

at Colby. He and Lil loved to drive along the coast and wander through the coastal towns. They kept a kosher house so that visitors could be comfortable, but they enjoyed lobster and other shell fish just as most Mainers do.

Maine Shoe Output Up 59% in Month of June 1940; Silk Stockings Soar in Augusta Stores and the U.S. had not entered the war yet! Business began to improve for the Augusta News Company about this time too.

English Refugees at Wayne Summer Home-Rationing Imminent; Roosevelt Wants the Power to Fix Prices, Halt Inflation; U.S. May Be Drawn Into Conflict If Japan Moves to South Pacific, screamed the headlines.

Of course, the U.S. was drawn into the war and the publishing business suffered from a shortage of paper. This ill wind blew some good into the Sussman life. Their workoad was

cut because they sold everything they could get - no more cutting of headlines from returned papers and magazines. But the advent of radio was the ill wind that blew into the news business. Several years after the war, people began to read again. The cheap paperbacks filled the vacuum.

By April 1, 1950, the state GOP (Republican Party) issued a call for a new tax base to end the property levy and the U.S. House of Representatives had passed a three billion dollar foreign aid bill.

Senator Joseph McCarthy was in full swing accusing Owen Lattimore of being Russia's top spy. Story after story quoted McCarthy in the early 50's. An editorial in 1940 was sure that intolerance was mostly in the new immigrants. "We have native born intolerance to be sure, but largely it's a

racket to make big profits out of a hood and night-shirt trade. This intolerance is largely educated out of second and third generations of alien blood." This notwithstanding, Suss plunged into anti-defamation work for B'nai B'rith.

In that same April 1, 1950 issue was a familiar story - Egypt Official Calls for Israel Peace Confab. Ismail Sedky Pasha took sharp issue with the present Arab policy of maintaining an armed truce. He approved recognition of Israel since the United Nations recognizes Israel. He was premier of Egypt until 1946 when he was forced to resign. (At least he was not assassinated.)

Mrs. Sam Slosberg (wife of one of the first lawyers in the Slosberg family - cousin to Howard Slosberg) and Mrs. George Standish were co-chairmen of the American Cancer Fund.

The Maine National Guard felt the "wages of peace were heavy". Other headlines revealed radical changes: Truman Asks Bigger Jobless Benefits for Longer Time; Kennebec County supported more business in proportion to its size according to the Chamber of Commerce.

Ten years later, the Kennebec Journal featured Sumner T. Bernstein (third generation Jewish lawyer in Portland) as keynote speaker to Young Republicans on the topic, "Cannot Escape Bus Issue", Tiros, the first known weather satellite was sent aloft; two Democrats pledged nuclear ban extension-Senator John F. Kennedy if elected would continue any moratorium on underground nuclear testing.

Helen C. Cushman (widow of Erskine Caldwell, author of Tobacco Road) had an

amusing column - Fishing Comes First. This reinforced Lil's first impression of Maine - nothing interferes with hunting and fishing.

## JULIUS SUSSMAN

### Growing Up in New England

#### From Massachusetts to Maine

My mother was Mary Zase Sussman, my father was Samuel Sussman, as a matter of fact, his name was Abramsky. How he arrived in Buffalo, N.Y., I will never have any idea. He went to work in a shoe factory. The foreman said, "What's your name?" My dad couldn't talk any English, he told him, "Abramsky". How do you spell it?" My dad shrugged his shoulders. He didn't know what the man said. So he says, "You're a gareenhorn, I'll call you "Green". My dad went with the name of "Green" some twenty years after that.<sup>1</sup>

I graduated from grammar school with

the name "Green". I've changed that name "Green" to my middle name.

I think he came in 1891 because he told many times how he made \$5.00 on the Corbett-Sullivan fight. He didn't know what he was betting on, but he made it. He was an actor, a little of everything. He got to Cincinnati when he was stuck on the road. My mother thought he had a family in Kansas, Missouri, somewhere. He never told me and I never verified the story. He met my mother in Cincinnati. They were married by Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise (German rabbi who was founder of the Reform Jewish Movement in America). I don't know if my mother was a member of his congregation. It took me 75 years to learn that I was not born in Cincinnati. I was born across the river in Covington, Kentucky. I don't know Cincinnati at all, I've never been

back. I was the oldest - born April 11, 1895. I had a brother a year and half younger. He passed away. I had a sister five years younger and she is still living. There was a sister six and a half years younger and she passed away during WWI. I was in the service at that time. I had a kid brother 15 years younger and he died five years ago.

