

The Schwartz Family History

By: Peter A. Schwartz

You have asked me to write something of the history of the family. Since you have a complete family tree giving names and dates of your forebears back a number of generations on both the Sinclair and the Schwartz sides of the family, and since I have neither the time nor inclination to do the formal research necessary to compile a true family history, you will have to be content with an anecdotal account based upon my imperfect memory. Perhaps that's what you want, anyway. From the little I know of the remote history of my progenitors, there seem to be but few among them who might qualify as historic figures.

My mother, Georgiana Fuller Gormly Schwartz, had no family that I can remember. Her mother died in childbirth. Her father outlived his wife but a short time. I am unaware of when he died, but I know that it must have been when my mother was a little girl. I remember her speaking of his taking her to Europe when she was a little girl, to Germany where she picked up a smattering of the language that returned to her many years later when she was called upon to communicate with a refugee whom my sister, Dede Meader, hired as a nurse and who when she arrived could speak only German, to everybody's consternation.

When Mr. Gormly died, my mother was turned over to the care of her Aunt Grace Gormly, a spinster who apparently suffered bad health, at least in her later days. I don't know what was wrong with her, but she must have been in a lot of pain, for the doctors prescribed morphine (readily available at the drug store in those days) and she soon became an addict. I remember that she had a room of her own on the third floor of our house at 343 Aubrey Road in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania. It was all rather mysterious up there. I have only the vaguest of recollections of the old lady in her bed, and then she just wasn't there any longer, and the room was turned over to a woman named Susan who came once a week to do the family sewing. A seamstress was a fixture in most affluent households of that time. I suppose Susan had a last name, and perhaps even a husband and children, but I was never made party to that intelligence. I remember her grinding away on the old foot pedal powered Singer, sewing together what seemed to me endless strips of cloth and covering the floor with snippets of cloth which I suppose she cleaned up before leaving. On cold days a gas fire kept the room warm, and also smelly, for the third floor was so far above the central heater (a coal fired furnace in the basement) that the warm air cooled in the pipes long before it reached Susan's area. I often wondered how the maids whose room was also in the third floor at the other end of the hall managed to keep from freezing when they went to bed at night.

Of course, all this happened long after Mother married Dad and came to Wynnewood to live. She had spent her girlhood in Pittsburgh where her parents had lived and where she lived with Aunt Grace after their deaths. She didn't tell me much about her early life, though she did mention George Westinghouse and his son Georgie, and several other Pittsburgh names that have since become famous. She also told us a little of her summers in Provincetown, Massachusetts, then a tiny fishing village at the very tip of Cape Cod. Her Aunt rented an old fish house for the summer, quite the thing to do in those days, and it was from that house that she and Dad were married. I vaguely remember being there once when I was very small. I have a mental picture of a sailboat lying on its side way out on the mud flats at low tide, and another of its floating again after the tide had come in. We sailed once, too, and I think it was Miminctown that I got my first dip in salt water.

When Aunt Grace died, my mother was without family. She was an only child and an orphan. She had a cousin, perhaps two, who lived in Pittsburgh. One of them was named Robinson; perhaps both were. I'm quite sure I met one of them only once. Dede could fill in that gap, for I think she was in touch with the Pittsburgh cousins, but as far as I was concerned they didn't exist. Georgie was alone, except for my father, David Louis Schwartz, and us three children; so, when we kids thought of the "extended family", to borrow a term of modernity, we thought of Dad's family, the rest of the Schwartzes, the Coxes, the Beekmans, the Cannons, and the Livingstons. There was a bunch of them and they centered upon Glensfoot Farm in Cherry Valley, N.Y. (A look at the family tree will give you their names and our connections to them). No, wait a minute. The family seat was Glensfoot. This meant the old house, carriage house, barns, stables, and other out buildings, the vegetable garden, and the flower garden, all of which were situated on the south side of US Highway #20 which runs from Albany to Buffalo and passes through the middle of the village of Cherry Valley. Glensfoot Farm, though part of the family holdings, lies north of Highway #20, and was always kept distinct from the family residence, at least in the collective family mind.

Though alone in the world except for her immediate family all of whom she loved dearly, my mother had an intense dislike of what she called "clans". Why she felt this way I'm not sure. Perhaps it was a carryover from her childhood, which she had spent largely alone. I can't remember her ever talking about childhood friends, or even much about her Aunt and other adults with whom she must have come in contact. On the other hand, she had many, many friends when I knew her. She loved being with people and people loved being with her. Her wit, enthusiasm and general ebullience made her quite the life of the party. She loved being center stage and carried the role well.

Perhaps her early life as the only child had made her so accustomed to being center stage and center of attention that she felt uncomfortable out of that position. Did she fear being swallowed up by the "clan"? Her individuality subordinated?

There was another reason, which, I believe, had a lot to do with her reluctance to become a family member in the true sense. My father had been previously married to a woman named Audrey Holmes. I gather that it was a matter of falling for a pretty face without much mature consideration of what marriage entailed. Dad was a young clergyman in the Episcopal Church. Audrey was a charming parishioner, I believe. They were married. A son was born. The mother died in childbirth, or soon afterward. Dad once told me, "The Lord was good to me and took Audrey away". He adored Georgie.

When they were married, Mother found herself with a stepson. I'm sure she had agreed with Dad to take care of the boy as if he were her own son, or at least try to do so. She was much too honest a person not to have discussed the matter frankly. She never told me this. In fact she never discussed the matter, except to say that she had tried and had not been able to go through with it. David, my half brother, was sent to live with my Grandmother, Mrs. David Louis Schwartz, and my Aunt, Miss Cornelia Beekman Schwartz, known to all of us as Aunt Bun, a spinster who had sacrificed herself to take care of her mother after her father died. David was taken in and became virtually Bun's son.

Grandmother Schwartz, Granny as we called her, and Bun lived in Lakewood, NJ in the house that Grandfather Schwartz had built when he came to Lakewood as Rector of the Episcopal Church. Lakewood at that time, turn of the century, was a fashionable vacationing place for the burgeoning wealthy class of New York. It was within coaching distance of the city and it was a sporting adventure to drive there for the weekend - several couples in a handsome coach with a four-in-hand hitch and a "tiger" (footman or groom) mounted on the rear of the coach to blow the coaching horn and to tend the horses at rest stops. The owner of the coach, being the Edwardian sporting type, drove the coach. Jay Gould was one of the famous robber barons who owned an elaborate establishment in Lakewood. There were others whose names I don't remember. If one was not lucky enough to be invited to one of the great houses there were the Laurel in the Pines and the Laurel House, both elegant hotels, where one might stay and which were centers of gay social activity.

Of course all this was before my time. My father, David Louis Schwartz, Jr., my Uncle Herman, and Aunt Bun were young people who lived there, then, and used to tell tales of the gay times enjoyed by them and by other members of Dad's family, Coxes and Boardmans, who used to visit at the Rectory. By the time I came along Grandfather Schwartz was dead and Lakewood had degenerated sadly. It became the winter vacation spot of the New York clothing trade, predominately Jewish, and so it remains today. Granny, Bun and David continued to live in the old house, but the fashionable set was leaving and the Kikes (for that was what they were, the lower end of the Jewish spectrum) were taking over.

The old house was very large. The front door opened into a large hall with a sweeping staircase a little to the left. At the foot of the stairs stood a marble bust of my Grandfather done by Aunt Bun who was a good artist. More about her art later. To the left of the staircase was the drawing room, a long room that ran the length of the house on the Forest Avenue side. (I forgot to mention that the house stood on the corner of Forest and 2nd street, and that the main entrance was from 2nd street). To the right of the front door was the Rector's study, large and comfortable with fireplace and deep window seats. Behind the study was the dining room with pantry and kitchen behind that. Upstairs were four or five bedrooms and several baths. Over the kitchen wing was the maids' quarters. I was never allowed there, so I don't know how many rooms there were, but I guess there were three. On the top floor were several more bedrooms and Bun's studio. The studio was a room of terror for me when I was a small boy, for in a dark closet among heaps of artist's accoutrements was a human skull which my older cousins used to scare me with. Later, when I was older and had to sleep in one of the little rooms on the floor, it took considerable courage to go to my room at night. There were dark shadows in the upstairs hall, and there was always the yawning portal of the studio made spookier by the gaslights, which were the only illumination on that level. Gaslights had been replaced by electric on the other two levels, but not at the top of the house.

The outside of the house was stucco with wooden timbers protruding in the Elizabethan manner. On the Forest Avenue side was a porte-cochère, which had been designed for carriages and had a high step up from the ground and then several normal steps leading to a side porch. Convenient for carriages, no doubt, but inconvenient for automobiles. A small garage stood back of the kitchen wing and a broad lawn with flowerbeds stretched toward the house next door. The local squirrels romped among the trees and bushes much to the delight of us children and of Bun's dog.

She had a series of them with names like "Rags". Mostly Airedales, I think. But to get on with my story.

For some years our family journeyed from Wynnewood to Lakewood for Christmas. I think we went by train once, for I remember being in the smoking car with Dad and seeing a deer dashing through the Pine Barrens. We made several trips by car, too - Mother and Dad in front, Dede, the nurse, and I in back. On one memorable occasion we ran into a heavy wet snowstorm and were nearly bogged down for good; but my Christmas present to Dad saved the day. It was a hand operated windshield wiper! We broke it out of its wrappings, installed it between the upper and lower halves of the windshield, and with Mother valiantly moving it back and forth the windshield was kept clear enough so that Dad could see to drive. In those days wipers were not standard equipment. Neither were heaters. Lap robes did the job. We had to be tough.

