

ALL IN A DAY'S LIVING

by

James M. and Hertha E. Flack

Tryon, North Carolina

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by
James M. and Hertha E. Flack

Introduction

Dear Kids:

This manuscript is made up of recollections of the past. Most of these memories were preserved in my Mare's Nest and in Tah's file of letters. Fortunately, Tah had requested her mother, Sonya, to save her letters home which she wrote regularly from Puerto Rico. My mare's nest, as most of you know, has been the storage drawer for my notes and miscellany for a long, long time.

I have pulled this together for our family's pleasure. It is written in first person by me, except for Chapter IV, "Tah's Letters Home." However, Tah has been a major contributor as advisor and editor, as well as letter writer. So, she has fully earned the joint authorship listing.

All In A Day's Living is confined to Tah's and my courtship, marriage, and development of a family of six. The story of family life beyond this could be another exciting undertaking in the future.

Read and enjoy.

Love,

Dad

I'll never forget the consternation of the immigration official at the border of Canada as we drove through one winter's day. We were on the way to Mont Tremblant for a skiing vacation. There were only five of us on the trip; our youngest being only two years old had stayed home with a baby-sitter. As was customary, the Canadian immigration official was required to ask each occupant of the entering automobile where he or she was born.

"Baxterville, Mississippi", I replied.

"Cleveland, Ohio", Tah, my wife, replied.

"Minneapolis, Minnesota", Jimmy, our first-born, said.

"Danbury, Connecticut", Karen announced.

At which point the official interrupted to exclaim, "Now, wait a minute! Aren't you all one family?"

Not to be left out, Bobby interposed, "I was born in Lowell, Massachusetts." That completed the poll and left the immigration official scratching his head in disbelief. Had Suzanne, our youngest, been along she would have said, "Lowell, Massachusetts, but it was almost San Juan, Puerto Rico." She was conceived in San Juan but we had moved back to Westford, Massachusetts in time for her birth in the Lowell General Hospital. Tah had thought it only fair that Suzanne have a birth certificate which read "Suzanne Margaret Flack" rather than "Suzanne Margaret Flack-Eisenmenger." Officially birth certificates in Puerto Rico listed both the father's and the mother's family names.

We became a family of six-The Flack Family on the move. Where did we come from and how did we get to that Canadian border in 1955?

I. Courting Days

How de Do

Tah and I had met between dances, in passing, with a "How de do". Each of us had dates with other persons. She, to this day, does not remember the first meeting. I did; however, it was such a casual occasion that I later sought the help of a friend to arrange a date for me with Tah. She accepted it as a blind date.

Tah was a graduate of Swarthmore College, 1938, Pre-med student. She had decided to go the route of Masters of Nursing at Yale rather than medical school, leaving it open as to how far and how intensively she would pursue medicine. To me, she looked like a good partner.

She was a good sport. She agreed to go ice-skating on an outdoor pond near the home of my friend, Ken Loeffler, the Yale basketball coach. We borrowed skates from Ken.

I assumed she could ice-skate. I believed that I could, too; although I'd never been on ice skates before. However, I reasoned, there couldn't be much difference between roller and ice-skating. But, of course, there is. Tah and I were in each other's arms all evening! A grand start for a life time of close relationship!

Out by Sailboat; back by Trolley Car

Early in our courting days, we had another interesting near mishap. Tah had often mentioned Candlewood Lake, near New Milford, Connecticut. Her mother and stepfather owned a house on the lake and, as I understood it, the entire family loved sailing their own 16-footer on the lake.

In the New Haven Register, I had noticed that in the New Haven harbor sailboats were for rent by the day. I invited Tah to go sailing with me in the bay on her next day off. She accepted and off we went. This was to be my first outing in a sailboat. Nevertheless, I believed that I could sail a boat. Certainly, she could, I reasoned.

We sailed back and forth, back and forth in the bay, tacking repeatedly to stay clear of the beaches and the rocks. After nearly two hours, we noticed a couple of changing conditions to be coped with: the wind was rising in intensity and gustiness and our boat was increasingly being forced seaward. The out-running tide coupled with the offshore wind was pushing us out to sea!

Finally, we realized that one more series of tacks and we would miss the east point and be out in the open and rough sea! It was obvious that neither of us had enough sailing experience to avoid disaster. So, we put in to shore at the Yacht Club, called the owner of the boat (who said he would pick it up), and took a streetcar back to town!

"She Gotta" is the name of a car - a 1929 Model A Ford Convertible Coupe with a rumble-seat, with slick tires, and which had to be refilled with oil more often than with gasoline! Each time I entered the car I whispered firmly and wishfully "She gotta; she gotta start".

"She Gotta" was the car of Tah's and my courting days between New Haven and Candlewood Lake (New Milford, Connecticut) and between Candlewood Lake and Norfolk, Connecticut.

I had bought the car from a used car dealer on the outskirts of New Haven. Ten years earlier, it was new and sold for \$700. The price to me in 1939 was \$33 cash. The dealer was relieved to have the space cleared when I drove "She Gotta" out. He had given me fair warning to check the oil frequently. As a matter of fact, he threw in a 2-quart bottle of oil. He advised me to keep the bottle full and handy in the car.

The car was also a water guzzler. I never knew where the leak was. I simply had to plan each trip to make sure that we went along a stream to assure a supply of water when "She Gotta" began boiling and steaming.

"She Gotta" served me well. For the two summers of 1940 and 1941 I kept her at the Norfolk Country Club where I was the Tennis Professional. On the side I taught swimming and life-saving techniques. Simply to go between the tennis courts and the lake required a car. And, on weekends I drove to Candlewood Lake to visit with Tah who vacationed there with her parents, Sonya and Ernst Weber, in their summer home.

Many times I drove late at night from Candlewood Lake to Norfolk in a dense fog. The road was two lanes and fortunately had a yellow-painted center line and white-painted lines on the outer edges. Without those assists, driving under those

conditions would have been impossible.

On August 29, 1941 (my 28th birthday), I drove "She Gotta" from Norfolk to Brattleboro to pick up Boo Ferriss, who was a baseball pitcher for a Red Sox minor league team. Enroute a mighty thunderstorm struck. I had to stop along side the road and get out to stand under an umbrella I had brought along. Not only did her roof leak profusely; the leak poured water onto the seat of the car causing a puddle on the driver's side.

