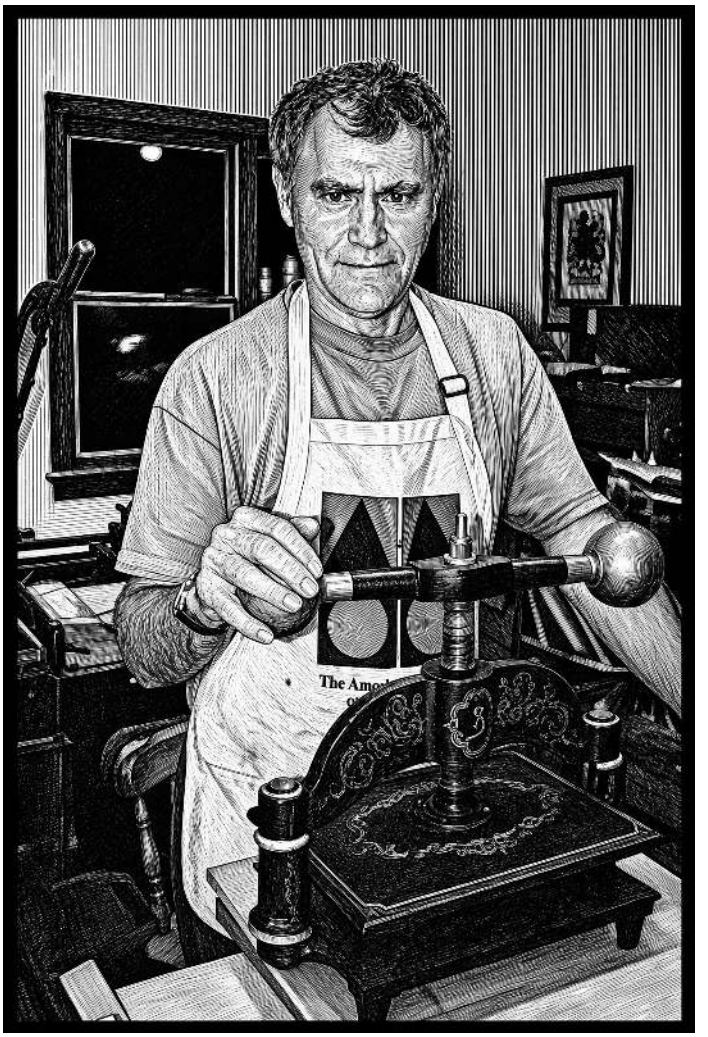
The Book of Daniel

An Oral History Of The St. John Lineage



2026

Compiled from Interviews & Research by Rex St. John

Version 2.4 · Last updated 30 October 2026

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First pass, October 2026. A private family book.

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PART ONE

THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE

THOMAS BURNHAM

HARTFORD, WINDSOR AND PODUNK, CONNECTICUT · ABOUT 1617–1688

On Deeds, Coats, Courtrooms and Such

I am an American. I was born and reared in Hartford, in the State of Connecticut—anyway, just over the river, in the country. So I am a Yankee of the Yankees—and practical; yes, and nearly barren of sentiment, I suppose—or poetry, in other words.

MARK TWAIN, A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

THIS CHAPTER GOES BACK FURTHER than any other in this book. Its subject is Thomas Burnham, of the Burnhams on Daniel's mother's side, whom Daniel called "most likely" Erasthus Burnham's ancestor and "the first American ancestor," a man with "good information about him." Daniel had ordered a book about him, and he said plainly which part of the story was still "open." Thomas Burnham, it turns out, left a great deal of paper behind him, and a remarkable share of it was written in courtrooms. This chapter tells his life in order from those records, and sets Daniel's account beside them where the two meet.

The story begins on the Connecticut River, a generation before Thomas Burnham reached it. The first English settlement on the river came in 1633, when men from Plymouth Colony sailed upstream past a Dutch trading post, where today's Hartford stands, and put up a trading house of their own at Windsor. The Dutch had two big guns at their post. The Plymouth men's leader, William Holmes, sailed past them anyway, as a local historian put it, "with his house aboard." The next English came for the grass.

In 1634 the congregation of the Reverend Thomas Hooker, at Newtown in Massachusetts, asked leave to move to Connecticut, and the first of their reasons was "their want of accommodation for their cattle." An English guidebook published that same year described these same people as "very rich, and well stored with Cattell of all sorts," which was rather the problem. In 1636 most of them went overland to the place that would be called Hartford.

A Massachusetts man explained the attraction in 1654: "a very fertill place upon the River of Canectico, low Land, and well stored with Meddow, which is greatly in esteeme with the people of New England, by reason the Winters are very

THE LINE OF DESCENT, AS THE 1884 GENEALOGY GIVES IT

Thomas Burnham (about 1617–1688) = Anna (Wright?)
↓
Thomas Burnham (1646–1726) = Naomi Hull
↓
Charles Burnham (1690–1779) = Lydia Williams
↓
Eleazur Burnham (1729–1815) = Tryphenia King
↓
Phineas Burnham (1783–1830) = Abigail Huntley
↓
Erastus Williams Burnham (1810–1854) = Emeline Parsons
↓
Erasthus (Erastus W.) Burnham Jr. (1834–1921) = Mary Devine
↓
and so to Daniel: see the next chapter



THE EAST SIDE OF THE GREAT RIVER (ILLUSTRATION)

long." Meadow meant hay, and hay meant cattle, and cattle, he added, "were then at eight and twenty pound a Cow, or neare upon."

The land across the river from Hartford already belonged to someone. The Podunk people held what is now East Hartford and South Windsor, with a village near the mouth of the little river that still carries their name, a summer home by the water and a winter one a mile and a half east on the high ground. How many there were, nobody wrote down with any confidence; estimates of their fighting men ran "from sixty to two hundred bowmen." They had already had a hard decade.

Smallpox struck in the spring of 1634, and the river sachem Natawanute "and almost all his band were swept away." East Hartford's historian names the Podunk sachems as Waginacut and Arramamet. Later came Tantonimo, who, the family genealogy says, had one eye. The English, meanwhile, multiplied. By a modern reckoning there were about 1,500 of them in the Connecticut colony in 1640 and about 4,100 in 1650. By 1690 there would be more than 21,000.

In the autumn of 1635, a Thomas Burnham, aged eighteen, was entered on a ship's list at Gravesend, on the Thames below London. The clerk headed it, on November 20, with the names of people "to be transported to the Barbadoes" aboard the ship *Expedition*. The men on it had taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and been examined by the town's minister "touching their Conformitie" to the Church of England. Most of them were young; the commonest ages on the list are eighteen and nineteen.

Partway down comes "Tho: Burnham 18." Two and a half centuries later the family's genealogist found that line, decided it was "undoubtedly" his man, and so arrived at a birth year of 1617. He placed the family's origins at Hatfield, in Herefordshire, on the strength of help from the vicar there and what he called "the English lady's letter." It may all be so. Nothing proves it, and modern genealogists have argued both for a different baptism, in Buckinghamshire in 1619, and against the Gravesend boy altogether. Daniel had his own figures. He had Thomas Burnham born in England "in the 1630s," he said, and then, further on in the same answer, "let's say 1610."

If the boy on the *Expedition* was he, he went first to an island where, as a man who lived there a decade later wrote, there were "three sorts of men, viz. Masters, Servants, and slaves," and the servants, bound for five years, had "the worser lives." Where Thomas Burnham actually spent the next thirteen years, and how he got from

Barbados (if it was Barbados) to the Connecticut River, no surviving record says. Thirteen years is a long time to leave blank, but the paper simply is not there.

In the winter of 1648, Thomas Burnham was in Hartford, and the first thing the record shows him doing is standing surety for somebody else. At the Particular Court of December 7, 1648, one Mathias Trott was bound in twenty pounds, "and Thomas Burnham in a Recogniscance of 10l," that Trott would appear at the next court. It was a busy session. The same magistrates found a woman named Mary Johnson guilty, "by her owne Confession," of "familliarity with the Deuill," and freed one John Betts from a bond for good behavior.

The General Court that week had ordered the constables to secure corn owed for the toll at Saybrook fort, because people were shipping it "out of the Riuer" before paying, and had set a day of humiliation "to seeke the face of the Lord." It was not, on the whole, a festive December.

The colony he had joined ran on corn. Its wages were still fixed by law: a carpenter or a smith could take no more than twenty pence for a summer day of eleven hours. Not until March 1650 did the court repeal the wage order and the price of corn together, settling what a bushel was worth when nobody had agreed otherwise: wheat at four shillings, peas at three, Indian corn at half a crown. Debts were paid in it. Hogs were banished from the east side of the river, "For the better preseruing corne and meadow" there, at two shillings a head for every offence. Even tobacco was regulated. No one under twenty might take it without "a Certificat" from someone skilled in physic, and no one at all might smoke "publicquely in the street," and in the fields or woods only on a journey of "at lest 10 myles," or at dinner, or once a day at most, and then "not in company w^{h} any other." Smoking, in other words, was for travelers and the solitary.

In September 1649 he was back in court, this time putting up ten pounds that "Rushmore, his man," would appear and "carry good behauior." The record explains why. A Thomas Wilkinson had been sent to prison "for disorderly carriage in the meeting-howse, vppon the Saboath day," and "Thomas Rushmore, for the same crime, is committed allso with the former." So the first servant of Thomas Burnham's on record went to jail for misbehaving in church. His master, meanwhile, was suing. That autumn a jury gave him one pound eighteen shillings and twopence against John Bennett for debt, and in 1651 the court awarded him nine shillings and fourpence against Thomas Newell.

He had a house by then, in the middle of everything. Hartford's land book, in an entry headed 1650, records "Land in Harttford vp on the Riuer of Coneckticott Belonging To Thomas Burnam & to his hiers for euer": first, the parcel "on which his dwelling house now Standeth," half an acre that had once been part of the meetinghouse lot, with the meetinghouse lot on the south. In another entry, his land and the prison yard are named together as the south bounds of a neighbor's lot.

Over the next dozen years he added meadow and woodland a few acres at a time, bought from neighbors. He married a woman named Anna (the genealogist thought her surname was Wright, and put a question mark after it), and they had nine children: Elizabeth, Mary, Anna, Thomas, John, Samuel, William, Richard and Rebecca.

In the spring of 1653, Thomas Burnham was living on the west bank, in Hartford, and the far side of the river had settlers of its own. England and Holland were at war, the colony was in "a general alarm," and that May the General Court let the men "of the East side of the greate Riuer" stop crossing to drill with the town and "traine their together" on their own side.

Those east-side meadows had been divided among Hartford's proprietors about 1640, and their hay and grain, as East Hartford's historian put it, were "drawn across the river at times of low water." The next March Governor John Haynes died in his sleep, "without being sick," as Increase Mather noted of him and of New Haven's governor alike, and in April the court seized the Dutch trading post at Hartford, "the Dutch howse the Hope," in the name of the Commonwealth of

England. The Dutch post, there since 1633, was disposed of in a single entry in the minutes.

The river's older neighbors had their own quarrels, and in May 1656 one of them came into the General Court at Hartford. A murderer had fled to the Podunk, and the Mohegan sachem Uncas, with his allies, demanded satisfaction: first ten lives, then six. The Podunk sachems offered wampum, which was refused. The court, tired of the speeches, pressed Tantonimo to give the man up, which he promised to do, "but priuately stole out of the Court & went w^{h} the rest of the Sachems to Potunk forte." The magistrates gave up on peace and settled for a warning: whatever the two sides did to each other, they were not to do it on the Hartford side of the river, or to the English houses on the other.

That year and the next show Thomas Burnham settling into the town's offices. In December 1656 he sued William Kelsey for "wronging of hoggs with hunting of them," damages twelve shillings. In February 1657 the town chose him a "chimney looker" for the north side, a fire inspector in a town that would soon let its chimney viewers "destrain" the goods of those who kept no ladders to their chimneys. In March he was sworn one of Hartford's two constables, and in May he was "made free," a freeman of the colony with a vote.

❧

In the autumn of 1658, Thomas Burnham was arguing other people's cases. Daniel called him "a lawyer who came over to Connecticut," and the genealogy agrees: "the records show him to have been educated, to have practiced as a lawyer, and to have been of a very determined character." It is worth knowing what a lawyer was in Hartford in the 1650s, which is to say, very nearly nothing. When the colony framed its government in 1639 it had one trained lawyer, Roger Ludlow of Windsor, and it did not hold itself bound by the common law of England.

Everyone else who spoke for a neighbor in court was an "attorney in fact," a person "usually without legal training," allowed to speak "by special permission." Connecticut did not license a single attorney at law until 1708.

On October 5, 1658, he appeared "as Attourney to Jer: Adams" in a suit against Samuel Wright Jr., of Northampton, for "deteining a parcel of Land," damages a hundred pounds. Wright's attorney was a man named Edward Elmer. The magistrates thought the matter might belong to the commissioners of the United Colonies, but both parties wanted a jury, and the jury, having heard it all, said "they find not evidence to determine the case" and handed it back to the bench.

At the same court Wright sued Burnham himself, for a hundred pounds, "for vniust molesting him in his Journey." Not every case went his way. In 1659 the magistrates found against him in a trespass suit; in 1660 a jury not only found against him in a suit over unpaid rent but made him pay the defendant's damages, two pounds nine shillings. In October 1659 the General Court summoned him "to answ for his former cariage complayned of," with a Lieutenant Bull to prosecute.

❧

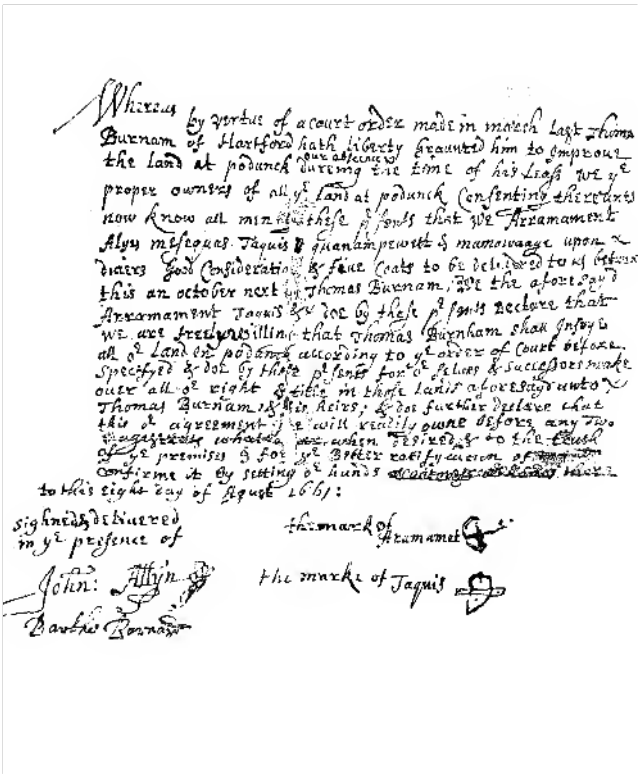
In the autumn of 1659, the commissioners of the United Colonies met at Hartford, and the Podunk were before them again. The Podunk had been away from their land, and two years earlier the commissioners had ordered that Uncas permit them to "Returne to theire dwellings and there to abide in peace," free of any molestation from him or his. That same year the missionary John Eliot had preached to the Podunk leaders at Hartford. Their answer, as it was handed down, was: "No; you have taken away our lands, and now want to make us your servants." Now the commissioners told Connecticut to remove "all such vnderhand dealing either by English or Indians" as kept the Podunk from their "Just rights."

Thomas Burnham had business of his own across the river by then, or soon after. In 1658 or 1659 (the sources differ by a year, and one says 1660) he and a partner, Jacob Mygatt, made a bargain with Tantonimo for land at Podunk, "a tract of land now covered by the towns of South Windsor and East Hartford," as the genealogy has it. Daniel's version was simpler: he "bought a huge piece of land from the local Indians." No record gives the price, which is a pity, since

the price is usually the most interesting part of a bargain.

In February 1660, five months after the commissioners' order, the General Court ordered that "all the Podunk Indians shal peaceably enioy al their lands at Podunk," citing the commissioners' orders of '58 and '59 as its authority, and sent a committee to work out which land was Tantonimo's own to part with. Whatever that proved to be, the court would confirm "to Thom[s] Burnam and his partners." That April the committee found that part of the land belonged to the successors of another sachem, Foxen, and Burnham was left with only what was Tantonimo's own. A year later, in March 1661, the court gave him leave to farm the Podunk land while the Podunk were away from it, with their consent, and he undertook that whenever they wished to come back and plant it themselves, he would "freely, readily, and without any trouble, surrender the possession unto the Indians agayne." In the court's eyes, as the genealogist read them, his original bargain had been no more than a lease.

So he went to the people the court said owned it. On August 8, 1661, six Podunk men, Arramament, Alyes, Mesequas, Taquis, Quanainpeweth and Mamowaage, "proper owners of all ye lands at Podunk," declared themselves "fully willing that Thomas Burnham shall enjoy all o[r] land in Podunk," and made over their right and title to "Thomas Burnam & his heirs," for "divers good Considerations & five Coats to be delivered to us between this and October next." The deed gives no acreage and no bounds. It is in Thomas Burnham's own handwriting, except for the marks of the sellers and the names of the two witnesses. Arramamet signed with a bow and arrow. One witness was John Allyn, who would later be the colony's secretary. The other was a Hartford man named Bartholomew Barnard, which will matter in a few years. What the coats were made of, the deed does not say; in a Hartford inventory of 1647 a man's wearing coat was valued at one pound five shillings and a coat of raccoon skins at ten.



FIVE COATS: THE DEED OF 1661

The book Daniel had ordered prints this deed and the other Podunk papers in facsimile. It shows, he said, "all the treaties even with the Indian signatures, their signs." He had his own word for how the land changed hands: the papers showed, he said, "how he wheedled these Indians to give him rights to that land." The two sides may not have meant the same thing by such papers. Writing of an earlier Connecticut deed, of 1639, one historian notes how the sachems "managed to protect essential hunting rights," and how the colonists later "transformed" the paper into proof of English ownership. The Podunk deed itself speaks of Burnham's right to use the land "during our absence."

Other people's property passed through his hands too. In 1661 the town recorded that Richard Lord had received "of Tho: Burnam" two hundred and eighteen pounds of the town's lead, and in 1662 he was named one of three overseers of the estate of Matthias Treat of Wethersfield. The court records' modern index takes this Treat for the "Mathias Trott" whose appearance Burnham had guaranteed in 1648, his first day in the records.

❧

In the late winter of 1662, Thomas Burnham may have been in trouble with the General Court for the first time. That March the court fined a Mr. John Blackleach thirty pounds for "contemptuous expressions" against "severall psons in authority," then, later in the same session, let him off. It found "too much appearance of preiudice in ye testimonies," noted that the evidence had been got "by lying in wait," and added that there was "reason to suspect that both Loveridge and Burnam are guilty of ye crime they testifie against Mr. Blackleich." The record gives this Burnam no first name, and the chapter cannot supply one.

It was an anxious year in Hartford. There was a drought, and a sickness in the colony. A young woman named Ann Cole, "living in her father's house," was taken with fits in which, said the Boston minister Increase Mather, "her tongue was improved by a daemon," and the voices named names. Two of the accused were tied hand and foot and thrown into the water to see whether they would float. They "apparently swam after the manner of a buoy."

A bystander, supposing that anyone tied up that way would float, offered to try it himself, and "immediately sunk right down." The two suspects, Mather reports, "very fairly took their flight." Others were not so lucky; a Hartford householder named Nathaniel Greensmith and his wife were hanged for witchcraft that winter. In October the colony's new charter from King Charles was read out to the freemen at Hartford, and a day of thanksgiving was set for the charter, for "sending raine," and for the "abatement of ye sicknes."

That autumn the record finds him already farming across the river. In October the town gave a neighbor, William Williams, land at Podunk bounded by ground "now In ye management of Thom: Burnam: wher ye fort Stood." In November the town of Windsor, into whose bounds the Podunk land ran, agreed that "Thos. Burnham, of Hartford" might buy Podunk land on conditions: that he not prejudice the Indians' rights, that he not "molest the Indians" in their living, and that if he made a bargain with them he build his house inside Windsor, where his estate could be taxed.

Windsor's historian, two centuries later, could still point to where the Podunk fort had been: a rise "of some twenty-five feet, and about half an acre in extent," just north of the Podunk stream where the road to Hartford crosses it, in the southwest corner of what is now South Windsor. South of the stream, beyond the swamp, was the Podunk burying ground. Whether that was the fort of the 1662 grant, or the "Potunk forte" to which Tantonimo had slipped away from the court in 1656, the records do not say.

❧

In the late winter of 1663, Thomas Burnham's habit of speaking for other people caught up with him. A Wethersfield woman, Abigail Betts, the daughter of John Elderkin and the wife of John Betts, had said, in the court's words, "Christ was a Bastard and she could proue it by scripture." (A John Betts had been freed from a bond on Burnham's first day in the records; whether it was the same man, no record says.) Under the colony's

laws, blasphemy that was "direct, expres," or "high-handed" was punishable by death. Burnham took up her cause, and took a bond from her for it. At the Quarter Court of March 5, the colony's marshal, Jonathan Gilbert, complained "of Thomas Burnam for abusiue carriages towards him in reference to Abigail Bets." The magistrates found his conduct "very Scandalous lascivious and pernicious." A fuller charge, laid "Before the General Court" and printed by the genealogist, said the evidence showed his undertaking "to save her neck," that he had "actually seperated Husband and wife," and that his carriage had been "Lascivious, Vile and abominable below and beyond all moderation of manhood." His answer, as the clerk set it down: "Thomas Burnam returnes he hath noe more to Say he hath made his answer already in his pap[er]."

A further plea of his survives, in the genealogy's printing. In it he insisted that the court had granted him an indictment and must hold to it, "For if this Ancor fail me I shall cast out noe other of Human help whethersoever my Distressed Bark bee driven," and closed, "I crave Justice according to Law," signing himself "a Subject and Denason of England." The court sent him to the prison keeper, took away his freedom of the colony, and forbade him from then on to plead "any causes or cases in this Civil Court except his owne."

A Jonathan Deming, "for his miscarriage in accompanying Thomas Burnam in his evil practices," was bound in ten pounds. John Betts lost his own freedom and was fined thirty shillings "for severall lies spoken by him," and the bond Abigail had given Burnham was to be returned. Abigail herself was to be guarded "as a Malefactor to ye place of Execution wearing a rope about her neck and to ascend vp the ladder at ye Gallowes to ye open veiw of Spectators that all Israill may hear and feare," and then handed over to her father's "tuition and Gouerment." It was a shaming, not a hanging.

Burnham appealed at once to the General Court, which allowed a Mr. Pitkin to plead for him. The hearing had a moment of its own: Mr. Pitkin announced that if he could not make a new plea he "wil throw vp the case," then recalled his words, "and ye Court passeth them by." The Assembly upheld the sentence and saw "noe cause to make any alteration thereof." Two months later the court ordered the Wethersfield recorder to cancel John Betts's deed of gift to his wife of half his estate. A later genealogist recorded that the Bettses were divorced in 1672.

[[BRIDGE: Daniel never mentioned the Betts case. Still, it is hard not to notice that the first Burnham in the records spent a good part of his life arguing with the authorities, and insisting on the law's own terms while he did it.]]

None of it slowed his dealings at Podunk. In April 1663, a month after the sentence, he exchanged a parcel of land with "arramamat & podunk Indians," giving one in Hartford's bounds for one in Windsor's that ran down to the Podunk River, marked off by "meer stones and Seuerall marked Trees between the Sd Thomas burnham & ye Indians Land." The new parcel lay in Windsor's bounds, in what is now South Windsor. Two years later, at the election court of May 11, 1665, the record notes in a single line: "Thomas Burnam is re-admitted to his freedom."

❧

In the spring of 1666, Thomas Burnham had a new fight on his hands. Jacob Mygatt, his old partner in the Tantonimo bargain, sold his half to William Pitkin and Bartholomew Barnard, the same Barnard who had witnessed the deed of 1661, and they asked for the land to be divided. Burnham would not give up possession. At one point, by the genealogy's account, his wife, "with a company of men and women," drove Barnard and Pitkin's workmen off the land. In October 1666 a jury found for Pitkin and Barnard, "a devision of land according to disbursm[ts]." Burnham asked for a review, and in March 1667 the second jury found "neither for Pltf. nor Defendt.," which the General Court decided did not undo the first. That year the court also ordered that anyone who spoke for a person on trial, except on a point of law and with leave, should pay ten shillings, "or sit in ye stocks one hour, for every such offence."

The end came in May 1668. Pitkin and Barnard were to "stand quiatly possessed of the sayd land, against any clayme or pretence of claime from Thomas Burnam for the future; only Thomas

Burnam is to haue liberty to reap that wheat that is groweing on the land, and to have the pease, he payeing rent for the pease after eight shillings per the acre." The court called this "a finall issue of the controuersy about the Podunk lands." That October Burnham petitioned to be heard again. The court declined, "because that matter had received a finall issue in the Gen[l] Court, May last."

In the autumn of 1669, Thomas Burnham was a Windsor man. When the colony counted its freemen that year, he was listed not at Hartford but among the 113 "freemen that liue within the limits of Windsor," which was where Windsor had told him, in 1662, to build his house if he bought at Podunk. On the same list was Edward Elmer, his opponent's attorney of 1658, who had come back from Northampton to a large tract at Podunk and was the only freeman of his name in the town.

The river was still the road, and not a safe one. In January 1670 three Windsor wives who had crossed the river "upon a necessary and neighbourly account" were coming home by canoe when the upper ice came down on them "near the middle of the river" and broke the canoe to pieces; all were brought off alive, one of them, Mather noted, "big with child." In 1670 the east-side farmers of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield asked to be excused from fencing their land, after "the blasting the corne the harvest past" and a winter so "unseasonable" that they could not get their fencing done.

That February, after years of quarrel, thirty-one members of Hartford's church and their families left to form a Second Church; no other town in New England except Boston yet had more than one. Which church, if either, the Burnhams kept to, no record gathered here says.

His children were marrying. On June 28, 1671, by the Windsor return, "William sonn of Thomas Burnam" married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Loomis. He kept buying land too, now from English neighbors: seventy-two acres from John Marsh "on the wilderness on the East," twelve from Thomas Blachley and sixty from John Church, recorded in 1674. That year Hartford made its school free to the town's children, and the next spring, when the Windsor line moved, lot-holders on the east side were compensated from the triangle of land "between Windsor Bownds & Thomas Burnams lott." His lot had become a landmark.

In the summer of 1675, Thomas Burnham's lands lay on the east side of the river, which was about to become the wrong side of it. The war that the English called King Philip's War broke out across New England, and the Podunk joined Philip. In July a minister at Norwich passed on a warning from Uncas: "you haue many Narragansetts living some at Potunk & some at Hokkanum &c. and they will proove false to you." On October 5, at Springfield, up the river, thirty-two houses were burned.

That same day the Council at Hartford ordered the people of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield to bring in their corn from the east side of the river under arms, "this being a time for all priuat interest to be layd aside to preserue the pub: good," and to name places "where the women and children are to be" at an alarm. His son Richard, by the genealogy, served that winter in the Narragansett expedition.

In February 1676 the Council ordered everyone on the east side of the river to gather, with their cattle and hay, into a few fortified houses, "provided in every garrison there be six men at least," and that no other place on that side "doe remayn inhabited." One of the houses named was "Tho: Burnham's." In March a war party "burned great part of Simsbury." In June 1676 Edward Elmer, his old courtroom opponent and fellow Windsor freeman, was killed by Indians, "probably at Podunk."

When a captive was examined that August, the colony's secretary wrote down the question and the answer: "Who killd G: Elmore at Podunck? He was one of them himselfe; there was 9 in company." For the Podunk, as East Hartford's historian put it, few survived the war, "and it was virtually their end as a nation."

Land came to him by another road as well. Joshua, a son of Uncas, had married Arramamet's daughter and been given his father-in-law's lands at Podunk, and in his will he left a great tract



THE GARRISON AT PODUNK (ILLUSTRATION)

east of Hartford to a number of English heirs, Thomas Burnham among them. In Hartford, the town's ordinary business went on. In December 1676 it hired a man to sweep the meetinghouse, dig graves, and ring the bell on the Sabbath, for town meetings, "& at Nine of the clock at nights," for seven pounds a year.

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In the winter of 1677, his eldest son, Thomas, married Naomi Hull of Killingworth, and on April 16, 1678, at Windsor, their son Thomas was born. The Podunk land was being parcelled out around him. Arramamet was dead by October 1677, when the Assembly set a committee to decide which planting lands at Podunk "shall belong to Aramamet his heires, and what shall belong to the other Indians," and another to run the line between Burnham's upland and Joseph Fitch's.

In May 1678 Burnham complained of "some wrong done him by the serving of an execution vpon his land at Podunck"; the court had the land measured, heard him and Barnard, and saw "no cause to make any alteration." In 1679 he bought two more acres at Podunk, "in Indian Meadow," from Shebosman and Noames for six pounds, and settled a quarrel with William Williams by arbitration, which gave him, among other things, a strip of land six rods wide and three miles long.

In July 1680 the colony described itself to the Lords of Trade in London, and the answers give a rare picture of the world he farmed in. Labor was dear, two shillings "and somtimes 2sh. 6d. a day, for a day labourer," and provisions cheap: wheat four shillings a bushel, peas three, butter sixpence a pound. Ships of fifty or sixty tons, "sometimes 80 tun," could go sixty miles up the river to Hartford, which owned exactly one ship, of ninety tons.

The colony's wheat had been "much blasted" and its "pease spoyled with wormes for sundry years past," which hurt its trade. What it had to sell was "Wheat, Peas, Ry, Barly, Indian Corn, and Porck, Beif," with wool, cider, tar, pipe staves and horses, most of it "transported to Boston, and there bartered for cloathing," and a little to Barbados and Jamaica for "suger, cotton wool and rumme." Wheat and peas, it will be remembered, were the two crops the court had let him keep in 1668.

The same answers were careful to add that there were "but fewe servants amongst us, and less slaves, not above 30," and that beggars and vagabonds were "not suffered." That December the town gave his son Richard land "to build an house and shopp on."

He was still pushing at the lines. In 1682 a warrant required that Burnham be warned "to forbarre any further meddling with any of the land at Podunke that lyes abov the line" laid out by the Hartford and Windsor men. "Burnham," his town's historian observed two centuries later, "was not a man to acquiesce with the decision of any court." That spring Hartford at last set up a proper ferry, with "a suffitiant Boate ffor the passaige of Horse and man" and a canoe for single passengers: a penny in silver for a townsman on foot, threepence with a horse, and more after dark.

❧

In the summer of 1683, the river came over its banks twice. "In the spring time, the great river at Connecticut useth to overflow," Mather wrote, "but this year it did so after Midsummer, and that twice." The second flood, on August 13, rose twenty-six feet above the usual marks and carried away "the grass in the meadows, also the English grain," and Windsor and Hartford were among the "extream sufferers": "some who had hundreds of bushels of corn in the morning, at night had not one peck left for their families to live upon."

That same August a "malignant feaver" was "very severe thro this Colony"; in Windsor alone, fifteen deaths were recorded that month. Mather also reported, from about the same time, the case of a Hartford man named Nicholas Desborough, who after a quarrel "about a chest of clothes" was pelted by stones and "cobs of Indian corn" until arbiters ordered him to give the clothes back. Hartford, more practically, paid twelve shillings a head for wolves.

The Podunk were still asking for what was theirs. In October 1686, "In answer to the petition of the Podunck Indians," the court set a committee to examine "the rights of the land at Podunck, to whom it doth belong," and meanwhile to stop all sales of it. The same session ordered the proprietors of the east-side meadow in Windsor to dig a drain "from Podunck River throughout the whole feild." In February 1687 Burnham bought thirty-one acres from Richard Risley.

That October Sir Edmund Andros arrived to take over the government of Connecticut for King James, crossed at the Wethersfield ferry, and "came to Hartford, where he was received with all respect." (The story that the charter was spirited away that night and hidden in a hollow tree came later; what is certain is that the charter was never surrendered.)

In May 1688 a Hartford town meeting was still appointing a committee "to treat with Thomas Burnham, senior, upon his claim to the lands on the East side the Great River." He died a month later, on June 24, 1688, by the probate record.

❧

Shortly before he died, Thomas Burnham sent for Colonel John Allyn and for Caleb Stanly, and asked Allyn to write his will. (A John Allyn had witnessed the deed of 1661.) He gave his house and home lot to his youngest daughter, Rebecca; "his plowing Land in Podunk Meadow" to his sons Thomas, John and Samuel, "to be equally divided among them"; land near Podunk Brook to his daughter Mary Morton, and the Risley land to his daughter Anna Gaines for her life, then to one of her sons; to a grandson, Thomas Gaines, "all his right in the Land he had in Partnership" with a Mr. Lord "at the saw Mill"; and "some small Legacies to his sons Richard & William." His wife, Ann, was to be executrix. His inventory came to sixty-nine pounds, six shillings and sixpence. Other land he had already made over to his children by deed of gift.

Then the will disappeared. In June 1690 Rebecca's husband, William Mann, complained that it had never been exhibited, and the court sent warrants. Anna, ill and, by her own account, lame, answered with a letter to Allyn, signed with her mark. "Thes ffew Lines are to Lett you understand my Ssorrowffull Condishon," it begins. "I have bene weke and Lame a long time," and her son-in-law "did make so much trobell by ye athority in Sending up ye marshall, and by Souerving Warnts on all my Children."

As for the will: "Ye writin which my son Will man took, I know not what was in it, for I never heard it read. My son Will man asked me to se ye writing. I told him he mit. So when he had it he took it and put it in his pocit with out my Lev-

effe." The court found that "the Will could not be found," and accepted instead the inventory and Caleb Stanly's testimony to what it had provided. No other words of hers appear in the records gathered here. She died on August 5, 1703.

❧

The land, at least, he had tied to the family. The genealogist printed the proviso from his deeds of gift to his children, binding each "not to make any sale or other alienation of ye above sd land except it be to some of his own brothers or their children." Daniel said much the same in his own way: the land "still stayed in the family all those years," he said, though it "was parceled to different sons and daughters." The records bear him out.

In 1707 Hartford empowered a committee "To Treat with the Burnhams" over their claim to five miles of land on the east side of the river, and in 1719, when the Windsor line was finally settled, the heirs of Thomas Burnham and William Williams were given three hundred acres to make up for what the line had cut off. When his son John made his will in 1721, he left one son "10 acres of meadow land ... the east end to be at the upland, the west end at Podunk River," and the rest of his Podunk Meadow to three more.

The eldest son, Thomas, made his in 1726, leaving his wife Naomi "my red cow," and to his son Charles, the next link in the line, "all my shop tools," his carts and plows and all his "horse kind."

Daniel described the purchase as "almost the whole town of South Windsor." The towns came later: East Windsor was set off from Windsor in 1768, East Hartford from Hartford in 1783, and South Windsor from East Windsor in 1845, after a town meeting voted 138 to 32 to split. By then what the family held was smaller than the old claim, but it was still there. In 1884 the genealogist described Burnham Meadow, "200 acres, more or less," lying across the line between East Hartford and South Windsor, and said that much of this part of the estate had stayed with Thomas Burnham's descendants "through seven and eight generations." The old Podunk burying ground lay on a Burnham farm.

Daniel's own tie to that land ran through his grandfather, William Krug, and through Krug's grandfather, Erasthus Burnham. When Krug was young and Erasthus was in his sixties and seventies, Daniel said, the two spent a lot of time together, at Erasthus's beach property in Old Lyme and at "his farm in South Windsor," and "he'd hear these stories." Relatives later gave Erasthus's letters to a museum, and with them some five hundred objects which, as Daniel told it, "went back to the days when his family had traded and bought the property," the land in South Windsor that the family had from the Podunk.

❧

Daniel could place the later Burnhams in South Windsor himself. Erasthus Burnham Jr. was born in 1834, and South Windsor, he said, was "where he and his father were"; the father "was born there in 1810." What he could not show was the thread back. "So what is open is the connection between the ancestor Thomas, who was born in England," he said, and the South Windsor Burnhams. He thought he knew the answer; Thomas "has to be the direct ancestor," he said, because "there's no other way that could have happened with the Burnham," and later, "I think we're directly related."

Still, it was he who called the link open. He had ordered the genealogy, and he thought it could be found online as well, as a PDF, "but it's harder to read." Thomas Burnham, he said, was "a noteworthy relative and everybody wants to see if they're related to him." The 1884 book does print the line, father to son, from Thomas down to an Erastus W. Burnham of South Windsor, born April 15, 1810, and to his son Erastus, born April 28, 1834. The wills prove its first two links. For the rest, the book is the only authority found.

[[BRIDGE: The Burnham line was the one he could not close himself.]] There was another he could. On his wife Regina's side, Daniel said, there were "two ancestors there that are directly traceable" to the Mayflower, so that his grandchildren qualified as sons or daughters of the Mayflower "two times over." He spoke of a direct descent from "the spiritual head of the pilgrims," and of a forebear whose house "still stands," right next to Miles Standish's. People in Regina's family

had done the work, especially her grandmother, who was so interested in genealogies, he said, "that we have it all pinned down."

❧

What Thomas Burnham left behind, in the end, was paper: a bond for a servant who misbehaved in church, a deed in his own hand with a bow and arrow on it, the minutes of his lawsuits, won and lost, a plea to his judges for justice according to law, and a will that vanished into a son-in-law's pocket. His widow signed with a mark; his son's will left a red cow.

In 1884 a descendant gathered what he could of it into a book, with the deed reproduced in facsimile, and a copy of that book was on its way to Daniel when he told this story. The meadow was still in the family when it was printed. Whether the line of fathers and sons in it runs true all the way down to Erasthus, the records gathered here can prove only for its first steps. Daniel thought it "has to be" so, and he was also the one who called it "open." For now, that is where it stands: a good deal of paper, a meadow, and one honest question.

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ERASTHUS BURNHAM

SOUTH WINDSOR, NEW LONDON, HONG KONG AND HOLYOKE · 1834–1921

On Whales, Bandits, Bone Saws and Such

Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; ... then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can.

HERMAN MELVILLE, MOBY-DICK

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,

WALT WHITMAN, THE WOUND-DRESSER

THIS CHAPTER IS FAMILY LORE. It is the story of Daniel's great-great-grandfather, Erasthus Burnham, as it came down the family: from the old man to his grandson, William Burnham Krug, who spent years at his side, and from Krug to Daniel, who spent much of his own boyhood with Krug. A story that travels that far changes on the way, and Daniel knew it. "My thought was, oh, yes, my grandfather taught me that and told me that," he said, and he wondered how anyone could prove it. As it turns out, a good deal of it can be proved and some of it cannot. Where the records and the family part company, this chapter says so.

The story begins on the Connecticut River. In the middle of the 1800s the river ran through farm country all the way down to Long Island Sound, and at its mouth stood New London, one of the great whaling ports of the world. For a time only New Bedford sent more ships after whales. Whale oil lit the lamps of America, and sperm oil, which burned clean and ran fine and slick, greased its machines. Daniel put it more grandly: whaling "actually encouraged the Industrial Revolution by being able to oil gears and so forth."

Up the river, in South Windsor, on April 28, 1834, Erastus Williams Burnham and his wife, Emeline, had a son and gave him his father's name. He was the first of their eleven children. The family would call him Erasthus; his wife, one day, would call him Bill. His father farmed, and was for a time the foreman of a brad factory. It was farm country, and farm work was what a boy could look forward to. Daniel understood the appeal of the alternative. "Say you're 12, 14 years old and you want to do something," he said. "And all you have to look for is drudgery on a farm."

The Burnham name turns up early in a shopkeeper's books. A storekeeper named Henry M. King kept a day book of his customers from November 1841 to February 1849, with what each one bought and what it cost, and among

THE LINE OF DESCENT

Erastus Williams Burnham (1810–1854) = Emeline Parsons
↓
Erasthus (Erastus W.) Burnham Jr. (1834–1921) = Mary Graham Devine, m. 1855
↓
Agnes Maria Burnham (b. 1862) = Wilhelm Friedrich Krug (d. 1938)
↓
William Burnham Krug (1894–1967), "Grandfather Krug" = Elizabeth Cofer
↓
Daniel's mother (b. 1920) = John St. John (b. 1921)
↓
Daniel St. John (b. 1943) = Regina
↓
Alex, Rex and Yana



ERASTHUS BURNHAM IN UNIFORM, 1862–65 (DIGITALLY RESTORED)

the names is Erastus W. Burnham. The ledger's subjects run to dry goods, groceries and tobacco. Which Erastus it means, the catalogue does not say, but the son was seven when the book was opened, and the father is the likelier customer.

When he was fourteen, by his own account given to *The Hartford Courant* nearly seventy years later, he set out "with a companion and a few dollars" to see the world. The railroad and the steamboat lines were fighting for the Hartford trade, "the trip from Hartford to New York being made by boat for 25 cents." The world, it turned out, could be seen in a short visit. "After seeing the 'Big Town' Mr. Burnham was glad to return home where he remained until he was 17."

In the summer of 1851 he went to sea. On June 21 a clerk at New London wrote him onto the crew list of the whaleship *Hannibal* as "Erastus W. Brunham," of South Windsor, eighteen years old, five feet six, light complexion, light hair. The *Hannibal* was a ship of 441 tons, built in New York in 1821 and so already thirty years old, owned by Benjamin Brown's Sons of New London. Her captain was Jeremiah Lester Jr., a Waterford man of twenty-eight.

Of the thirty-one men on the list, ten had been born in the Azores. Three days later she sailed for the North Pacific. Whaleships were provisioned for up to four years, and by then the average voyage lasted forty-six months: out through the Atlantic, around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, and up into the Pacific to wherever the



A NEW ENGLAND WHALESHIP

whales were. Which cape the *Hannibal* took, no surviving record says.

Erasthus remembered, sixty-five years later. His father had gone with him to New London, he said, and the *Hannibal* "sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, at the time gold was discovered in Tasmania. The crew were anxious to stop at Tasmania, but the captain fearing desertion by the larger part of his crew cruised to New Zealand and among the lesser Pacific Islands." No ship's record names the cape; the old man's memory is the only witness.

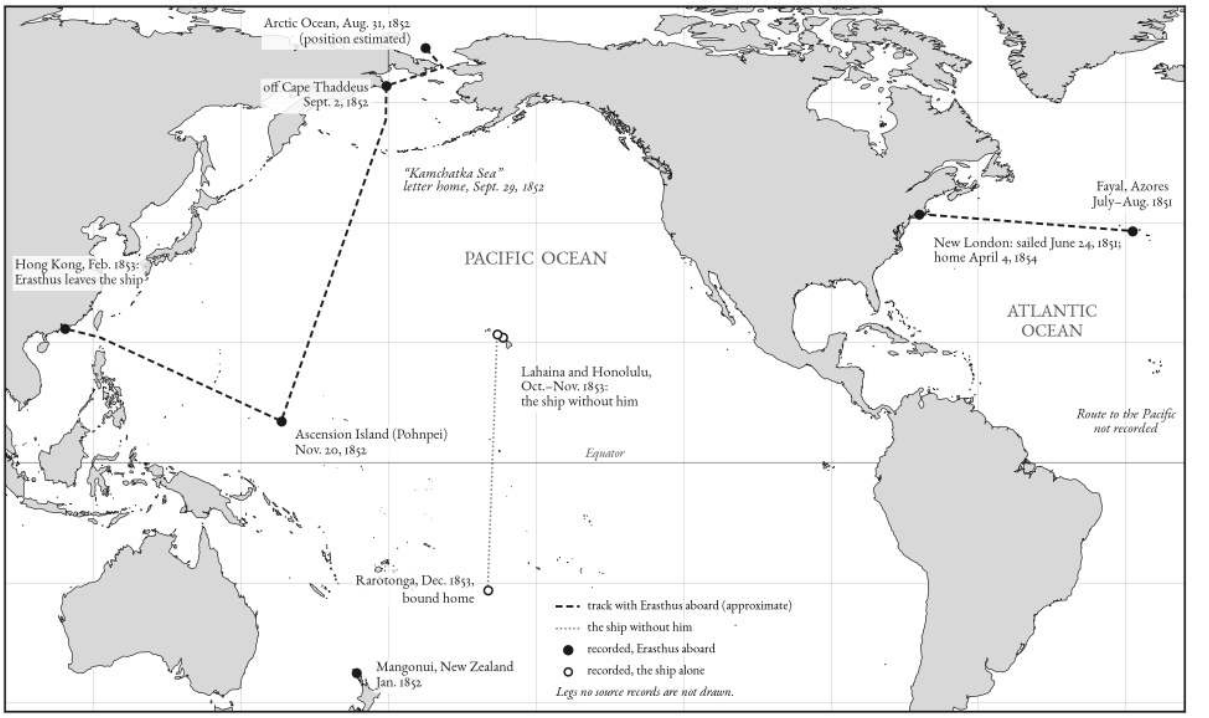
A green hand lived in the forecastle, a narrow three-cornered room under the deck in the bow, lined with bunks. One young man who shipped out a few years earlier found his "black and slimy with filth, very small, and as hot as an oven," and full of "tainted meat, Portuguese ruffians, and sea-sick Americans." The men stood watch four hours on and four off. They ate salt meat, hard biscuit and molasses; the same writer noted the "well-fed cockroaches in my molasses" and allowed that they sometimes gave it a rich flavor. The high point of the week was duff, a boiled flour pudding, and the men sang about it at the windlass.

The first stop was the Azores, the Western Islands, where American whalers took on fresh food and, often, fresh men. The *Hannibal* called at Fayal on July 26 with nothing yet to show for the voyage, and again on August 11 to land sixty-five barrels of sperm oil for shipment home; the *Vesper* of New London was there landing oil at the same time. Erasthus wrote home that summer, and his letters mention the island of Flores.

Trade there ran on barter; a few years earlier a whaler at Flores had bought three thousand onions, two hundred eggs and four dozen cabbages for a single barrel of oil. On August 20, while the *Hannibal* was in those waters, a sperm whale in the Atlantic smashed a whaleboat of the New Bedford ship *Ann Alexander* "to fragments no larger than a common chair" and then sank the ship. Two months later a New York writer named Herman Melville published a very long novel about a whale that sank a ship. *Moby-Dick* came out in London in October and New York in November, sold poorly, and earned its author, in the end, $556.37.

No report of her survives for the next five months, and which way she went is not known. In January 1852 she turned up at Mangonui, on New Zealand's Doubtless Bay, with ninety barrels of sperm oil and two hundred of whale, bound for the Northwest Coast.

Of those months he kept one memory. On Christmas Day, 1851, off New Zealand, a whale "of monstrous size had been harpooned and towed



THE VOYAGE OF THE HANNIBAL, 1851–1854

for miles in a vain effort to tire it, but finally broke away after a hard struggle."

For the *Hannibal*, wherever the whales were meant the far north. Three years earlier a Sag Harbor captain named Thomas Roys had taken his ship through the Bering Strait and found the vast herds of bowhead whales, and the fleet had followed him: fifty ships in 1849, and in 1852, the peak, two hundred and twenty-four. A bowhead could yield more than a hundred and fifty barrels of oil and a ton or more of baleen, the springy "bone" that stiffened corsets and hoop skirts.

In the Arctic summer the sun barely set, and the first whale ever taken there was killed at midnight. In fog the ships called to one another with bells, guns, horns and by pounding on empty casks. Not all of them came home. That July a New London ship, the *Superior*, went ashore on the Siberian coast in thick fog while boiling out a whale. On August 18 two ships reported speaking the *Hannibal*, one crediting her with thirteen whales and the other with eleven.

On August 31 the *Betsey Williams* of Stonington met her north of the Bering Strait, and whoever kept that ship's log wrote, "Spoke the Hannibal of New London Captain Lester 11 whale," and drew a little ship in the margin. Two days later, off Cape Thaddeus in the Gulf of Anadyr, Captain Lester wrote home: 1,700 barrels, all well, but nine whales lost to bad irons and lines. He was bound south to cruise for sperm whales on the Line, and expected to be at Hong Kong in February.

The work was filthy. A whale was killed from a small boat, towed alongside and cut up on deck, and the blubber, sliced into what the men called Bible leaves, was boiled down in the try-works, great iron pots set in brick amidships, whose fires at night made the ship look as if she were burning. The men fried their biscuit in the boiling oil, and made fritters from the whale's brains when the steward was feeling generous. The rest — the offal, the rot, the smell — had to be lived with.

"So the main thing it took," Daniel said, "was a good iron stomach." The pay was worse. A green hand's share, or lay, was about one two-hundredth of the catch, which worked out to around twenty cents a day, when a laborer ashore made ninety; and a man could finish four years at



A GOOD IRON STOMACH: THE ARCTIC, 1852

sea owing the ship for the clothes he had bought from it.

Erasthus pulled stroke oar in the second mate's boat, and by his count it took seventeen whales on the voyage, the largest "on September 26, when coming through the Bering Straits." Two hundred and twenty-five barrels of oil came out of that one. The three boats' crews raced one another for every whale, he said, "and each one of the crew which won got an extra griddle cake next morning."

It was dangerous as well as filthy. On September 29 Erasthus wrote to his parents from what he called the Kamchatka Sea, and his letter names the ship *Vesper* of New London and her captain, Edward Howes, whom the family knew as Captain House. Howes came from Glastonbury, the next town down the river from South Windsor, and on July 15 that summer he had been killed by a whale. The Kamchatka Sea was Russian water; Alaska itself would stay Russian until 1867, when the United States bought it for $7.2 million. The whalers sailed past the Pribilof Islands, where, more than a century later, Daniel would spend three years of his own.

In the autumn the fleet came south. On November 20, 1852, the *Hannibal* anchored at Ascension Island, as the whalers called Pohnpei, in the Caroline Islands. It was a favorite stop, for its chiefs' hospitality and for its prices: a hog cost five dollars in tobacco. It was also a favorite place to jump ship. Some hundred and fifty beachcombers lived ashore, deserters and castaways mostly, and one recaptured runaway had made his second escape by paddling ashore in the captain's wooden bathtub.

The first American missionaries had arrived ten weeks before the *Hannibal* and been unnerved by the rowdy beachcombers who met their ship begging for tobacco. The *Hannibal* sailed on December 3 to cruise on the Line, passed the island again on January 15 bound for Hong Kong, and reached Hong Kong in February 1853, in company with three other American whalers.

Hong Kong, as Daniel explained, was a common stop for the whalers: it was British, so money could be changed and stores taken on. The *Hannibal* stayed about three weeks. Captain Lester sent twenty thousand pounds of whalebone home to New York aboard the *Annie Bucknam*, and on February 27 the ship sailed north again. It was her only call at Hong Kong that year, and it was there that Erasthus and the *Hannibal* parted company. The family's version is that the crew, unhappy with their treatment, mutinied.

Daniel guessed it was the quiet kind: they went ashore for supplies and never went back. "But that's something that could be seen from his letters," he said. If so, he had plenty of company. The average whaleship of the time lost nearly two-thirds of the crew she sailed with before she got home, and about three men in ten deserted.

Erasthus's own account was neither. In 1914 he told the *Courant* that for nineteen months at sea he "never touched old Mother Earth's soil." In 1916 he said that when the *Hannibal* put into Hong Kong, "Mr. Burnham and a companion fled to the island of Mecca until the ship left port as they would have been compelled to finish the voyage." Mecca is very probably Macao. His obituary put it more politely: "after cruising two years in this vessel, he left the ship at Hong Kong, China."

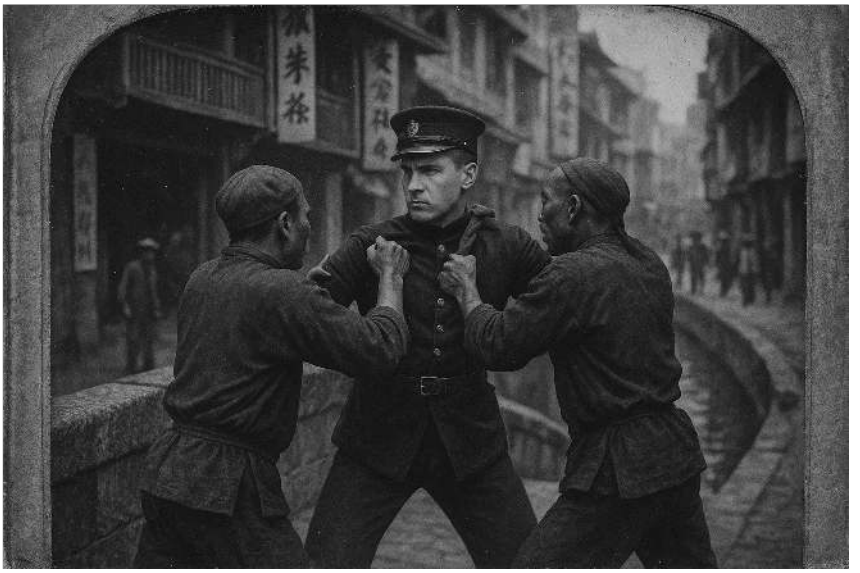
Hong Kong in 1853 was a raw place to land. Britain had taken it from China only eleven years before, and the colony's police were, by the force's own later account, "chaotic, disorganised and made up of largely suspect individuals." Pirates worked the harbor and burglars the streets at night. A stranded Yankee sailor who could stand up straight was, evidently, police material, and Erasthus joined the force: a British bobby, as Daniel put it.

He described the force himself, twice. In 1914 he said he served on it six months, "at which time there was only one other Yankee policeman on the force." In 1916 he said it "was mostly made up of Americans, Englishmen and Irishmen, with Chinese ministers as interpreters," that the night squad "all carried carbine guns," and that officers who met resistance would "tie the whole bunch together by their 'pig-tails' and march them into their squad house." The obituary says simply that he "joined the British police force, serving in that city."

One day, he said, his squad was sent to seize a pirate vessel in the harbor. "The officers all floated out in different directions in sampans and completely surrounded the vessel capturing the crew of twenty-seven pirates, all of whom were beheaded." The obituary makes the crew twenty-eight. No report of the capture has been found.

One day on patrol, as the family told it, seven bandits jumped him. They stabbed him seven times in the back and threw him off a bridge. He lived, and years later he could still show his grandson the scars. It was the day on which everything after it depended. "If he hadn't made it through this," Daniel said, "none of us would exist."

About six weeks after the *Hannibal* sailed, the United States Navy came in. At sunset on April 7, 1853, the steam frigate *Mississippi* anchored at



SEVEN BANDITS AND A BRIDGE: HONG KONG, 1853

Hong Kong with Commodore Matthew Perry aboard, on his way to open Japan, and in the months that followed the Commodore made the colony his squadron's depot. The expedition's official narrative found the town "a picture of busy activity," its harbor "crowded with the shipping of all nations," and its population, counted to the last soul, 14,671.

It also noted what kept a policeman busy. Several piracies were "committed almost under the guns of the vessels-of-war," and the land pirates were "as expert at picking and stealing as the most accomplished thieves and pickpockets of New York or London." One of the *Mississippi*'s lieutenants, stepping into a hired boat at twilight, was seized amid a crowd that went for his watch; "his Pickwickian rotundity of form saved the watch, but the chain was carried off in triumph."

Perry went up to Edo Bay that July with four ships and a letter from the President, came back to Hong Kong, and on January 14, 1854, sailed from there again, by way of Lew Chew, for Japan; on March 31 he had his treaty. A biographical encyclopedia printed about 1922, in its article on Erasthus's youngest son, says that Erasthus "saw Commodore Perry's fleet on its memorable voyage to Japan in 1854." His obituary says the same, and so, in 1916, did he: "This was at the time that Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan." The fleet, at least, was there to be seen.

The *Hannibal* went on without him. She spent the summer of 1853 back in the Arctic, where she took only two or three whales, and on October 22 she came in to Lahaina, on Maui, a whaling town with a brand-new prison for sailors. The newspaper's list of arrivals noted that she had "sailed without clearance," which is to say without waiting for her papers. Smallpox was loose in the islands that autumn.

Four days later she was at Honolulu with two thousand barrels of whale oil; she cleared for home on November 12, called at Rarotonga in December, and on March 29 was spoken sixty miles south of Montauk. She reached New London on April 4, 1854, thirty-three months and eleven days out, with about half the oil of her previous voyage. Captain Lester died six years later, in command of another New London ship, and in 1861 the *Hannibal* herself was abandoned in Cumberland Inlet, off Baffin Island.

By then Erasthus had gone home another way. "July 1, 1853," he said, "Mr. Burnham resigned from the Hong Kong police force and on the 4th shipped on the Challenge, bound with a cargo of tea and silk for New York." She sailed from "Wampolo," very probably Whampoa, the anchorage on the Canton River, on the 12th, and "after passing through the China Sea, sprung a leak off the island of St. Helena." She was in such a state that she had to put into the Azores, "where the crew was discharged and later Mr. Burnham shipped on a barge for New Bedford, where he ended his seafaring career."

The obituary names the vessels. He left Hong Kong "as a seaman on the American clipper ship 'Challenge,'" left her in the Azores, "and came to New Bedford on the bark Grampus." The *Challenge*, it adds, "after leaving Port Haute, was never heard from again." Port Haute is very probably Horta, the harbor of Fayal.