Uncle Herman, Dad's younger brother, Aunt Polly his wife, and their boys Livy and Dean also came for Christmas. Livy, Dean and David were all older than I and I was admitted to their company only on sufferance. As I've said, they used to terrify me with the skull in the studio closet. They used to skate on the lake, too, engaging in pickup hockey games of which I was not a part because I had not yet learned to skate. The other thing they did that I remember keenly was to march arm in arm down the sidewalks pushing all the Jews out of their way. Very rude and, needless to say, unpopular with the clothing trade. Other hoodlum antics included snowballing passersby and the neighbors' houses. Not much to be proud of, I fear.

It wasn't long before my family changed the annual trip to Lakewood from Christmas to Thanksgiving. I think both Mother and Dad wanted to have Christmas in their own house. I also think Mother rebelled against the clan and Granny's domination. All the same people came for Thanksgiving, but the celebration was much shorter. The weather was better, the trip less arduous, and as we got older we found more satisfactory amusements than Jew baiting. The big excitement was the Penn/Cornell annual game, which was reported on the radio, there being no television then. The older boys and Uncle Herman got very excited about it. Livy was something of a football star at Montgomery School and later at St. Paul's. I didn't care much about the football, but I was entranced with Granny's Victrola, a real Victor with white mahogany cabinet with a large supply of records. Most were recordings of the classics, including some of Caruso whom I never heard in the flesh but whose voice was not improved by those ancient recordings, I'm sure. Among them was one of Harry Lauder singing "A Wee Doch 'n Doris" which I found captivating. I can still remember the tune and some of the words, though what they meant and how they were spelled is beyond me now as it was then.

Christmas at 343 Aubrey Road was a transition to fairyland! I shall never forget the glorious excitement of those Christmases at home. For days ahead there were secret comings and goings, closets and drawers I was forbidden to open, brown paper wrapped packages brought home by Dad and Mother. Dad spent hours in the cellar sawing and hammering and the smell of paint and glue wafted up the cellar stairs, which I was forbidden to descend. On Christmas Eve the crèche was brought into the dining room and set up on a side table. We children were allowed to help with that. Then supper and early into our nightclothes for a reading of the "Night Before Christmas", followed by hanging our stockings over the fireplace in Mother's and Dad's bedroom. Sleep didn't come very quickly, for there was a lot of movement and thumping and bumping

downstairs, and occasionally someone made a trip to the store room which was right next to my room, on the third floor. By that time I had inherited the “sewing room” as my own. It seemed to me that I lay awake for a long time, though I probably dropped off quickly.

Christmas morning we restrained ourselves with great effort until seven o'clock, as commanded, but then rushed in to our parents' room with shouts of Merry Christmas! Each took his stocking and climbed into bed with Mother and Dad. Squeals of surprise and delight followed as we pulled out and unwrapped each article, trying hard to take turns and to show interest in what each found while seething with impatience to open the next item from our own stockings. In those days stocking stuffers were easy to find and not expensive and I was often as pleased with some of my stocking presents as I was with some of the things under the tree. At last each got to the tangerine that was in the toe of the stocking. You kids got silver dollars which Mother later redeemed for folding money and stored away for another year. I still have some of them in the bank vault. That was the custom in the Sinclair/Doughty household, but the Schwartzes clung to the tangerine.

Then came dressing which on Christmas morning didn't take very long, I can tell you, and then down to breakfast - down the BACK stairs so as not to get a peek into the living room. Eating was not easy, but with parental urging we stuffed down enough breakfast to be acceptable. Meanwhile Dad munched away at his eggs and bacon and Mother sipped her coffee as if nothing were unusual, and we quietly boiled with impatience. But at last Dad was finished. He arose and went across the hall into the living room where we could hear him moving around, striking matches, rustling papers and making other mysterious sounds. Gradually a flickering glow appeared around the wide doorway. We waited with bated breath until at last he pulled the portieres aside and said “Merry Christmas”, and we rushed into fairyland!

First was the tree, always tall and bushy, lighted with real candles, each in a small holder weighted at the bottom to hold it upright. There must have been two dozen or more. To us children there seemed to be 100. Then the presents, most of them unwrapped so that the space about the tree looked like a toy store display. It was overwhelming. We didn't know which to examine first. Each of us had a designated area - mine to the far right by the living room window that looked out upon the garden, then Dede's in the middle, and finally Steve's (Stub's) at the far left near the archway that led to the front hall. We plunged in with many Oh's and Ah's and squeals of delight. The visible presents were always those from Santa Claus. The wrapped presents were always those from other members of the family, aunts, uncles, grandmother, etc.

After the first excitement of the toys we began to look at the tree. Countless colored balls, some of them very old, and pretty little figures easily recognizable from other Christmases. The tree stood in a specially made green basin filled with water to keep it fresh and to minimize the danger of fire. Dad always kept a bucket of water and a small whiskbroom on hand to douse any candle that might tip over and set fire to the tree. In today's world it sounds foolish to have real candles, but with care they were not very dangerous, especially since the tree was always fresh, having been cut in December and from a forest much closer than the Colorado Rockies or Montana. To me, the tree lighted with real candles will always be far more beautiful than one using electric lights. We lighted it every evening from Christmas until Twelfth Night - Dad always had a lot of replacement candles. Toward the end of the season when the tree began to dry out a little we had to be

especially careful. A singular mark of trust was conferred upon me when I became a bit older, by being allowed to light the tree myself when Dad was not at home.

About the second day after Christmas we began to pay attention to the things under the tree itself. The tree was set up on a big (to me it seemed huge) platform six by six feet that stood about six inches above the floor level. It was always covered with oilcloth, bottom side up, that presented a smooth surface slightly roughened by the texture of the cloth. On this platform was an entire village - houses, a church, a railroad station, a store, a small farm - all complete with lead people and animals each appropriate to the building he or she belonged to. There was a family on its way to church, complete with two or three children tending their animals or driving their wagons. Store keeper, delivery boy, railroad conductor, and of course a railroad that ran around the tree stopping and starting on command from a switchboard that we could operate. We spent many hours happily playing with the people of that village. Dad had built every bit of it. Each house was of wood and most of them had their windows cut out and covered with wax paper so that the electric light under each could shine through. In the evening, with house lights dimmed, it was a lovely sight. I still have many of Dad's houses.

The most startling of our presents were those built by Dad. I was given a large bark rigged sailing ship, about three feet long overall, flat bottomed so that it could be pushed on the floor. Dad said that he had always wanted toys that he could play with indoors, for he was brought up in Albany where his father was Rector of Grace Church, and since there was in those days little space in parks where boats could be sailed he wanted indoor toys; so, he built them for me. One year I got a battleship modeled after a ship of the Teddy Roosevelt era. This magnificent ship was also about three feet long, mounted a turret gun forward that could shoot match sticks or similar ammunition, and it was manned by a complete crew of sailors in white uniforms carrying buckets, swabbing decks, coiling ropes, and a commanding officer in full uniform complete with binoculars. One year Steve was given a sailing ship, too. Later still I got a marvelous castle. It was over two feet tall, with tower, draw bridge, moat, portcullis, battlements and a large "keep". This provided a wonderful setting for my lead knights that had been a present the year before. Dede got a fine doll house one Christmas, and once there was a fine large barn with stalls, a hay loft, and hay pulley that really worked.

We were the envy of all our friends in the neighborhood who loved to come to our house to play with our toys and with the village under the tree. None of them had presents like that because none of their fathers were as clever and dedicated as mine. How he managed to do it I'll never know, for he went to town every day to his office, even a half day on Saturday. He had no power tools, those being things of the distant future. But he did it all, gluing, painting, designing on his small workbench in our cellar. What's more, he managed to keep it all secret from us kids. Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all was that he and Mother did everything from scratch on Christmas Eve, yet always attended the midnight service, which in those days took much longer than today. The house was always normal when we went to bed and gloriously transformed when we awoke in the morning. I'm sure Mother helped with some of the toys, sewing sails and decorating the doll house, perhaps. The sails, by the way, could be furled on their booms and all could be lowered to the deck if desired. No toy store could even come close to equaling those ships.

Some of you have seen the house on Aubrey Road. Mother and Dad built it in about 1911, I think, for I think I was born in it, as was Dede, and maybe Stub. The house had a large entrance hall with large living room on the right and dining room on the left. Butler's pantry, kitchen with coal burning stove, laundry room, ice box and store room in a wing behind the dining room. Upstairs was Mother and Dad's room and bath at the south end of a hall, over the living room, and another room and bath at the north end. The nursery, which communicated with the north bathroom, was over the kitchen, and another small room communicating with the south bathroom was in the middle of the hall. On the third floor was my room already mentioned, a hall with the "store" room opening from it, and then the maid's room and bath at the south end. A fairly large house by today's standards, but nothing special then. There was a driveway along the north property line, a garage, and a laundry yard in back with a huge privet hedge dividing it from the garden, which was back of the living room. There was a large porch on the south end looking out over a big piece of lawn, the back end of which was curtained off by another hedge to make a vegetable garden. Dad loved his gardens, both flower and vegetable. A man used to come in regularly to take care of the lawn and do some of the heavier garden work. Two servants, cook and chambermaid who doubled as waitress, lived in, and occasionally there was a butler/chauffeur who lived out. I don't think the men servants lasted very long because Dad found that they had been tapping his liquor supply.