Boo and I drove down to Mt. Vernon, N.Y. for Tah's and my wedding day--in Sonya's and Ernst's garden.

Boo served as my best man, and my roommate ^{at Yale,} Kermit Gregory, at Yale, performed the ceremony.

Tah and I drove in "She Gotta" to Candlewood Lake for our honeymoon. Upon returning to New Haven for my final year at Yale (Tah took a full time job as a Visiting Nurse in the slums of New Haven), I had to give up on my pet car. I needed a reliable vehicle to shuttle between my part-time job as athletic assistant at Hopkins Grammar School and the Yale Divinity School classes and library. So I turned in "She Gotta" as a down payment on another used Ford Coupe--a ten year later model--1939.

We were fortunate that this car lasted through World War II--it had to; no others were available.

Penny

Penny was a Cocker Spaniel which Tah and I picked out at a kennel the year before we got married. Tah was still in nursing training at Yale in New Haven. We were engaged to be married later that summer. Meanwhile, I was the summer tennis professional at The Norfolk (Connecticut) Country Club. Therefore, it fell to my lot to keep Penny for the summer. I had a room in the Country Club.

I set up a corner in a small cupboard-like room off the kitchen for Penny's quarters. Stackpole, the Club Manager, gave me permission to feed Penny in a corner of the kitchen, provided that I trained her to be housebroken and tidy. I went about the training program systematically--and rigidly. I had been told that there could not be looseness and there had to be firm handling.

So, to assure that Penny became well-trained, I devoted a lot of time to the project. When she ate her food and drank her milk, I patted her on the head and stroked her lovingly, saying "Good girl, Penny."

On the other hand, after she defecated on the floor in that corner, I picked her up, rubbed her nose in it, and threw her out the back door, with a spank to her rear end. I had been advised to allow no exception.

It did not take long. Penny became the most perplexed, and emotionally disturbed animal in Western Connecticut. When she came into the kitchen it was with mixed emotions and nervous twitches. She did not know what to expect. In that corner was her food, which she enjoyed and got love pats for eating, ^{and} her water dish, which was also a joy and for which she got love pats.

But, it was also in that corner of the kitchen that she got her nose rubbed in defecation and from which she was thrown out the door with a swat on the rear end.

The solution came that fall, and none too soon for Penny and me. We both needed bailing out. Tah's mother, Sonya, saved the situation. Sonya wanted a pet; she was now going to be home enough to give some attention to a pet.

Penny was happy to be rescued so beautifully. She grew out of her split personality and became a most spirited companion to Sonya and Ernst in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. in the fall and winter and at Candlewood Lake, New Milford, Connecticut in spring and summer.

Our courting days in New Haven were also our intensive graduate study days, with none of the carefree diversions of the under-graduate years. It was just as well, because I had miniscule resources to shower upon my beloved. Therefore, we could not gambol with the rich. A cup of coffee in the coffee shop after the study period and after the library's closing hour was standard entertainment. A cup of coffee then cost a nickel, which I could barely afford. Neither of us drank alcoholic beverages. Nor could we afford them.

Occasionally, we double-dated and triple-dated with close friends - Bunny Dana and Tracy Strong and Elsie and Graham Hodges - picnics on the beach or on top of Sleeping Giant.

There were moments when I waxed poetic, especially when Miss Eisenmenger slept through the coffee hour!

DECISIONS

I've been helping you sleep.
In helping you sleep, I've helped you get well.
The choice has been awfully difficult to keep.

Each time I've called has come the reply:
"Miss Eisenmenger still sleeps--
No, we don't know why."

Well, thank you.
I suppose that it's best
That she sleep on to the end
Of a deserved rest.

But secretly I hope
She awakes quite soon;
For wouldn't it be bad
If later tonight she were awake
Alone with the moon?

April, 1941

SLEEP

In my mind, you're so lovely while sleeping.
You lie relaxed in snuggling repose,
Relieved of pressing duties and cares;
Forgetful of case reports and eccentric patients;
Unhampered with bugs that crouch on door-knobs;
Removed from the boredom of isolation techniques;
Soothed by the restful balm of deep, slumbering sleep.

You're confident that you'll wake refreshed.
Your thoughts will be of thoughts before;
You'll renew living where you left off.

Sleep has not interrupted life--
It hasn't changed the pattern a whit;
Sleep has only brought additional life;
It has given the same you a new place to begin.

Spring, 1941

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We Start Our Family

We started as a family on August 30, 1941 when I, James M. Flack, (Jim) joined with Hertha E. Eisenmenger (Tah) in marriage at her mother's and her stepfather's (Dr. and Mrs. Ernst Weber) home in Mt. Vernon, New York, a Westchester County City. Kermit Gregory, my roommate at Yale University Divinity School in New Haven Connecticut conducted the double-ring ceremony and David "Boo" Ferriss from Shaw, Mississippi (a baseball protege of mine who later starred for the Boston Red Sox) was my best man. Tah's sister, Greta Eisenmenger Neelsen was bridesmaid.

Within less than four months after our marriage the United States became an active combatant in World War II.



II. World War II

Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941 was a day of national tragedy. The Japanese caught the United States unaware and unprepared for their infamous sneak attack. The wonder is that there were not more casualties and more destruction than actually occurred.

We were not only unprepared to defend ourselves, but, also, we could not retaliate with a crippling blow against their task force which was so far from their home base. In retrospect, we may have been lucky that the Japanese had such narrow vision as to expend so great an energy on such a minor target as Pearl Harbor. What if they had invaded the mainland of the United States? We were so unprepared that we could not have stopped their landings. However, it is highly probable that in due course our nation would have either thrown them out or immobilized their forces for the duration.

On Pearl Harbor Day I was in my third and last year of graduate study at Yale University and I recall the revulsion I felt--more at our basic unpreparedness than at the Japanese. Our government had, for whatever reasons, failed miserably to perform its first and most important obligation: preparedness in defense against an enemy attack.

It's conceivable, but barely, that this "first and most important obligation" will change or be modified. But the world of human beings and non-human beings has a long way to go until a nation or a culture can continue to exist without keeping up its guard. The yet-to-be accomplished condition, which will permit a nation or culture to relax its concern about being subject to an enemy attack, is a world organization which provides a system of international law, justice and defense while assuring

the conditions for the continuance of local nationalities and/or customs. It's a goal worth pursuing; but until it has been achieved, every nation must assure its own survival by a defense of preparedness.

