

Every day of the week, except Sunday, Mama would call Mr. Rohlfing and have a long chat over the shopping list she'd drawn up. The menu varied during the week-days, but Saturday and Sunday had special niches. Papa loved sausage and fried apples and biscuits for Saturday night's dinner...that's what they ate in Lexington when Aunt Pan was feeding them, and it is a tasty meal. I remember how Pop would load up his fork with some sausage, some apples and maybe some baked beans and put the whole conglomerate into his mouth. Later on, I discovered that was the way the English eat...a little bundle every time.

And on Sunday, in the winter, there'd always be a roast of beef - well done. Papa hated to carve, so Mama would have to do his work. And there'd be green beans cooked a long time with several pieces of bacon - you didn't eat the bacon, as it had been just for flavoring, and the water had taken all its taste and heaps of mashed potatoes and good, rich beef gravy, and hot bread and milk for the kids and coffee for the grown-ups. Then there'd be a lettuce salad with Mama's special French dressing - I have never since found that taste again, much as we have tried - and with the salad there'd be some grapefruit hearts and usually some cottage cheese. And as if that were not enough, the apple pie and cheese would be brought in by Florence, the maid.

There was a little button under the rug connected to a buzzer in the kitchen, and whenever Mama wanted something, she'd tap it with her toes and the maid would appear. After this dinner, always served about 2:00 P.M. the older men would retire to their pipes and cigars and sit and sort of drowse. But Katy and I had new energies and we would go outside and let off steam in sundry ways.

Then we'd always go for a drive. The roads were not crowded, and there were no trucks and Papa had certain chosen routes that he liked to take. In the Biddle or the later Buicks, off the four of us would go, perhaps down thru the emerging foothills of the Ozarks to Fenton on the Meramec, or sometimes up to Valley Park, on the same stream, or we'd go to Kimmswick where the aunts had a nice little cottage, or we'd stop by to see Uncle Carver and Aunt Annie and Bodine and Jane down on Telegraph Road. And then we'd head home with two sleeping kids in the back.

As I got older, and old enough to drive a car - about 14, I guess - Dad got a sport Buick roadster, in addition to the big 7-passenger sedan that had "jump" seats for extra guests. Since I didn't have a license, I couldn't drive the car, and every afternoon after coming home from University City High School...and making a sugar sandwich - two slices of white bread, heavily buttered, with sugar liberally laid onto the butter, and then made into a sandwich, and with a big lass of milk washing it all down...then the growing boy had enough energy to start his maneuvers.

First, I'd start the car - it had an electric starter - and let it warm up, and back out of the garage. Our drive was shaped like a "T" and at the top of the "T" there were the doors of ours and our neighbor's garages. So, I'd back out, slowly drive
First it was Auction and then the much more interesting Contract

up a slight incline and let the wheels - the front ones - just touch the gutter, and then I'd back all the way to the top of the "T", and there was enough space with backing and filing, to turn the car around, so that I could back out to Waterman.

Finally, the time came so that just after my birthday, the City Hall of University City granted me a license. As I recall, then you didn't have to pass any tests - just show your birth certificate, and that was that. I still had to have Papa along when I went anywhere, and think when I got to be 18, he let me drive unaccompanied. But, he'd been a good teacher, and I didn't have much trouble.

Mama was a great bridge player. First it was Auction, and then the much more interesting Contract developed. Papa didn't go for cards - so, Mama taught me the rudiments, and being an avid youth, I learned fast. Her favorite opponents were Sam and Margaret Harbison. They lived out on Olive Street Road, in an old farmhouse with about 5 acres of land, with chickens and other fowl, and a dammed up stream that made a small lake, with ducks and fish and frogs.

Sam was THE dress designer at Vandervoort's, and such was his renown that every year he designed the gowns to be worn by The Queen and her Maids at the Annual Veiled Prophet's Ball...more about that later. And Sam and Margaret were charming people and very good bridge players too. I'd start as Mother's partner, and after each rubber, we'd cut for new partners. Mrs. H. was a good player like Mama, and so was Sam, if he had the cards...sometimes, when he didn't have a good hand, he'd bid as if he did and the resulting double brought much mirth. We just played for fun, except Sam often insisted on a "quarter for each corner" and if you lost, it was two-bits, and if you won, it would be a half dollar. And after each session, at their house there'd be sandwiches and coffee. We always played there because neither of them could drive, and their chauffeur went early to bed.

Sam and Margaret came from Neosho, a little town down in the southwestern corner of Missouri, and he used to tell us of a marvelous hotel there that had a spring fed stream stocked with trout, that ran thru the dining room. You'd point out your fish and it would be caught for your dinner.

We used to love to ride the "J.S." - it being an old-fashioned Mississippi River Steam Boat. The cabins and rooms, usually found thereon, had been removed, and the resulting area was now for strolling, or picnicking, or dining, or just lounging in deck-chair. You didn't have to have reservations to get aboard - or, at least, now, I don't remember any. We'd drive down Washington Avenue, veer to the right at Levee Street, and carefully park the car on the very rough cobbles of the levee itself. As it sloped to the river, if you parked facing north, it was a devil of a job crawling out from the driver's side. And in those days, in lieu of a trunk we had carrying racks screwed to the running boards of the fender, on each side of the car. This fender was a way to ease milady's long skirts in enabling her to show not too much calf on ingress or egress.
We used to love to ride the "J.S." a Mississippi River steam boat

Mamma would have a heavy hamper, stuffed with all kinds of goodies. Papa would carry it for her, and after buying the tickets, we'd walk the gang-plank and go aboard this lovely vessel. No elevators there, then, and Katy and I would race up the wooden stairways till we found a place with room for us all, ahead of the smoke stacks. For, "The J.S." was a coal-burner, or sometimes a "soot" burner, if you had to sit aft where the smoke and soot landed. But that was the top deck, and Mama and Papa, being much wiser, made us come down to the deck below. There we could arrange for chairs and a table, and she could start getting lunch ready.

But first we had to get going. At the proper time, usually 12:30 the whistles on the boat sounded mightily, and the steam and smoke grew apace. The gang-plank was hoisted by the negro roustabouts, and shortly we were moving up-stream, away from the levee. The motion was so gentle that you had to look at the slowly slipping scenery on the river-bank to know that you were moving at all. There was a steam-calloiope aboard on many trips, but no Scott Joplin to play it. Now and then some deck-hand would hit a HOT key or two to emit a screeching blast.

After the gang-plank had been raised, wooden slatted gates were installed to keep any from falling into the drink. The J.S. still carried cargo, though not too much, and it was stowed forward up by the bow. After we were going, and the mile or so distant shore receded to the south, Katy and Papa and I would inspect the whole ship. It must have been about a hundred yards long, and about half that abreast. There'd be the Top Deck, with the breeze and the soot, the lower deck for the promenades, a lower deck for their dining salon, and the deck where you got on and off.

Below the deck were the Engine Rooms, and after much persuasion, Papa was permitted to take me down there. We stood in a little cage, and we could watch the exciting machinery. You couldn't see the boilers - they were up forward, being fed wood and coal by hand by the firemen. But you could see what steam could accomplish. The engine would have a "governor" with all its little spinning weight-mounted balls, and there'd be two big cylinders with their pistons about twenty feet apart. The pistons were directly connected to the immense paddle-wheel in the stern, and as one piston would shoot out of its cylindrical house, moving the arm on the paddle-wheel forward, the other piston and arm would slink in. In and out, out and in, these busy beasts kept the ship moving. And always there was an engineer, an oiler, I guess, with a big pump type of container, pouring oil on the bearings.

And then there'd be Bells from the Bridge. The Captain's commands, translated into bell rings to signify his intents. If that was primitive then, it's still done now. The signal could mean: half speed, quarter speed, stop, or full speed astern... you had to have CONFIDENCE in the GUY upstairs.

After watching the whirling wheels, smelling the grease and damp, I longed for the fresh air, and pulling at Papa, managed to dislodge him. I think he always wanted to be an Engineer, and to have watched over big machines. Anyway, I managed to get him up
to the deck where they sold soda-pop and got him to buy me a coke, for a whole 5c. After consuming that, and with my hunger somewhat stilled, we made our way back to Mama and Katy and looked at the feast they'd spread out.

There were devilled eggs and chicken legs, pickles and potato salad, iced tea and ice cream, bread and butter sandwiches, and some sweet sweets, and before long somebody got sleepy and full. But he awoke to see Alton, Illinois, where the J.S. stopped to disembark those passengers and its mail and cargo. On the way up, we'd passed the confluence of The Missouri and The Mississippi. There were rapids in the river, and that was the safe course at low levels of water. On the return to St. Louis, the captain deftly negotiated the J.S. to the Western Shore, and us passengers soon knew when we came to the confluence by noting the dark brown water mixing into the clear. The Big Muddy always has this, having accumulated soil for over 2,000 miles of eating its way into riverbanks.

Tired and sleepy, Katy and I are forced to walk to the waiting car, and poor Papa and Mama, perhaps equally beat, have to hustle us into old 6338. But what a fun day, we recall.

Westward, up the alley that served the houses on Waterman and Pershing (nee Berlin prior to World War I) lived the O'Reilly garage, a massive old stable with their charming house in front with the little park across Pershing. The O'Reillys had a car and a half; that is, they had the chassis of a Pierce-Arrow and a sedan body and a phaeton body. Their chauffeur would alternate the bodies depending on the trip. If the family were touring the East or the North, the sedan component would be tied to the rafters and the touring-body would be let down to be bolted to the auto's frame.

Autos in those days didn't have starters - there was a crank permanently attached to the main drive shaft, and a "choke" wire right alongside the radiator. By successfully adjusting the "gas" on the steering wheel, and manipulating the "choke" and by cranking the engine - always you put your force on the "up" crank and not on the "down" as a backfire might break your arm - off it would start. By about 1920 electric starters became available, and along with the starter the "Stop-Lights" on the tail of the car started glowing when your foot hit the brake pedal.