Jokingly, Mother and Dad called Aubrey Road "Unter den Linden" because of the number of German names on the block. South of us were the Diffenderfers. North of us were the Wagners, Butzes, the Herman Schwartzes, and finally the Leuders. All houses were on the same side of the street because the Toland farm took up the whole other side. Directly across from us was the barn and vegetable garden, so the sounds of farm life are among my first recollections. In the springtime there was sheep shearing in the sheep enclosure, which also was directly across the street from part of our place. We were fascinated with the process. Each sheep was set on his/her rear and the shearer began at the head and worked toward the rear until the fleece was just peeled off and lay like a big blanket on the floor of the shearing pen. Hand shears were used because mechanical shears were not then available. I remember nearly daily walks with my nurse, Matilda, around the farm and I came to love the animals, the men who worked the farm, the horses and coach house.

Mentioning the coach house reminds me of the many horses we had to do much of the work now performed by motor trucks. The milk was delivered daily by a horse drawn wagon. The driver would run into each house carrying the standing order of milk and cream and returning to the wagon with the empty bottles from the day before. He would load up again for the next delivery and tell the horse to move on. This he did, stopping at just the right place to receive the next exchange of bottles. Ice was delivered in a huge, lumbering covered wagon dripping water as it went down the street. Usually there were two men in this operation. A 300-pound cake of ice was split into fifty or twenty-five pound chunks by skillful use of an ice pick. The chunks were then carried in and put into the icebox of each house. The men knew by experience about how much each box would take, adjusting for the season. Deliveries from the grocery store were also by horse drawn wagon. Perhaps the meat came separately. I don't remember. "Taxis" at the railroad station (about a six-minute walk from our house) were horse-drawn hacks, as they were called. Four wheels, room for four adults, one horse. In winter the wheels were removed and replaced by runners, for there was always plenty of snow and it was always white and clean. No autos to mess

it up! No snowplows or salt on the roads. The few cars there were ran in ruts made by the first car to venture into the road, and then frozen in place. It was tough when two cars met, for one of them had to give up the ruts to the other, often ending with both cars stuck and drivers hacking away with shovels.

There were lots of kids on our block and on the streets emptying into ours. We built tree houses, played church (I was always the minister), rode our bikes. Ramsey Wetherill was lucky. He had a pony and pony cart, which we drove all over the place. We coasted down McCanness' hill in our express wagons and in winter on our sleds. It seemed a huge steep hill to me. We stayed on the sidewalk because the road was gravel, too rough for wagons and impossible for sleds, which cut through the snow to the gravel and stalled. Later we all got bicycles which permitted wider ranging. Up till the time of my first bicycle I walked to school or, later, walked to the station and took the school bus, which met trains and picked up Montgomery students arriving on them. The bicycle gave me the freedom to ride to school and to visit friends' houses on the way home.

Just as Mother and Dad drew their family to itself for Christmas, so did they during the summer time. Mother was convinced that the best way to have a healthy winter was to spend the summer at the seashore. We went to Jamestown, R.I. once, but that was too far away, and besides, the water was not really warm enough or the sun bright enough to suit Mother. So, she went on a summerhouse hunting expedition to Cape May. Friends had told her that it was a nice summer resort with a beautiful beach. Most important, it was fairly close so that Dad could come down for the weekends. She rented a house on "Bird Cage Row", a string of identical houses on New York Avenue two blocks from the beach. I remember that we took one for a summer, and then, the following summer, moved to another which was to become our summer abode for a number of years, I don't remember how many. The Bird Cages were perfectly square, frame houses raised about eight steps above ground level, a feature thought to be good as protection against mosquitoes that tend to stay nearer the ground. A wide veranda ran the width of the front. The front door was centered and opened into a hall that ran to the back of the house. On each side of the door was a sitting room. Behind the one on the left was the dining room and behind the one on the right were the kitchen, pantry, and back porch. Upstairs were four bedrooms and a bath, and on the top floor was one very large room for the maids. A fenced yard was in the back surrounded by a decrepit iron fence (people hadn't learned that iron didn't do well in salt air) and a one car garage. In those days a family had but one car, if they were lucky, that is. Kids rode bicycles. Even Mother bought an old bicycle and rode herself all over town. It did not have a coaster brake; so, the pedals kept going around as long as the wheels were turning. To stop you squeezed the hand brake, which pressed against the wheel. Not very efficient, and it was wise to be ready to jump before crashing. We kids brought our bikes from home. They had to be crated and shipped by American Railway Express, and it was always a question if they would arrive complete and undamaged. But they did have coaster brakes.

All Cape May roads and streets, with the exception of Beach Avenue and streets in the center of town, were unpaved. Good old Jersey orange gravel (pebbles from the sea, actually) made a fine surface for bicycles. Because there were not many cars the roads were not very dusty, or muddy during rainy weather. Once or twice a season some road scrapers appeared to smooth out the washboards. Safety of kids on bicycles was not something to be much worried about, and as a result we boys had the run of the town. I had a GANG - Brad and Eddy Simmons, at least one or

two Pancoasts, Jimmy Nielson and his older brother, one summer, and others whose names I have forgotten. We used to ride out to Sewells Point, a little spot on the shore of the harbor inlet where the Coast Guard kept a motor boat and two men stationed around the clock to watch out for rumrunners. We made friends with all the Coast Guardsmen who occasionally took us out in their boat. We fished a lot, catching flounder and eel, mostly, and at some seasons snapping mackerel, as the young mackerel were called. They weren't more than seven or eight inches but they were fun to catch and delicious to eat, pan-fried of course. We went to Sewells nearly every day, took lunch, fished, swam, caught fiddler crabs for bait to catch rock bass off the rock pile that formed the jetty stretching out about a quarter of a mile into the ocean on the Cape May side of the inlet. There was a twin jetty on the Wildwood side. More of that later. Once in a while we camped over night and cooked breakfast the following morning. It was on one of these camping expeditions that I grabbed a hot frying pan off the fire, burned my hand, dropped the pan and dumped the hot grease on my left leg, right on the calf. I still bear the scar. That incident caused much excitement. We smeared some grease on the burn and then I rode home to get Mother's first aid. Fortunately, I had brought Mother's old bike without a coaster brake. Because the pedals kept going around, I was able to ride all the way home pedaling with only one leg.

Somewhere we found an old rowboat. It was heavy, had blunt bows, was caulked with tar and must have been a work boat from some dredging barge. It must have gone adrift and beached itself on the Point. Anyway, we found it, bailed it out, washed out the sand and waded it to the Coast Guard dock. We found oars. Maybe we bought them. We had marine transportation! That opened a whole new dimension to our Sewells Point days.

The first thing we did was to row over to the Wildwood side and walk the mile or so to the Wildwood Coast Guard Station where we made a lot of new friends. The beach on that side was long and lonely. Not a house for several miles. The Coast Guardsmen walked the beach two or three times each night on patrol. No cars. No people. Just a wonderful Atlantic beach as it had been for thousands of years. It's all built up now, of course, and because the Atlantic currents tend to run southward, the Wildwood beach has built up enormously till it now reaches nearly to the end of the jetty. The Cape May beach being south of the jetties has been eroded so badly that Cape May, once famous for its beach, is almost without one.

Before leaving Sewells Point I must fill you in on the background of this kids' summer playground. The point was a naval base set up during World War I. Sub chasers were based there, as well as some mine sweepers. A considerable number of sailors manned the base where there were barracks, training facilities such as a rifle range, storage buildings for naval supplies of many kinds. On July 4th, 1919, a parade was held in Cape May and a goodly number of sailors from the base were called out to march in it. It was the first Fourth of July after the armistice of 1918 and though the war was over the base was fully manned, and the city fathers decided to have a big celebration. All our family went to see the parade, Dad driving our Lexington, a primitive convertible. (The hard top was permanent, covered with some type of fabric, and the glass windows could be put on or taken off at will. No handles or cranks, though. It was a day's job to convert)) Just as about the middle of the parade was passing our car, the sailors in dress whites with rifles, Sam Brown belts, and puttees, an officer shouted, "Halt! Commandeer the cars!" The sailors broke ranks and jumped aboard, three or four on our car, shouting, "Drive us to the base! It's on fire!" Off we went full speed. Sure enough, as we moved out of town we could see a huge

column of smoke over the base. Everybody was still jumpy about German spies, so we were sure a spy had set the place on fire, knowing that most of the men were in town at the parade. And everyone was afraid that the magazine would explode. The sailors wouldn't let us get very near. They jumped off, told us to turn back, and ran to fight the fire. The Cape May fire department was called out, of course, but all the engines were horse drawn. They couldn't get to the fire soon enough to do any good, and the whole base burned; but the magazine did not explode.

I recount this from the memory of a six and one-half year old boy. It's pretty accurate though. That kind of thing makes an impression that one never forgets. And that's why the base that we boys enjoyed so much many years later was open to us. The wreckage of burned buildings was partially removed, but the dock used by the Coast Guard still bore the scars of the fire, and all about the place were the twisted remains of burned bed frames, exploded boilers, melted glass, bits of destroyed machinery that survived the conflagration. We used to rummage through the wreckage to find trophies like uniform buttons, exploded shell cases and other trash dear to a boy's heart.