Among my fellow classmates at Yale Divinity School there was also a strong revulsion but of a different flavor--a revulsion against our nation, or any nation, participating in a war. This pacifist stance was not a selfish one to protect the individual against conscription into the military forces. Each student of the Yale Divinity School and each member of the ministry had exemption from military service. I could have claimed the exempt status, also. However, since I was not a bona fide ministerial student, and, more importantly, since I had a feeling of a deep obligation to serve my country in its defense, I never considered any avenue but that of volunteering.

I volunteered on March 4, 1942, anticipating that I would be able to finish my study courses to qualify for the degree in May before being called to duty.

It didn't turn out that precisely. The Navy showed some interest, at least enough to ask me to send in an autobiographical sketch to start a personal file. I did so and delivered it to the Navy.

The first of ten pages of the sketch is reproduced here:

Autobiographical Data on James Monroe Flack

Submitted to United States Navy - April 7, 1942

I was made aware of myself for the first time under interesting circumstances. I was yelling lustily as I ran up a red clay slope in a lot near our home; the more I ran the louder I yelled. A quivering home-made arrow, stuck in the calf of my right leg, made each step more painful. Close on my heels chased my brother, his raw-hide and rattan bow emptied of its missile and lying on the ground where he had dropped it in fright when he realized that his skill with the weapon was not so good as William Tell's. His intention in chasing me, I later learned, was good, but big brother with good intentions or bad, I wasn't taking any chances on anyone who had shot me in the leg with an arrow! So on I ran, finally loosening the arrow from its incision and at long last arriving at the skirts of one who could give me surcease of pain--my mother. She neatly bandaged my wound and hushed my tears and convinced me that Frank had not intended to hurt me, for he loved me.

Perhaps I was convinced that my brother, just eight years old and twice my age, really loved me; but I think that I never quite forgave him for that little incident--at least not so long as we were together at home as playmates. As youngsters will, I followed him around, interfered with his freedom, kept a careful check on all his little misdemeanors and stored them up for future use, and generally made him feel that it would have been better if I had not come into his family. Eventually, he joined the Navy.

Learning to Salute

How about that for an opening! It led to an appointment for me of an officer's ranking of Lieutenant (jg) in the U. S. Naval Reserve. The remaining nine pages of the autobiographical sketch went into detail about my growing up, arriving at age 28, and getting married to my life partner. I carefully pointed out that I would receive my graduate degree from Yale in June.

I received the appointment as Lieutenant (jg) dated May 6, 1942, to rank from May 16, 1942. On May 14, I signed an acceptance and oath of office.

Immediately, Tah gave notice to the City of New Haven's Visiting Nurse Association that she would have to resign her position as a Visiting Nurse to accompany me later that year. She had received her degree, Masters of Nursing at Yale, in the spring of 1941 and had gone to work so that we could afford to get married.

I had an appointment with Yale's Dean Weigle to report the surprising date of my naval appointment, which was three weeks prior to the scheduled date of graduation for my class. He reassured me, after discussing the case with each of my professors, that my graduation and degree were not in jeopardy. All of the assigned papers had been submitted and no further exams were scheduled. He promised that the degree would be awarded in absentia, a first for the Yale Divinity School.

Along with my orders had come instructions on the wardrobe of uniforms I was to acquire. Tah and I took off one day and went shopping in New York City. Brooks Uniform Company had been recommended as an "official" military uniform furnisher. We turned to Tah's mother, Sonya, as someone who knew New York City. We asked her for advice on how to get to the store. She steered us to Brooks Brothers on Madison Avenue, saying: "Any man buying clothes in New York goes to Brooks Brothers!" Brooks Brothers sent us to the correct store, in lower Manhattan. Sonya was surprised!

We got the basics for dress and felt set to go. One problem continued to hang over my head. How was I supposed to wear those canvas, tan caps which flopped around my ears?? I discovered that they were cap covers--not caps!

I was concerned (if not frightened) about wearing a Naval Officer's uniform enroute by train from New Haven to Annapolis. It was my understanding that enlisted men and subordinate officers are required to salute a senior officer when they meet and the senior officer to be courteous must return the salute. I had never been in a military uniform before and surely I would be meeting many military people enroute. A sales person at Brooks Uniform put me somewhat at ease when he explained that Army personnel saluted with or without caps on their heads. However, it is considered improper for a Naval Officer to salute or receive a salute bareheaded. I kept my cap in my hand or on my lap the entire trip from New Haven to Annapolis.

Hand-to-Hand

My 90-day indoctrination at the Naval Academy was in the V-5 program, essentially Hand-to-Hand Combat. I was selected for this program because of my athletic record in college and as a semi-professional. This facet of training was established by Commander Tom Hamilton as an intensive program to accomplish two objectives:

1. To train all Naval Aviators in the art of self-defense for use if and when they are confronted by the enemy in a hand-to-hand combat situation; and
2. to untrain all Naval Aviators from the good sportsmanship ethic indoctrinated into them throughout their public school and college years, especially in athletics.

This was war - all-out - war. To show mercy or "good sportsmanship" towards the enemy could be suicidal. Our young aviators had to be retrained and habituated in the art of hand-to-hand combat for survival. A knee to the groin, a gouging out of an eye with the thumb, the breaking of an arm or leg joint by forcing it against itself were skills which had to be practiced. Jiu-jitsu, especially the art of going against the joints and the use of the opponent's thrust and/or weight against him, was useful hand-to-hand artistry.

After 90 days of this training at the Academy, I was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Opa Locka, Florida.

Tah and I lived in a rented house in North Miami, which was a short commuting distance between the Naval Base and Miami proper. Bus service was adequate for me to go back and forth

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and for Tah to take on special private nursing duty assignments to keep her current in her profession.

For a few months I was fully occupied in organizing the courses and in teaching hand-to-hand combat to the graduating cadets.

Then, an ALVAV came out, inviting Naval Officers who held a private pilot's license to join a naval pilot training program, leading to Navy wings. The eventual assignment would be either the Flight Training Command or Fleet. This appealed to me, and Tah encouraged me to go for it. To help pay for my private flying lessons to qualify for the ALNAV, Tah took the highest paying nurse's job available. This was a 12-hour night shift, private-duty with a psychiatric patient. He was a 220-pound, irrational, belligerent male. It was only later that I learned how frightening this assignment was for her.