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His father died on October 20, 1854, at forty-four; whether the son was home by then, no record says. Home again, he learned the moulder's trade in a brass foundry in Holyoke, Massachusetts, a new city built a few years earlier to harness the Connecticut River, and on May 15, 1855, he married Mary Graham Devine, a Scot. Daniel had remembered him marrying at about twenty-one, and he was right. Their first child, William, was born on April 3, 1856, and died that December.

The obituary remembered the Holyoke years a little differently: "He worked as a paper maker in Holyoke," it says, and it dates the wedding May 16, 1855, a day later than the museum, at Holyoke, to "Mary G. Devine of Glasgow, Scotland." Erasthus said in 1916 that he had worked "in a paper mill from which the Hartford Courant Company bought its paper," a connection the *Courant* was evidently happy to print.

Mary had been born in Glasgow in 1830, the daughter of Owen and Agnes Devine, and had come to America in 1853, the year Erasthus was walking a beat in Hong Kong. The family remembered her as something more than a bride. In Scotland, Daniel said, "they have these wise

women ... they're not like witches but they believe to have second sight. They can see things in the future." They knew the uses of herbs, too, for treating people, and Mary Devine was said to be one of them.

Samuel Johnson, who toured the Hebrides in 1773 and looked into the matter "with particular attention," defined the Second Sight as "an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived, and seen as if they were present." He reported that the Lowland Scots considered the notion to be "wearing away with other superstitions," and after much inquiry he "came away at last only willing to believe."

The story that came down about her was a prophecy she made about herself. Before she left Glasgow, she told her relatives she had seen the man she was going to marry. As Daniel told it, "He was now at the sea. He was catching big fishes or something. And sure enough ... soon after she arrived in the United States she married Erasthus who had been a whaler." He let the coincidence lie where it fell: "so maybe he was I don't know when he stopped being a whaler."

The record can help him a little. For most of the two years before she sailed in 1853, he was on the far side of the world, catching the biggest fishes there are, if a whale may be allowed to count as one.

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In the spring of 1857 his letters begin again, and the vessel in them is a good deal smaller. The museum files three more of his letters to Mary, from 1857 and 1858, among his "Letters From the Sea," and all three name the sloop *Mary Elizabeth*; the first two name her captain, Warren Taylor. A Middlesex County history of 1884 speaks of "the numerous small coasters that plied between the several ports of Connecticut and New York," and by the places in his letters the *Mary Elizabeth* was one of them.

The first letter is dated May 5, 1857, and names Middletown, Hartford, New York and, for reasons the catalogue does not explain, Port Huron, Michigan. The second, nine days later, names Higganum, a landing in the river town of Haddam where sloops had been built for a century, and the Hudson River.

On June 11, 1857, a month after the second letter, Mary gave birth to their son Owen. A year later, the *New-York Daily Tribune* for May 27, 1858, listing the vessels arrived in the port of New York, printed one line that belongs to this story: "Sloop Mary Elizabeth, Taylor, Norwich for Rondout." Rondout, near Kingston on the



A RIVER SLOOP, 1857 (ILLUSTRATION)

Hudson, was where the Delaware and Hudson Canal brought down the coal of Pennsylvania to be unloaded and sent on to market. What the sloop carried, and whether Erasthus was aboard that trip, no record says. On June 21 he wrote to Mary again, and the letter names the *Mary Elizabeth*, Norwich, Fall River, their little son Owen and Catherine Devine McLachlan.

That October Mary wrote to him. It is the only letter of hers in the collection from before the war, and it too survives only as a photocopy. It names Westfield, Massachusetts, his sister Juliet, among others, and Catherine Devine McLachlan again, whose name suggests she was born a Devine and who turns up in their letters for years. On December 20, 1858, their son Charles Lee was born, and on November 29, 1860, a daughter, Emmeline. By the time the war came he had settled back in South Windsor, working in the paper mills there, first for Wood & Keeney and then for the Parsons mills.

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On December 28, 1861, eight months into the Civil War, Erasthus enlisted at Hartford as a private in Company A of the 12th Connecticut Infantry. Company A called itself the Colt Guards, after the Hartford gun works, and it was mostly Hartford men, with six from South Windsor. The regiment's roll for 1862 sums him up in four words: twenty-seven, married, paper-maker. The regiment spent an unusually cold and stormy winter under canvas at Camp Lyon, with stoves in the tents and measles going round, and at the end of February it marched out over fresh snow, still shivering, to board the steamship *Fulton* at New York.

Eight quiet days later the *Fulton* put them ashore at Ship Island, off the Mississippi coast, which one of the 12th's own captains called the sandiest region this side of the Great Sahara. The men got drinking water by sinking barrels two feet into the sand and waiting. Erasthus's first letters to Mary came from there, and from the ship *E. W. Farley* anchored off it, and in one of them he named three men of a Maine regiment who had drowned.

In April the *Farley* carried the 12th into the mouth of the Mississippi. The men watched the navy bombard Fort Jackson and dodged the fireships the rebels floated down on them; one night a sunken gunboat stove in the *Farley*'s side and tipped the men out of their berths. Erasthus turned twenty-eight on the river, and wrote to Mary on his birthday.

Farragut's fleet had run past the forts and taken New Orleans, and on the evening of April 30 the 12th became the first Union regiment to appear off the city, a day ahead of anyone else. They slept that night on a wharf. New Orleans did not want them. White citizens glowered at the troops from the levee; a boy asked by a Connecticut sailor to drop a rope over a post replied, "No, I'll be damned if I will!"; and within two weeks General Benjamin Butler had issued his order that any woman who insulted a Union soldier would be treated as "a woman of the town plying her avocation," which caused a diplomatic incident with Britain. The 12th's colonel, Henry Deming, was made mayor of the city.

Erasthus remembered the welcome. When General Butler marched his men through the streets, he said in 1916, "torrents of abuse were poured on the Union soldiers, but General Butler exercised such a strict discipline that the men would not retaliate to abusive language from women and children under any circumstances." Two years earlier he had told the paper, modestly, that he "took no part in active fighting during his first enlistment."

In May the regiment went twelve miles upriver to Camp Parapet, an abandoned rebel camp whose guns had been spiked by the women of the neighborhood. There was drill every morning and drill every afternoon, the camp was terribly muddy, and in the later summer typhoid made, in the words of the state's history, "fearful havoc." Sometimes a hundred men were in the hospital at once, and more than forty died. Company A was sent downriver to Jefferson City for June and July, with its captain as provost marshal, and it was from there that Erasthus's last Louisiana letters were written.

The state's official roster records his discharge for disability on July 29, 1862, the same day as four other privates of his company. His last letter from Louisiana is dated August 15, and he was home by the end of the summer.

The obituary agrees with the roster: "an honorable discharge July, 1862." Erasthus's own account in 1914, that he enlisted "for three years, at the end of which time he received an honorable discharge," does not fit the dates.

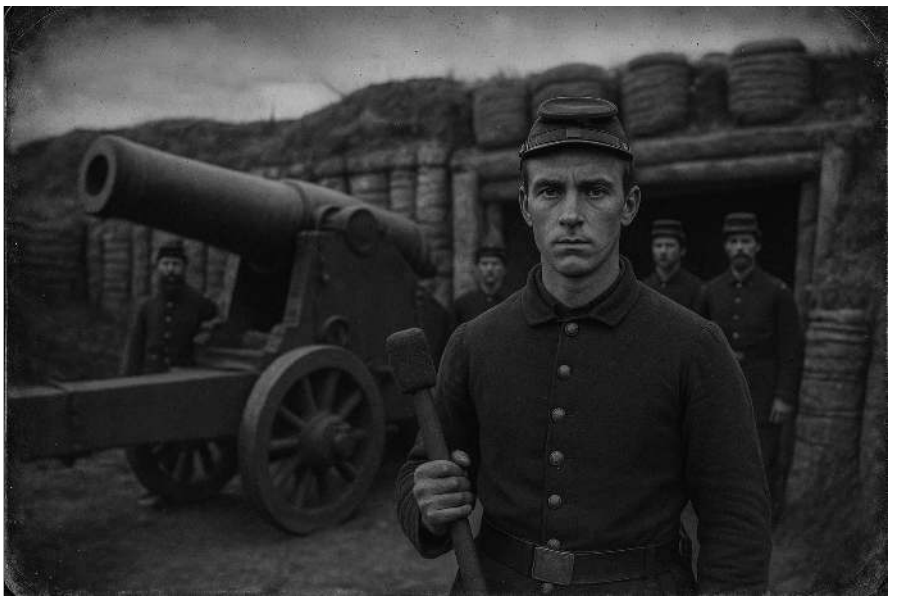
In the autumn of 1862 he was back in the paper mills, and for a year and a half the war went on without him. On October 10, 1862, Mary gave birth to a daughter, Agnes Maria, through whom this story would one day reach Daniel. Then, in the autumn of 1863, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand more men, with a draft to follow in any town that had not filled its quota by January 5, 1864.

Connecticut met the call with money: a new recruit could now collect, from the state and the federal government together, six hundred and two dollars. On January 5, 1864, the last day before the draft, Erasthus enlisted again, at South Windsor. The state's own historians later judged that the bounty system "filled the quota without filling the army." It did fill Company A of the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery with at least one man who already knew how to be a soldier.

The 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery ran the siege guns for the armies closing on Richmond. It had been drilled on every kind of gun and mortar the army owned, and it was proud to say it was inferior to no regular regiment in the service. Company A spent the winter at Fort Reynolds, in the defenses of Alexandria, and Erasthus spent it writing to Mary about Copperheads and the governor and the parcels he was sending home by Adams Express.

In May the regiment went to Bermuda Hundred to join General Butler, Erasthus's old commander from New Orleans, whose drive on Richmond had just been stopped cold at Drewry's Bluff. He wrote to Mary on May 15, their ninth wedding anniversary, from "Camp in the Wilderness," and three days later from the front line. A week after the anniversary, on May 22, their son Henry Erastus was born. Through the early summer Company A served the guns at Battery No. 6 and at Spring Hill.

In his own telling, fifty years on, he was in "the battle of Drewry's Bluff on the James River below Richmond," and on May 16 "they left Fort Darlin for Petersburg, where for eight months they were under constant fire." He was a gunner. Once he "had changed places with a gunner when scarcely ten seconds later two men were killed on the spot he had just left," and he kept, among his collections, "a bullet which went through his blankets and the leg of his trousers, just grazing his leg."



COMPANY A, 1ST CONNECTICUT HEAVY ARTILLERY: PETERSBURG, 1864

Then came Petersburg, and the siege. At a quarter to five on the morning of July 30, 1864, Union miners fired the powder they had packed into a tunnel dug more than five hundred feet under the Confederate line, and left a hole in it a hundred and seventy feet long and thirty feet deep. The infantry went into the crater and could not get out again. The regiment's guns, eighty-one of them, fired 3,833 rounds that morning.

Company A's two batteries of 8-inch mortars, under Captain Gillett and Lieutenant Patterson, fired 486 of them. The regiment's famous 13-inch mortar on its railroad car, the *Dictator*, which weighed seventeen thousand pounds and broke the first car it was fired from, managed nineteen. It belonged to another company. That night the regiment moved fifty-two heavy guns seven miles without the enemy noticing.

Erasthus was at one of those mortars. "He has the most vivid recollections of the battle of the Crater," the *Courant* reported on Memorial Day, 1914, "in which he tended an eight-inch mortar, firing the third shot fired in the battle, which was a very fierce one." The eight-inch mortars fit Company A's guns that morning; the third shot is his own claim.

Did the Crater wound him? The family's own account says so. A sketch of his son's family in William Richard Cutter's *Encyclopedia of Massachusetts, Biographical–Genealogical*, published about 1922 and written from what the family told the compiler, says that Erasthus "participated in many important battles during the war, and had many narrow escapes, and was severely wounded in the battle of the Crater, at Petersburgh." The official record says nothing of the kind. Connecticut's *Record of Service* of 1889, which notes the wounds of the men in his company, gives none for him.

The two sources contradict each other, and neither can be checked against the other until his own papers are read. A week after the battle he was writing to Mary from "Camp in the Woods near Broadway Landing," on the Appomattox, where the regiment kept a field hospital for its sick, and again from Broadway Landing on August 16. What took him there, the index of his letters does not say. At some point he wrote out, in his own hand, a list of his disabilities from the war. It is in the museum, and nobody has yet read it for this book.

There is a third witness, and it is Erasthus, who tells it both ways. Describing the Crater to the *Courant* in 1914, he mentioned no wound at all; the same page said that his neighbor Edwin Munsell, of the same two companies, "was struck with a musket ball in the shoulder." Two years later, on his eighty-second birthday, he told the paper that "at the battle of the Crater he was shot in the shoulder." His obituary says he fought there "where he was wounded." The contradiction stands.

On August 17 Company A took four 10-inch mortars and two 4½-inch guns into Fort Morton, in the lines facing the Crater, and stayed there through the winter. The magazines lay under six feet of earth, the gunners worked behind rope mats six inches thick that weighed nearly six hundred pounds apiece, and the Confederates across the way fired back with English Whitworth guns, which Erasthus mentioned in a letter. In September he wrote from the regimental hospital, which its commander called one of the best field hospitals he had ever seen.

On November 3 the baby, Henry Erastus, died at five months. Mary's letter of November 10 names him, and a doctor, Sydney W. Rockwell; his letter of November 15 names the boy too. That autumn his letters were full of the election, McClellan against Lincoln; Lincoln carried Connecticut by 2,406 votes, and the state counted nearly three thousand votes sent in by soldiers in the field. Two passes made out to him at "Battery Morton," as the catalogue calls it, dated February 14 and 21, 1865, survive among his things; where they let him go, the catalogue does not say.

When the Confederates finally left their lines before dawn on April 3, 1865, the regiment's history says, "for the First Connecticut Artillery the war was ended." Erasthus wrote home from Broadway Landing on April 10, the day after Lee surrendered.

The regiment spent the spring hauling away a hundred and seventy-six captured guns and mortars, most of them heavy, and then went to Fort Lyon, near Alexandria, where it test-fired 15-inch guns until, as its history puts it, "all danger of trouble with the French army in Mexico was

over." A third pass, dated August 10, 1865, comes from Fort Willard, Virginia. In September Company A went across the Potomac to garrison Fort Foote, whose two Rodman guns weighed twenty-five tons each and threw a 440-pound shell three and a half miles.

He was mustered out on September 25, 1865. Two days later the regiment took the train north; Philadelphia turned out at midnight to meet it and New York jammed Broadway. Then it went up the Connecticut River by boat, past landings crowded with what seemed the same people who had cheered it off to war four years before, and at half past ten on the morning of September 29 the men came ashore at Colt's dock in Hartford. There was a parade. "No speeches were made," the *Hartford Times* reported, with evident approval.

He remembered it a little differently: his regiment "was one of those kept in the South for the summer," and "he was mustered out September 5, 1865." The rolls say the twenty-fifth.

The family remembered his war differently. In their telling he was a surgeon, drafted for his first term and paid for his second, to go in the place of a man who did not want to, and the money bought the farm. The surgery Daniel described was brutal: first aid, then a saw through a man's leg, a shot of whiskey, and tar to seal the stump. Daniel had seen the picture books of the battlefields, and he thought Erasthus had probably done the same at sea, where the injuries were terrible and there were no doctors: "there were all these peg-legged people."

Whatever else Erasthus was, Daniel said, he "had the guts to do it." The letters and the regiment's records describe a soldier, and there was no Union draft until 1863. The money, though, was real: it was the bounty that came with the second enlistment. It is the way of family stories to improve a little with each telling, and this one had fifty years and two tellers to do it in.

The war ran through the family on both sides. Daniel's grandfather married a woman from Midlothian, Virginia, whose own grandfather — the name comes through as Khofer — was an officer for the South. The two of them, Daniel said, were "fighting each other in the same battlefield." The encyclopedia of the 1920s gives her name as Elizabeth Cofer.

Home in the autumn of 1865, Erasthus bought a tobacco farm in South Windsor and ran it for sixteen years. The children kept coming: Frederick in September 1866, and Robert, who was born in March 1868 and lived not quite four months. In December 1870 the father's name turns up in a



THE SURGEON'S TENT, AS THE FAMILY TOLD IT

booklet printed for the golden wedding of John Bissell and Elizabeth Thompson of East Windsor, fifty years married; in what connection, the catalogue does not say. Four months later, on April 28, 1871, his own thirty-seventh birthday, came a last son, Erastus Devine.

Through those years, Daniel said, Mary's letters went back and forth to her relatives in Glasgow, "1860s and even 70s," and had survived with his. The museum's catalogue lists, from her side of the family, two undated letters to Mary from Owen and Agness Devine, the names of her parents: one from the two of them together and the other from Owen alone; where they were written, it does not say. They survive only as photocopies, given to the museum in 2015 from a binder a donor's mother had compiled; where the originals went, nobody knows.

On September 17, 1879, Connecticut moved its regimental flags from the State Arsenal in Hartford to the new Capitol, and the veterans came to carry them. The day's official history counted two hundred men of the 12th in line and six hundred of the 1st Heavy Artillery, whose national colors were "almost in shreds." The streets "were black with humanity as far as the eye could see." At the Capitol General Joseph Hawley told the governor, "We are eight thousand citizens, who were soldiers from Connecticut in the late war for Union and Liberty," come to bring "these eighty flags" to their final home. Among Erasthus's papers is a ribbon from that parade, for the 12th Connecticut Volunteers. Whether he wore it in the line, the ribbon does not say.

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In 1883, after sixteen years of tobacco, the family moved back to Holyoke; Erastus Devine, the youngest, was twelve. His father went to work for the Chemical Paper Company and then at George R. Dickinson's paper mill, as foreman of the engine room, at a daily wage, by the encyclopedia's account, of $1.87½, which had risen to $3.50 by the time he left. He belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic, the Union veterans' society, and to the First Hose Company, one of the city's fire companies.

Four receipts for his dues to Kilpatrick Post No. 71 survive, from October 1885 to May 1890. The Grand Army was a power in the land by then: in 1884 it counted 4,323 posts and more than 250,000 members, and its commander-in-chief suggested to them that it was "in bad taste to wear the G. A. R. badge at any political meeting." Erasthus kept other papers from those years too: the by-laws, printed in 1887, of D. C. Rodman Post No. 65 of the Department of Connecticut, and an 1888 booklet on the monument at Groton



BATTLE FLAG DAY, HARTFORD, 1879 (ILLUSTRATION)

Heights to the men who fell at Fort Griswold in 1781, written by a man who had been there.

The family remembered one more Holyoke job. The city ran on its canals, "three layers of canals," as Daniel described them, with "a 30-foot drop" to drive the mills. In winter they froze, and workmen fell into them, often drunk or fighting, and stayed there until the thaw, when the water was let down through the sluices and the bodies came with it. Someone had to go in after them. Erasthus went, lowered on a rope in a little chair, because nobody else could stand the stench. It was the whaler's old qualification again, and by Daniel's account "his stomach was even stronger afterwards." His verdict was brief: "Erastus was happy to do it."

In 1899 he moved back to South Windsor for good and grew tobacco there for the rest of his life, at 235 Pleasant Valley Road. His grandson William Burnham Krug, born in Holyoke in 1894, was with him through his old age, down at the shore at Old Lyme and out on the farm, and it was Krug who heard the stories and saw the scars.

The pension came in stages, as the law did. On April 13, 1904, two weeks before his seventieth birthday, the Bureau of Pensions put Order No. 78 into effect. It was, as the historian of the pensions observed, "again the year of a presidential campaign, and something had to be done for the veterans." The order declared old age an infirmity: a veteran past sixty-two was to be taken as "disabled one-half in ability to perform manual labor," and past seventy was rated at twelve dollars a month.

The Commissioner of Pensions, Eugene Ware, was a lawyer and a poet, and by the same historian's account held that old soldiers should not go to the poor-house, "whether they had been shot to pieces or not." The first of Erasthus's pension certificates is dated July 1, 1904. In February 1907 Congress went further: any honorably discharged veteran of ninety days' service drew a pension by age alone, twelve dollars a month at sixty-two, fifteen at seventy and twenty at seventy-five.

On the Fourth of July, 1907, the family was photographed on Pleasant Valley Road. The museum holds two pictures with that date: one with no names written down, and one with Erasthus and Mary seated at the center. Another group from about those years names nine sitters, and the names match the family in the encyclopedia of the 1920s: the old couple; a son Erastus D., with his wife Mellie and their children Edwin, Marion and James; and a Fred and an Edith, the names of his son Frederick and Frederick's wife.

About 1910 the old man was photographed with those three grandchildren, and at some point with an Owen, an Erastus D., a Fred and a Charles, the names of four of his sons. Two more pictures show the old couple alone: outdoors, with Mary in a rocking chair, and at the old Burnham homestead, across the road from what the catalogue calls the Bungalow.

He turned seventy-five on April 28, 1909, and his second pension certificate is dated May 17. Mary died in 1911, fifty-six years after they married. On May 11, 1912, President Taft signed another pension act, grading the rate by age and length of service; nine days later a postcard was postmarked to him announcing the twenty-fourth reunion of the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery Association, to be held on June 19. He kept it. His third pension certificate is dated August 7, 1912. What any of the three granted him, the catalogue does not say.

In October 1913, at seventy-nine, he was off visiting "his daughter Mrs. Kruz of South Hadley, Mass.," as the *Courant*'s South Windsor column put it, Kruz being the paper's way with Krug. On Memorial Day, 1914, the paper gave a page to the town's surviving Civil War veterans, eleven old men in photographs, and Erasthus came first. The veterans were to meet at Wolcott Chapel at a quarter to eight, decorate the graves, and go on to East Hartford in the afternoon. He had, the paper said, "a very interesting history of all the men in the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery," and "one of the best farms in town."

On April 28, 1916, his eighty-second birthday, the *Courant* ran his life story under the headline "E. W. Burnham of South Windsor Has Had an Exciting Career." He lived with his sons on Depot Street, still in tobacco, and each morning devoted "two hours to the reading of this paper." Within the past two years he had been back to Peters-

burg, where his son Frederick owned "a 400-acre plantation on which are the breastworks which were familiar to the father fifty years ago," and he hoped to go again that summer. He was, the paper said, "a man of a very sunny disposition."

Erasthus died at South Windsor on April 11, 1921, at eighty-six. "He died fairly peacefully at an old age," Daniel said. Rodman Post of East Hartford conducted the service, and he was buried in the town's Center Cemetery, under a stone whose inscription, as it has been transcribed, includes the words "Mary Devine, wife."

The *Courant*'s obituary said he died at home "this morning, after a short illness of pneumonia," gave his age as 87, and counted those he left: two sisters, a brother, six children, fifteen grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren. Among the children it lists "Mrs. William King of South Hadley," the paper's way, this time, with Krug.

He left more behind than stories. His Civil War uniform and sword stood for years in the living room of Daniel's grandparents, next to a crank phonograph that Daniel used to listen to as a boy. They did not survive the family: "Oh, people in the family pillaged them, you know," Daniel said. The letters did. Relatives gave them to the Wood Memorial Library and Museum in South Windsor, more than seventy-five from the war and a handful from the sea, each with a transcription.

"People wrote a lot to each other then," Daniel said, "even these wonderful letters from the Civil War. Very eloquent and very good handwriting." With eight grandchildren coming along, he meant to drive over one day with a cousin and scan them, so that everybody could read them.

The museum keeps the rest of what came down: ten ribbons, some for the 12th Connecticut and some for reunions, and a G.A.R. pin; five Confederate notes, among them one for twenty-five dollars issued by a railroad; the papers already met in these pages; and a collection Daniel described as "500 objects that were like American ... anthropological type whatever objects." The museum counts 584 of them: projectile points and stone tools that the Burnhams found on the land they farmed along Pleasant Valley Road, sorted in 2006 by Barney Daley.

The Podunk people had held that side of the river, the land that is now East Hartford and South Windsor, and numbered, by differing estimates, "from sixty to two hundred bowmen." Daley also left a single typed page titled "A Tragic Occurrence," which the museum describes as recording an Indian campsite on Pleasant Valley Road just west of Hilton Drive, and which names E. W. Burnham and a Mrs. Pottinger. What the occurrence was, its catalogue entry does not say.

What Daniel made of it all was less about the man than about the thread. Any one of those moments — the bandits, the bridge, the war — might have ended it. "If he had died in any of those incidents," he said, "... none of us would have any existence." He would have liked to look back in time and cheer him on, and he had a word for the man on the bridge: "Good thing they didn't get your, whatever, your kidney or something."

They didn't. Erasthus Burnham went to sea at seventeen, came home from the far side of the world with seven scars by the family's count, married a Glasgow woman who was said to have seen him coming, went to war twice, and lived to be eighty-six in the town where he was born. His letters are still there, a few miles from his grave, in his own very good handwriting, waiting for the family to come and read them.

THE RECORDS

The recording. Daniel St. John, recorded interview, session S5, transcript `transcript/clean/S5.md`, 00:00:30–01:15:43; story units U030–U040, U050, U053.

His life in the museum's catalogue. The Watershed History Collective (formerly the Wood Memorial Library & Museum), South Windsor, Connecticut, person record "Burnham, Erastus W.," with links to eighteen related records, read 2026-09-29 and 2026-10-04. (person record) Cached: facts/records/erastus-burnham/person.md, museum_full_catalogue.md; per-record text in knowledge/notes/.

His letters. Civil War letters, 1862–1865, catalogue no. 2004.09.001, seventy-seven numbered letters and lettered additions, each with a transcription (record); Letters from the Sea, 1851–1858, no. 2004.09.023: the *Hannibal* (1851–1852), the sloop *Mary Elizabeth* (1857–1858) and Mary's letter of October 4, 1858 (record); Photocopied Erastus Burnham Letters, no. 2015.45.15, including the two Devine letters (record). Index terms cached in facts/records/erastus-burnham/letters_civil_war.csv and letters_from_the_sea.csv. The letters' texts are not online.

His papers and things. Misc. Civil War papers, no. 2004.09.022 (Confederate notes; G.A.R. Post 71 receipts, 1885–1890; pen-

sion certificates, 1904, 1909, 1912; Groton Heights booklet, 1888; Rodman Post by-laws, 1887; Battle Flag Parade ribbon, 1879; reunion postcard, 1912; passes, 1865; his list of disabilities) (record); ten Civil War ribbons and a G.A.R. pin, no. 2004.09.015 (record); 584 projectile points and stone tools, no. 2004.09.020 (record); Barney E. Daley, "A Tragic Occurrence," no. 2001.15.0103.28 (record); Henry M. King shop ledger, 1841–1849, no. 1990.02.001 (record); Golden Wedding of John Bissell and Elizabeth Thompson, 1870, no. 1996.01.001 (record). The nine photographs are listed after these Records.

His family. W. R. Cutter, ed., *Encyclopedia of Massachusetts, Biographical–Genealogical* (New York: American Historical Society, c. 1922), article "Burnham, Erastus Devine," pp. 365–368 (archive.org). Cached: facts/records/_raw/wilhelm-krug-records/ia_encyclopediaofma03incutt.txt.

The letters on display. Patch, South Windsor, March 26, 2018, "Letters Reveal Civil War Life." (patch.com)

His whaling voyage. The ship *Hannibal* of New London (vessel AS1529), voyage AV06134, sailed June 24, 1851, master Jeremiah Lester Jr.; crew list of June 21, 1851, entry "Erastus W. Brunham," age 18; the *Vesper* (AV15129), the *Pioneer* (AV07659) and the *Betsey Williams* position (CoML AV01853). Whaling History (New Bedford Whaling Museum, Mystic Seaport, New Bedford Free Public Library) (voyage) (vessel) (*Vesper*) (search), and its data packages: voyages (zip), crew lists (zip), logbook data (zip), Census of Marine Life (zip), Maury (zip). Cached: facts/records/erastus-burnham/whaling_*.csv, facts/records/hannibal/.

The original crew list. Crew list of the ship *Hannibal*, New London, June 21, 1851 (National Archives, RG 36), line 29, "Erastus W. B[r/u]nham," South Windsor, 18; filed with the master's oath and the collector's certificate, with no later note of his leaving the ship. Mystic Seaport Museum, New London Crew Lists, NLC1303, images NL33231–NL33232 (scan).

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Hong Kong. Hong Kong Police Force, history, ch. 1 (pdf); *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Treaty of Nanjing (britannica.com); M. C. Perry and F. L. Hawks, *Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan*, vol. 1 (Washington, 1856), pp. 133–137, 303 (archive.org); U.S. Department of State, Office of the Historian, "The United States and the Opening to Japan, 1853" (history.state.gov); the Hong Kong Blue Book for 1853, Civil Establishment, University of Hong Kong Libraries, not searchable by script and not yet read (HKU). Cached: facts/records/_raw/erasthus-burnham/.

The epigraphs. Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick* (1851), Project Gutenberg no. 2701 (gutenberg.org); Walt Whitman, "The Wound-Dresser," *Leaves of Grass*, Project Gutenberg no. 1322 (gutenberg.org).

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The war around him. T. Hollandsworth, "Union Soldiers on Ship Island," *Mississippi History Now* (mdah); The Historic New Orleans Collection, Butler's General Order No. 28 (hnoc.org); National Park Service: Drewry's Bluff (nps.gov), the Crater (nps.gov) (nps.gov), Fort Foote (nps.gov); National Archives, *Prologue*, on Civil War draft records (archives.gov); J. A. Cox, *The Defenses of Washington* (1901), searched for Fort Willard without result (archive.org). Fact sheet: facts/records/erastus-burnham/civil_war/context_civil_war.md, which lists further pages consulted.

After the war. *History of Battle-Flag Day, September 17, 1879* (Hartford: Lockwood & Merritt, 1880) (archive.org); W. H. Glasson, *Federal Military Pensions in the United States* (New York, 1918) (archive.org); City of Holyoke, history (holyoke.org); J. O. Goodwin, *East Hartford: Its History and Traditions* (1879), on the Podunk (archive.org).

His grave. Center Cemetery, South Windsor, Find a Grave memorial 15309965. (findagrave.com)

In the newspapers. *The Hartford Courant*: "South Windsor," October 23, 1913, p. 18 (clipping); "South Windsor and Her Veterans: Remarkable Stories of Surviving Soldiers of Civil War," May 30, 1914, p. 12 (clipping); "E. W. Burnham of South Windsor Has Had an Exciting Career," April 28, 1916, p. 18 (clipping); "E. W. Burnham of South Windsor Dies," April 12, 1921, p. 19 (clipping). ProQuest Historical Newspapers; copies supplied by the Connecticut State Library (ref. 898), October 15, 2026. The 1914 and 1916 pieces are his own recollections, at eighty and eighty-two. Transcriptions: facts/records/erastus-burnham/courant_*.md.

Not reached. The full 1889 *Record of Service* (HathiTrust) and the Connecticut Adjutant-General's reports of 1861–1864 (HathiTrust) and 1865–1866 (HathiTrust) (browser check, not bypassed); the U.S. General Index to Pension Files, 1861–1934 (NARA T288), on FamilySearch (familysearch.org) (login required); Chronicling America's old OCR pages (browser check); the museum's own copies of the letters (the request of October 4, 2026 bounced and was not resent).

A note on the name. There were at least two American whaleships called *Hannibal*: his, of New London (441 tons, built 1821, voyages 1843–1861), and an older, smaller ship of Sag Harbor, New York (vessel AS1530, voyages 1819–1849, condemned at Rio de Janeiro in 1849). A surviving Sag Harbor logbook of 1845–1849 belongs to the other ship, not to his. (Digital Long Island) (East Hampton Library)

PHOTOGRAPHS AND OBJECTS IN THE MUSEUM

Held by The Watershed History Collective (formerly the Wood Memorial Library & Museum), South Windsor, Connecticut, whose permission to reproduce them has not been given: they appear only in drafts, from its small web copies, and print as a list. The illustrations in this chapter are artist's renderings, with his Civil War tintype as the likeness.



2004.09.013 · 1862-1865
Erastus W. Burnham during the Civil War, in uniform.
Catalogue record



2004.09.007 · 1907 JUL 04
Erastus W. Burnham Family, July 4, 1907, Pleasant Valley Rd, South Windsor, CT. Names are not provided.
Catalogue record



2015.45.04 · 1907 JUL 04
The Burnham family, with Erastus W. and Mary Devine Burnham seated at the center.
Catalogue record



2015.45.09 · CA. 1900-1910
The Burnham family, including Marion, Fred, Erastus D., Erastus W., James, Mellie W., Edwin, Edith, and Mary Devine.
Catalogue record



2015.45.06 · CA. 1910
Erastus W. Burnham as an old man with three of his young grandchildren or great-grandchildren, James E., Marion B., and Edwin G. Burnham.
Catalogue record



2015.45.10 · CA. 1900-1921
Five Burnham men: Owen W., Erastus D., Erastus W., Fred, and Charles Burnham.
Catalogue record



2015.45.02 · CA. 1900-1911
Erastus W. and Mary Devine Burnham as elderly adults, outdoors; Mary is sitting in a rocking chair.
Catalogue record



2004.09.009 · 1900-1910
Erastus W. and Mary Devine Burnham at their home: the old Burnham Homestead across from the Bungalow, Pleasant Valley Rd, South Windsor, CT.
Catalogue record



2004.09.008 · 1900-1910
Erastus W. Burnham, early 1900s.
Catalogue record



2004.09.020 · 1860-1920 · FOUR IMAGES
Early American projectile points and stone tools found by the Burnhams on the property they farmed along Pleasant Valley Road: some 584 pieces, roughly categorized in 2006 by Barney Daley (images.01–.04; the first shown).
Catalogue record

WILHELM KRUG

GERMANY, THE WEST, HOLYOKE AND SOUTH HADLEY · 1855–1938

On a Kaiser, Cattle, the Canal and Such

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

EMILY DICKINSON

THIS CHAPTER IS FAMILY LORE about Daniel's great-grandfather, Wilhelm Friedrich Krug, a German who came to America as a young man and ended his days in South Hadley, Massachusetts. By the family's reckoning he died in 1938, five years before Daniel was born, so Daniel never knew him; what he knew came down through the family, and he knew how thin that could be. "I say the German side of the family is interesting," he said, but he wanted "to know more than just hearsay." This chapter is an attempt at the more. In America the old man went by William Krug, and under that name he turns up in three censuses, a city directory, a book about a gymnastics club, a parade, a deed and the local paper: not a great deal of paper for more than eighty years of life, but a good deal more than nothing. The records are set beside the family's story here, in order. Where the two part company, the chapter says so.

In December 1855, by the reckoning of a census taker in South Hadley forty-four years later, Wilhelm Krug was born in Germany, to a father and a mother who had both been born there too. Two later censuses agree with the year near enough: the one of 1910 made him fifty-five, and the one of 1920, sixty-five. That is nearly all the record says. It does not say where he was born, and Daniel never named a town.

The Germany the census taker wrote down did not yet exist as a country when Wilhelm was born. It became one only in 1871, when he was fifteen, as the newly created German Empire, with the King of Prussia at its head. The family remembered him by the full German name, Wilhelm Friedrich Krug, and remembered him as clever and well schooled. "My German grandfather," Daniel said, meaning his great-grandfather, "was a very hardworking gentleman, very effective gentleman of higher education in Germany."

In his teens, as the family told it, Wilhelm went to school with a prince. "He actually went to school with the Kaiser of Germany," Daniel said. "He went to school with Kaiser Wilhelm II when

THE LINE OF DESCENT

Wilhelm Friedrich Krug (1855–1938) = (1) a German-born wife, name not known; (2) Agnes Maria Burnham (b. 1862)
↓
William Burnham Krug (1893 or 1894–1967), "Grandfather Krug" = Elizabeth Cofer
↓
Janet Krug (b. 1920) = John St. John (b. 1921)
↓
Daniel St. John (b. 1943) = Regina
↓
Alex, Rex and Yana

he was a teenager at the same, what they call the gymnasium. And he studied Greek and Latin." It was not a college, he explained, but "high school, kind of an elite high school," and, he agreed, a private one: "So at least the family would have had to have some money to send their kid there." The two boys were friends, in the family's telling. "They walked to school together," Daniel said. "They were buddies."

The prince's school was in Cassel, and the place can be described more firmly than the friendship. Cassel had been the capital of the Electorate of Hesse until Prussia swallowed it in
1866. A guidebook of 1877 found the town "formerly remarkable for the dulness peculiar to the
capital of a small principality," and livelier since: it had grown from 35,980 people in 1864 to 53,000 in 1876. In its main square stood a statue of Landgrave Frederick II, who, the guidebook noted without further comment, had "sent 12,000 of his subjects to aid the English in America in consideration of a sum of 22 million Thlr." Hessians had been going to America for a hundred years by then. The later ones paid their own fares.

The school was the Friedrichsgymnasium, a Latin school since 1539 and a gymnasium since 1779, and since 1866 a school of the Prussian state. Here the family's story and the record part company for the first time, and kindly. It was not a private school. The prince himself, looking back fifty years later, wrote that the plan meant he "was to learn with strange boys in a public school, was to compete with them, and—to come out lower in the list!" That was the point of it.

His tutor, Hinzpeter, wanted a future king to have "the opportunity of coming into closer continuous contact with people of other classes than those of his own future environment." Which, as it happens, makes a classmate named Krug easier to believe, not harder.

The prince arrived on September 12, 1874, and he arrived on foot. Hinzpeter, who believed in lessons, had arranged it. While the old Emperor rolled into Cassel the same day "in a comfortable saloon-car, honoured, extolled, well-dined," his grandson, "having quite insufficiently breakfasted, with tired legs and empty stomach, walked to Cassel, and entered Cassel in the true manner of a travelling student." In the small town, the prince remembered, "the entire life was governed by the school." The family said the two boys walked to school together. The prince's own book records at least one long walk.

The work was hard, and the family's memory of it is the record's too. A gymnasium boy, wrote Mark Twain, who watched them in Germany a few years later, lived "under a system which allowed him no freedom, but vigorously compelled him to work like a slave," and came out not merely reading Greek and Latin but speaking them. The prince got up at five in summer and was at his books by six; school ran from eight to twelve and again in the afternoon.

"It was certainly nothing out of the way for class and home-work to take up ten or eleven hours out of the day," he wrote; "our life was often a perfect torment." Not every master was a torment. Schorre, who taught mathematics, "was more of a sportsman than a mathematician"; he could hold a class spellbound with "some midnight adventure with a monster in the Forest of Kaufung" but "could not explain to us the nature and origin of an equation." Wilhelm Krug, the family said, came out of his gymnasium knowing "at least five European languages fluently."

The prince was a marked boy in another way. "The defect that Kaiser Wilhelm had was a gimp arm," Daniel said. "He was very embarrassed about it because people expected him to become head of Germany and he had this gimp arm so he was always kind of posed in such a way that you wouldn't be able to tell." That is just what the photographs show. A hard birth had left his left arm about six inches shorter than his right, and he spent his life holding gloves in that hand, or resting it on a sword, to hide it.

Then the family's story goes a step further: the Kaiser, it said, "couldn't do the, either ride the horses or he couldn't do the gymnastics." Here the family was half right. The gymnastics had been prescribed when he was seven "simply and solely to strengthen this arm," and, he admitted, "of course I could never practise them with the enthusiasm of ordinary children." The riding was another matter.

It had been forced on him as a small boy, "despite his tearful resistance," by a tutor who

set him on a horse without stirrups and put him back on every time he fell off, until it was "finally mastered and practised with delight and skill." By the time he came to Cassel the prince could ride.

Whether Wilhelm Krug was one of the strange boys, the record cannot say. The prince remembered his class as a friendly place: "Without forming a close friendship with anyone in particular, I kept on good terms with all my school-fellows." He named four of them, Johannes Brauneck, Ganslandt, "a small Jewish boy named Sommer" and a boy called Wild from another class, and no Krug. That proves nothing either way; four names are not a class list. The dates are harder.

Three censuses put Wilhelm Krug's birth in 1854 or 1855; the prince was born in January 1859, more than three years later. When the prince walked into Cassel in September 1874, Krug was eighteen. And the censuses say Krug was by then already gone, or going: the one of 1920 gives the year he came to America as 1873, the one of 1910 as 1874, and only the one of 1900, with its last figure written over, as 1876 or 1878.

If he ever sat in that class, he sat in it as a young man of nineteen or twenty among boys of fifteen and sixteen, and only on the latest of the three dates. The family remembered two teenagers walking to school. Two or three tellers and a hundred years lie between the walk and the telling, and in that time a story can lose a few years and gain a friend.

❧

In 1873, or 1874, or perhaps as late as 1876 or 1878, Wilhelm Krug left Germany. The censuses disagree, as censuses often do, but all three put him between eighteen and twenty-two when he went; Daniel had him leaving "in his 20s," which, as he said, "puts him somewhere in the 1870s." They were poor years to go anywhere. The Panic of 1873 began a depression that was felt in the new German Empire as well as in the United States, and in New York, after the Stock Exchange closed for ten days that September, a quarter of the workers lost their jobs.

Even emigration slowed. The great port of departure was Bremen, which a guidebook of 1877 called "one of the principal starting points of German emigrants to America, many thousands of whom quit their Fatherland by this port every year": 1,431,170 of them between 1832 and 1874, about 33,000 a year, but only 24,508 in 1875. Across the decade some 718,000 Germans came to the United States all the same. Which port Wilhelm left from, and on what ship, no record found so far says. In New York, immigrants of those years came ashore at Castle Garden, the old fort at the Battery, where more than seven and a half million people landed between 1855 and 1890.

Not everyone at home thought America a good idea. Mark Twain, travelling in Germany in 1878, found American news of an Indian war being "utilized here to discourage emigration to America," and added: "The common people think the Indians are in New Jersey." They were not, as it turned out. They were nearer where Wilhelm Krug was going next.

❧

In the middle of the 1870s, as the family told it, Wilhelm went west. "He went out west to work herding cows and stuff, tried to make money," Daniel said. "That was one way to make money, you know, go on cattle drives." It was the way of the time. In the eight years after the Civil War more than a million and a half Texas cattle had gone up the Chisholm Trail to the railheads in Kansas.

In 1876 Kansas moved its quarantine line west, the old cow towns dried up, and the drives moved to the Western Trail and Dodge City; until 1885 somewhere between 2.7 and 6 million head went up it. A herd of up to 3,000 needed about eleven men, most of them boys of twelve to eighteen. A man in his twenties was an old hand by those standards, if not by any other.

The pay is known from men who did it. Charles Siringo, a Texas cowhand who went up the trail to Kansas in the spring of 1874, wrote that "my wages were thirty-five dollars per month and all expenses, including railroad fare back home." Joseph McCoy, the cattle dealer who had made Abilene a railhead, put the ordinary rate that year at "fifteen to twenty dollars per month in specie," and a modern historian of the trail gives $25 to $40 for a hand, $75 for the cook and $100 or more for the boss.

Siringo, writing advice for beginners, split the difference: "Your wages will be all the way from $15.00 up to $40.00 per month, according to latitude." A beginner's outfit, by his reckoning, came to a pony at $25, a saddle at $25, leggings, hat and blankets at $5 each and a Colt's.45 at $12, and his best advice to the newcomer was to ride away from the railroad and ask at the first ranch: "The idea is to get just as far from a railroad as possible."

McCoy did not pretend it was a holiday. "If any one imagines that the life of a ranchman or cow-boy is one of ease and luxury," he wrote, "a brief trial will dispel the illusion." "Corn bread, mast-fed bacon and coffee" made up "nine-tenths of their diet," and "his daily fare will never give you the gout." The nights were worse than the days. In a prairie storm, when "the electric balls dance from tip to tip of the cattle's horns," the position of the man on night guard was, McCoy said, "trying far more than romantic."

A German was not out of place in the trade. McCoy wrote admiringly of one Charley Strausenbach, "a veritable Dutch boy," who had come to America young and "tried every clime and business." The long drives ended in 1885, when Kansas and the other northern states shut their borders to Texas cattle for fear of tick fever. By then Wilhelm Krug was long gone east. Where he rode, when, and for whom, no record found so far says.

❧

Next, the family said, came the Erie Canal: "And then he worked on the Erie Canal and saved money." In 1880, a state official later recalled, the New York canals carried more than thirty million bushels of wheat out of Buffalo, and "ten thousand or more boats were engaged in doing this." But the canal was losing its war with the railroads. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania had reached Chicago in 1869, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Grand Trunk in 1874, and the freight war that followed "nearly bankrupted the railroads and incidentally cut heavily into the traffic of the Erie canal."

Things settled about 1876, but canal traffic never recovered. In July 1877 the great railroad strike reached Albany, Syracuse and Buffalo, the canal's own cities. In 1882 the voters of New York made the canals free of tolls in the hope of saving them, and the first free year went badly enough that the State Engineer declared it "a foregone and inevitable conclusion that THE CANALS MUST GO." They did not go; they are still there.

The work was slow and cheap. A mule that could carry only 250 pounds on its back could tow a barge of 60,000 along the towpath, and a horse-drawn boat took about thirteen days from Buffalo to New York. By the 1890s a boat's driver, the man or boy who walked the towpath with the team, was paid $25 a month, and the crew's board was reckoned at forty-five cents a day a man. Saving money on that took discipline, which was a quality the family gave him in plenty. What he did on the canal, and when, no record found so far says.

❧

By October 1882 Wilhelm Krug was in Massachusetts, married, and a father. His first child, Flora, was born that month, and her mother, like her father, had been born in Germany. The first wife's name is not in any record found so far. A second daughter, Hattie, followed in February 1885. "He married a woman and had two daughters, Hattie and Flora," as Daniel put it, and both were born in Massachusetts, very likely in Holyoke, where the family's story and the records both find him next.

Holyoke was a city built on purpose. In 1848 a company of Boston capitalists had dammed the Connecticut River at its falls to make a mill town, and the dam failed on the day they closed the gates. The agent's telegrams to Boston survive, beginning "10 a.m., the gates were just closed" and ending, at 3:20, "your old dam has gone to hell by way of Willimansett." The next one held.

It fed what Daniel described as "a set of three layers of canals that ran hundreds of mills," four and a half miles of them on three levels, and the city grew along them at a gallop: 10,733 people in 1870, 21,915 in 1880, 35,674 in 1890. By 1885 Holyoke was the biggest paper-making city in the country, turning out about 190 tons a day when Philadelphia, its nearest rival, made 69.

Skinner's silk came in 1874, after a flood destroyed William Skinner's mill at Haydenville that May; he rebuilt in Holyoke in July. The

farms around, Daniel said, had been planted with mulberry trees for the silkworms, "just like it was like in Japan," and "Northampton was called Paradise City."

It was a city of newcomers. In the state census of 1885 Holyoke had 14,003 people born in the United States and 13,380 born abroad, and of its 6,294 young men between sixteen and forty, 3,703 had been born somewhere else. Daniel said that Holyoke was known as Little Ireland. The Irish had come first, to dig the canals and build the dam, but the name was older than either: a part of the town had been called Ireland Parish since before 1745, after, it is said, one Irish family named Riley whose home, "probably because the one Irish home attracted others," gave its name to a district. The French Canadians followed the Irish into the mills, and then the Germans came.

The Germans had a mill of their own. "A German manufacturer of wool set up a company in Holyoke," Daniel said, "maybe a couple thousand Germans, a whole German section there." He was close on both counts. August Stursberg, a woollen man from Germany, had bought a mill in South Holyoke in January 1865 and sailed that September with his family and his skilled workmen; by 1895 the city had about 2,660 Germans. The mill was the Germania, and it made fine beavers, chinchillas, castors and overcoatings, 250,000 yards of cloth a year.

"The German mill was doing woolen, what you call weaving," Daniel said. "There were over 300 workers there." In 1887 a city handbook said it in nearly the same words: "Over 300 persons find employment in the mills and the monthly pay roll is $9,500." Around the mill grew a German town, with a Lutheran church built in 1867 for $5,000, where the Sunday school taught German to the children, a lodge of the Order of Harugari from 1873, a German newspaper from July 1882, and a row of graves along two sides of the old Baptist cemetery, where many Germans were buried, "they, as yet, having no burial ground of their own."

In 1883 the Burnhams came to Holyoke. Erasthus Burnham, the old whaler and soldier of an earlier chapter, took work in the paper mills, first at the Chemical Paper Company and then as foreman of the engine room at George R. Dickinson's mill, at $1.87½ a day. He brought his wife, Mary Devine, who had been born in Glasgow, and their children, among them a daughter of twenty named Agnes Maria. They stayed in Holyoke until 1899.

In 1885 the Holyoke directory lists "Krug William, emp Connor Bros., house 665 Main." Main Street was the German end of the Flats; two doors down lived a Germania Mills hand. Connor Brothers made cassimeres, wool extracts and shoddy, the cloth made of reworked rags, and employed 125 men and 75 women, at an average of about $27.50 a head a month. The directory gives no age and no family, so it is not certain this is Wilhelm, but the name was rare in Holyoke and the street and the trade are right.

A second Krug in the same directory, Edward, was a "German teacher and clerk." Whether he was kin, nothing found so far says. Daniel remembered something grander: "he had a very nice house up in the hills there."

The census of 1920 says he was naturalized in 1885, the year of that directory, though the figure is written small and could be read otherwise. If so, he became an American in the courts of Hampden County, where the Police Court of Holyoke had sat since 1871. The United States and Prussia had agreed in 1868 that a naturalized man who went home and stayed two years would be presumed to have taken up his old nationality again; America had promised, in effect, that it would not be used as a side door out of the Prussian army.

❧

The Germans of Holyoke had brought their gymnastics with them, and Wilhelm Krug, by the family's account, was one of them in that too. On May 28, 1871, about twenty of them had met in Robert Schubert's butcher shop to found a Turnverein, a gymnastics society on the German model, and in 1874 they bought land from the water-power company and built a Turn Hall on Bridge Street, partly because the Massachusetts blue laws forbade exercise in public on a Sunday.

By the 1880s it was a political venue as well as a gymnasium: candidates for mayor turned up to watch the gymnastics, and one French-Canadian running for city clerk, a man named Genest, was



THE OLDER MEN DRINKING BEER, WATCHING THE GYMNASTS (ILLUSTRATION)

reported to have "acted like a native of the Fatherland." Daniel described the place in full.

> *What the Germans like to do is get together at the bar and drink beer. Because he had gone to this very disciplined private school with the Kaiser, he was also heavily into gymnastics, which the Germans developed competitive gymnastics. ... In the lower Holyoke, they had the Turnverein, which is a turning club. And they had gymnastic apparatus. And then you had the older men sitting there drinking beer, watching the gymnasts. And that was his whole thing that when he wasn't working, he would be doing handstands and so forth right into, you know, I think his older age, 50s and 60s. He was a gymnast.*

Some time after Hattie was born, Wilhelm's first wife died. "And his wife died," Daniel said, and that is all anyone has: no name, no date, no grave found so far. How Wilhelm then came to marry Erasthus's daughter, the family did not know, and Daniel worked it out for himself. "All I can think is that he must have hired her because he had two young daughters and his wife was dead and he had money," he said.

"So he must have hired her to look after them and then later married her. That's the only way I could connect how he would have met her, even had time to." The records offer a plainer possibility, which is that the two families lived in the same mill city of thirty or forty thousand people from 1883 on. The city's marriage register gives the day: William Krug and Agnes M. Burnham were married in Holyoke on the first of October 1890 by the Reverend J. W. T. Boothe, who had come from Wilmington that January to be pastor of the Second Baptist Church. He gave his age as thirty-two, his work as a dry goods clerk, his birthplace as Germany and his parents as William and Jeanette; it was his second marriage and her first. She was twenty-seven, nine days short of twenty-eight, "at home," the daughter of Erastus and Mary G. Devine. Flora was seven and Hattie five. On the tape Daniel twice called her "Mary Burnham." Mary was her mother's name. Hers was Agnes, as he also said, and as every record agrees.

Agnes brought her faith with her. "She was a very religious woman," Daniel said. "And she used to have prayer meetings at the house and so forth." It was the faith of people who expected the world to end soon and meant to be ready. "They were reading seriously in the apocalypse," he said, "and they were expecting that it was going to come to the end of time and that you better pray and if you want to go to heaven, you had to



HOLYOKE MARRIAGE REGISTER, 1 OCTOBER 1890: WILLIAM KRUG AND AGNES M. BURNHAM

be really attentive." Her father's church, back in South Windsor, was the Second Advent.

In 1893, the city's own history records, "A panic hit Holyoke this year and crippled a number of enterprises." That December, or early in 1894 as Daniel had it, Agnes had a son. He was born in Holyoke and named, Daniel said, "William after his father," with his mother's maiden name in the middle: William Burnham Krug, who would be Daniel's Grandfather Krug. An old Holyoke man, talking to a New York reporter a few years later, summed up his generation: "We all moved here from some place or other. It remained for our children to be born in Holyoke."

In 1895 a William Krug was teaching languages at the other Turn Hall, in Springdale. The Germans of Holyoke had fallen out among themselves, as Germans and gymnasts both will, and in 1886 a party of them had left the Bridge Street hall after a failed strike and founded their own society at the city's southern edge, which the electric cars had reached in 1892. "The southern extremity of the city, Springdale, is a purely German product," wrote a local history that year.

Its Turn Hall had property worth about $20,000, "a fine gymnasium where children from three years old and upwards receive physical training," a sick benefit and a $50 funeral fund, and Turners who "never returned from a Turnfest without taking prizes." Between the gymnasium and the funeral fund the book records one more thing: "William Krug is employed to give instruction in German and English language."

German and English: it is a fair guess which of the two was in more demand. Mark Twain, who had struggled with German in Heidelberg, had concluded that "a gifted person ought to learn English (barring spelling and pronouncing) in thirty hours, French in thirty days, and German in thirty years." Springdale itself lay low by the river, and that April the river came to call. "When the river rises in the spring," the same book said, "the residents look alive, for the water has a fashion of becoming sociable and comes uncomfortably near the houses"; in April 1895 there were six and eight feet of water over the electric car tracks from South Holyoke to Springdale.

By the summer of 1900 the Krugs had left Holyoke for South Hadley, across the river. "Grandfather Krug was in the German town, a German area of Holyoke, until he had enough money to leave Holyoke and buy properties in South Hadley," Daniel said, using the family's name for both Williams. "So that got them out of the city." He gave the year as "around 1890," and elsewhere said they lived in South Hadley "from the turn of the century, from 1900." The records fall between the two: Holyoke in 1885, a son born in Holyoke at the end of 1893, and South Hadley by June 1900. The house in Holyoke, Daniel said, "probably still exists there. I have to find it, but I know where, approximately where it was."

South Hadley was a quieter place, a town of 4,526 people in 1900, with paper mills at the Falls, farms around the Center, and a famous college. Mount Holyoke had been founded as a female seminary by Mary Lyon in 1837 and had become a college in 1893; Emily Dickinson, whose lines open this chapter, had been a student there for a year in 1847. Daniel called it "the first women's college in the country," and it was at least the oldest of the seven great ones of the Northeast.

The trolley made the move possible for a man with work in Holyoke. Horse cars had run from South Holyoke to South Hadley Falls since 1884; they were electrified in 1891, and in 1896 the cars began running all the way to South Hadley Center.

In the middle of June 1900 the census taker came to the Krug house on Hadley Street. He wrote down William Krug, born in Germany in December 1855, forty-four years old, married

ten years, a teacher by occupation; Agnes M., his wife, thirty-seven, born in Connecticut to a Scottish mother, the mother of one child; Flora, seventeen, and Hattie, fifteen, both at school; and William B., six, also at school. The family owned its house, free of any mortgage. The column for naturalization was left blank.

Daniel described a household that was "quite wealthy, because my German grandfather was a very hardworking gentleman," and the census, which did not ask about wealth, at least found a man with a profession, a house of his own and no debt on it.

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The family remembered him at work in three ways. "He had about three different ways of making a living," Daniel said. The first was the court. Holyoke, he explained, "had a lot of immigrants there. They had Poles. They had French Canadians. And he spoke and was literate in those languages. So he worked in the court as an interpreter." He was paid by the job: "when the court needed him, they get somebody Italian or somebody couldn't convey something that they would pay him to interpret a document or interpret in a court trial or something."

Holyoke's Police Court certainly needed interpreters. It sat every morning but Sunday at nine, in the basement of City Hall, and for twenty-one years, from 1877 to 1898, its judge was William B. C. Pearsons. In the year to November 1902 the city's police arrested 1,335 people, of whom 708 had been born in America, 271 in Ireland, 179 in Canada, 39 in Poland, 34 in Russia, 32 in Scotland, 22 in Germany and five in Italy, and the court took in $3,673.44 in fines.

Local men did the interpreting. In 1891 "an interpreter from Holyoke was able to disentangle the story of the Portuguese" in a Springfield drowning, and in 1917 an Italian sentenced for a Holyoke killing had beside him "Andrew Lopardo, interpreter." The German and French newspapers needed translators too: "an important task in the editorial departments," a county history noted in 1902, was "the translation of 'copy,'" handed in by advertisers in English. No record found so far names William Krug in any of this work. It is a gap in the papers, and not necessarily in the story.

The second job, and in the family's memory the steady one, was at a store. "His basic job was night guard for Steiger's," Daniel said. "It was a very early clothing store." And, of the night guard: "He had a gun and he was very reliable." Steiger's was the creation of Albert Steiger, a German himself, born in Ravensburg in 1860, who had come to America as a boy of nine and from the age of thirteen sold dry goods around the hill towns.