Also, STOP signs, at main intersections began to appear - before then, everyone approached a street corner with some sort of caution, but NOW you had to stop or you might be arrested by the gendarmes. There weren't many traffic police then, except in Chicago, where we'd go occasionally on a "tour" and they were all on horseback. As times went on and "THE CAR" became the thing to have, traffic police-men manned all the busy intersections. I'll always remember the one at the intersection of Olive Street and Twelfth Boulevard. He was equipped with a piercing police whistle, and his gesticulations with his arms and his pointing fingers would signal the time for EACH car to move or turn. Too soon he was replaced by the "stop & go" sign...though even now, when the signals go berserk, he's back in his stride.
Papa graduated from the Ford to a Wills St. Clair which he got from a "friend" - it didn't run very well and made grinding noises which was why the friend unloaded it. Times were too close to horse-trading days, and the buyer wasn't enough beware. Then a friend introduced him to THE BIDDLE, with a Duesenberg engine, and Dad fell in love with the car. So did we all, and we called HER Miss Biddle and she was a beautiful thing. She was maroon, with matching leather seats and cushions, and she had wire wheels, and her dash-board instruments were on the sloping floor, and she had 4-speeds forward, and reverse, of course. I'd like to have her now - in fact, I think my Citroen is the closest car to Miss Biddle.

We didn't ever have a chauffeur as Dad loved to drive - he'd go out and get in the car with whomever was willing, and drive down lane after lane, and he said it relaxed him to do this. It does me too, if I can find a "lane" these high speed days.

When Blayney and I were to start to college, quite a crowd assembled to see us off to Amherst. There were Mama and Papa, and my sister Katy, and Grandma and Aunts Gaddy, Charlie, Tall; and Kitzy. Then there were the other people - the Stuarts, the Blayneys, and the Gladneys. We all met in the concourse of The Union Station to await the departure of The Southwestern Limited, which had as its destinations, New York - and a few cars went on to Boston. It was a grand train, with all kinds of accommodations, and with parlor cars, club cars, dining cars, coach cars, baggage cars, etc.

I had a lower berth - in those days there weren't any roomettes or bedrooms, at least not on the Southwestern - but the Southwestern was one of the better trains on the New York Central. I counted myself fortunate to have the lower, in the middle of the car, and not over the wheels. Then, when you had to get up to pee, if you were lucky, you only had to walk half a car to get to the men's room.

The men's room in the morning was a mass of shaving suds. All the gentlemen would put on a semblance of their clothes, and head for the john. There was only ONE of them, and there would be a patient line of would-be-pee-ers waiting until some windy old bloke finished his duties. And then there would be the line-up of people waiting to get to the wash-basin to start their ablutions and get down to the real business of shaving their beards. There were old hearties with a straight razor and a leather strop, there were those with the new-fangled Gillette, and there were those who didn't have anything to shave off. But there wasn't the whirr of an electric razor...many more years had to bo by before this monstrosity appeared.

So, after shaving and getting your face wet, you wandered back to your berth and put on your shirt and tie, and coat, and checked to see all the fly-buttons were done - there weren't any Zippers in those days - and you'd head down the car and see a white on blue sign that said "Dining Car in Opposite Direction." So, about you'd turn to the proper direction, and make your way thru the hard-to-open doors and from one vestibule into another with the train going 80 and swaying, and thru more
doors and vestibules until you could smell the wood fires and the sizzling bacon. Then, you knew you were THERE. And big, friendly colored waiters would be waiting to show you to a table - that is, if you were early and not a late riser, as then there might be a bit of line waiting for some gourmands to finish.

And with a flourish, the waiter would, before you knew it, have iced water waiting for you, and a menu spread out, and a little ticket sort of pad on which you wrote what you wanted to order, and a very sharp pencil. Then, when you'd written out your desires, the waiter'd tear off the top piece of paper and take it back to the cooks, and would leave the carbon copy on your table. The cooks cooked over firewood - there were these special cylindrical logs made out of compressed sawdust, I guess, that they'd chop off a piece and put in the fireplace to keep their stove hot and going. Some of the best cooks worked on trains, and they could do wonders of cookery on those old wood stoves; they could make a lamb ragout or a stewed or fried chicken, and without the stove, their julienne salads were superb.

Breakfast on a dining car was SOMETHING... fresh orange juice, country ham or bacon, eggs any way you wanted them, and that toast that had the certain flavor of having just been laid on the hottest part of the stove. And coffee with a heavenly aroma, and all that you wanted.

There was always a fresh linen tablecloth, and the waiters had a deft way of putting a clean one on, without moving the knives and forks and the sugar and salt and pepper cellars. And there'd always be marmalade and jellies and piles of butter, on a bed of ice, and the most attentive service.

After breakfast you'd go back to your car, and your bed will all have been put away, and you'd sit back and watch the scenery fly by. And you could stretch your legs out and rest them on the seat in front of you - if there weren't someone sitting there and with that full breakfast in you, and the cickety-clack as the carriage wheels hit those expansion joints in the rails - all this music would lull you into a nap.

And after such a nap, luncheon would soon be served and one of the waiters with a gong would go from the forward part of the train to the rear bonging his gong and singing out that luncheon was ready.

But we didn't get that famous lunch on this trip. After whistling thru East St. Louis - at dinner time - and then through all of those little towns in Illinois and thence thru Indianapolis and Dayton and Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, and on through Erie and Buffalo we came to Albany. This was in the early morning, and the train was separated into the various components that went on to New York, and those whose destination was Boston.

So we had breakfast going up and around the lovely Berkshires and through Pittsfield and eventually to Springfield, Mass. Gentry Stuart and Graves Gladney were juniors at Amherst, and old hands at getting there. A trolley went from Springfield to Holyoke and up over the Notch and down into Amherst village. But you could rent a
We had to learn the ways of Amherst

limousine, and dividing the $20 fee among five made it not much more than the trolley fare. And we all had all kinds of bags, so, the whole idea was accepted. Up along the Connecticut River, past the mills and into Holyoke - a paper mill town - and on through Mt. Holyoke and thence up a spine of the mountains and over the "Notch" in the distance you could see the hill of Amherst.

Mac and I were assigned to Pratt Dormitory. Papa, who didn't have the luck to go to college like his papa who went to Westminster in Fulton, Missouri - Dad had been valedictorian in his class at Wentworth - but he had to go into business to support his mother and sister, because of his papa's pecadilloes. So Dad, I think, was fulfilling part of his youthful dreams when he arranged our rooms. He'd have to go to New York several times a year, and he'd mosey up to Amherst just to be sure we were gonna get the best room in the dormitory. And he had the local furniture dealer furnish it in a not too Spartan style. There were two bedrooms and a living-room-study in this complex, and in addition to beds, bookcases and desks, there even was a rug on the study floor. Right outside of our door into the hallway was the door to the showers. Papa had really done it, and our quarters were luxurious, compared to the other dorms.

So, after getting settled in the super Pratt dorm, we had to learn the ways of Amherst. After enrolling and all the registering and the class assignments all the freshmen got a pea-green cap - which they had to "tip" to anybody else not wearing one - the upper classmates and the professors. And you were taught by your fraternity to be polite and to always greet anyone coming in the other direction with a "Good Morning" or a "Good Afternoon."

The Common stretched for two long blocks from the college down to Main St., and being about a block wide the grass and trees made a lovely scene in the summer seasons. Then there were those chateau-like fraternities lining the parallel longer streets with Psi U and Alpha Delt on one side of the street, and Beta and DU on the other. DU backed up alongside the Lord Jeff hostelry, built in the same manner. The other fraternities were along other streets, and there were many fine places housing these select few.

Fortunately, all of the big houses passed me by when the rushing season started, and now I'm glad to say that I was tagged by DTD - a finer group of young men, and a funnier house never existed. First, the house was one of those 3-storied wooden monsters with all the pre-Victorian gew-gaws hanging thereon. A shower and large bathroom had been added to the second floor, and the second and third had various sized bedrooms. The first floor had two front parlors and a large living room with a fireplace, and down in the cellar was the "goat" room where all the secret meetings occurred. While all the other fraternities had modern quarters and facilities, old DTD was just a barn.

But DTD may not have been known for its facilities, but it certainly had as fine a group of young men as there possibly could have been in those days. Sophomores could have their own automobiles, and these people would take us neophytes out on
picknics and hikes thru the lovely countryside. One of the favorite trips was up to the Notch where we'd leave the cars, and then hike across the ridge of the range to Mt. Tom where there was a little hotel that served dinners. And we'd sing - at least they would - and I'd try to carry the tune - and then we'd have dinner and sing some more and then back to the cars for the trip home to the Delta Shelta.

One summer, after the end of the Spring Semester, Eddie Stuart and I were all packed up and ready to head for home for the summer vacation. We'd both needed haircuts, and together we went to the barber shop down by the Greek's. One of the barbers told us there was an alumnus from St. Louis, who had driven up for Commencement, looking for a couple of lads to keep him company on the way home. He had his number, and we called the boarding house where he was staying, and that's how we met Mr. Lugar Finley.

He had a sort of shabby car - a Velie, I think - and he said it was in good working order. So, we agreed to ride with him, and to share expenses. Both of us had enough money to take The Pullman, but there's nothing like saving money. So, the next day, he picked us up at our respective fraternities, and we headed Westward. The car was a two-door sedan, and it was rather rickety. It didn't seem able to go over 40 mph, but we were not in any hurry. Mr. Finley was a sort of rugged gentleman who came from an old St. Louis family. He must have been about 50 then, and he looked as if he could take another fifty.

Well, the car seemed to need inordinate amounts of water while climbing the gentle Berkshires, and we were forever stopping at springs and filling stations. But we crested the heights and slid thru Troy and Albany. We followed the same water-level route the NYC used to brag about, but we kept going night and day, shifting drivers, as one tired. We slept in a bed, one night on this trip, in Harry Heqembourg's house - he was Mama's uncle - in Dunkirk, New York. And that was the only time all 3 of us slept at the same time.