So, for the next six months, I took private flying lessons, during off-duty hours, in seaplanes at the Embry-Riddle base off a cause-way between Miami and Miami Beach. (Tah was a good sport. She flew "sandbag" with me while I practiced aerobatics!) I received my pilot's license and qualified for the program offered in the ALNAV. I applied and was accepted.

My Naval pilot training started in Lockport, Illinois, near Chicago. This was a civilian base under contract to the Navy and run by Naval officers. That trip from Miami to Chicago was dramatic! We left on an 80-degree, high humidity day. As we drove north, a cold front from the northwest moved through. By the time we arrived on the second day in Chicago, the temperature had dropped to 20 below zero! The car was unheated and it was less than airtight. I put on layers of all the uniforms I had, just to keep warm!

I lived on base while getting flight training; Tah lived in Chicago with the Ernst Bacons, long time friends of her family. This permitted her to take a job as Supervisor of Nurses at Grant Hospital in Chicago. She became heavily involved in a most interesting responsibility. We could get together only on weekends.

It was at Lockport that I met Ed Bunker and Claude Settlemyer. We became war-time and life-long friends, even though living far apart after the war. we were "Buddies" in the finest sense.

I followed through in the flight training program at Dallas and New Orleans, where I got my Navy wings. Tah was with me for the few weeks at Dallas, but did not go to New Orleans. Rather she went to her parents' home in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. She was pregnant and preferred to be near medical care in which she was knowledgeable and confident.

From summer to summer
Thru autumn and winter and spring
I love you with love eternal
That's tempered with seasonal swings.

"My love is like a red, red rose" is said in a breath;
But roses do fade and are vulnerable to death;
While my love is armored against seasonal decay
And promises to outlast the millennial day.

At springtime my love is regally aglow
With new-born buds that were sown in the snow;
Buds that are nurtured on your smile of joy
And burst into bloom with the charms you deploy.

Summer comes in and my love pulsates
On heat-like waves which my heart creates;
Deriving full energy from your radiant face
Which faithfully reflects the love of your grace.

Crisp autumn comes tracking in a summery wake,
And my love is entranced to have a spread to make.
Unlike shrubbery that grows fuller when pared,
My love grows fuller when fully shared.

The winter comes cold when it leaves us apart;
Yet my love glows rich in the deeps of my heart,
Where it snugly is folded and blanketed warm;
E'er shielded against evil and removed from all harm.

And now that there's another of us on its way,
I shudder to think what the gods'll say
Of the defiance my love indubitably will bring
To the celestial patterns of the seasonal swing.

Nocturnally, Diurnally,
Autumnally, or vernally--
Summer or winter or spring
I love you eternally
Regardless of seasonal swings.

James M. Flack
Autumn, 1943

Into The Wild Blue Yonder

After getting my wings, my first assignment was to teach primary flight training at The Naval Air Station at Wold-Chamberlain Field in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Needless to say, this was an unusual location for a Naval Base! But it was our first choice.

Tah and I lived in an upstairs rental apartment at 3900 South Thomas Avenue between Lakes Harriet and Monroe. We loved the city and vowed to return after the war, if a reasonable opportunity came along.

Jimmy Arrives

Our first child, Jimmy, was born in Minneapolis on April 20, 1944. Naturally, we dubbed him "Little Jim" to avoid confusion of names. For the record, he was named James Monroe II because we thought that neither he nor we could abide "Junior".

The following diary notes, communiques, and letters to relatives chronicle Jimmy's arrival and early days and our family days in the Navy.



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3900 Thomas Ave.S.
Minneapolis, Minn.
April 26, 1944

Dear Family and Friends:

Hertha and Little Jim are now exactly one week in the hospital; certainly by now they are very well acquainted. Both are doing exceptionally well. Hertha is now able to assume a partial "sitting" position in bed, and in a couple more days will be able to join her husband in a game of cards or chess when he visits her. She is going to follow her doctor's advice (which he gives to all his patients) and stay in the hospital for seventeen days instead of the usual ten. So that means she will come home on May 6. How very nice that Homecoming is going to be!

As for the little fellow--why he is the most phenomonal baby ever! (Actually, he is the likeness of his father--no hair, no teeth and bowed legs). He is phenomenal in that by the fifth day of his life he had overtaken and surpassed his birth weight of 7 and 5. Instead of the average 90 grams per meal, he eats as much as 140! Of course, this speaks well for both son and mother.

Little Jim has blue eyes, has an angelic expression like his mother, is long-legged and big footed--which points to a tall, awkward adolescence and a big man. He sleeps nine-tenths of the time, but still is the king of the nursery whenever he wishes to be. He has nice little, close ears, no markings other than those necessary to identify and classify him. Even at his early stage, he tries hard to smile when he is at his mother's side to show how pleased he is at being near her. When father visits, he just sleeps.

We are so very proud of our son! We are exceptionally happy that you are proud of him, too.

J. M. F.

P. S. Please note how intelligent and cooperative he is to arrive on the predicted date of April 20--punctual, eh, what? (What a coincidence it is that Hitler and Little Jim should have the same birthdate!)

3900 Thomas Ave. S.
Minneapolis, Minn.
May 15, 1944

Dear Family and Friends:

You should see Little Jim now! In five more days he will be just a month old. He is just beginning to become conscious of himself as a person and his powers over all who are interested in him. Until today he has relied solely upon loud noises to secure changes of clothes and his food---but now he has become quite subtle and clever, using the more sociable form of enticing favors, that of smiling and cooing. Of course, if this method doesn't get immediate results, he relies on the old standby method which conveys his meanings in forceful and unmistakable manners.

Tah is now able to distinguish what her son means by different inflections of his voice, and you know how valuable that can be. Yes, indeed, it wouldn't be so good to confuse hunger with pain or either with the desire to be picked up. With the help and guidance of our very excellent practical nurse, we have not catered to Little Jim's wishes to be spoiled as yet. Fortunately, the nurse has had eight children of her own and has been in the business of taking care of others' babes for several years. So when there is any doubt about what the baby wants, Mrs. Nordberg knows the right answer.