He opened in Holyoke in 1896, sat on the first board of the city's Business Men's Association the next year, and in 1899 put up the Steiger Building on High Street, across from City Hall, the first building in Holyoke built to be a department store. By about 1912 it called itself "The Women's Store," with thirty-one departments, a hundred and fifty clerks and Lamson cash carriers. So whatever the order of Wilhelm's jobs, Steiger's came after 1896.

The census of 1910 adds a third line of work, or a second view of the same one. That April it found him in a department store, not as a guard but as a clerk. It did not say which store. In Holyoke in 1910 there were not many to choose from.

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In the spring of 1902 the Kaiser's brother came to America. Prince Henry of Prussia toured the country that February and March, and the German-language *Staats-Zeitung* gave him a dinner for "a thousand of the active newspaper workers" at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, at which, the *Springfield Republican* reported, "The dailies of Holyoke Pittsfield and North Adams were represented." The prince was seen to turn and chat with Mark Twain. The *Republican* was not overimpressed. "We Americans," it said, "are saved from sycophancy by our sense of humor." On the same page it reported a matter more pressing to the valley: smallpox had "reached Western Massachusetts," and the outbreak at Holyoke was the worst nearby.

That November a New York reporter came to look at Holyoke and found that "No other city in the country has so large a foreign population

in comparison to its size." When South Holyoke built up, he wrote, the French had come "in numbers, along with many Germans," and the district was known as "Tiger Town." A county history of the same year put it more gently: "One finding himself in the German quarter of Holyoke, with the tongue of the Fatherland spoken on all sides," and the German papers coming off the press in their old black letter, "may readily imagine himself in the land of the Kaiser."

In the summer of 1903 South Hadley turned 150 years old and held a parade. On July 29 the Christian Endeavor Society of South Hadley, a Protestant young people's society, rode on float number fourteen, under a banner for "Excellence in Good Citizenship," and among the young women on it was Hattie Krug, eighteen. The town's historians that year listed a brickmaker, Charles Rannenberg, as South Hadley's first German resident. The Krugs were not the first, then, but they were early.

In September 1904 the Springfield paper reported the sale of a large tract at the head of Laurel Street in Holyoke, part of the estate of the late Abigail Brown. It was sold "by the executor of the estate, William Krug of South Hadley, for about $20,000," and was to be cut up into house lots; Mrs. Brown's bequests to an old people's home and to each of the Baptist churches of Holyoke would now be paid. Being named an executor is a mark of trust. Daniel remembered his great-grandfather as "such a disciplined person" who "made so much money for the family," and here, at least, is a William Krug of South Hadley trusted with twenty thousand dollars of someone else's.

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In February 1906 the Kaiser had a silver wedding. He had married Princess Augusta Victoria on February 27, 1881, and for the twenty-fifth anniversary German jewellers and mints struck commemorative medals: one by the court jeweller Franz Apell of Erfurt, another issued by J. Godet of Berlin, others by August Hummel and Arthur Krüger. The family has a medal too. "Yes, yes, we have a medal," Daniel said. "It's a big silver medal that was cast."

As the family understood it, the Kaiser had it made himself: "He was honoring, I think, my grandfather's 25th wedding anniversary. And it was in German, but you could read it. It was a very large silver coin. And he did it for all of his fraternity brothers." Wilhelm Krug's own twenty-fifth anniversary with Agnes fell on the first of October 1915, in the middle of a war, a poor time for presents from the Kaiser. One possibility is a silver-wedding medal of 1906, with the anniversary remembered the wrong way round. Only the medal can say. "I had it, Agnes had it," Daniel said, "and I gave it to Uncle Dan."

In March 1909 Flora was married at home. "A pretty home wedding took place at the home of Mr and Mrs William Krug of Hadley street Monday evening," the Springfield paper reported, "when their daughter, Miss Flora, was married to Ralph Joseph McQuade of New York city. The wedding was a quiet one, only relatives and near friends being invited." The minister was the Reverend J. G. Nichols of the Congregational church.

In April 1910 the census came round again, and the Krug place had become a farm. William Krug, fifty-five, born in Germany, was in his second marriage, of eighteen years; he had come to America in 1874 and was now a naturalized citizen; he worked as a clerk in a department store; and he owned his farm, free of mortgage. Hattie, written Harriette, was twenty-six and still at home. William B. was sixteen. And there was a child Daniel never mentioned: Elinor, nine years old, Wilhelm and Agnes's daughter, born after the last census.

She was Daniel's great-aunt. On the same pages the census taker visited the Brays and the Brockways, and those two names, nearly ninety years later, still bounded a parcel on Ferry Street in a state act that described its east side as running "by land now or formerly of said Krug, sixty-two (62) rods and seven (7) links to a stone post": a Krug boundary something over a thousand feet long.

That was the land Daniel remembered. "By those standards, they were probably the wealthiest people in South Hadley," he said. "They had all the prime land right at the crossroads and acres of land going right down to the river." There were orchards, he said, and "six houses that my great-grandfather had made." How many acres, he did

not know: "must have been a couple hundred acres there. Orchards, fields, go right to the river."

Two years after the census, a local historian writing about the town's first roads mentioned that in 1722 "a highway was laid out from the Krug Homestead to Smith's Ferry." The road was older than the Krugs by a century and a half. The Krug Homestead was simply the landmark by which, in 1912, everyone in South Hadley would know where it ran.

The house had room for more than family. In January 1914 the paper reported the death of Miss Augusta Hawley, fifty-eight, whose mother had once been matron at Mount Holyoke College, and who had been "making her home for the past two years with William Krug." She was, the paper added, a member of the South Hadley Congregational church.

In the summer of 1914 Germany went to war, and Holyoke's Germans found themselves on the wrong side of it. For a while they kept their old ways: in 1916 the Holyoke Turners won the district Turnfest at Hartford and closed it singing American patriotic songs and the Deutschland-lied. Then, on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany. On June 5 that year 6,681 Holyoke men registered for the draft at City Hall, and when the city published its war history, in 1919, it dedicated the book "To the men who preferred death, than life enslaved by the Hun."

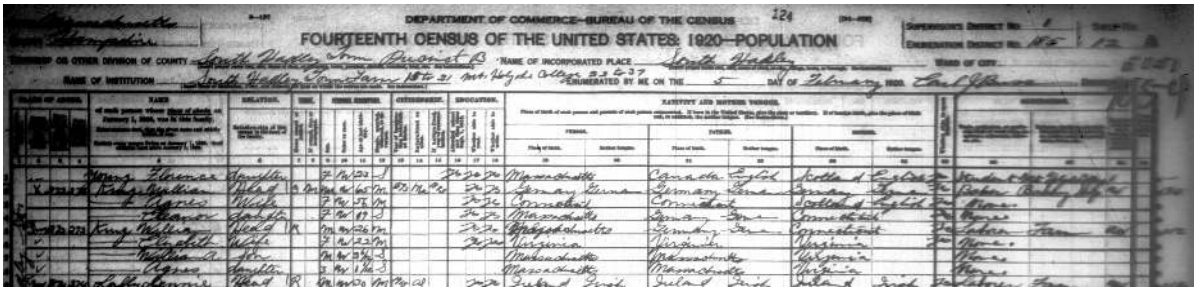
Daniel had heard what it did to the German town. "After the First World War, there was a lot of anti-German sentiment," he said. "And that's what caused the German town to kind of break up. ... There was a lot of bad press about the Huns and their atrocities and so forth. People didn't want to advertise they were Germans." No account of trouble in Holyoke or South Hadley itself has been found in the papers that are free to read. Wilhelm, born in 1855 and naturalized long since, was far too old to fight.

On the fifth of February 1920 the census taker found him on Hadley Street again, sixty-five years old, in a house he owned. The record had changed its mind about his arrival once more: it now said he had come to America in 1873 and been naturalized in 1885. His mother tongue was German. And his occupation was new. William Krug, at sixty-five, worked for wages as a baker, in a bakery shop. Agnes was fifty-six, and Eleanor, nineteen, was at home; Hattie had gone.

Next door, renting, lived William B. Krug, twenty-six, a laborer on a farm, with his wife Elizabeth, who had been born in Virginia, and their two small children, William and Agnes. Beyond them lived the Brays, as they had in 1910. So by the records Wilhelm had made his living in four ways, not three: in a woollen mill, at teaching, as a clerk and as a baker, and the family remembered two more. Daniel never mentioned the baking.

In the early 1920s, the Krugs still had family in Germany, and they were hungry. "We have a lot of relatives in Germany," Daniel said. "And after the First World War, they were starving over there. And I have pictures of them. I mean, I had pictures of them." The Allied blockade had not been lifted until July 1919, eight months after the armistice. In December 1918 the German public health office put the civilian dead from it at 763,000; a study of 1928 put it at 424,000.

Then came the inflation. In the middle of 1922 a dollar bought 320 marks; by December 1922 it


DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE—BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

FOURTEENTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES: 1920—POPULATION

THE CENSUS OF 1920: WILLIAM KRUG, BAKER

bought 7,400, and by November 1923 it bought 4,210,500,000,000. A loaf of bread in Berlin that cost about 160 marks at the end of 1922 cost 200 billion a year later. In those years, Daniel said, "Grandpa Krug" was "sending them money to help them." "It was after they lost the war in the 20s," he said. "They were desperate. Germany was desperate." A few dollars from South Hadley, in a Germany like that, went a very long way.

In 1923 Holyoke turned fifty as a city and held a parade, and the Germans marched in it under their own names: the Bridge Street Turn Hall with a delegation of forty, the Teutonia Lodge, the German Reformed Church, the Ladies' Society of the Turn Verein on a float, and seven motor cars of the Springdale Turners with another.

In 1930, Daniel said, Agnes died, "rather young." By her birth date in the family genealogy she was sixty-seven. No record of her death has been found yet, and the census of that year, read so far only at low resolution, has not turned up the household.

The German town he had known was going. The Germania Mills closed in 1934, in the Depression. The guidebook that the Federal Writers' Project published in 1937 found Holyoke still built "around the numerous power canals," still printing a weekly paper in German, and remarkable for "the absence of drab slum quarters usually associated with mill towns." It filed South Hadley under the heading "Milk, Butter, and Ideas": a farming and college town of "shaded streets, broad lawns, and quiet homes, and in the outskirts ... elm-bordered sunny pastures, on which farms produce milk and butter for near-by manufacturing districts," with "smaller colonies of German and Polish descent." The Krug land, Daniel said, was going too, in the hands of the next William: "somehow it disappeared in the 30s when he was in control of it." That is the next chapter's story.

Wilhelm Friedrich Krug died in 1938, as Daniel had it. No death notice for him has been found in the papers that are free to read, and his grave is not yet known. Albert Steiger, whose store the family said he had guarded, died the same year. That summer the Holyoke Turners hosted the New England Turnfest, with ten other teams and more than two thousand people, at Camp Jahn in Southampton. On September 21 a hurricane came up the Connecticut Valley; its eye passed Hadley at 5:06 in the evening.

Sixty per cent of the tobacco sheds around Hadley went down, apples and peaches lay on the ground by the ton, and the river put the business section of South Hadley under water. Whether he lived to see any of it, no record found so far says. Daniel's verdict on the two Williams was brief. It was the father, he said, "my grandfather's father who made so much, was such a disciplined person and made so much money for the family." "His father from Germany," he said, "had made all the fortune."

Wilhelm Krug left less behind than his father-in-law, the whaler, who left seventy-five letters in his own hand. He left a few lines in three censuses, which between them made him a teacher, a clerk and a baker; a directory entry; a sentence in a book about Springdale; a daughter's wedding in the newspaper; and a boundary on Ferry Street. He left a silver medal that may or may not have come from a Kaiser, and a story about walking to school with one that the dates make very hard to keep.

And he left the Turn Hall, where, the family said, a German in his fifties and sixties did handstands for the old men drinking beer, and where his great-grandson Daniel, as a teenager, did gymnastics too. "I was a member of it," Daniel said. "I would go there and do gymnastics myself." Both Turn Halls are still standing. Somewhere in Holyoke, if Daniel was right, so is the house the Krugs left when they had money enough to move across the river, and he meant to find it.

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GRANDFATHER KRUG

HOLYOKE, SOUTH HADLEY AND THE ROAD TO OLD LYME · 1894–1967

On Omens, Preachers, Ice Cream and Such

They had been taught by the Bible and the preachers that the world was surely going to be burned up sometime, and they did not know but it might be then.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN, IN OLD SOUTH HADLEY

In the year he was born, Holyoke was the Paper City. It was, as the state's guidebook later put it, "a manufacturing city lying between the Connecticut River and Mount Tom," "built around the numerous power canals that cut across the city," and through the last years of the century its mills made something like four-fifths of all the writing paper in the United States. Daniel put the figure at over ninety per cent, and the town would not have argued with him. Holyoke had nearly 36,000 people in 1890 and would have 45,712 by 1900, and almost half of them had been born somewhere else: Ireland, Quebec, Poland and Germany. The Germans worked the woollen mills of South Holyoke, kept a Turn Hall with a gymnasium in Springdale where children "from three years old and upwards receive physical training," and in 1894 built themselves a new Reformed church. A history of the city published the next year counted them, a little primly, among the "thrifty, industrious Germans," and noted a "large unchurched mass" of the same nation still to be reached in Holyoke, Willimansett and South Hadley Falls.

The river itself was being rebuilt while he was in the cradle. Holyoke's first dam, of 1848, had been swept away on the day it was finished, and the agent's telegram to his directors in Boston is said to have read, "Your old dam's gone to hell by way of Willimansett." Its wooden successor had been for a time the second-largest dam in the country.

In 1895 work began on a granite one between Holyoke and South Hadley Falls, and to lift the stones the builders strung what was claimed as the longest-span cableway in the world, sixteen hundred and fifty feet across the river. The last stone was laid on January 5, 1900, at a cost the *Springfield Republican* put at "$1,000,000, more or less." It was still there, holding, when William was an old man.

Into this city, at the end of 1893 or the start of 1894, William Burnham Krug was born. The census of 1900 gives December 1893; the family, and Daniel, said 1894. He was the son of Wilhelm Krug, a German from the old country who had come to America in the 1870s, and of Agnes Maria Burnham, the daughter of the whaler, soldier and paper-mill foreman Erasthus Burnham, whose chapter comes before this one.

He had his German father's first name and his grandfather's surname for a middle one, and in time he would be "my grandfather" to Daniel, and "Grandfather Krug" to the family. "Had only an eighth grade education," Daniel said. "He was the only son in the family. His father was a very hardworking German guy that spent a lot of time down in Holyoke in the city. And so he was exposed a lot to his mother's religion stuff."

The religion came with a great deal else. His mother's mother was Mary Devine, the Glasgow woman the family believed could see the future, and from her, Daniel said, the boy picked up "a lot of superstitions." He was terribly afraid of black cats. If one crossed in front of him he had to undo it, and one of his remedies was to "steal a dish rag from his neighbor's line and then go and bury it somewhere. He thought that would be a remedy against the evil spirits or whatever."

Owls were worse. "If an owl came in the house, then that means somebody's dead," and there had been some talk of an owl when his mother died. "One thing after another," Daniel said, "his

whole life seemed to be geared to this fear of... violating these kind of superstitions he'd gotten from his Scotch grandmother."

None of this was strange to the valley. South Hadley's own historian, writing in 1912, recorded that for more than a century the whippoorwills of Mount Holyoke came down to the settlement, "but if the plaintive note of this bird was heard over a house wherein a sick person lay, the case was considered hopeless." The town's first settler had been buried with his feet to the east so that he would rise facing Christ at the Resurrection. In Scotland, a Glasgow folklorist wrote in 1879, a wart could be cured by rubbing it "with a piece of stolen bacon." The borrowed dishrag, in other words, had company on both sides of the ocean.

The valley had remedies of its own. A beetle in the walls that made "a curious little drumming sound with its head" was called the death watch, and the sick who heard it "felt sure that death was near"; the cure was a rhyme, "The omen is broken, the danger is over." Bees had to be told when someone in the family died, or they might take offence and go back to the woods on Mount Holyoke. A long wick in an unsnuffed candle was a "winding sheet." A boy who grew up near the Falls at the turn of the century had a good deal to keep track of.

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In the summer of 1903 William was nine, and the family, or some branch of it, was already over the river in South Hadley. On July 30 the town held a parade for its hundred and fiftieth birthday. A night of heavy rain and "a very brilliant display of lightning" gave way to a morning that "broke clear," and by ten "there were thousands of people assembled along the streets." Float number 11, from the German Turn and Singing Society of the Falls, was a full-rigged ship carrying two young women dressed as Columbia and Germania, side by side.

Float number 14, from the Christian Endeavor Society, carried among its girls a Hattie Krug. In 1912 the town's historian, Sophie Eastman, describing a road laid out in 1722, located it for her readers as running "from the Krug Homestead to Smith's Ferry."

The boy left school, as Daniel told it, after the eighth grade. That was common. A former governor of Massachusetts wrote in 1910 that the schools now issued "age and schooling certificates for children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years who wish to work," and that it was still possible to keep a child for ten hours a day at "the dreary, monotonous feeding of machines." William would later make a point of not feeding any. All Daniel heard in his youth, he said, was his grandfather saying "you don't want to work in these filthy factories," because "the people there use foul language and they drink and they gamble." Daniel went and worked in them anyway: "I work there myself, paper mills."

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In the spring of 1917, when America went to war with Germany, William was twenty-three and newly married. His wife was Elizabeth Cofer, a Virginian three or four years younger than he, from Midlothian, as Daniel remembered it; she had married at twenty. The first draft registration, on June 5, 1917, took every man from twenty-one to thirty, and he would have stood in that line. But his name is in neither of the war books his

THE KRUG FAMILY AT WAR

Wilhelm Friedrich Krug (c.1854–1938) = Agnes Maria Burnham (1862–1930)
daughter of Erasthus Burnham, 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery, 1864–65

William Burnham Krug (1893/94–1967) = Elizabeth Cofer, of Virginia (b. c.1897)
First World War: did not serve. "Veteran: No," 1930 census

William Madison, "Madison" (b. c.1917)	Agnes, "Ag" (b. c.1918) = Mike Greenberg	E. Janet (b. 1920) = John St. John	Stephen C., "Steve" (b. c.1921)	Daniel Burnham, "Dan" (c.1922–2014)	Frederick P. (b. 1928)
Army; machine gunner at Anzio, per Daniel. No record yet	*Mike: in the war, per Daniel; service unknown*	*John: Army Air Forces, 1942–45 (his chapter)*	*WWII veteran, 1950 census; a cook, Daniel thought*	*Merchant ships, eleven trips, per Daniel. No record yet*	*Too young to serve*

and so to Daniel

towns published afterwards, and in 1930, when the census asked every man whether he had served, the answer written against his name was "No."

It was not a comfortable time to be a German in Holyoke. In December 1917 a syndicated column headed "German Papers Here Spread Poison" singled out the city's German weekly, the *Neu England Rundschau*. The city's own war book, published in 1919, was dedicated "to the men who preferred death, than life enslaved by the Hun." On the Fourth of July 1918 Holyoke held a parade "in which every nationality in the city was represented — a truly All-American parade," and the Germans, evidently, marched as Americans.

"After the First World War," Daniel said, "there was a lot of anti-German sentiment. And that's what caused the German town to kind of break up because there was a lot of bad press about the Huns and their atrocities and so forth. People didn't want to advertise they were Germans."

In the winter of 1920 the census taker found two William Krugs in South Hadley, side by side. The elder, sixty-five, born in Germany, owned his house with a mortgage on it; the younger, twenty-six, rented, and gave his work as "Laborer, Farm." He and Elizabeth had two children by then, William, who would be called by his middle name, Madison, and Agnes. A third, E. Janet, was born later that year, after the census taker had gone: she would be Daniel's mother. Stephen followed in 1921, Daniel, called Dan, a year or so after, and, last, Frederick in 1928.

The family had land, a great deal of it by South Hadley's standards. "They had all the prime land right at the crossroads and acres of land going right down to the river," Daniel said. "We had orchards and six houses that my great-grandfather had made." For a time they lived in "a 12-bedroom brick house with a swimming pool." It was the German, Wilhelm, who had made the money, and in Daniel's account it was the son who lost it.

The deeds tell a slightly longer story. Between 1922 and 1928 Wilhelm and Agnes themselves sold six lots, the first of them to Agnes's own brother, Owen Burnham, the tobacco grower, and the rest to neighbours who built houses on them. By the summer of 1927 the town's two brickyards had shut down early, and the brickyards, the local paper explained, "have for years been the barometers used by the townspeople to judge the business conditions locally."

On February 11, 1930, the old couple deeded the home place to William and Elizabeth, and within ten weeks Agnes was dead. When the census came round on April 23, three generations were living under one roof on Hadley Street, in a house worth $10,000: Wilhelm, seventy-five and widowed; his daughter Eleanor, thirty; William, thirty-six, still a farm labourer; Elizabeth; and the six children, from Madison, twelve, down to Frederick, not yet two. The census also asked whether the household owned a radio set. It did not.

That year the town needed a school. In February the state building inspector had condemned the old Center school, sixty years in use. In September the town let the contract for a new one at $72,000, and on October 1, 1930, sixteen days later, the Town of South Hadley took a piece of the Krug land by eminent domain. Daniel remembered it as "the late 1920s, the time of the Depression": the Depression, certainly. "The town took that property to build a school there," he said.

"That's where I went to school. That's where my family went to school, right across the street." Three weeks after the taking William and Elizabeth bought land across the road from a neighbour who had bought Krug lots a few years before: "the seven acres and the historic property across the street from the school," which was where Daniel would grow up.

The Depression reached South Hadley early and stayed. In March 1931 a new sewer in the Center, built for $25,000, "brought relief to more than 300 men in South Hadley who were otherwise unemployed," in a town of fewer than seven thousand. The next year the state paid for a new road along Hadley Street, the old road to Hockanum that ran past the Krug place, and it was to be built "by town labor instead of by contract," so that the money stayed in town. In March 1936 the Connecticut rose higher than anyone had seen it, put fifteen thousand people out of their homes in

Springfield, and broke against the granite dam at the Falls without moving it.

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From the new place the family looked straight into a graveyard. "We lived right exactly next to the cemetery," Daniel said. In August 1934 William, Elizabeth and the old man sold most of the acres behind the house to the Evergreen Cemetery Association, and the dead moved in next door. William took an interest in them. "My grandfather made it a practice of keeping track of everybody that was there," Daniel said.

"And he thought, he really thought that he could feel their spirits and so forth. And that they would tell him things and come to him sometimes at night and sometimes appear to him and give him information. Which he passed on to other people sometimes." Once it was the father of a good-looking neighbour, Stiles, who came to him with a message for his daughter, and William went over and delivered it: her father "thought you he thought really you're really a good person." The message was kind, at least. "Everybody thought he was probably thought he was nuts," Daniel said. But "I knew he believed that he actually believed that."

The voices that mattered most to him, though, came from the air. In the 1930s the radio arrived, and with it the evangelists. Charles E. Fuller's *Old Fashioned Revival Hour* went national on the Mutual network in October 1937 and by 1942 had more than ten million listeners, and it was one of many programmes that asked for money at the end. William listened, and he gave. "If there were a chance for him to give money to something," Daniel said, "he would have given family money."

The preachers, as he described them, predicted "when the end of days was going to be by some kind of calculation. And they would get up on the hills and these people would wait for Christ to come out of the sky, you know. And then he didn't come. And somehow that didn't discourage him."

South Hadley had seen it before. In 1843, when William Miller's followers expected the world to end, a South Hadley citizen wrote in a journal, "Everybody was talking about the destruction of the world," and Sophie Eastman, who printed the journal, kept one of the tiny slips of paper handed out in the town that year: it worked the end out from the Book of Daniel and arrived at 1843. Some townspeople, she wrote, "stopped sowing and reaping, gave their lands away, and made their ascension robes," and on summer evenings, "whenever the setting sun went down in a flood of crimson light, people were wont to assemble in the Old Cemetery." Several "sold their farms for a few dollars, and were afterwards compelled to become day laborers."

William's own preparations for eternity ran to healthy living. "He had read a lot of stuff about healthy living," Daniel said, "and he thought he would, in the winter, buy one pair of long underwear, one pair of socks, and he would not take them off the entire winter. He would not bathe. Because he thought it would take away his valuable oils, his natural oils that protect him." The results were what one might expect, and Elizabeth gave him a room of his own downstairs. In summer he went barefoot and rode his bicycle.

Meanwhile the land went. After the cemetery sale came another deed in 1936, another in 1939 and another in 1948. The house on Ferry Street was mortgaged in 1942 and again in 1956, both times with Elizabeth's name beside his on the papers. Daniel's account is that "it disappeared in the 30s when he was in control of it. It just disappeared," that he sold properties "actually at a loss. Just to give money to these preachers that were on the radio," and that it went on "until finally, you know, the boys got old enough to throttle him and put him in his place."

What was left was "that last little bit of land that my grandmother lived on, that seven acres and the house there, that she was afraid he would mortgage the house." Whatever the reasons for each sale, and the deeds do not give reasons, the family that had once owned the crossroads ended up with a house and a garden.

In 1938 old Wilhelm died, and that September the great hurricane came up the Connecticut. Its eye followed the river north into Massachusetts, where the wind and water killed ninety-nine people; the river flooded most of Willimansett, across the water from Holyoke; and down at the mouth, in Old Lyme, "beach cottages were flattened or

swept away." Whether the family's place at the shore was among them, nobody has said.

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His politics went the way of his religion. "A very right wing guy," Daniel said. "I would say you would call him a Nazi. He was anti-Semitic. He was racist. He hated immigrants, Italians, anyone, you know." In the thirties he "liked what Hitler was doing." He was not alone. "There was a lot of Nazi sentiment in this country," Daniel said, and there was: the German American Bund, founded in 1936, filled Madison Square Garden with some twenty thousand people in February 1939.

The valley had the other side of the ledger too. A month later Holyoke's National Youth Administration took in three young Germans "fleeing from Nazi persecution" to train alongside seventy local boys. When his daughters married, William objected to both husbands: Agnes married Mike Greenberg, who was Jewish, and Janet married John St. John, who was Irish and Catholic, and "he didn't like Catholics."

The war came to the valley before it came to America. In 1939 the War Department began an air base on the tobacco fields of Chicopee, next door to South Hadley, and named it Westover Field; it was there that Janet would meet John St. John. On the afternoon of December 7, 1941, an Air Corps officer named Curtis LeMay, driving home to Holyoke from a shift at Westover, heard the news of Pearl Harbor break into the broadcast of a football game. That June the paper had carried a smaller item from the Krugs' own street: a man who worked at Mount Holyoke College had dived into the upper college lake and pulled out "Fred Krug, about eight, son of Mr and Mrs William Krug of Hadley street," before he drowned.

Then the war came to America, and his sons went to fight the Germans. "My grandmother had five men in that war," Daniel said. "The three sons, Uncle Dan, Madison, and Uncle Steve. Then she had my father, and she had Ag's husband, who was Mike Greenberg." Madison "ended up in Anzio in Italy as a machine gunner." Dan was "working in the marine ships, 11 different tours, supplying armaments on the shore for D-Day." Steve "had a heart problem. So I think he was a cook or something." John St. John, the son-in-law, served in the Army Air Forces, and his story is told in his own chapter. "I'm not sure what Mike did," Daniel said.

The records so far bear out only part of the list. Stephen C. Krug was counted in Holyoke in 1950, twenty-eight, married, and a veteran of the Second World War; in July 1945 he and his wife, Olive, had bought a house on Hadley Street, a few doors from his parents, for $4,500. For Madison and Dan the papers are still to be found. If Madison was a machine gunner at Anzio, he was in one of the infantry divisions that held the beachhead, where every battalion had a heavy-weapons company of water-cooled .30-calibre machine guns.

The landing was on January 22, 1944; by midnight some 36,000 men were ashore, and then they stayed there for four months, dug into wet ground under German guns. The Army's own history put the corps' combat losses at "about 30,000, including at least 4,400 killed and 18,000 wounded," and as many again went down with sickness and trench foot. Its narrative turns again and again on the machine guns: "Capt. William P. Athas of the heavy weapons company hastily set up four machine guns, and under their protecting fire the riflemen deployed."

If Dan's "marine ships" were merchant ships, his D-Day was the work of feeding a beach that had no harbour. The Allies towed their harbours across the Channel in pieces, sank old merchant ships in lines off the beaches as breakwaters, and then a gale from June 19 to 22 smashed the American one off Omaha. Merchant seamen were not in the armed forces, but they died at a higher rate than any of them: about one in twenty-six who sailed in the war did not come back. Whatever Dan sailed in, he came home. In May 1947 Daniel Burnham Krug, of South Hadley Falls, married Jessie Jane Snow of Westhampton, Daniel's Aunt Jesse, and went up into the hills to farm and make maple syrup.

"Any case," Daniel said, "that kind of redeemed the family because everyone, you know, a little critic of them being German. And here they were fighting the Germans. Her sons were fighting the Germans. So I think she was very proud of the boys." In June 1942 the *Rundschau* closed after fifty-nine years. In its last weeks it

had been printing Churchill. The old man, meanwhile, "was right along with whoever supported Hitler," but by then nobody was listening: "they stopped him from being able to spend the family money," Daniel said. "He just had to keep his place."

In the spring of 1950 the census found William Krug, fifty-six, at home on Ferry Street with "Unable to work" written against his name. Elizabeth was there, and his sister Eleanor, and Frederick, and Janet, twenty-nine, with her two children: Daniel, six, and his little sister. A few houses away lived a man who had bought one of the Krug lots in 1924. Janet's marriage had come apart, and for long stretches of Daniel's boyhood his grandparents' house was home.

"From age 11," Daniel said, "I spent a lot of time with my grandfather Krug." By then the old man was "basically not employed," and "he had all the time in the world and he was very curious about everything. So he liked to ride his bike and he got me to ride with him." Daniel had a bicycle of his own, and his grandfather had a destination. "He so loved those trips to the beach, to the shore," Daniel said, and in the summer he was eleven the two of them rode there: "It was over a hundred miles. We rode on Route 5, you know, about 50 miles to South Windsor where we stayed at his family place there with, you know, his aunt that was still living there, Aunt Edith. And then we got the keys to the old line place and we went another 50 miles down to the" shore at Old Lyme.

There was no interstate yet; Route 5 was the road. South of Springfield it ran between "rolling fields of tobacco dotted here and there by great tobacco sheds painted the dark red shade so popular in rural Connecticut," as the state guidebook described it, past Enfield, home of the Enfield Society for the Detection of Horse Thieves and Robbers, whose members were expected to "keep a swift horse saddled and bridled." There is no record of the society pursuing two bicycles.

At South Windsor the Burnhams had been growing tobacco since Erasthus came home from the war, and Aunt Edith was there to take them in: Edith Simpson Burnham, the widow of his mother's brother Frederick, who was seventy-four at the 1950 census and still in South Windsor.



DOWN ROUTE 5 TO THE SHORE (ILLUSTRATION)

A man over sixty riding a hundred miles was not unheard of in South Hadley. In 1931 the local paper had reported a couple from the Falls, "both more than 60 years of age," back from a four-hundred-mile tour by bicycle.

Old Lyme, the guidebook said, was "an elm-shaded village steeped in seafaring tradition," whose permanent residents were "content to live with their memories." William's memories there went back sixty years. As a boy and a young man he had had some twenty-six years of his grandfather Erasthus, and much of it at the shore: "especially the family, as they got older, they would take their and go down to the Cape, to the Connecticut beach place in Old Lyme." It was from William, at the shore and on the farm, that the whaler's stories came down to Daniel.

The shore Daniel saw had just been knocked about again. On August 31, 1954, Hurricane Carol came ashore on the stretch of coast between Groton and Old Saybrook, Old Lyme's own stretch, and "hundreds of oceanfront cottages were damaged or destroyed" in Connecticut; it was, for the moment, the costliest hurricane in American history. The next July was the reason anyone wanted to be at the shore at all: Hartford sweltered through sixteen days over ninety degrees, a record for the month.

At the shore they fished, and caught something long. "It must have been just five, six feet long," Daniel said. "It's quite edible." Rex, listening, wondered whether there were still eels like that. The Connecticut record for an American eel is fifty-two inches, and South Hadley people had always had doubts about the edible part: when the lampreys came up to the Falls in spring, Eastman wrote, they were "generally despised" as food, "though in towns away from the river they were sometimes valued."

The bicycle was not his only way down. Years later Aunt Jesse told Daniel that Aunt Edith used to come up from South Windsor into the 1950s, and that the family, who had cars, "used to often drive my grandfather down to Old Lyme because he would beg them. They had cars. They'd take them down there and take them to the shore. And shut him up."



THE ICE-CREAM HORSE (ILLUSTRATION)

At home he had schemes. "He had all kinds of clever ways to try to make a few cents," Daniel said. "My uncle was buying and selling horses, so he gave my grandfather this old horse, and he got a job with the ice cream company. We would ride the horse with a freezer in the back, and we would ring the bell and sell the ice cream, and then the kids would jump on and would sneak the ice cream, and we would eat it."

The horse was old and had digestive troubles. "These ladies would be walking up the street. And there was all these jokes. And they would say, William, was that you? That was the poor old devil of a horse." In 1935 Friendly's in Springfield had been selling double-dip cones for a nickel; there is no record of what the horse brought in.

"He never got much spending money," Daniel said. So the two of them looked under the swings at the school across the way "to see if there was any kids that dropped some money in the sand. We would find it." The grandfather also wrote little slips of paper: "He would write on these little slips these Christian messages like, Jesus is coming. Are you ready? He would throw them around uptown." A hundred and twelve years after South Hadley's Millerites passed out theirs, the police took a less patient view.

They would pick him up, bring him home and tell Elizabeth that they were going to have to fine him for littering: "If you don't control him there, he's littering the town with these." Did the boy know it was all a bit much? "Oh yeah, I spent a lot of time with him," Daniel said. "And I knew that it was crazy, but I liked the attention."

In 1967 William Krug was seventy-three, and Daniel was in Berkeley with Regina and their first son, Alex, a baby of seven or eight months. Regina went east with the baby to visit the grandparents. While she was there William struck his ankle against the porch "and gotten the kind of a deep injury," Daniel said, "and it was swelling. And, you know, they kept saying, you've got to go to the doctor." He would not go. "He was terrified of doctors," Daniel said, and he had a reason.

His good friend Bill Buckout, across the street, had gone to the doctor for something and "ended up with both of his legs being amputated," and worked on in the garage without them. Every time he saw him, William said he was never going to a doctor; they would be sure to cut off something. "And so he let it get so bad. That finally, you know, he was getting some internal infection and even some something like leukemia that they had that he got in since they had to bring him to the doctor." A year earlier Medicare had begun to pay hospital bills for every man his age in America. "He died before his time," Daniel said, "because he was afraid of doctors."

Daniel was not there. "I'm not sure if they had to amputate his leg, but he just died in probably not a very nice way," he said. "And the only thing I saw him is like my grandmother took his shoes, these big clumpy shoes that he wore and planted flowers in them so they're outside, you know, they were outside being used for something." His verdict on the man was not soft. "He was pretty much a worthless husband," he said, who had "sold all these properties left to him by his father and pissed away, you know, what could have, you know, made everybody, you know, pretty comfortable. And all my uncles only made it to the sixth or eighth grade, but they could just as well have gone to Amherst College and been like their, you know, an educated person like their grandfather was."

The valley he left was not the one he was born in. Holyoke had lost one industrial job in every two since 1955. The old Germania woollen mill, which had brought the Germans to South Holyoke a hundred years before, had closed in 1964, and its worker housing was a parking lot. South Hadley, a town of fewer than five thousand in his boyhood, had nearly fifteen thousand by 1960. Of the five men in the war, Dan lived longest.

He farmed and made maple products in Westhampton, served on the town's historical commission, and kept the old German's silver medal, which Daniel had given him; the town named a committee after his sugarbush. He died in April 2014, "shortly after his 90 birthday," as the town report put it. William Burnham Krug is buried in South Hadley with his father, Wilhelm, under the same stone as three generations of the family's

women, among them Daniel's grandmother and mother.

"I can go down 10 miles to South Hadley," Daniel said, "and I can take a picture of the gravestone." The graveyard next door, which his grandfather had watched over for thirty years, was the one place in the story where nobody, in the end, had to sell anything.

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HOMER ST. JOHN

PERTH COUNTY, LENS, FLINT AND SAN JOSE · 1900–1972

On Boy Soldiers, Border Crossings and Such

"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

ROBERT W. SERVICE, YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD

Daniel knew his grandfather. Homer St. John was a Canadian, a soldier at fifteen, and later a Buick man in Flint and the owner of an apartment house in San Jose. Some of what Daniel knew of him he saw for himself; more came from his father, John, and from his aunt Pat, who both grew up in Homer's house. So did the story of Homer's war, and that, Daniel knew, could be looked up. "We have his records, too," he said. "I looked under the Canadian records." Anyone who went on line would find the serial number, the regiment and its campaigns: "So it's all documented." He was right. The army kept forty-eight pages on Private Homer St. John, and they are set beside the family's story here. Where the two part company, this chapter says so, and kindly.

He was born on March 20, 1900, in Blanshard Township, Perth County, Ontario, a square of level farmland in south-western Ontario that had been surveyed only in 1839, the last township of the Huron Tract to be opened. The soil was so good, a county historian wrote, that by 1848 "every acre was claimed by owners, lessees, or squatters." The settlers were almost all from the north of Ireland, which made the township Protestant and Orange, and that fits what Daniel said of his grandfather: he was "Protestant Irish, Orange Irish, probably some Dutch." By 1911 more than half of Blanshard's 2,227 people were Methodists. "The Methodists, it may be said," wrote the historian, "possess all church property in this township." Homer was one of them.

He was born on the family's own farm. His grandfather, William St. John, had bought the lot, the third lot of the seventh concession of Blanshard, from the Canada Company in 1856, the first man to own it, and had sold it in 1888 to his youngest son, Philip. The next autumn, on Monday, October 16, 1889, Philip St. John "of Blanshard" married Sarah Hunt "of East Nissouri," the township just south, at the house of the Rev. C. O'Meara in St. Marys. Homer was their fourth child.

Two girls, Kathleen and Freda, had come before him, and a boy, Freddie, who had died

THE FAMILY OF HOMER ST. JOHN

William St. John (1821–1904) = Ann Doble (1823–1889)

Philip St. John (1866–1945) = Sarah Hunt (1868–1940), married 1889

Homer Doble St. John (1900–1972) = Alice Rose Pigeon (1900–1983)
His sisters and brother: Kathleen (1891–1968), Freddie (1892–1894), Freda (1896–1992), Phyllis (1908–1996)
Alice was the daughter of Paschal Pigeon and Catherine ("Kitty") Foley, of Stratford

John (1921–2006) — *and so to Daniel*

Patricia, "Pat" (b. c.1923)

Jane (b. c.1933)

Robert John, "Bobby" (1935–1939)

Phillip (b. c.1942)

at two; a last sister, Phyllis, would follow in 1908. His middle name was his grandmother's: she had been Ann Doble. The division registrar wrote him into the county's book of births as "St John Homer Doble," son of Philip St John and Sarah Hunt, and that week the *St. Marys Journal* printed the news in a single line: "ST. JOHN.—In Woodham, on March 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip St. John, a son."

The census of 1881 found both of them at home. Philip, sixteen, was the youngest left on the farm with his parents, William and Ann, and a sister and brother, Ellen and Adam, besides another Sarah. Across the line in East Nissouri there was only one Sarah Hunt, a girl of fourteen, in the household of Frederick Hunt, a farmer of fifty-five born in Ireland, and his wife, also Sarah; she had five brothers and a sister, Emily. The county atlas of 1876 has Frederick Hunt as a freeholder on the eighth concession, post office St. Marys. Nothing yet proves that this girl was Philip's bride, but the township, the age and the name fit, and the first son of the marriage would be named William Frederick.

When he enlisted, Homer gave his address as Woodham, a village on the township's western edge, straddling the boundary road with Usborne Township in Huron County: a grist mill, a saw mill, a pump factory, two general stores and, in 1902, "about 150" people, which is to say about thirty families. For years it had been called simply the Corners. "How this village received its name," confessed its historian, who lived there, "we are unable to say."

A mile and a quarter up the road was Kirkton, where a young Irishman named Timothy Eaton had once kept a store in a log hut before going on to Toronto and the department-store business; the rivalry between Woodham and Kirkton, the historian added, "seems to have passed away." Woodham had a brick Methodist church and a brick Orange hall, whose lodge was known as "the banner lodge of the west." The county atlas of 1879 shows the farm, just below Woodham on the township's western edge, with the name written across it: "W^{m} St. John," a hundred acres.

Perth County lived on milk. Its dairies made the cheese that had "made this county famous everywhere," twenty-five factories of it by 1900,



WOODHAM AND THE ST. JOHN FARM, 1879

nearly all of it bound for England. Its great day was threshing, when "the modern steam thresher, as it screams and roars," came round the farms "tearing the sheaves in pieces with a mouth of steel." It was a countryside that was quietly emptying: Blanshard lost one person in eight between 1901 and 1911, and every rural township in the south of the county shrank in the same ten years.

The market town was St. Marys, the Stone Town, built of its own limestone. And in 1914, when Homer was fourteen, Perth County outside Stratford voted itself dry under the old local-option law. In law, at least, it would stay that way for forty-five years.

One other boy from the township went further. Arthur Meighen had been born on a farm near the hamlet of Anderson in Blanshard in 1874, and by the time Homer was a teenager he was Solicitor General of Canada. In 1917 it would fall to him to steer conscription into law; in 1920 he would become Prime Minister. Blanshard, which had about as many people as a large school, produced both the man who steered the draft law through Parliament and a farm boy who did not wait for one.

❧

In August 1914 the war came to Canada without anyone in Canada deciding it. When Britain's ultimatum to Germany ran out at midnight on the 4th, the whole Empire was at war, Canada with it, much as Laurier had said it would be: "when Britain is at war, Canada is at war." The country had a permanent army of three thousand men. It cheered anyway. "The men who have cheered the

loudest," the Toronto *Telegram* predicted, "will be among the first to offer their services."

At first the farms were slow to give up their sons; by 1915 the *Canadian Annual Review* was reporting "wild words flung at the 'shirker' and 'slacker' and coward," and that "rural battalions were hard to fill up." So the battalions were made local. Prominent men were given the rank of colonel and told to raise a battalion from their own county, on the theory that a farm boy would sooner go with his neighbors than as a stranger.

On the last day of 1915 Prime Minister Borden announced, without previous warning and, it seems, without any serious consultation with his colleagues, that Canada would put half a million men in uniform, from a population of barely eight million. A week earlier, on December 22, Ottawa had authorized the 110th "Overseas" Battalion, to be raised in Perth County and mobilized at Stratford. January 1916 brought 29,295 recruits across the country, nearly six thousand more than December. One of them was Homer.

The Canadians already had a reputation, and it was a mixed one. The British Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, wrote that after the Somme the Canadians "were marked out as storm troops," and that "whenever the Germans found the Canadian Corps coming into the line, they prepared for the worst." The Canadian War Museum notes the other side of the coin: a "carefully self-cultivated reputation for restlessness, brawling, and indifference to military etiquette." Daniel knew the reputation. "The Canadians were notorious during World War I for being extremely nasty actually," he said, and everything he had read said that, like the Australians and the New Zealanders, "They lost a lot of young men there. They lost the whole generation of young men."

❧

On January 17, 1916, at St. Marys, Homer signed the attestation paper of the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force and was given the number 727333. He gave his trade as farmer, his next of kin as his father, Philip St. John, and his date of birth as March 20, 1897. The day and month were right. The year was three years early.

A justice of the peace certified that "the Recruit above-named was cautioned by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act," and Homer swore to be "faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King George the Fifth." The officer who signed him up, the St. Marys museum found, was Lt. W. J.

Wright, the principal of the St. Marys high school, and the battalion's clerks at Stratford typed him onto the roll of recruits for that week between Andrew Bach and Ross Walker Veitch: "727333. Pte. St. John, Homer Doble." He was fifteen years and ten months old. In the family's telling he went into the war at fourteen; the record makes him two months short of sixteen. The army's own rule was eighteen, or younger with a parent's permission, and either age was well under it.

Nobody asked to see a birth certificate. The medical officer's job was to record an "apparent age," and he set Homer's down as eighteen years and ten months, an impressively precise guess about a boy who was fifteen. He measured him at five feet nine and a half, 140 pounds, chest 36 inches fully expanded, complexion fair, hair dark brown, religion Methodist; noted "Teeth defective — for attention of Dental Corps"; and wrote: "his heart and lungs are healthy; he has the free use of his joints and limbs, and he declares that he is not subject to fits of any description. I consider him Fit."

He was in good company. Somewhere between fifteen and twenty thousand underage boys served in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, a little over three in every hundred, and Veterans Affairs Canada says plainly that recruiting officers "were not always enforcing the minimum age."

Two months later he was in hospital instead. On March 15 he was admitted to hospital at Stratford with an acute mastoid infection, an infection behind the ear that, before antibiotics, was a leading cause of death in children. He was operated on on the 17th, the infection was drained ("drainage secured," the medical officer wrote), and he came out on April 10 after twenty-six days. Then came the summer camp. Camp Borden, north of Toronto, was opened by the Minister of



THE 110TH BATTALION AT LONDON, JUNE 1916

Militia, Sam Hughes, on July 11, 1916, after two months of building, and was soon "occupied by some 32,000 troops"; a photograph of the 110th Battalion drawn up there is dated August 31. Two weeks later the Ontario Temperance Act shut every bar in the province.



HOMER ST. JOHN (DIGITALLY RESTORED)

In June, before Borden, the whole battalion was drawn up in tiers on a wooden stand at London to be photographed, the band at either end with its drums, the officers in the front rank, row on row of privates in peaked caps behind them. Homer, three months out of hospital, should be somewhere in those rows. Nobody has yet found him there.

A private's pay was a dollar a day, and ten cents more once he was overseas. From November 1, 1916, Homer signed over twenty dollars a month of it to "Mrs Sarah L. St John, St Marys Ont., mother," and for the next thirteen months the cheques went home. On October 24, a week before the battalion sailed, he made his will on the army's printed form. Two of the 110th's senior N.C.O.s witnessed it.

He left everything he had to his mother, at Peel Street, St. Marys: a house the family rented from a J. A. Chesterfield, now 23 Peel Street North, which suggests they had moved off the farm and into town while he was in uniform. When the battalion's roll was printed for the voyage, it still gave his next of kin as "St. John, Philip, Woodham, Ont." He was sixteen.



THE 110TH (PERTH) BATTALION AT CAMP BORDEN, 31 AUGUST 1916

On October 31, 1916, the 110th embarked for England, about six hundred and sixty strong, aboard the Cunard liner *Caronia*. She was a ship of nearly twenty thousand tons, built on the Clyde in 1905, known in better days as the "pretty sister of *Carmania*," and an armed cruiser before she was a troopship. She held one other distinction. On April 14, 1912, she had sent the *Titanic* the first of that night's ice warnings: "bergs, growlers and field ice."

The crossing took eleven days; the Admiralty would not adopt convoys in earnest until the following summer, and troopships in 1916 trusted to speed and to the destroyers that met them in the danger zone. One Canadian officer, crossing the year before, wrote home on the day those destroyers appeared: "many a heart feels lighter tonight." Homer landed in England on November 11. No letter of his survives to say how his heart felt.

The new year found him in Sussex. On New Year's Day, 1917, the 110th ceased to exist as a fighting unit: its men were taken on the strength of the 8th Reserve Battalion at Shoreham, one of three hutted camps on the South Downs that the Canadians had taken over in 1916, where the standard hut was sixty feet by twenty and slept thirty men. The county battalions had been raised with fanfare at home precisely, as the army's Chief of the General Staff had put it, because "the despatch of complete battalions would gratify the senior ranks and appeal to local sentiment."

In England they were broken up for reinforcements. "New battalions from home came and took up quarters in camp," a chaplain at Bramshott, in Hampshire, wrote, "and to their surprise were broken up and sent in drafts to France." It happened in France too. When the 60th, one of the 58th's own brigade, was broken up in 1917, some of its men put up a cross near Vimy: "In memory of the 60th Battalion. 1915–Raised by Patriotism. 1917–Killed by Politics."

The training was meant to take fourteen weeks: musketry, bombs, bayonet, gas drill, digging, wire, the Lewis gun. "No man was permitted to proceed to France," the Overseas Ministry reported, "until he had passed adequate tests." The army had a category for boys like Homer, too, although nobody yet knew he was one: "A 4. Men under 19 years of age, who will be fit for A 1 or A 2 as soon as they attain that age." On May 17, 1917, at Shorncliffe, in Kent, he was transferred to the 58th Battalion, and the next day he landed in France.

❧

The battalion he joined that May, the 58th, was a Central Ontario battalion, raised around Niagara in 1915 and in France since February 1916, one of four in the 9th Brigade of the 3rd Canadian Division. It had already been through Mount Sorrel, where it lost 165 men in a morning, and the Somme, where on October 1, 1916, its brigade attacked Regina Trench, found the wire "mostly uncut," and lost 941 officers and men in a day. It had been in reserve at Vimy. A month before Homer arrived its diarist wrote: "The men have now done nine days duty in the trenches and are in no condition to carry on." The new men were replacements for men like those.

He went up from the base on May 21 and joined the battalion in the field on May 24, 1917. It was in the support line north-west of Avion, below the captured Vimy Ridge, facing the coalfields around Lens. The diary for that day reads, in full: "Support Line. Wind S.W.—light. Fine. Working parties of 3 Officers and 350 O.Rs. supplied on various tasks. Hostile shelling normal. Casualties—2 O.R. Wounded, 1 O.R. wounded (shell-shock), 1 O.R. Wounded and Remained at Duty."

Hostile shelling normal. It was the kind of day the war was mostly made of: men digging and carrying, and a few of them hit. The ground was the debris of Vimy. One gunner, writing home that month from just behind Thélus, remembered of his battery's first position at the front that "it was a case of eating, drinking and sleeping in mud!"

The army over him was changing too. On June 9 the Canadian Corps got a new commander. Sir Julian Byng, the Englishman who had taken Vimy, went off to an army of his own, and the Corps passed to Arthur Currie, a Victoria real-estate man who had joined the militia as a gunner. The soldiers, by one historian's account, found him "stiff, abrupt, sometimes pompous, and occasionally insulting," and did not realize

how hard he worked "to avoid needless sacrifices on the battlefield."

Between Currie and Private St. John stood the 3rd Division's Major-General Louis Lipsett, a British regular who had once taught Currie his soldiering; Brigadier-General F. W. Hill of the 9th Brigade; and the 58th's own commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Genet, D.S.O., whose signature closes every page of the battalion's diary that summer.

What he carried had changed as well. The Ross rifle, the Canadian-made weapon that jammed when it was fouled and that a third of the survivors of Ypres had thrown away for Lee-Enfields, had been withdrawn from the 3rd Division the summer before; Homer's rifle in France was the Lee-Enfield. The British platoon manual of February 1917 told him what else mattered: "The bomb is the second weapon of every N.C.O. and man," "the rifle bomb is the 'howitzer' of the infantry," and "the Lewis gun is the weapon of opportunity." A rifleman went into an attack with at least 120 rounds and two bombs, and every man carried a gas respirator.

In the middle of June the 58th went into the front line before Avion, three companies forward, with German trench mortars busy every night; on the 15th three of its men were killed and five wounded. A farm boy in its A Company, Private Lawrence Johns, who came from Elimville in Usborne Township, the Huron County township whose boundary road ran through Woodham, kept a diary. "Heavy shelling on the right," he wrote that morning. "Also liv(e)ly exchange of shells over our front. larks singing close overhead also machine gun bullets."

Then the battalion came out to Villers-au-Bois and rehearsed. On June 22 the diary records "Practice attack on taped trenches all day": the trenches to be taken were marked out with tape in a field behind the lines, and the companies walked through the attack until they knew it by heart.

On the night of June 25 the battalion went back in through the rain and the shelling ("Relief very difficult on account of darkness"), losing about fifteen men as it passed the Quarries. "Very wet night," wrote Johns. The next morning the Germans pulled back, and at half past nine the 58th followed them into Adept Trench and spent the 27th digging in under "considerable shelling." In one abandoned trench C Company found a German soldier "who had apparently been left lying wounded and died," and took his identity disc. Orders came that afternoon. "Stay in front line trench all day," Johns wrote. "Going over the top tomorrow morning at 2:30 A.M. expect some thing doing."

The attack on Avion Trench went in at 2:30 a.m. on June 28, 1917. The 58th attacked on a two-company front beside the 52nd, behind a rolling barrage: the guns laid a curtain of shells a little ahead of the infantry and lifted it forward by stages, and the men walked behind it as close as they dared. Every man carried a tool, one pick to every two shovels. The password was "TWENTY-SEVEN."

If they took the trench they were to fire green, green and white Very lights; if they were in trouble, red. A Company reported that when the barrage opened the men "immediately assumed the prone position, but once they commenced moving forward were quite cool in the face of the M.G. fire," which is the sort of sentence only an army can write about men walking towards a machine gun.

Two hundred yards short of the trench a concrete dug-out blew up on their flank "and inflicted several casualties and 'shell-shocks.'" In B Company an officer crept to within fifteen or twenty feet of a German machine gun "and shot the 2 men who were operating it." At 3:05 a.m. a contact aeroplane overhead picked up the flares in the objective.

"Capture Avion," Johns wrote. "Over the top at 2:30 A.M. very heavy barrage going the right Also a lot coming the wrong way. Quite a number of prisoners taken Our section captured a Sargt-Major. Plenty of fun. Fritz shelled us heavy all day. Several casualties. Dirty day." The battalion's verdict was briefer: "The operation was most successful." Eleven prisoners came back, most of them of the 5th Grenadier Guards, "very good type." That evening, in a thunderstorm, the Canadians pushed on into Avion itself.

The war correspondent Philip Gibbs wrote of "a violent thunder-storm whose noise and light-



OVER THE TOP AT 2:30 A.M. (ILLUSTRATION)

ning mingled in an awesome way with the tumult and flame of the great artillery," and heard afterwards that the men "were drenched to the skin as soon as they started to attack." The shelled ground "became as slippery as ice, so that many of them stumbled and fell."

They held Avion Trench for three more days of rain and shelling. Johns explored the German dug-outs and found "plenty of good feather beds to sleep on," and a whizz-bang landed ten feet from him: "Thought for a minute that I had a Blighty no good I was still whole." The battalion's losses for the tour came to sixteen men killed, seven missing and about ninety wounded, among them a captain who died of his wounds.

On June 30 the colonel wrote: "Men very tired. Got small issue of rum for them, which helped a bit to keep them going." The relief came "late owing to darkness and slippery condition of ground," at a quarter past three on the morning of July 1. It was Dominion Day. Johns spent it carrying a wounded man out on a stretcher, "Terrible trip under heavy shell fire but got out safe to dressing station."

Where Homer was in all this, no record says. The diary names officers, never privates; his own sheet records nothing between his arrival in May and September. He was on the battalion's strength throughout, and the battalion was at Avion Trench.

In July the 3rd Division held the right of the Canadian line, the flooded ground between Avion and Méricourt. Currie judged it tactically unsound to try to hold the railway embankment there, which the Germans overlooked, and his final orders to the 3rd Division were "to raid and withdraw." On the night of July 22 the 58th's neighbor, the 116th, raided the German line at Méricourt and was gassed as it formed up.

"Suddenly the bells in the German trenches, not a hundred yards from the right flank, began to ring," one of its officers wrote; "gas fumes were rapidly making their way over our positions." The 58th's diary for the night says only that the enemy "heavily barraged our front line." Then the division came out to rest at Gouy-Servins, where the August diary records rain, musketry, and "Gas instruction and drill."

Gas was by now the war's chemistry lesson. Chlorine, the green cloud of 1915, had given way to phosgene fired in shells, nearly invisible and far more lethal, and on July 12, 1917, at Ypres, the Germans had introduced mustard, "Yellow Cross," an oily liquid that did nothing for hours and then blistered skin, eyes and lungs, and soaked into



AFTER A TRENCH RAID, AVION, JULY 1917

clothing so that a gassed man could gas the men around him in a dug-out. The Canadians gave as good as they got. Before the attack on Hill 70 the Royal Engineers fired more than 3,500 drums of gas into Lens, so that, in one Canadian officer's words, "the city reeked with gas and was pregnant with death."

Hill 70 was Currie's first battle in command, and his own idea. Ordered to take Lens, a ruined coal town lying in a hollow, he argued instead for the bare chalk hill that overlooked it, on the theory that the Germans would find it intolerable to lose and would wear themselves out trying to take it back under his guns. On August 15 the 1st and 2nd Divisions took it. Currie counted "no fewer than twenty-one counter-attacks" and called it "altogether the hardest battle in which the Corps has participated." The 3rd Division was in reserve that day. The 58th spent it marching fifteen miles from Gouy to Raimbert, with "no marching casualties."