The 40 mph started a trend downwards, and the water consumption went upwards, and the stops for water and coffee escalated. But we ploughed on, and as we were going thru Springfield, Ohio, just after bouncing over some railroad tracks that crossed old '40' we were surrounded by police cars and cops with drawn pistols, and were pushed into their squad cars and hustled down to the jail - with no explanation whatsoever. We were scared stiff - we'd been frisked - and they thought they'd found a rod in my back pocket, which was where I'd stowed my briar pipe. We must have been a sorry sight - 3 days on the road - dirty clothes - no shaves - and my fancy white trousers...that I'd donned expecting a pleasure trip...a dirty grey.

They put us into separate cells, and began questioning us individually. We were, we later found out, to have been gunmen who assaulted and raped a girl up the way. We must have looked the part, for we sure were grumpy.

So, after many credentials were examined, they let us go, and we hobbled into the old Velie, and kept heading West, and we drove, and stopped, and
But I ate mostly at the Greek's
drove some more, and got more water and lots more oil. As I recall, we lived on do-nuts and coffee. It was good for us that we were on sleepy old Route 40 then, and not today, as we would have been rammed many times for our slow speed and blinking lights.
I think the last 200 miles were the hardest. After getting thru Indianapolis and Brazil and Terre Haute - fairly good roads bordering an Interurban Electric Train Line, we entered Illinois, which, in those fays, had pavement on only one side of the two-lane road, and you had to keep shifting from the cement to the dirt when you met an oncoming vehicle. Fortunately, the TRUCKS in those days were little trucks, and they couldn't go very fast. So, we moseyed along, adding water, oil, and a little gas - all of the stops were for water and oil, mebbe that's what made it run, as I don't recall buying much gas.
You didn't dare stop the engine when you stopped for oil or water as the motor's block was a dull red. So, through East St. Louis, over Eads Bridge, and into our home town we spluttered, and we staggered out Delmar and at Grand Avenue we apologized to Mr. Finley, and transferred ourselves to a Yellow Cab. Mama couldn't believe it was me when she answered the front door bell - but she really welcomed me. Eddie kept going in the cab on the long way out to Webster. I didn't worry about the fare - Hell, he had plenty of money left after that free trip home.
We never saw Mr. Lugar again...I hope he went back to more reunions, for he was a very sweet old guy.
One of my duties each day was to awaken the man I had been pledged to - Jack Shaw - and be sure he got up so that he'd make breakfast and his classes. In those days, the fraternities didn't have the facilities, and were not allowed to serve meals, so there were many "boarding houses" where many an aggressive young scholar would wait on tables in order to get his fare free. Usually they were quite a hike from the campus, but, if you were a hungry growing young man, the hike just whetted a ravenous appetite that eventuallywolfed down the ham and eggs and biscuits and jam and milk and pie, for breakfast, and then came back for a whopping lunch, and then an even bigger supper.
I could stand a boarding house for a week or so, and after that I'd resign myself and get inferior food at some greasy spoon like The Greek's, or Buck Deady's Diner, or the little coffee shop in the Lord Jeff. Morrow Dormitory, across from Pratt, had a cafeteria, and sometimes we'd be forced to go there. But I ate mostly at the Greek's - run by a family from that land, that by now - they're still going - must have made several fortunes serving food to Amherst men.
One thing the fraternity did quickly to the neophyte - that was to insist that everyone dropped his "itches" when it came to Amherst, and after much instruction we learned how to say Amerst. Until you were initiated into the secret rites, you couldn't attend the weekly goat meeting. But once you were in - if your grades had been good enough - then you had to attend. There was a great deal of symbolism, and it was all so secret, and you were
Life went on, pleasant days, in a college haze

never to reveal the rites to another, and there was the secret handshake when another Delt would know he held the hand of a brother. What a lot of lovely bull-crap, so appealing to serious-sided young men, who felt that there must be something more to be gained from life than just from books.

But you had to have the books behind you just to stay in college. I'd decided I was going to be a chemical engineer, so I'd set my course that Freshman year and aimed to major in chemistry, English, and French. I suffered a rude blow when I flunked integral calculus, without which modern chemistry would resemble the ancients trying to make gold out of mercury. I still kept at it, and never ever understanding calculus, was eased out of the class my Junior year with a "D" just to make room for someone else. But I still was with chemistry, and still am.

During the summer vacations, thanks to the family friendship of George Evans of the Laclede Gas Co., I worked in their labs for three summers. I was still entranced with coal tar and kerosene and Pintsch gas, and I loved the smell of the gas-works. So, if only I'd had a different math teacher, things might have come out the way the mouse had planned.

But I was in love with the other courses, and the really great men who imparted their knowledge to the young. There was Whicher in English, and Baird also, and that great poet, Davy Morton. And there was Professor Geoffroy Atkinson, his Vandyke beard, one of the best exponents of French literature - just attending his classes was a privilege that just a few shared. Jeff, as we referred to him, also became Dean, and a strict, fair one he was. I think he inspired me to follow in his footsteps - steps I didn't have the guts to take.

Life went on, pleasant days in a college haze, and life was joyous. Papa was scrimping to get Katy and me thru college...she was at Wellesley when 1930 came along, and the depressed stock market put too much drain on Papa's purse, and he decided it was more important for me to have an Amherst degree. So, she withdrew from Wellesley, and went back home to matriculate at Washington University in St. Louis, and to live at home. If I had known then, what I now know about the family's sacrifices, I'd have devoted myself to study, and not just having a good time, and would easily have had a Phi Bete key.

But I dawdled away my time...I didn't take a single note from Junior year on, not even in chemistry. I would - and think THIS is the way to do it - sit and listen to the lecture, and try to absorb it into myself, so that later I could digest it. As it was, I graduated with a 79.5 average, and you only needed an 85 for Phi Beta Kappa.

After Pratt dorm I lived in a rooming house for a year, and my last two years were spent in a single room on the 3rd floor of the Delt house into which was crammed a cot, dresser & desk & clothes rack. It was a good thing I was skinny then just to get in and out. And we still had to go the Greek's or the Lord Jeff for food. Of course, after graduating, a new house was built and they had a kitchen and dining room. But I still liked going out for meals as you'd meet others from other houses.
and get over the clannish feeling that might have developed.

Eddie Stuart had two exciting roommates. One, Gordie Mills, was an accomplished musician - he played the trumpet, and in his out-of-school hours had organized quite a good band. He associated with famous musicians like Bix Beiderbecke, probably the greatest trumpet player ever. Fortunately, Gordie was on the Music Committee which selected the orchestras for The Junior Prom, and "The Round Robins."

The Prom was a stately affair, held in the gymnasium on Friday night - and a big name band would be there. Duke Ellington was a favorite and so were other big names like Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. I said the prom was Stately - it was, and there wasn't any drinking - except by members of the band who had to get high just to stay with it. These bands were well paid - in the late 20's they'd get about $2,000 for a night's work.

If I called the Prom "Stately," I was comparing it to the "Round Robins," and they were held at the various fraternities. At Psi U, Fletcher Henderson might be getting real hot, while at Phi Gam the Dorsey's would be real cool. And then there was the memorable night that Gordie got The Jean Goldkette group with Bix and other talented souls which enlivened the Chi Phi house.

In addition to their "money" each band required a gallon of the BEST alcohol, which they would "cut" with an equal portion of distilled water, and with this Ammo they would really Sing.

If you had a date for one of these parties of parties - it was a long weekend and she had to have a place to sleep; so, some of the fraternities divested themselves of their men and the Smith, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr girls, and all those from other schools slept here. If you were affluent, you might put them up at The Lord Jeff. You'd have lots of things to do that Friday before the Prom. First, you'd have to go to Dave's Friendly Cleanser and Dyer and pick up your tuxedo, and your dress shirt, and then you'd have to meet HER at the train in Northampton, and take her to lunch, and get her bags to where she was going to stay and get a corsage and be on your toes.

So, after the Prom wore you out and you got up to take her to breakfast at 11:30 AM, you'd while away the afternoon at your Fraternity, and then everybody dressed for the "Robins." Every drinking male would have his little flask, on his hip, and at intermissions the porches would be full of smokers and guzzlers...till the very wee hours, when everyone awoke with a horrible hang, and then you'd have to go thru all the amenities backwards to get her to her train on time. Whew!

Eddie's other roommate could play a guitar, and he had SOME lyrics. Tom Dickey was from New Castle, Pa. His papa was a Judge, and his Mother's sister was married to our Dr. Smith in Webster Groves. Tom, even then, was more myopic than I, but he could see a golf ball and knew what to do with it. His collection of dirty limericks was outstanding, and he knew more than Norman Douglas. Fortunately, we still see each other after all these years, perhaps
"Needle" beer

a couple of times each year.

But there were more things to college than books. One, for me, wasn't girls. I was scared and fascinated by them, and still a virgin. I didn't know nothing about them. In all my time there, surrounded by beauties from Smith and Mt. Holyoke, I think I had only two dates, and those both against my will.

Fortunately there was a substitute for sex, and I sublimated in books, and occasionally in beer and booze. Back in those days we had Prohibition, and the bars that existed were called "speaks," short for "speak-easy" - whatever that phrase means. A speak operated illegally, but usually always with the connivance of the police, who probably were paid off. Prohibition was unpopular. It had been foisted on the public, when all the MEN were at war, by a bunch of do-gooding women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union - The WCTU. All booze was banned...it was illegal to make it...and worse to sell it. Beer with 4/5 alcohol was permitted. Malt syrup was made by the once flourishing breweries.

This unpopular law has done more to undermine morality and honesty in government than could be possibly imagined. It led to gangs of beer-barons who used the near-beer - the 4/5 variety - as a medium for injecting illegal alcohol into the product in the barrel by a hypodermic needle thru the cork bung...this made "needle" beer, and the list of undesirable in this interstate racket was headed by the most notorious of all, Capone. Then there were lesser figures, but they fought between themselves for "Their" share of this illegal market. And it wasn't long before the Western Sicily mobsters, the Mafia, got their feet in but good, and they now are into all legitimate businesses. The word "Racket" derived from these people.