We took Little Jim out in his carriage a couple of days ago--it was the first really beautiful day we have had here in two weeks. He likes to be bumped around in his carriage. For the past couple of days Tah has placed him out on our porch for fresh air--my, my but he soaks it up and sleeps awfully well afterwards.

Mother Tah is doing awfully well herself. She has to be quite productive to keep up with the appetite of our son--but she does it. Her weight is getting back to normal--in fact she is the most charming mother imaginable. She has to stay on the jump feeding and changing Little Jim--(he's awfully leaky these days), but Mrs. Nordberg sees that she has plenty of rest. The father bubbles the baby when he's home. Also he holds the child while mother is preparing to nurse him--that is a trying time; you see the baby has not yet advanced enough to distinguish between father and mother, but he does know that it's time to eat. I'm going to lose my ears to him yet!

We think that our family has improved tremendously since we are three. Big blue-eyed Little Jim (with approaching double chins) hopes that you can come to visit with us soon.

J. M. F.

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OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS
Somewhere in 3900 Thomas Ave. S.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
COMMUNIQUE NO. 3--JUNE 8, 1944

Original gains are being consolidated and new advances are being accomplished on all fronts. Casualties are slight and numerous prisoners are taken daily. Following advances considerable mopping up operations are necessary. Our forces have remained on constant alert for the past 48 hours for possible sneak attacks, but little enemy action has been encountered.

Commentary

Little Jim is rapidly and expertly consolidating previous gains and is constantly enlarging his beach heads. A couple of days ago he had his first physical checkup. It was found to be quite satisfactory in all phases. He now weighs 11 pounds 12 ounces, eyes are cooperating much better, permanent hair is growing (it's strictly the independent sort--each hair stands alone and straight from the head); he's added a couple of chins, a dimple in each cheek, knee and elbow and a wrinkle of fat over each ear. He has discovered that it is more satisfactory to chew his whole hand than simply a single thumb. His world has broadened from a tight little circle of shadow and light to one filled with moving people and familiar noises. He now follows the movement of his mother with his eyes and ears as she crosses the room--of course, wondering when is nursing time. His smile has most decidedly become dissociated with gas pains solely and is now the signal for the "happy hour" of wakefulness. He still smiles occasionally when he sleeps. He has begun to reach for things, eats orange juice daily and loves his daily buggy rides. When he is lying on his stomach, he can by straightening his strong arms raise himself up to a "stoop-falling" position. Also, from a side position he can roll himself to a back or face down position.

As for casualties---he has fulfilled conditions necessary to receive the purple heart. His wound was slight, but definitely real--the result of Christians observing the ancient Jewish religious rite with newborn boys. It took only a few minutes to do the job while we had him at the hospital for the examination. The father was called to the operating room to observe the dressing--Little Jim was lying so still--only an occasional whimper from him. Three nurses attended, one keeping him busy and distracted with a gauze saturated with sugar and water, one assisting the doctor, and one being on hand if needed. Little Jim was covered with a nice white cloth with only his head and operation area exposed. Father remarked on how brave and still he seemed to be. Father was quite proud that Little Jim was so cooperative; so he beamed. The doctor smiled understandingly with his Scotch manner and told me he had no other choices. Then he showed how well-tied (literally) down to a special board Little Jim was. Nevertheless Father was proud. Since the wound we have been on the

alert for possible complications, but all has gone according to plans. The first time he voided caused quite a considerable reaction on his part, but since then he is completely unaware that he has been clipped.

As for prisoners---Little Jim's personality is overwhelming. He captures all who come within his area. He needs no weapon other than his big blue eyes and charming coo.

So far Little Jim has not had the pleasure of meeting many of his own kith and kin. Anelle, his cousin from down Mississippi way, has come to spend the summer with him. He is pleased and hopes that her coming is only the harbinger of visits from other relatives.

Following the closing of the Primary Flight Training Program at Wold-Chamberlain Field in the fall of 1944, I was transferred to the Naval Air Station in Norman, Oklahoma. Housing was extremely scarce. The population of the town had been increased three times over pre-war days, as a result of the two major Naval bases being located there.

As a stop-gap measure, we found a small apartment for rent at 215 Eufaula Street. But to have adequate housing we had to find a house for sale. We had an eighteen-month old baby and needed more room. So did hundreds of other military families!

I went home one evening, just after buying the evening paper. I sat down for dinner with Tah and said, "We had better look at the 'For Sale' ads for houses--just in case. Ooops! There's one for sale. Hold dinner while I go buy it." Which is exactly what I did.

It was at 316 North Base Street. It had a roof and doors and windows, two bedrooms and was for sale! Also, there were three other people at the door waiting to buy the house, if I did not buy it. We were lucky--we got a home. It had no refrigerator, but it did have a stove.

The Flacks of Norman come out of their hibernation to greet one and all again. Of late we have reveled in various amenities of life in Norman--there was a time when that statement reeked of contradictory odors. "Life in Norman" does wear a new cloak as viewed from 316 North Base Street; and therein lies the tale of our recent hibernation.

We have a corner lot, with a spacious lawn fore and aft. We used the cratings from our furniture to build a fence around a part of the after lawn to hem in Little Jim. There we built a sandbox, filled with sand which we dug out of the Canadian River for him; there's a nice concrete slab back there for him to roll cans on; the grass is cut short for him; all sorts of animals roam the alley next to his lot--dogs, mother hens with chicks, the garbage man, little boys playing cops and robbers, etc.; neighbors and their children come and go along the street closeby; in other words, a thousand intriguing incidents occur hourly--BUT, where do you suppose the little man prefers to play--in the dirty garage! The only place which should be forbidden. So we had to be very firm with him--you know you can't afford to let children always have their way--"Spare the rod and spoil the child"--"Build character by giving a pat on the back often enough, hard enough, and low enough"--with all those warnings in mind, and really with Little Jim's future in mind, we decided to be tough. So the lord of the manor spent most of his short leave slaving in the garage to clean it up! Now the Little Man has a swing in the garage, which he delights in. When he awakes in the morning, the first thing he wants to do--after breakfast--is swing. He swings with a big "Wheeeeeeeeeee" and pats his hands in approval when the swing slows down and he has the courage to let go the ropes (pardon--I should say lines). After a good swinging, he likes to go to the garden hose which we keep uncoiled for his ready pleasure. Stripped to his toenails, he amuses himself and the whole neighborhood trying to control the stream of water--especially when his papa has hold of the hose.