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On August 22 the 9th Brigade went into Lens. The 58th relieved the 31st Battalion in brigade reserve at Cité St. Pierre at two in the morning, and for five days found working and carrying parties, two hundred men at a time, for the engineers and the machine-gunners. The mining suburbs on that side of Lens were "brick-built company towns of miners' houses," in the official history's words, "most of which months of shellfire had reduced to a fantastic maze of ruins across which trenches now meandered."

Gibbs found Lens "no better than its outer suburbs, a town of battered houses without roofs and with broken walls leaning against rubbish-heaps of brickwork and timber," and said of it: "There is never a night's rest in Lens nor round about it unless men are put to sleep for ever."

The men lived in cellars. Johns wrote to his mother from one on the 25th: "I had a good wash and shave this morning it was quite a job as several big 5.9 shells were floating around near by One had to look after two jobs at once. but never the less I made a fair job. We are living in a nice deep cellar with one small entrance which serves as a door and window." Then: "One more of our boys was killed night before last from concussion."

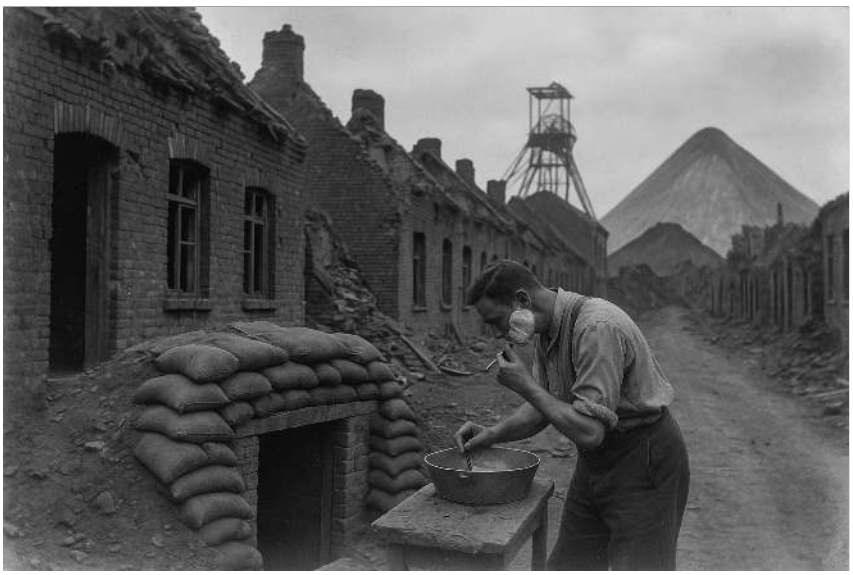
"No doubt the casualty list will be large at present time," Johns added, "as the fighting has been rather stiff." On the 27th, in the rain, the 58th went up into the front line between Cité St. Émile and Cité St. Laurent, two companies forward, facing a German trench called Cinnabar. Early the next morning the wall of a ruined house fell on C Company's ration party and hurt eight men; the diary allowed that it was "Not clear whether wall was knocked over by a 'dud' or fell in."

Gas shells were part of every day on this front. On August 29 the battalion recorded one man "wounded (gassed)." On the 30th, at half past one in the afternoon, C Company went after a German-held communication trench called Nun's Alley. There was no artillery support; it was done by daylight with bombs. A party of eight bombers under Lieutenant F. E. Gray went first, with rifle grenadiers behind them firing their "howitzer" bombs over the traverses, and a mopping-up party bombing the dug-outs.

"No. 1 Section attacked the enemy block at 1.30 p.m., covered by the fire of the Grenadiers. This was taken and the garrison of 8 were killed and enemy machine gun captured." The machine gun turned out to be a British Lewis gun, which they turned round and used, so that it changed sides twice in the war and ended up, for one afternoon at least, back where it started. Gray was wounded and another officer took them on to within fifty yards of Cinnabar Trench. Thirty German dead were counted in the captured trench, all of the 365th Regiment. "All ranks behaved well," the diary says, "and everyone concerned has reason to be proud of the operation."

The Germans answered with everything they had. From two that afternoon until a quarter to five the next morning they bombarded the division's whole front, with heavy counter-attacks at 8:15 in the evening and 4:20 in the morning. August 31 was the worst day of the battalion's summer: a captain and nine men killed, two more dead of wounds, thirty-nine wounded, and two "wounded (gassed)." On September 1 the shelling came again, from eight until midnight.

Canon Frederick Scott, a Canadian chaplain, saw gassed men brought into an advanced dressing station in the Hill 70 fighting, and set down what gas did to them: "So strongly were their clothes saturated with the poison that, as they were being cut off, ... our eyes and throats smarted from the fumes. There was nothing more horrible than to see men dying from gas." On the night of September 2 the 52nd came up to relieve them, and on the 3rd the 58th marched back to billets at Bouvigny-Boyeffles, arriving at eleven at night.



A NICE DEEP CELLAR (ILLUSTRATION)

The diary for September 4, 1917, reads: "Battalion rested. Men rather played out with hard trip in the line. Men paid and bathed." That same day Homer was sentenced for drunkenness and for being absent from the three o'clock parade. The entry on his sheet, reported from the field by the battalion's commanding officer, reads: "Sentenced to 14 days F.P. No. 1, 4.9.17, for when on active service (1) drunkenness (2) absent from 3 P.M. parade 4.9.17." It was published in the battalion's orders on September 15.

Field Punishment No. 1 was a sentence a commanding officer could award on active service, without a court martial, for up to twenty-eight days. Under the rules then in force, a man could be kept in fetters or handcuffs, put to hard labor, and "attached for a period or periods not exceeding two hours in any one day to a fixed object," such as a post or a wheel, but not on more than three days in any four. The soldiers called it "crucifixion."

When a battalion was on the move a man under sentence was not tied up at all; he marched with his unit, carried his arms, did "all their military duties as well as extra fatigue duties," and was treated as a defaulter. Soldiers who had committed offences, the Canadian War Museum notes, got no rum, and drunkenness was the most common disciplinary offence of all.

The 58th was on the move. On September 5 it marched toward Mont-St-Éloi, on the 6th to Neuville-St-Vaast, and on the night of the 7th it went back into the line in the Acheville sector, where two more of its men were gassed on the 9th and 10th, and where, on the night of the 12th, the Royal Engineers released gas from projectors on the battalion's right.

Lawrence Johns, who had written that "Poisionous gas is a common thing these days," was killed near Lens that day; a comrade wrote to his family that "he was killed instantly." On September 15 the 58th handed the line to the 116th, whose officers recorded that the 58th "had had an ideal tour with scarcely any shelling," and went back by light railway to Le Pendu Camp in the Bois des Alleux. There it bathed, was paid, and on September 21 won the 3rd Divisional football championship, beating the 123rd Battalion six to nothing.

On September 26, 1917, someone claimed Homer's true age. A red-ink note in the margin of his attestation records it: "Actual age claimed on 26/9/17. Birth cert shows date of birth 20/3/1900." The note does not say who made the claim. It may have been Homer himself, or it may have been his parents at home; families did write to Ottawa for their sons, and no letter survives in his file either way. The army acted at once. On September 27 he was struck off the battalion's strength: "Minor." The 58th, at Le Pendu Camp, recorded only "Battalion training." He was seventeen and a half. He had been in France four months and nine days.

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The way home took two and a half months. On September 28 he was "Transferred to England for discharge as a Minor" and sent to the depot of his Ontario regiment at Shorncliffe, then to East Sandling camp nearby, and on October 23 to No. 1 Canadian Discharge Depot at Buxton, in Derbyshire. Buxton was a Victorian spa a thousand feet up in the Peak District, built "in the style of Bath" around a warm spring, and now full of Canadian hospitals and of men the army was sending home: the sick, the unfit, the worn out and the young.

On November 6, 1917, he embarked at Liverpool on the *Olympic*, the *Titanic*'s sister, painted that year in dazzle camouflage and known to the troops as "Old Reliable." A sergeant who made the same crossing that summer remembered that "never for a moment during the time we were in the submarine zone did the ship cease its zigzagging course."

His pay card notes "Olympic 14/11/17," most likely the day she came in. By the end of November he was at No. 1 Casualty Unit in London, Ontario, and on December 8 a medical board examined him for discharge. It found him "Well developed. Heart, lungs and other organs normal. Requires dental treatment." No disability. It recommended category "A IV," the army's class for men fit in every respect except age, and dental work.

Homer signed the form for a man who refused treatment: he understood "the nature of the treatment which it is recommended that I should

undergo and refuse to accept it." The only treatment the board had recommended was dental. He also signed the certificate for a soldier who takes his discharge at his own request: "I hereby declare that I do of my own free will request to be discharged from His Majesty's Service." On December 10, 1917, he was discharged at London "in consequence of Underage." Conduct and character: "Good." Special qualifications for civil life: "Farmer." He had served one year and 328 days.

He came home to a country in the middle of a quarrel. Two days before his medical board, on December 6, a munitions ship had blown up in Halifax harbor and killed some two thousand people; one week after his discharge, on December 17, Canada held the bitterest election in its history, over conscription. The Military Service Act made single men of twenty to thirty-four liable to be called up. It did not touch a seventeen-year-old who had already been to France, and it specifically exempted men who had served in a theatre of war and been honorably discharged. Homer was, so far as the law of 1917 was concerned, done.

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Home, that December, was London. His family had moved while he was away: his mother's address on the army's pay sheets changed in 1917 from St. Marys to 460 Dorinda Street, in the east end of London, an industrial district of foundries, car works and stove factories a short walk from the fairgrounds. London was a city of about sixty thousand and a military town, headquarters of the district that had just discharged him.

Prices had nearly doubled since before the war: across Canada, food that cost $7.34 a week for a family in 1913 cost $13.63 by December 1918; the city's Board of Health issued fifty-five permits for families to keep hogs inside the city limits, "as a temporary war measure"; and in the autumn of 1918 the influenza came. London buried 231 of its people. The district health officer for southwestern Ontario, a Dr. T. J. McNally, very likely the same man who had sat on Homer's medical board, reported that the epidemic took its victims "not alone from the weak and aged but for the most part from the strongest and best of our people."

In the spring of 1919 the government paid him a war service gratuity of $350, less what it had already paid him, which came to $249.90 in four cheques, addressed to 379 Eva Street, London. The same spring Ottawa admitted something about boys like him. An order-in-council of April 1919 opened retraining to young men who had "enlisted voluntarily in the forces under the military age of eighteen years," on the grounds that "the years they spent in the Army were just those during which they should have been fitting themselves to earn a livelihood."

Seven and a half thousand former boy soldiers were in its classes by the end of the year. Whether Homer was one of them, no record found says. In the family's version his father was "a contractor that paved a lot of the streets in London, Ontario." No record found says that either; the one St. John in the 1922 London directory is "St John, Phillip, wks G T R," a railwayman, at 768 Dundas Street.

The family remembered his war differently. In their telling he spent four years in the trenches and was gassed: "He was chlorine gassed." He came back at eighteen, "in bad shape," after "some of the worst activity, you know, in the trenches." Daniel measured it against a boy's schooling: the years his grandfather was at the war were the years a boy spends as a freshman through a senior in high school. The record is kinder on some counts and silent on others.

It has him enlisting at fifteen, in France for four months, and home at seventeen. Chlorine was the gas of 1915, the year before he enlisted. But his battalion was gassed, a man or two at a time, on four nights of that summer, and the Canadian War Museum notes that "many soldiers never reported their multiple minor gassings." The board that discharged him found no disability, and, the museum adds, there were few treatment programs after the war for veterans who suffered from the mental trauma of war.

As for the trenches, the Canadians told Philip Gibbs that August that "their troops have never had harder or more prolonged fighting, not even in their old days of the Ypres salient nor on the Somme."

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On Monday, October 4, 1920, two days after her twentieth birthday, Homer married Alice Rose Pigeon at St. Joseph's Rectory in Stratford. She was a Stratford girl, born on October 2, 1900, six months after him, one of a houseful of children of Paschal Pigeon and Catherine Foley, a Catholic family who lived on Front Street. Homer had sworn out the licence in London three days before. He gave his trade as "Labourer," his age as twenty, his birthplace as Woodham, and his religion, which the army had put down as Methodist, as Presbyterian.

Alice's was Roman Catholic, and a Catholic priest, Thomas McCarthy, married them, with two Pigeons of Hibernia Street as witnesses. Her middle name came out differently in every record: Rose to the family, "Rosmary" on the licence, "Rosaline" in the *St. Marys Journal*, which gave the wedding a line that week: "ST. JOHN—PIGEON—In Stratford on Monday, Oct. 4, 1920, Alice Rosaline Pigeon of Stratford to Homer Doble St. John of London, Ont."

Daniel described her side of the family this way: "her mother was Irish. She was from Limerick. She was Kitty Foley. But her father was a pigeon, was a French-Canadian." The records sort it out. Pigeon was the surname, and Kitty Foley was Catherine, Alice's mother. Their son John was born in Stratford on June 2, 1921, the day after census day. Stratford that year was a railway and furniture town of sixteen thousand, built around the Grand Trunk's great locomotive shops, and in March, across Canada, the slump after the war had put one trade-union man in six out of work.

That November the army sent him something by registered post, most likely his war medals. The address on his card had been crossed out and rewritten: no longer Dorinda Street but "Box 621, Sandwich St, Amherstburg, Ont.," a small town at the mouth of the Detroit River, sixteen miles below Detroit. It was a good place from which to watch America go dry. National Prohibition had begun in January 1920, Michigan had been dry since 1918, and Ontario, which forbade selling liquor but not making it for export, sat across a river less than a mile wide in places. One Michigan broadcaster, looking back, put the traffic at 900,000 cases in the first six months alone; in winter, when the river froze, the cars drove across the ice.

Then they crossed. "They just came over in the 20s because there were work in the factories," Daniel said. "You could go through Detroit, across from Canada into Detroit." A great many did. In 1925 a Toronto newspaperman counted a hundred thousand Canadians in Detroit, one in ten of the city, which made Detroit "the largest Canadian city in the United States." In Detroit, he reported, "they call Canadians 'freshwater immigrants.'" An immigration inspector told him, "A Canadian is the only immigrant you cannot tell from a native-born American at a glance." Canadians were left outside the quotas of the Immigration Act of 1924, but they now needed a visa, and with the new Border Patrol the government had begun to spend more of its energy on deportation.

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By the middle of the 1930s the St. Johns were in Flint, the town where General Motors began. Homer, Daniel said, "had worked in the Buick plant in the 30s." It was a hard decade there. American car production fell from five million in 1929 to 1.3 million in 1932, and Flint shrank, from 156,492 people in 1930 to 151,543 in 1940. Over the winter of 1936–37 the auto workers sat down inside the General Motors plants for forty-four days and won their union. By then there were more children. A daughter, Jane, had been born in Michigan in about 1933, and another child, Robert John, called Bobby, was born in Flint on May 17, 1935.

John and Pat, the eldest, were growing up. Pat, about two years younger than John, would hear music once and play it on the piano right away.

Robert John St. John died on March 13, 1939, at Hurley Hospital, Flint's public hospital, of broncho-pneumonia following measles. A doctor had attended him for six days. He was three years, nine months and twenty-five days old, and John was seventeen. The family was living at 2012 Swayze Street. The man who gave the clerk the particulars was his father, Homer St. John, and

he was buried two days later in New Calvary, the Catholic cemetery.

"Any kind of sickness could kill you then because they didn't have the medication," Daniel said, "and I wasn't sure just what it was with Bobby." Measles was still a killer of small children, pneumonia was its usual way of doing it, there would be no vaccine for another twenty-four years, and penicillin would not reach ordinary civilians until the next war.

John left home soon after and rode the boxcars west in the Depression, as boys did, and went on to a life of his own, which belongs to another chapter. In 1940 the United States required every alien over fourteen to register and be fingerprinted at the post office, and more than five million did. By the family's account Homer was still not a citizen then, which would have put him in the queue; whether he stood in it, no paper yet found says.

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In November 1943 Daniel was born in Flint, "strangely," as he put it, while John was overseas; his mother, as he told it, "went and stayed with them when I was born." By the time the war ended Homer and Alice had moved to San Jose, California, where several of Alice's brothers and sisters also settled, and where, Daniel said, "they had an extra house there." They offered it to John's wife, and to John when the army let him go.

San Jose was then a town of seventy thousand in the middle of the Valley of Heart's Delight, two-thirds of whose land was in fruit trees; it canned and dried and shipped apricots, peaches and prunes, and nobody had yet thought of putting computers in it. John got out on Daniel's second birthday, "let's say November 1945," and that was the first time Daniel saw him.

In France John had lived in the home of "one of these underground people," and the communists, as Daniel put it, "made a communist out of him," so that back in America he joined the American Communist Party. In San Jose "he had all these propaganda leaflets down in the basement and he was having meetings at the house," with union leaders from the Bay Area and with black people. "And it freaked my grandfather out because they still were not American citizens even. You know, they were Canadians. And the FBI was coming around."

Canada did not create a citizenship of its own until New Year's Day, 1947; until then Canadians were British subjects. In California, either way, they were aliens, and the Alien Registration Act of 1940 allowed the government to deport any alien who had "at any time" since arriving been a member of an organization that advocated overthrowing the government. Some of its language had been written specifically to help deport one union leader, the Australian-born Harry Bridges.

The family did not stay. "We had to uproot and move out of California," Daniel said, and they went back across the country to Massachusetts when he was three or four years old.

❧

Homer and Alice stayed on in San Jose through the 1950s. When the census taker came round in April 1950 he found Homer, fifty, and Alice, forty-nine, with three of their children at home: Patricia, twenty-seven, born in Canada, and Jane, seventeen, and Phillip, eight, both born in Michigan. He also wrote Homer down as a naturalized citizen. The family remembered him as no citizen in 1946, so either Homer took out his papers in those few years or the census is wrong; his naturalization papers have not been found. The same census taker, or the clerk who indexed his page seventy years later, turned him into "Homer Si John," which is partly why he took so long to find.

The town grew up around them. It had ninety-five thousand people in 1950 and more than two hundred thousand by 1960, as a city manager named Dutch Hamann annexed the orchards one after another and the subdivisions went in. In the autumn of 1962 Daniel was at Berkeley, working three jobs, and, as he said, "I just burned myself out." He had to get back to Massachusetts "somehow." "I think my grandparents who were living in San Jose bought me a ticket," he said. His father put him on the train in November, and he went home to Massachusetts and eight months at the paper mill, double shifts included.

Homer St. John died on September 10, 1972, at Placerville, the old Gold Rush county seat in the Sierra foothills, at seventy-two, "following an

illness in a local hospital," as the *Mountain Democrat* put it four days later. Daniel's only words on Homer's end began, "Well, Homer was like this. He was having trouble," and the story went on to his father instead; the newspaper filled in the rest. He had lived twenty-seven years in California and the last three in El Dorado County, and he was, in its words, "owner of an apartment house in San Jose."

The funeral was held at the Chapel of the Pines on September 13, Father Thomas O'Brien of St. Patrick's Catholic church conducting, and he was buried in St. Patrick's Cemetery. The notice listed the family he left: his wife Alice; John St. John of Costa Mesa, Patricia Vilenski of Chula Vista, Jane Holes of Placerville and Philip St. John of San Jose; two sisters in Canada, Frieda Vanderland and Phyllis Marriott; twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Alice outlived him by eleven years. For twenty-five years she was executive secretary for the Boy Scouts of America. She moved south to Chula Vista, where her son John also lived, and died in San Diego on October 23, 1983. Four days later, after a graveside service, she was buried in St. Patrick's Cemetery. Both Placerville papers remembered her as a native of Canada and gave her age as eighty; she was eighty-three.

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Homer St. John comes down to his family in two halves. The army kept one: the farm boy from Blanshard who put his age up three years to go to war at fifteen, four months with the 58th in the line at Avion and Lens, his true age in red ink in the margin, and the one word that sent him home at seventeen: "Minor." The family kept the other: the crossing to Detroit, the Buick plant and Bobby's grave in Flint, the house in San Jose, and the ticket home in 1962 that, as Daniel thought, his grandparents bought.

No letter of his has survived to say what he made of any of it. The forty-eight pages are still in Ottawa. He lies in the foothills of the Sierra, in the same cemetery as Alice, under a stone that says only "Dad," a long way from Woodham.

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Prohibition, the border, Flint and California. Gregory Clark, "Tide of Freshwater Emigrants Turns Again Home", *Toronto Star Weekly*, 21 March 1925; *Daily Kennebec Journal*, 7 August 1926; Michigan Public, 2 February 2021; US Office of the Historian, the Immigration Act of 1924; USCIS, *Overview of INS History* (2012); USCIS, "Alien Registration Forms, 1940–1944"; M. L. Smith, "By Way of Canada", *Prologue* (Fall 2000), part 1 and part 2; US Census Bureau, populations of the largest urban places; Archives of Michigan, "The Great Depression"; CDC, *MMWR* 48(29) (1999); Bay Area Census, San Jose 1950; San José State University, "Valley of the Heart's Delight"; San José Public Library, "Canning in the Valley of Heart's Delight"; Pier 21, the Canadian Citizenship Act, 1947.

Encyclopedias. Wikipedia, for dates and figures only: 58th Battalion, CEF, Ontario Temperance Act, Purple Gang, Prohibition in the United States, Volstead Act, Amherstburg, Flint sit-down strike, Hurley Medical Center, Measles, Placerville, California, CFB Borden, 1917 Canadian federal election, RMS Olympic, Buxton, London, Ontario, RMS Carolina (1904), Arthur Meighen, Stratford, Ontario, Canada Temperance Act, Mastoiditis, 1921 Canadian census, Rum-running in Windsor, Ontario, Flint, Michigan, A. P. Hamann, Smith Act.

Further sources consulted (309, not cited above; full details in dossiers/homer/SOURCES.csv). *Canadian archives, museums and agencies* (45): Bruce Remembers, 58th Battalion; war diary list: 58th Battalion, May 1917; War diary of The Royal Canadian Regiment, July...; Hill 70; War diary of The Royal Canadian Regiment,...; War diary of The Royal Canadian Regiment,...; war diary viewer; 58th Battalion war diary file list (JSON); War diary of The Royal Canadian Regiment, May 1917; Hill 70; Civilian reintegration; Benefits and land for veterans; Canadian War Museum, Canada and the First World...; First World War history pages; Wartime Canada, 110th Battalion postcard of Cpl...; history index; Battle vimy ridge; Conscription 1917; Food fuel and inflation; Influenza 1918 1919; The wars impact on canada; The cost of canadas war; Medals and decorations; Voluntary recruitment; Government intervention; Going to war; Library and Archives Canada blog, From...; CAMC Overseas Hospitals; Library and Archives Canada blog, Understand...; Small Town Canada, St. Marys, Ontario; The childrens war; Department of National Defence, battle honour...; Vimy Foundation, Hill 70; 2nd battle ypres; Canadian War Museum, Canada and the First World...; Canadian War Museum, photograph of a wounded...; John Babcock; Personnel records of the First World War; Second ypres; Department of National Defence, battle honour...; Life trenches; Battle hill 70; Last hundred days; Land Battles (index); Weapons on Land (index).
Canadian statistics, biography and reference (29): Canada in the Great World War, vol. III; NARA 1950 Census name search API; NARA, 1940 Census FAQs; Bay Area Census, Santa Clara County, 1950; J. Castell Hopkins, The Canadian Annual Review...; The Canada Year Book 1919 (Ottawa, 1920); The Canada Year Book 1921 (Ottawa, 1922); Thirty-Eighth Annual Report of the Provincial...; Internet Archive advanced search API; Internet Archive metadata API; Letters from the Front, vol. II; Historical Statistics of Canada, 2nd ed.; Dictionary of Canadian Biography (home); Census of Canada 1911, vol. 2, table 7, row 1825; Historical Statistics of Canada, 2nd ed.,...; Historical Statistics of Canada, 2nd ed.,...; Census of Canada 1901, vol. 1, table 7, row 1446; Census of Canada 1911, vol. 1, table 1, row 5141; Census of Canada 1911, vol. 1, table 1, row 5130; Census of Canada 1911, vol. 1, table 1, row 5124; Census of Canada 1911, vol. 1, table 1, row 5133; Census of Canada 1911, vol. 1, table 1, row 5136; Historical Statistics of Canada, 2nd ed.,...; Historical Statistics of Canada, 2nd ed.,...; BECK, Adam; Census of Canada 1911, vol. 1, table 1, row 4762; MCCLARY, John; Automated Genealogy, 1901/1911 census...; US Census Bureau, POP-TWPS0029, table 4.
Canadian Letters and Images Project (27): document 15292: Johns, letter to his mother, 4...; document 15299: Johns, letter to his sister,...; document 62445: CLIP collection 62437; document 15267: Johns, letter to his sister, 9...; document 15269: Johns, letter to his mother, 16...; document 15346: Jackson Woods; document 62449: www.canadianletters.ca; document 63756: CLIP collection 63752; document 63755: Jowsey, 20 March 1917; document 63758: Jowsey, undated letter, from...; document 22250: CLIP collection 20927; document 65891: CLIP collection 65871; document 65882: Hornibrook, letter of 22 Nov...; collection 20671: Frank Tilbury; sitemap and collection pages (crawl); collection 20838: Edward Robert Hill, 58th...; collection 20852: Albert Playfoot, 58th Battalion; collection 62437: J. W. Johnson; collection 63752: J. Jowsey; collection 20927: R. G. Ball; collection 65871: J. E. Hornibrook; collection 65909: W. H. Hamilton; collection 62262: H. J. McMaster; collection 64867: A. F. Cook; collection 61855: (page not found); collection 65869: (page not found); collection 65870: Richard Gardiner Munroe, letters.
Period books and texts read but not quoted (30): John McCrae, In Flanders Fields and Other Poems; Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment,...; Harold R. Peat, Private Peat; Stanley A. Rutledge, Pen Pictures from the...; Ralph W. Bell, Canada in War-Paint; Harold R. Peat, Private Peat (1917); James Norman Hall, Kitchener's Mob (1916); Arthur Guy Empey, "Over the Top" (1917); Bernard Freeman Trotter, A Canadian Twilight...; Coningsby Dawson, The Glory of the Trenches; Mrs. A. Durie, Our Absent Hero (1920); Canadian War Records Office, Thirty Canadian V.C.s; Philip

Gibbs, Now It Can Be Told (1920); Ralph W. Bell, Canada in War-Paint (1917); Harold Baldwin, "Holding the Line" (1918); Charles G. D. Roberts, Canada in Flanders, vol....; Coningsby Dawson, Carry On: Letters in War-Time; Max Aitken, Canada in Flanders, vols. I-II; Ralph Connor, The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land; Ralph Connor, The Major (1917); R. J. Manion, A Surgeon in Arms (1918); Nellie McClung, Three Times and Out (1918); Coningsby Dawson, Living Bayonets (1919); R. Lewis, Over the Top with the 25th (1918); Louis Keene, "Crumps": The Plain Story of a...; F. C. Curry, From the St. Lawrence to the Yser; J. A. Currie, "The Red Watch" (1916); From Otterpool to the Rhine with the 23rd...; J. W. Garvin, ed., Canadian Poems of the Great War; J. C. McRuer, The Ontario Liquor Laws (1922).

Family records searched (11): 127244390: Homer Doble St John; 168433651: Gaston Michael Pigeon; 262076456: Henry Paschel Pigeon; Michiganology death records search, StJohn; Michigan death certificate, second image record; Michiganology, Death Records 1897-1952; Michigan death certificate of another St. John...; Michigan death certificate of another St. John...; Northern Michigan History, Michigan Goes Dry; Prohibition ended 85 years ago today: here's...; FamilySearch record search: Homer St John, born....

Directories searched, no entry (12): Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1919-20; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1922-23; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1923-24; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1924-25; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1926-27; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1928-29; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1931; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1935; Vernon's Windsor Directory, 1939; Polk's San Jose City and Santa Clara County...; Polk's San Jose City Directory, 1931; Polk's San Jose City Directory, 1933.

Newspapers, Chronicling America (13): New Hampshire Farmer and Weekly Union , 29 May...; Daily Kennebec Journal; Cordova Daily Times , 24 April 1915, p. 1; Douglas Daily Dispatch , 29 November 1927, p. 12; Evening Star (Washington), 22 February 1929, p. 7; AP, Evening Star , 3 November 1930, p. 5; Evening Star , 9 November 1930, p. 60; Daily Worker , 3 December 1926, p. 1, reporting...; Evening Star , 27 March 1927, p. 35; Washington Daily News , 23 July 1929, p. 12; Milwaukee Leader , 20 March 1931, p. 3; Montana Labor News , 21 July 1932, p. 1; Lexington Advertiser.

Wikipedia (64): 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade; Battle of Hill 70; Small box respirator; Field punishment; Royal Canadian Legion; Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment; Spanish flu; 1919 Ontario prohibition referendum; Rum-running; Alien Registration Act; 110th Battalion (Perth); Perth Regiment; Template:1917 Canadian federal election/Perth...; Perth South (federal electoral district); Wikipedia articles on the 110th Battalion, the...; Shorncliffe Army Camp; Halifax Explosion; Wartime Elections Act; Conscription Crisis of 1917; Military Service Act, 1917; Unionist Party (Canada); 1919 Ontario general election; United Farmers of Ontario; CFB London; Soldier Settlement Board; Winnipeg general strike; Depression of 1920–1921; Khaki University; Canadian Expeditionary Force; Ross rifle; Étaples mutiny; List of infantry battalions in the Canadian...; Shoreham-by-Sea; Folkestone; Eaton's; Perth County, Ontario; South Huron; Methodist Church (Canada); Education in Ontario; St. Marys, Ontario; 1911 Canadian federal election; 1902 Ontario prohibition referendum; Prohibition in Canada; Wilfrid Laurier; 1911 Canadian census; Immigration to Canada; Ontario Hydro; Imperial Oil; Western Fair; 1901 Canadian census; Old East Village; Huron Tract; Perth South; Ambassador Bridge; Detroit–Windsor Tunnel; Immigration Act of 1924; San Jose, California; History of San Jose, California; 1946 Oakland general strike; Great War Veterans' Association of Canada; Great War Veterans Association; Immigration Act of 1917; Mustard gas; Union Government (Canada).

Other pages (29): Tim Cook, 'More a Medicine than a Beverage':...; LAC digitized war diaries; Chronicling America search, "homer st. john",...; San José Public Library (city directories); CDC/NCHS, historical mortality tables; Walter P. Reuther Library, Ashley Johnson...; The Henry Ford, Ford's Five-Dollar Day; FDA, Sulfanilamide Disaster; Underage and Overeager, Military & Family...; University of Guelph Archives, Blanshard and...; CASO Station, Stratford as a Railway Centre; Toronto Railway Historical Association, Stratford; Wikipedia (technical specifications); Collingwood soldiers helped make Camp Borden a...; Waterloo Region museum, Temperance and...; Historical detective work set for display; US Customs and Border Protection, Along U.S....; Eastern Michigan University, on Bavery's...; Tim Cook, 'He was determined to go': Underage...; Formac Lorimer, Black and Boileau, Old Enough...; CDC, "Chlorine" chemical fact sheet; Immigration Act of 1924, text; Fong Haw Tan v. Phelan, 333 U.S. 6 (1948); CDC Pink Book, ch. 7, Diphtheria; National WWII Museum, Thanks to Penicillin; MTC/ABAG, San Jose city place profile; Truman Library, Truman's Loyalty Program; Harry S. Truman, Veto of the Internal Security...; US Senate, vetoes of President Truman.

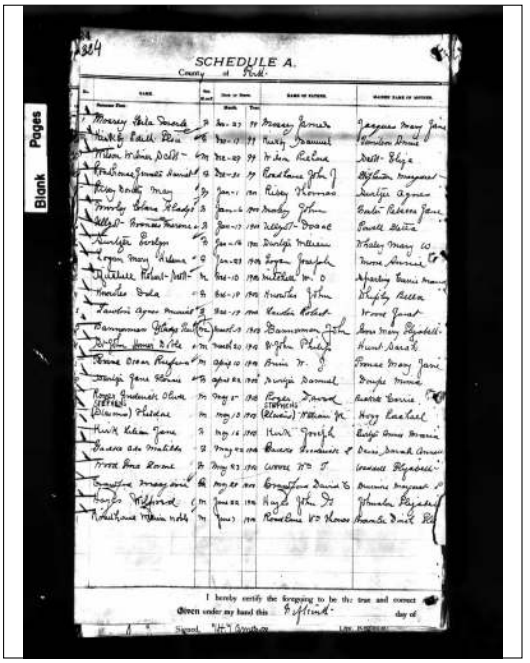
Picture searches for the plates (27): Wikimedia Commons API; Library of Congress loc.gov JSON API, photos...; Canadian Great War Project query service,...; Wartime Canada, 110th Battalion "D.A.C. men"...; Camp Borden trench training, 1916; Major-General Sam Hughes at the saluting base,...; Hill 70 - Canadians in captured trenches,...; A line of Canadian troops receiving drinks,...; Group of Canadians at a soup kitchen, Hill...; Wounded Canadian soldier drinking hot coffee,...; Hill 70 - German shelling, Lens, June 1917; Blocked traffic, Canadian advance on Lens,...; Canadian trench mortar battery after the Battle...; Hill 70 - Canadian gun emplacement; A. Y. Jackson, Cité Jeanne d'Arc; Hill 70 in...; Commons category Battle of Hill 70; Commons category 110th Battalion; Russell Lee, Street and park. San Jose,...; Russell Lee, Shady street and park. San Jose,...; Russell Lee, Typical house. Santa Clara,...; Russell Lee, Santa Clara house, companion...; Russell Lee, "San Jose, California. Sign", 1942; Russell Lee, Santa Clara Holy Ghost fiesta...; HABS, 1147 Chapman Street (House), San Jose; HABS, "Blanchard House", San Jose; San Jose, California, South First Street, 1940s; FSA/OWI rights statement.

Search tools (4): Wikipedia MediaWiki API (plain-text extracts); Project Gutenberg catalogue (pg_catalog.csv); Gutendex search API; OpenStreetMap Nominatim: Dorinda Street,....

Tried and blocked or refused (not bypassed) (18): Collection Search record 245971: St. John,...; LAC Collection Search, genealogy query homer...; sortedbyname.com, California Death Index mirror; The Canadian Encyclopedia, Halifax Explosion; Canadiana.ca (robots.txt disallows AI agents;...; Histoire sociale / Social History journal site; William Johnston, The Pioneers of Blanshard,...; Michigan LARA, Liquor Control Commission 90th...; Stratford-Perth Museum website; St. Marys Museum website; Calisphere search; History San José online collections; San José Public Library search; Canadian War Museum collections search; Ontario community newspapers; Bentley Historical Library, Detroit Jewish News...; TheShipsList (troopship sailings); DuckDuckGo web search.

ADDENDUM: THE ST. MARYS RECORDS

Sent by the St. Marys Museum & Archives, St. Marys, Ontario, in October 2026, in reply to a request for anything on Homer St. John and his family. Each document is shown with a full transcription; handwriting is transcribed as written, with [sic] where it is misspelled and [?] where a reading is uncertain.

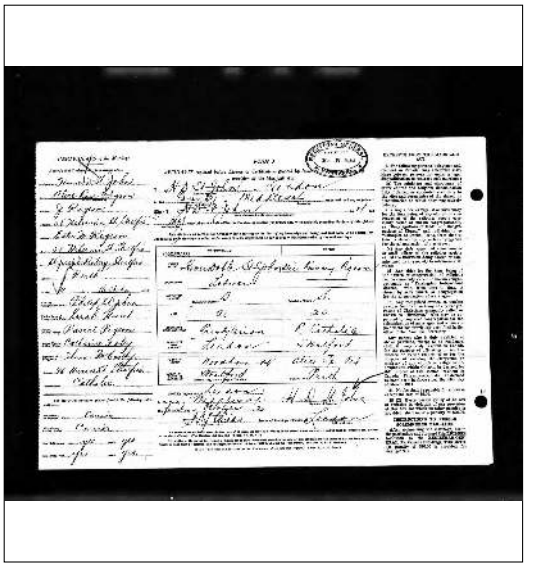


1. Births, County of Perth, Schedule A, 1899–1900 (p. 324)

Transcription. Schedule A. County of Perth. Columns: No. · Name (surname first) · Sex · Date of birth · Name of father · Maiden name of mother. Homer's line, the fourteenth on the page, underlined:

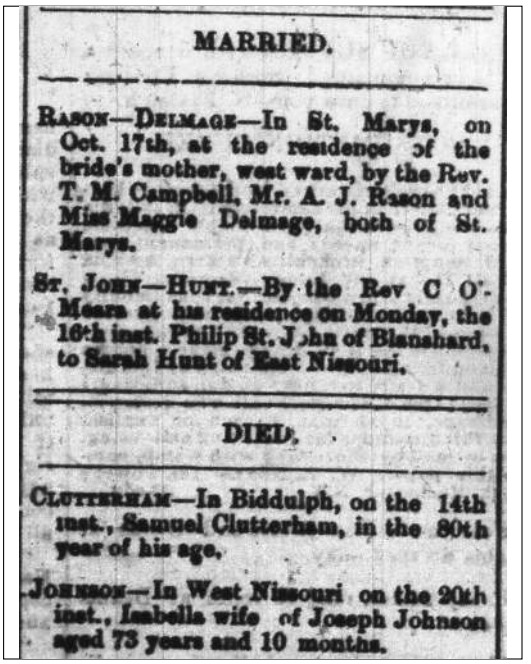
St John Homer Doble · m · March 20 · 1900 · St John Philip · Hunt Sarah

Certificate at the foot: "I hereby certify the foregoing to be the true and correct ... Given under my hand this *fifteenth* [?] day of ..." signed by the division registrar (signature not legible). The page records 24 births of the district from November 1899 to June 1900.



2. *Marriage licence and registration, Ontario, October 1920*

Affidavit (Form 3, No. 022528; stamped Registrar General, received Oct 5 1920): "I, *H D St John*, of *London*, in the *County of Middlesex* ... That I ... ha[ve] had *my* usual place of abode within the Province of Ontario for fifteen days."
Bridegroom: *Homer Doble St John* · Labourer · Bachelor · 20 · Presbyterian · residence London · born Woodham Ont.
Bride: *Alice Rosmary* [sic] *Pigeon* · Spinster · 20 · R. Catholic · residence Stratford · born *Alice Tp.* [?] *Ont* [probably Ellice Township]. Intended place: Stratford, County of Perth.
Sworn at London, Middlesex, the *first* day of October 1920, before *H J Childs*, Issuer of Marriage Licenses; signed *H D St John*.
Particulars, by the clergyman: "I certify that I solemnized the marriage of *Homer D. St. John* [and] *Alice Rose Pigeon* in the presence of *J. Pigeon*, *58 Hibernia St. Stratford*, [and] *Ester M. Pigeon*, *58 Hibernia St. Stratford*, at *St. Joseph's Rectory, Stratford*, County of *Perth*, on the *4* day of *October* 1920." Bridegroom's father *Philip St. John*; mother *Sarah Hunt*. Bride's father *Pascal Pigeon*; mother *Catharine Foley*. Clergyman *Thomas McCarthy*, *96 Huron St. Stratford*, *Catholic*. Fathers born in Canada; both can read and write.



MARRIED.

RASON—DELMAGE—In St. Marys, on Oct. 17th, at the residence of the bride's mother, west ward, by the Rev. T. M. Campbell, Mr. A. J. Rason and Miss Maggie Delmage, both of St. Marys.

ST. JOHN—HUNT.—By the Rev C O'Meara at his residence on Monday, the 16th inst. Philip St. John of Blanshard, to Sarah Hunt of East Nissouri.

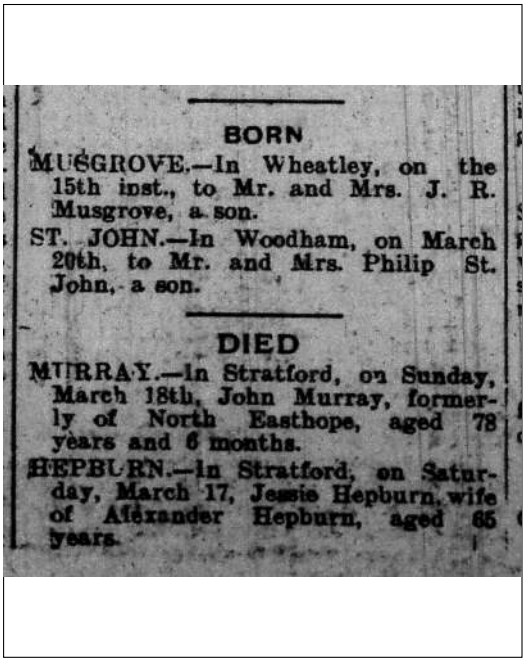
DIED.

CLUTTERHAM—In Biddulph, on the 14th inst., Samuel Clutterham, in the 80th year of his age.

JOHNSON—In West Nissouri on the 20th inst., Isabella wife of Joseph Johnson aged 73 years and 10 months.

Married. ... "ST. JOHN—HUNT.—By the Rev C. O'Meara at his residence on Monday, the 16th inst. Philip St. John of Blanshard, to Sarah Hunt of East Nissouri." Homer's parents. The same column records the marriage of A. J. Rason and Maggie Delmage, and below, under *Died*, Samuel Clutterham of Biddulph and Isabella Johnson of West Nissouri.

3. *St. Marys Argus, 24 October 1889*



BORN

MUSGROVE.—In Wheatley, on the 15th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Musgrove, a son.

ST. JOHN.—In Woodham, on March 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip St. John, a son.

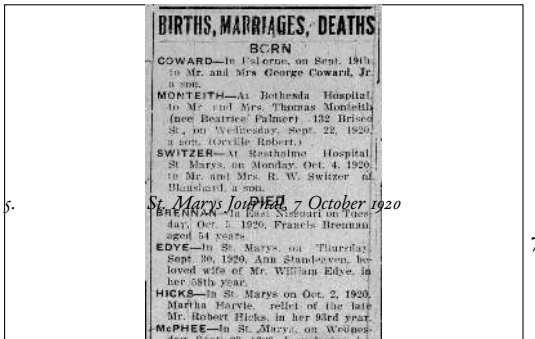
DIED

MURRAY.—In Stratford, on Sunday, March 18th, John Murray, formerly of North Easthope, aged 78 years and 6 months.

HEPBURN.—In Stratford, on Saturday, March 17, Jessie Hepburn, wife of Alexander Hepburn, aged 65 years.

Born. ... "ST. JOHN.—In Woodham, on March 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip St. John, a son." Homer's birth, between a son born to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Musgrove of Wheatley and, under *Died*, John Murray and Jessie Hepburn of Stratford.

4. *St. Marys Journal, 22 March 1900*



BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS

BORN

COWARD—In Palerme, on Sept. 19th, to Mr. and Mrs George Coward, Jr. a son.

MONTEITH—At Bethesda Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monteith (nee Beatrice Palmer) 132 Brisco St., on Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1920, a son. (Orville Robert.)

SWITZER—At Southdale Hospital, St. Marys, on Monday, Oct. 4, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Switzer of Blanshard, a son.

DIED

BRENNAN—In East Nissouri on Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1920, Francis Brennan, aged 54 years.

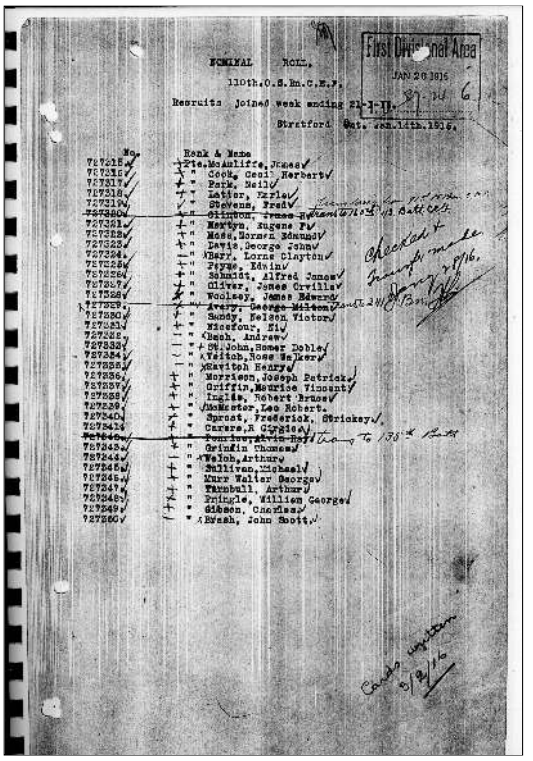
EDYE—In St. Marys, on Thursday, Sept. 30, 1920, Ann Standeven, beloved wife of Mr. William Edye, in her 68th year.

HICKS—In St. Marys on Oct. 2, 1920, Martha Harvie, relict of the late Mr. Robert Hicks, in her 93rd year.

McPHEE—In St. Marys, on Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1920, Mary Ann McPhee, aged 80 years.

Married. ... "ST. JOHN—PIGEON—In Stratford on Monday, Oct. 4, 1920, Alice Rosaline Pigeon of Stratford to Homer Doble St. John of London, Ont." Homer and Alice. In the same column, an In Memoriam for Corp. Wm. Ivan Doupe, "killed in action two years ago the 2nd of October, 1918."

5. *St. Marys Journal, 7 October 1920*



NOMINAL ROLL.

110th.O.S.Bn.C.E.F.

Recruits joined week ending 21-1-16.

Stratford Ont. Jan.14th.1916.

First Divisional Area
JAN 26 1916

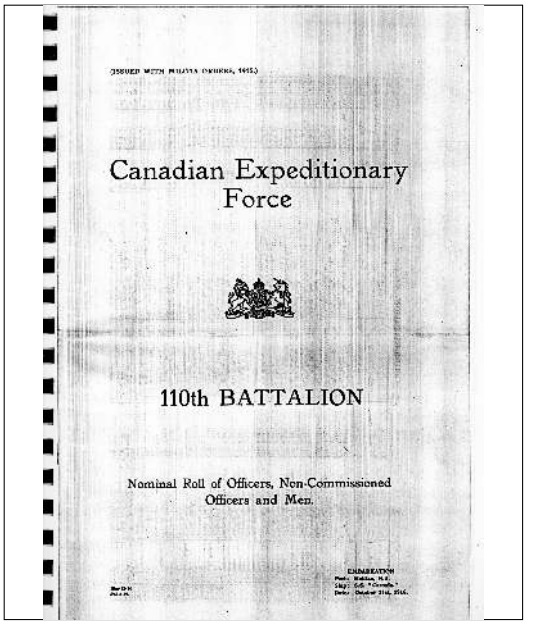
No.	Rank & Name
727315	Pte. McAuliffe, Jonesy
727316	" Cook, Cecil Herbert
727317	" Park, Neil
727318	" Lattier, Ezrie
727319	" Stevens, Fredy
727320	" Clinton, Jesse R
727321	" Martyn, Eugene Fu
727322	" Moss, Norman Edmund
727323	" Davis, George John
727324	" Merry, Lorne Clayton
727325	" Fryer, Edwin
727326	" Schmidt, Alfred James
727327	" Oliver, James Orville
727328	" Woolsey, James Edward
727329	" Avery, George Milton
727330	" Sandy, Nelson Victor
727331	" Macefour, Eli
727332	" Bach, Andrew
727333	" St.John, Homer Doble
727334	" Veitch, Ross Walker
727335	" Hewitch Henry
727336	" Morrison, Joseph Patrick
727337	" Griffin, Maurice Vincent
727338	" Inglis, Robert Bruce
727339	" McMaster, Leo Robert.
727340	" Sprost, Frederick, Stickey
727341	" Carere, A Cipriano
727342	" Pomfrey, Alvin Roy
727343	" Griffin Thomas
727344	" Welsh, Arthur
727345	" Sullivan, Michael
727346	" Murr Walter George
727347	" Trumbull, Arthur
727348	" Pringle, William George
727349	" Gibson, Charles
727350	" Hyssh, John Scott

Checked & Transfer made Jany 28/16

Cards written 3/2/16.

Typed: "Nominal Roll. 110th O.S. Bn. C.E.F. Recruits joined week ending 21-1-16. Stratford Ont. Jan. 14th 1916." Stamp: "First Divisional Area, Jan 26 1916." Thirty-six recruits, Nos. 727315 to 727350, each ticked. Homer's line: *727333 · Pte. · St. John, Homer Doble* between 727332 Bach, Andrew and 727334 Veitch, Ross Walker.
Handwritten: against 727319, "transferred from 91st Bn. C.E.F."; four names struck through and transferred, to the 160th, 241st and 135th Battalions; across the page, "Checked & Transfer made Jany 28/16"; at the foot, "Cards written 3/2/16."
St. Marys Museum & Archives A2011.8 (Rick Holt Military Research Fonds).

6. Nominal roll, 110th Battalion, recruits joined week ending 21 January 1916



(ISSUED WITH MILITIA ORDERS, 1915.)

Canadian Expeditionary Force

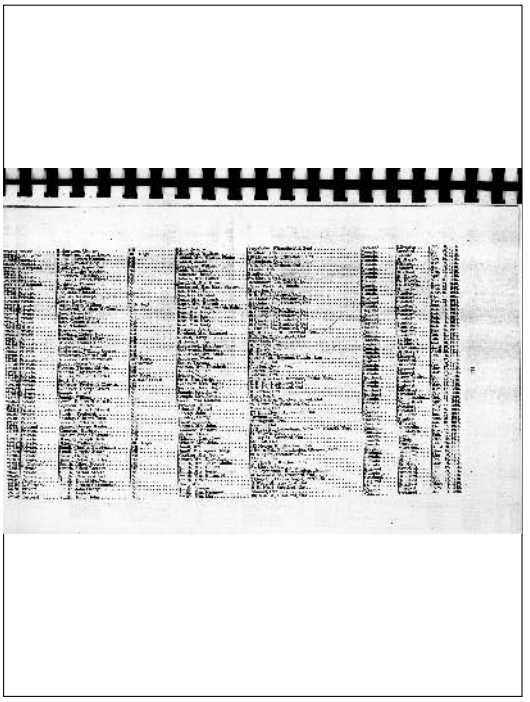
110th BATTALION

Nominal Roll of Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men.

EMBARKATION

Printed: "(Issued with Militia Orders, 1915.) Canadian Expeditionary Force. 110th Battalion. Nominal Roll of Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men."
"Embarkation. Port: Halifax, N.S. Ship: S.S. 'Caronia.' Date: October 31st, 1916."

7. Embarkation roll of the 110th Battalion: cover



8. *Embarkation roll, page 11*

Printed, by column: Regimental number · Rank · Name · Former corps · Next of kin · Address of next of kin · Country of birth · Place taken on strength · Date. Homer's line: *727333 · Private · St. John, Homer Doble · Nil · St. John, Philip · Woodham, Ont. · Canada · St. Mary's · Jan. 17, 1916.*
Nearby on the page are Perth County men from Stratford, Milverton, Listowel, Atwood and Kirkton, among them James Earl Roadhouse of Kirkton, the next village to Woodham.

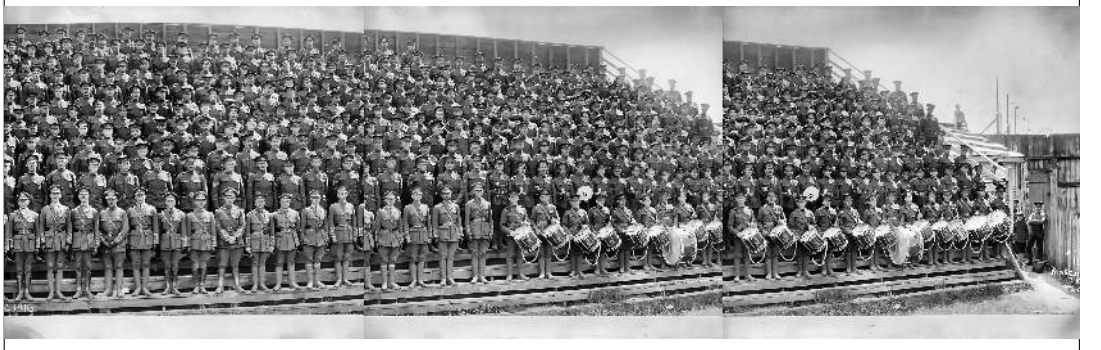


9. *Homer St. John*

A close-up of Homer St. John in the service dress and peaked cap of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, with the maple-leaf badge, compiled by the St. Marys Museum & Archives for a research project in 2014. The photograph it was taken from is not named.



10. *"110th Battalion C.E.F. at London June 1916" (left half)*



11. *The same (right half)*

A panorama of the whole battalion on a tiered wooden stand at London, Ontario, in June 1916: the band with its brass and drums at both ends, the officers seated in the front rank, the companies behind. The caption is written on the negative: "110th Battalion C.E.F. at London June 1916." St. Marys Museum & Archives 975.13.1, scanned in six parts and joined here. Homer St. John, fifteen, who had joined in January, should be among the men; he has not been identified.

The museum's notes ("Research Request — St. John"), in summary. Homer Doble St. John, born 20 March 1900 at Woodham, died 10 September 1972 in California. Grandparents William St. John (1821–1904) and Ann Doble (1823–1889), both buried at Kirkton, with thirteen children, the youngest Philip. Parents Philip St. John (1866–1945), born in Blanshard, and Sarah Hunt (1868–1940), both buried in London, married 16 October 1889 at St. Marys. Homer's sisters and brother: Kathleen Ann (1891–1968), William Frederick "Freddie" Harold (1892–1894), Freda Emeline (1896–1992) and Phyllis Jean Hunt (1908–1996). The farm, Concession 7, Lot 3, Blanshard, bought by William from the Canada Company in 1856, sold to Philip in 1888, and sold by the family to the Copelands in 1919, when they moved to London; today 5905 Line 6, St. Marys. In St. Marys the family rented 23 Peel Street North from J. A. Chesterfield (assessment roll, 1917); in London their first address was 460 Dorinda Street. Homer and Alice were married in Stratford on 4 October 1920 and do not appear in the 1921 census; the museum suspects they went to the United States between 1923 and the early 1930s. Lt. W. J. Wright, principal of the St. Marys high school, signed Homer's enlistment papers. No local newspaper wrote about Homer's service: wartime papers wrote up officers, or the dead and missing.

THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs in this chapter are printed digitally restored: dust and scratches removed, noise reduced, contrast evened, nothing added or changed. These are the raw files, as received.



THE 110TH (PERTH) BATTALION AT CAMP BORDEN, 31 AUGUST 1916
The unretouched original.



"110TH BATTALION C.E.F. AT LONDON JUNE 1916" (LEFT HALF)
The unretouched original.



THE SAME (RIGHT HALF)
The unretouched original.



THE 110TH BATTALION AT LONDON, JUNE 1916
The unretouched original.



AFTER A TRENCH RAID, AVION, JULY 1917
The unretouched original.

JOHN ST. JOHN

STRATFORD, FLINT, NEW MEXICO, WESTOVER FIELD,
ENGLAND, GERMANY AND FRANCE · 1921–1945

On Boxcars, Link Trainers, Jitterbugs and Such

A better method is to recognize the sound of a complete character without regard to its components.

WAR DEPARTMENT, THE RADIO OPERATOR

This chapter is about Daniel's father, John St. John, and it comes down the family the usual way: from John to his son, who heard a great deal of it as a small boy, and from John's sister Pat, who kept the family's older stories. The paperwork is thinner. John turns up in the census of 1940; a year later, at nineteen, on a prison card from New Mexico; and, at the end of that same year, on the punch card the Army made when he enlisted. His Army file itself has not yet been seen, so the war, the longest part of Daniel's account of him, is still the part the documents say least about. What follows, then, is his life in order, as Daniel told it, with the records and the history of those years set beside it. Where they agree, it says so. Where they part company, or where nobody yet knows, it says that too.

The story begins in Stratford, Ontario, a railway town in the farm country of southwestern Ontario. Its founders had named it after Shakespeare's birthplace and renamed the local stretch of the Thames the Avon, and in 1953, a generation later, the town would open a Shakespeare festival and become famous for it. In 1921 it was famous, so far as it was famous for anything, for mending locomotives. The Grand Trunk Railway's shops, enlarged four times since 1888 and able to hold twenty-two engines at once, were the town's biggest employer, and furniture was the next; by the 1920s nearly a sixth of all the furniture made in Canada was shipped from Stratford. The census of 1921 counted 16,094 people. On Saturday, the second of July, one more of them was born: John St. John. The family has always kept his birthday on the second of June; the *Stratford Daily Beacon*, announcing the birth that week, and his veteran's grave record, eighty-five years later, both give July, and the *Beacon* named the baby Phillip Homer, junior, after his father.

His mother was a Stratford girl. Alice Rose Pigeon had been born there on October 2, 1900, the daughter of Paschal Pigeon and Catherine Foley, of a large Catholic family that lived on Front Street. His father was Homer Doble St. John, a farm boy from Blanshard Township, in the same county, who had gone to the First World War at fifteen and come home at seventeen; his story is the chapter before this one.