Those were wonderful summers. I'm not sure how old I was, but I think I must have been eleven or twelve, maybe ten through twelve. I remember that I was still a student at Montgomery School at the time. I went away to St. Paul's in the autumn of my thirteenth year and I'm quite sure we didn't go back to Cape May after that. I went to St. Paul's in 1926, so it must have been the summer of 1919 through 1925 that were the Cape May years. I don't remember much about my Sister, Dede, and my Brother Stub. They were younger and went to the beach with Lucy, the nurse, each day. I scorned their company, I'm sure.

Financially, things must have been a bit tougher for the family toward the end of the Cape May period. Mother and a friend called Mrs. Watson had started a shop in the basement of one of the old beach houses down near the municipal pier. It was called THE BUTTERFLY SHOP. At first it was a bit of a lark, I think, but later it became important as a source of income. They moved the shop to Philadelphia in the winter, somewhere around Rittenhouse Square, I think it was, and Mother used to go to work several days each week. We still had the maids, Lucy who doubled as nurse, and Laura the cook, and they always came to Cape May with us. And I remember the Howards, a family from Pittsburgh, who came to Cape May for several summers and rented a Bird Cage. Mr. Howard was dead and I don't remember Mrs. Howard very well, or any of her children save one, Olivia, with whom I fell madly in love. I was desolated when the Howards moved to Coburg, Ontario, because Canada was considerably less expensive to live in than the U.S. I remember a cruise line that used to put in at Cape May. Only one ship, I think, but I remember that her name was City of Seattle. We could watch her coming in or going out of port, from the back windows of the house, for between Bird Cage Row and the harbor was open field. It seemed an enormous open space, rather wild and a bit scary, where hoboes were rumored to hang out, though I never saw one. And I remember one occasion when Mother took Lucy, Laura and us kids out to Cape May Point to pick beach plums to make beach plum jam. It was fun, but had a sad ending. Shortly after we got home Mother and the maids began to itch. They itched violently all night. They didn't know what the trouble was until Laura suggested that they had picked up CHIGGERS! We Northerners had never heard of those nasty little beasts. Laura said they used to use kerosene on them in the south; so, Mother finally went to bed with kerosene and a hair brush and was unfit for human society for several days. They didn't bother us kids, for our clothes hung

loosely on our bodies, no tight places like belts and garters, but the poor ladies in their corsets, which forced the creatures to burrow in, had a dreadful time. And finally I remember the turtles and the snakes. We found them all over the place. Used to go turtle hunting - driving along country roads and finding them as they crossed the road. We kept them and the snakes (garter) in boxes under the front porch and fed the turtles fruit and hamburger and toads to the snakes, live of course. The maids were terrified of the snakes and we were always threatening to bring one or more into the house. That always caused a commotion. Ospreys nested on every church tower in the surrounding country towns. Birds were legion, though at the time I didn't know how to identify them.

What a life for a small boy. We were completely free to do what we wanted for amusement, and because of our bicycles were able to go just about wherever we wished. Our mothers trusted us to take care of ourselves. Water was the principle hazard, but since we could swim we were expected to take care of ourselves in boats and in the water. We used to swim the inlet, but always one of us in the rowboat rowed along beside the swimmer. There was no traffic danger. Drugs were unheard of. Prohibition kept liquor out of our ken. There was no television, no R or X rated movies. Besides, we didn't have the quarter that it cost to go to the movies. We exercised our own initiative to keep amused and we were never idle. Hard to believe that such conditions existed in my lifetime, isn't it?

I mentioned my having gone to St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H. In my day, to go to boarding school was the thing to do and in Philadelphia, St. Paul's was the place to go. A number of my classmates at Montgomery were planning to go, Gil Lea, Morris Lloyd, Bill McFadden among them. I guess I got the popular bug, and since St. Paul's was my Father's school, there was little opposition from the home front. In fact, I think Dad rather liked the idea of my following in his footsteps. The means to send me were to be found in the Beekman Fund, a family trust set up by Girard Beekman to send to school and college the children of his descendants who could not afford such schooling. So, I announced my intention to apply and took the necessary exams for admission. I wasn't much of a student, but I must have scraped through the exams, for I was admitted.

Then began a summer of frantic preparation. Strict dress regulations required several suits, for suit jackets were required at all times. And ties. And every day and dress shoes. A blue serge suit for Sundays. White shirts with stiff collars at supper every evening and on Sundays. Then sheets, blankets, towels, all according to regulation. I'm sure my outfit cost a fortune. Uncle Abe (also an "Old Boy" at St. Paul's) volunteered to drive Mother, Dad and me to Concord in his new Cadillac which he had just purchased second hand (Uncle Abe scorned new cars - anything new, in fact) from an undertaker (we always believed) because, while it looked new and luxurious, it had many defects as a result of lack of use, notably the tires. I think we had about six blowouts on the trip and Abe ended up with a full new set of tires.

For two days we wandered about the school meeting former teachers of my Father, Jimmy Knox, the choir director (I joined the choir immediately) and "Chappy" Scudder, Housemaster of "The Middle", and "Deacon" Brindley who was a fully ordained priest but a Deacon in Dad's day, then and afterward known as "Deacon" or "The Deac". We also had an interview with the Rector (St. Paul's Headmasters traditionally called "Rector" then, and may still be, though the current Head is

not a priest). The Rev. Samuel S. Drury was an imposing man, large, coarse featured, with a somewhat cold, discerning eye. I was immediately awed, as were all boys, not just new ones. He was one of the ugliest men I've ever met but not as fierce as he appeared, and later I discovered that he was truly a kindly soul who wanted to be liked but could never overcome the rigidity of manner that, while it didn't actually repel, at least discouraged intimacy.

Eventually the family departed and I was left to my own devices. A silent tear or two, especially at night, but otherwise I was not homesick. As a Second Former (eighth grader) I was housed in the Lower School, a large building which housed us in huge dormitory rooms divided into tiny cubicles, each with just room enough for a bed, bureau, desk, and chair, and a strange shelf device with curtains fastened to the outer edge behind which we hung our clothes. A pair of curtains at the front of the cubicle permitted scant privacy, and, of course all the cubicles ("alcoves" we called them) were open at the top to permit good circulation of air. It circulated, too, I can tell you, especially in winter when the thermometer frequently dropped to -10 to -30 degrees. One neat custom was to make the new boys get up first each winter morning to close the windows and turn on the heat! The Lower also housed a kitchen and a large dining room where we ate all meals, and a Common Room, which was used infrequently. Classrooms and study hall were in a building adjacent to the Lower across a small brick court. This latter building is still extant, but the old Lower was demolished to make way for the new library which is a truly splendid building in every way.

Mr. Henry Kittredge (one of the famous family) was our Housemaster and a guy named Patsy Campbell was his assistant. Dorm supervision was pretty much in the hands of Senior Prefects, older boys who gained the honor of Prefect status through responsible conduct and "drag" with the Masters. (All teachers were known as "masters" and all were men, some married and some bachelors.) The Prefects were pretty decent guys, really, who gave up their comfortable quarters in the Upper to supervise us brats, one term at a time.

Daily life included arising at about six-thirty, breakfast at seven, followed by alcove and dorm cleanup (spot inspections at any time without notice and white glove inspection every Saturday) Yellow slips were given for any neatness or cleanliness infraction, and these translated to demerits on one's permanent record. Then came morning chapel, in the "New" Chapel building, a truly impressive building. As in the choir of a cathedral, the pews ran parallel to the center aisle and rose in three stages from floor level to a row of "stalls" at the top. Sixth Formers and Faculty occupied the stalls, very lordly and appropriate to their exalted rank. First and Second Formers sat in front where we were subject to corrective glares and occasional pokes from those behind us when we became restless or engaged in foolery. The service was a shortened version of Morning Prayer from the Book of Common Prayer.

Then came classes until lunch. We returned to our own building for them and older boys attended classes in the School Building, a large class room and study hall building attached to the Chapel by a cloister, and in the Annex, a large all-purpose building immediately behind the School Building. After lunch there were more classes and then afternoon games. I think these began at about two o'clock.

Everybody was required to participate in the “games” in season. There were teams to fit all ages, weights and sizes, and all were outdoor sports. Basketball was little known. For sports the school was divided into three “Clubs”; Delphians, Isthmians and Old Hundreds. If your father was an “Old Boy” you joined his club; so I was an Isthmian. Rowing clubs were different. There were two: Halcyon and Shattuck. Dad had been a Shattuck, so I was one also. We had a gym, an ancient structure with a small basketball court and a running track in a mezzanine. Except for the running machines in the basement, that building was little used.

After sports we had a short study period. We could get out of that by getting ourselves asked to tea at a Master’s house. That was fun, for the Masters’ wives were cordial, provided excellent food and some feminine company that we really missed, though we’d never admit it. After supper there was another study hall and then bed. Pillow fights and raids upon each other’s alcoves were part of getting ready for bed, of course. Often the Housemaster or Senior Prefect would read us a story before lights out.