We all had a history of bad hearts. My dad died about 25 years ago. He worked Friday and died. He was a shamus (caretaker) in a synagogue in Lynn, Massachusetts. He came to Lynn when I was a baby because my father had a sister, brother-in-law and nieces and nephews there. He was a good laster, one of the best lasters in the shoe trade in New England. A laster pulls the upper over the last and tacks it down to get ready to put the sole on. You have to be very careful and very fast and know

your material. If you take a calf skin you won't risk much by pulling it over hard, but a visite kid, you pull it over too much and you're going to break the leather. You have to be adept and know the elasticity of all the leathers. I know because I was in the shoe business for awhile myself in Lynn. My father engineered this deal. I was teaching school in Waterville and was through in June. There was a local girl who graduated Colby and she was given a preference over me. I was teaching the high school three years, but I didn't mind. I taught geometry which is my favorite subject; biology which I didn't know at all; ancient history which I could read faster than the kids and anything that nobody else wanted to teach. I had a lot of fun teaching - it was the most enjoyable work I ever did. Music and school. My first job

teaching was in Columbia, not Columbia University - Columbia, Connecticut, a one-room school house - about 30-40 kids. The superintendent told me on the way over in his wagon, " I don't care a damn if you don't teach them a thing. You're the third teacher this fall - they've driven out the other two."<sup>2</sup>

I went there for the month of December and I stayed there for the month of December. I had all grades - 1-8- all subjects - a pot-belly stove - one of the kids brought in the wood and lit the fire. I lived with a farmer 100 yards from school, an older man.

I went to the Talmud Torah-Hebrew School several years in Lynn. We had all kinds of rabbis - some good - some not so good. I was fast in those days too. Some of the rabbis didn't have any compunction about slapping the kids. When he went to smack me,

I went out of the window. Well, I didn't go back to that rabbi, but I enjoyed Hebrew School too. I had an inclination to the rabbinate at one time, but I wasn't qualified to even start. I passed that up.

I was Bar Mitzvah'd,<sup>3</sup> I had a fine Bar Mitzvah in Lynn. I have the prayer book yet that was given to me then. I had to give the broches - the blessings - I didn't know too much - I still don't know too much. It was a nice affair just before I was 13. That ended my religious training. I was singing in a choir for the High Holidays as a boy soprano then. That didn't pan out very well because I didn't stay the whole time.

When I was 14 I began to work.<sup>4</sup> I graduated from grammar school and I had my choice. You want to study violin or go to high school. You want to go to high school

fine. You want to study violin, you go to work to pay for your own lessons. I had started violin lessons when I was eight. I worked in Lynn. My first job paid \$3.00 per week. I worked weekdays and Saturday nights for a clothing place. They had two stores and I was running back and forth between the two stores. I enjoyed it - I've always enjoyed everything I did.

I practiced when I came home from work. I took lessons for a couple of years. After two years in the clothing store, I resigned when my uncle got me a job in Boston, in a wholesale house where he worked.

I lived with my uncle and grandparents who were Orthodox. I had to be on my toes because before that I did not pay too much attention. The house was kosher but my stomach wasn't. They were my mother's

parents. They were long-lived people - my grandmother lived to be 90 or so, my grandfather 70 or more.

My father came alone. He had been in the Russian army and when his father died they would not let him go to his funeral - he took French leave and went to England where he stayed a few months and then came to America. How he arrived in Buffalo I don't know unless he came to Canada first and then crossed into Buffalo. That's only a surmise.

My parents came to Lynn, Massachusetts, because my dad thought he'd have better prospects there. His sister and brother-in-law were there. When I was 17 we moved to Dover, New Hampshire (after I graduated from grammar school) because my father's brother had a dye factory there. His name was Harry Sussman. It was Abramsky too but his first

name was Sussman. We also changed our name to Sussman because we were going to be near uncle.