Much of what the family knew of where they all came from had reached Daniel through Pat, and Daniel, who called his father's side of the family "a big issue," set it out as he had it. On one

THE LINE OF DESCENT

Paschal Pigeon (1855–1931) = Catherine "Kitty" Foley (1865–1943)
↓
Alice Rose Pigeon (1900–1983) = Homer Doble St. John (1900–1972)
↓
John St. John (b. 1921) = Janet Krug (b. 1920)
↓
Daniel St. John (b. 1943) = Regina
↓
Alex, Rex and Yana

side, he said, there were Protestant Irish, "Orange Irish, probably some Dutch," a mother who "was a Kent," British, of a wealthy family of horse breeders in Kentucky, and a father "that paved a lot of the streets in London, Ontario." On the other, "her mother was Irish. She was from Limerick. She was Kitty Foley. But her father was a pigeon, was a French-Canadian. His father was one of 12 boys, but they were French speakers."

Two of those names, at least, are in the records. Kitty Foley was real: she was Catherine Foley, Alice's mother, buried at Stratford in April 1943. The "pigeon" was real too: it was her husband's surname. Paschal Pigeon was born in Stratford in 1855 and died there in 1931. Whether his father had eleven brothers, no record found so far says.

Aunt Pat had one more story, and it was the best. Somewhere back on the family tree, she believed, stood the boatman of the Lewis and Clark expedition, a man Daniel called Cruzot. "He was part Iowan Indian and also part French Huguenot," Daniel said, "which were the Protestant French that escaped persecution. And he worked as a boatman on the river... And also he was the fiddle player for the dances." The family's thought was that two Irish brothers had married two of his daughters, which would make him a fourth great grandfather.

The expedition's own roll has the man: Private Pierre Cruzatte, half French and half Omaha, a master boatman, and the fiddler whose playing entertained the expedition and the people it met. He is best remembered, though, for a day in August 1806, when he was out hunting elk with Captain Meriwether Lewis in a thick part of the woods and shot him through the thigh, having taken the captain, in his leather clothes, for an elk.

Captain William Clark, writing up the accident the next day, recorded that "this Crusat is near Sighted and has the use of but one eye," and added, generously, that he was a man in whom both captains had placed "the greatest confidence." Daniel's own evidence for the connection was of another kind: "My father's side of the family, the women look awfully dark haired and some of the men have awfully big noses like the Indian on the nickel." He did not claim it was proved. "That's kind of a thing that would have to be looked into," he said.

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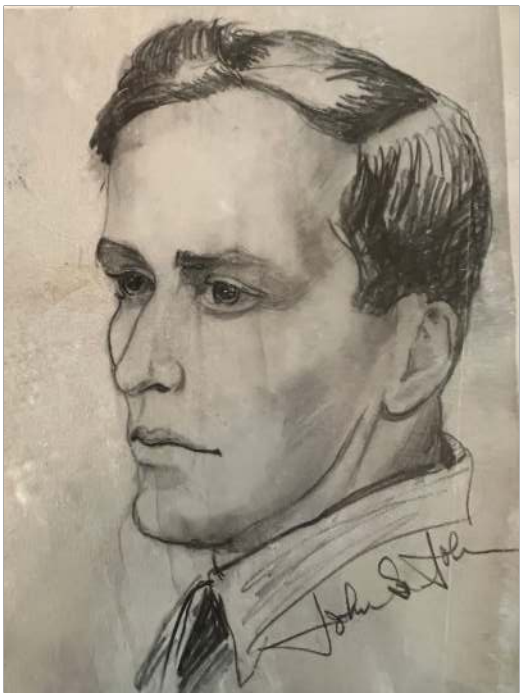
In the 1920s the St. Johns crossed into Michigan. "They just came over in the 20s because there were work in the factories," Daniel said. "You could go through Detroit, across from Canada into Detroit." They were in good company. Detroit had grown, in the words of the state's 1941 guidebook, "as mining towns grow — fast, impulsive, and indifferent to the superficial niceties of life," from under a million people in 1920 to more than a million and a half in 1930, and the guidebook's list of everyone who came ends "not to mention multitudes of native white Americans and Canadians." Canadians could come without waiting on a quota. They could also be sent back.

Where exactly they lived in those first years, Detroit or across the river in Ontario, the records found so far do not say, though they were in Michigan by about 1931, when John's younger sister, another Alice, was born there. By the spring of 1935, when his little brother Robert was born, they were in Flint, General Motors' town, where, in Daniel's words, Homer "had worked in the Buick plant in the 30s." It was the town that Daniel, years later, said his father "was from." Flint had about 156,000 people in 1930, and the Depression had not been kind to them. The country built 5,337,000 motor vehicles in 1929 and 1,332,000 in 1931, and the average auto worker's pay fell by more than half.

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In the middle of the 1930s John was, by every account Daniel gave, an unusually gifted boy. He could draw. Before he was fifteen, Daniel said, he had been "identified... as one of the top most promising gifted art students in the city of Detroit." Daniel explained how that came about: "You know, they had these make work programs. They paid artists to teach young people." That is a fair description of the New Deal's art projects.

The Federal Art Project began on August 29, 1935, less than three months after John turned fourteen; it was created, as its history candidly puts it, "not as a cultural activity, but as a relief measure to employ artists," and in March 1937 the government reported that its artists were teaching in settlement houses, community cen-



A DRAWING BY JOHN ST. JOHN

ters, orphanages, hospitals and "children's clubs." Detroit's art museum had on its walls, since 1933, Diego Rivera's frescoes of the Ford Rouge plant, which the newspapers had called "un-American" and which, the state guide noted, "hundreds of factory workers streamed to the Institute to admire."

It was, in its way, a fine time to be a talented boy in Michigan: the government had decided that art was a form of employment, and the factory hands had decided that art was worth a look. Which class John was in, and who picked him out, Daniel did not say.

He had an ear as well as an eye. He had perfect pitch, Daniel said: "Name any song, you hear it once, he could sing it and remember it." Pat could do the same at the piano. The two of them could also do the *New York Times* crosswords, and fast. His father, Daniel thought, "was jealous of him. His father used to beat him up, but he and his sister could do those things."

Prohibition ended while John was a boy. Michigan, with what may have been some impatience, was the first state to ratify repeal, in April 1933, and by the middle of the decade the state guide's idea of a night out in Detroit was "making the rounds of beer gardens, burlesque shows, and all-night movie houses."

Outside the house, Flint was changing. In the last days of 1936 the city's GM workers sat down inside their plants and stayed there for forty-four days, and the governor, Frank Murphy, refused to use force to throw them out. When it was over the United Auto Workers was a power in the land. John turned sixteen that June, in a city that had just learned what a union could do.

Then there was Bobby, John's little brother, who was sickly. Robert John St. John, born in Flint in May 1935, died at Hurley Hospital, Flint's public hospital, on March 13, 1939, of bronchopneumonia following measles, after a doctor had attended him for six days. He was three years and nine months old. Homer gave the particulars to the registrar. John was seventeen. "They had no... penicillin at that time," Daniel said, and "any kind of sickness could kill you then," and on that the record agrees with him entirely: penicillin was not in medical use until the 1940s, and the measles vaccine was another twenty-four years away.

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On April 10, 1940, a year after Bobby died, the census came to 2012 Swayze Street, and the enumerator wrote the family down. They rented the house for thirty dollars a month. Homer, forty, was an auto worker in an auto factory, with forty-five weeks of work and $1,365 the year before. Alice, thirty-nine, worked fifty weeks as a secretary. Pat, seventeen, was still at school, and the younger Alice was eight. John was eighteen, single, and a salesman in a shoe store, working forty-eight hours that week.

He had four years of high school and was no longer at school. Homer, Alice and John were each marked "Pa," meaning they had taken out first papers toward American citizenship, and Homer, who answered the enumerator's questions, was entered as living in the "same place" in 1935.

Daniel remembered his father leaving home younger than that. "My father ran away from home when he was about 16," Daniel said, "and I think he finished high school, but they ran away. He ran away with his buddies." He put

the leaving after Bobby's death: "soon after... he left after that." Counting from John's age, Daniel made it 1937. Counting from Bobby, as he told it, the years come out later and much closer to the papers: Bobby died in March 1939, the census found John still at home in April 1940, and by March 1941 he had been in New Mexico three weeks.

They went west the way a boy without money had gone west all through the Depression: "Riding boxcars on the railroad, going out west." There were a great many of them. At the bottom of the Depression an estimated quarter of a million teenagers were living on the road in America, and being a homeless migrant was itself a crime; vagrancy could mean jail or hard labor. The railroad police, the "bulls," were not gentle.

One boy who left home in West Virginia at sixteen, in 1936, remembered his freight pulling into Parkersburg at midnight: "there was a gun and a flashlight in my face," and within ten minutes he was behind bars. Of the road in general he said, "I was hungry all the time."

On the road he took up boxing, and boxing paid. "And so my father took to boxing," Daniel said. "He and his friend, you know, his friend set him up. They would go across the country from one boxing situation to the next and make money by, you know, like just boxing." Michigan had just produced the most famous boxer in the world. Joe Louis, who had learned to fight in a Detroit recreation center, was paid fifty-nine dollars for knocking out his first professional opponent in 1934 and was heavyweight champion of the world by 1937. John never got so far, but he was good. "He was good on his feet and reflexes," Daniel said. His face kept the score: "His face was all smashed in. His nose was fat."

In the first days of March 1941 the road brought John into New Mexico, and within three weeks he was in trouble in Lincoln County. From here the record takes over from the family's memory. Lincoln County was high ranch country, and its seat was Carrizozo, a railroad town at 5,425 feet, named for the reed grass of the plain around it. It had been laid out in 1899 by a subsidiary of the El Paso & Northeastern Railroad, which made it a division point, with a roundhouse and shop, and in 1940 it had 1,457 people.

It had taken the county seat from the old town of Lincoln after a fight that began with a county vote in 1909 and was settled, four years later, by the Supreme Court of the United States, which is a long way to go to decide where a county keeps its courthouse. Lincoln itself had a longer memory. It was Billy the Kid's town.

In April 1881, under sentence of death and held on the top floor of its courthouse, the Kid killed his two guards, Deputies James Bell and Bob Olinger, and rode away; the state's WPA guide says he "took time to do a triumphant jig on the balcony of the jail, singing his defiance." Eleven weeks later Pat Garrett shot him dead at Fort Sumner.

The court file tells the rest quickly, because it all happened quickly. On Tuesday, March 18, 1941, John St. John, nineteen, and a man named Mirko Hamacek, "both late of the County of Lincoln," took an automobile belonging to Guy Richardson, "for the purpose of temporarily using and driving the same"; the first charge sheet calls it "one 1938 model two door sedan." On the 20th the assistant district attorney charged John alone, and the next morning the district attorney, M. A.

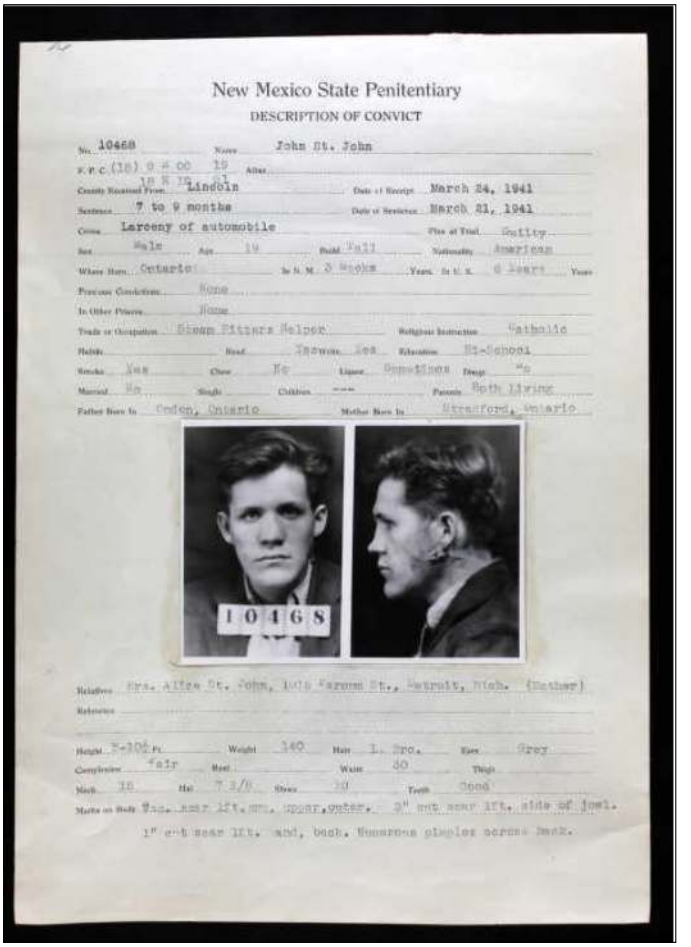
Threet, filed a new charge against both men and the first case was dismissed. Everything else happened that same Friday, March 21. Both men were handed the charge, waived the twenty-four hours the law gave them before arraignment, were arraigned, and "each and both of them plead Guilty." Judge Numa C. Frenger sentenced each of them to the state penitentiary "for not less than 7 months nor more than 9 months" and to pay the costs of the prosecution, and signed the writs that sent them there.

No lawyer for either man appears anywhere in the file. The county's court sat at Carrizozo, and the few days between the sentence and the trip to Santa Fe were presumably spent in the county jail there. The court file itself is reproduced at the end of this chapter. On March 24 the state penitentiary at Santa Fe received him as convict No. 10468, and a clerk filled in a printed form headed "Description of Convict." Of all the records of John found so far, it describes him most fully.

Five feet ten and a half, which the clerk entered under build as "tall"; 140 pounds; light-brown hair, grey eyes, hat size seven and an eighth. Nationality, American; born, Ontario; Catholic; high school; reads and writes; smokes; drinks "sometimes"; not married; parents both living, the mother born in Stratford and the father in London, Ontario, which is what Homer himself had told the Flint registrar two years before, though his Canadian Army papers say Blanshard Township. Trade: steam fitter's helper, which was not the trade the census had given him a year before.

In New Mexico three weeks; in the United States, the clerk wrote, six years. Previous convictions: none. In other prisons: none. Relatives: "Mrs. Alice St. John," his mother, at an address in Detroit, so his mother, at least, had left Flint since the census. Under marks on the body the clerk wrote "3″ cut scar lft. side of jowl," and in the profile photograph on the card the cut still looks fresh.

This was the photograph Daniel knew about. There was a picture of his father, Daniel said, taken "when he was being photographed for stealing the car with his face all torn up," and here it is. Years later John told his son where the scar came from, and Daniel passed it on in a sentence: "They stole a car and they rolled it off a cliff. They rolled it off an embankment." Whether the car the court convicted him of taking was the car that went over the embankment, neither the card nor the court file says. But the court file does name the friend who went to the penitentiary with him: Mirko Hamacek.



New Mexico State Penitentiary

DESCRIPTION OF CONVICT

No. 10468 Name John St. John

P. P. C. (16) 9 4 00 19 Alias

County Received From: Lincoln Date of Receipt: March 24, 1941

Sentence: 7 to 9 months Date of Sentence: March 21, 1941

Crime: Larceny of automobile Plea at Trial: Guilty

Sex: Male Age: 19 Build: Full Nationality: American

Where Born: Ontario In U. S. A.: 6 Years

Previous Convictions: None

In Other Prisons: None

Trade or Occupation: Steam Fitters Helper Religious Instruction: Catholic

Habits: Read: Knows: Yes Education: Hi-School

Smoke: Yes Chew: No Liquor: Sometimes Drugs: No

Married: No Single: Children: --- Parents: Both Living

Father Born In: Ondon, Ontario Mother Born In: Stratford, Ontario

10468

Relatives: Mrs. Alice St. John, 1019 Farnum St., Detroit, Mich. (Mother)

References:

Height: 5-10½ Ft. Weight: 140 Hair: L. Bro. Eyes: Grey

Complexion: fair Head: Waist: 30 Thigh:

Neck: 16 Hat: 7 3/8 Shoes: 10 Teeth: Good

Marks on Body: Fac. scar lft. arm, upper outer. 3" cut scar lft. side of jowl.

1" cut scar lft. abd, back. Numerous pimples across back.

NEW MEXICO STATE PENITENTIARY, NO. 10468, MARCH 1941

The penitentiary was an old one by then. It had opened in 1885 on Cerrillos Road in Santa Fe, built to the same plans as Sing Sing and Joliet, and the town had a story about it that the historians have since spoiled: that Santa Fe had been offered the choice of the penitentiary or the region's first university, and had chosen the penitentiary. (The legislature authorized the prison in 1884 and the University of New Mexico in 1889, so nobody was ever offered both.)

Its inmates had rioted in 1922 against overcrowding, the guards and the food, and the tower guards had fired into them, killing one man. John's own verdict on prison food, as Daniel heard it, was the opposite of the rioters': it was "the best food that he had gotten because they fed him there." Whether he meant Santa Fe or the county jail, he did not say. The building he knew is gone. A new prison was built eleven miles south of the city in 1956, the old one was pulled down, and nothing of it is left but the name of a street, Pen Road.

The rest of the story had travelled in the telling. Daniel remembered his father gone from home at about sixteen and, some time after, locked up in Arizona for eight months with his buddy, in "the same prison that Billy the Kid was in," where "the jail had these bullet holes that they were proud of. They were left by Billy the Kid." The record moves it to New Mexico and to nineteen, and the other details fit better than they first seem.

Seven to nine months is "eight months" near enough, and Lincoln County was the Kid's own county. There was, in fairness to the family's version, a Billy the Kid jail in Arizona as well: he had been held in the guardhouse at Camp Grant in 1877 and escaped, and by the 1930s the old fort was Arizona's state industrial school for boys. But the penitentiary in Santa Fe did not open until four years after the Kid was dead; the Santa Fe jail he knew, in the winter of 1880–81, while he wrote four letters to the governor asking for clemency, was an older one.

The Arizona State Archives hold no list of the Fort Grant boys of those years; the school's annual reports that survive are accounts of money, not rolls of names. John himself told the clerk he had been in no other prison. Whatever walls were pointed out to him, no record yet found puts Billy the Kid behind them. "I believe it was Arizona," Daniel said, and that is how the family told it.

The card does not say when he walked out. Seven to nine months from March 21 runs from late October to late December 1941, sooner with time off for good behavior; the full inmate file, which should give the date, is presumably still among the penitentiary's records at the State Archives in Santa Fe. Somewhere inside that span, on December 7, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

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Within two weeks of Pearl Harbor the country had changed its rules. On December 20, 1941, Congress made every man from twenty to forty-four liable for service, and John, at twenty, was one of them. He did not wait to be called. He wanted to fly. "My father wanted to be a pilot," Daniel said, "because that was very, you know, that was heroic and stuff." He tried his own country first. "He went to the Canadian recruiters, but they wouldn't let him in the Air Force."

When, and why not, Daniel did not say, and no record found says either; the Royal Canadian Air Force, which had been signing up American volunteers, stopped recruiting on American soil after Pearl Harbor. "They went to the American recruiters and they let him in, but he couldn't be a pilot." His eyes were bad. "He was quite a reader," Daniel said.

On Monday, December 22, 1941, fifteen days after Pearl Harbor, John St. John enlisted in the Army. The record of it survives as a line of punched numbers in the file the National Archives keeps of some eight and a half million wartime Army enlistments: serial number 18044851, "St. Johns, John H.," a private, from civil life, for the Air Corps, for "the duration of the War or other emergency, plus six months." Born 1921. Four years of high school.

Civilian trade, a semiskilled construction worker, which was the third trade the paperwork had given him in two years. Single, without dependents. The clerk, or the card punch, gave him an extra *s*, which is why the card hid from searches for so long. The 18 at the front of the serial number is the Army's mark for the Eighth Corps

Area, which in 1941 meant Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona.

The codes for the town where he enlisted and the county he gave as home were never decoded in the Archives' database, but they fit the pattern of the Army's code for Phoenix, Arizona, under the numbering it used before 1942, and of Maricopa County, around Phoenix; the one man in the same run of serial numbers whose later card does decode was a Maricopa County man. If that reading is right, John had come out of the penitentiary at Santa Fe and gone on west, not home, and there may be a little of Arizona in the family's memory of these years after all.

There was building work around Phoenix that year, for what it is worth: in March 1941 the Del E. Webb company had begun digging the foundations of Luke Field, an Army flying school west of the city.

The John St. John who advertised in the *Detroit Evening Times* at the end of January 1942, looking for work on a power lathe from an address on Chatham Street, was therefore almost certainly another man: by then this one had been in the Army for five weeks. Detroit itself was changing trade. "The whole of 1942 was recruiting men and training," Daniel said. "And there had to be airplanes made. All of General Motors was converted from making cars. They weren't making cars then. They were making tanks. They were making airplanes. And they had to have pilots."

By February the last passenger automobile had come off the line, and the auto industry had ten billion dollars in war orders. Of his father, Daniel said, "it seemed like the war gave him something to concentrate on."

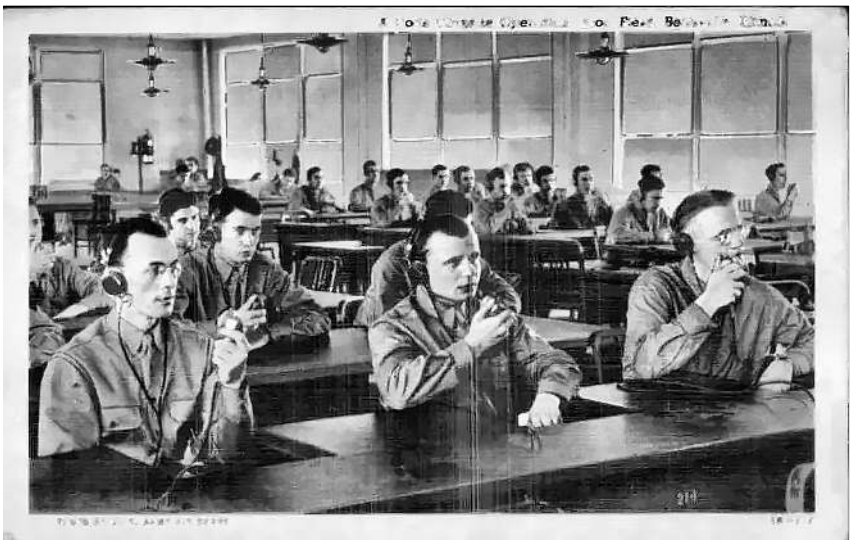
The Army gave him its intelligence test, and Daniel, telling it, set the test squarely beside that photograph from New Mexico: "You saw he was in all kinds of trouble with the law at that time. It was not more than a year or two after you saw him with his face ripped off from stealing a car and rolling down the hill." The dates are closer than that: nine months from the court at Carrizozo to the enlistment. He "scored very, very high," Daniel said.

"It was genius level. It was... It was off the scale." The test was almost certainly the Army General Classification Test, which the War Department insisted was not an IQ test at all but a measure of "ability to learn," scored so that 100 was the average man. Men were sorted into five grades. Grade I, a score of 130 or more, was meant to hold about seven men in a hundred, and the Army Air Forces wanted as many of them as it could get; six weeks after John enlisted, the War Department ordered that three quarters of the white recruits sent to the air arm must score 100 or better.

Daniel explained his father's gift by comparison with the code-breakers in the film about Alan Turing, who recruited his people by timing them on crossword puzzles: "New York Times puzzles. And if anyone could do it faster than he could, then he qualified, right?... And my father could do those things so fast." A score that high could qualify a man for officer training. Whether John was ever offered it, the record that would say has not been found.

A new Air Corps private that winter went first to one of its three replacement training centers, at Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, Keesler Field in Mississippi, or Sheppard Field in Texas, which had opened only in October. There were some twenty-one thousand recruits in them on the day of Pearl Harbor; Jefferson Barracks and Keesler housed theirs in tents for more than a year. Basic training was fixed at four weeks, and for thousands of men that year, the Air Forces' historians admitted, the centers "were primarily reception centers where they were processed, given only the most superficial kind of training, and then shipped off to technical schools." Which of them received John, his file would say; Sheppard, the nearest to Arizona, is only the likeliest guess.

What the Army Air Forces needed even more than pilots was the men behind them. It took, by its own count, "four technical specialists for every man who flew," and on the night of Pearl Harbor its commander, General Arnold, had ordered radio operators trained in a hurry: "Insure that they are available in large numbers." So, as Daniel told it, John became a radio man. "To be a radio operator, you had to take Morse code," Daniel said, "which is like da-da-da-da-da. And it took very high intelligence to type at 35 words a friggin' minute."



A CODE CLASS AT SCOTT FIELD, ILLINOIS, EARLY 1940S (US ARMY AIR CORPS)

The Army taught Morse by ear, not by counting dots and dashes, starting students at twenty words a minute so that they could not count, and pushing them up a ladder of "12, 15, 20, 25, 30, and 35 groups per minute." Thirty-five was the top rung. Above twenty, the manual says, a man copied straight onto a typewriter; a trained operator became, in its phrase, "a touch typist of sounds heard."

The Air Forces asked rather less of an ordinary airman: its radio operator had to take sixteen five-letter groups a minute, and even the Army's "high speed" operators only twenty-five. Thirty-five, if that was John's speed, was a speed for showing off.

Daniel explained why it took a clever man:

> *They saw he was bright, but they needed radio operators and people, I say, that had the intelligence and the ability to take Morse code, which was fundamental. That's the way the messages were passed. And it was coding Morse code but the messages could be coded so it was more than just the Morse code but it was a coded Morse code message and it took high intelligence to sit there and receive it and deliver it and respond to it.*

The family remembered more than speed. Daniel's account was that John "could decode things. Like, he even broke the codes... He was just supposed to be transmitting it. He told them what it was all about." That was not, strictly, a radio operator's job. Army operators sent and received messages enciphered as meaningless groups of five letters, which they copied legibly, in the manual's words, for "other personnel for deciphering"; the code work belonged to separate cryptographic men, chosen with special care. Nothing in the records found says what John did with the groups that went through his headphones. The family's story is that he did it in his head: "He was breaking the code, just his mind. He figured out the code."

Where he learned it, his service record would tell, if it survives. In the first half of 1942 the Air Forces had one great radio school, at Scott Field in Illinois, whose gate told the students passing through it that they were about to become "the best damned radio operators in the world"; schools at Sioux Falls in South Dakota and Truax Field in Wisconsin opened only later that year. Soon after Pearl Harbor the course was cut from twenty-two weeks to eighteen, half of it Morse.

A volunteer of December 1941 who went to radio school early in 1942 most likely went to Scott, and an instructor's posting needed more schooling after that: the Army's Link trainer instructors were taught at Chanute Field, in Illinois, or at civilian schools under contract, in courses of about twelve weeks. Whether John, a citizen on the card and an alien in the census, became an

American in uniform, as a 1942 law made easy for foreign-born soldiers, is not known either.

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By the winter of 1942–43 he was at Westover Field, in Chicopee, Massachusetts. The base was brand new. The War Department had picked the site two weeks after Germany invaded Poland, on tobacco fields at the north end of the city, and named it for General Oscar Westover, chief of the Air Corps, who had been killed in a crash in 1938. It had first been planned for 1,400 men; by the end of 1942 it had quarters for about eight thousand, and contractors were still paving taxiways.

Its job, under the First Air Force, was to organize and train new air units before they went overseas. Through 1942 an anti-submarine bomb group flew from it, hunting U-boats and covering convoys off the east coast in B-18s, B-25s and A-29s, until it was broken up at the end of November. From November 1 the field belonged above all to the 326th Fighter Group, flying the big P-47 Thunderbolt, which was at once part of the air defense force and an operational training unit, and later trained replacement pilots for combat; one new fighter group was activated at Westover in December 1942 and another in January 1943.

Daniel remembered it this way: "it was almost all the troops going over to England was where they went first. Over 2 million troops went through here." Westover's own numbers were smaller — two million is the scale of the great embarkation ports on the coast, and New York alone shipped out more than three million — but air units did leave from Westover for England. Before John came, in the late spring and summer of 1942, two transport groups and a bomber wing headquarters set out from there. In the winter he was there, none did: the Air Forces' own register of its groups and squadrons shows no unit going from Westover to England between January and March 1943.

His job there, as Daniel described it, was the Link trainer. "He had been training people on these automatic link trainers so that they spend more hours. They didn't have to fly the airplane and risk going down. They would have like a robot thing. And my father was training the pilots, right, to use the gauges." The Link was a stubby little airplane on a pedestal, worked by organ bellows, and, as the Air Force museum notes of its inventor, Edwin Link, "Ironically, most of his first sales were to amusement parks."

The Army bought six in 1934, after twelve airmail pilots were killed in seventy-eight days flying in weather they could not see through, and by John's time the Air Forces were using them to teach their pilots blind flying. The student sat under a hood with nothing to go on but his in-



REVIEW AT WESTOVER FIELD, CHICOPEE, EARLY 1940S



LINK TRAINER AND INSTRUCTOR, CHANUTE FIELD, ILLINOIS, EARLY 1940S

struments; the instructor sat at a desk beside him with a duplicate set, a map, and an ink-wheeled marker called the crab that drew the student's course, and spoke to him by radio through his earphones.

The Army's manual told instructors that the student "may be a pilot who has hundreds of hours of contact flying, but this does not prove that he knows anything about instrument flying. Do not assume that he knows anything about it." The trainers were so convincing that a story went round of a cadet, told he had run out of fuel on a night flight, who jumped out of the box as if parachuting and broke his ankle. The museum calls the story "humorous but unlikely."

The Army had a number for the job, Military Occupational Specialty 658, Link Trainer Instructor, and its description fits a radio man exactly: the instructor "transmits simulated radio beam signals to trainee," playing the part of the ground stations a pilot would hear in flight. Where John's desk stood at Westover, and how many pilots went through his box, no record yet found says.

He did not spend all his time in the box. "He was a perfect pitch. He was a beautiful music. He was a dancer," Daniel said. When he was stationed at Westover, "the young ladies went out there to entertain the troops. And they had jitterbug contests." There were boxing matches too, and he won those, and he played poker: "Take everybody's money." And he drew. "He could draw the most gorgeous, you know, pictures of you," Daniel said. "So I'd always in that regard admired my father."

The valley was full of dances that winter. Smith College gave one for seventy-five Westover officers in November 1942. Chicopee had two USO clubs, one in its community center, and its churches held dances. A Chicopee historian tells of a priest who urged the girls of his parish, from the pulpit, to go up to the base for the dances, and of the parish's young men, who told him that if he wanted the girls taken to the base he could drive them up himself every Thursday and bring them back.

Flying was dangerous even on the ground. In 1942 alone the Air Forces had more than ten thousand aircraft accidents inside the United States, and 2,384 people died in them. On February 9, 1943, five days before Valentine's Day, three soldiers clearing snow from a runway at Westover were struck by a fighter that went out of control on take-off; two of them were killed.

"My association with my father began because he met my mother," Daniel said, and it began at Westover. His partner in those contests was a daughter of William Burnham Krug of South Hadley, the next town up the river: Daniel's mother. "My mother and him would win the



THE JITTERBUG CONTEST (ILLUSTRATION)

jitterbug contest," Daniel said. "They only knew each other for about two or three weeks." Her father did not approve. He objected, as Daniel told it, to the husbands of both his daughters, and in John's case Daniel gave the reason plainly: "My father was Catholic, Irish, and he didn't like Catholics."

The date Daniel fixed to it all was Valentine's Day, 1943. They married, they went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon — Daniel had the pictures — and just after Valentine's Day John was sent to England. They had not chosen an easy month to travel. That February the Office of Defense Transportation was warning the public that trains and buses were needed for troops and that "unnecessary travel" might crowd out the men in uniform, and gasoline had been rationed across the country since December, with sightseeing by car banned outright.

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In February 1943, if John left when Daniel said, he crossed the Atlantic at its worst moment. In those months the U-boats were at the height of their success, shipping had been diverted to North Africa, and the American build-up in Britain had slowed almost to a stop: in February only 1,406 American soldiers arrived there by sea, and in March 1,277. A man who crossed then was one of remarkably few Americans to do so, and, since no unit left Westover for England that winter, most likely went alone or in a small draft, as a replacement.

The Eighth Air Force, then the only American air force in Britain, had about 36,000 men at the end of January 1943 and more than 100,000 by the end of June. Each new man was handed a little War Department booklet, *A Short Guide to Great Britain*, which told him that "For the time being you will be Britain's guest," that the British "don't know how to make a good cup of coffee. You don't know how to make a good cup of tea," and, on the delicate matter of money, "You are higher paid than the British 'Tommy.' Don't rub it in."

A mechanic who had shipped out from Westover two months earlier, in December 1942, remembered the crossing on the *Queen Mary* — "we was almost freezing to death out there" — and, after landing in Scotland, "those limey trains that had the pull strap windows."

By the autumn of 1943, with John in England, Daniel was nearly due. His mother went to Michigan to have him, to John's family, because, as Daniel understood it, her father "wasn't happy with my mother having married a Catholic, so she felt like she had to go and give birth in a strange place in Michigan, also strange people." Daniel

was born, as he always understood it, in Flint, on November 13, 1943.

Then his mother brought him back to South Hadley and stayed with a Mount Holyoke College professor of music who, in Daniel's words, "had a child, was having a child," and Daniel's mother "was able to look after that child and also her own." She probably had, besides, as Daniel understood it, the allotment: "If you were the wife of a serviceman, you got so much money a week just for survive." Congress had provided family allowances for the dependents of enlisted men in 1942.

John was stationed in England for eighteen months, Daniel said, and his account of those months is about the British, not the war. The Americans "built up an army of 2 million Americans and housed them in British houses," he said, "and they were dancing, those British women... They were stationing them in the people's homes. And they had money. You know, they were giving silk stockings and chocolates." The figures are a little smaller and the picture is right.

By the end of May 1944 there were 1,526,965 Americans in Britain, about one in four of them air force, on 126 airfields, and as the island filled up about 110,000 of them were billeted in British homes; the booklet had warned them that a meal laid out for a guest "may be the family's rations for a whole week spread out to show their hospitality." The Army's own historian called the build-up a crescendo "in the manner of the Ravel composition for which it was named," Bolero, and admitted that a much-derided canned meat had earned the theater the nickname "Spamland." John's own claim, as Daniel told it, was that Daniel probably had British half-brothers and sisters.

What he did in England, in which unit and on which airfield, the records found so far do not say. A radio man and Link instructor could have been almost anywhere. The Eighth Air Force trained its new bomber crews at Bovingdon and Cheddington, where English weather made instrument flying a matter of life and death, and from the autumn of 1943 a second American air force, the Ninth, grew up beside it in England to support the coming invasion.

The Ninth was built largely out of the Eighth: on October 15, 1943, the Eighth handed over its whole air support command and its tactical service command, and to the end of that year, the official history says, "most of the Ninth's units and men came from the Eighth Air Force." A radio man who had come over early in 1943 could have changed air forces that autumn without leaving his desk. In the spring of 1944 the Ninth's XIX Air Support Command, soon renamed the XIX Tactical Air Command, put all seven of its fighter groups on new landing grounds in Kent, facing France.

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In the summer of 1944 the Allies went into France, and here the family's story and the records take different roads. "My father was parachuted into Normandy," Daniel said, and he said it more than once, in the same breath as the rest of the family's war: an uncle on the supply ships at D-Day, another with a machine gun at Anzio. It is how John's part in the invasion came down to his son, and nothing yet found contradicts it outright.

It is, though, an unusual way for a radio operator to arrive; the men who jumped were, as a rule, the airborne infantry. Still, there was one kind of Air Forces radio man who went to Normandy by parachute aircraft. On the night of June 5, 1944, more than nine hundred transport planes of the IX Troop Carrier Command took off from England with the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, and a troop carrier's crew of five included a radio operator. If John's records ever place him with a troop carrier group, the family's story will have a very plain explanation. Until then it stands as Daniel told it.

What Daniel remembered was the army his father went with. "He was in Patton's group that drove on into Germany." He was not certain of the number: perhaps, he thought, the Sixth. The Sixth Army was on the other side of the world, in the Pacific; Patton's was the Third. And the Third Army had an air force of its own. At noon on August 1, 1944, Patton's Third Army became operational in France, and at the same moment the XIX Tactical Air Command, under General

Otto Weyland, was ordered into "direct support of Third Army."

Weyland's headquarters moved with Patton's, and at the morning briefings in the war tent Weyland sat beside him. Some six hundred planes flew for them, and behind the fighters came the ground men, among them radio men, who kept the air headquarters in touch with an army that was moving faster than anyone had planned, through what the official history calls "a sometimes odd assortment of communications links." Patton said afterward that it was "the best example of the combined use of air and ground troops that I have ever witnessed."

One of Weyland's groups had been born at Westover: the 362nd Fighter Group, activated there on March 1, 1943, two weeks after Valentine's Day, which flew its P-47s for Patton's army from Rennes, then Prosnes, near Reims, then Rouvres, near Verdun, and ended the war in Bavaria. But it reached England only that November, so it cannot have been the unit John crossed with, if he crossed in February. If John's eighteen months in England ended in August 1944, as Daniel's reckoning has it, they ended the very month the Third Army and its air command went to war.

If John went with Patton's air command, he went with an army whose drive across France was fast and then stopped. Third Army took Verdun on August 31 and ran out of gasoline in September, after more than four hundred miles, while the troop carriers flew fuel forward by the hundreds of thousands of gallons. It fought through the autumn in Lorraine and through the winter in the Ardennes, and in the spring of 1945 it crossed the Rhine and went into Germany. Daniel's words for that last part were "terrible drives into Germany, liberating some Holocaust camps and death camps."

On April 4, 1945, the Third Army's 4th Armored Division raced into the town of Ohrdruf, in Thuringia, looking for a German army communications center that was supposed to be there. It found the center, a huge underground communications complex. It also found a camp. Ohrdruf was the first Nazi camp American soldiers walked into, and, in the official history's words, though small "by the standards of others to be discovered later, the camp nevertheless contained enough horror to make the American soldier and even his Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, pale. Patton, when he saw it, vomited."

Eisenhower went there on April 12 and wrote to General Marshall three days later: "The things I saw beggar description." A *Yank* reporter wrote that "the Americans who went through the camp looked quietly at the dead and spoke softly to the living." A week after Ohrdruf the Third Army found Buchenwald, outside Weimar, with more than 21,000 people still alive in it; later in April it reached Flossenbürg, and in May Mauthausen. If John was with Patton's army that spring, as Daniel understood it, these were the camps it found.

Which of them he saw is one more thing his Army file would tell. What he brought home was a judgment. "He hated the Germans," Daniel said. "And yet he'd married one, you know." His wife's family were the Krugs, German on her father's side. Daniel added: "you probably would have hated them too if you've seen what they had done there."

Germany surrendered at Reims in the early hours of May 7, 1945, to take effect just before midnight on the 8th, the day the Western Allies celebrated as V-E Day, "with the lights going on again all over Europe." Daniel remembered it as May 9, which is the date of the surrender in the east. For the men who had fought it, the official historian wrote, the end brought "a flush of relief but with it a dulling sense of anticlimax."

Daniel's summary of his father's war, years later, was simpler: "My father just fought four years against the Nazis..." Daniel kept pictures of him from those years, "in uniform," and "with his planes, planes he was working with," and he said his father had received "three wounds, three, what do you call, purple hearts." No record of them has yet been found.

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In the summer of 1945 the war in Europe was over, and John did not come home. "For the Marshall Plan they kept the American troops over there for another six months for a lot of reasons," Daniel said. "Probably so because they

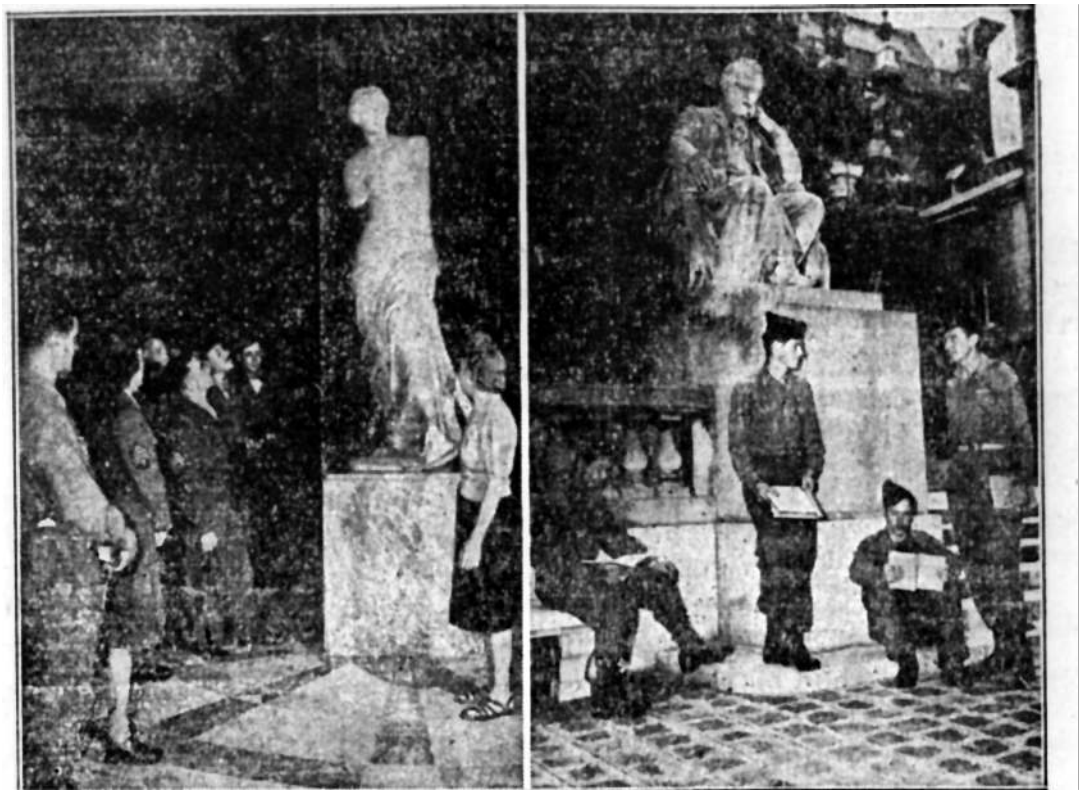
were afraid of the communists taking over." The Marshall Plan was still two years from being proposed, but the communists were real enough, as John was about to find out, and what actually kept most men in Europe that summer was arithmetic.

The Army sent men home by points: one for each month in service, one more for each month overseas, five for each campaign star or combat award, and twelve for each child, so that a baby at home was worth, by the Army's arithmetic, more than two campaign stars. A man needed eighty-five. Then Japan surrendered on August 14, the plans to send a million men from Europe to the Pacific were dropped, and the score began to come down: to eighty in September, seventy in October, sixty in November.

Points were not always the end of it. The Westover mechanic who had crossed on the *Queen Mary*, by then a master sergeant, had the highest score in his outfit. "So I sent my wife a nice little letter saying I'll be home pretty soon," he remembered. "Next day, four names went up on the board, essential to the government." He was sent instead to rewire a shot-up airfield at Istres, near Marseille. What John's own score was, nobody yet knows.

He spent those months in France, living with a French family. The Army's *Pocket Guide to France* had told its men that the French "are still your kind of people who happen to speak democracy in a different language," and warned them that if "madame invites you to a meal with the family, go slow," because what was on the table might be all they had. Parisians had lived on between 1,067 and 1,325 calories a day under the occupation, and the American ration ran to four or five thousand.

In 1945 the Army's own booklet of *112 Gripes about the French* was quoting a soldier who felt like a weekend guest who had stayed a year: "No one wants a house guest that long." John's work, as Daniel heard it, was "managing German prisoners, you know, cleaning up the streets." There was no shortage of prisoners to manage. In July



GIS STUDY ART IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS, 1945

the American assembly area at Reims alone was using more than thirty-two thousand, and by October 1945 France held about 750,000 of them, clearing rubble and mines and working the farms.

Paris that summer had been free for less than a year, and it still lived on ration coupons; rationing and the black market would both outlast the war by four years. Under the Germans, the Army's guide had told its men, "three cigarettes a day are all anyone ever gets," which made any American soldier with cigarettes in his pocket a man of means. On where the black market got its American cigarettes, soap and chocolate, the Army's own *112 Gripes* was admirably frank: "From American soldiers, who sold them — on the black market."

Gertrude Stein, who had spent the war in France, lectured GIs at a Red Cross club in Paris and, as *Yank* reported it in July, put them to the test: "How many of you," she demanded, "smiled at a Frenchman today?" Whether the French family John lived with was in Paris or somewhere else, Daniel did not say. He did say where his father went to class.

Daniel's account was that his father was "taking art classes at the Louvre." The Army ran a great many classes that summer, for men who had nothing to do but wait for their points, and one of them was in Paris: a two-month course in French language and civilization at the Sorbonne, with mornings in the lecture hall and afternoons on visits to "museums, churches, art galleries" and the city's monuments.

In October 1945 a newspaper in Arizona ran a photograph of some of the more than eight hundred soldiers enrolled, standing in front of the Venus de Milo, under the headline "GIs STUDY ART IN THE LOUVRE IN PARIS." That is very likely what "art classes at the Louvre" meant: an Army course with the Louvre at the end of the afternoon. The museum itself was only just coming back to life.

Its paintings had spent the war in châteaux in the country, and the Army's guidebook still described the place to soldiers as "France's greatest art gallery," which "used to be the palace of the kings." Other soldiers drew the city too. That July *Yank* printed the sketchbook of T-5 Anatol Kovarsky, "a GI who studied art in Paris before the war," whose drawings noted, among other things, that "GIs on pass are impressed by sights like Notre Dame."



A PAINTING BY JOHN ST. JOHN

Whatever the classes were, John went on, as Daniel put it, "always doing portraits of people." "He could paint your picture," Daniel said. "He could draw your picture. He could do it in watercolor. He could do it in oil. And he would make it look better than you look." What else he might have become, Daniel did not pretend to know: "He would have been, I don't know what you say, what he could have been, but he could have done anything."

And he became a communist. As Daniel told it, his father "fell under the influence of the communists in France." The French Communist Party had been outlawed under the occupation and had raised its own resistance army, the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans, by 1944 perhaps a hundred thousand strong. At the Liberation it called itself the party of the seventy-five thousand executed; historians think the true number of Resisters of all kinds who were shot or deported was nearer twenty-five thousand.

On October 21, 1945, in the first national election in which French women could vote, the communists came first, with about 26 percent of the vote and 159 seats. Daniel's account was brief: "the communists were heavily involved in the underground and he was living in the home with one of these underground people and they convinced him that Karl Marx and the communists... they made a communist out of him." The

Army's own guidebook had seen this sort of thing coming, after a fashion. On French politics, it advised: "Stay out of these local discussions, even if you have had French II in High School."

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In the autumn of 1945, as Daniel reckoned it, John came home, at the height of the sealift. By November the Army was carrying some 430,000 men a month back across the Atlantic, many of them in Liberty and Victory cargo ships converted to carry troops. The sergeant from Westover waited in one of the staging camps named for cigarette brands — "we laid in there almost three months before we ever got out of there," he said — and came home on a Victory ship, packed in like cordwood, to a quiet pier in New York: "The Red Cross, when you got off that boat, they hand you a cigarette and a donut, and that was it."

Each man got a discharge, a cloth eagle for his uniform that soldiers called the Ruptured Duck, and mustering-out pay. In the meantime John's parents had moved to San Jose, California, where they had an extra house, and they offered it: Daniel's mother could come, and John, after the war, could live there, next to them.

"So when he got out, finally, it was my second birthday, let's say November 1945," Daniel said. "I was two years old, right? And my father got out and we started, that was the first time I even saw him." What Daniel remembered seeing was the boxer's face: "his nose was just pushed in like that because his nose had been smashed. And he had this huge scar..." In the years that followed, his father told him a great deal: "he used to tell me everything... Things that you would not tell a six-year-old child, he would tell me, right?"

He was not well. "He was in... he was in bad shape," Daniel said. "He was like, what do you say? Post-traumatic stress." The name did not exist in 1945; the Army called it combat fatigue, or psychoneurosis, and its own medical history describes "the trembling, apprehensive soldier who displayed a startled reaction at slight noises." Daniel's account was of exactly that, and worse. His father "would get up in the night and... strangle my mother," and "loud noise, marching band or something... or a noise would start him, you know, it would freak him out."

He was far from alone. During the war the Army discharged 389,000 men for psychiatric reasons, and when it followed up a group of them after the war, it found that "Only 10 percent were free of symptoms." Daniel set his father beside the Civil War soldier of his mother's family, Erasthus Burnham: "it's interesting that Grandpa Burnham was still able to be a very responsible gentleman, even after four years of the Civil War and the brutality then."

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In the years after the war, John did not leave France behind. Back in this country, as Daniel told it, "He joined the American Communist Party. And he had all these propaganda leaflets down in the basement and he was having meetings at the house." It frightened his parents in San Jose, Daniel said, "because they still were not American citizens even. You know, they were Canadians... And the FBI was coming around." Daniel himself would remember his father's "very left-wing politics" as "something he had the FBI after."

The law gave a Canadian reason to worry. The Alien Registration Act of 1940, the Smith Act, had made every alien of fourteen or more register and be fingerprinted at the post office, John among them by the census's account, and had made membership in a party that advocated overthrowing the government grounds for deporting an alien; the Internal Security Act, passed over President Truman's veto in September 1950, barred Communists from becoming citizens at all. According to the family, John was at one point put out of the country, perhaps for his politics.

No record of it has yet been found, nor any immigration file for him, and the papers disagree about what he was: the census of 1940 gave him first papers only, while the prison clerk of 1941 wrote "American" and the Army's card that December "citizen." One record from the years that followed has been found. In April 1950 a census taker in South Hadley found Daniel's mother, Janet St. John, twenty-nine, packing greeting cards forty hours a week and living with her parents, William and Elizabeth Krug, with Daniel, six, and his little sister Linda, three.

Her marital status was entered as "S," for separated. After that census, as Daniel told it, the party sent John back to Flint to work among the automobile workers, and there, in the foundry, he became a union steward, "because he could talk the talk." All of that — the move out of California, the years back in South Hadley, and then Flint and the union hall in the time of McCarthy — is Daniel's own story, and the next chapter takes it up.

John St. John died on 28 October 2006, at eighty-five, and the Department of Veterans Affairs lists his grave at Glen Abbey Memorial Park in Bonita, California, south of San Diego, under "US Army". Of John himself, what remains is in the family's keeping: the photographs from the war and from Niagara Falls, the card from Santa Fe with his young, cut face on it, and, in Daniel's words, "a lot of" his portraits. From the Army there is, so far, one punched card, enough to date his enlistment and name his arm of the service and little more.

His service record, if it survived the fire of 1973 at the records center in St. Louis, has not yet been seen, and until it is, the war in this chapter is the one Daniel heard about, set beside the history of the places and the units where it may have been fought. His paintings and drawings need no such help. The boy who was picked out for his drawing in the 1930s was, by Daniel's account, "always doing portraits of people," and nine of his pictures are at the end of this chapter, seven of them signed.

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The illustration: The plate captioned "illustration" was generated by AI (gpt-image-1, October 2026) from a written description (IMG-john-st-john-1). It is not a photograph and shows no real person.

England, 1943–1944: Roland G. Ruppenthal, *Logistical Support of the Armies, vol. I* (1953), chs. III and VI; Craven and Cate, vol. II (chs. 18–19), vol. III (chs. 5, 7, 8, 15, 22) and vol. VI, ch. 18 (troop-carrier crews); War and Navy Departments, *A Short Guide to Great Britain* (1942); William F. Nutter Sr., interview, Veterans History Project (also quoted for 1945); Wikipedia: "Operation Bolero", "New York Port of Embarkation".

Patton's Third Army, XIX Tactical Air Command and the camps: Martin Blumenson, *Breakout and Pursuit* (1961); Hugh M. Cole, *The Lorraine Campaign* (1950); Charles B. MacDonald, *The Last Offensive* (1973); Robert Ross Smith, *Triumph in the Philippines* (1963); Eisenhower Library: Eisenhower to Marshall, April 15, 1945; Eisenhower to Patton, April 18, 1945; *Yank, the Army Weekly*, May 18, 1945 (Levitt, "Ohrdruf, Germany"); U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, Holocaust Encyclopedia: "Ohrdruf", "Buchenwald", "Flossenbürg", "Mauthausen", "Liberation: An Overview", and Frank F. Hamburger Jr.'s oral history.

France and Paris, 1945: War and Navy Departments, *A Pocket Guide to France* (1944); Information and Education Division, *112 Gripes about the French* (Paris, 1945); *Yank*, July 6, 1945 (Kovarsky's Paris sketchbook; "Smiles Are Dirty, Gertie"); *Waterbury Democrat*, August 25, 1945, p. 3; *Nogales International*, October 12, 1945, p. 4 (the Louvre photograph; Chronicling America); Wikipedia: "Biarritz American University", "Louvre", "Winged Victory of Samothrace", "Liberation of Paris", "Black market in wartime France", "French Communist Party", "Francs-Tireurs et Partisans", "1945 French legislative election", "Marshall Plan", "Gertrude Stein"; Wikipédia (French): "Prisonniers de guerre allemands de la Seconde Guerre mondiale en France", "Parti communiste français", "Parti communiste français".

Home, and after: John C. Sparrow, *History of Personnel Demobilization in the United States Army* (1952); *Redeployment*, Occupation Forces in Europe Series (1947); Office of the Surgeon General, *Neuropsychiatry in World War II, vol. I* (1966); Wikipedia: "Adjusted Service Rating Score", "Operation Magic Carpet", "Demobilization of United States armed forces after World War II", "Ruptured duck", "Combat stress reaction".

Further sources consulted (218, found or searched for this chapter but not cited in it): Records, texts and searches: Michiganology search "StJohn"; 1950 Census search API (Daniel St. John, MA); 1950 Census St. John index sweeps (MI, MA, NY, CT; national); 1950 Census, San Joaquin Co., Calif., ED 39-1 (excluded John St. John b. Missouri); Daily Monitor-Leader (Mount Clemens), 30 Sep 1943, p. 6; Chronicling America search results ("john st. john" 1936-46 etc.); New York State Marriage Index 1943; Standard Form 180; USCIS Genealogy Program; VA FOIA; FBI eFOIPA and FBI Vault; 1940 Census site; Steve Morse One-Step ED tools; Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, vol. 5 (1904 scan; courses); Internet Archive search: Original Journals of Lewis and Clark; Youth Tell Their Story; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Purple Gang"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Murphy, Frank"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Detroit Institute of Arts"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Ford Rouge Complex"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Ambassador Bridge"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Cass Technical High School"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Ford Motor Company"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Detroit Police Department"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Coughlin, Father Charles"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Bennett, Harry"; Encyclopedia of Detroit: "Arsenal of Democracy"; Lincoln Historic Site (and history page); HABS NM-216, Courthouse, Lincoln, NM; Training to Fly: Military Flight Training 1907-1945; Fireside chat, 29 Dec 1940 ("Arsenal of Democracy"); Veterans History Project items afc2001001.28129,.48178,.09647,.19963; ASME landmark brochure, Link C-3 Trainer; McIntosh instrument-flying paper; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1942-07-30, p. 11; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1942-08-20, p. 14; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1942-08-27, p. 14; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1942-11-19, p. 11; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1943-02-25, p. 9; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1943-03-04, p. 14; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1943-05-27, p. 14; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1943-10-28, p. 14; Chronicling America search API results ("Westover Field" 1942-43 etc.); Army Airborne Aviation Engineer Demonstration, Westover (film description); 100 Years of Marriage and Divorce Statistics, US, 1867-1967 (Series 21 No. 24); World War II: D-Day (online documents); Veterans History Project items afc2001001.20002,.117791,.127929,.02978,.102174; Patton to Eisenhower, 15 Apr 1945 (NAID 12007734); Eisenhower cable to Marshall, 19 Apr 1945; SHAEF G-5 inspection of Buchenwald, 16 Apr 1945; Harold Porter, letter to his parents from Dachau, 7 May 1945; Eisenhower Library quotes page; Holocaust online documents list; Yank, 11 May 1945; Pocket Guide to Germany; Buchenwald and Beyond: 120th Evac; Preliminary Buchenwald Report; Edward R. Murrow, Buchenwald broadcast, 15 Apr 1945 (audio; CBS ©); Holocaust Encyclopedia: "Dachau"; Holocaust Encyclopedia: "Liberation of Nazi Camps"; Holocaust Encyclopedia: "Honoring US Army Divisions as Liberators"; Holocaust Encyclopedia: "The United States Army Signal Corps"; Holocaust Encyclopedia: "The United States Army and the Holocaust"; Pocket Guide to Paris and the Cities of Northern France; 112 Gripes about the French Revisited (Air & Space Power Journal); Yank, the Army Weekly, 1945-06-22; Yank, the Army Weekly, 1945-07-27; Yank, the Army Weekly, 1945-08-24; Yank, the Army Weekly, 1945-09-28; Yank, the

Army Weekly, 1945-11-23; Yank, the Army Weekly, 1945-12-21; Lincoln Times (Lincolnton, N.C.), 19 Nov 1945, p. 5; Other 1945 newspaper pages (Waterbury Democrat 28 Nov; 6 Oct; 11 Sep; 23 Nov; 3 May 1945); The Army University Center No 2 Biarritz, France; The Most Contented GIs in Europe; Let There Be Light (foreword titles); Federal Art in New England (metadata only); Chronicling America search: sorbonne soldier (1945); Chronicling America search: sorbonne GI course (1945); Chronicling America searches: sorbonne letter son; sorbonne writes parents; "writes from paris"; "letter from paris" soldier; sorbonne "he writes" (1945); Bradley Beam (Bradley Field, Conn.), 1945-08-11, p. 4 ("Yanks Start Studies At Florence, Sorbonne"); Waterbury Democrat, 1945-07-07, p. 5 (GI study at Oxford, Sorbonne); Atlanta Daily World, 1945-09-23, p. 2 (photo: WAC at a Sorbonne French class); Springfield Weekly Republican, 1945-10-11, p. 12; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1945-12-27, p. 7; Springfield Weekly Republican, 1945-08-09, p. 10; Waterbury Democrat, 1945-06-12, p. 12; Wyandotte News-Herald, 1945-12-03, p. 5; Veterans History Project search: "XIX Tactical Air Command" radio; Yank, the Army Weekly, 23 Feb 1945; Yank, the Army Weekly, 27 Apr 1945; Yank, the Army Weekly, 14 Sep 1945; Yank, the Army Weekly, 29 Sep 1944; Yank, the Army Weekly, 17 Jun 1942; Let There Be Light (1946), NTIS/NARA item with foreword text; Let There Be Light, National Film Preservation Foundation version (notes); The Last Offensive (CMH Pub 7-9-1), Internet Archive copy; Edward R. Murrow, Buchenwald report (CBS News archive copy); Veterans History Project: Jack Ewing Dingle Collection (afc2001001.30667); Veterans History Project: William H. Vogel, Jr. Collection (afc2001001.48397); Veterans History Project searches: "westover field"; "link trainer instructor england"; "radio operator troop carrier normandy"; "xix tactical air command"; "ohrdruf" (Bruce Donald Fenchel Collection); Springfield Armory National Historic Site: History & Culture; Wikisource: FDR "Day of Infamy" address (page title not found); Detroit Evening Times, 13 Jun 1941, p. 28 (OCR checked for St. John); Nogales International, 20 May 1939, p. 1 (OCR checked); Internet Archive searches: New Mexico, Arizona and Michigan WPA guides; "federal art project"; WPA Report on Progress; Boy and Girl Tramps; transient boys; Youth Tell Their Story; NARA, NPRC archival programs (62-year rule; requesting archival OMPFs); SRCA, "Contact Us"; SRCA, "Heritage Search" (records request form; NM Archives Online); SRCA, "About the Archives"; SRCA Pathfinder "Billy the Kid"; Twelfth Judicial District Court, "Location, Hours & Contacts"; Twelfth Judicial District Court, "Public Records"; LOC Chronicling America API: New Mexico titles 1930-63 (title records only); LOC Chronicling America API: "carrizozo" 1940-42; LOC Chronicling America API: NM 1941 phrase searches ("st. john", "john st john", "larceny of automobile", "stolen car carrizozo"); LOC Chronicling America API: Michigan 1936-42 phrase searches for John St. John; LOC Chronicling America API: Detroit Evening Times coverage by year; Detroit Evening Times, 5 Oct 1941, p. 21 (OCR checked for "St. John, 18"); State Archives of Michigan, Research Circular No. 3, "Correctional Facilities" (Apr 2001), via Wayback; State Archives of Michigan, Research Circular No. 8, "Records Relating to Youths" (Jan 1999), via Wayback; State Archives of Michigan, Research Circular No. 6, "Probate Court Records", via Wayback; State Archives of Michigan, Research Circular No. 37, "Circuit Court Records", via Wayback; Michiganology and Michigan Preservica site searches (prison, inmate, Reformatory, DeHoCo, Boys Vocational School); Wayback Machine CDX listing of rmoa.unm.edu finding aids (SRCA); title fetch stopped at HTTP 429.