A "speak" always had a heavy front door, and a "peep'hole" thru which, after you buzzed the buzzer, the proprietor would gaze on your countenance to see if he recognized you as a "regular" - and, if so, you were admitted to his den. His den might have consisted of a long, old fashioned bar, in a real old time saloon. There might be sawdust on the floor, and spittoons and tobacco juice drooling down their sides. Or, the place might have a carpet, and fairly comfortable furniture to make it look like a respectable living room.

But, they all had one thing in common...they were the result of the mad cry that arose over this dastardly womanly act. And, because they were "illegal," they acquired the charm of the illicit. Protected, as they were, by daily payoffs to police, councilmen, mayors, governors, senators, etc., they were a sure thing for a fairly honest man to make a nice living for himself. But, then he had to pay the mobsters who had to pay the police who had to pay the mayor. What a source of disrespect for a law of the land. Aided and abetted by the illicit love, stable citizens flaunted their open defiance.

And if they couldn't get to the speak that night, all they had to do was to call one of their "bootleggers" who would deliver "Gilbey's Gin," or "Blue Ribbon Bourbon," or "Johnny Walker's Black" - the reason we used the quotation marks is that the
You had to be able to swim 100 yards... so I had to cheat to graduate. The only thing genuine about the delivered bottle was the bottle itself. From vats and tanks, mixtures of gang-made alcohol and water and flavorings were poured into these bottles, from whence the cognomen, "bathtub gin." The bootlegger would swear he got it just off a boat outside the 3-mile limit, and if it didn't taste too bad, or blind you or kill you, you'd pay the price - which wasn't cheap, even back in the 20's; a jug of "good" booze could cost from $4 to $7 depending on your nearness to big city life, and the bigger the city, the higher the price.

One way to beat the high cost of boozing was to find a bootlegger who'd sell you a gallon of "good" alcohol...most of the alky was made from fermented simple syrup - sugar - and it required a certain finesse to do it right. So, with this gallon can you could add water and gin drops - flavorings made from pine oil - or rum drops - or peach brandy solutions, all of which you could buy at the drug store, and in no time at all you could have a fairly malicious well-stocked bar for about $10.

But the greatest experiment of all - and which was fairly safe for all to practice, was the manufacture of "home-brew." After graduation from college, and with all the special chemical and physical theories firmly established, I became an eminent brewer in my own home - but more of that later.

So, after considerable study & considerable time spent in becoming aware of the rest of the USA, and considerable dallying, Amherst College decided to move me out so that another class of learners could move in, and in 1931 I was presented with a "sheepskin" as the parchment graduation scroll was then named. I had grown up in a few ways by then... 6' 6" tall, skin and bones, weighed about 150 lbs. Bill Otterstrom was the tallest man in the class, 6' 7" and skinnier and bonier; Herb Bill was third at 6' 5" but he was much better developed than we - Herb was a great swimmer, on the swimming team. I, couldn't swim the length of the pool, which was 25 yards long, and to graduate from Amherst you had to be able to swim 100 yards...so, I had to cheat to graduate. God, how I hated that pool and that cold water and all those naked men bodies.

At Graduation Mama and Papa and Katy drove up to see it - Papa drove all the way, quite a hike from St. Louis in those days. And after their "boy" had graduated "rite" - i.e. with an average less than 80% - and had packed up most of his belongings and arranged to send them back home, Papa headed us towards New York. At some out of the way station like Darien, we boarded a train to the big city.

Our next door neighbor on Waterman Ave., Mr. McCutcheon?, had grown up with the now president of The United States Lines, and after much haggling by correspondence, this gentleman had agreed to take me on as an ordinary seaman on a voyage to and from Hamburg. So, the whole family trooped in to see this nice man and I was accepted by the U.S. Lines and released by Papa. Thence over to the Amherst Club on Lexington Avenue, where I got into a dormitory room. Papa, Mama, and Katy caught the train back to Darien, and headed homewards.

Next day I took the tube to Hoboken and thence
After that first day I was ready to "jump" ship. I walked down to the nearby pier where the S.S. George Washington was tied up. After inspecting my papers furnished by the nice gentleman, the bo'sun let me aboard. The first thing that day, with the crew "signing on," was a "short-arm" inspection, and never, until my army days have I seen so much male equipment. Being a rather bit shy about the procedure, nevertheless had to go through with it. The ship's Captain and Surgeon were to inspect every penis - if, after "milking it," a glob should at the glans penis, that was the "Then" sign of gonorrhea, and the miscreant was "unsigned" - not because it might be infectious, but because the chances were he'd be useless on the voyage and confined to the hospital ward.

My quarters were in the fo'cas'le, up forwards, where I found later you felt every wave. As the ship was not leaving for several days, this grimy hole encouraged me to stay at the Amherst Club until the day of departure.

So, after being signed on, we all changed into our work-wear, and began various chores like chipping paint, painting over chipped paint, holystoning the decks, etc. Me, I got to learn about all the holystoning. The deck was made of hardwood planks, and in their pristine glory after thorough cleaning, were an ironish gray. But they'd get dirtied by spray and footprints and just carelessness and then they were "holystoned."

The Holystone was a piece of amorphous sand stone fitted to a collar which was hooked to a handle. The "stoning" came after the decks were awash with salt water, and then with liberal doses of Sapolio, and much pushing and pulling over the entire wooden surface, and the remaining water "squee-jeed" off, the deck had "had" it. The George was a war prize to the USA, having been a smaller sister ship to the Waterland; she was big, even by today's standards - over 700 feet long. And that's a lot of main deck to holystone.

After a miserable lunch of cold beans and colder potato salad and acid coffee we were back to work doing some other chore, like cleaning winches, and then re-greasing them. When time came to shower up, half the showers were inoperative. Most of the ordinary seamen cleaned themselves one way or another to head back to their boarding house. And I was so glad to get on the swaying tube, walk six more blocks to The Club, have a good shower, and really clean up.

After that first day I was ready to "jump" ship before it even pulled out. But, being a dutiful son, I went back for more. One thing that kept me happy was the Club itself - alas, it no longer is in existence. It was a four or five storey "brownstone" with a nice dining room on the second floor, rooms on the 3rd and 4th, and the dormitory on the 5th. Downstairs, on ground level was a nice garden and a little bar. There, you would buy a fifth of Gin for $5 - this included all the fixings and all the Spanish peanuts you could eat, residing in a tremendous bowl. So, after a couple or three gin-rickeys, peanuts, etc. and a nice dinner I was ready for the hay. And after leaving a call, arose at 5:00 AM to be sure to get to the ship by 6:00.
"Steak Tartare" was issued two days out of Hoboken or Hamburg to strengthen the crew's members.

Then more holystoning - I found later you did it every day, on the high seas and in port. And more rust on the white paint to be rubbed off with an old rag and plenty of Sapolio. So, finally, one afternoon we sailed. For some obvious reason, I was a "college boy" and the crew and the bosun especially didn't like college kids, as they'd work their way to Europe, and then jump ship. I didn't learn of this nefarious exploit until it was too late, and I just stayed with the tub for two whole trips. Anyway, not liking me, and a couple of others, "on sight," as it were, as the lines were cast off, he ordered us into the stern hold to stow these lines. After going a hundred feet or so down a scary ladder these big snakes of hawser started coming down. If we hadn't started to coil them in "figure 8's" we'd have been suffocated. It was hard work as the hawser were soaked with water, and each one being about 4 to 5 inches in diameter, each foot of the rope must have weighed 50 pounds. And it was a June day and the rope dungeon was like The Black Hole.

When we finally got them all stowed properly - properly so they'd run out when fastened to a capstan head on a wharf - and when we finally got up the ladder to the deck, I'd had it, and just collapsed on a pile of dunnage. And that goddam bosun saw me sitting, and commanded me to sweep the main deck, all 700 feet of it, and from starboard to port.

After completing this massive chore, I felt like Hercules after he'd cleaned the Augean stable - but he had only to use his ingenuity and the water did the work. Here, I did the work, and the broom simulated the water. Well, that's a lousy simile, but I was hot and tired and thirsty and dirty, and I found you can't raise a lather in a salt water shower unless you have special soap. So, feeling like many crystals of salt, sat down to one of the lousiest meals I'd ever had, and then so tired I couldn't stay awake turned it for a fitful, itchy night's sleep. The itch next morning turned out to be big red welts all over me - bedbugs, and the cabin was loaded with them. In retrospect I seem to see the surface of the walls move when someone turned on the light.

So we chipped paint, used Sapolio to get the rust off the paint, holy stoned the decks day after day. The voyage took about ten days to Hoboken, depending on the weather. When we reached Cherbourg or Southampton there were massive mailbags to bucket brigade to a waiting tender. All the crew, me included, tried to knock the next man down with a mighty heave of a 50 pound sack.

Two days out of Hoboken or Hamburg, the skipper, Capt. Fried - he'd made a name for himself in rescuing crews of swamped trawlers by diverting the George to their aid - would order an issue 3 times a day of raw ground beef with a raw egg broken on top thereof. "Steak Tartare" was supposed to strengthen the crew members' testicles for their five days in port. I dunno if it worked, but it was a break from the usual slumgullion.

Finally, after much tooting thru the fog, we were past Cuxhaven and heading up the Elbe, and we made it into the lagoon of Hamburg. Those passengers who'd not disembarked at the previous stops were met
by tenders which took them to German customs and German soil.

We, the crew, not having passports, were issued an identification card, printed in English and German, with our names thereon. I could hardly wait for the launch which would take us ashore. Having had a year of Allemand in Senior year, I had a few phrases which helped considerably. The main thing I wanted was lots of bier and lots sauerkraut and sausages. The sauerkraut to relieve my days of constipation, and the bier and kartoffeln and saucisse for my general hunger. And back to the boat that night to sleep with the bugs, and to have that blessed relief in the morning of a good SHIT.