I wanted to play in the high school orchestra. A piano player, Charlie Brown, an octoroon, took me to the principal and told him I wanted to go to high school. He lived on one side of the railroad tracks and I lived on the other side. We became acquainted. He had been ill and slept in a tent. I shared the tent with him. I slept in that tent one whole winter, after I had started high school. He was the pianist in the school orchestra. Dover was a small town about 12,000. There was only one violinist. He arranged for me to play in that orchestra. The violinist graduated in the last year. I had been out of school for three years. When he introduced me to the principal, he said, "This fellow wants

to go to school." I did want to go to school. The principal was no mean fellow. He took the time to come to talk to my dad. I entered high school with the promise that I could take enough courses to graduate in three years. In two years, (I did play) I completed three years work in two years. I had only one mark in high school - that was "A". After five weeks I caught up with the rest of them. I wasn't a lefthanded pitcher - I wasn't good either but I pitched. At the end of the second year - last day of school - I ran into my sub-master. He told me Colby had a program whereby if you could pass entrance exams, you could enter Colby without a high school diploma. He was a Colby grad, his wife was a Colby grad, and the principal and his wife were Colby alums - so I leaned toward Colby, although I knew nothing about it.

I had to take four years of English, I had no idea what was in the fourth year English and I had to pitch the next morning in Portsmouth. Fortunately, I was knocked out of the pitcher's box early. I was older than the kids, so when we lost the game I was not too upset. Between Sunday afternoon and Monday evening I played in two different churches, I had to have that religious help to get through. Sometimes I would get a couple of dollars. It didn't matter in those days whether I was paid or not. I was living at home. My dad had a dye house and I worked for my dad. I learned to become quite a presser. Monday I took the exam in four years of English; I wrote 20 pages. When I didn't know a question, I passed it and took one that looked similar. I passed that exam.

The next day I took the exam in three years math. The math teacher was the wife of the principal. Surprised to see me, she asked what I was doing there. When I said I came to take the math exam for Colby, she asked, "What do you know about the binomial theorem?" "Nothing, I never heard of it", I said. She looked at the clock, a quarter of nine, she said, "We have fifteen minutes, let's go to work. If you learn the binomial theorem you can multiply 8 plus to the seventh, eighth or 20th degree by using the formula." She told me she knew of no entrance exam that didn't have at least one question on the binomial theorem. I had no problem. I could have multiplied anyhow. But after I got home, I did check it by multiplication to see if the binomial theorem was right. It helped. I passed that exam easily too. I took two years

of French, two years of Latin and physiography exams. I did not pass the physiography - I never had it. During the summer I did four years of history - without a tutor - just read Greek, Roman, English and American history. Then I went to Colby for the exams. I did a third year of French and Latin and was ready for those exams. I went to Colby for a week. If I passed the tests I'd stay - if not, I'd return to high school for my senior year and graduate. Well, they accepted me at Colby. Taking that French exam, they had a new professor and I was the only one taking the exam. He walked around the room and would stop to look at my paper. He pointed out what was wrong and next time he looked he would say, "that's right". I passed that exam too.

I passed the Greek, Roman, and English exams. I didn't pass the American History

exam. The professor was the American History teacher. Nobody passed that one. He could ask so many questions that nobody could answer. Some of his college seniors couldn't pass.

At the end of the first year, I was straight "A" except for English. For English, we had a young fellow from Harvard that year who would not give an "A" to anybody. I missed Freshman Prize on account of that "B". It wouldn't have made any difference anyhow.

The first day at Colby, I went looking for Jews. Rabbi Gabriel Shochet, the son of Rabbi Shochet in Portland, was the town rabbi then. He beat me out for first prize in German. He was a brilliant fellow. He became a doctor later and lived in Boston. During that time Ann Lipman's (Mrs. Frank Lipman)

father, Mr. Norkin, was the Hebrew teacher there.

In the first year I shared a room with three other boys on Taconic Street on the other end of the Jewish section of Waterville. We had two rooms - a bedroom and a living room. The landlord was Murray. That first year was rough going. There was a restaurant called the "Dead Rat" where you could get a good meal for a quarter. Across from the campus was the depot of the railroad station and the restaurant was beside the station. At that time you could get a satisfying meal for a quarter at noon-time. I managed to scrape up a quarter most days to buy dinner. Mornings and evenings I lived on corn flakes, milk, Karo syrup, and bread.

After a while I became a little more affluent, I lived in the dormitory in my

second, third, and fourth years. After two years I stayed out a year; I didn't have any money.

The year I stayed out, I worked for the General Electric Company in Lynn.