Little Jim has a playmate named Cookie, a 10-month old cocker spaniel, a shade lighter in color than Penny. Cookie belongs to my secretary, who had no place to keep the dog; so Cookie has come to live with us. Cookie and Little Jim slowly came to understand each other; both eat off Little Jim's table and out of Cookie's dish, Cookie dashing to the fore when a crumb falls or Little Jim hangs his foody hands over the side; and Little Jim brazenly retræving dog biscuits from Cookie's dish when no one's looking. Their greatest mutual pleasure comes when Mummy has finished feeding Little Jim and reaches for the box of Puppy biscuits. He squeals with joy because he loves to feed Cookie. Cookie is very patient and gentle with him, taking each biscuit from his hand with the finesse of a florist, and patiently licking his

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hand when he tries to fool her with a blank. When Little Jim affectionately pats Cookie on the head, she's practically laid up with a concussion; yet Cookie wags her tail and licks his cheek. Little Jim is learning that he is not to take bones from Cookie--naturally she resents that and growls. Little Jim is normally very generous; he likes to have others share whatever he has--Cookie is ready and willing. The other day Tah was cleaning celery, when Little Jim snatched a stalk, whereupon Cookie grabbed the other end. Quite a tussle ensued over something that neither wanted.

We should like for all of you occasionally to open your newspapers to the sports section. In all likelihood blazing headlines will greet you; odds are that the name of Dave "Boo" Ferriss will be in them. Ferriss was our best man at the wedding, is recently discharged from the Army with chronic asthma, and is now the sensation of the year in baseball with the Boston Red Sox. To most of you this would seem a small achievement; but I must tell you that Boo has reached the goal which he set his heart on when I first knew him as a little tow-headed kid. He is the kind of fellow who could have gone to the top in almost anything he chose to do. If some of you in New York have an afternoon off when the Red Sox are in town to play the Yankees, Boo would be thrilled to have you come to see them play. He is the hero worshipper become hero, really a true American story "from rags to riches".

J.M.F.

P.S. About the middle of November a second heir to The Flack Family fortunes (?) is expected. It is busily preparing itself for the event, its vigor indicating that it's another boy. It's expected on November 16 at 5:45 a.m.

Fourth Anniversary

30 August 1945

My Darling Princess,

Today we have been married four years! They have been wonderful years, haven't they? Thanks to you, to Little Jim, and to the little fellow who's coming soon, I have come to know the meaning of family love and how greatly it enters a person's life. This is brought home to me particularly on the eve of my first move towards reorientation into civilian life. Here for the past few years we have been living a regimented life made so very necessary by war, a life which could hardly be called our own. We have had to reserve all our planning to the narrow span of six to eight months and often all of the planning had to take place on short notice. It has been a rare occasion when we had more than 48 hours time to pack and be on our way and then the travel time was so restricted that it was rush, rush, rush all the way. Throughout it all we have managed to have exceptional happiness together and have begun to expand in a natural way even though in an unnatural environment. During these difficult conditions, darling, I have often stopped and silently saluted you as the most nearly perfect mate a man could choose. You have helped me to make decisions which I should not have followed out without full concurrence on your part. You have charged my very life with a confidence that I thoroly needed. When I have needed restraining--and that I must admit has been frequent--you have been very patient and clever; it takes both to direct my bull-headedness sometimes. I am apt to become overly exuberant when discoursing on the present topic, but it's truthful and the most sincere exuberance possible.

There's one major thing I want to say--I feel that I have you and the rest of my little family squarely behind me and no more can I ask. For that kind of support it's hardly enough for me to offer all my love and the fullest of my efforts to you with the wish that we can always keep our family intact and devoted.

I love you and I suspect that I am the proudest papa ever. Little Jim is awfully nice.

Jim

III. When the War Is Over

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The war ended in 1945, while I was in training at Quonset Point, R.I., to be a Naval Air Combat Intelligence Officer. Orders were being prepared for me to fly cover and rescue for the planned United States invasion of Japan. The dropping of atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki quickly brought the war to an end.

After the war ended, while we were still at Quonset Point, the courses in war intelligence were converted to courses in liberal arts, the civilian specialties of the instructors at the Naval Air Combat Intelligence school. Dean Mendell of Yale University was the head of the school and his military intelligence course became a course in Greek Drama. Bill Saltonstall who was the Headmaster of Exeter Academy switched his course from Submarine Detection by Sonar to American History, his civilian specialty. And so on. We thoroughly enjoyed the last days at Quonset Point.

"Manhattan Cider" reflects the final days at Quonset Point.

Manhattan Cider

The declining days of the Naval Air Combat Intelligence School at Quonset Point, R.I., were anomalous ones. Atomic gimmicks which flattened Hiroshima and Nagasaki to end the war made our training curricula passe' overnight. Like most other people we poked in the remains of an atom-split world in search of some remnant of solid foundation from which to operate. While awaiting guidance from Washington, the school staff, handpicked from university rosters, voted with official sanction to jettison obsolete courses and offer in their places something thoroughly inoculated against time and Ares.

The standard schedule for several years was comprised of things like Maps and Photographs, Ship and Plane Recognition, Aerial Tactics, Close Air Support, and Orders of Battle. This was shelved in favor of such stable courses as Paintings of the Masters, The Tales of Chaucer, Readings in Literature, and Modern Housing. The Dean himself (we fittingly called him that instead of Commander - in civilian life he was Dean Mendel of Yale University) transformed The Geography of Japan into The Plays of Aeschylus, an abrupt transition but in keeping with the times.

The nights at Quonset were no less anomalous than the days. Evenings of poring over plotted positions of enemy artillery gave way to penny-ante poker. Practice briefing sessions converted smoothly to horny bull-sessions. "K. I. Muster" (Kingswood Inn) supplanted library study. Taps and reveille were interchangeable, each a mere entry in the log.

That was one thing that remained constant at Quonset, the log. George Vail saw to that. In the role of permanent Duty Officer and School Administrator, he admonished each

on-coming student duty officer to attend the rituals of the muster and the log "with utter veneration and importunate industry, even to the last echo of the last echo or prepare to suffer a fate worse than a fate worse than a fate!"