The athletic clubs I’ve described engaged in intramural athletic tournaments in all sports, football, hockey, tennis, squash. There may have been others, but I can’t remember them. You see, the school was so isolated that competition with other schools was out of the question. We didn’t have the highways or the high-speed buses that we have today. Even to play against Exeter would have been an arduous trip, and schools in other states would have presented more logistic problems than the school wanted to undertake. We could have played against the public schools, but their athletic programs were not highly developed. Also, I suspect, underlying the whole system was a desire to remain ourselves, remote from the rest of the world. It was the goal of the school to develop the Saint Paul’s School Boy, a term never clearly defined but certainly a creature above the ordinary, superior, aloof. Snobby? You bet. Still, a person with carefully instilled values who would operate on high principle. Not much thought of service to fellow man but ready to sacrifice for God and Country when the call came. That may be an unfair evaluation, but that’s the way it appeared to me at the time.

Anyhow, we had lots of athletic competition. In the autumn we all played football. I liked that season least. Winter was the truly exciting season. The school ponds (there are two of them and the school buildings lie on their shores) began to freeze on or about Thanksgiving Day. Varsity hockey practice began immediately and continued until Christmas vacation. The S.P.S. hockey team, picked from the clubs, traveled to New York on the same special Pullman train that took all the students to New York, except for those few who lived near Concord and those whose travel plans required that they go to Boston. The team played some college freshman team - Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth - that night in Madison Square Garden, the only interscholastic competition the school engaged in.

When we returned to school after Christmas, always a gloomy occasion returning to cold dorms with newly shined floors (I can still smell them), the ponds would be frozen solid. Ice eventually reached two feet in thickness. The main ponds had six or eight hockey rinks set up on them, board walls three feet high anchored into the ice. Teams of Clydesdales and Percherons with one inch steel corks (spikes) welded to their shoes dragged huge wooden scoops across each rink to clear off the snow that fell nearly nightly, and another team dragged a huge plane (like a carpenter’s plane) behind them to shave the top of the ice to make it smooth. There were at least four teams of

these horses that lived at one of the school farms near the campus. I remember them plodding to work at about six-thirty each winter morning dragging heavy sledges, each horse with a tinkling bell suspended from his collar. Most everybody learned to skate (I already knew how) and to play hockey. It was a beautiful sight to see all those rinks filled with the games and practice on a brilliant day with the thermometer not much above zero.

There were other things to do in the winter. I ran a short trap line up on Turkey Pond several miles above the school accessible only by the forest trail. Only caught one muskrat, but I had fun being out in the woods alone. Then there was a toboggan slide down across the Mill Pond, across a road, and winding down through the alders to the School Pond. Older boys built a chute, iced it, made a groove across the Mill Pond by piling snow on each side just wide enough to accommodate a toboggan and then freezing it by drawing buckets of water from a hole in the ice. Up the bank at the opposite side of the pond was another very short chute which was also iced, and then an iced trail down to the School Pond. Four of us would pile on the toboggan holding tight to the side ropes and let go from the top of the hill. It was a wild ride. Straight down at horrendous speed, across the pond in the frozen track, then into the chute which shot us up into the air so that we cleared the road, and then fishtailing down through the brush to the lower pond. Skiing had not come to America in those days. Too bad, for cross-country skiing was just made for that kind of terrain.

Spring was the season I liked best. The breakup of a northern winter is a dramatic affair. Frost works its way out of the ground heaving the turf up into high mounds. Ice gets brittle and fills with tubular holes. Brave little green shoots begin to pop out wherever snow has melted to leave patches of bare ground. Rain comes in heavy showers. Animals come out of hibernation and birds begin to sing. We began to think of the rowing season and of canoeing on the ponds. To help the breakup we used to get saws and axes, go out onto the ponds and chop loose great ice rafts which we poled down from one pond to the next and then to the dam by the power house where we pushed them over the dam. Much yelling and excitement! And no one got drowned! It was risky business, really, but school authorities assumed that we had enough sense to take care of ourselves. I'm sure kids aren't allowed to do such things these days, for an accident, even a non-fatal one would surely bring a lawsuit. Changing customs aren't always better, are they?

When the school ponds were finally clear, the Lower School crews took to the water using four oared barges and shells. Because the pond was not long enough, a race had to be rowed in both directions. This required turning around buoys at either end of the course. That was a difficult maneuver in a thirty-foot boat that was only two feet wide. Two oars on one side had to backwater while the two men pulling oars on the other side worked like mad to get her around. This had to be done twice in each race. Our coach, a Mr. Fairchild, rowed his single shell beside us in practice and shouted his instructions. He coached both clubs, Halcyons and Shattucks, and during races rowed with us as official starter and judge.

But the real rowing took place on Long Pond, officially Lake Penacook, a beautiful lake four or five miles from the schools. It was, and is, the Concord city water supply and is (or was then) filled with pristine water so clear that you could see the bottom in ten feet of water. The Halcyon boathouse was on one side of the lake and the Shattuck house on the other. Only Upper Schoolers rowed there. We used eight oared barges and shells and the coaches used motor boats. The

Shattuck coach was Mr. Edmondson, a French teacher, and the Halcyon coach was Mr. Richards, an English teacher. We practiced two varsity crews, the winners riding back to school dressed in their club blazers and carrying their oars, which were stacked around the flagpole on the school campus.

Doubtless the most colorful characteristic of this very colorful, very traditional sport at St. Paul's was our means of travel to and from Long Pond. Believe it or not, we were hauled in great wagons with long seats running longitudinally, one on each side. The wagons were drawn by four horses, each, a four-in-hand hitch as it is called. The Shattucks had two such wagons and the Halcyons two. They were called barges (not to be confused with the rowing boats previously mentioned), and the drivers were expert old hands with the reins. All roads were gravel then, all the way from school to the lake, so were excellent for horses. I'm sure the boys go by bus these days. A great loss.

St. Paul's is an Episcopal Church school founded in about the middle of the nineteenth century by one George Cheyne Shattuck who also founded the Shattuck School in Faribault, Minnesota. I'm not sure whether he was a member of the cloth or a layman. The Episcopal Church has always been ready to lend its name and moral support to educational institutions, but not its financial support. Look at the "Saints" schools throughout New England and even in the Middle West and South. Colleges, too, got Church attention - Trinity, Oberlin, and Sewanee. Lutherans and Roman Catholics give financial support to their schools and colleges, but not Episcopalians. Anyhow, Shattuck founded St. Paul's and Dr. Henry Coit was appointed its first Headmaster. He was a minister; so, his title was Rector. He was a redoubtable old bird with a fierce eye before which students, faculty, parents, indeed all who knew him, quailed. I didn't know him, of course, but Dad did, and used to regale us with tales of his "iron rod" rule. We took as a matter of course that observance of religious forms was a part of everyday school life - morning prayer in the Chapel, evening prayer in each house or dormitory, required attendance at two services on Sunday (including blue suit and stiff collar). If you were confirmed you could substitute early morning Communion for one of the services. Most often it was eleven o'clock that one chose to omit, both because it allowed you the morning off to attend to personal affairs, and because the evening service was usually beautiful and profoundly moving. I can still remember the subdued lights, the fading glow of the stained glass windows in the light of the setting sun, the music, the scriptural reading done by an older student who stood at the candle-lighted lectern in the middle of the building, and the closing prayer, "Oh Lord, support us all the day long, till the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then at the great mercy grant us a safe landing, a holy rest, and peace at the last." That's a standard prayer in the Book of Common Prayer, but as I remember it, Dr. Drury always put in after "all the day long" the words, "of this troublous life." Episcopal Ministers don't recognize the insertion and insist that it was Druryism. To me, it makes sense of the rest of the prayer. I always came away from that service with a feeling of peace that I have seldom if ever experienced in any church in later life.

Until WWII teachers in private schools were likely to stay a long time in one school, all their working life, in fact. A young man fresh out of undergraduate college took a job in a school. Without classroom experience, he was "thrown to the wolves", as it were. If he survived he stayed, first as a junior member of the faculty doing all the less attractive jobs (evening study hall,

floor duty in dorms, week-end supervision, coaching assistant, etc.) until seniority gave him a post such as Housemaster, Coach, Department Head. His salary was low and did not grow much over the years (we were blissfully unaware of inflation in those days), but his perquisites were munificent - a dormitory apartment, then a more generous apartment, then, if he married, a house with all expenses paid. Food for himself and his family, education for his children. Medical care in the school infirmary which was well staffed by good doctors and nurses. Finally, long term care when he became too old to perform his duties. The result was a group of older Masters, often with reduced teaching loads, who were simply part of the school scene. Often they developed unique characteristics - became "characters", in fact, originals who were accepted as part of the school. St. Paul's had its share. Chief among them was "Chappy" Scudder (I don't remember the origin of the sobriquet). He was a jovial, rotund soul, always immaculately dressed in formal morning coat (tails). He had his (rumored) fifty suits specially tailored, wore winged collar to match, used shaving powder which blew off in puffs as he knelt in Chapel. He was Housemaster of the Middle and had no teaching duties. His apartment was sumptuous in its decor with antique furniture and a genuine Paul Revere silver tea set. Tea in his apartment was a formal but delightful affair filled with humorous light conversation. I remember a boy whose name was (really) Joseph Napoleon du Barry, IV. Chappy made up a little ditty - "Joseph Napoleon du Barry the Fourth, He looked to the South, He looked to the North -" Can't remember the rest.