I started taking the liberal arts course. When I came back for my third year we were at war and the government wanted chemists. I changed my course - I had one year in chemistry. I took all the chemistry courses - nine courses at Colby and I had "A's" in every course but chemistry. I couldn't get an "A" in chemistry to save my neck. I was doing a lot of playing in orchestras in my third and fourth years. I was pretty well-known by that time. I played in orchestras - like the Tinker Orchestra - a well-known New England Orchestra. I played with Rudy Vallee when he was growing up. He

couldn't sing in those days anymore than he could later but he was a good saxophone player. He was at University of Maine, but he came down to play with us. I talked with him many years later at a time we had at Capital Park in Augusta. He had no recollection of it. In my third and fourth years I was quite affluent - I played violin a lot. I ate at the boarding house run by a senior. When I had no money he trusted me. I met him years later. He remembered I paid him everything I owed. I always tried to pay my bills.

I enlisted in the service on May 31, 1918. Six of us enlisted together in the Navy. All summer I played in this orchestra in Island Park. Island Park doesn't mean anything today but that's on the road to Winthrop at East Winthrop. Toward the middle of August we played one-night stands all the

way to Aroostock. I was advertised in those days as the whirlwind violinist. I used to dance and play at the same time. We stayed at Eagle Lake and then we went north.

By September 1 - we were playing in West Sullivan (that's near Bar Harbor) and we disbanded there because the other fellows were going into the service too.

I came back to Waterville and got in touch with the other fellows. We wrote to Boston asking for active duty orders. Boston answered quickly sending transportation-uniformed us and sent us back to Colby to train with the army. We had a navy unit of six men training with the army. It was alright - I was hardly adept for the role of soldier or for that of sailor, for that matter. I saw one fellow leading a platoon who couldn't tell them to halt before they ran

into a building - at least I could do that. It took me seven hours to clean my gun when they issued it to me right out of grease. I was the last one in and the first one out in WW I. I was discharged December 13, 1918, from the Navy. I was dressed in a Navy uniform directing an Army orchestra. That was the first year of the flu epidemic. We lost four boys at Colby during that time. I had nothing much to do so I helped to lug them in and to lug them out. I didn't get the flu until a year later.

I graduated in 1919. We received our diplomas after we marched down to the Baptist Church. Someone asked me why I had such a big grin on my face. I said, "If you'd gone through what I went through in the last four years, you'd have a grin on your face too." It was the end of an era.

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*Bigotry in Maine arose in small vermin spiders from unexpected corners even in clean houses like Colby College. Recent honorees, however, were Black artists and Jewish writers who illuminated the corners to expose any bigotry that might lurk there.*

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## HOW THE FRATERNITY WAS STARTED

I started the fraternity for Jewish boys, we called it the Gamma Phi Epsilon at that time. The boys joined national and became Tau Delta Phi. I organized it in 1919. In my senior year my room-mate was a Zeta Psi. He brought my name up for membership. One night he came back from a fraternity meeting and he was boiling. He was a ball player.

"Your name was brought up and one of the boys said, 'There won't be a damn Jew in this fraternity as long as I'm here.'" That's when I decided to organize my own fraternity.

I didn't mind not being a fraternity member. There were three of us in the senior class who were not fraternity members. We controlled the election; we named the class president; I became the secretary. I was the only Jew in my class but there were about 15 or 20 throughout the school. I went up to my 62nd reunion a few weeks ago and Louis Levine (of Levine's clothing store in Waterville) was there - Class '21 - so I became an honorary member of the Class of '21 after joining his cocktail party. All this is extra-curricular.

We had about 10 to 15 to join the fraternity. In fact, Barney Lipman of Lipman Poultry was president years later. He was

class of 1931. We were living in Lowell when the fraternity had their dance at the Statler in Boston that year. Lil (wife) and I were invited as chaperones at the Tau Delta Phi Dance.

I drove her to Boston and had a flat tire. I had to change a tire with a tux on.

## Prexy Roberts Visits a Dropout

I worked at the Balsams (immense resort in Dixville Notch, New Hampshire) between my junior and senior years. I was a clerk in the tin shop in General Electric in Lynn, the year 1916 I was out, for \$12.00 a week. I came back to Colby in the Spring. I worked at the Balsams for the second time, as head dishwasher. My brother was a printer up there. He became a printer instead of going to high school. I went up the first time as a pot walloper. That means washing and wiping pans. The second time I was head dishwasher in the main dining room, but there I had one of the most interesting experiences of my life. I was working my way through Colby. I was a good dishwasher too. We had 400 racks to put through the machines every four hours. I handled 8000 dishes in two hours, Being the

head meant you worked the hardest. One day one of the waitresses came into the kitchen, she said, "There's an old buck in the dining room asking for you." "You tell that old buck he'll have to do one of two things - either wait until I get through or come into the kitchen to see me."