Further sources consulted, Wikipedia: "Pierre Cruzatte (redirect); Members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition", "Great Depression in the United States", "Golden Gloves", "Rum-running", "Detroit–Windsor Tunnel", "Hobo", "James W. Bell", "Lincoln, New Mexico", "Lincoln County, New Mexico", "Mesilla, New Mexico", "Sulfonamide (medicine)", "Lincoln County Courthouse / historic district / Olinger", "History of Ford Motor Company", "Willow Run", "War Production Board", "Clayton Knight Committee", "Scott Air Force Base", "Sioux Falls Army Air Field", "Truax Field", "Q code", "Army General Classification Test", "Stanine", "Arsenal of Democracy", "Edwin Albert Link", "Holyoke, Massachusetts", "Mount Holyoke College", "13th Bombardment Group", "34th Bombardment Group", "Army Air Forces Antisubmarine Command", "Army Air Forces Radio School", "United Service Organizations", "M1 Garand", "Springfield Armory", "Springfield, Massachusetts", "Indian Motocycle Manufacturing Company", "Westinghouse Electric Corporation", "Jitterbug", "Lindy Hop", "Marriage in the United States", "Niagara Falls, New York", "Anthony Stonina", "IX Troop Carrier Command", "Eighth Air Force", "North Atlantic air ferry route in World War II", "Camp Kilmer", "Camp Shanks", "RMS Queen Mary", "RMS Queen Elizabeth", "Overpaid, overfed, oversexed and over here", "Fort Devens", "G.I. Bill", "Mona Lisa", "Jacques Jaujard", "École du Louvre", "Académie Julian", "Académie de la Grande Chaumière", "Épuration légale", "Femmes tondues", "German prisoners of war in France", "Earl Browder", "Communist Party USA", "Executive Order 9835", "Élections législatives françaises de 1945 (fr.)", "Académie de la Grande Chaumière (fr.)", "Musée du Louvre (fr.)", "Jacques Jaujard (fr.)", "Épuration à la Libération en France (fr.)", "Federal Transient Service", "History of Detroit", "Jacques Duclos", "Fernand Léger", "Ossip Zadkine", "École nationale supérieure des beaux-arts (fr.)", "Michigan Reformatory", "Michigan State Prison", "Detroit House of Correction", "Mug shot; Walter P. Reuther Library; Detroit Public Library; Library of Michigan; Ionia Correctional Facility; New Mexico Corrections Department; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Lincoln Historic District; Fort Grant, Arizona (prison-pass copies)".

Further sources consulted, searched and blocked, not bypassed: NARA Catalog, Electronic Army Serial Number Merged File (NAID 1263923); Air Force Historical Research Agency; Dept. of Defence (Canada), RCAF official history vol. 2 (PDF); Westover ARB fact sheets (westover.afrc.af.mil); Living New Deal; Smithsonian Archives of American Art; Boy and Girl Tramps of America (1934); Imperial War Museums; history.army.mil; media.defense.gov; HathiTrust; Project Gutenberg search; SSA history 1940s page; Chronicling America legacy site (chroniclingamerica.loc.gov), Billy the Kid / bullet-hole search; michigan.gov (Archives of Michigan pages): Akamai "Access Denied", even for robots.txt; azlibrary.gov (Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records): Cloudflare challenge; FamilySearch Research Wiki (New Mexico/Michigan prison records): "Pardon Our Interruption" bot check; New Mexico Archives Online (nmarchives.unm.edu): robots.txt Disallow: /; Detroit Public Library (detroitpubliclibrary.org) and Genesee County (gc4me.com): robots.txt Disallow: /; UNM New Mexico Digital Newspapers search (econtent.unm.edu/digital/search/): disallowed by robots.txt; A Guide to the State Archives of Michigan: State Records (1977), archive.org borrow-only; Ancestry and newspapers.com (1941 New Mexico papers; Ancestry inmate collection). Every search is logged in the chapter's dossier.

Local copies: every source above is cached in the book's repository (paths in `dossiers/john-st-john/SOURCES.csv`): family records in `facts/records/_raw/homer-st-john/`; censuses, newspapers, web pages and interview excerpts in `facts/records/_raw/john-st-john/`; the 1940 census crop in `work/first-pass/manual-lookups/`; the peniten-

tiary card in `work/first-pass/john-st-john/mugshots/`; the 2026 prison-records search in `facts/records/_raw/john-st-john/prison/`; full public-domain texts quoted in `facts/sources/poets/`.

HIS WORK

Paintings and drawings by John St. John, from the family's collection



Painting: a crowd of faces



Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



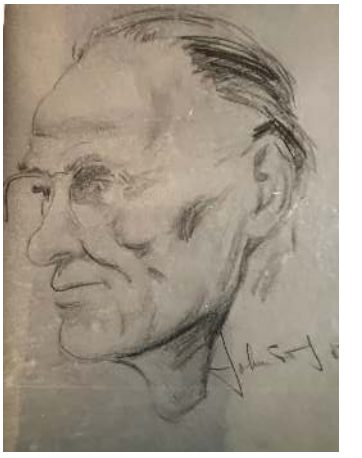
Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



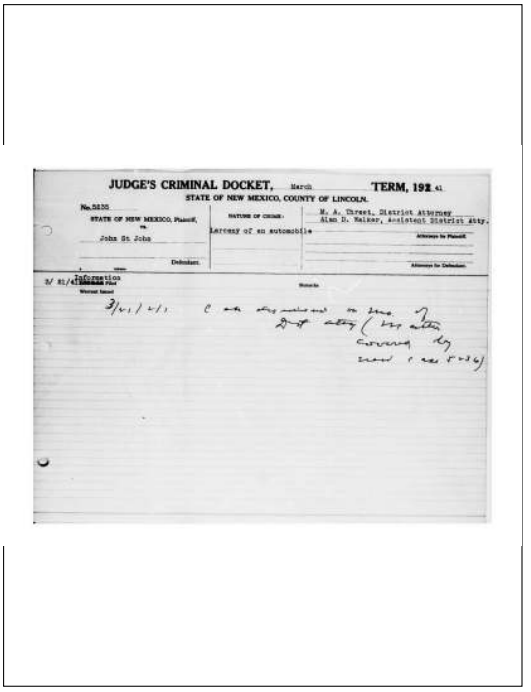
Painted head



Portrait drawing, signed

EXHIBIT: THE COURT RECORD, MARCH 1941

State of New Mexico v. John St. John and Mirko Hamacek, District Court of Lincoln County, Third Judicial District, cases 5235 and 5236. Reproduced from the copies sent by the Twelfth Judicial District Court of New Mexico in October 2026. Two duplicate copies of the first charge are omitted.



JUDGE'S CRIMINAL DOCKET, March TERM, 1941

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

No. 5235

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff, vs. John St. John, Defendant.

NATURE OF CRIME: Larceny of an automobile

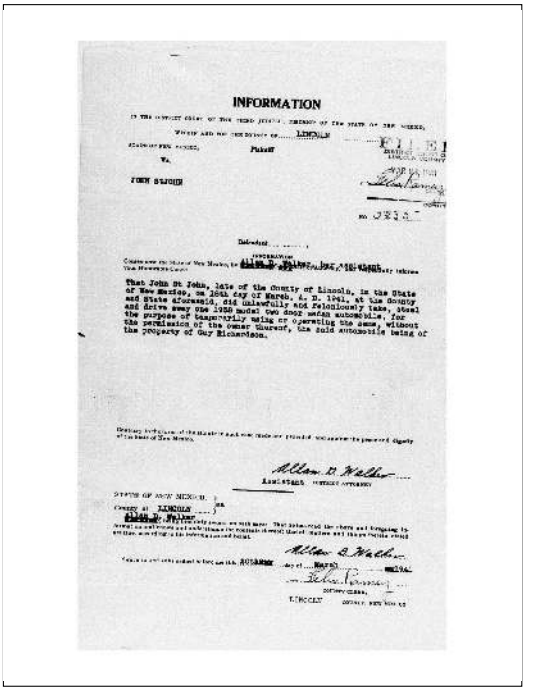
M. A. Threet, District Attorney; Allen D. Walker, Assistant District Atty.

Information

3/ 21/41

3/21/41 Case dismissed on Motion of Dist Atty (by letter) covering by new case 5236

1. Judge's docket, case 5235: "Case dismissed ... (Matter covered by new case 5236)"



INFORMATION

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO,

WITHIN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff

vs.

JOHN SAINT

No. 5235

Defendant

CHARGING

Comes now the State of New Mexico, by [illegible], Assistant District Attorney, Third Judicial District, and informs the Court that

That John St John, late of the County of Lincoln, in the State of New Mexico, on 20th day of March, A. D. 1941, at the County and State aforesaid, did unlawfully & feloniously take, steal the purpose of temporarily using or operating the same, without the permission of the owner thereof, the said automobile being of the property of Guy Richardson.

Allen D. Walker

Assistant District Attorney

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, }

County of LINCOLN } ss.

Allen D. Walker

being duly sworn on oath says that the statements contained in the foregoing Information are true as he verily believes.

Allen D. Walker

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of March, 1941.

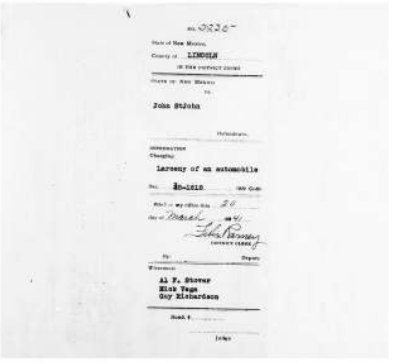
[illegible]

Notary Public.

My commission expires: [illegible]

LINCOLN County, New Mexico

2. The first charge (Information), case 5235, 20 March 1941



No. 5236

State of New Mexico,
County of LINCOLN
In the District Court

State of New Mexico
vs.
John St.John
Defendant.

INFORMATION
Charging:
Larceny of an automobile
No. 30-1618 New Code
Filed in my office this 20
day of March 1941
John Rooney
District Clerk
By
Deputy
Witnesses:
Al F. Stover
Nick Vega
Guy Richardson
Bond $
Judge

3. Back of the first charge: witnesses Al F. Stover, Nick Vega, Guy Richardson



Third Judicial District Court, County of Lincoln, N.M.

Case No. 5236

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
vs.
John St. John and Ulrie Hancock

ATTORNEYS
John M. Scott and Morris Mermelstein

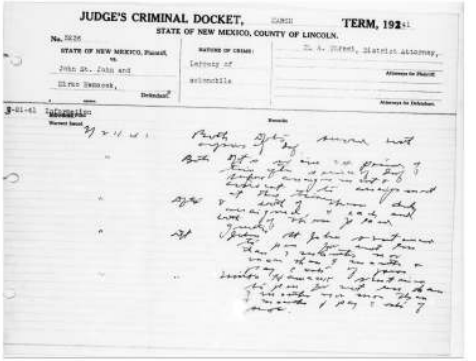
ATTORNEYS
M. E. Lloyd, District Attorney, Los Alamos, New Mexico

Larceny of an automobile

DATE | PROCEEDINGS | NUMBER | AMOUNT | DISBURSEMENTS

Mar 21 Defendants in open Court with their attorneys and both defendants severally arraigned and severally plead guilty to the charge of larceny of an automobile as charged in the Information. Defendants severally sentenced to the New Mexico State Penitentiary for a term of not less than 9 months nor more than 9 months, beginning with the 21st day of March 1941 and remanded to the custody of the Sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, to be delivered to the Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary. Defendants severally ordered to pay the costs of this action. Defendants severally committed to the New Mexico State Penitentiary. Defendants severally remanded to the custody of the Sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, to be delivered to the Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary. Defendants severally committed to the New Mexico State Penitentiary. Defendants severally remanded to the custody of the Sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, to be delivered to the Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary.

4. Court ledger, case 5236: served, arraigned, pleaded guilty, sentenced, 21 March



JUDGE'S CRIMINAL DOCKET, MARCH TERM, 1941
STATE OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

No. 5236
STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff,
vs.
John St. John and
Ulrie Hancock,
Defendant.

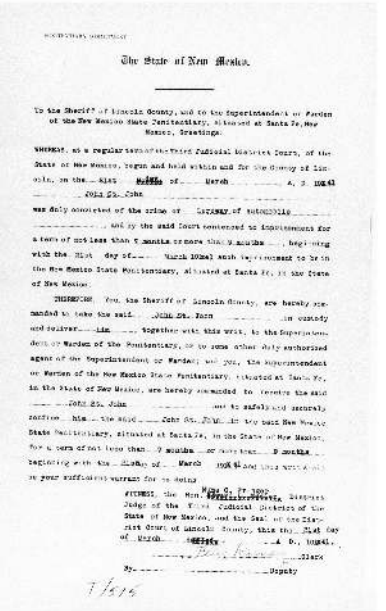
NATURE OF CRIME: Larceny of automobile

E. E. Lloyd, District Attorney,
Attorney for Plaintiff
Attorneys for Defendant

3-21-41 Information
Warrant Issued

Remarks

5. Judge's docket, case 5236



The State of New Mexico.

To the Sheriff of Lincoln County, and to the Superintendent or Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, New Mexico, Greetings:

WHEREAS, at a regular term of the Third Judicial District Court, of the State of New Mexico, begun and held within and for the County of Lincoln, on the 21st day of March A. D. 1941 John St. John was duly convicted of the crime of Larceny of automobile, and by the said Court sentenced to imprisonment for a term of not less than 9 months nor more than 9 months, beginning with the 21st day of March 1941 said imprisonment to be in the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico.

THEREFORE, You, the Sheriff of Lincoln County, are hereby commanded to take the said John St. John in custody and deliver him together with this writ, to the Superintendent of Warden of the Penitentiary, or to some other duly authorized agent of the Superintendent or Warden; and You, the Superintendent or Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico, are hereby commanded to receive the said John St. John into safe and secure custody and confine him in the said John St. John in the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico, for a term of not less than 9 months nor more than 9 months beginning with the 21st day of March 1941 A.D. 1941, and this writ shall be your sufficient warrant for so doing.

WITNESS, the Hon. Numa C. Frenger, Presiding Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, and the Seal of the District Court of Lincoln County, this the 21st day of March 1941 A. D., 1941.

John Rooney Clerk

By Deputy

6. Penitentiary commitment, John St. John, signed for Judge Numa C. Frenger


No. 5236

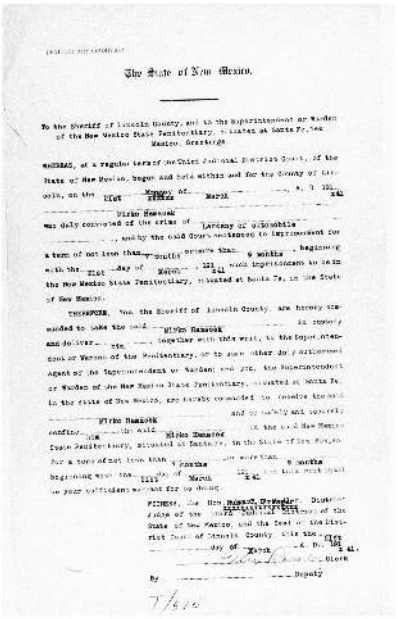
DISTRICT COURT,
THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT
COUNTY OF LINCOLN
STATE OF NEW MEXICO

THE STATE
vs
John St. John

PENITENTIARY COMMITMENT

TERM

7. Back of John St. John's commitment


The State of New Mexico.

To the Sheriff of Lincoln County, and to the Superintendent or Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, New Mexico, Greeting:

WHEREAS, at a regular term of the Third Judicial District Court, of the State of New Mexico, begun and held within and for the County of Lincoln, on the 21st day of March, A. D. 1941,

Mirko Hamacek

was duly convicted of the crime of Larceny of Automobile, and by the said Court sentenced to imprisonment for a term of not less than 6 months, nor more than 6 months, beginning with the 21st day of March, A. D. 1941, such imprisonment to be in the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico.

THEREFORE, You, the Sheriff of Lincoln County, are hereby commanded to take the said Mirko Hamacek in custody and deliver him, the said Mirko Hamacek together with this writ, to the Superintendent or Warden of the Penitentiary, or to some other duly authorized Agent of the Superintendent or Warden; and you, the Superintendent or Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico, are hereby commanded to receive the said Mirko Hamacek and him safely and securely confine in the said New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico, for a term of not less than 6 months nor more than 6 months, beginning with the 21st day of March, A. D. 1941, and this writ shall be your sufficient warrant for so doing.

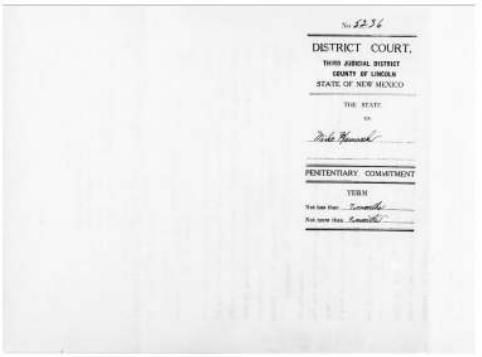
WITNESS, the Hon. Hewett Dryden, District Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, and the Seal of the District Court of Lincoln County, this the 21st day of March, A. D. 1941.

Clerk

By Deputy

7/670

8. Penitentiary commitment, Mirko Hamacek


No. 5236

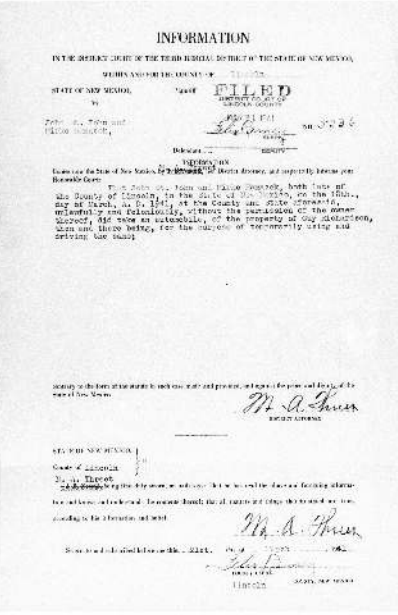
DISTRICT COURT,
THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT
COUNTY OF LINCOLN
STATE OF NEW MEXICO

THE STATE
vs
Mirko Hamacek

PENITENTIARY COMMITMENT

TERM

9. Back of Mirko Hamacek's commitment


INFORMATION

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO,
WITHIN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF Lincoln.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff
vs
John St. John and Mirko Hamacek,
Defendants.

FILED
MAR 21 1941
No. 5236

INFORMATION

Comes now the State of New Mexico, by Wm. A. Sutton, District Attorney of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, and respectfully informs the Honorable Court:

That John St. John and Mirko Hamacek, both late of the County of Lincoln, in the State of New Mexico, on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1941, at the County and State aforesaid, unlawfully and feloniously, without the permission of the owner thereof, did take an automobile, of the property of Guy McFaddin, then and there being, for the purpose of temporarily using and driving the same;

Wm. A. Sutton
District Attorney

STATE OF NEW MEXICO,
County of Lincoln,

John St. John and Mirko Hamacek, being first duly sworn, on oath, say that they have heard the foregoing information read, and know the contents thereof; that the matters and things therein stated are true according to the information and belief.

Wm. A. Sutton

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of March, A. D. 1941.

Clerk
By Deputy
Lincoln County, New Mexico

10. The joint charge (Information), case 5236, 21 March 1941



11. *Back of the joint charge*

THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs in this chapter are printed digitally restored: dust and scratches removed, noise reduced, contrast evened, nothing added or changed. These are the raw files, as received.



GIS STUDY ART IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS, 1945
The unretouched original.

THREE RECORDS FROM STRATFORD

AN ADDENDUM

WOODHAM, LONDON AND STRATFORD, ONTARIO · 1900 · 1920 · 1921

What the registrar, the licence clerk and the Stratford Daily Beacon *wrote down, and where it disagrees with the family*

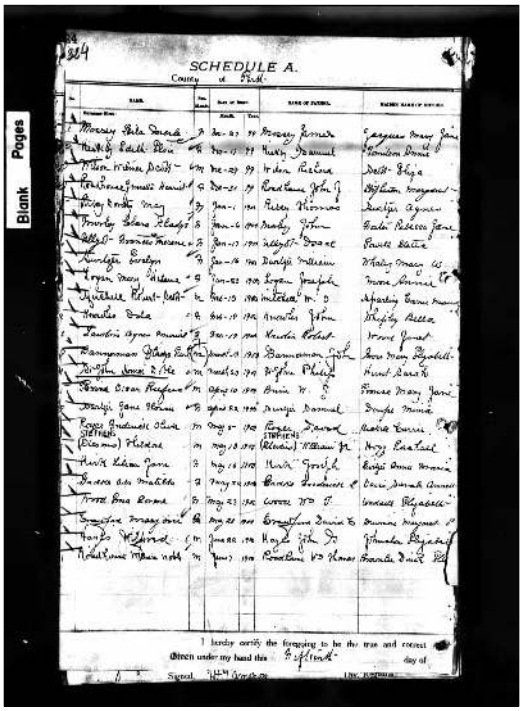
Four pieces of paper came back from Ontario in October 2026. The St. Marys Museum & Archives sent a page of the county's register of births with Homer St. John on it. Then Megan Lockhart of the Stratford-Perth Archives, spending the single free hour the archives gives each distant researcher, sent the licence that let Homer marry Alice Pigeon in 1920, the form that recorded the marriage, and a newspaper notice of a birth in July 1921. Each is set down here as it was written, then in plain English, then as data. Two of them disagree with what the family has always said. Those disagreements are recorded, not settled.

Homer is born, 1900

The province kept its births in a ledger, one county to a page, copied from the returns of the local division registrar. Page 324 of the Perth County schedule holds twenty-four births between November 1899 and June 1900, the Mosseys and Roadhouses and Switzers of the district, entered surname first. Homer is the fourteenth line, and someone has underlined him:

> *St John Homer Doble · m · March 20 · 1900 · St John Philip · Hunt Sarah*

In plain English: a boy, Homer Doble St. John, was born on Tuesday, 20 March 1900, to Philip St. John and Sarah St. John, whose maiden name was Hunt. The registrar certified the page "to be the true and correct" record, signing as division registrar; his signature is not legible with confidence. Two days later the *St. Marys Journal* printed the same news: "ST. JOHN.—In Woodham, on March 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip St. John, a son."



PERTH COUNTY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, 1899–1900, PAGE 324

FIELD	AS WRITTEN	IN PLAIN ENGLISH
Name	St John Homer Doble	Homer Doble St. John
Sex	m	male
Born	March 20 · 1900	Tuesday, 20 March 1900
Father	St John Philip	Philip St. John
Mother	Hunt Sarah	Sarah St. John, born Hunt
Where	County of Perth (register); "In Woodham" (*Journal*)	Woodham, Blanshard Township, Perth County



MARRIAGE LICENCE NO. C 96576, ISSUED AT LONDON, 1 OCTOBER 1920

FIELD	AS WRITTEN	IN PLAIN ENGLISH
Register	Schedule A, p. 324, line 14	Ontario births, Perth County, 1899–1900

The licence, 1 October 1920

Twenty years later Homer was in London, working as a labourer, and he meant to marry a Stratford girl without the banns being called first. The province sold that permission; the Marriage Act, quoted on the back of the next form, set the fee at five dollars. The licence is a printed form in the name of the Lieutenant-Governor, signed in advance by his deputy in Toronto and dated, in type, the tenth of April 1920; a local issuer filled in the names and the real date when someone came to his counter. Its operative sentence reads:

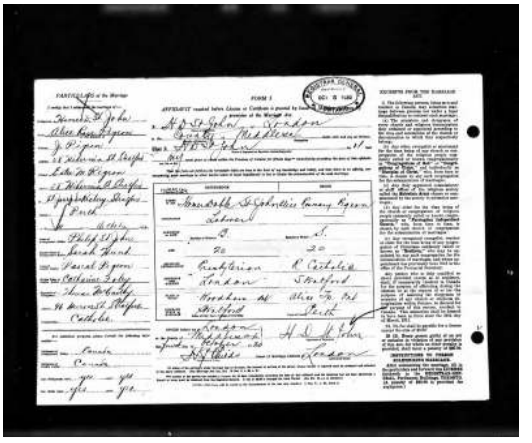
> *Whereas Homer Doble St John, Bachelor, and Alice Rosmary Pigeon, Spinster, are determined to enter into the holy estate of Matrimony and are desirous of having their marriage publicly solemnized without publication of banns, I do hereby, for good causes, Give and Grant this License or Faculty for the solemnization of marriage between the said parties …*

The issuer, H. J. Childs of London, wrote in "first" and "October" and signed. In plain English: on Friday, 1 October 1920, the province gave Homer and Alice leave to be married by any authorised minister in Ontario without first having banns published, provided no law stood in the way, and the paper was good for three months. The left-hand margin of the form prints the table of relatives a man or woman may not marry, from a grandmother to a husband's brother, in case anyone at the counter was in doubt.

FIELD	AS WRITTEN	IN PLAIN ENGLISH
Licence	No. C 96576, Form 5	Ontario marriage licence
Groom	Homer Doble St John, Bachelor	Homer Doble St. John, never married
Bride	Alice Rosmary Pigeon, Spinster	Alice Pigeon, never married; her middle name written "Rosmary"
Purpose	without publication of banns	to marry without banns
Printed date	tenth day of April 1920	when the blank form was signed in Toronto
Issued	first day of October 1920, London	Friday, 1 October 1920, at London, Ont.
Issuer	H J Childs	H. J. Childs, issuer of marriage licences
Valid	within THREE MONTHS from the date of issue	until about 1 January 1921

The marriage, 4 October 1920

The same day, before the same issuer, Homer swore the affidavit that the licence required, and the form travelled with the couple to Stratford. Three days later the priest filled in the left-

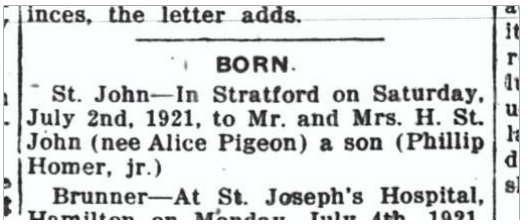


FORM 3: AFFIDAVIT AND PARTICULARS OF THE MARRIAGE, RECEIVED BY THE REGISTRAR GENERAL 5 OCTOBER 1920

hand panel, and the Registrar General's clerk in Toronto stamped it received on 5 October 1920. It is the fullest portrait of the two of them that survives from that year.

FIELD	AS WRITTEN	IN PLAIN ENGLISH
Number	022528	Ontario marriage registration
Groom	Homer Doble St John · Labourer · B. · 20	Homer, a labourer, bachelor, aged 20
Lived	London	London, Ont.
Born	Woodham Ont	Woodham, Ont.
Religion	Presbyterian	Presbyterian
Bride	Alice Rose Pigeon (panel); Alice Rosmary Pigeon (affidavit) · S. · 20	Alice Pigeon, spinster, aged 20
Lived	Stratford	Stratford, Ont.
Born	"Alice Tp. Ont"	probably Ellice Township, Perth County (the reading is uncertain)
Religion	R Catholic	Roman Catholic
Where married	St. Joseph's Rectory, Stratford, County of Perth	the priest's house of St. Joseph's, Stratford
When	4 day of October 1920	Monday, 4 October 1920
Priest	Thomas McCarthy, 96 Huron St. Stratford, Catholic	Rev. Thomas McCarthy
Witnesses	J. Pigeon; Ester M. Pigeon, 58 Hibernia St. Stratford	two of the Pigeon family, of 58 Hibernia Street
His parents	Philip St. John; Sarah Hunt	Philip St. John and Sarah, born Hunt
Her parents	Pascal Pigeon; Catharine Foley	Pascal Pigeon and Catharine, born Foley
Sworn	London, County of Middlesex, first day of October 1920; H D St John; H J Childs	Homer signed the affidavit in London on 1 October
Read and write	yes · yes (both)	both could read and write
Received	Registrar General, OCT 5 1920	filed in Toronto on Tuesday, 5 October 1920

In plain English: on Monday, 4 October 1920, Homer Doble St. John, twenty, a Presbyterian labourer from London, born at Woodham, married Alice Pigeon, twenty, a Roman Catholic of Stratford, at the rectory of St. Joseph's Church,


inces, the letter adds.

BORN.

St. John—In Stratford on Saturday, July 2nd, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. H. St. John (nee Alice Pigeon) a son (Phillip Homer, jr.)

Brunner—At St. Joseph's Hospital,

STRATFORD DAILY BEACON, 5 JULY 1921

Stratford. The Reverend Thomas McCarthy married them, and two of Alice's family, J. and Ester M. Pigeon of 58 Hibernia Street, stood as witnesses. The *St. Marys Journal* carried it on 7 October: "ST. JOHN—PIGEON—In Stratford on Monday, Oct. 4, 1920, Alice Rosaline Pigeon of Stratford to Homer Doble St. John of London, Ont." Between the licence, the form and the paper, Alice's middle name is spelled three ways, Rose, Rosmary and Rosaline, which is two more than she needed.

One detail sits awkwardly with the family file. The registration calls Homer a Presbyterian; another record in his dossier has called him a Methodist. Both are kept until a third record decides.

❧

A son, July 1921

Nine months after the wedding the *Stratford Daily Beacon* ran a notice among its births on Tuesday, 5 July 1921:

> *BORN. St. John—In Stratford on Saturday, July 2nd, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. H. St. John (nee Alice Pigeon) a son (Phillip Homer, jr.)*

In plain English: a son was born in Stratford on Saturday, 2 July 1921, to Homer and Alice St. John, and the paper gave his name as Phillip Homer St. John, junior.

FIELD	AS WRITTEN	IN PLAIN ENGLISH
Paper	Stratford Daily Beacon	Stratford's daily newspaper
Printed	5 July 1921	Tuesday, 5 July 1921
Born	Saturday, July 2nd, 1921	Saturday, 2 July 1921
Where	In Stratford	Stratford, Ont.

FIELD	AS WRITTEN	IN PLAIN ENGLISH
Parents	Mr. and Mrs. H. St. John (nee Alice Pigeon)	Homer and Alice St. John, born Pigeon
Child	a son (Phillip Homer, jr.)	a boy, named Phillip Homer St. John, Jr.

This is where the paper and the family part company. The family has always known Daniel's father as John St. John, born on 2 June 1921, and the chapter on John is written that way. The *Beacon* gives a different month and a different name. It is not easily dismissed as a slip of the typesetter: 2 July 1921 really was a Saturday, as the notice says, while 2 June fell on a Thursday, so a misprint would have had to get the month and the weekday wrong together. The two dates also sit differently against the wedding, the one nine months after it and the other eight.

There are three plain readings, and the records do not yet choose between them. The notice may simply be wrong. The boy may have been registered or baptised Phillip Homer and known ever after as John. Or the notice may be about a child the family never spoke of; Homer and Alice did later have a son named Phillip, born in Michigan about 1942. Two records would settle it. St. Joseph's in Stratford, where his parents were married, was asked on 26 October 2026 for its 1921 baptism entry under both names and both dates. The province's 1921 birth registration is still held by ServiceOntario and can be ordered by his next of kin. A third record has since spoken on the date. The Department of Veterans Affairs keeps a register of veterans' graves, and it lists one St. John, John H, of the United States Army, born 07/02/1921 and died 10/28/2006, buried at Glen Abbey Memorial Park in Bonita, California. The government's July and the newspaper's July agree, against the family's June, and the chapter on John now gives the second of July. The name is another matter: "John H." and "Phillip Homer, jr." can both be the same boy, but only the baptism register or the birth registration can say so, and until one of them answers this page keeps the newspaper's name.

THE RECORDS

Homer's birth. Province of Ontario, register of births, County of Perth, Schedule A, 1899–1900, p. 324 (also numbered 24), line 14; copy supplied by St. Marys Museum & Archives, research request answered 9 October 2026 (Abigail Parsons, Assistant Curator), work/first-pass/archive-replies/st-marys/St.John, Homer - Birth.jpg; *St. Marys Journal*, 22 March 1900 and 7 October 1920, transcribed in facts/records/homer-st-john/st_marys_2026-10-09.md.

The licence. Province of Ontario, marriage licence No. C 96576, Homer Doble St. John and Alice Rosmary Pigeon, issued at London, 1 October 1920, by H. J. Childs; "Ontario, Canada records," image 397 of 1364, image group 005635608, Archives of Ontario, via FamilySearch (ark:/61903/3:1:3QSQ-G9ST-B22T), accessed 24 October 2026 by the Stratford-Perth Archives.

The marriage. Province of Ontario, Form 3, affidavit and particulars of the marriage, No. 022528, Homer Doble St. John and Alice Rose Pigeon, St. Joseph's Rectory, Stratford, 4 October 1920, received by the Registrar General 5 October 1920 (image via Ancestry).

The birth notice. *Stratford Daily Beacon*, 5 July 1921, "Born: St. John."

The grave. U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs, National Cemetery Administration, Nationwide Gravesite Locator: St John, John H, US Army, born 07/02/1921, died 10/28/2006, Glen Abbey Mortuary, Bonita, Calif. 91902 (search of 26 October 2026, saved in work/first-pass/archive-replies/va-gravesite-locator/).

The licence, the registration and the notice were found and sent by Megan Lockhart, Assistant Archivist, Stratford-Perth Archives, Stratford, Ontario, 26 October 2026. Copies in work/first-pass/archive-replies/stratford-perth/ and on Google Drive (Book-o-Matic/Records/stratford-perth); correspondence indexed in work/first-pass/archive-replies/_correspondence/INDEX.csv. Dossier rows: homer S494–S495, john-st-john S415.

THE FOXBORO COMPANY

NAUGATUCK, WATERBURY AND FOXBORO · 1859–1944

On Gauges, Pyrometers, Conscience Buses and Such

Regina's mother was a Bristol, and the Bristols were a family of tinkerers. They came from Naugatuck, Connecticut, a few miles below Waterbury, where Benjamin Hiel Bristol and his wife, Pauline Spaulding Phelps, raised their sons. On both sides, a family biographer wrote, the line ran back to early New England, through Henry Bristol of New Haven and, on the mother's side, to Edward Fuller, who came over on the *Mayflower*; and the family records indicated "a penchant for mechanics" among the ancestors. Four of the sons turned the penchant into a trade. William Henry was the eldest of them, born in Waterbury on July 5, 1859; then Franklin; then Edgar Hiel, born at Naugatuck on March 7, 1871; and Bennet Beri. Between them, and their father, they would found two of the great instrument companies of the twentieth century, and they would fill a fair part of the Patent Office's annual index with the name Bristol.

William went to the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey, graduated in engineering in 1884, came back in 1886 to teach, and was a professor of mathematics there by 1899. He was also, from the start, an inventor. The Patent Office's index for 1888 lists William H. Bristol of Hoboken with a "pressure indicator and recorder" and, with a colleague, a "differential expansion device for galvanometers." The recorder was the important one.

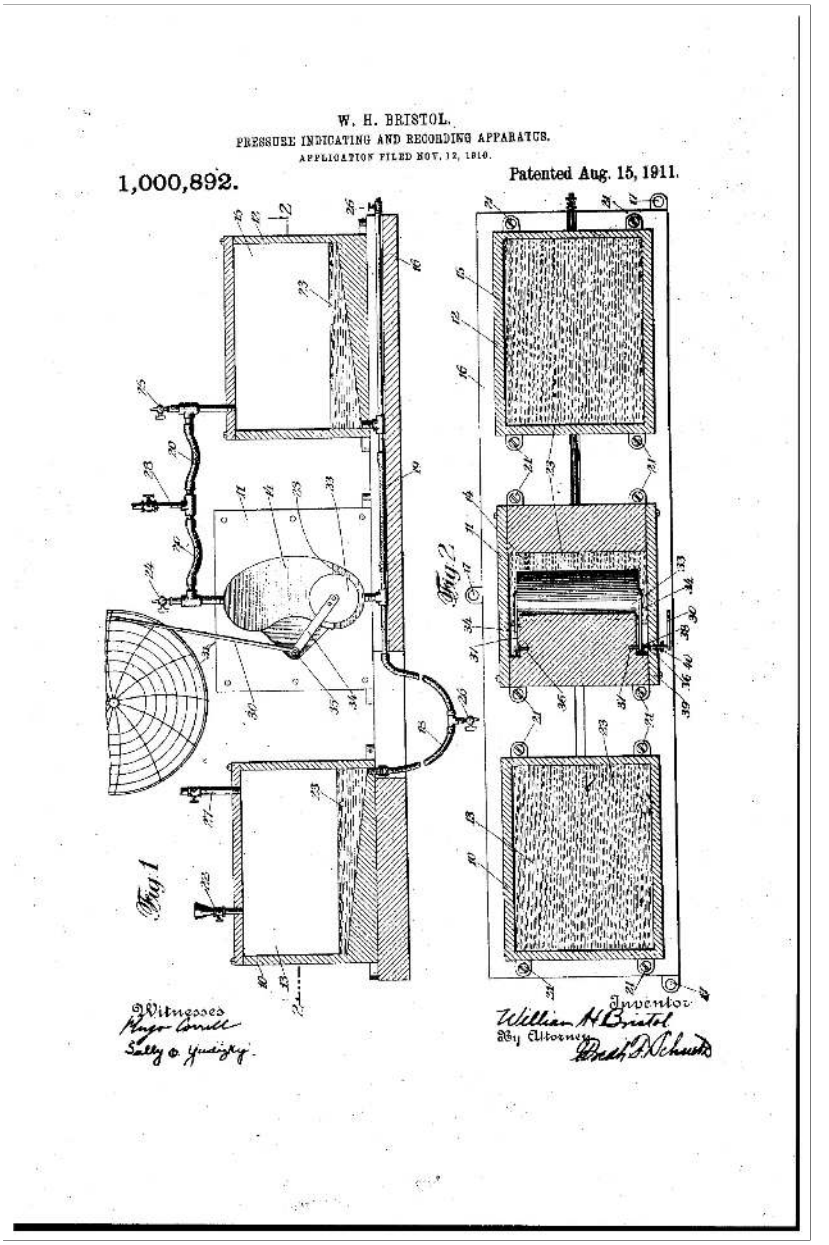
It drew a continuous line on a paper chart as the pressure in a boiler or a pipe rose and fell, so that an engineer could see, the next morning, everything that had happened in the night. With it, and with a patent for a steel lacing to join industrial belts, William needed a factory, and in 1889 he, his brother Franklin and their father founded the Bristol Company, which the Patent Office was soon listing at Waterbury.

The early patents show what kind of family business it was. In the index for 1890, William assigns two-thirds of his "pressure indicator and recorder" to his father and Franklin, and Franklin assigns two-thirds of his own patents, for a button and for a punch and die, to his father and William: three men holding each other's inventions in thirds. William's interests ran everywhere.

In the 1890s the index gives him a camera, a photographic camera, two camera shutters, an electric meter, a recording ampere-meter, a recording steam-pressure gauge, a thermometer, a belt-fastener and a device for compensating instruments against changes in temperature. The Franklin Institute gave him its John Scott Medal in 1890 and its Edward Longstreth Medal in 1894, and his instruments took medals at the world's fairs in Chicago in 1893, Paris in 1900 and St. Louis in 1904.

In 1904 William invented what his company called the first practical pyrometer, a thermometer for the heat of furnaces, and the index for that year is thick with it: thermo-electric couples, a thermo-electric element, a thermo-electric apparatus, a record sheet, a temperature-compensating device. A William H. Bristol Pyrometer Company followed in New York. By 1915, his biographer says, the Bristol Company made "the largest and most complete line of industrial instruments in the world," for temperature, electricity, pressure, motion, time, flow and humidity.

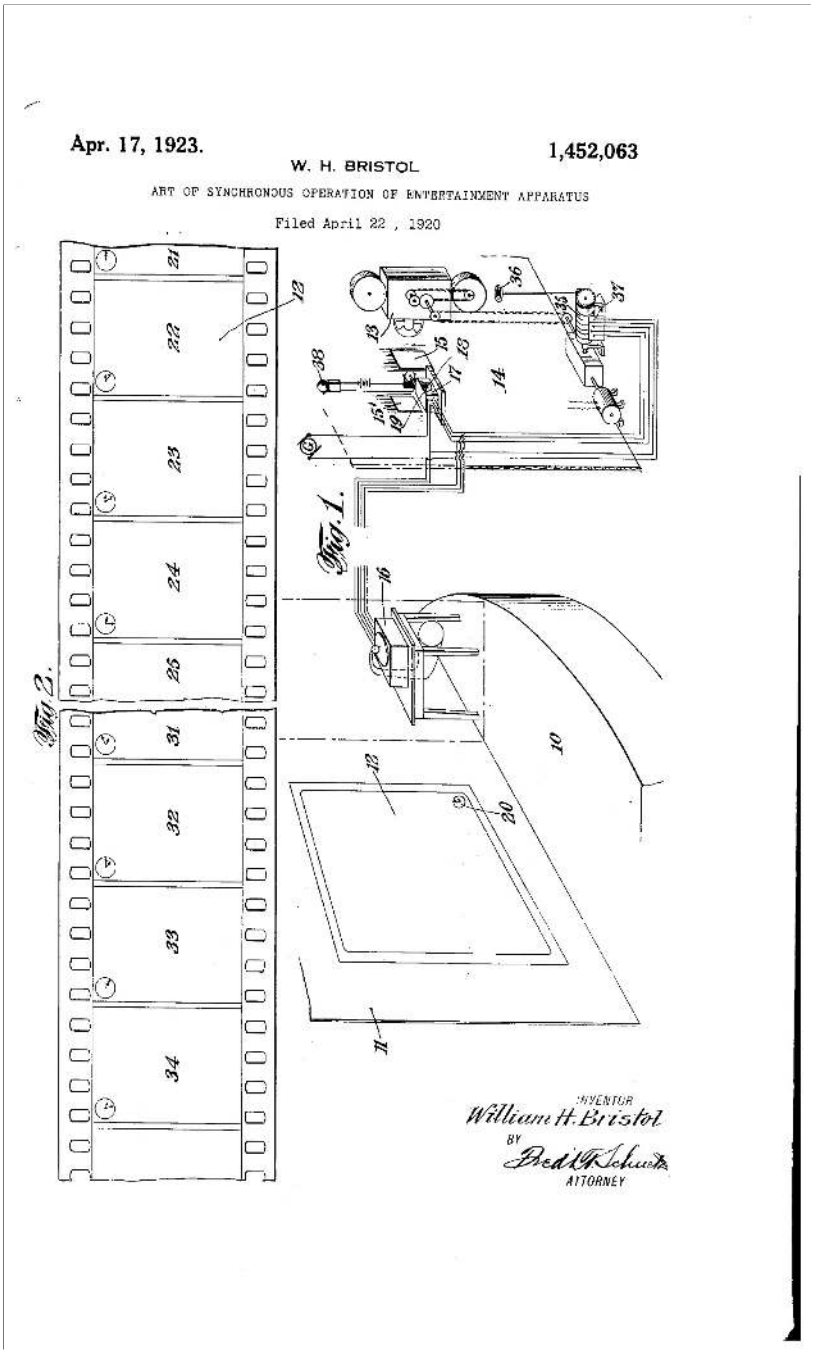
And in 1915 William turned to the movies. His "Bristolphone" recorded sound on a phonograph and kept it in step with the film, and the index for the early 1920s records the patents: "synchronized motion-picture apparatus," "synchronous operation of entertainment apparatus,"


W. H. BRISTOL.
PRESSURE INDICATING AND RECORDING APPARATUS.
APPLICATION FILED NOV. 12, 1910.
1,000,892.
Patented Aug. 15, 1911.
Fig. 1
Fig. 2
Witnesses
Inventor
William H. Bristol
By Attorney

WILLIAM H. BRISTOL, "PRESSURE INDICATING AND RECORDING APPARATUS," U.S. PATENT 1,000,892 (1911)

"multiple sound-reproducing apparatus," "electric reproducing apparatus for phonographs." The William H. Bristol Talking Picture Corporation put the Bristolphone into nearly a hundred American theatres. William died on June 18, 1930, with nearly a hundred patents to his name.

Edgar, twelve years younger, came to the work by the shop floor. He went to school in Naugatuck, learned the machinist's trade in Waterbury with the firm of Cross & Spears, and then joined his brothers' company. On August 29, 1895, at Winsted, he married May C. Rexford, who could count her own *Mayflower* ancestors and three signers of the Connecticut Charter. For a dozen


Apr. 17, 1923. 1,452,063

W. H. BRISTOL

ART OF SYNCHRONOUS OPERATION OF ENTERTAINMENT APPARATUS

Filed April 22 , 1920

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

INVENTOR
William H. Bristol
BY
Fred'k P. Schuette
ATTORNEY

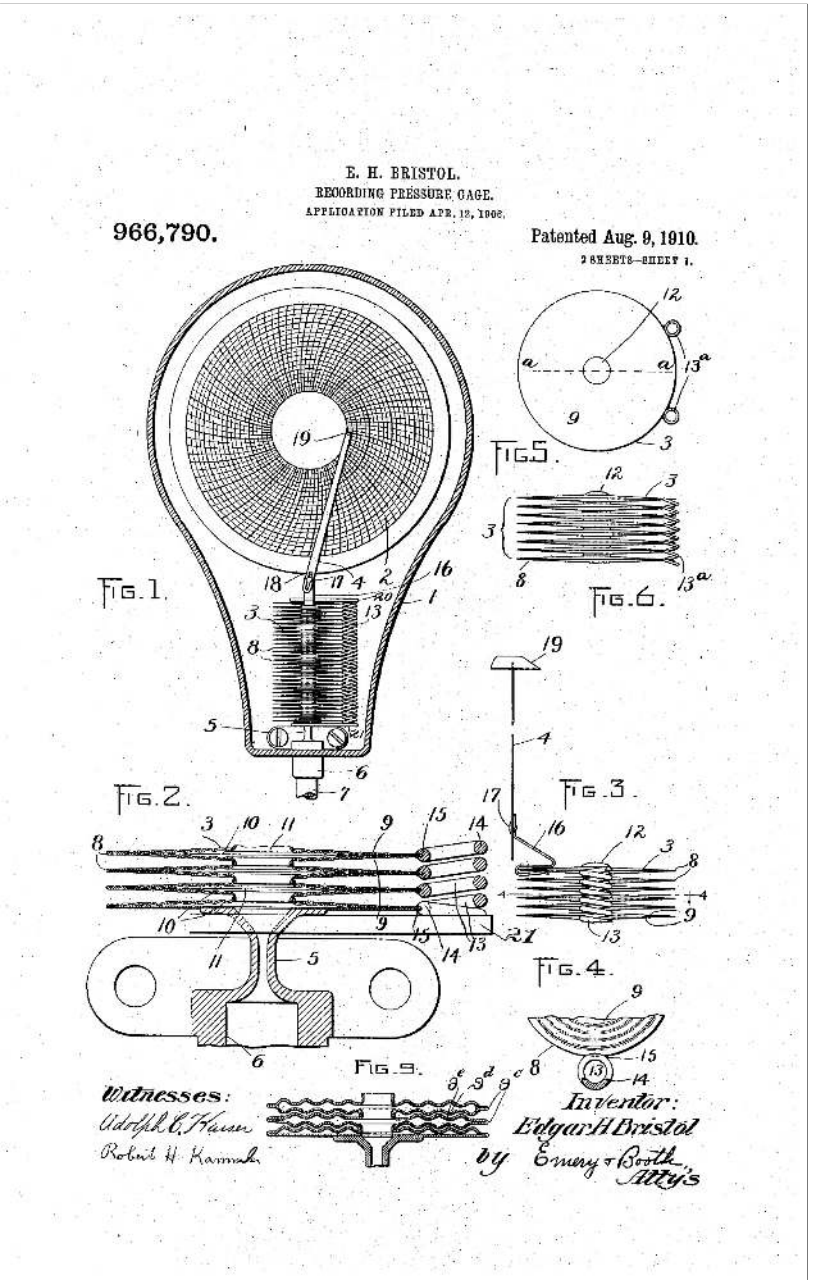
THE BRISTOLPHONE: "SYNCHRONOUS OPERATION OF ENTERTAINMENT APPARATUS," U.S. PATENT 1,452,063 (1923)

years his patents appeared jointly with William's. Then, in 1908, with his father and his brother Bennet, he left.

The three men set up on their own as the Industrial Instrument Company. They bought two small firms, the Standard Gauge Manufacturing Company of Syracuse and the Standard Electric Time Company of Waterbury, and looked for a place to build. They chose Foxboro, Massachusetts, a town of 3,500 people with "an unused set

of 12 sturdy brick industrial buildings." By the end of the year they had fifty-three employees, earning about thirteen cents an hour, making gauges for steam boilers, refrigeration plants and automobiles.

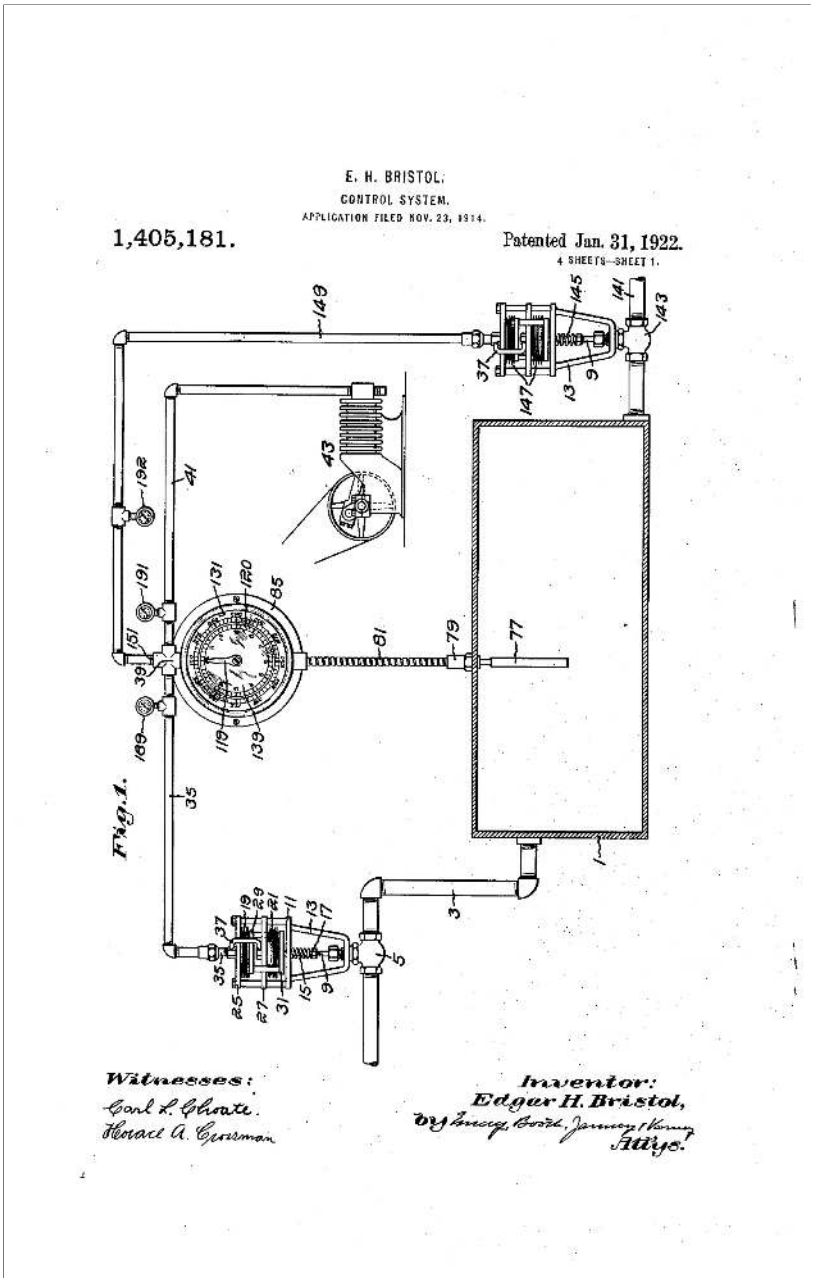
The new firm went fast. Edgar's first patent under its name, a "recording pressure-gage," was granted in 1910. By 1911 it had the first multiple-pen recorder, drawing several lines on one chart, and that year a Pennsylvania engineer named Thomas Weymouth took up again the work that would become the Foxboro orifice meter, the device that measured gas in a pipe by the drop in pressure across a thin plate with a hole in it, and



EDGAR H. BRISTOL, "RECORDING PRESSURE-GAGE," FILED 1906, U.S. PATENT 966,790 (1910): THE FIRST PATENT OF THE FOXBORO BUSINESS

that made the company's name in the oil and gas fields.

In 1912 the company put the name of its town on its trademark, and on January 1, 1914, it became the Foxboro Company. That year Edgar built a pneumatic controller, a machine that did not only record the temperature in a paper mill but adjusted it, and installed it in a New England mill. His biographer, writing thirty years later, noted that the company still had it, and that its principle was "basically similar to that used in Foxboro control instruments at the time of writing." The patent, filed in November 1914 under the plain title "Control system," was granted in 1922.


E. H. BRISTOL.
CONTROL SYSTEM.
APPLICATION FILED NOV. 23, 1914.

1,405,181. Patented Jan. 31, 1922.

4 SHEETS—SHEET 1.

Fig. 1.

Witnesses:
Carl L. Choate.
Horace A. Grossman

Inventor:
Edgar H. Bristol,
by Lacey, Boord, Jenney & Kenny
Attys.