Then there was "Bunny" Peck who taught Latin and had all his old jokes written into the margin of his copies of Caesar and Virgil so that he could crack them at the right moment from year to year, and who would translate the hymns in Chapel and sing them in Latin as they progressed. His wife was a sweet thing who (we boys whispered) was having an affair with the "Jeep" (nothing to do with the auto) Milne, a bachelor Housemaster who stood by his students when they were in trouble. There was "Stiffy" Howard, a Greek teacher, who was possessed of an astonishing typewriter that could be rigged to write in Greek, Latin, English and several other languages. Chappy Scudder was Honorary President of the Halcyon Boat Club, and of course he had regalia to match - a crimson blazer with Halcyon seal and white piping. Unique among blazers. The rest of the "characters" were less flamboyant in manner and dress, but still unusual each in his own way, and just as much parts of the establishment.

One of the ancient customs of St. Paul's was "Cricket Holiday". It had nothing to do with Cricket, though it may have done in the remote past, for the School was modeled on the English public school. Cricket Holiday always came on a gorgeous October day when the leaves were in full color and the sky was blue as only a New England sky can be. The signal that the day was to be Cricket Holiday was a prayer in morning chapel for the "children who played in the streets of Jerusalem". Where the Rector got that idea I'll never know, but when he read that prayer, a rustle of excitement ran through the assembled student body. It meant that classes were suspended for the day. Everybody was on his own to do what he wanted, except the New Boys. They were told to assemble on the walk in front of The School at a certain time in old clothes. Led by the Rector in coat and knickers, carrying a large walking cane, we set out to walk to Long Pond (Lake Penacook) via Jerry Hill which was the nearest approach to a mountain in that otherwise flat terrain. It was a good walk, but it couldn't have been too terribly far, for I've done it many times on my own and always got back to school in time for the next engagement. Drury set a good pace and called the boys up beside him one at a time so that he could talk with them and get to know them. We went to the point on which the Shattuck boat house stood and there had a picnic, threw a

ball around a bit, explored the bank of the lake a little, and then walked back to school. Meantime, the rest of the school was pursuing its own interests. Later, when I was an Old Boy, I think some friends and I used the time to tramp in the woods, explore the school farms, play touch football, or just goof off. The day made a pleasant break in routine and was much looked forward to and enjoyed.

It's pretty obvious that I liked St. Paul's, but my record there clearly shows that what I liked were the superficial aspects. Dorm life, friends, traditions, the freedom of being away from home, personalities, all appealed to me; but my reaction to them was immature in the extreme, as you shall see. In the serious aspects of schooling, the chance to learn under the tutelage of men who possessed true depth of learning in the liberal arts, the chance to learn to use freedom wisely, I had no interest and no appreciation of my opportunities. Chief block to serious progress was my immaturity, but second, and in part my immature interpretation of it, was a book, *STALKY AND CO.* by Rudyard Kipling. My Mother was an Edwardian who adored the Pomp of the British Empire and the works of Kipling who paints an appealing picture of British colonialism. She loved Browning, too, but Kipling she took to heart. The Empire as he depicted it was romantic, high principled, permanent, and in sharp contrast to the tawdry social structure of the USA which she looked down upon. Georgie was a snob, you see, who while she got along well with all classes of people, in her inner heart accepted as equals only those with what she called "breeding", and looked up only to those who had more "breeding" than she did, or whose life achievements were so clearly outstanding that she was forced to honor them. The British upper crust, those listed in the American Social Register, and a few American achievers met her standards, as did British colonial officials and military people. So, Kipling was an idol, his works gospel and his characters worthy of attention. *STALKY AND CO.* is the story of three boys in a British Public School. While not so stated, it is believed that Kipling was writing biographically about himself and two other boys who became prominent in British affairs. To understand what effect this book had upon me you must read it. Mother read it to me when I was twelve plus. We both found it delightful, but little did she know what a profound effect it was to have upon me in my early adolescence at St. Paul's, for I was to envision myself as Stalky and the school as its English counterpart in which all rules were to be broken and all members of the Faculty were the "enemy" to be bamboozled and outwitted by a conspiring inner group of the student body.

I approached my new school with the wrong attitude. In studies I did as little as possible, used a "pony" in all language studies - Greek, Latin, French, and German, used "crib notes" on all tests (I invented a unique system of cheating on exams. I carried four watches in vest pockets and had carefully prepared notes under the crystal of each.), did minimum homework. The result was that in the four years I was at St. Paul's I managed to advance from eighth grade to tenth. And each month I underwent a humiliating experience unlike anything any of you have experienced in school. Shortly after monthly grades had been calculated we would have a school "Ranking". The entire School would assemble in the Upper School study hall and the averages of students in each class would be read aloud beginning with the lowest student in each class and ending with the top. I'm not sure my name was ever read first, but I am certain that it was always read among the first five. Modern pedagogy would consider this custom heinous, destructive of the student ego, but in those days schoolteachers paid less attention to their students' egos than to how much they were or were not learning. The goof-off was given no sympathy. I still think the old method had its points. In spite of my academic disasters, I learned a lot that stuck with me and deepened my

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general academic background. I am convinced that just being near books, scholars, and scholarship has a profound beneficial effect, especially when one lives in a beautiful place and in an atmosphere dominated by the outward show and inner faith of Christianity.

My sins of omission in scholastic affairs were balanced by sins of commission in my conduct. I associated with a small group of kindred spirits whose aim was to be of as much nuisance value as possible. We roamed the campus at night (strictly forbidden). We deviled other kids, messed up living quarters, violated rules restricting where we could and could not go, hazed new kids (forbidden), misappropriated school property. I kept an air pistol, which one of my "friends" used to shoot out the windows of a Master's apartment. He shot from my window; so, I was accused, and only the good offices of Mr. Milne kept me from summary expulsion. We discovered that the steps of the Library, great granite blocks, were set in place with lead stripping, rather than cement. What sling shot ammunition that would make! So, in the manual training shop which was directed by a benevolent, unsuspecting gentleman named Mr. Trask, under the guise of building one of his standard projects, we bored holes in a plank, melted the lead, and made ourselves some fine "bullets" of about 230 grain weight. Lethal? You bet. But the best use we put them to was to dust up the rumps of the workhorses that pulled wagons around campus. A sleepy driver drowsing along at a slow walk would get a terrific shock when his horse jumped and broke into a run. Of course he never knew what had happened, for we were carefully concealed behind bushes or buildings. I seemed always to be the one caught in our various antics, and I built such a reputation as a trouble maker that everyone looked for me whenever anything untoward happened, whether or not I was guilty. I was threatened with dismissal several times and was saved only at the last moment by someone's kind intervention, once by Dr. Drury, himself, who said he believed in me and was going to give me another chance. When I was voted into the Headmasters Association I said in my acceptance speech that I hoped Dr. Drury was looking down from heaven upon this renegade in whom he had faith, for it was in part that faith and my desire to justify it that motivated my eventual academic success.

Eventually, I quit. It began with a bout of pneumonia caught, no doubt, as a result of my building a hidey-hole in the wall of the attic at Foster house where I could read after lights. It was beastly cold, but I was outwitting the authorities at the cost of discomfort. I nearly died. In those days before penicillin, the only hope was in a strong heart and an oxygen tent. Dad came up, doctors assembled, but all they could do was pray. It worked. During my recovery period Dr. Drury used to come to my bedside for talk and prayer. It was he who changed my name, as it were. Up to that point I had gone by my middle name, Aston, Ats for short. He used my first name, possibly because he thought it would get me through the pearly gates, and I've used it ever since.

To help me get back my strength, Mother and Dad allowed me to go on the annual fishing trip to New Foundland that was run by T.K. Fisher and Dr. Haslam of St. Paul's. It was a wonderful trip that I shall always remember, but on it I exhibited the same against-the-government attitude that I showed at school. This was reported to school authorities after we got back, and soon Dad got a letter advising him that I might return to school only under strict condition of good behavior and passing scholarship. Dad, very wisely, handed it to me with the command to answer it, thus forcing me to make the great decision of my life. He said, bluntly, "You may accept the invitation to return, but if you do you must meet their requirement. Or, you may go to public school here, or back to Montgomery, if they'll take you. Or, you may quit school and go to work. You decide and

you live by the decision". Well, I did decide. I resigned from St. Paul's, I called upon The Rev. Gibson Bell, Headmaster of Montgomery, and secured admission to the eleventh grade, and I began the long process of recouping my academic fortunes and building up my self-respect.

While I was at St. Paul's, Mother and Dad decided to move from Wynnewood to Valley Forge Farm. Mrs. Robert Tindell (not sure how they spelled it), an old friend of Mother from Pittsburgh days, lived there. There were three houses on the place, one of which, the Gen. Knox Headquarters during the Revolution was vacant and my parents decided to accept the invitation to rent it. The Wynnewood house was rented in its turn. Fortunately, Dad refused to sell it. I don't remember when this happened, but it must have been at the height of the boom times that preceded the Great Depression, so I think it must have been 1927 or 1928. It was a longer commute for Dad but he didn't seem to mind. We sported two cars, then, and Dad took one to the Devon station each morning, left it there, took the train into Philadelphia, and picked up the car in the evening to drive home. Dede continued attending Shipley and Stub Montgomery, using the trains each way. I don't remember how they were picked up in the evening, but I suppose Hillis (our butler/chauffeur and man of all work) did it. We had a cook, also, so we were living high. Mother had a sporty Pontiac roadster, which she guarded jealously. Maybe Hillis drove Dad and the younger kids to the station each morning. I was in boarding school so not aware of domestic arrangements at home.