George was a good man to have in charge those days. He had a sense of humor and saw clearly through disruptions where others saw darkly. For hobbies he painted surrealistic canvases and played an accordion. To keep the penny-ante games reasonably quiet and under control, he joined them. His nerves were seasoned and attuned to the capricious young through long semesters of working with college students. When conditions became either too exasperating or too quiet, George played on his old white accordion.

On an exceptionally quiet evening, I had the duty in his office. Most of the gang were out on their last fling at Quonset. George stood with one foot in his chair and his accordion strapped to his chest playing Santa Lucia. On the desk before him was a list of fifty ballads, his complete repertoire.

"Hope you're in a musical mood", he said to me. "I'm going to play every one of these if it takes 'til midnight. Sing along if you like."

We played and sang through Bell Bottom Trousers (the unexpurgated edition), When the War is Over, Roll Me Over, I wanted Wings Till I Got Those Goddam Things, Lily Marlene, and so on. Number twenty-five was something about a sour apple tree, which got me to thinking about Connecticut, Bear Hill Road, and Robbie Rollins.

"Did you ever happen to run across a farmer named Rollins out your way?" I asked George, knowing that he lived in Bethany.

"I'll say!" George exclaimed as though he knew him quite well. "I'm sort of a judge advocate back home and Mr. Rollins became a regular customer of ours before I left."

It seems that since I had seen Robbie he had been hauled into court on charges varying from spiking dairy milk to refusing to pay local taxes with which he disagreed in good Thoreauian style. It never occurred to me that he was that kind of person. But that was four years earlier when I knew him on short weekend visits with Ken and Helen Loeffler. Ken was the basketball coach at Yale.

Ken told me the story of Robbie, whose place adjoined his own fifteen acres. Robbie was the real thing, not the gentleman farmer of Connecticut. His farm has been in the family for generations on end, seldomly varying in its produce until it came to Robbie, who found it too much work for one man to run the entire farm. He reduced it to a small dairy affair, maintaining only as much land as needed to pasture thirty-five cows and to grow an apple orchard to fill his cider jugs.

The incredible thing about Robbie was that he lived a primitive existence in what a good many people would call the center of civilized culture. He was the last living member of the Rollins family, and he had lived alone in the collapsing old farmhouse of his forefathers since his brother died some twenty-odd years ago. Though he lived only eight miles from New Haven, he had never seen a movie or a football game. He had never owned a radio or ridden on a trolley, bus, or train. Robbie had never courted the opposite sex, so he said, nor had he ever traveled more than ten miles from his place on Bear Hill Road.

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He did own a motor vehicle, an early '20 version of the Model-T Ford truck, left to him by his brother. Robbie kept it in repair with parts ordered from Sears. The only time the old truck turned its wheels was to fetch milk up to the cross-roads. Everything Robbie used, parts, clothes, food and drink, came from The Cross-Roads Grocery, his garden or apple orchard, or from Sears.

Until Ken and Helen bought the summer cottage at the end of the lane and began converting it to a year-round house, Robbie had no neighbors close by. The former owners of the cottage never lived there even in the summers, except on occasional wild weekends; Robbie did not know their names.

When Ken first stopped by to say "Hello" it was primarily to ask how far he would have to drill to get a good flow of water. To the question Robbie could answer only vaguely, "A right smart distance." To the "Hello", however, he responded quite concretely the next day by delivering a bushel of spuds to Ken's front porch. He parked them against the wall and, like a postman, knocked once before hurrying on his way. Ken opened the door in time to call him back to have a Manhattan, which he bashfully accepted but tossed off with unexpected alacrity, commenting, "That's mighty fine cider ya got there neighbor!" He emphasized the compliment with a wink and a ratchet of his head. His voice might have originated the phrase, "That ain't the way I heered it!"

On successive days Robbie returned, bearing gifts from the farm - kindling for the fire, eggs, cream and butter for the larder - each time coyly awaiting the offer of a drink. Ken, who was kept busy mixing Manhattans fast enough to stay

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ahead of Robbie, feared that he was teaching his neighbor bad habits. But when he drank along with him the second day, he found that the old fellow was either immune to alcohol or already habituated to drink.

One evening I took a movie projector along to Ken's house. We planned to run several reels of a recent football game and of the water carnival of the previous year. Ken invited Robbie to see his first movie. He showed up wearing clean overalls and freshly combed hair for the occasion.

Throughout the first reel Robbie blinked in astonishment. The football made little sense to him, but he knew that something wonderful was happening on the screen on the wall. When we came to the swimming events, he comprehended what was going on because he had seen the city folk on weekends swimming in the brook down in the meadow. In the middle of one of the races, I deftly flicked the "Reverse" switch on the projector and the swimmers churned their way backwards through the water. I watched Robbie's face, expecting to see it blanketed with bewilderment. But he took it in his stride; that is, he was composed until the mermen leaped backwards all together from the water into their starting positions. Robbie jumped from his seat, spilling the remains of the "cider" onto the hearth, and exclaimed, "H-H-How do them fellers do that?"

We carefully explained the ruse which had been pulled on him and continued with the show. When it was all over, Robbie 'lowed as how he might go to one of them there movie houses in Seymour next week.

The house became crowded with couples of the younger set who dropped in for a drink before convening at the Poli Plaza

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for a bigger evening. Robbie sat stolidly where he first parked upon arrival, drinking his "cider" and devouring with seamy eyes the fair young girls as they floated about the room. It wasn't long before his chin was bobbing toward his chest. It was well past his bedtime, but he apparently had no intention of going to bed. He was still awake enough to take a drink from the tray as it was passed. Seemingly to make sure that he didn't spill any more of that "mighty fine cider" he drank each one with a single gulp and a smack of his thin lips.

Thinking that he might be lonesome, I edged in beside him on the couch and engaged him in conversation.

"Having a good time?"

"Yep."

"Pretty girls here tonight, aren't there?"

"Right purty."

"Ken tells me you have a dairy."

"Yep. Thutty-five cows."

"Use electric milkers?"

"Nope. 'Lectricity's dangerous."

"It must take a good part of the day to milk."

"Kin milk and strip 'em all in a ehrer and a half!"

"You mean to say you can milk thirty-five cows so quickly by hand? How do you do it?"

"Tain't hard. Start at four in the morning."