EDGAR H. BRISTOL, "CONTROL SYSTEM," FILED 1914, U.S. PATENT 1,405,181 (1922)

The First World War brought the first big order. The company adapted its automobile temperature gauge for aeroplanes and sold it to the British, who were fighting the Germans and needed to know whether their engines were about to seize. After the war the patents came in a steady stream, almost all of them Edgar's and almost all of them assigned to the Foxboro Company: a measuring instrument, a mounting for instruments, a liquid-head gauge, a chart holder, a pressure gauge, a controlling instrument, a separable arm for measuring instruments, a recorder.

With Bennet he patented a latch for instrument cases. The biographer credited him with more than forty patents and with some that were "so basic in their nature as to represent actual turning-points in instrument development": the helical spring that became the measuring element in the company's temperature and pressure recorders, the recording controller, and a micropositioner for control valves that he called the valvactor. He was president of the company, of its Canadian branch and of the Foxboro National Bank, a director of a related firm in England, and a trustee of Bradford Junior College.

He also had ideas about how people ought to live together, and in 1922 he tried one out on the town. He founded an organisation he called New Civilization, whose declaration announced that "the old civilization is constantly breaking down in spots where it has not conformed to the laws of the universe," and he started a newspaper to discuss "What Does Foxboro Most Need?" The answer, it turned out, was a bus.

Foxboro was badly served by trains, and on July 12, 1922, the first New Civilization Service Car went into service, a beach-wagon that ran to the neighbouring towns, with a locked box for fares and a sign estimating the cost of the ride at ten cents a mile. Members joined for ten cents a year. What each rider paid was up to him. "A man may pay his way with plugged nickels if he has a plugged conscience," Edgar said.

The town called them "cuckoo cars," and the *Literary Digest* sent a reporter, who found the townspeople divided: one man thought it "a great idea," and another allowed that "Mr. Bristol is sincere in this, but just the same I don't think it's exactly the way to do it. It ought to be a business proposition." The magazine printed the organisation's fourteen rules for conduct in a box, from "Get all the joy out of life you can; give it to the first person you meet and then repeat" to "Have open hands, open mind, open heart," and reported that the bus had done what the meetings had not: membership, which had stood at two hundred and fifty, jumped by nine hundred in a month, and a quarter of the town now belonged. Edgar himself, the reporter noted, would rather have been left out of the story altogether, and preferred to call himself not the inventor of the idea but its "experimenter."

Edgar and May had five children: a son, Benjamin Hiel, named for his grandfather, who went into the company, and four daughters. The youngest, Justine Rexford Bristol, was born on February 10, 1906. The family spent its summers at Falmouth Heights, on Cape Cod, and it was there, a local history says, that Justine met the Harvard actor she was "later to marry." On May 5, 1934, she married Kingsley Perry, whose story is the next chapter's. Their youngest child was Regina, who would marry Daniel.

The Second World War made the Foxboro Company a war plant. In June 1941, six months before Pearl Harbor, it began making torpedo mechanisms for the British Admiralty, and it went on to work for the American armed forces, among other things on the mechanisms that steered a torpedo's course. The payroll doubled, and the company hired women in large numbers for the first time; its British branch doubled too. Bennet Bristol died in the early years of the war. In September 1942 the British sent an admiral to say thank you.

Rear Admiral E. J. O'Brien Croker, chief of the British Admiralty Technical Mission in Ottawa, came down to Foxboro, and Edgar introduced him on the lawn where the company's brass band gave its weekly noon-hour concerts. The trade press could say only that the company was "separately engaged in work of a confidential nature in which the Royal Navy has reason to be interested." The admiral was more vivid.



"PAY-AS-YOU-PLEASE": THE NEW CIVILIZATION CARS, FOXBORO, 1922

"Let me remind you," he told the workers, "that almost within sight of the British Isles stretch 4000 miles of hostile shore, all the way from the Arctic Ocean to the Bay of Biscay." The band played "God Save the King" and "The Star Spangled Banner," and a dozen employees of British birth went up afterwards to shake his hand. By the following summer the company's advertisements carried a new line: "For outstanding production," The Foxboro Company had been awarded the Army-Navy "E." Edgar died on July 24, 1944, at the summer house at Falmouth Heights, at seventy-three. Foxboro half-staffed every flag on its buildings and the one on the Common, and the shops and offices closed for the funeral. "'E.H.,' as he was known to all," wrote the local paper, "was a true humanitarian and philanthropist," and "in the concrete line of his inventions and mechanical ability he was a genius."

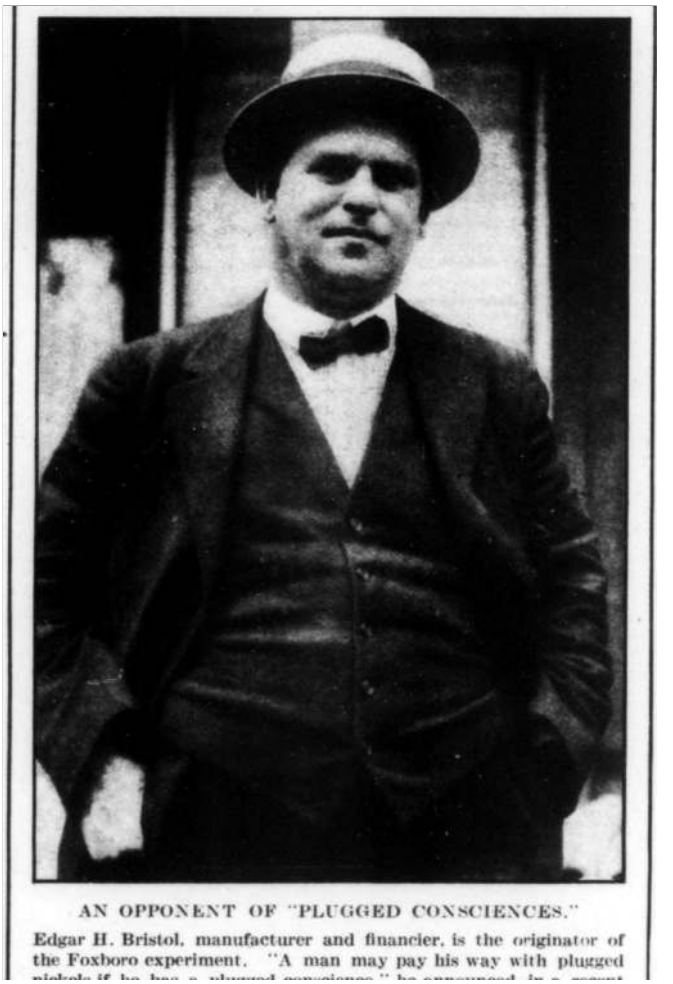
The family kept the company. Edgar's son Benjamin became president and another Bristol, Rexford, treasurer, and when the company sold shares to the public in 1958 the heirs held on to a third of them. Foxboro went on from pneumatic controllers to electronic ones, and in 1964 to direct digital control by computer. A grandson, Edgar H. Bristol II, spent his career there as a research engineer in the same line of work. And Edgar's patents, the chart holder, the latch, the recorder, are still in the Patent Office's files under his name, with the Foxboro Company beside it as assignee, which is the way the old man would have wanted to be remembered: as the fellow who made the thing, with the town's name on the dial.

❧

The patents. The tables below list every patent granted to one of the four brothers that could be found in the Patent Office's annual indexes for 1881 to 1969 and on Google Patents. Years are years of grant. Before 1910 the scanned indexes keep the subject but lose the number. The indexes for 1912 to 1919 are not online, and those for 1921 and 1925 could not be read, so the list is incomplete: William's biographers credit him with nearly a hundred patents and Edgar's with more than forty. A Franklin B. Bristol of Middlebury, who patented telemetering apparatus for the Bristol Company from 1934 to 1964 and appears in 1964 as "Sr.," may be the founder or his son; his patents are marked.

WILLIAM H. BRISTOL

Year	No.	Subject (with others, or assignee)
1888		Pressure indicator and recorder
1888		Differential expansion device for galvanometers *(with W. E. Geyer)*



AN OPPONENT OF "PLUGGED CONSCIENCES."

Edgar H. Bristol, manufacturer and financier, is the originator of the Foxboro experiment. "A man may pay his way with plugged

"AN OPPONENT OF 'PLUGGED CONSCIENCES'": EDGAR H. BRISTOL, 1922

1889		(subject not legible) *(assignor to himself and B. H. and F. B. Bristol)*
1890		Camera
1890		Electric meter
1890		Pressure indicator and recorder *(two-thirds to B. H. and F. B. Bristol)*
1892		Photographic camera
1892		Camera-shutter (two patents)
1894		Temperature-compensating device
1894		Recording steam-pressure gage
1894		(subject not legible) *(with E. H. Bristol)*
1895		Recording ampere-meter
1896		Thermometer *(Bristol Company)*
1898		Belt-fastener
1899		Case for recording-gages
1899		Multiplying device for recording instruments
1899		(subject not legible) *(with E. H. Bristol)*
1900		(subject not legible) *(with E. H. Bristol)*
1900		(subject not legible) *(with F. B. Bristol)*
1903		(subject not legible) *(with E. H. Bristol)*
1904		Record-sheet for recording instruments
1904		Temperature-compensating device for electrical measuring instruments
1904		Thermo-electric apparatus
1904		Thermo-electric couple (two patents)
1904		Thermo-electric element
1905		Insulating electrical conductors
1905		Thermometric rheostat
1905		Temperature-compensating device for thermo-electric measuring instruments
1906		Pressure indicator and recorder
1906		Thermo-electric couple
1907		Pressure indicator and recorder
1907		Pressure-gage
1907		Electric furnace
1907		Thermo-electric generator (two patents)
1907		Clamp
1911	1,000,146	Temperature-compensating device
1911	1,000,147	Combined clock and shock-recorder
1911	1,000,148	Speed-recorder
1911	1,000,149	Belt-fastener
1911	1,000,892	Pressure indicating and recording apparatus
1911	1,003,229	Differential-pressure gage
1911	1,004,356	Belt-fastener
1922	1,431,626	Measuring instrument
1922	1,431,627	Remote-control system *(with M. J. Johnson; Bristol Company)*
1922	1,431,628	Synchronized motion-picture apparatus
1923	1,452,063	Synchronous operation of entertainment apparatus
1923	1,468,455	Multiple sound-reproducing apparatus
1923	1,468,456	Thermoelectric couple

1924	1,488,227	Method and apparatus for applying belt hooks
1924	1,490,764	Electric reproducing apparatus for phonographs
1928	1,659,388	Valve *(Bristol Company)*
1931	1,809,578	Cone type loud speaker *(with F. B. Bristol; Wm. H. Bristol Talking Picture Corp.)*
1933	1,914,106	Cross-link for tire chains (granted after his death; filed 1930) *(with F. A. Smith; Bristol Company)*

FRANKLIN B. BRISTOL

Year	No.	Subject (with others, or assignee)
1890		Button *(two-thirds to B. H. and W. H. Bristol)*
1890		Punch and die *(two-thirds to B. H. and W. H. Bristol)*
1900		(subject not legible) *(with W. H. Bristol)*
1931	1,809,578	Cone type loud speaker *(with W. H. Bristol)*
1934	1,958,813	Hygrometer *(Bristol Company (Franklin B. of Middlebury: brother or a son? REVIEW))*
1940	2,214,159	Impulse transmitter for telemetering systems *(Bristol Company (Middlebury; REVIEW))*
1943	2,320,0?6	Self-balancing circuit mechanism *(Bristol Company (Middlebury; REVIEW))*
1943	2,326,200	Telemetric apparatus *(Bristol Company (Middlebury; REVIEW))*
1950	2,516,952	Insulated thermocouple with metallic coating *(Bristol Company (Middlebury; REVIEW))*
1950	2,528,336	Relay system *(Bristol Company (Middlebury; REVIEW))*
1964	3,142,989	Liquid seal for differential pressure apparatus *("Franklin B. Bristol, Sr."; REVIEW)*

EDGAR H. BRISTOL

Year	No.	Subject (with others, or assignee)
1894		(subject not legible) *(with W. H. Bristol)*
1899		(subject not legible) *(with W. H. Bristol)*
1900		(subject not legible) *(with W. H. Bristol)*
1903		(subject not legible) *(with W. H. Bristol)*
1910	966,790	Recording pressure-gage (filed 1906) *(Industrial Instrument Company)*
1920	1,338,766	Mounting for instruments *(Foxboro Company)*
1920	1,340,148	Measuring instrument *(Foxboro Company)*
1922	1,405,181	Control system (filed 1914) *(Foxboro Company)*
1923	1,452,142	Liquid head gauge *(Foxboro Company)*
1924	1,481,047	Chart-holding device for recorders *(Foxboro Company)*
1926	1,582,865	Retainer for glazings and the like *(Foxboro Company)*
1926	1,592,415	Pressure gauge (filed 1917) *(Foxboro Company)*
1927	1,624,887	Measuring and controlling instrument *(Foxboro Company)*
1927	1,641,944	Controlling instrument *(Foxboro Company)*
1928	1,686,263	Measuring instrument *(Foxboro Company)*
1928	1,689,182	Separable-arm construction for measuring instruments *(Foxboro Company)*
1929	1,709,772	Latch for instrument casings *(with Bennet B. Bristol; Foxboro Company)*
1930	1,752,059	Recording instrument *(Foxboro Company)*
1930	1,781,212	Measuring instrument *(Foxboro Company)*
1931	1,811,417	Recording instrument (filed 1925) *(Foxboro Company)*
1932	1,840,830	Chart holder for recording instruments *(Foxboro Company)*
1932	1,880,755	Recorder *(Foxboro Company)*
1933	1,917,092	Control system *(Foxboro Company)*
1936	Re. 19,944	Control system (reissue) *(Foxboro Company)*

BENNET B. BRISTOL

Year	No.	Subject (with others, or assignee)
c.1915		(subject not legible; Naugatuck) *(assignor, by mesne assignments)*
1929	1,709,772	Latch for instrument casings *(with Edgar H. Bristol; Foxboro Company)*

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KINGSLEY PERRY

SPRINGFIELD, CAMBRIDGE, FALMOUTH, GRAFTON AND AMHERST · 1907–1962

On Romeo, Ventriloquists, Summer Stock and Such

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AS YOU LIKE IT

Regina's father was the principal of Amherst High School for nearly twenty years, and almost everyone in the town under forty had at some point stood in front of his desk. That is how Daniel knew of him: as a title and an outcome. "Her father had died the year before, two years before I met her," Daniel said. "Her father died when she was a senior at Amherst High. He had been principal of Amherst High for 20 years." He never met the man. The records, as it turns out, met him a good deal, and long before he was anybody's principal: on the stage of a Springfield high school, on the cover of a Harvard concert programme, under the lights of a summer theatre on Cape Cod, and in the classified columns of the *Saturday Review*, renting rooms in Vermont.

He was born on February 19, 1907, named Kingsley Arnold Perry, and grew up in Springfield, Massachusetts. His father was Charles A. Perry. His mother, Etta, had been a Brill, the daughter of John Henry Brill, a New Yorker by birth who spent twenty-five years at Chicopee Falls and ended his working life as a foreman at the Wright & Ditson-Victor sporting-goods factory, and of Juliette De Cowin, his wife. When the old man died at his bench in the summer of 1923, the *Springfield Republican* listed among his survivors his daughter, "Mrs Charles A. Perry," and "a grandson, Kingsley A. Perry." Kingsley was sixteen and halfway through high school, and the family lived at 50 Sycamore Street.

The high school was Central, which printed a yearbook called *The Blue and White* and took its theatre seriously. In January 1922, when he was fourteen, the school gave *Romeo and Juliet*, and the yearbook judged it "one of the best amateur productions of Shakespeare ever seen in Springfield." Kingsley played Romeo. "Kingsley Perry, the dashing Romeo," the reviewer wrote, "urged his suit in true Romeo fashion." That May he was Charley Wykeham in the farce *Charley's Aunt*.

He also sat in the school's mock House of Representatives, and later served as treasurer of its Senate. When his class came to write up its history, it put the beginning of everything at a minstrel show in the freshman year: "Kingsley Perry starts dramatic career." By the senior year the class had a line for him in its book of quotations, borrowed and bent to fit: "His voice is heavy and terribly grave, / And sounds like the ocean's mournful wave."

His own entry among the seniors ran to fourteen lines, nearly all of them plays: *The Monkey's Paw*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *King Henry the Fourth*, a one-act called *Three Pills in a Bottle*, treasurer of the school Players, winner of the declamation contest. Under it the editors printed the line he must have chosen for himself: "The play's the thing, on with the play." Under "College" they wrote "Harvard."

In the autumn of 1924 he went to Harvard. He lived at first at 29 Holyoke Street, a few doors from the Yard. The class's *Freshman Red Book*, which the family still has, gives him a page with every other boy of 1928: a dark-haired, serious face; "Age: 18"; "Prepared at Central High School"; "Activities: University Instrumen-



KINGSLEY ARNOLD PERRY — *Harvard College*

B. A. A. (1, 2, 3); Hi-Y (1, 2, 3); House (1, 2); Players (1, 2); Class Minstrel Show (1); "Romeo and Juliet" (1); "Charley's Aunt" (1), "The Monkey's Paw" (2); "Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" (2), "Merry Wives of Windsor" (2); "The Perfect Tribute" (2); Treasurer of Players (2); Class Orchestra (2); "King Henry the Fourth" (3); "Nursery Maid of Heaven" (3); "Three Pills in a Bottle" (3); Winner of 3B Declamation Contest (3); History Pageant (3); Stationery Committee (3); Class Day Assembly Committee (3); Class Will (3); Treasurer of Senate (3); Recorder Staff (3).

The play's the thing, on with the play.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, CLASS OF 1924

tal Clubs"; and, for his second year, a room in the Yard itself, "Weld 22."

He did not have money behind him: in his junior and senior years the university's catalogue printed his name among the holders of Harvard College scholarships, a few lines from another Class of 1928 scholarship boy, Nathan Marsh Pusey, who would one day be the university's president. He arrived as an actor and he stayed one. In April 1926 the Boston papers listed him, "Kingsley Perry, Springfield," among nine undergraduates picked to compete for the university's speaking prizes. By his junior year he was president of the Harvard Dramatic Club.

In May 1927 the club and a party of Radcliffe women put on *The Taming of the Shrew* in modern dress, "reinforced by jazz music and lyrics," and the Associated Press found it worth a paragraph in papers across the country: Kingsley played Petruchio as a cowboy, in a leather shirt and the rest of the trappings, and "twined a long cattle whip about the shoulders" of his Katharina. Two weeks later he was an ogre.

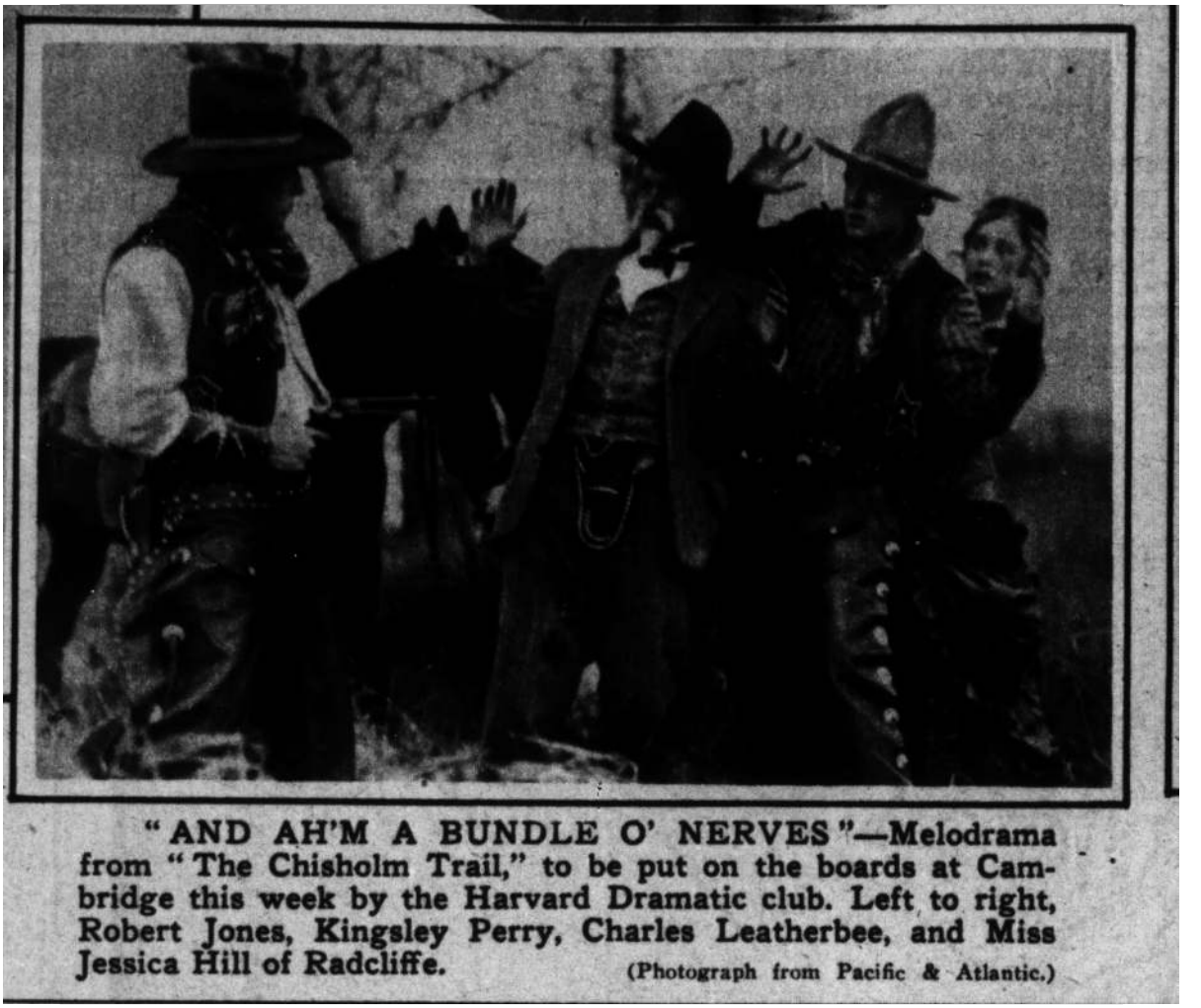
Radcliffe's Idler Club gave Benavente's fairy play *The Blue Prince* in the open air, on the steps of Agassiz House, with Charles Leatherbee as the King and "the Ogre, Kingsley Perry." That December, in the club's autumn production, *The Chisholm Trail*, a play about cattlemen and homesteaders in Nebraska in 1886, the *Crimson* listed "K. A. Perry '28, playing the part of Jim Morgan, elderly cattleman and father of the hero." The hero, his son, was played by Leatherbee. A news-picture agency photographed the cast in costume, cowboy hats on and hands in the air, and the picture travelled as far as the Sunday picture pages of the *Chicago Tribune*, which captioned it "And ah'm a bundle o' nerves."

It opened at Brattle Hall, with dancing after each performance, and finished at the Fine Arts Theatre in Boston. In April 1928, in his last term, the *New York Times* announced the cast of the club's spring production, a play of "ancient Oriental mystery and romance," and among the leading men was "Kingsley Arnold Perry, '28, of Springfield, Mass." The play was *Hassan*, and he was the Caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid. "Perry is a former president of the Dramatic Club," the *Crimson* added, "and has played in nearly every production for the past four years." Leatherbee, his stage son that winter, was in the spring cast too, and was already planning a summer theatre.

The scholarship came with a letter on the Corporation's paper, which he kept for the rest of his life and which his family keeps still: "My dear Sir: I am glad to inform you that you have been appointed to a Class of 1863 Scholarship for the academic year 1927-28. Sincerely yours, F. W. Hunnewell, Secretary."

He had another act, and it was the one that travelled. Kingsley was a ventriloquist. At Christmas 1927 the Harvard Musical Clubs went on tour, the banjo, mandolin and glee clubs with the Gold Coast Orchestra and a pair of specialty acts, and the papers on the route billed him by name. In Atlanta he was "ventriloquist and president of the Harvard Dramatic club" and also, it turns out, leader of the Mandolin Club.

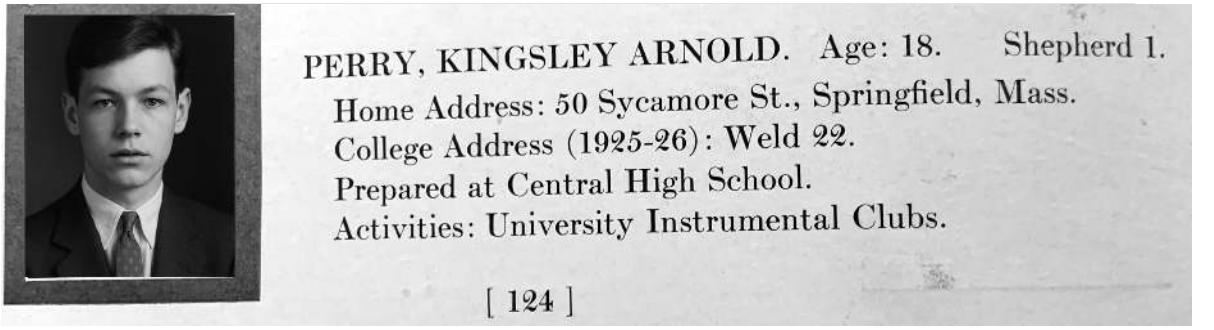
In Washington, where the clubs played the Mayflower Hotel, the *Evening Star* promised that he would "present his inimitable 'Tommy' and 'Nemo,' whose discussions have caused number-



"AND AH'M A BUNDLE O' NERVES"—Melodrama from "The Chisholm Trail," to be put on the boards at Cambridge this week by the Harvard Dramatic club. Left to right, Robert Jones, Kingsley Perry, Charles Leatherbee, and Miss Jessica Hill of Radcliffe. (Photograph from Pacific & Atlantic.)

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL, HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB, DECEMBER 1927: ROBERT JONES, KINGSLEY PERRY, CHARLES LEATHERBEE AND JESSICA HILL (PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOGRAPH)

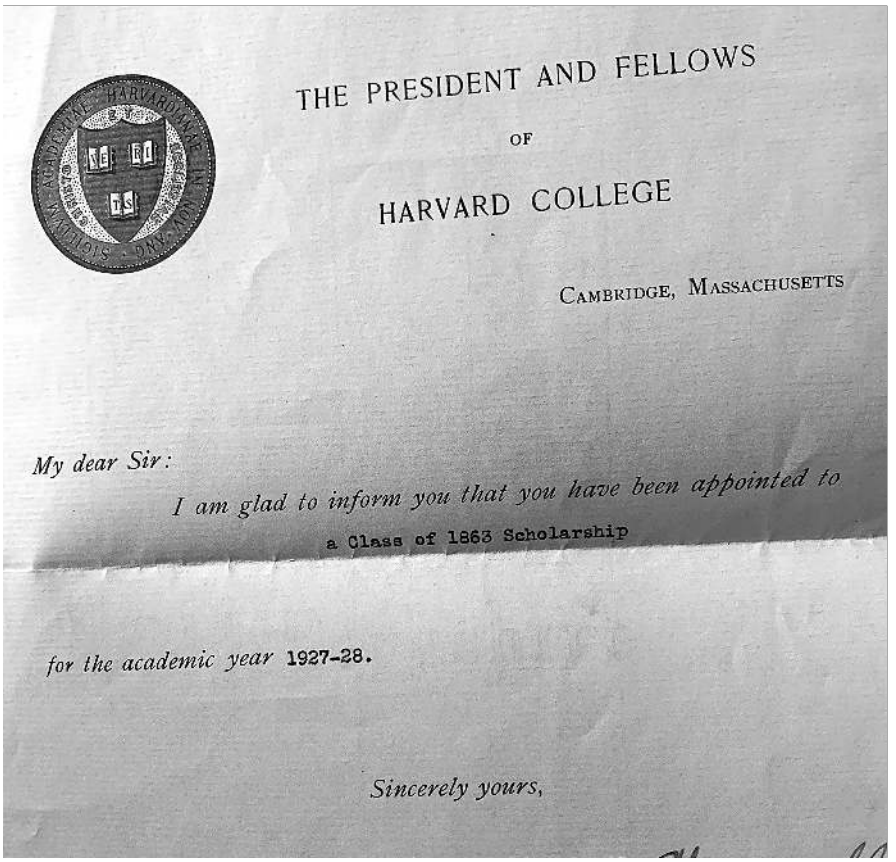
less audiences to rock with laughter," and the *Post* reported afterwards that he "kept the audience



PERRY, KINGSLEY ARNOLD. Age: 18. Shepherd 1.
Home Address: 50 Sycamore St., Springfield, Mass.
College Address (1925-26): Weld 22.
Prepared at Central High School.
Activities: University Instrumental Clubs.

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THE HARVARD FRESHMAN RED BOOK, CLASS OF 1928 (PORTRAIT DIGITALLY RESTORED)



THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

My dear Sir:

I am glad to inform you that you have been appointed to

a Class of 1863 Scholarship

for the academic year 1927-28.

Sincerely yours,

"A CLASS OF 1863 SCHOLARSHIP FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1927-28"

puzzled with his skill at this vocal art." The clubs came back two years later and he was still at it; the *Washington Times* wrote that "anyone who knows the least about the tricky voice art could appreciate the clever feats he performed." In June 1928 a New York paper's report of a Harvard concert, with "Kingsley Perry '28 did a ventriloquist act," struck *The New Yorker* as sly enough to reprint.

That month he graduated with honours. The *Springfield Republican*, proud of its own, put him among four Springfield men "sharing the highest scholastic distinction," which was generous: the summa had gone to four others. The university's own list is plainer. Under "A.B. cum laude (Honors)," between Paul Henry Nitze, in economics, the future arms negotiator, and a young man from Oak Park, it reads: "Kingsley Arnold Perry (Philosophy)."

The philosopher-actor went straight on to the Harvard Law School, where the catalogue for that autumn lists him among the first-year men, "Perry, Kingsley Arnold, A.B. 1928," and took its LL.B. in 1931; much later he would go back to Harvard a third time, to the Graduate School of Education. The Amherst yearbooks would print all three degrees under his photograph for years: "Harvard, B.S., Harvard, LL.B., Harvard Graduate School of Education, M.Ed."

❧

The summer he graduated, Kingsley went to Cape Cod and helped start a theatre. The idea came to him by way of Charles Leatherbee, who had followed him as president of the Harvard Dramatic Club. That Christmas Leatherbee had met Bretaigne Windust, president of the Princeton Theatre Intime, and the two of them had dreamed up a summer company made up entirely of college students. Back in Cambridge, Leather-

bee told Kent Smith and Kingsley, and they took to it at once.

Leatherbee went to New York and came back with the blessing of Eva Le Gallienne, Winthrop Ames and Robert Edmond Jones. Then the Princeton men came up to his room on the Harvard Gold Coast, and Windust laid out the plan. Norris Houghton, who wrote the company's history, gives the first practical question to Kingsley: "How many people do you estimate we'll need?" About twenty, Windust said, since they meant to do everything themselves. Windust and Erik Barnouw each put up a hundred dollars, and Leatherbee and Kingsley matched them. Four hundred dollars and a family's good credit in Falmouth were the company's capital.

He was keeping a diary that spring, and twenty-five years later the *Falmouth Enterprise* printed part of it under his name. He should have been studying for an oral examination in ethics, he admitted. Instead, after *Hassan* closed in Boston in May, five of them drove through the night to Leatherbee's camp at Woods Hole, six hours instead of two and a half. He called it "the laughingest ride in the world." Next day they called on the *Enterprise* and bargained with Robbins, who owned the Elizabeth Theatre. Robbins offered Monday and Tuesday nights for eight weeks from July 9 and an even split of the takings. Kingsley worked out what a full house would bring and argued for sixty-forty.

They called themselves the University Players Guild, and that first summer there were twenty-two of them, from Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Vassar, Radcliffe and Smith. They meant to do every job in the theatre: "directing, acting, set designing and construction, costume making and business, even the cooking." The men lived aboard Robert W. Leatherbee's motor yacht, the *Brae Burn*, moored in Falmouth harbour, and the women in a rented house at Quissett under a chaperone from New York. Houghton's sketch of the Harvard men is affectionate and exact. Kingsley was Leatherbee's "fellow stockholder in the venture," and "a rather lugubrious, moody chap with a gift for ventriloquism." The company made him its treasurer. Houghton thought a ventriloquist's talent for double talk might come in handy there.

Nothing about the summer was ready for them. The yacht had lain idle for two years, and the young men pried open its hatches, broke the rusted hinges and scrubbed it out before they could sleep aboard. The Elizabeth Theatre on Falmouth's main street was a cinema, and it had footlights and a row of old-fashioned border lights and nothing else. One of the Princeton men drove the Theatre Intime's lighting equipment up from New Jersey in the back seat of his car, four round trips in ten days.

The company had no scene shop. It built and painted its scenery in the alley beside the theatre and the lot behind it. Among the new arrivals was a large freshman from Shreveport, Louisiana, named Joshua Logan, who had been allowed to come though he was young.

The treasurer's first crisis came ten days into rehearsals for the first play. The four hundred dollars had shrunk to a hundred and sixty-eight, and the opening was still more than a week away. The four contributors sent the company up on deck to study their lines. They had made themselves an informal board of directors, and in the yacht's cabin below they held a council of war with their business manager. The company survived it. Kingsley also helped find the actress for the first play.

He went with Leatherbee and Windust to recruit a Vassar graduate a few years older than themselves, and Houghton tells how she baffled the three of them by asking how many "sides" her part had. The play was A. A. Milne's comedy *The Dover Road*, at the Elizabeth Theatre in Falmouth in July 1928.

The scientists of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, a few miles down the shore, had a summer newspaper, *The Collecting Net*, and it reviewed the students. It liked *The Dover Road*, and it liked Kingsley best: he, as Mr. Latimer, and a Vassar graduate in the part of Anne gave "the best individual performances in a well-directed cast." When the Episcopal church at Woods Hole gave its annual social for the laboratory in July, "Kingsley Perry, Harvard '28, a member of the University Player's Guild gave a clever exhibition of ventriloquism during the intermission. His little act was loudly applauded by young and old alike."

They celebrated the opening at Leatherbee's camp and began rehearsing the next play the following day. None of them had played stock before, and it came as a surprise that one play followed another so fast. The second play was Eugene O'Neill's tragedy *Beyond the Horizon*, chosen so that the summer audience would not think them merely light-minded. For the third production the company gave him the direction. The play was *The Torchbearers*, George Kelly's farce about amateur theatricals, and it was, Houghton says, the play that won the summer audience over.

The Collecting Net explained the joke to the laboratory: the play concerned "the difficulties of a certain type of Little Theatre group in the production of a play," and anyone who had sat through an ordinary dramatic club would recognize the types. The paper thought the company had been wise to choose it, "a splendid antidote" to the O'Neill of the week before, and reported "frequent applause and laughter." Elizabeth Fenner took "the premier honours of the evening" as a young wife who briefly believes her future is on the stage.

Helen Field played Mrs. Pampinelle, the self-satisfied director of the amateurs, and Logan, as an earnest and hopeless amateur actor, "was responsible for many of the laughs." Windust, Barnouw and John Swope took the small parts. Kingsley was not in the cast. For once, the director stayed off the stage. It suited the company's rule, borrowed from the Moscow Art Theatre and the Abbey: no stars, and everyone did everything. This week's leading man might be next week's walk-on. This week's director might be helping the prop man next week.

After the shows the company performed for itself, and these parties went on far into the night. At them, Houghton remembers, Kingsley "hauled out his dummy and ventriloquized." At the end of the summer the treasurer balanced the books. Sixteen performances had taken in about twenty thousand dollars, the cinema's owner had kept eleven thousand of it under the lease, and the eight productions and the whole company's keep had cost less than eight thousand. That left a profit of about twelve hundred dollars.

The town's paper, which called him the company's business manager rather than its treasurer, had watched him all summer. "Upon Kingsley Perry fell the brunt of the evening's acting," it said of the opening night, and at the season's end it ranked his Mr. Latimer with Windust's Giannetto in *The Jest* as "the most memorable acting of the repertory." In the last play, Bayard Veiller's thriller *The Thirteenth Chair*, he played the detective. "Kingsley Perry, ever a favorite," the *Enterprise* wrote, "was very good."

Nobody had been paid more than room and board. The obvious question followed: why not a theatre of their own? That autumn Kingsley entered Harvard Law School. In January 1929 he and Tom Smith went with the company's Boston lawyer, Irving McC. Garfield, to argue before the Falmouth Planning Board for turning a disused power plant on the Inner Harbor into a playhouse. The neighbours feared a theatre that was half a night club, the town meeting in February withheld the two-thirds vote, and the company built its theatre instead at Old Silver Beach in West Falmouth.

The place they found instead was Old Silver Beach, in a remote corner of West Falmouth. There were some privately owned bathhouses and a dance pavilion, with a hot-dog stand underneath it opening onto the sand. The owner, Mr. Crowell, agreed to let them build a theatre against it. The pavilion would become a tearoom and night club, with dinner before the play and a college band for dancing after, and the company would do its own catering. A Princeton student, Bob MacKinnon, drew the plans, and a local man turned them into blueprints. The boys were betting that their audience would follow them that far out of town.

He went back every summer he could. Houghton lists him among those who could be counted on for 1929, with Fonda, Kent Smith and Logan: nothing, he says, would have kept them away. They opened the new playhouse with Tom Cushing's comedy *The Devil in the Cheese*, with Margaret Sullavan as the daughter and Fonda as the steward she loves. A bus ran out from Woods Hole on show nights, and Wednesday was the

laboratory's night at the theatre. *The Collecting Net* went on reviewing.

In *The Donovan Affair*, a murder mystery in which the lights went out and a cat's eye glowed green, Kingsley was the district attorney, "violent and effective in his role." In *Outward Bound*, Fonda had the part Alfred Lunt had made famous in New York. Kingsley was "the self-righteous man of affairs who comes aboard ship with his brief-case and who snorts at the absurd notion that he is dead," and the paper thought him "well played." In August, in *Merton of the Movies*, he played a frantic film director and got a notice any actor would keep: "Mr. Perry is one of the most versatile of the Guild Players and when he knows his cues, as he did so thoroughly in this play, his vigorous acting sweeps any criticism to the four winds."

He did not always know his cues, and the stage did not always know its own. The play that followed *Outward Bound* was *The Last Warning*, a thriller set in a theatre, in which sandbags fall mysteriously from the flies. Kingsley played the producer who will not be frightened out of his theatre. On the opening night he stood beneath the rigging, arms spread, and dared whoever was up there to drop a sandbag on their heads. The bag was meant to crash down a foot away.

Nothing fell. "You see? Nothing," he ad-libbed, and the scene went on with the bag swaying overhead, stuck on its cord. The Woods Hole paper, which knew nothing of the rigging, scolded the men for their lines. Between that summer and the next the stock market crashed, and the company hardly noticed. The 1930 season opened on June 30 with Leslie Howard's comedy *Murray Hill*, and the audience could now dine in the tearoom before the curtain. The year's box office matched 1929's, about twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Woods Hole paper printed the company list that July, thirty-one names from Harvard, Princeton, Radcliffe, Vassar and Smith, and Kingsley's was among them, a few lines from Fonda's. A group, it explained, "endeavoring to establish a close connection between the universities and the professional stage." Curtain was at 8:30, with a Wednesday matinee, and seats cost seventy-five cents to two dollars.

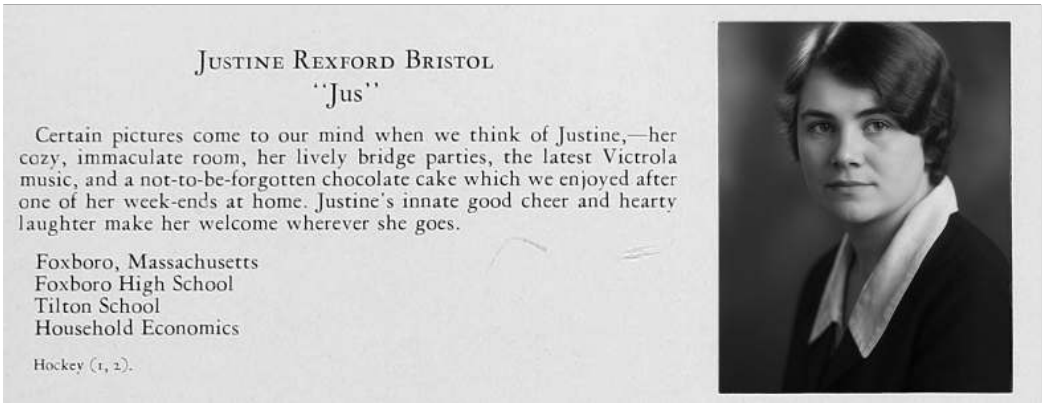
That summer's one frank bid for the box office was a thriller, *The Wooden Kimono*. The Guild offered free seats to anyone who could name the villain before the third act, and Kingsley did the howling from the cellar, Houghton says, "as only a Harvard ventriloquist can." The cast lists that survive give his range. He played Polverino in *The Firebrand*, Edwin Justus Mayer's comedy about Benvenuto Cellini, opposite Logan's Duke of Florence, in the week of August 11, 1930.

He played Charles Churchill in a drawing-room comedy, Ethan Malcom opposite Kent Smith, and a priest, Father Clement, in a play led by Sullavan and Fonda. Like most of the company he took his turn directing. A photograph in Houghton's book shows him at the dinner table of a French chateau in Noël Coward's *The Marquise*, between Logan and Leatherbee, with Sullavan and Fonda at the other end.

His last appearance was at the end of the 1930 season, in J. M. Barrie's *A Kiss for Cinderella*, the week of September 1. Sullavan played Cinderella, Fonda her policeman prince, and Kingsley was in the cast. The company called him King. Houghton names him with Bart Quigley, Elizabeth Johnson and Margaret Cook as the ones for whom that night was the last on the Old Silver Beach stage. They were out of college and had decided not to make a life in the theatre: "For them it had only been an interlude."

To cover the parting the company held a treasure hunt after the final curtain, and Kingsley and Quigley wrote the clues. Carloads of actors raced through the dark anywhere between Buzzards Bay and Hyannis. The next spring, when Windust set the company on a professional footing, it said goodbye to those who would not make the stage their life. Kingsley, Houghton notes, was to finish law school.

The University Players lasted until 1932 and became, in hindsight, one of the famous nurseries of the American stage: Fonda, Logan, James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan, Mildred Natwick and Kent Smith all passed through it. Kingsley did not go on to Broadway, but he never quite left Falmouth. It was there, the town's historian wrote, that he met the woman he was "later to marry": Justine Bristol, daughter of E. H. Bristol,



JUSTINE REXFORD BRISTOL
"Jus"

Certain pictures come to our mind when we think of Justine,—her cozy, immaculate room, her lively bridge parties, the latest Victrola music, and a not-to-be-forgotten chocolate cake which we enjoyed after one of her week-ends at home. Justine's innate good cheer and hearty laughter make her welcome wherever she goes.

Foxboro, Massachusetts
Foxboro High School
Tilton School
Household Economics

Hockey (1, 2).

JUSTINE REXFORD BRISTOL, SIMMONS COLLEGE, 1928 (PORTRAIT DIGITALLY RESTORED)

whose family spent its summers at Falmouth Heights.

Justine Bristol had graduated the same June he did, from Simmons College in Boston, in household economics. Her class book gave her a nickname, "Jus," and a portrait: "her cozy, immaculate room, her lively bridge parties, the latest Victrola music, and a not-to-be-forgotten chocolate cake which we enjoyed after one of her week-ends at home." On May 5, 1934, Kingsley Perry married her. She was a year older than he, the youngest daughter of Edgar Hiel Bristol, president of the Foxboro Company and one of the brothers whose story is told in the next chapter.

By then Kingsley was a lawyer, with an office on State Street in Boston, the street of banks and trust companies that runs down from the Old State House to the harbour. He had entered the Law School on September 24, 1928, and left in 1931 with his LL.B. On November 4, 1931, the Supreme Judicial Court admitted him to the bar, one of a long list of new lawyers admitted that day. A year later, when his law class published its first report, he gave his home as his parents' house at 50 Sycamore Street in Springfield and his office as 53 State Street, where he was "associated with" the firm of Abbott, Drew, Rogerson & Carr. The lawyers' directory for 1933 lists him in room 716 at No. 53; by 1937 he had moved down the street to No. 10.

One of his cases went all the way to the Supreme Judicial Court, and it is the kind of case a young lawyer gets.

A Middlesex County man named John Pederson, who kept an underground tank on his premises, had bought his gasoline for most of the



KINGSLEY PERRY'S CLASS: THE THIRD-YEAR MEN OF THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL, OCTOBER 1930, ON THE STEPS OF LANGDELL HALL. THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S KEY NAMES 236 OF THEM BUT NOT KINGSLEY; IF HE IS HERE, HE IS ONE OF THE FOUR MEN IT LEAVES UNNAMED, NUMBERS 72, 85, 130 AND 226 (S. ARAKELYAN; HARVARD LAW SCHOOL LIBRARY)

1920s from Henry Bursaw, whose drivers filled Pederson's 565-gallon tank and worked out how much they had put in by dipping a marked stick into it. The stick, the court noted, "was not a sealed measure." Pederson grew suspicious, had a new stick made, emptied the tank and refilled it from sealed five-gallon cans, marking the level every ten gallons, and "the marks on the rods did not correspond."

He refused to pay, and Bursaw sued. The court's docket enters the defence in the name of Kingsley's firm, Abbott, Drew, Rogerson & Carr, and Kingsley was junior counsel, under F. B. Turner, and the defence's argument was that sales by an unsealed measure could not be collected on. The court disagreed: such sales were lawful "if such sales are made in good faith and the purchaser is not injured thereby," and nothing showed otherwise. "Exceptions overruled." The account in dispute, three hundred and twenty-four items, came to $2,617.61, and Kingsley's client lost. The case had never gone before a jury. An auditor, Arthur P. Hardy, heard the evidence, including the test, which a disinterested man named Harlow E. Tuttle had spent something over five hours making, and found for Bursaw: $2,574.61 with interest. The defence's bill of exceptions, printed over the names of Abbott, Drew, Rogerson & Carr and Francis B. Turner, carried it to the Supreme Judicial Court, and lost there.

He practised law, the Amherst yearbook said later, for eight years (his obituary says "about six," in a firm), and "at the same time he gained further experience in the business world from owning and operating a summer hotel." The hotel was The Tavern at Grafton, Vermont, a village of white houses in the hills of Windham County that had once had sheep, woollen mills and a soapstone quarry and by the 1930s had mostly memories.

From 1939 to 1944, at least, the advertisement ran every summer in the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Saturday Review*, and in 1942 in the *New Republic* too: "The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont. Kingsley A. Perry, owner-manager." Rooms were "from $16 weekly," then "from $18," then "from $27 per week, American plan," and "trains are met." By 1944 the copy had found its voice: "Quiet living in an old-time New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages; no sports or activities other than those offered by village life." Four children came over the next decade, the youngest a daughter, Regina.

Nemo kept working too. In May 1938 six hundred members of the Bird Club, the club of Bird & Son, the box and roofing makers of East Walpole, a few miles from Foxboro, sat down to a turkey dinner in the Norwood Armory, and after it came six acts, one of them "Kingsley Perry—Ventriloquist." In November 1939 he entertained at a children's matinee in Newton, "with his clever impersonations of Nemo and his brother," and a fortnight later at the Newton Rotary Club's anniversary dinner, where the local paper billed him as a rival of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy: "Ventriloquist Perry and his dummy from Foxboro." That winter, it seems, home was Justine's town.

In 1940, at thirty-three, he changed course again and became a schoolteacher. He taught English for a year at Kingston High School, and in 1941 he joined the faculty of Amherst High School. In his first year he was faculty adviser to the Hi-Y club, and in May the boys held their house party "at Mr. Perry's hotel in Grafton, Vermont," which the yearbook called "this unusual and pleasant outing." In 1943 the principal, Ralph Haskins, left for Brockton, and Kingsley Perry took his place.

He had been running the school for some time already: the town directory for 1942 lists him as "acting principal A. H. School," living with Justine at 33 Dana Street. In September 1942, the first harvest of the war, the school committee let the high-school boys out for two weeks to pick apples, "entirely an emergency measure." Growers who wanted pickers were told to "get in touch with Kingsley Perry at the high school, telephone 591, or at his home on Dana street, evenings." The boys would be ready at five minutes to one, the pay was forty to fifty cents an hour, and the orchards sent the trucks.

In June 1943 the seniors dedicated a page to him. "Our new principal is a man with courage enough to face change," they wrote, and then they wrote him a poem:



"PRINCIPAL KINGSLEY A. PERRY," THE GOLD BUG, 1943 (DIGITALLY RESTORED)

> *We leave to the English their good Mr. Chips.*
> *We'll take Mr. Perry's fun and his quips.*
> *He's full of good stories, adventures and trips.*
> *We'll take Mr. Perry, a smile on his lips.*
> *He has vigor and charm and a power that grips.*
> *All hail to "King" Perry, "Good-bye Mr. Chips".*

"King" stuck. He spent that summer at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, and in time took its master's degree; in 1946 Smith College, across the river in Northampton, listed him as an instructor in education. He went on running the school through the war and the boom that followed it. Each June he wrote a few lines for the seniors, and they read like a man who had once played Petruchio and had settled, without complaint, into playing Polonius.

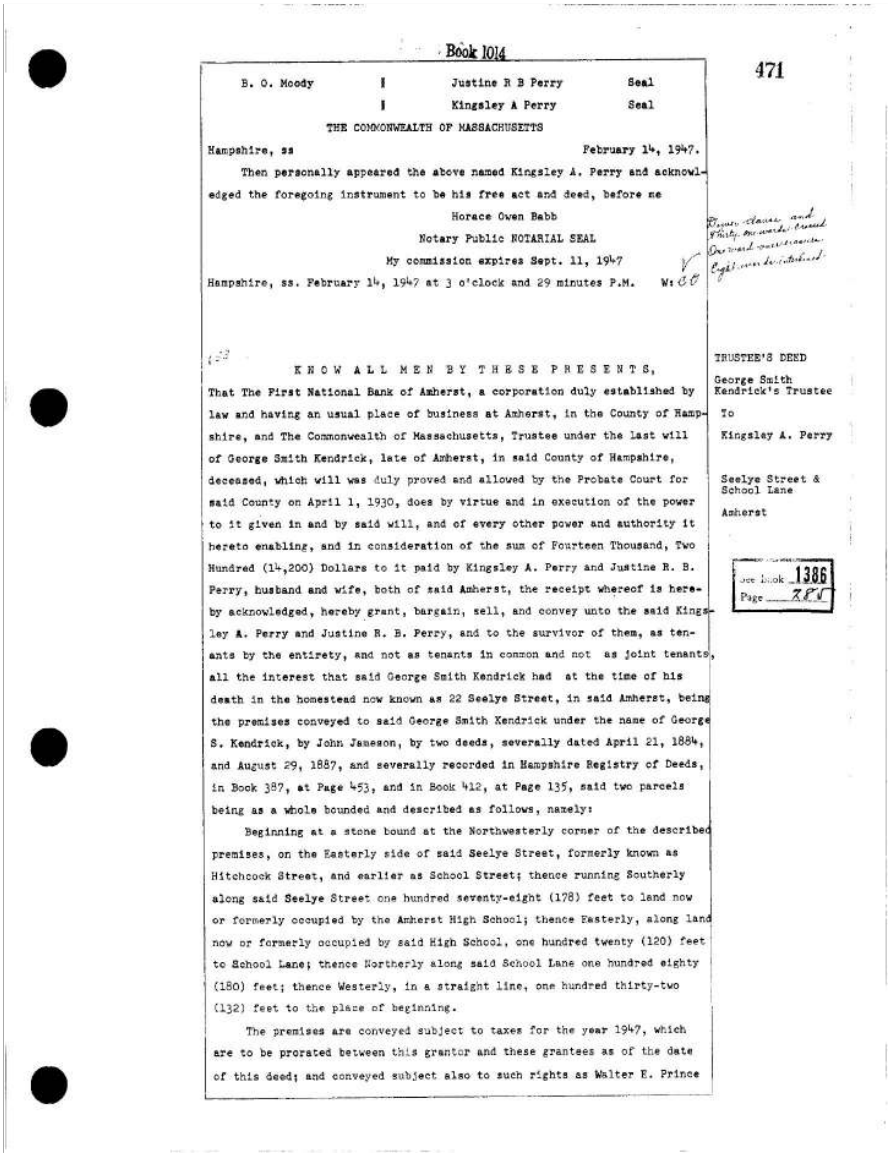
Polonius kept a dummy in the cupboard. In May 1944, when the Amherst fire department gave a farewell dinner for one of its men, "Entertainment was furnished by Kingsley Perry, ventriloquist," and that college year the student paper at Massachusetts State College promised that the "surprise hit of the evening" at one of its programmes would be the principal of Amherst High School and his "talking dummy, 'Nemo'." He took photographs as well: the *Gold Bug* of 1946 thanked him among those who had supplied its pictures.

In 1949 it was the freedoms the country promised, and then: "Do your part." In 1954 it was Immanuel Kant, "that no one should do that, which if everyone did, would destroy society." In 1959 he allowed that "these are parlous times for

education in the United States" but insisted that "anyone who seeks to excuse his own laziness or lack of application by blaming it on the exigencies of modern life should give careful thought" to the matter.

On Valentine's Day 1947 Kingsley and Justine bought a house. It was 22 Seelye Street, an old homestead that the First National Bank of Amherst was selling as trustee for the estate of a George Smith Kendrick, and they paid fourteen thousand two hundred dollars for it. The deed's description of the lot explains the choice better than any letter could: from a stone bound on Seelye Street it ran 178 feet south "to land now or formerly occupied by the Amherst High School," and then 120 feet along the school's land to School Lane.

The principal had bought the house next door to his school. The town directory found him there every time it was printed, in 1948, 1950, 1951, 1952 and 1954 as "principal AHS," in 1957 as principal of the new regional high school, and



Book 1014 471

B. O. Moody | Justine R B Perry Seal
| Kingsley A Perry Seal

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Hampshire, ss February 14, 1947.

Then personally appeared the above named Kingsley A. Perry and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be his free act and deed, before me

Horace Owen Babb
Notary Public NOTARIAL SEAL
My commission expires Sept. 11, 1947

Hampshire, ss. February 14, 1947 at 3 o'clock and 29 minutes P.M. Wm C C

Power, clause, and thirty months' bond One hundred seventeen Eighteen dollars attached

TRUSTEE'S DEED
George Smith Kendrick's Trustee
To
Kingsley A. Perry

Seelye Street & School Lane
Amherst

Rec'd Book 1386 Page 285

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That The First National Bank of Amherst, a corporation duly established by law and having an usual place of business at Amherst, in the County of Hampshire, and The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Trustee under the last will of George Smith Kendrick, late of Amherst, in said County of Hampshire, deceased, which will was duly proved and allowed by the Probate Court for said County on April 1, 1930, does by virtue and in execution of the power to it given in and by said will, and of every other power and authority it hereto enabling, and in consideration of the sum of Fourteen Thousand, Two Hundred (14,200) Dollars to it paid by Kingsley A. Perry and Justine R. B. Perry, husband and wife, both of said Amherst, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, hereby grant, bargain, sell, and convey unto the said Kingsley A. Perry and Justine R. B. Perry, and to the survivor of them, as tenants by the entirety, and not as tenants in common and not as joint tenants, all the interest that said George Smith Kendrick had at the time of his death in the homestead now known as 22 Seelye Street, in said Amherst, being the premises conveyed to said George Smith Kendrick under the name of George S. Kendrick, by John Jameson, by two deeds, severally dated April 21, 1884, and August 29, 1887, and severally recorded in Hampshire Registry of Deeds, in Book 387, at Page 453, and in Book 412, at Page 135, said two parcels being as a whole bounded and described as follows, namely:

Beginning at a stone bound at the Northwesterly corner of the described premises, on the Easterly side of said Seelye Street, formerly known as Hitchcock Street, and earlier as School Street; thence running Southerly along said Seelye Street one hundred seventy-eight (178) feet to land now or formerly occupied by the Amherst High School; thence Easterly, along land now or formerly occupied by said High School, one hundred twenty (120) feet to School Lane; thence Northerly along said School Lane one hundred eighty (180) feet; thence Westerly, in a straight line, one hundred thirty-two (132) feet to the place of beginning.

The premises are conveyed subject to taxes for the year 1947, which are to be prorated between this grantor and these grantees as of the date of this deed; and conveyed subject also to such rights as Walter E. Prince

THE DEED FOR 22 SEELYE STREET, 14 FEBRUARY 1947

in 1960, written out in full, as "prin Amherst-Pelham Regional High School h 22 Seelye."

In the summer of 1954 the principal and Justine set out for Alaska by car, and for eight weeks he sent letters home to the *Amherst Journal Record* from the road. One stop is on the record far from Amherst. On July 7 the Wien flights from Fairbanks, by way of Kotzebue, brought a list of visitors to Nome, and the *Nome Nugget* printed it a week later: among them, "Kingsley A. Perry, Amhurst, Mass."

The theatre never let him go. In the summer of 1950 a summer theatre workshop opened at Highfield, the old Beebe estate in Falmouth, and its advertisement in *Variety* named "Kingsley Perry (co-director original University Players)" as general director of the playhouse, with Henry Fonda, Joshua Logan and Margaret Sullavan listed as advisers.