This move represented a huge change in our way of life. We made new friends, had a wonderful place to invite old and new friends to visit, even a huge swimming pool across the creek by the Tindell house, which we were privileged to use. The pool was icy cold since it was fed by springs, which flowed all the time, keeping the water always fresh. We could fish in the creek, hunt crows and woodchucks, help the stablemen, and generally enjoy country living. Great fox hunting country, though we were unable to participate. Too expensive. Still, we enjoyed the sport vicariously through our friends and the Tindell boys who were great riders. The Pickering Hunt would sometimes meet nearby and ride across the fields of Valley Forge Farm.

In 1928 I became sixteen, and that changed everything for me. I was at St. Paul's and I have a feeling that we had not quite moved to Valley Forge. If I'm correct, that sets the date of our move to spring of 1929. During my spring break that year, mother decided I should be introduced to Washington, D.C. Important for my general knowledge and experience. To my delight, she decided to drive, and that meant that I, having just gotten my license, could do some of the driving. I did, and I had the first of my three youthful accidents. As we were edging our way through Baltimore traffic, a streetcar stopped in front of me and a young woman stepped off directly into my path. Two wheel brakes just didn't do the job, and I hit her and knocked her down, but didn't run over her. What a mess! I was scared to death, of course. A cop showed up and took notes. He ascertained that the girl was OK except for a torn stocking and she was soon on her way with the price of a new pair in her hand. Can you imagine that happening today? No lawsuit! No court case! I appeared before the traffic court judge who questioned me, decided I hadn't violated any law, and sent me on my way with an admonition to be super careful. I was! In spite of the accident, we had a delightful, informative trip - Congress, Supreme Court, monuments and such. What's more, Mother let me drive a lot on the way home, even through Baltimore.

Another great watershed in my life was marked by my acquisition of the Dodge, my precious first car, vintage 1925. Dad had this car which he used in his business driving to Lancaster, York, Allentown and other places where some of his customers did business. He decided to buy another car and, instead of trading the old Dodge, he gave it to me. The deal was this: he kept title to the car, paid license fees and insurance, gas and oil; but, I was responsible for all repairs, including tires, battery, etc. I realized that as long as I took good care of the old bus, drove carefully so as not to wear out tires and break things, I had unlimited transportation. I was a lucky boy with a generous and wise father. I made friends with a garage man in Devon, Hans Roeder by name, a German immigrant who had worked in the Benz factory in Germany. He let me work on my car in his garage, charging me only for the parts and lending assistance and instruction when needed. Result was that I knew that car inside and out, could take it apart and put it back together again with no parts left over. I've always respected cars ever since, have been sensitive to their engine sounds, anticipated breakdowns, and practiced preventive maintenance.

The move to Valley Forge ended the Cape May era. Perhaps it ended even before our move. We now had a delightful place to spend the summers without uprooting the family to go to the shore. Dad liked it better because he had his family around him all the time. No lonely nights while we were at the shore. And another dimension was added to our summers, Cherry Valley.

Just when the annual trip to Cherry Valley began I don't remember. I think it must have been during my second year at St. Paul's, for I do remember that long haul through Scranton and the Poconos, then Binghamton, and finally up the long valley. It took all day; longer if we had a breakdown. I remember we packed lunch to eat on the way. Once, having selected a quiet roadside spot (Mother always selected the spot for its beauty and for its proximity to bushes that permitted discreet answers to nature's calls), we kids wandered off to a nearby farm. When we returned to the car, Mother asked Stub whether he'd eaten his hard-boiled egg. He looked a bit embarrassed, finally admitting that he had left it in a hen's nest in the barn. We have often wondered what the farmer's wife thought when she tried to break that one, or what the purchaser thought if she had sold it.

Once, perhaps during my first year at St. Paul's, I was invited to visit Uncle Abe alone and to do some work on the farm. I made the trip to Cherry Valley under the guidance of my cousin Beek Cannon who was also an SPS student, older than I and responsible enough to shepherd me. In those days a railroad spur wound up from the main line of the New York Central in the Mohawk Valley, twisting its way through the hills to its terminus in Cherry Valley, just down the street from Glensfoot. I enjoyed visiting Uncle Abe. George Streeter, the butler, made me his constant companion tootling about in the Glensfoot wooden bodied station wagon running errands for the kitchen and garden. On Saturdays he always went to the hen house and caught two old hens who were promptly dispatched on the chopping block, plucked, and delivered to the kitchen to be stewed for Sunday dinner. George also grew the best Golden Bantam corn I ever ate. I don't remember how many summers I visited Glensfoot but I remember "working" as a farm hand, herding the cows into the barn for evening milking, driving the truck that pulled the hay lift. This was a device no longer used because hay is now baled in the field and hauled by truck to the barn. At that time, hay was mowed by horse-drawn mowers, a big team to each mower. Later it was "tedded" (turned over to dry) and raked into piles by another horse drawn device. Then a team drawing a large flat bed wagon went down the rows between the piles while men forked the hay

onto the flat bed until it was piled ten feet high. A man on top of the load assisted in piling it evenly. The wagon then went to the barn and parked under the hay mow door. Two men went up into the loft while a third adjusted a device like a big clam shell dredge, with long tines instead of clam shell blades, on top of the load of hay. This device was attached to a rope that ran through a series of pulleys up into the barn. When the rope was pulled, the clam shell fork closed, biting into a big load of hay, then rose to the pulley that was on a beam sticking out over the loft door. When it reached the pulley it moved, pulley and all, on a track that allowed the load to move to the far end of the hayloft. A rope hanging from the hay lift device was then pulled to open the two sets of tines to drop the load. The device then had to be pulled by hand to the end of the track and lowered to the hay wagon again. They used a truck to pull the rope and I was appointed to drive it, since I wasn't strong enough to work in the loft or on the wagon. It was a job requiring very hard work from the loading of the hay wagon until the hay was safely stowed in the loft.

The coach house at Glensfoot is a wonderful old building. The coaches were kept on the ground floor, the horses stabled in the same building but on the other side of a wall through which a door led. A harness room with wonderful old sets of harness enclosed in glass fronted cases is to the left of the large sliding doors that admitted the coaches. A coal burning stove kept it warm in winter and sent a little heat up to the coachman's bedroom on the floor above. When I first knew Glensfoot, the old carriages were pushed off into corners to make room for the automobiles, but they were all there as were the sets of harness, some of them silver mounted, in the harness room. Even Johnny Kilfoil, the coachman was alive, still living in his room above the harness room. He no longer drove because the horses had long since ceased to be used, but he was still employed as a gardener. On the top floor of the coach house was the hayloft referred to before. We used to go up there to jump from the beams into the hay. Next to the coach house was a small barn also full of old carriages and other no longer used equipment. Nothing was ever thrown away at Glensfoot.

The house at Glensfoot is very old, late eighteenth century, I believe. Unfortunately, one of the Coxes had a lot of money during the Victorian period and decided he would do over the house in the then most modern, up-to-date style. The result is a gingerbread exterior with mansard roof and an interior chopped up into small rooms paneled and trimmed in dark walnut with nasty little Victorian fireplaces that will not allow a man-sized fire. In fact they were designed for coal burning grates. The old gentleman, Grandfather Cox, I suppose, added a third floor with a central room under a skylight to accommodate a pool table (in very bad repair when I knew it). The central room was surrounded by a number of small bedrooms, one of which had been Uncle Abe's when he was a boy and which he still occupied. The third floor was an attic of sorts in which all sorts of old disused treasures could be found. It had been a long time since a family had lived in the house and its many rooms were not needed, so junk of every imaginable kind was stored on the third floor. We kids had fun rummaging in old trunks and boxes.

Whether it was before or after my first visit alone I don't know, but our whole family came to Glensfoot for a protracted stay. We were there one summer at least and perhaps more. One summer there was great excitement for Cherry Valley was celebrating the 200th(?) anniversary of the massacre. (look into your history books). There was to be a pageant for which Uncle Abe had written the script and music, the latter with the aid of a charming young lady, Miss Barton, I think her name was. Romance seemed to be budding between her and Uncle Abe, something we all devoutly hoped for; but, it didn't happen. The pageant was to depict the early life of the settlement

and was to include log houses, oxen, horses, Indians, fighting all in costume of the day. The whole town was involved. I remember my frontier costume, the Indians, guns firing, houses burning - all sorts of noise and excitement. Men grabbed the horses' heads but everyone forgot the oxen. These quiet beasts didn't like the ruckus, either, and began quietly moving off with their huge cart. The handle of a plow lying in the cart caught in the top of my Aunt Julia's big touring car and the whole business plodded off till someone managed to bring the oxen to a halt. A parade took place in town prior to the pageant and Dede and I took part in that, too, riding the tandem bicycle from the Glensfoot attic and dressed in costume of the Gay Nineties. Someone rode the high bike, too. Perhaps it was one of the older cousins. That year is still very clear to me, but I can't place it in time, except to say that I must have been between eleven and thirteen. Maybe Dede can date it.