Being a bit skeptical of the story about his narrow range of travels, I asked him, "Get down to New Haven often?"

"Nope", he replied. "Was on the way oncet".

"What happened?"

"Got out t' the main road. Stopped and waitin' at the sign. Cars a comin' by s' thick 'n fast nivver got a chancet t' git on

the road. Gol-durn younguns! Drive splittin' down the road
feefy mile a ehrer!"

Perhaps Ken was right.

"You need a drink," I suggested.

"Yep", he was in complete agreement.

Robbie soon decided to go. He arose unsteadily and wobbled off to the kitchen to tell Ken he would be over the next day to plow his garden. The last time I saw Robbie he was reeling between the two stone fences which channeled the lane from Ken's house to his. Later that night I chanced to sit where Robbie had spent the evening. I decided that he should wear rubber pants to drinking parties.

George was pretty well along with his list of songs when it came time for taps. I joined him in singing "Goodnight, Ladies" over the squawk box to an empty barracks. I made the standard entry into the log, "Announced lights out. Quiet is being maintained throughout the school." After putting the fountain pen down, I asked George, "Is Robbie still out on Bear Hill alone?"

"No. He's dead", George told me as he folded his accordion away into its case. "Not long after Ken joined the Army and Helen closed the house, Mr. Rollins was found dead in his barn. Hardly recognizable. Pretty well messed up by the cows milling over him. Must have been lying there several days. Coroner declared it accidental death caused by his head striking a stone when he fell. There was a half-empty jug of liquor lying nearby him."

I suspect that Robbie learned to make cider the
Manhattan way.

James M. Flack
Millstone Road
Wilton, Conn.

Bert Teague, the former Chairman of the Board of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey (now EXXON), had a lot to do with starting my business career, even though he never met nor heard of me. I never met him either. I knew about him and his company through a fellow naval officer. It was during those last days at Quonset Point that my fellow officer from Standard Oil of New Jersey sang the praises of his Company to which he planned to return as soon as he acquired enough points to be discharged. My interest at that time was only casual because I really was thinking of reentering the academic world. My general plan was to go back to Yale and pursue graduate study for a Ph.D. which would probably land me in a professional career in philosophy or in educational administration. After all, that is what I had gone to Yale for in the first place, to become qualified to become the head of a prep school or a college.

So, when I got out of the Navy in September, 1945, Tah and I moved our then small family into a rented country house in the town of Wilton, Connecticut, some 35 miles from New Haven and 10 miles from Danbury. Our Jimmy was then nearly one and a half years old. He had already lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Norman, Oklahoma and Mount Vernon, New York. Tah was seven months pregnant with Karen; it was therefore of some importance that we settle into a home somewhere, make the acquaintance of a doctor and a pediatrician, and make arrangements for a hospital. And, it behooved me to get started in some kind of endeavor which would not only qualify me for a future career but would also provide some means of supporting a growing family.

My interviews in relation to reentering Yale had gone quite well, with one exception. To reenter I found that I would have to take comprehensive examinations covering the broad spectrum of liberal arts. They had dreamed this procedure up while I was away at war. Nevertheless, after two gruelling days of scratching a rusty memory, I got by this hurdle.

Professor Ralph Woodward had told me that the Presidency of Piedmont College in Georgia would be open to me in a couple of years if I obtained the Ph.D. Mr. Lovell, Headmaster of The Hopkins Grammar School, offered me a full-time teaching and coaching job, assuring a flexible schedule to accommodate the courses I needed to take downtown. He had also asked me if it would be all right for him to designate me as his back-up and possible successor as Headmaster. To this I assented, pointing out to him that I could not commit but would appreciate having the option to consider the offer after graduate school.

The G.I. Bill of Rights was agreeable to paying all tuition charges. The salary from Hopkins would cover living and growing costs.

Before committing to the whole New Haven proposition, I felt that I owed it to my family and to myself to explore whether a career in industry was feasible. After all, the academic life was notably a hard way to make a meager living, however attractive the environment was, and however seductive the working and vacation schedules were.

I took off one day and went to New York to explore what my Navy friend had said about Standard Oil. How does one go about exploring that strange and new world? I decided that the only common sense way was to go to see the boss of the

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company for which one wants to work. So I looked up the address of the company - 30 Rockefeller Plaza, and the boss's name, Bert Teague, Chairman of the Board. I took an elevator to one of the higher floors. And, in full-dress Lt. Commander's Uniform with Navy aviator's wings, as I walked along the hall looking for Mr. Teague, I met a young man not much older than I. As he stepped out of an office door, he said, "Hello. Can I help you?"

I pulled up short in my search and said, "Yes. I'm looking for Mr. Teague, the Chairman. Could you show me where his office is?"

He replied, "I am Bert Teague, the son of the Chairman. Perhaps I can help you. Won't you come in?"

I followed him into his office. He explained that he worked for the Company in Aruba and was up for a visit. I told him that I was considering changing directions in the post-war world and wanted to talk to Mr. Teague about going to work for Standard Oil. He said that his father was not in that day but he knew that the company was looking for management trainees. After a pleasant half-hour chat during which he wanted to know about my experiences in the Navy, he telephoned the personnel officer in charge of Esso's office at 26 Broadway and made an appointment for me that afternoon.

From then on, everywhere I went it was known that I was sent by Mr. Teague. It wasn't until several months later that I fully realized the significance of the auspices under which I travelled around the corridors of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

I was offered a job as a management trainee with Standard Oil, after three days of interviewing at 30 Rockefeller

Plaza, 26 Broadway, and the Bayway Refinery in Linden, N.J. Then came the agonizing which I faced--deciding between the academic route in New Haven and the industrial career starting with Standard Oil. Tah and I tried to evaluate the advantages and disadvantages of both alternatives.

The academic route was familiar. The offer of becoming the president of a college had strong appeal. The industrial route was completely strange to me.

I could commute from Wilton to study and work in New Haven. We would have to move to New Jersey if I chose to work at the Bayway Refinery. If I did not pursue the educational route right away, I'd probably never come back to it. On the other hand, I could probably elect to go industrial at some later date.

We decided to turn down Standard Oil and go the academic route.

I commuted daily from Wilton to New Haven, leaving early in the morning and returning late at night--often. My courses at Yale were a full-time graduate load. My teaching and coaching at Hopkins were also a full-time affair.