So, for five days, when we weren't working, I meandered about Hamburg. They paid us 1/5th of our monthly wage, and for this sum of about $10, I really got about. The German People were very friendly - and my little bit of their tongue helped to cut lots of ice. Never have I tasted such simple delicious food. And wandering about this ancient city afoot was a great adventure for me. I'd have a bier and a piss and go a few more blocks and have the same, and then on to another little bar and grill and have their daily fare.

I followed their canals as far as I could...then I'd walk the Reeperbahn, probably the most notorious street anywhere in the world. Full of whores, pimps, queers, and whathaveyou - but their charms didn't excite my lilied spirit. And then we'd go out to the Hagenbeck Animal Farm or Zoo, muchly touted, but I thought Dr. Vierheller's St. Louis Zoo, with its trained monkeys, bear pits, and elephants, snakes and big cats was much more advanced.

Came the day of departure, and back we were to coiling hawsers, sweeping decks, greasing winches and holystoning the decks. After stops at Southampton, Cherbourg and Cobh, we, listing badly to port with a shifted cargo, beat our way to NYC. Constipated once again, I dreamed of the magic of the little Spanish peanuts, and almost before you knew it we were rounding Ambrose Light.

So, back to the Amherst Club and the gin and the peanuts and a civilized way of life. Five more days of freedom until the next voyage, over the same route. I shifted myself to the Stewards' department, after complaining the other work was too tough for my bones. The ordinary and able bodied seamen were much huskier than I, and as I recall, averaged about 5' 6" - all muscle. They married German girls, who kept house for them in Hamburg, and their monthly pay of about $50 was the equivalent of over $500 there. It was also the equivalent of a lot more than $50 now in the HewHessHay. Maybe today it would be over $500 here. Anyway, with nice girls in Hamburg selling their bodies for a nickel Hershey bar or a nickel pack of cigarettes - you can see that things were not good.

So as a telephone operator in The Stewards' department, I came into a new world - boredom. The damn phone never rang, and I was hard put to find something to do, as reading on duty was verboten. Imagine my surprise one day to see Hoch Reid, a fraternity brother from DTD and family in the First Class Lounge. After proper introductions, the old
man tipped me $5 - which came in handy in the beer room for the steerage people - and where the crew could gather after work.

So, back to The Club, the Nuts, and the Gin, and after receiving some money from Papa, I was on the Luxurious B&O to St. Louis, and smothered under the superb food and service on that train, I gradually made my way back to my civilization.

And the tears of joy on seeing Mama and Papa and Katy, and their mutual cries kept me at home for quite a spell. But, here I was, in bleakest 1931, with no ready jobs open for a recent college graduate. What to do - there were few adv's for help, and then they wanted "experience" along with the 0. I didn't have much to offer and there wasn't much offered. One day an advertisement for the Allied Chemical Co. appeared in The Globe-Democrat, and I hastened over to East St. Louis to see if I could fill the job. They wanted someone who'd studied chemistry at college - not an engineer - and I felt this was right up my alley. When I broke the news to Mama and Papa, they were disconsolate. Mama worried about "that horrid city" and my being entangled therein. Papa wanted me to follow in his tracks, and promised to get me a job. So, I had to bow out of that offer. I wonder now where I'd be today if I had gone Allied.

Papa did find me a "job." Dad had started his business career - after leaving Wentworth Military Academy - with a carpet company, and then had gone to Kennard's, another floor-covering store, and thence to Scruggs-Vandervoort & Barney. The biggest name in carpets - wholesale - in those days was Renard, and Wallace Renard was a good friend of Dad's. So, I got a job - clerk at $50 per month, the same as an ordinary seaman. The Allied Company had said their starting wage was $150 a month. But being a too dutiful son, I went with Renards.

The Renard clan was made up of some of the finest people I ever worked with. W.R., as they called Wallace, was a real gentlemen; his assistant, a vice president, Bennie Loeb, was also a gentleman. And other members of this "fraternity" were Jimmie Singer, Bob Burgett, Louis PUTzel, and many others. "Clarking" in those days meant keeping track of the thousands of rugs that came in sizes from 27" x 54" up to 11'3" x 15'0". The most popular size was 9 x 12. They must have had millions of rugs stored in their warehouses around the country, and a sample of each one was hanging on a rack, out on the "floor" where visiting merchants could see what they were being offered.

With keeping track of the rugs and hoarding my fifty dollars - out of that princely sum, twenty dollars each month went for a life insurance policy Dad had taken out for me - there was the balance for lunches, carfare, and an occasional date. But I was better off than many others - Art Gaines, with a law degree, worked for nothing for two years just for the experience. Papa was having a hard time on the monthly payments of interest on the S-V-B stock he'd bought, along with the other executives, to keep the company from being snatched by a chain store group.

But we were happy...I'd drive downtown with Dad, and I'd get off at 13th and Locust and walk over to
Renards, and Papa would keep on to the SVB garage on St. Charles, between 11th and 12th. My hours were sort of peculiar at first - from 7:30 AM to 5:30 PM, except on Saturday when we quit at 5:00. In those earlier days I didn't ride with Dad as he didn't go down so early, and I'd take the bus, for 10¢, or if late, a jitney for two-bits.

Lunch was a special joy, for a while. Prohibition was still "on" - but it was waning. Some of the speaks even offered free lunch, just to sell their beer and booze. There was one a block away by the old Gayety Burlesque Theatre, and you could have cheese, kalter-auf-scńitt, rye bread and beer for a quarter. I'd eat most of my lunches at Speck's, and I recall that my favorite sandwich was goose liver on dark rye with lots of horseradish and mustard. Then black coffee and, if I were affluent, a piece of apple pie. I always went to lunch as late as I could, for, even then, I couldn't stand waiting in line. So, it would be about 1:30 when a famished soul sat down at a table. And I always had a nickel for The Post-Dispatch and I would dawdle over it, and munch my lunch until 45 minutes had passed, and I had to scamper back to the rugs.

I guess Mother and Dad had some sort of conference one night, after I went to bed, on my proposal to make home brew. They must have agreed that it would be better to have a "drunken" son, drunk at home, rather than in some awful joint. The next morning, at breakfast, in the sunroom, Mama gave me the assent. I knew what I needed - from listening to all the experts I'd talked with about making the stuff. We had made some at college, but it was never very good, as people couldn't wait for it to age.

First off you needed at least an 8-gallon crock - though you made only 5 gals at a time, you needed that extra capacity to contain the foam. And then you needed a bottle-capper and a supply of caps, and then you needed the bottles. Most everyone used the Canada Dry quart clear glass bottle, and you had to have a goodly supply, at least 24 bottles or more, depending on what you added to the product, for each 5-gal batch. And if you were going to do the thing right, you should have about 3 cases - 36 bottles. All of the above could be had from the hardware store and the grocery.

Then your ingredients could be had at the grocery store, too. All of the big breweries made Malt Syrup ... there was Budweiser, Pabst, and Red Top, and a brand called "Dot's What Louie Uses" and that had the best flavor. So, after getting "Louie," five pounds of white granulated sugar, and a cake of baker's yeast, I was ready. After prying off the syrup's lid - like a paint can today - you mixed it with about a gallon of luke warm water, and you poured that into the crock, which you had the good sense to put, while still empty, on the workbench in the basement, and not too close to the furnace. My chemistry teaching had said that the temperature in fermentation should be controlled, and the only way I could do this was to move the workbench away.

Then you added the sugar to the crock, and brought the water level up to the 5-gal mark - which you had previously calculated - and added enough
Crock + water + malt + yeast = C₂H₅OH

water, and stirred with one of Mama's big spoons. When all the granules had turned to syrup, then you mashed up the cake of yeast in a cup of warm water, poured that mixture in, stirred the whole batch, and covered it with an old shirt - to keep the bugs out.

You learned to look at it several times a day; at first, the next morning nothing seemed to have happened, but the yeast was growing. By that evening you could see bubbles coming to the surface, and next morning there was a layer of foam on the top, and as the wort - a fancy word I learned years later - got more yeast cells the more activity there was, and now the old shirt was containing the foam. After about five days the turbulence slowed down, and the foam was scraped off, and you'd peer into the depths to ascertain how many, and how big, were the bubbles.

If you bottled when the bubbles were too big, you'd blow up all the bottles, and if you bottled when there weren't any bubbles, you would have "flat" beer - nothing worse. So after much indecision, I planned to bottle one night.

I had to borrow the rubber tube off the enema bag to act as the syphon. And I had to wash a batch of bottles with a wire brush and hot, soapy water, and then rinse them so all would be clean and sweet smelling. After tying the syphon hose so that it was about six inches off the bottom, and moving 2 cases of bottles near the end of the hose, I sucked on it and got a mouthful of something that tasted like ugh, and I let it run into the quarts and slowly fill them. After leaving about a 2" head space from the crown down to the liquid, I eventually got them to the capper and deftly crowned all of them. And I lugged them into the fruit cellar, and keeping the cases well apart so that, if one exploded we wouldn't have that now nasty word, a chain explosion.

After a few days, and only one had blown up with a bomb sound, I went down to inspect my labours and found the bottles to seem to contain milky ice-tea. I let them rest for 10 days or so before I found the courage to take one up to the fridge. After a day of cooling, I carefully opened it, and gently poured the contents into a pitcher, being exceedingly careful not to disturb the sediment that had deposited on the bottom. And then I tasted it, and to me it seemed delicious. Even Papa said it wasn't awful.

So, more of Louie's and more sugar and more yeast and more work and I had another batch under way. The stuff was so powerful that you couldn't drink a whole quart of it, without going to sleep 2/3 of the way thru. So, Dad and I would split a bottle before dinner, and have a marvelous appetite, and sleep like babes.