After I got my driver's license and acquired the old Dodge I went to Cherry Valley every summer on my own and stayed with Uncle Abe who seemed glad to have me. I entered the social swim of the Cooperstown Country Club in which my cousins, Livy and Dean, and my half-brother David were very active. Booze, driving at night over the hills, and girls became very important parts of my life. I would stay at Glensfoot, and sometimes at Aunt Bun's place in the village, until Mother and Dad, Dede and Stub arrived for the Labor Day visit. Then, in 1933, the Schwartz Family Annual Labor Day Golf Tournament was inaugurated. We took over the Otsego Golf Club for the morning. A handicapping system was developed, a championship cup provided (it was Depression time, so the cup was very simple, possibly made of lead), and later a championship plate for the good golfers like Livy and Stub. They are still in existence, nearly sixty years later, and the Tournament still an annual event, though most of the original founders are long gone. I should tell you that the Otsego Golf Club has a strong connection to our family. Uncle Beek, as Dad called him, Grandfather Cox to the Cannons, was an enthusiastic golfer. He and some friends from Cooperstown, laid out the course many years ago and retained a proprietary interest. Because of the family connection we are still able to preempt the course, even though it is no longer a club but a public course. The family gathered every year, many of us bringing friends and later our wives and husbands. A routine developed: Friday night a picnic on East hill, Saturday the Cooperstown Country Club Dance, Sunday at Church in Cherry Valley, dinner that night at Bun's when we picked our winners for the tournament and put money in the pot to bet on them. Monday morning was heralded early by firing the cannon from the Glensfoot porch, Uncle Abe being the cannoneer. Everybody had a time for teeing off, so breakfast was hurried and departure for the Club immediately thereafter. Dad and Uncle Abe were clad in original Otsego Golf Club red blazers, which had been exhumed from a trunk in the attic, and may still be in use for all I know. We played in threesomes, and as each teed off on the first hole the cannon was fired. Again, as each holed out in the ninth green (there are only nine holes), the cannon boomed, much to the distress of your Mother Alice and your Grandmother Georgie. The awards were made immediately after the last threesome had holed out, pictures taken, a group picture, then lunch. A strong punch was served before and during lunch, which Godfrey Updyke provided originally, but Yank Meader became the wine steward later on and always kept us well oiled. A truly gay affair! After lunch we broke up, each family boarding its car and starting on its way home to meet regular business engagements on Tuesday morning. Our immediate family attended the tournament regularly, driving from Princeton or Rochester, wherever we happened to be domiciled, until 1953 when we went to Kansas City. That ended our participation, for I had to be at school from about August first, and the distance was too great to permit our coming. Alice and I went once since, in 1983 for the fiftieth anniversary, and hope to go again for the 59th this year. It's a great family

tradition - unique among American families, I think, and I hope the younger generation will keep it alive. The extended family is now very large, but only Peter, Jr. , Don, Peter III, Don, Jr., and I bear the family name on our side, and Livy's two sons, Sandy and Arthur, on Uncle Herman's side. You are free to participate, and I hope that one day you will do so.

In 1932, after having distinguished myself as a scholar, athlete, and school leader at Montgomery (as you know, some of us take time to bloom) I entered Princeton, having passed the requisite College boards. In those days you took a series of exams, course exams, over a period of two years. I managed to scrape by Algebra 2 with a 60% and Geometry with slightly more, but I did well in English and languages. Science was not required or I'd never have made it. The Beekman Fund was still functioning, so we could afford it, even though Dad was broke. In that year I think his income dropped from \$10,000 (a very substantial income then) to \$450. In the middle of the year, Beekman withdrew all support because the value of and return on their investments was too low to permit granting of aid. What to do? My grades were not good enough to win a University scholarship; so, I took out a loan, took on odd jobs, worked in the summer at the Delaware and Oregon Ave. Fruit Terminal in Philadelphia, and struggled to get my grades up. I succeeded and was awarded University help for 1933-34. Lived in Little Hall with George Cook, a friend from Detroit. The following year I continued the good work. Lived in Reunion Hall, which has since been demolished because it was a firetrap. Then, in senior year, I wangled a managership at Quadrangle Club, so I was on easy street. My record got better and better and I finally graduated with honors. My thesis on Christopher Marlowe got me an "A". It's still in my library should any of you wish to read it. It's pretty dull, really, but I enjoyed writing it. Just before Graduation, President Dodds asked me to become his Secretary the following year - not a typing secretary, just an errand boy. Jobs were scarce, so I grabbed it and was one of the few who left college with a job. The following year I became Assistant to the Deans of the College and Faculty. I was in charge of attendance and had to summon those who had excessive class cuts. I even got a verse in the faculty song:

Roly-poly Peter Schwartz
He used to drink his beer in quarts.
But now the man's become a mouse
For God, for Country, and for Gauss.

In 1937 came the greatest event of my life. I met your Mother, fell in love with her, and persuaded her to marry me. After our famous family trip to Red Lodge, Montana of which you've heard, we were married on December 18, 1937. Our first home was in the faculty apartments on Prospect Street. Later we moved to Mount Rose where we rented (\$20.00 per month) a little house. My job ended in 1941 (that was understood at the time the job was offered) and we moved to Chicago where I had gotten a job at the Chicago Latin School. Carol was born while we were still in Princeton. Peter came along while we were in Chicago, though he was actually born in Philadelphia, and Don arrived in Chicago. War began in 1941, the U.S. part in it, that is. I was dubbed "IA" by my local draft board and in 1943 was called. As planned, I volunteered as a commissioned officer in the Navy and was accepted. Ordered to duty in Princeton for Indoctrination School and after several months managed to get myself ordered to Princeton as a teacher in the Indoctrination School. Stayed there till I couldn't stand it and asked for transfer to sea duty. The Navy obliged and I was sent to sea on the USS Chipola, A063. Took part in fueling

the battle fleet in the Pacific until war's end in 1945 when I returned and got a job at the Hun School in Princeton. Your mother, through a stroke of luck, had been able to move into part of your Grandmother Sinclair's house on Hodge Road and stayed there until my return from overseas.

The rest you know, or I think you do. If you have questions, let us know.

Thanks for sticking with me throughout this long drawn out account. It was fun to write.

The following remembrances and biographical sketch were provided by Dede Meader:

The facts as listed in the biographical sketch of my grandfather, Reverend David L. Schwartz, raise a lot of questions. What happened in 1863 that turned him from the German Reformed to the Episcopal Church? Did you know that Cornelia Beekman Cox was disinherited by her father for marrying him? What did he do in Switzerland during those years? The Albany Church must have been a real going concern to baptize 65 people per year. What was his ill health? The years 1890-93 was when they lived in Vevey, Switzerland and Daddy studied violin in Dresden; I have a photograph of him somewhere, holding his instrument. They built a lovely house in Lakewood where we all went for Thanksgiving every year with Granny and Aunt Bun - 1901 was long before I was born, in fact it was just the year after Daddy graduated from Trinity College '00.

If I don't pass on what I know, even these little bits and pieces will be lost to posterity. While I'm at it I'll tell you the sad, little story of the day of his death. I mentioned that Granny (CBC) was disinherited for marrying grandfather. (The son of a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer wasn't good enough for the wealthy landowning Coxes). After Grandfather Cox's death, her brother and sister gave Granny one-third of the intangible assets that they received. However, there was the land and a lot of property - very valuable - in New York City. (I think it was decent of them to do as they did against their father's wishes). However, Granny, who cared a lot about money and social position, etc. always resented the fact that her brother and sister had a lot more than she did. On that day in January, 1901, grandfather must have found her lamenting her presumed injustices and feeling sorry for herself, for he said, "Nellie, I wish you didn't care so much about the money". She replied, "Well, I do."

I hope he kissed her goodbye, for those were the last words she ever spoke to him - he went out to play golf, where on the course his angel of death was waiting.

Reverend David L. Schwartz, 1837 - 1901

- 1837 Born in Adams County, Pennsylvania.
- 1862 Graduated from Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
- 1863 Destined for the ministry of the German Reformed Church, he spent a short time at the German Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, but he
- 1863 Joined the Episcopal Church and was confirmed in Lancaster, Pennsylvania by Bishop Alonzo Potter, and entered the German Theological Seminary in New York.
- 1866 Ordained Deacon by Bishop Horatio Potter. Assistant to Dr. Howland at the Church of the Holy Apostles for ten months.
- 1867 Accepted a call to Grace Church, Cherry Valley, New York.
- 1872 Married Miss Cornelia Beekman Cox of Cherry Valley, New York - sailed October 1 for Europe where he spent two years.
- 1875 Accepted a call to Grace Church, Albany. During his sixteen years there, he enlarged the Church, built a rectory, installed a surpliced choir of men and boys, paid off a debt of \$27,000, baptized a thousand and seven, and buried over five hundred.
- 1890 Resigned on account of ill health and sailed for Europe where he spent nearly two years.
- 1893 Became the first Rector of All Saints, Lakewood, New Jersey.
- 1894 Parish House, the gift of Mrs. W.K. Strong, was built and a service of consecration held on All Saint's Day.
- 1901 Mr. Schwartz fell dead on the Golf Field at Lakewood, January 14th. Was buried in the Rural Cemetery at Albany, New York.

"Only the fragrance of a beautiful memory lingers, and we will live long behind him with the sure hope of what the Lord of the vineyard will give him at the ending of the day." From the obituary by Rt. Rev. W.C. Doane.

Georgiana Gormley Schwartz (Dordo)

Grandfather – Samuel Gormley (Lawyer in Pittsburg)

Father – Charles Gormley (Business man)

Georgiana – mother died at her birth and she was brought up by her aunts.