She went back and told him that. Five minutes later she came back into the kitchen with the "old buck" following her. It was the president of Colby College! He knew I was there and he came over to see me. Prexy Jeremiah Roberts - was a great man. I took a course in psychology with him. "I corrected the papers and threw them up the stairs. The ones that landed at the top got an "A", he used to say. He liked to kid. I played for Mrs. Roberts a number of times during my college course for her parties. I still like

to recall that incident, because how many times does a college president come to see one of his drop-outs?

## Love at First Sight - Suss Meets Lil

At 15 I was going to be the world's greatest violinist, I wasn't one hundreth, or a thousandth, but I had a marvelous time playing for 78 years. Nobody discouraged me, but I knew I was not the best when I did not have enough money to go on with lessons.

In 1914, I returned home from Colby for Christmas vacation. My folks had moved back to Lynn by that time. I came home to a new house, my cousins lived on the next street and we were very close. They were invited to a very swanky party to be held about a week after I arrived. They said, "We'd love to have you go. We're having a party at our house Sunday night and Lil is coming over." I said, "You introduce me to the girl and I'll take care of the rest." It happened that way. My wife was quite a debater in those days.

She was the first witch of Salem. She had finished high school and was working. She was almost 4 feet 11. I was 5 feet nine. Six miles separated us from Salem where Lil's coming out party was to be held. That was the start of a beautiful friendship.

Not long after that I had to go back to college. We corresponded. I had nothing to do but write letters and fiddle around a little bit, but we really corresponded in poetry. One quatrain makes a page. In April I returned for Spring vacation. I called just before Passover. I asked to come over. She said, "Yes!" I came over.

"We had gone on a favorite walk - close to the Salem Willows, where you had tennis, field hockey, swimming, a theater, band stand, concession stand, etc. When we came home Mama said to me, 'Is he going to stay for supper?'

I said, 'No!' The first time he came to the house? Dad had gone to services at the synagogue. Julius didn't go. Mother asked, 'What is he going to do?' I said, 'He'll go home.' Mother said to Julius, 'Will you stay for supper?' Julius accepted with alacrity. It bowled me over. There were several reasons. If my boy friends did not measure up to Jewish traditions, they didn't meet with my father's approval. You don't go out with that "shagitz" (a gentile). Even a Jewish boy who didn't meet father's requirements. I didn't go out with that boy friend any longer.

"My parents came from Poland. Mother from Grodna, father came from Muste. Papa was a purchaser of grain or lumber and met mother's father who was also in that business. That is how that union came about. They were married in Europe.

" I was reluctant about Julius staying lest he could not answer my father's questions then I'd have to take him off my list. We had many amusing incidents after that. Fortunately, when it came to the answering of the "cashes" (the four questions) of the seder (the Passover Service) he passed with flying colors. By the time the seder was over, the last car had gone."

I slept over with her brothers.

There were many incidents, living in a small town. I came so frequently that the conductor would stop in front of the house and clang the bell until I came out to tell him I was not coming. She lived right at the junction. After I took the trolley I had to transfer to the train, I'd call every time I came home for vacation. It cost me a fortune for telephone calls.

"As it happened, three of my boy friends all played violins. Either I or Pat (sister) played the piano for them. He was critical of the boyfriends. Certain sheets of music he didn't like if someone else gave them to me. Some of the boys were remotely related. Mama told me an uncle of mine played in an orchestra in Grodno - not a small town in Poland. My first cousin became a doctor, head of Hadassah Hospital in Palestine before it became Israel. Another one was a master mechanic and though he could not speak a word of English, he got a good job as soon as he came to America.

"The next morning I shooed him home. I decided that was enough. That's how it started."

I wanted to be a doctor but didn't have the wherewithal. As far as I know, there is

no member of my family who plays at all. My sister dabbled at the piano, but she couldn't play much. My cousin, Selig, the dentist, played the saxophone.

"Your cousin, Lillard, could play without a sheet of music. She never took a lesson."

She's my red-headed cousin. She was quite a gal too. She was the one who had the birthday party on the 19th of December.

We courted for five years.