Experimentation soon led me to fanciful heights - I changed the flavor by adding apples that I'd ground up in Mother's meat grinder, and the resultant batch reminced of cider. I kept on making the heimgemacht until I went on the road, and then, since I lost my cautious control, I had to give it up. But Beer was repealed in '34, so I no longer could play with my hobby, as the beer then, before all these taxes, was cheaper than my product.

At 6338, behind the house, was the large 3-car
garage. Connected to it was the chauffeur's quarters, which consisted of a living and bed room, a clothes closet, and a bathroom complete with tub, wash basin and toilet. There were two doors - one opening into the garage, and the other to the outside near the ashpit. I finally persuaded the Family to let me turn this spot into MY retreat.

So, I set to work. The first thing to do was to sweep it out, wash the windows and the workroom. That done, I touched the plaster walls, and they were so dry they just crumbled. So, I must paint them. I tried - but did you ever paint a sponge? Papa took pity on me and sent out an idle crew from the store that knew how to do it. Then I had to get some floorcovering for the splinterly floor, and Bob Burgett gave me a "price" on a pattern I thought would go with the cream colored walls and have some color to make it easy to clean. And Renards delivered these pieces of "felt base" and I laid it to the best of my ability - which wasn't good, but it covered the floor, and the red and yellow tiles "warmed" the whole feeling.

Furniture came next and a 3rd-hand store on Franklin Avenue had the proper sized ice ice-box which fitted into the closet - which became the bar. I connected a hose to the drain, bored a hole thru the wall, and let out the spent ice. The little box had a lid, and you'd put a 25 pound chunk therein which served to keep the brew chilled and with the ice-pick a source of highball material. The store also had a round dining room table - which became the poker table - some rickety chairs and ash trays. The family found an old cot with mattress in the 3rd floor, and soon I was almost in business.

Aunt Kitzy made some rust colored curtains for the windows. Papa had idle hands in the workroom attach a bar-level shelf to the inside of the closet door, and shaped and rounded at the corner so you could hide the bar away. Max Waldsmith did a fresco on one wall of Jay Meyer, some pictures were hung, and I was ready for my first big party, which, as I dimly recall, was a bunch of boys playing poker and drinking my home brew.

Booze was cheap in those days: Gilbey's gin 69¢ a 5th. The favorite drink was a rickey - ¼ lime, muddled in bottom of glass, added ice, + gin and sparkling water. And then there was Lauribrew. Looking backwards, I hate to admit now that no seductions ever took place there...I guess it was too easy for the family to see thru the windows. But I had a lot of pleasant times with the little radio blaring symphonic music from KFWO.

On the north wall of "my retreat" hung "Le Grand Plan de Paris," affixed with thumb tacks to a section of beaverboard. There was a floor lamp nearby, and a handy flashlight. I had become so enthralled with the adventures - in Paris - of Jean Jerphanion, Quinette, and others that I wanted to "follow" in their footsteps. So, one day I wrote M. Jules Romains - in English, which I hoped he could read...I'd studied French for 3 years in prep school and four years in college, but I couldn't speak or write it...you had to go to France to learn those little details - and had enclosed a $5 bill with the hope he might send me a map, and spend the remainder
Les Hommes de Bonne Volonte' led me into a beer joint on a fine or two.

So, one fine day, this rolled thing arrived in the postman's hands, and it was covered with French stamps. And, Mother called me at the office to tell me of its arrival, and I couldn't wait to get home to see it. It measured about 3 feet by four. So, we mounted it, and hooked on a piece of wire, so that I could easily take it down from its nail, and peruse Jerphanion's peregrinations. A Letter from M. Romaine came along with the map, and that was framed, alongside. Alas, some bastard later stole Map and Letter - some one of my kleptomaniacal sons-of-bitches. I mourned its loss, and Pat Carr gave me an almost replica for a Christmas present one year. And it's pasted on the wall of my study, and occasionally I'll peek at le Sacre Coeur, the Left and Right Banks, Montmartre and Montparnasse.

I acquired all of the paper-backed Les Hommes de Bonne Volonte', and some of the translations too. I really lived as comme si vous y etiez. The spark to be a professor of French was fanned by the dullness of Renards' books and ledgers, and the seeming mediocrity of life. Geoffroy Atkinson had led the same sort of life, I recalled, until one day he burst from his cell and went to Paris. But, I was not a "burster" - to get there, I had to have legitimate reasons. Of course, I could have worked my way there, but that would have been akin to "bursting." No funds, no bursting, and no trip and no professorship.

But, I continued on avec Les Hommes, and I will say, they kept me out of mischief. For a "wild" afternoon, I'd take the copy I was reading, together with Larousse, and walk to the corner of Delmar and the "64" tracks, where there was a little dago restaurant that served beer and booze. Prohibition was over by then. Yea! Yea! And I'd get a nickel glass of Budweiser and nurse it as I read, and looked up strange words in Larousse. Unfortunately, the idioms and slang weren't therein, so I probably missed a great deal, but at least I was happy, solitarily.

My very good friend with whom I'd gone thru Amherst, and without whose bouncy spirit to sustain me might have made my moody soul collapse...my good friend, Eddie Stuart, whose family lived in Webster, was off to Sea for a couple of years, and I didn't have any other close friends. He started as an ordinary seaman on the Matson Lines' Lurline, and even graduated to able-bodied seaman after a couple of trips. We'd exchange very long letters, all full of youthful exuberance, and I missed him very much.

Eddie finally returned, and I'd saved a bottle of my now famous home-brew for him. I'd written so much about it. And gently removing it from the ice-box, and ever so gently pouring it, I noticed the carcass of a cockroach in the bottom sludge. Eddie didn't see it, and I quickly stashed the bottle, and the flavour was still exquisite. His father was a V.P. at The First National Bank, and Papa wanted Eddie to be a banker but he, having been back and forth to Hawaii, wanted no part of confining desk work.

He got a job with Lincoln Engineering to sell automatic greasing equipment to filling stations in the SouthEast territory that was assigned to him. So,
he was off again. He acquired a "big" Buick sedan, and had some outfit fix up a trailer for his living - this was back before the days of the common house-trailer, or caravan, as The English call them, but this piece of rolling stock had a bed & a stove & closets & desk, and, I think, a toilet. Motels hadn't been invented yet, and living like this in the country of South Carolina must have been much better than in those - imagine them, if you can - flea-bags. He'd park for the night at a filling station he hoped to "sell" the next day, pay a little rent by filling his tank, cook his dinner, work, and thence to sleep in his "wagon-lit."

This life went for a couple of years until Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected President. The country was in awful shape - banks were closing - going broke were millions of depositors and then that great guy said, "We have nothing to fear except fear itself." And he created The National Recovery Act, known as the NRA, which shortened working hours and raised wages and instilled confidence in people once again.

The immediate effect on me was that we started an hour later - then I could ride downtown with Dad, and in the winter we'd be wrapped in laprobes, as a car heater had not been thought of then - and I got a raise to $60 a month.

About this time I started to get itchy and asked if I could ever get away from the ledgers. Mr. Renard agreed to let me try to become a salesman, and I graduated to the floor. The other salesmen there had all been "road" men, and they'd become tired of travelling, and the company was keeping them on as necessary salesmen on the floor for all the visiting tradesmen.

Road men, used to travel by train, from town to town, with trunks of samples, and they'd be set up in a sample room - exhibit space. The darkey porters loved the road men for their generosity. And they'd set up the exhibit and go out and get some booze for entertaining the customers after they'd signed an order - and perhaps, after business was over, they'd know some gal who dealt in that relaxing business. The old road men have been supplanted by the car and the samples in the trunk - but the orders and the entertainment are still with us. Except now, no one usually has an exhibit at a hotel where you'd invite - on schedule - all your customers, on schedule so that Mr. Jones wouldn't know what Mr. Smith bought.

After a couple of years on the floor, I got itchier, and asked if there might soon be a "territory" open. At that time there was nothing open, but Mr. Volckmann's area in Southern Illinois would be open shortly, since he was about to retire. But he didn't want to retire - who does? - as travelling that area had been his life and his friends were his customers.

Finally, about 1936, the company demanded his retirement, and, much against his will, he assented. Then, I couldn't figure out his obstinacy...and now I see it all too well. This area to which I was assigned started from O'Fallon and went as far east as Olney, and as far south as the limiting Ohio and Mississippi would permit. At their confluence was Cairo - where Mother was born. There weren't any
BIG cities in this region, but considerable good sized towns, like Centralia, Mt. Vernon, West Frankfort, Harrisburg, Carbondale and Cairo. Then there were numerous little towns like Carlyle, Flora, Pinckneyville, Murphysboro, Anna, Cobden, Salem, and Johnston City. And there were the little vilages like Ina, Bone Gap, Karnak, Mascoutah, and Marissa. Of course, there were many others, but the above names all had some kind of a floorcovering store or two, and they were all potential customers. The creed of the wholesaler in those days was that a buyer had to have a "stock" of merchandise - and this sort of nicely limited your activities.

There wasn't anything "wrong" about opening up a new account, providing the customer bought some merchandise from you or someone else. From then on he was fair game. The competition was terrific, as the area lay between St. Louis, Evansville, and Louisville, and there are all sorts of "jobbers" handling the same lines you had to offer, or some competitive line. Renards' main lines of goods were Mohawk and Gulistan carpets and rugs and Congoleum-Nairn hard surfaced stuff like inlaid linoleum, felt base, and felt-base rugs. Small & Schelosky in Egansville had all of these, except for Gulistan, and, as they had at least two men covering this area "like a tent," they were pretty firmly entrenched. And then there was Butler Brothers - who had Congoleum and Ely & Walker who had Alexander Smith and Armstrong, and there were the direct selling manufacturers like Bigelow-Sanford, Lees, and Artloom who were all trying to get a piece of the business. I'm glad to say that - at the time I left the business to go into the Army - I was getting more than my share.