"I had taken special courses. I was working for Papa in the coal, hay and grain business. We lived along a siding behind the barn in a cove. When we went swimming all we had to do was jump over the fence."

With all the nails and other substances to avoid.

"That didn't matter. That year he didn't go back to Colby, he spent half his salary calling me up and spent the rest taking me to a concert, and splurging on dinner. By the time he went back to school, he was no richer than when he started in the fall.

"I was fortunate to go to certain schools. I went to Boston University and Simmons College - where I was allowed to go to class even though it was for graduate students. I also went to Pace and Pace Business School. I've had some psychology and literature classes. I have a degree from Dr. Meyerson's course on the "Psychology of Understanding People." It was the most interesting and fruitful course in my entire life. He was connected with the mental institutions in Massachusetts. He was among the first people to give shock treatments.

"We used to go to Dover Point, a summer camp for adults, in New Hampshire near Maine. It was a nature spot of beauty. How my parents agreed to let me go, I'll never know. To this day, I rather marvel.

"We had seven children in our family keyn anore (touch wood) an eighth died when he was very young. I never knew about him.

"I have a brother in Columbus, Ohio. There were six at home, most of the time. Three brothers always made sure we had dates or they would take us to social affairs."

I was fortunate that Lil's family liked me and they all liked Lil in my family. Her brother, Henry, was in the fireworks business and we were together all night for the Fourth.

I'll tell you a little secret. I even slept with her before we were married. It was the Fourth of July - we had worked all night.

In the morning we went out to play tennis. Then we went back to a friend's house for lunch. By that time we were pretty well all-in. She laid down on the bed. I laid down and when I woke up - there she was beside me. I don't know how it happened. It was very embarrassing. Maybe I was sleep-walking.

We were never engaged.

"There were no ties. I went out with others. We had an unusual family. My brothers (all older) never took a girl out until they knew their sisters were escorted. My oldest brother took my sister Sara, my brother Mike took me."

I was Martha's (Pat) escort for her senior prom. I wasn't too keen.

I went to work in Wellesley for General Electric Company for eight or nine months. They did all the roofing in the tin shop where

I was the clerk. I could get time-off during the week if I worked Saturday and Sunday for time and a half. I worked many a weekend cleaning out the pipes and flues in the different buildings with the crew. I was a violin player and had to be careful of my hands but I was still able to clean chimneys.

"One afternoon in Boston, all that money would vanish in mid-air. He would call me to go somewhere. I'd tell him "no" I had reading to do or chores. He'd come down and read to me while I ironed or did other things. In that way, we read many books. I had the advantage of discussion as well."

When she went out collecting on bills, she had the horse and buggy for herself, I stayed home and played cards with her mother and father. I was in right with them. The older sister, Rose, was married before I came

on the scene. She was married to Sam Abramsky. Later I found out he was related to me. She had her own family and was living in Poughkeepsie, New York.

"My father relied on me and we had to keep the house in order. There was no help in Salem like we had in Lowell.

"My father and mother were married in Poland. My father came with my older sister, Rose, and was here for eleven months before my grandfather who was quite affluent sent my mother. He did not believe in long separations. Rose was spoiled by the servants because she was first. She resented the sister born after the boys. In fact my mother was also well educated in Hebrew. That was unusual for a girl at that time.

"When I was in high school, mother could remember her suffixes and prefixes in

Latin. She had gone to the Gymnasia in Europe.

"She was very liberal in her thinking.

"Dad would say 'No' if he thought it was not proper for us to go somewhere. But after he went to bed (early on Friday evenings) she would let us get dressed up and we went. But that always turned out badly. If she said we could go skating - that was the night you would turn your ankle!

"We couldn't dress up in evening gowns before Papa went to sleep. He would want to know if this was the only night - Friday night - that we could go out? We would say it was the night of the dance. Mother would cover up for us. Our brothers always spoke up for us too. If mother said, 'No', the boys would say, 'Oh!' Let the kids go! For that we would shine their boots practically."

When I came back from Colby in December in my third year, we knew. It was a hard job convincing her we were getting along alright.

"I majored in bookkeeping at Pace and Pace. I took my accounting courses and commercial law there. I wasn't content with that - I wanted the other. I preferred the liberal arts - the literature I got at Harvard. Dr. Baker's class was most unusual. He would read in a voice that would glow. He would stimulate you.

"I enjoyed it very much. It was hard because you had to work it in with other things. I was fortunate because I was working in Boston and could go right from work.

"My parents paid my tuition. When I was in high school, I took all my academic courses in my first and second year. When it came to my third year, I had to decide what I

was going to major in. I asked Papa and Mama what I should do. My father had had a little bit of a setback and developed cancer of the lip. I felt very bad about it.

"As a matter of fact, the surgery was perfect, but when I wanted to go on with the other academic courses, Papa said, 'No', I want you to take the courses that will qualify you to make your own living when you graduate. If and when that time comes and we can afford it, you will go to college, and if not, you will be able to stand on your own two feet.' That was awfully hard for me. In the third year, I took physics. In the senior year, I took chemistry so that I was certified to Wellesley where I wanted to go. It was only \$750.00 a year then, but we couldn't afford it."

By the time I went back to Colby for my third year, things were going better. I was pretty well-known by then. I had done a lot of playing. I was busy about every night in the week playing. Then the government was crying, "We need chemists", so I changed my course, I took all the chemistry they offered, all the physics and math they offered. I wanted to be a doctor but I couldn't take biology - I didn't have time. I did take French and German. I didn't take any economics and I should have. I should have known something about what I was going to do. But that didn't matter either. And after my adventure in history examinations I didn't want to take any more history.

We met in December 1916, and it was five years before we finally got married.

"I will remember Armistice Day. My sister, Sara, was married. We saw a little break-through. I had a brother Joe in France at the time. I couldn't read all his letters to my folks as I should have done. It wasn't easy living in the trenches. He had left a good business in Boston. He was drafted. Then my younger brother Saul enlisted in the Navy. He was in a convoy three years."

"Before he stepped on the boat, Joe was seasick!

"To this day the mere thought of the water makes him seasick. He said he would never complain about walking, but he wasn't home long before he had to have a car."

The Armistice was the only time I ever marched in a parade.

"I'll never forget the Armistice--there seemed to be a glow about the sun that

captivated my attention and my mind. The bells tolled - The Greek Orthodox church was right across the street - they tolled and tolled."

That summer of 1918 was quite a summer for me. I had enlisted in May 1918, and then I was playing with an orchestra in Island Park.<sup>5</sup> Island Park is between Augusta and Winthrop, it's beyond the golf course. I had a wonderful time. I don't dare tell all the details. We were playing. We probably did more drinking than we should, we had a lot of fun. I had enlisted, waiting for orders, so all barriers were down.

After August, the band leader decided we were going up to Aroostock.

I was in Colby when the Armistice came. The bells started to ring. There was a big celebration. I was the last one in and the

first one out and not unhappy about it. The Navy was put out with me when I said I was not going in for further training. I was in R.O.T.C. I was in the six man Navy unit. I would still get out to play any evening I could. I was making a little extra money on that deal. I was a few minutes late getting back one night after taps. The sergeant bawled me out. I told him to go to hell. But I caught a little hell myself. The lieutenant came in the next morning and bawled me out. He had a little quirk on one side of his face - he was trying to keep from laughing. He told me to go on K.P. (kitchen patrol) the next morning. When I reported to the kitchen, the civilian in charge told me to get the hell out of there. I wasn't long in going.

We had been kept on campus during the flu epidemic. We couldn't get off the campus

at all. We had permission after that to have a big dance downtown. I was the leader of the orchestra - so I was chairman of the dance and this was my senior year. Some of the fellows wanted to go downtown to get a haircut. I told them, if you get caught coming or going, tell them you are working for me. If you get caught in the barber shop, that's your own headache. We had a wonderful time. That was November and by December 13, I was out of the service.

I went back to Lynn. My folks had moved back from Boston. I don't remember exactly. During the time I was in the service, I had a sister who was operated for a tumor in the brain and she passed away. I had permission to go down to the funeral. She had developed the tumor when she was 14. She died

between 18 and 19. That was a sad occasion too.

At the end of the year, I walked down the street to get my degree in 1919. I did some research in chemistry on the coal we were using in the different buildings on the campus. I took a free sample and powdered it down, and analyzed it; it was fun doing it even though I didn't get an "A" in chemistry. I walked into an eight o'clock chemistry class one morning at ten o'clock. The professor was waiting for me at the door to ask if this was eight o'clock. I said, "I played last night until four in the morning. I got back late but I made \$60.00 last week." The professor said, "My God, you made more money than I did last week!"

We talked the rest of the morning. I didn't do any chemistry. That was the kind of