In those days, your car trunk would be filled with rug and carpet samples. You were the road man in new garb. Sometimes one of your customers would have a client who wanted something he didn't have, and he'd ask you to go out with him to see them. He'd tell you the profit percentage he wanted, and after laying out all your goods, measuring the area, you'd talk his prices to her. And knowingly, you'd extol perhaps one line or one fabric over another. I'll never forget going to a house in DuQuoin and, after laying it all out - on a hot summer's day - and measuring the joint, I leaned on the client's mantel to get my breath, and the mantel fell to the floor with a clank breaking many gawgaws, and needless to say we didn't sell there.

One of my smallest sales was covering the floor of a little house-trailer, and as the carpet had to be cut and bound "to fit" it took much time. Some of my bigger sales were carpets to two good-sized hotels, and many a lodge hall and church. The churches took the most time as they were hard to measure, with perhaps sloping aisles, and the altar area with many steps and risers. But if you completed the sale - the dealer always sold churches at cost - you usually had a feather for your hat that week.

On some of these trips Soap Milton would accompany me. Soap, real name, William D. - who changed his father's name of Seropyan, a real nice older Armenian, to his mother's name of Milton, and
They knew their business well - they could emblasm, they could "sell" a funeral, and they could sell their furnishings who has been called "Soapy" ever since - did that before going to Amherst in the class of 1930...well, anyway, as I was saying, Soap worked for the A & M Karagheusian Carpet Co., who had created the Gullston trade-mark. So he'd sometimes accompany me on one of my tours. We would only carry Gullston samples, for the most part - that is, we would "show" only his wares, and the others would be left in the trunk. We only called on the larger accounts, since I didn't want to waste the time of this expert "mill" man - "straight from the carpet mill." Sometimes we'd do real good, and most of the time I'd figure we'd made a future profit by selling all kinds of samples from which a customer's client could make a selection.

In those days a single room with bath at a decent hotel would be $2.50, and you could get orange juice, ham and eggs and coffee for 50¢. If you spent more than $2 for dinner, the extra would have had to be on booze and beer. The dollar in those days was worth about six times the present dollar. You could get a new car - a Tudor Ford for $650. And that's what I first had, a 1934 Fliyver.

One of the early developments in the furniture store was that many, in the smaller towns, also operated a funeral home across the street. In the earlier days, they made the furniture they sold, and they also made the coffins. One of these establishments - out of many - was Prerkers' in Carlyle. Three brothers ran the show, left to them by their father. The two emporiums were on opposite sides of the same tree-lined street. The brothers, in order of age, were Paul, Pete, and John. They knew their business well - they could embalm, they could "sell" a funeral, and they could sell their furnishings. In spite of this seeming macabre union, I didn't notice anything unusual about it until I arrived one day when they had a big funeral. The brothers were wearing morning coats - in the afternoon, with derbies, and I sort of laughed inside. But this was their uniform, and the mourners and the grieved seemed to demand it.

Both Katy and I are myopic - and we've been wearing glasses all our lives. The genes must have become mixed because Mama never needed them, and Papa wore pince-nez only for reading. But we had to have them as we couldn't recognize each other, if one were on one side of a room and the other, the other.

So, we went to the family oculist, Dr. Nobbe, who had offices in the Frisco Building on Olive Street, just opposite from S-V-B. The Doctor, about average height, wore glasses too, which was sort of comforting. He was "an old school oculist" who had lots of little lenses he'd hold over your eye - first the right, and then the left one - as you looked at an illuminated wall chart with all those letters and lines. He might even put one lens on top of the other, and he kept himself writing down all the diopters, and the sums, thereof.

He had a house in Germany - somewhere near Berlin, I think, and he had "money" there, according to another of his patients, Uncle Carver. His parents were dead and he hadn't married, but he still had a sister living there. He told Carver that all his
The anti-Semitism began to get thru to me and didn't sit well. For, after putting 5 & 7 together, I came to the sad conclusion that he was a Nazi money was "locked up" - I guess the way foreign currencies are today - and he had to make his own living while in the USA. He'd go back to Germany during St. Louis's hot summers, and return here before school started so he'd have lots of unpatient patients. In addition to our clan, he must have had many real Germanic people - we know the Busch's were among them.

Somewhere along about 1934 or so, on one of my periodic visits for check-ups, he began to be friendlier than ever before. He lived in South St. Louis in an apartment on Grand Avenue, and I guess he made his own breakfast, but most always had dinner at The Germania House, when he wasn't having it with some of his kind friends. One night, after dinner with him at our house, with Aunt Annie and Carver, I tried to express a few things I had just found out - I'd found them out by listening to symphonic music over my little table radio, and I was entranced with the melodies, though I often missed the composer's name.

The one melody that I recalled, and tried to sing to them, was the "going to heaven" ending of the 3rd movement of Brahms' First. I couldn't hear it often enough - and still can't - and every time I hear it I'm on the verge of tears. This "awakening" must have touched Herr Doktor, for one night he invited me to have dinner with him, and then go to the Symphony, to which he was a charter subscriber. I had to do the driving - as he didn't - and I met him at his apartment, we had dinner at The Germania, and we proceeded north on Grand Avenue to The Odeon where the Symphony performed its weekly concerts.

The programme was German Music. The first work was some short Bach, I think, and the second was one of Brahms' symphonies, which ended the first half of the concert. After the intermission, there was scheduled a Mendelsohn Concerto. I didn't hear it, because, after the Brahms was done, Dr. Nobbe stood up and said let us go, we don't want to hear such "tripe." He was a charming, cultured man, and his avuncular interest in me, added to a self-esteem I hadn't known before. This good man, probably lonesome as hell, missing his Germany, saw in me the perfect example of Aryan Youth.

Under his "spell" I started reading "his" authors - Houston Stewart Chamberlain's treatise on the superiority of The Aryan over The Jew; Chamberlain was a son-in-law of Richard Wagner, and he had written a document of hate. There were other books and tracts that I perused at his behest - and after a summer of indolence, he returned from his summer visit to the Rhineland with more tracts. Some of the anti-Semitism began to get thru to me, and working for the kindest, nicest people I'd ever met - who were Jewish - didn't sit well with me. For, make no mistake, after putting five and seven together, I came to the sad conclusion that he was a Nazi.

So, we sort of drifted apart, and I didn't see him very often. I saw him once before he died - he died in St. Louis - and it was not his Vaterland, where he wanted to be, when the righteous kicked the hell out of the "goddam kikes."

I still feel kindly towards him - now, these many years since. Haven't there always been Disciples
carrying The Word? His Word may have been wrong to us, but how about the many other disciples whose words uprooted whole civilizations - the Jesuits, the Pilgrims, the Missionaries, and all those other "upsetters?"

When we were children we always looked forward to October, for that was the month of The Veiled Prophet's Parade. Its route was published in the newspapers, and we'd aim for a good vantage point. The elaborate floats were drawn by teams of horses and always followed streets that had street car tracks, as each float had a trolley that illuminated all its many lights.

To quote from Ernest Kirschten's Catfish and Crystal, "One night - make it two - St. Louis does put on a real afterdark wingding - the Veiled Prophet's parade and ball....The first V.P. Parade was held October 18, 1878, after the harvest, to bring farmers and other country people into St. Louis. It was a business booster....Its biggest feature now is the coronation of the V.P. Queen....The V.P. Queen has a ballet of attendants, Maids of Honor and Special Maids of Honor....Their names are revealed only when trumpets summon them, one by one, to the Prophet's throne....The V.P. ball, of course, is a white-tie affair and guests attend only by invitation...."

"The V.P. parade always has a theme. Back in 1878 it was the legend of Ceres....The floats of one year may be more 'inspired' than those of another. But all make a brave progress through the streets from Kingshighway to Broadway and back to the V.P. 'temple.'...The man who has an office window along the parade route is especially popular in early October...."

So, horse-drawn they were then, and each float would have the members of The Krewe, and the pretty girls, one of whom would be The Queen, and a Spectacle it was to the thousands on the sidewalks. We didn't care anything about the Ball then, but later on we attended after receiving The invitation, along with its souvenir. It was very social.

Our darling Mama died in 1936 after a losing duel with cancer; she was in constant pain until she died, and Katy and Papa and I were so shocked that anything like that could happen to our little close-knit group.

Papa, poor soul, was so grieved and so lonesome. He and Mama had many happy times and a lovely life. Mama was beautiful, and Papa - so Uncle Carver told me - fell head-over-heels in love with her, just after he'd first met her. She'd seen him grow from a clerk to a vice-president, they never seemed to have any spats, but got along so well.

Papa couldn't stand the lonesomeness of the big house...Katy and I couldn't either, but we had the ability to get out with others of our age, and all Dad had were his business acquaintances, who tried dearly to entertain him. So, it wasn't too long till this darling man renewed acquaintance with a recent divorcee, Florence Kells Elvins, and soon they were engaged and then married. Florence was a beautiful sexy bitch, and she may have been good in the hay, but she was the most selfish person I ever knew.

She had the house redecorated - I can't blame her

39
for that – and the Whittal Anglo-Persians were all replaced with a powder blue twist wall to wall carpet. And the old stained glass octagonal hanging fixture in the dining room went, and so did all the furniture. The tan wallpaper got stripped, and replaced with white. New china and silver appeared, but the maid, also named Florence, stayed on.

That reminds me of our life and times in Webster. There were 3 Joe's in the family. There was Papa... there was me, Joe Scott... and there was Joe dog, as Mama would call to us, which ever one she might want.

About this time I met a young lady – she and I first met when she was acting as a temporary secretary to Dad. I was so bashful I couldn't then and there ask her for a date, but I told Art Gaines about her, and as he knew her, he arranged for a double date. Her name was Virginia Grace Wilson, and her father was an eminent surgeon and lived in a nice big house on Berry Road near Webster Groves. This was a long way out for a young lady to commute, using the old 04, and the University line – so, when she was working in town, she stayed with her sister, Ella, and her brother-in-law, Al Carr, who lived at 4542 Maryland Avenue.

"Wilson" as people called her, soon found a more permanent job with Mrs. Harney at The Warfield Shop, the most illustrious interior decorator this side of New York. She loved the work, and under Madame Harney's expert tutelage, became a valuable assistant and went out on various ticklish jobs. We used to see each other a couple of times a week, and we started going to The Symphony on Saturday nights. And I was down at the Carr's more often than I realized as Al had a large collection of good 78's, and also a Capehart. A Capehart was way out of my, and many others' reach. It had a mechanism that turned the records over so that you could play the other side without getting up to turn the record. This was long before the LP and a 12" 78 would be over in a couple of minutes. So, the Carrs had a more and more regular visitor.

Then there were the Carr kids – Pat, and Annie, and Susie. Susie was still a baby, Annie was about 4 and Pat was about 7 at that time. Al was in the insurance business – which he hated as he wanted to be a mechanical engineer – with his Papa, but his Papa had won too. They had an old farm of about 700 acres out at Glencoe, in the foothills of the Ozark mountains, and they had a cabin and a little spring-fed pool, and kerosene stove and lamps, and a big wheat field out in front of the gentle valley.

Often, in the fall, Wilson and I and another couple or two would go out there for a moonlight picnic – we'd have a couple of bottles of red wine, some dark bread and some cheese, and we'd climb up onto one of the straw stacks and wine and feast and sing and neck. In those days a big threshing machine, which was a steam locomotive with tractor treads, would mosey from farm to farm, and the sheaves of cut wheat in stacks every fifteen feet or so, would be brought to the monster who would separate the grain from the chaff, and as the latter was blown out in one direction, it soon made quite a pile when harvest was done. You seldom see these stacks any
more - except in Amish country - as now a "combine" cuts the wheat, separates the grain and bales the straw. How DULL.

Mr. Golschmann played considerable modern music, and the old die-hard s who only wanted the 3 B's often scorned him for these "adventures." But his programmes were well-rounded and the occasional Prokofiev served to sparkle the event. I don't know if he were the guiding genius in bringing Sol Hurok's "Russian Ballet" to us, and new sounds too with Stravinsky's Firebird & Petrouchka. We loved the ballet, and we went every time it came to Symphony Hall.

We had become fast friends and we were together most of the time, after I'd returned from a bout with the "road." Sometime in 1936, Gini told Papa and me that she and Frances Share were going to drive to New York to see Mrs. Warfield off to Europe. Neither of these girls had driven outside of St. Louis, and the thought of a determined Gini driving there and back made me suddenly realize how much I was in love. They were going to drive instead of taking the train, as Mrs. Harney said they couldn't afford to pay their way - but she was paying for her mother's trip to Europe.

Eventually, the girls won out, and take the train they did - and I was a lonesome guy for a month or so. I spent more and more time on the road, and more time at Pete Raacke's saloon. Pete and Truman Ruler ran a speak on Delmar Blvd. somewhere in the 5800 block, on the north side of the street. The joint was an old apartment consisting of several rooms - only one bathroom, so you had to stand by the door when your date went therein - and the Bar was in the living room and there were two other little rooms with tables and chairs. Pete presided behind the bar, and philosophized in his normal way. He had a handle-bar moustache, and wore tortoise shell glasses, and when he wasn't bartending he was sleeping in his little apartment, probably with his girl, Ina.

Pete had quite a following among the young men of proper upbringing, as he represented their idea of Bohemian living. He tried to live that way, and I guess he succeeded. He had a Model "A" Ford roadster, and he'd take a few of us out on wine picnics in the Ozarks and coming back he'd foot the bill for steaks at Ruggieri's. Many of us spent much time there - Pete was very well read - knew music - and he could TALK. The booze never got anyone sick - unless someone drank too much - I mean, it wasn't poison, as it could easily have been. But they had good bootleggers and there was no rough stuff ever there - a very genteel place. In summer time, the back roof, which was the same level as the rest of the apartment, and which had outside steps leading up from the parking lot in the rear, would sport summer furniture and a tinkling little fountain fed by a hose hooked up to an outlet. It was a very pleasant place to sip gin rickey's and enjoy the coolth on a hot August night.

When Franco declared war on the revolutionaires, Pete volunteered for their lot, went to Spain, served as an ambulance driver, and eventually returned unscathed. I lost track of him, as he then
We announced the news quaintly with two 78" records thumbtacked to the front door.

went to California.

Wilson was gone for more than a month, and I was disconsolate. I knew a few other girls, but I didn't want to go out with anyone else. I think I spent most of my lonesome evenings walking over to Pete's and having some brew and walking back home again.

She finally came home, with just a nickel left, and some kind gentleman had bought her dinner the night before. The nickel saved for the telephone so she could call her Daddy to come pick her up, and she'd had just enough money saved for the train fare and her berth. All the balance of her little salary had gone into seeing how long she could stay in New York.

She moved in a friend's apartment - Ruth Pearcy's - and she told me that, once, while cooking dinner, they made hambugers out of what they thought was ground beef, but which turned out to be dog's food. She had fun, and she loves to go back to "New York, New York," as she still calls the big city.

We had finally reached the stage where each other was irresistible to the other. After many dates, where we used the restaurants' table cloth for our calculations, we added up all our resources and felt we might have enough to get married, and have a place to live.

I think my salary was $150 per month, plus a commission paid at the end of the year if my net sales exceeded salary and the expense account. Gini was paid $125 a month, which, on hard times, Mrs. Harney cut to $75 because Gini was married and didn't need the money as much as her single girls... what a line of reasoning.

We started looking for an apartment...there was one over Lesser Goldman's music shop that Gini liked and I didn't...there was another further down McPherson, right on Kingshighway that we both liked. Though we weren't engaged yet, we took it. With that behind us we had to announce our engagement. So, one Sunday, 26 December 1937, an eggnog party at the Wilson's home on Berry Road announced the news.

Both of us had stepmothers and they were both bitches. The news story said she was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, and I, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurie. We'd both fought to have it correctly worded but it was a losing battle. We had to go along as both Papas would have been torn to shreds by these jealous bitches.

We announced the news quaintly with two 78 records thumbtacked to the Wilson front door: Danger, Love and So at last it has come to this. With this fine party, attended by our close friends and relatives, we broke the news to the world.

Now we were able to plan, and plan we did. We measured the apartment, made scale models. Gini decorated the models the way she hoped it would be, and the wedding presents started to arrive. Mr. Renard gave us a check to buy our flat silver. The Warfield Shop gave us end tables, and countless towels, napkins, sheets and stuff came from other friends and relatives. People started giving parties for us. Among the valued gifts were Aunt Pan's Haviland china and her coin silver spoons - they had been made in 1846 and had been in her family's treasures for nearly a century - they were a wedding
We were soon all ready to move in - but first we had to get married. gift to her brother, Virgil - and more gifts and ash trays and silver and records and letters and all poured in.

Since we had signed the lease for the apartment, we kept lugging stuff there. I think back on this lovely little spot - back before blight descended. The University street car stopped right in front, The Warfield Shop was just a short block east - and at this intersection with Euclid Avenue, there were a couple of grocery stores, a drug store - Gasen's, which was also a liquor store, a bar or two, a bakery, Witek's Florist Shop, a Bissinger's candy store and Lesser's book store.

We'd had the apartment people paint the walls a light gray, and they had redone the hardwood floors and shellacked them, and they'd cleaned out remnants of the former tenants. And things started to arrive there; first the jade green rugs and pads I'd bought - at a very special price from Renards - one was 11-3 x 12 for the living room and the dining room rug was 9 x 12. Then Warfield delivered the old family sofa, with a made-to-fit chintz slipcover Gini had picked out from the numerous fabrics there. It was a grape leaf design with gray tendrils on a dark green background, and it took its colors from two Japanese water colors that Gini had purchased. In fact, the walls of gray, the rugs of green and this lovely slipcover colors could have been lifted from the water colors. And Papa got us a Hepplewhite dining room set and gave us a table and chair. Gini redecorated the dining chair seats with a green and yellow striped fabric and made yellow voile curtains.

Papa also got us a double bed and mattress thru Sam Stuhlbag's second hand store, which was the outlet for S-V-B's traded-in furniture, and quite comfortable and substantial it was, as we used it for many years. There was a four-burner gas stove and a G.E. fridge and an old fashioned sink in the kitchen, which opened onto a steel fire-escape and combination back porch, and there was a cute little bathroom with a tile flower, basin and tub - for which we soon got one of those adaptors and made a shower, with grey curtains, out of the bathtub.

The apartment was on the second floor. As you came in the front door, there was a little hall way which led back to a coat closet and from there to the rear. On the left, there was a small study - which could have been a child's room - but which now housed my desk and a bunch of photographic materials. Thus, after entering the hallway, you looked straight ahead to the north side of the living room, which was connected by wide door to the dining room. On the other end of the living room was a door leading to a small porch, with cement floor, steel rails, and the roof was the bottom of the 3rd floor porch. There was a big cottonwood on the southeast corner of the little porch which provided some privacy, and to ensure more, Gini hung some bamboo blinds from the ceiling - the blinds would roll up or down depending on our desires.

We soon were all ready to move in - but first we had to get married, and Gini set the date of Saturday, February 26, 1938. *Vivamus atque amemus.* 43
Then there were the Carr kids – Pat and Annie and Susie. Susie was still a baby in 1938 and she could always talk me into reading the "funnies" to her.

---

This chronicle was begun in the Spring of 1970, as I started writing by the warmth of the fireplace and ended in the garden on a table by our pool, at our old house in Chagrin Falls.

The easy work was the writing, after stirring my memories. The hard work came later – to Gini, not the author. With her expertise of making many Gazettees "ready for the printer's offset camera," she retyped the whole on her IBM Selectric, changing the type balls to fit the structure of a particular phrase. She reduced the too big photographs, and she blew up the little ones. She did a masterful job.

We plan to do other volumes. Number II will tell of our life together from the day we were married in 1938 until the day I sailed for overseas in 1945.