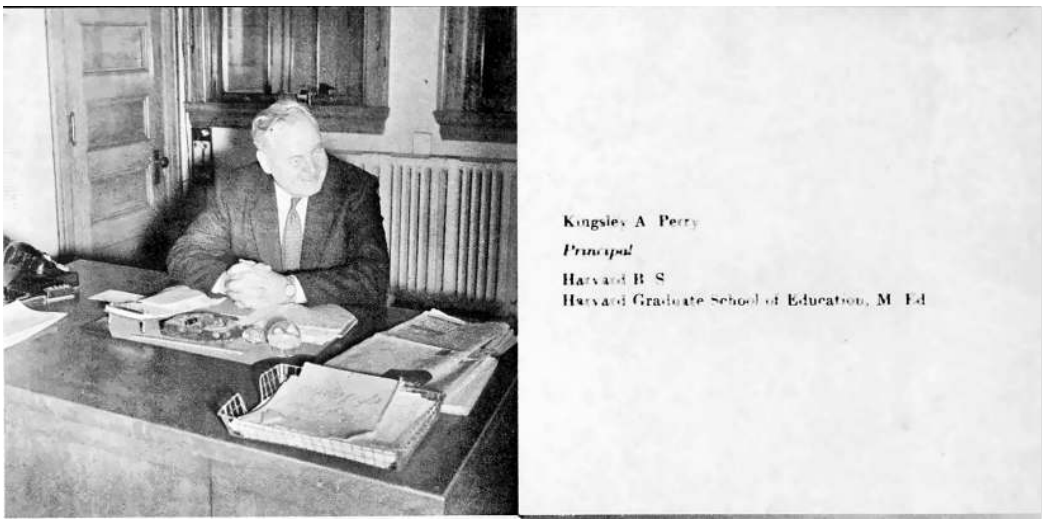
He gathered a company of collegians on the old University Players' rules, named the theatre Highfield, and opened with *Ladies in Retirement*. Then, early in July, he left, "due to pressure of other business interests," and his assistant director, Richard Maxson, ran the season and the theatre for years after. Amherst noticed all the same: when Frank Prentice Rand wrote the town's history in 1958, he listed Kingsley Perry among the townspeople who had "operated summer stock."

At school he was general chairman of the big productions, with committees for publicity, tickets, make-up and lighting under him. In 1956 Amherst built a new regional high school, and he became its first principal; the yearbooks printed his three Harvard degrees beneath his photograph every spring. The school's teams, by then, were the Hurricanes, a name that first appears in the yearbook of 1942, his first year in the building.

❧

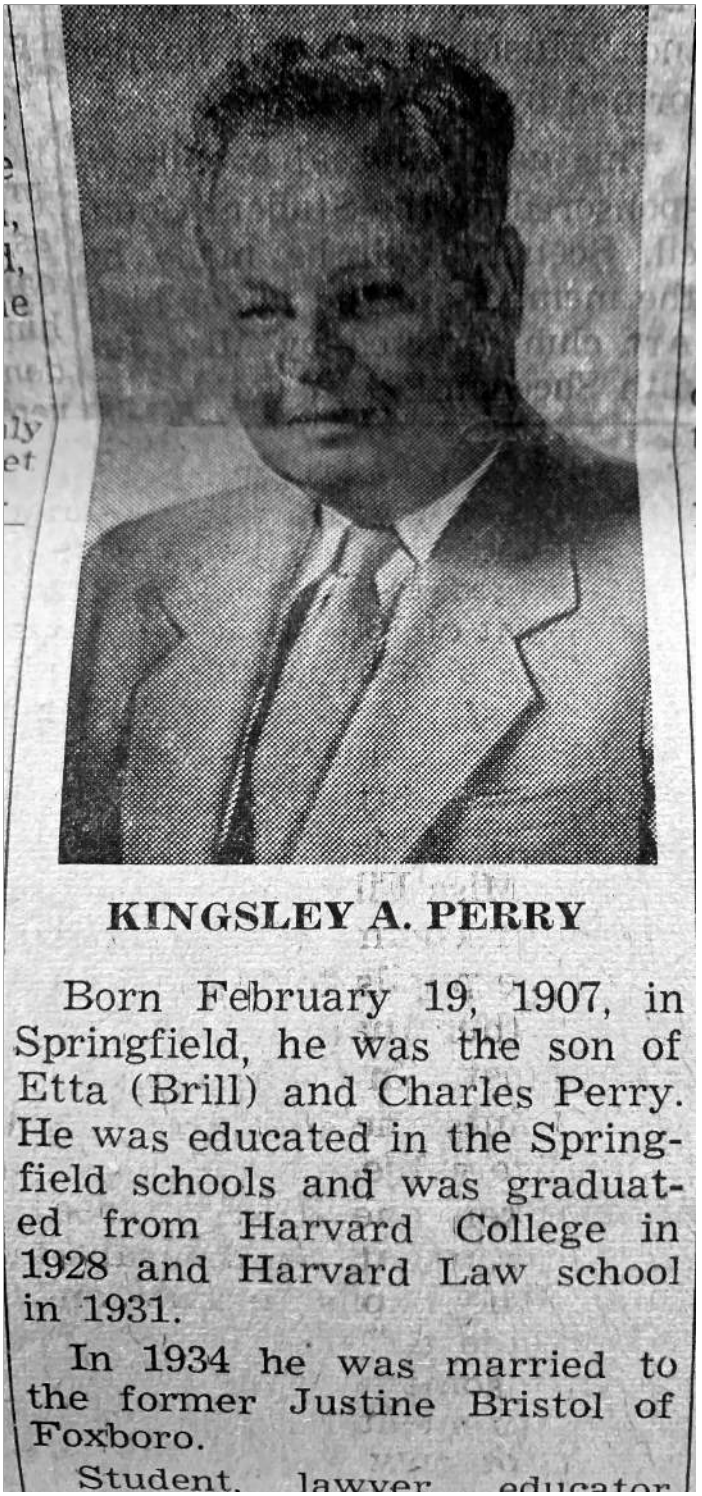
His last message to a graduating class was in June 1961. "In times as uncertain as ours seem to be at present," he wrote, "it behooves each graduate to exert his rights of citizenship and education to the fullest." The next class to graduate was his daughter's. Regina Allyn Perry was a senior that year, in the band, the orchestra and the chorus, on the basketball team, a member of the American Field Service club; her yearbook entry calls her a "Deutschland Experimenter," a "traveler," and adds, "strummin' the ole guitar."

Kingsley Perry died on April 18, 1962, at fifty-five, two months before she graduated. The yearbook that came out that June opened with him. "The death of Mr. Perry saddened all of us," it said. "He was our principal for the last twenty years. During that time our school has grown in size and stature." A scholarship was set up in his name.



AT HIS DESK, 1955

The newspaper's obituary, which the family cut out and kept, summed him up in four



KINGSLEY A. PERRY

Born February 19, 1907, in Springfield, he was the son of Etta (Brill) and Charles Perry. He was educated in the Springfield schools and was graduated from Harvard College in 1928 and Harvard Law school in 1931.

In 1934 he was married to the former Justine Bristol of Foxboro.

Student, lawyer, educator

FROM THE OBITUARY THE FAMILY KEPT, APRIL 1962

words, "Student, lawyer, educator and actor," and filled in what the yearbooks had left out: summers of travel with Justine through "many countries," summer courses in San Francisco, in Spain and at the "Oslo summer" school, membership in the First Congregational Church and the Amherst Golf Club, and service in the national associations of school principals. At the funeral the pastor of the First Congregational Church, Thayer Greene, offered a prayer that the yearbook printed, and it is the best description of the man that survives:

> *We remember with gratitude and appreciation many of the qualities which made him a unique person: a keen mind alive to ideas, a mind eager to read, to know, to explore; a love of art and the theater where much of the feeling locked up within his soul could find expression; his talents as a teacher; his impulsive generosity; his years of service to this community.*

He was buried at Grafton, in the Middletown Cemetery, in the hill village where he had once met the trains. Daniel's account of how he died is the only one in this book; no record yet found says more than the date. "And so her mother, the widow, had some worries about me," Daniel said, for the young man who turned up two years later was, as he put it, "clearly a radical student." The widow came round. When Daniel and Regina left for Berkeley in the summer of 1966, with a baby on the way, it was in "a nice Plymouth with air conditioning" that Mother Perry gave them. Her own father's story, and the company his family built, come next.

Justine kept the house on Seelye Street for a year and a half more. On December 27, 1963, "having no husband living," as the deed put it, she sold it to a young couple from Acton, and the deed recorded the reason in one plain line: "Said Kingsley A. Perry died on April 18, 1962."

THE RECORDS

Jones Library Special Collections, Amherst (Katherine Whitcomb), 10 Oct 2026: Amherst town directories 1942, 1948, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1954, 1957, 1960 (Perry entries); Hampshire County Registry of Deeds, trustee's deed to Kingsley A. and Justine R. B. Perry, 14 Feb 1947, Book 1014, p. 471, and deed of sale by Justine R. B. Perry, 27 Dec 1963 (recorded 20 Jan 1964). Copies in work/first-pass/archive-replies/jones-library/.

Family papers (Perry–St. John), photographed by Rex St. John, 9 Oct 2026: letter of the President and Fellows of Harvard College to Kingsley Arnold Perry, Class of 1863 Scholarship, 1927–28 (signed F. W. Hunnewell, Secretary); *The Harvard Freshman Red Book 1928*, p. 124; obituary clipping, "Kingsley A. Perry," April 1962 (newspaper not identified). Originals' photographs in work/first-pass/archive-replies/family-kingsley-perry/.

Cambridge Directory (Cambridge, Mass.), 1925 and 1927: "Perry Kingsley A student H U res 29 Holyoke." link

Harvard University, *The Harvard University Catalogue*, 1926/27 (p. 415), 1927/28 (pp. 109, 413) and 1928/29 (pp. 116–117, 765), HathiTrust, public domain. 1928/29 1927/28 1926/27

The Christian Science Monitor, 19 May 1927 ("'Blue Prince' will be played tonight"). link

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Bursaw v. Pederson, 284 Mass. 471, 188 N.E. 233 (1933), Caselaw Access Project. case.law CourtListener

Bulletin of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals, Jan. 1945 and Jan. 1947, membership lists. link

Kevin Sweeney, *Henry Fonda: A Bio-Bibliography* (Greenwood, 1992), University Players casts (snippets). link

Amherst High School, *The Gold Bug*, 1955, p. 8. link

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Central High School, *The Blue and White (Central High School yearbook), 1924*, 1924. link

Springfield Republican, *Springfield Weekly Republican, 9 Aug 1923, p. 14 (death of John Henry Brill)*, 1923-08-09. link

Boston American, *Boston American, 9 Apr 1926*, 1926-04-09. link

Christian Science Monitor, *The Christian Science Monitor, 2 May 1927*, 1927-05-02. link

Evening Star, *Evening Star (Washington), 4 May 1927, p. 1 (AP: modern Taming of the Shrew)*, 1927-05-04. link

Evening Star, *Evening Star (Washington), 11 Dec 1927, p. 88*, 1927-12-11. link

Atlanta Constitution, *The Atlanta Constitution, 25 Dec 1927*, 1927-12-25. link

Washington Post, *The Washington Post, 30 Dec 1927*, 1927-12-30. link

New York Times, *The New York Times, 5 Apr 1928 (cast for Hassan)*, 1928-04-05. link

The New Yorker, *The New Yorker, 23 Jun 1928*, 1928-06-23. link

Springfield Republican, *Springfield Weekly Republican, 28 Jun 1928, p. 9 (Harvard commencement)*, 1928-06-28. link

Marine Biological Laboratory, *The Collecting Net (Woods Hole), vol. 3, 1928*, 1928. link

Marine Biological Laboratory, *The Collecting Net (Woods Hole), vol. 4, 1929*, 1929. link

Marine Biological Laboratory, *The Collecting Net* (Woods Hole), vol. 5, 1930: "The University Players Guild" (5 July 1930, company list) and weekly advertisements. link

Chicago Daily Tribune, 4 Dec 1927, picture section p. 7: *The Chisholm Trail* (Pacific & Atlantic photograph). link

Simmons College, *The Microcosm*, 1925, p. 190 (Freshman Hockey). link

Bird & Son, *The Neponset Review*, 1938 ("Bird Club Banquet is Big Success"). link

The Newton Graphic (Newton, Mass.), 10 and 24 Nov 1939; 16 Feb 1940. 1939 1940

The Christian Science Monitor, 1 Jul 1944 (The Tavern advertisement). link; *Saturday Review*, 1940–1944, and *The New*

Republic, June–July 1942, classified advertisements (full-text search snippets of lending-library scans).
Springfield Weekly Republican, 17 Sep 1942, p. 14 (Amherst: apple picking). link; 25 May 1944, p. 14 (Amherst fire department dinner). link
The Massachusetts Collegian (Massachusetts State College), 1944–45. link
Amherst High School, *The Gold Bug*, 1946. link
Frank Prentice Rand, *The Village of Amherst: A Landmark of Light* (Amherst, 1958), pp. 219, 303. link
DeWitt C. Jones III, "Curtain Rising: Theater in Falmouth Over the Past Seventy Years," *Spritsail* 9:2 (Summer 1995), Woods Hole Historical Museum. link; *Variety*, 7 Jun and 5 Jul 1950 (Highfield, snippets).
William Sloane Associates, *Norris Houghton, But Not Forgotten: The Adventure of the University Players*, 1951. link
W. S. Sullwold Publishing, Taunton, Mass., *George L. Moses, Ring Around the Punch Bowl: The Story of the Beebe Woods in Falmouth on Cape Cod*, 1976. link
Wikipedia, *Wikipedia, University Players*, 2026. link
Saturday Review, *Saturday Review classified advertisements (The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont)*, c.1939-1942. link
Christian Science Monitor, *The Christian Science Monitor, 15 Jun 1939; 28 Aug 1940; 28 Jun 1941; 20 Jun 1942 (Tavern advertisements)*, 1939-1942. link
(Bristol family), *Bristol Genealogy*, 1967. link
American Historical Company, *Men of New England, vol. 4: Edgar Hiel Bristol*, c.1945. link
Amherst High School, *Gold Bug (Amherst High School yearbook), 1942*, 1942. link
Amherst High School, *Gold Bug, 1943*, 1943. link
The Nation's Schools, *The Nation's Schools, March 1943*, 1943-03. link
Springfield Republican, *Springfield Weekly Republican, 1 Jul 1943, p. 14*, 1943-07-01. link
Smith College, *Smith College Catalogue, 1946-47*, 1946. link
Amherst High School, *Gold Bug, 1949*, 1949. link
Variety, *Variety, 3 May 1950 (Highfield on Cape Cod advertisement)*, 1950-05-03. link
Amherst High School, *Gold Bug, 1954*, 1954. link
The Falmouth Enterprise: "Farewell to Players," 30 Aug. 1928, p. 10; "University Players Guild Opens New Theatre," 20 June 1929, p. 10; "Capek's Drama Presented," 31 July 1930, p. 2; review of Houghton's *But Not Forgotten*, 25 Jan. 1952, p. 5; Mail Away Edition, 8 May 1953, p. 3, "College Boys And Girls Brought Us Our First Summer Theatre" and Kingsley A. Perry, "Diary Tells How University Players Got Their Start." Pages supplied by Falmouth Public Library, 17 Oct. 2026; Enterprise archive (falmouth.historyarchives.online).
The Nome Nugget (Nome, Alaska), 14 July 1954, p. 3, "Tikighaght" (visitors to Nome on the Wien flights, July 7). Library of Congress, Chronicling America. link
Amherst High School, *Gold Bug, 1955; 1956; 1957*, 1955-1957. link
Amherst High School, *Gold Bug, 1959*, 1959. link
Amherst Regional High School, *Gold Bug, 1961*, 1961. link
Amherst Regional High School, *Gold Bug, 1962*, 1962. link
Wikipedia, *Wikipedia, Amherst Regional High School (Massachusetts)*, 2026. link
Find a Grave, *Find a Grave, Kingsley A. Perry (1907-1962), memorial 153935949*, 2026. link
Washington Times, *Washington Times, 31 Dec 1929, p. 7*, 1929-12-31. link
Further sources consulted: The Blue and White (Central High School yearbook), 1923 link Billboard, 13 Jul 1929 link Wikipedia, Grafton, Vermont link Educational Theatre Journal, Dec 1950 link Geneanet, Kingsley A. Perry (tree by jerqueen) link (blocked); Wikipedia, Bretaigne Windust link

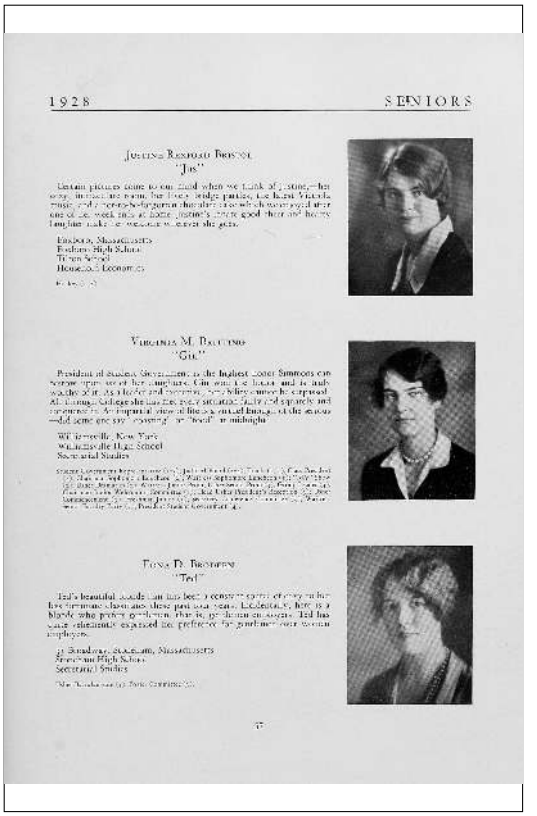
ADDENDUM: THE KINGSLEY PERRY PAPERS

School and college yearbooks, the Harvard University catalogues, the Massachusetts lawyers' directory and the report of his one case in the Supreme Judicial Court, each with a transcription. Spelling and punctuation are the originals'.



1. The Blue and White, *Central High School, Springfield, 1924, p. 49*

Kingsley Arnold Perry. Harvard College.
B. A. A. (1, 2, 3); Hi-Y (1, 2, 3); House (1, 2); Players (1, 2); Class Minstrel Show (1); "Romeo and Juliet" (1); "Charley's Aunt" (1), "The Monkey's Paw" (2); "Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" (2); "Merry Wives of Windsor" (2); "The Perfect Tribute" (2); Treasurer of Players (2); Class Orchestra (2); "King Henry the Fourth" (3); "Nursery Maid of Heaven" (3); "Three Pills in a Bottle" (3); Winner of 3B Declamation Contest (3); History Pageant (3); Stationery Committee (3); Class Day Assembly Committee (3); Class Will (3); Treasurer of Senate (3); Recorder Staff (3).
The play's the thing, on with the play.
The numbers are his years in the school. On the same page are Barbara Florence Pease (Mount Holyoke), Maude Alice Perry (Simmons), Austin William Phelon and Frances Elizabeth Pratt.



1928 SENIORS

JUSTINE REXFORD BRISTOL
"Jus"

Certain pictures come to our mind when we think of Justine,—her cozy, immaculate room, her lively bridge parties, the latest Victrola music, and a not-to-be-forgotten chocolate cake which we enjoyed after one of her week-ends at home. Justine's innate good cheer and hearty laughter make her welcome wherever she goes.

Foxboro, Massachusetts
Foxboro High School
Tilton School
Household Economics

VIRGINIA M. BALCOMB
"Gin"

President of Student Government in the highest Junior Simmons convocation year of her acquaintance. Gin was a leader and is truly worthy of it. As a leader and executive, she likes to move the crowd. At Camp—College she has ever proved herself a level-headed counselor and executive. An original view of life is a natural heritage of the owner—did some one say reserving "freak" in midnight?

Wellesville, New York
Wellesville High School
Secretarial Studies

TEDA D. BROOKS
"Ted"

Ted's beautiful blonde hair has been a constant source of envy to her less fortunate schoolmates these past four years. Evidently, here is a lovely who proves good when that is, gentleman prefer blondes. Ted has some additionally acquired the preference for gentlemen over women employers.

31 Broadway, Swampscott, Massachusetts
Swampscott High School
Secretarial Studies

Justine Rexford Bristol. "Jus"
"Certain pictures come to our mind when we think of Justine,—her cozy, immaculate room, her lively bridge parties, the latest Victrola music, and a not-to-be-forgotten chocolate cake which we enjoyed after one of her week-ends at home. Justine's innate good cheer and hearty laughter make her welcome wherever she goes."
Foxboro, Massachusetts · Foxboro High School · Tilton School · Household Economics · Hockey (1, 2).
Elsewhere in the book (p. 203), among the Commencement chairmen: "Class Day Supper, Justine Bristol." She married Kingsley Perry on 5 May 1934.

2. The Microcosm, *Simmons College, 1928, p. 57*

3. Harvard, in the University's own catalogues (*The Harvard University Catalogue*, Cambridge, 1926/27–1928/29, HathiTrust, public domain).
1925 and 1927, Cambridge Directory: "Perry Kingsley A student H U res 29 Holyoke."
1926/27, p. 415, Holders of Fellowships and Scholarships (Harvard College): "... Kingsley Arnold Perry, '28; Nathan Marsh Pusey, '28; ..."
1927/28, p. 109, Seniors. — Class of 1928: "Perry, Kingsley Arnold." *p. 413, Holders of Fellowships and Scholarships:* "... Francis Henry Pepper, '30, Kingsley Arnold Perry, '28, James Vance Pickering, '28, ..."
1928/29, p. 116–117, Degrees conferred in 1928, A.B. cum Laude (Honors): "... Edward Meyer Nathan (Biology). Paul Henry Nitze (Economics). Kingsley Arnold Perry (Philosophy). Oliver Stanton Picher. ..."
1928/29, p. 765, the Law School, Students. — First Year: "... Perlman, Harold Leanard, Ph.B. (Univ. of Wisconsin) 1928. Perry, Kingsley Arnold, A.B. 1928. Peterson, Thomas Francis, Jr., Ph.B. (Brown Univ.) 1928. ..."



Freshman Hockey, 1924–25. Back row: G. Kock, M. Caplan, E. Marcy, H. Woodside, P. Ripley. Front row: J. Bristol, A. Franks, L. Barker.
Justine Bristol, Simmons class of 1928, is at the left of the front row. Her senior entry three years later lists "Hockey (1, 2)." Public domain (published 1925).

2a. The Microcosm*, Simmons College, 1925, p. 190*



"'AND AH'M A BUNDLE O' NERVES'—Melodrama from 'The Chisholm Trail,' to be put on the boards at Cambridge this week by the Harvard Dramatic club. Left to right, Robert Jones, Kingsley Perry, Charles Leatherbee, and Miss Jessica Hill of Radcliffe. (Photograph from Pacific & Atlantic.)"
A wire photograph, published 1927; public domain.

2b. Chicago Daily Tribune*, 4 December 1927*

4. The lawyer. *Directory of Massachusetts Lawyers*, in the *Massachusetts Lawyers' Diary* (Boston): 1933 and 1934: "Perry, Kingsley A., 53 State St., rm. 716." · 1936: "Perry, Kingsley A., 53 State St., rm. 703." · 1937 and 1938: "Perry, Kingsley A., 10 State St., rm. 703."

Henry W. Bursaw vs. John Pederson, 284 Mass. 471 (Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, Middlesex). Argued October 6, 1933; decided November 28, 1933. Present: Rugg, C.J., Crosby, Pierce, Donahue, & Lummus, JJ.
Counsel: "F. B. Turner, (K. A. Perry with him,) for the defendant. L. G. Dennett, for the plaintiff."
The court's docket (Law, 1933, no. 7494): "Henry W. Bursaw v. John Pederson. Contract." Defendant's counsel: "Abbott, Drew, Rogerson & Carr." "Entered July 1. Oct 6. Argued. Nov. 28. Exceptions overruled. Rescript November 28, 1933."
The case papers (Defendant's Bill of Exceptions, Superior Court, Middlesex, allowed June 8, 1933): heard by an auditor, Arthur P. Hardy, who found for the plaintiff in $2,574.61 with interest; signed "By his Attorneys, Abbott, Drew, Rogerson & Carr, Francis B. Turner."
Admissions to the Bar (Supreme Judicial Court, Suffolk, 1931): "Perry, Kingsley A., November 4, 1931."
From the opinion (Pierce, J.): "This is an action to recover upon an account annexed for the sale of gasoline, oil and motor accessories. ... The deliveries of gasoline by the plaintiff to the defendant were made by the plaintiff's drivers from a tank wagon into a tank owned by the defendant and located under ground on the defendant's premises. The method of ascertaining the number of gallons ... was for the driver ... to insert a stick into the tank ... The stick was not a sealed measure. ... the defendant became suspicious that he was not receiving the full amount of gasoline for which he was being charged; he, therefore ... caused an experiment to be conducted by a disinterested person ... The tank was then filled with gasoline by means of five-gallon cans which were sealed measures. ... The two sticks or rods were introduced at the hearing as exhibits and the marks on the rods did not correspond. ... Sales and delivery of goods, wares and merchandise may be made without measuring and weighing devices described by law, if such sales are made in good faith and the purchaser is not injured thereby. G. L. (Ter. Ed.) c. 98, § 28. There is nothing in the evidence contained in the bill of exceptions to show bad faith by the plaintiff or injury to the defendant. Exceptions overruled."
Court opinions are public records; text from the Caselaw Access Project.

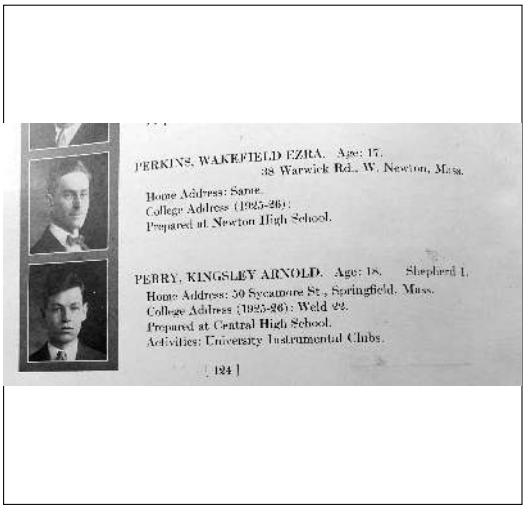


PRINCIPAL KINGSLEY A. PERRY

OUR new principal is a man with courage enough to face change. Although successful in all things dramatic during his college days, he chose law as a profession, which he followed for eight years. At the same time he gained further experience in the business world from owning and operating a summer hotel. But how "can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same?" In 1940 Mr. Perry became instructor of English in the Kingston High School. In 1941 he joined the faculty of the Amherst High School; in 1943 he became our Principal. Fortunate, indeed, are we to have as a guide through these days, when more than ever before circumstances have altered our lives and our thinking, a man who moves ahead with confidence and judgment.

5. *The* Gold Bug, *Amherst High School, 1943*

Principal Kingsley A. Perry. (Photo—Lacroix; signed.) "Our new principal is a man with courage enough to face change. Although successful in all things dramatic during his college days, he chose law as a profession, which he followed for eight years. At the same time he gained further experience in the business world from owning and operating a summer hotel. But how 'can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same?' In 1940 Mr. Perry became instructor of English in the Kingston High School. In 1941 he joined the faculty of the Amherst High School; in 1943 he became our Principal. Fortunate, indeed, are we to have as a guide through these days, when more than ever before circumstances have altered our lives and our thinking, a man who moves ahead with confidence and judgment."



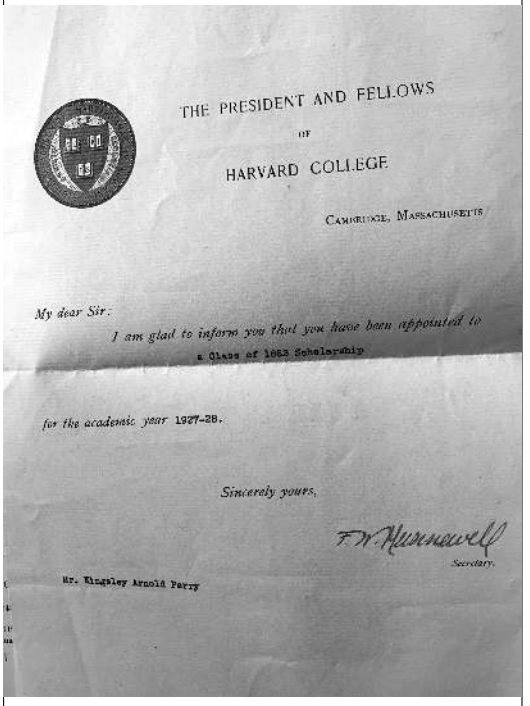
PERKINS, WAKEFIELD EZRA. Age: 17.
38 Warwick Rd., W. Newton, Mass.
Home Address: Same.
College Address (1925-26):
Prepared at Newton High School.

PERRY, KINGSLEY ARNOLD. Age: 18. Shepherd 1.
Home Address: 50 Sycamore St., Springfield, Mass.
College Address (1925-26): Weld 22.
Prepared at Central High School.
Activities: University Instrumental Clubs.

[124]

7. The Harvard Freshman Red Book 1928, *p. 124 (family copy)*

"PERRY, KINGSLEY ARNOLD. Age: 18. Shepherd 1.
Home Address: 50 Sycamore St., Springfield, Mass.
College Address (1925-26): Weld 22.
Prepared at Central High School.
Activities: University Instrumental Clubs."
(Above him on the page: Wakefield Ezra Perkins, of West Newton.)



THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS
OF
HARVARD COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

My dear Sir:

I am glad to inform you that you have been appointed to
a Class of 1863 Scholarship
for the academic year 1927-28.

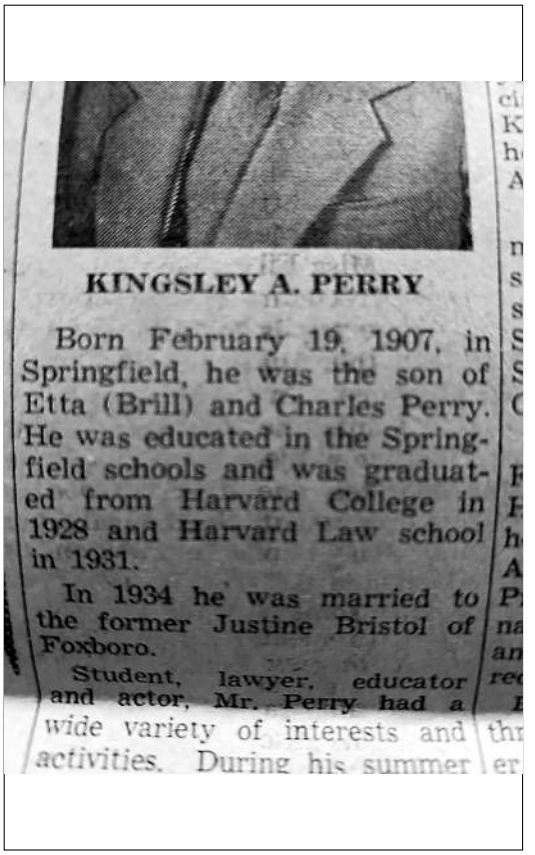
Sincerely yours,

F. W. Hunnewell
Secretary.

Mr. Kingsley Arnold Perry

8. Letter from the President and Fellows of Harvard College, 1927 (family papers)

Letterhead: The President and Fellows of Harvard College · Cambridge, Massachusetts (with the College seal).
"My dear Sir:
I am glad to inform you that you have been appointed to a Class of 1863 Scholarship for the academic year 1927-28.
Sincerely yours,
F. W. Hunnewell, Secretary."
Addressed: "Mr. Kingsley Arnold Perry." The scholarship name, the year and the addressee are typed into the printed form; the signature is in ink.



KINGSLEY A. PERRY

Born February 19, 1907, in Springfield, he was the son of Etta (Brill) and Charles Perry. He was educated in the Springfield schools and was graduated from Harvard College in 1928 and Harvard Law school in 1931.

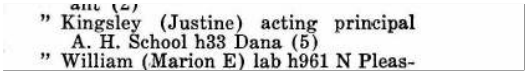
In 1934 he was married to the former Justine Bristol of Foxboro.

Student, lawyer, educator and actor, Mr. Perry had a wide variety of interests and activities. During his summer

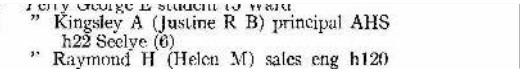
9. Obituary, April 1962 (family clipping; newspaper not identified)

Kingsley A. Perry.
"Born February 19, 1907, in Springfield, he was the son of Etta (Brill) and Charles Perry. He was educated in the Springfield schools and was graduated from Harvard College in 1928 and Harvard Law school in 1931.
In 1934 he was married to the former Justine Bristol of Foxboro.
Student, lawyer, educator and actor, Mr. Perry had a wide variety of interests and activities. During his summer[s] ..."
The next column survives only in part, cut at the fold: "Following ... law school he ... firm and pra[cticed] ... about six year[s] ... he became keen[ly interested in] the field of edu[cation] ... back to Harvar[d] ... tended the grad[uate school of] education and re[ceived his mas]ter's degree ... Mr. Perry joi[ned the Am]herst school sys[tem] ... [his]tory teacher in ... year's experienc[e] ... [so]cial studies a[t] ... Kingston high ... he was appoin[ted] ... Amherst high ... Mr. and Mrs. [Perry] ... many countri[es] ... summer travel ... studied at th[e] ... San Francisc[o] ... Spain, and at ... Oslo summer s[chool]. He was a ... First Congre[gational] ... He also belon[ged] ... [Am]herst Golf clu[b] ... Assn. of Se[condary School] Principals and ... national edu[cation] ... and served on ... [di]rectors of AAA ..."
Words in square brackets are restored by the editor.

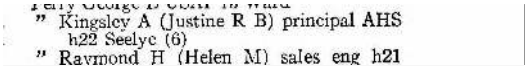
11. The Amherst town directories, 1942–1960 (Jones Library, Amherst): Kingsley's line in each


" Kingsley (Justine) acting principal
A. H. School h33 Dana (5)
" William (Marion E) lab h961 N Pleas-

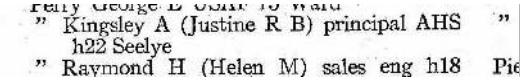
1942


" Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS
h22 Seelye (6)
" Raymond H (Helen M) sales eng h120

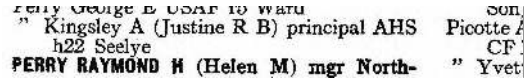
1948


" Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS
h22 Seelye (6)
" Raymond H (Helen M) sales eng h21

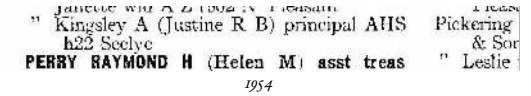
1950


" Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS
h22 Seelye
" Raymond H (Helen M) sales eng h18

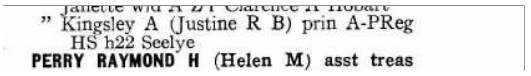
1951


" Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS
h22 Seelye
PERRY RAYMOND H (Helen M) mgr North-

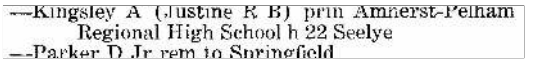
1952


" Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS
h22 Seelye
PERRY RAYMOND H (Helen M) asst treas

1954

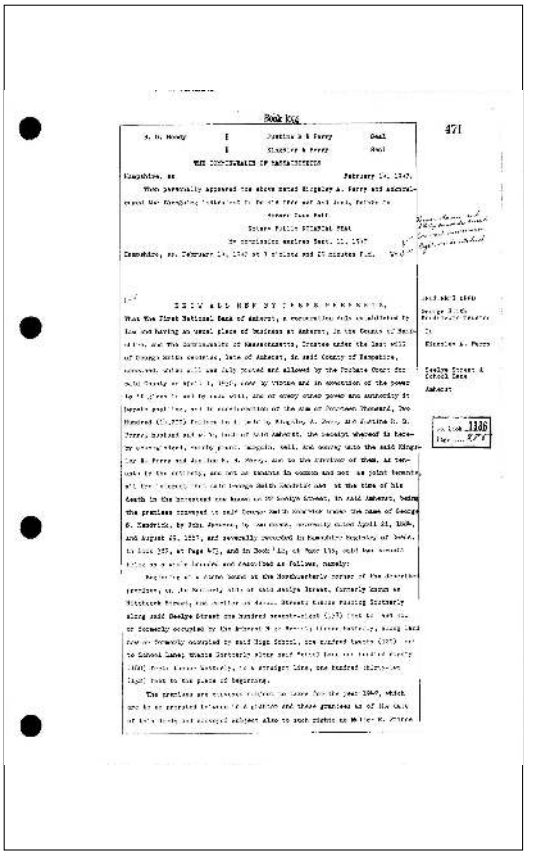

" Kingsley A (Justine R B) prin A-PReg
HS h22 Seelye
PERRY RAYMOND H (Helen M) asst treas

1957


—Kingsley A (Justine R B) prin Amherst-Pelham
Regional High School h 22 Seelye
—Parker D Jr rem to Springfield

1960

As printed (h = householder): 1942, "Kingsley (Justine) acting principal A. H. School h33 Dana (5)" · 1948 and 1950, "Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS h22 Seelye (6)" · 1951, 1952 and 1954, "Kingsley A (Justine R B) principal AHS h22 Seelye" · 1957, "Kingsley A (Justine R B) prin A-P Reg HS h22 Seelye" · 1960, "Kingsley A (Justine R B) prin Amherst-Pelham Regional High School h 22 Seelye." The directory was not printed every year.



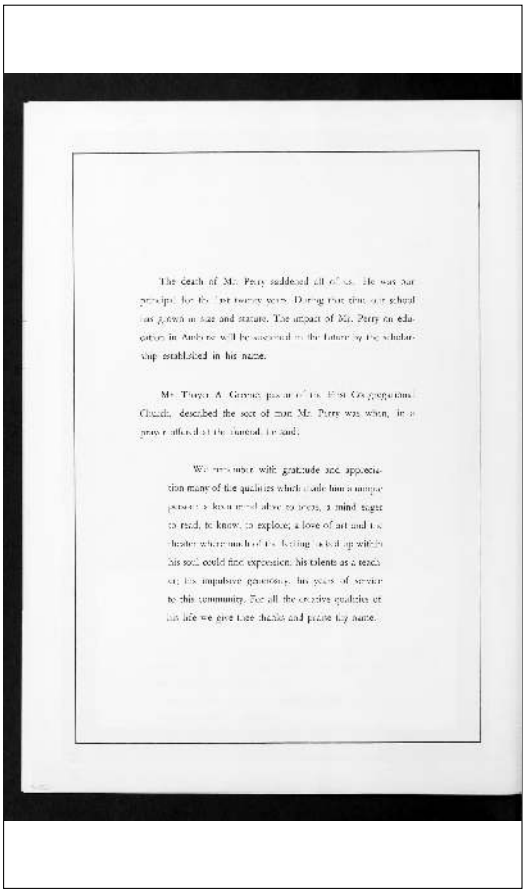
"Know all men by these presents, That The First National Bank of Amherst ... Trustee under the last will of George Smith Kendrick ... in consideration of the sum of Fourteen Thousand, Two Hundred (14,200) Dollars to it paid by Kingsley A. Perry and Justine R. B. Perry, husband and wife, both of said Amherst ... hereby grant, bargain, sell, and convey unto the said Kingsley A. Perry and Justine R. B. Perry, and to the survivor of them, as tenants by the entirety ... the homestead now known as 22 Seelye Street, in said Amherst ... Beginning at a stone bound at the Northwesterly corner of the described premises, on the Easterly side of said Seelye Street, formerly known as Hitchcock Street, and earlier as School Street; thence running Southerly along said Seelye Street one hundred seventy-eight (178) feet to land now or formerly occupied by the Amherst High School; thence Easterly, along land now or formerly occupied by said High School, one hundred twenty (120) feet to School Lane ..."
Acknowledged by Kingsley A. Perry, Hampshire, February 14, 1947, before Horace Owen Babb, Notary Public; recorded the same day at 3:29 p.m.

12. Trustee's deed, 22 Seelye Street, 1947 (Hampshire Registry of Deeds, Book 1014, p. 471)



"Know all men by these presents That I, Justine R. B. Perry, having no husband living, of Amherst, Hampshire County, Massachusetts ... grant to [the buyers], husband and wife ... the land in Amherst ... on the Easterly side of Seelye Street ... being the same premises conveyed by deed of The First National Bank of Amherst, Trustee u/w of George Smith Kendrick to Kingsley A. Perry and said Justine R. B. Perry, husband and wife, as tenants by the entirety, dated February 14, 1947, recorded in Hampshire County Registry of Deeds Book 1014, Page 471 ...
Said Kingsley A. Perry died on April 18, 1962."
Signed and sealed December 27, 1963, Justine R. B. Perry; acknowledged before Alvertus D. Morse, Notary Public; recorded January 20, 1964, at 3:45 p.m. (The buyers are named in the record.)

13. Deed of sale, 22 Seelye Street, 27 December 1963



14. *The* Gold Bug, *Amherst Regional High School, 1962, p. 4*

"The death of Mr. Perry saddened all of us. He was our principal for the last twenty years. During that time our school has grown in size and stature. The impact of Mr. Perry on education in Amherst will be sustained in the future by the scholarship established in his name. Mr. Thayer A. Greene, pastor of the First Congregational Church, described the sort of man Mr. Perry was when, in a prayer offered at the funeral, he said: 'We remember with gratitude and appreciation many of the qualities which made him a unique person: a keen mind alive to ideas, a mind eager to read, to know, to explore; a love of art and the theater where much of the feeling locked up within his soul could find expression; his talents as a teacher; his impulsive generosity; his years of service to this community. For all the creative qualities of his life we give thee thanks and praise thy name.'"
The same yearbook carries the senior entry of his daughter, Regina Allyn Perry.

THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs in this chapter are printed digitally restored: dust and scratches removed, noise reduced, contrast evened, nothing added or changed. These are the raw files, as received.



AT HIS DESK, 1955
The unretouched original.

PART TWO

HIS OWN LIFE

CHILDHOOD

SOUTH HADLEY, HOLYOKE, FLINT AND MOUNT MORRIS · 1943–1961

On Kerosene Stoves, Gravel Pits, Twisters and Such

How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world!
EMILY DICKINSON

In the autumn of 1949 South Hadley, Massachusetts, was still the sort of place a guidebook could describe without irony. The Federal Writers' Project had called it, a dozen years before, "a farming and college community on the Connecticut River below the low foothills of the Holyoke range," a town of "shaded streets, broad lawns, and quiet homes," whose farms sent "milk and butter for near-by manufacturing districts." The guide's chapter on it was titled "Milk, Butter, and Ideas," the ideas being supplied by Mount Holyoke College, founded in 1837 and the oldest of the leading women's colleges of New England. Its "leading industry continues to be paper-making, on a moderate scale, but farming is a close second," the guide went on; the Irish had come in the 1840s, the French Canadians after them for the mills, "and there are smaller colonies of German and Polish descent." Daniel's mother's family, the Krugs, were of the German colony. The town's early history had been livelier. Its first minister, dismissed by his congregation, simply declined to notice, and "eventually had to be forcibly ejected from the pulpit with a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, to prevent him from praying en route." By 1950 South Hadley held 10,145 people, half again as many as ten years before, and it would grow by half again before 1960.

Across the river lay Holyoke, a mill city of 54,661 that had stopped growing. Its paper mills, which made "high-grade writing paper, the principal support of the town," had given it the name of "The Paper City," and its people, the same guide reported, were one-third Irish, with French Canadians enough to make it "an outstanding Catholic center," Poles "ten per cent of the inhabitants," and the rest "of English, Scotch, German, Italian, Greek, Scandinavian, or Jewish origin." The city's favorite story was about its dam.

The first one, finished in 1848, gave way the same day, and the disaster was reported to the owners in Boston by a series of telegrams, the last of which read, "Your old dam's gone to hell by way of Willimansett." The guide is careful to say only that this "is said to have been" how it went. The dam of 1949 was a sturdier one, and on August 22 of that year the Holyoke Water Power Company began digging beside it for a new power station, which came on line two years later.

Daniel St. John was five. He had been born on November 13, 1943, in Flint, Michigan, as he always understood it, while his father was away at the war; he was two before he first saw him, and after a spell in California near his grandfather St. John, the family had come back to Massachusetts "when I was three years old, three, four years old." The chapters before this one tell those years. Now they were "living part with my grandmother," in South Hadley, in the household of his mother's parents, William and Elizabeth Krug.

The Krugs had been, in Daniel's words, "probably the wealthiest people in South Hadley," with "all the prime land right at the crossroads and acres of land going right down to the river." There was a little sister by then, three years younger than he was. And there was his father, John, who had come home from France a member of the Communist Party, "very in love with the Russians," as Daniel put it, and sure, as the party was, that the workers "had to take over the state just like they did in Russia."



OUR HOUSE BURNED DOWN (ILLUSTRATION)

The party had firm views on more than wages. "One of the things of the left-wingers in this country," Daniel explained, "was being for equal treatment of Negroes... and there were many of the young Negroes became communistic because of their, you know, their experience with racism. And, you know, they just needed something, right?" His father's friends were that kind of left-winger, and so, before long, were the people the family turned to when everything they owned went up in smoke.

In the autumn of 1949, Daniel was in the first grade. The family had moved out of his grandparents' house into "this little place down the street," as he described it, "some property with an old unfinished building on it." He was young for his class. "I was five and I didn't become six until November 13th. So I was kind of a young first grader. But I could read quite well then anyway... For some reason, reading very early." The new place did not last the season. "First month of my being in school, our house burned down," he said. The cause, as he told it, was the family's cheap old kerosene stove. "And we were left homeless."

No report of the fire has been found. The valley's daily papers for that autumn are not to be had online, and the town's fire reports for 1949 sit in a printed annual report on a library shelf in South Hadley, waiting for someone to go and look. What is certain is where the family went next. "We moved into Holyoke," Daniel said, "with these fellow communist couple. They were Jewish communists." The wife of the house had just come back from a concert.

> *And she had just been to this concert and the concert was given by Paul Robeson, who was a black American communist. He was an opera star... A very famous opera star. And he was also a very famous football player. But he was at a benefit. He was doing a concert and these right wingers attacked them, attacked the goers of the concert. And the police stood by and they, anyway, the lady of the house, I think it was her name was Nina, had her leg broken.*

The concert that fits, to the week, was at Peekskill, New York. Paul Robeson was a bass-baritone who had sung "Ol' Man River" in *Show Boat* and played Othello, and before that an All-American end at Rutgers in 1917 and 1918 who went on to play professional football for Akron and Milwaukee. He was also, loudly, a man of the left. His benefit concert for the Civil Rights Congress, set for August 27, 1949, never began. Before Robeson arrived, a mob attacked the audience with baseball bats and rocks, a cross burned on the hillside, and he was lynched in effigy. "Our objective

was to prevent the Paul Robeson concert," said the commander of Peekskill's American Legion post, "and I think our objective was reached."

They tried again on Sunday, September 4, on an old golf course nearby, and about twenty thousand people came. Robeson sang without trouble. It was the leaving that went wrong. The cars and buses were steered onto roads where veterans and their families stood waiting with rocks, a gauntlet miles long. The Associated Press reported the next morning that "at least eight autos and an empty bus were overturned, and an auto was set afire," and that "glass splinters were so thick on some spots of road that it looked as if a sleet storm had hit."

Eugene Bullard, a decorated veteran of the First World War and the first Black American to fly in combat, was knocked down and beaten by a crowd that included state and local policemen, and the beating was caught on film. More than 140 people were hurt, by most counts, as the police stood by; fifty-four were treated in hospitals. One car held Pete Seeger, with his wife and infant children, and Woody Guthrie, who pinned a shirt over the inside of the window against the rocks.

"Wouldn't you know it," the singer Lee Hays remembered, "Woody pinned up a red shirt." Within days a sticker turned up, reportedly plastered on the buses and cars, that put the matter plainly: "Communism is Treason. Behind Communism Stands the Jew!"

Two weeks later a reader wrote to the *Guardian*, a Black weekly in Boston, about what he had heard on the Monday after the concert "from the lips of a group of people from Holyoke who had driven down to Peekskill to hear that greatest of American baritones in concert." Their car, "containing women as well as men, had been halted by state troopers, overturned in front of their eyes by young hoodlums," and the party attacked. "They all wore bandages and splints when I spoke to them," he wrote. The letter names nobody, and no record says whether Nina was in that car. But there was a carload of people from Holyoke at Peekskill, and they came home in splints.

Robeson had called the first attack "no mere local incident." "It's pretty clear who uses force and violence," he told the press in New York, and he asked Governor Dewey and the Department of Justice to investigate. Dewey refused to meet the three hundred people who went to Albany to protest, and blamed the communists; the grand jury he called for, when it reported the next June, largely cleared the local authorities.

By Christmas, Robeson, the novelist Howard Fast, the Civil Rights Congress and twenty-five of the injured were suing the state, the county and two veterans' organizations, a suit that was eventually dismissed. More than eighty of Robeson's concert dates were cancelled in the months that followed, and the State Department took away his passport. The football player and the singer had become, in the newspapers, chiefly a red.

In Massachusetts the protest came quickly. On the Saturday after the second concert a crowd met at Frederick Douglass Square in Boston to hear speakers, among them a young NAACP lawyer from New York, Louis Maples, who had been at Peekskill himself and been hurt. "Hoodlums attacked men, women and children alike on their way home from the Robeson concert," he told them, "but police made no arrests." Roy Wilkins of the NAACP said that Dewey, by blaming Robeson's followers before his own grand jury had sat, had "prejudged" the case. A month later Robeson sang to more than seventeen thousand people at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. Twenty-two hundred policemen surrounded the park, and nothing happened at all.

"And we moved in with them in the fall of that year," Daniel said. "And they were terrified because of, you know, having been exposed to all this, you know, first they were Jewish, they were subject to anti-Semitism. Then they were communists or reds, right?" With their own house gone, the St. Johns stayed partly with Nina's family in Holyoke and partly, as Daniel put it, "at this other place." By the spring the Krugs had them back.

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In the spring of 1950, Daniel was six and back in his grandparents' house in South Hadley. On April 19 a census taker came to the door and wrote them all down, seven in the house: William Krug, fifty-six; his wife, Elizabeth, who had been born in Virginia; his sister Eleanor, a quiller in

a woolen mill; their son Frederick, twenty-one; their daughter, Daniel's mother, twenty-nine, who was packing greeting cards forty hours a week; and her two children. Daniel's father was not in the house.

Where he was that April, the census does not say. The sheet itself was sealed by law for seventy-two years and opened to the public only in 2022, and it is the only record of the family that these years have so far yielded.

As Daniel told it, his father had decided, "and I think he was advised by his comrades that the best thing for him to do was to... go to Flint, Michigan and be involved with the labor because he was from that area and his father had worked in the Buick plant in the 30s so he knew the working people. He was a white guy and a working class kind of guy. So he would be very good as a union leader." On another day he put it more simply: "The Communist Party suggested that people ... would go to places where they could be accepted by workers or people. And since he was from Flint, Michigan, and his family had worked in the automobile factories, that we should go there."

The party had had its eye on Flint for some time. At a meeting of its Michigan state committee in Detroit in August 1946, an FBI informant later reported, one of the party's leaders "pointed out that Flint was the main concentration camp under the current organizing drive of the Communist Party." In the party's vocabulary a concentration was simply a place where effort was to be concentrated, and the phrase meant nothing worse, though it is hard to imagine a less fortunate way of putting it a year after the war. At the same meeting a man from Flint explained that no collections had been made there "because of bad weather and poor work," and a second assured the room that Flint "was the best of the three towns."

The party's own papers, which turned up in a congressional hearing in 1954, say much the same. A resolution of the Michigan party "on concentration" put it bluntly: "Flint is the key to moving the General Motors division of the UAW, the division which Reuther heads, and therefore the key to striking a powerful blow against social democracy. Whatever develops in Flint has great influence on the entire UAW." It said what was to be done about it, too: "Many comrades would be encouraged to volunteer to change their jobs to seek employment in large auto plants."

To that end the party sent in what it called colonizers. "The word 'colonizer' was used quite frequently at that time," an informant testified, "and at that time it meant people who were sent by the Communist Party from other cities, principally New York." They were even told which plant to apply to, "because they wouldn't want all the Communists, for instance, to work at Buick as Chevrolet needed a few, too, as did Fisher and AC."

For their first three months in the shop, until their seniority was safe, they "were the epitome of good behavior," and Flint got fewer of them than the party wanted, "much to the chagrin of the Communist organizers because many of the colonizers were so used to the big city life in New York that they rather liked Detroit because it seemed more like home." The newcomers had another weakness, which was that nobody knew them, and so the party paired them with local people.

The same witness, who had joined the Flint party for the FBI in September 1949, was kept on, he said, "because I was a native Flintite," so that "the Flint people could give them directions as to the environment in Flint." In Flint the party was organized by plant, with a club at AC-Fisher, at Buick, at Chevrolet and at Fisher Body, and one community club, which had nine members. John St. John was no New Yorker. He was, as his son said, "from that area."

"So we went there when I was... six years old," Daniel said. "I never finished the first grade. Anyway, that's another story."

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In the summer of 1950, the family was living on the edge of Flint, in "this town of Mount Morris," as Daniel called it. The state's WPA guide had dismissed Mount Morris in a sentence: it "is virtually a suburb of Flint. Its working population is employed mainly in the industrial plants there." It had 2,890 people in 1950 and was named, like a good many Michigan towns, for the place in New York its founders came from. Flint itself was the real thing.

"Flint makes automobiles for the Nation," the guide said. "Huge factories — long, squat, and seemingly all windows — sprawl throughout the city. The Buick factory is in the north, the mile-long Chevrolet plants and Fisher Body No. 2 Plant in the west, the AC Spark Plug factories in the east." General Motors employed ninety per cent of the city's factory workers. In 1950 Flint had 163,143 people, and by 1960 it would have almost 197,000, the most it ever had; Genesee County as a whole grew by more than a third in the decade.

"On the outskirts," the guide added, "far removed from the din of pneumatic hammers and car loadings, are the neatly aligned houses of businessmen and motor-company executives." Mount Morris was the other kind of outskirts. The Buick works, as it happens, had begun on St. John Street, which had nothing to do with the family and is mentioned here only because it is true.

Outside Flint and Mount Morris lay the gravel pits. Genesee County dug sand and gravel in those years, most of it for concrete and for the roads the boom was building, and the old pits filled with water. "When I was six," Daniel said, "we would go to the gravel pit... It was in Genesee County. It was outside of Flint, outside of Mount Morris to these gravel pits. And we'd go swimming there and fishing." There, one day, his father taught him to swim, by a method that was quick, if nothing else.

> *And I did not know how to swim. And so he just said, oh, this is the way you swim. He threw me in there. And I just went down. And I thought I was dead, you know. Then he fished me out. He said, well, better learn how to swim.*

In the autumn of 1950, Daniel was in the second grade in Mount Morris, where he would stay through the sixth, and his father was working in the foundry. "He worked in the automobile factory in the foundry," Daniel said, and he became a union steward. Which plant it was, Daniel did not say, and no record of it has been found. Buick, where John's own father had worked in the 1930s, had a gray iron foundry on the north side of the city, nearest to Mount Morris; but so did others, and the foundry is all that is certain.

He had arrived at a good moment, as these things go. In May 1950 General Motors and the United Auto Workers signed a contract to run five years "without any interim reopening." Chrysler's workers, in the same weeks, had settled only after a strike of a hundred days. The GM contract kept the cost-of-living escalator, raised the yearly "improvement factor" from three cents an hour to four, and promised a pension of $100



BETTER LEARN HOW TO SWIM (ILLUSTRATION)

a month at sixty-five after twenty-five years. *Fortune* magazine called it the Treaty of Detroit and said it "made the worker to an amazing degree a middle class member of a middle class society." It was a grand bargain, and a union meeting in Flint, by Daniel's account, was a fairly homely affair.

> *So we would go to these union meetings and they would have donuts and they would play Abbott and Costello movies and have donuts and stuff and then they would decide if they were going to have a strike or how they were going to handle their relationship with General Motors and whatever and then it was not such a bad time. We were very poor, but we went hunting and we did have a dog and we went pheasant hunting and stuff and some social stuff with these friends of his that were like, what you would say, left wingers.*

Abbott and Costello were then the most popular comedy team in America, and during the war they had been the highest-paid entertainers in the world. What they had to do with collective bargaining nobody has recorded. The pheasants were at least plentiful. Michigan's guidebook of 1941 put the yearly kill of cock pheasants at 750,000 and noted that although some 400,000 small-game hunters were licensed each year, "the coveys continue to increase."

A resident's small-game license cost a dollar, the season in the Lower Peninsula ran for less than a fortnight in October, and the limit was two cocks a day and six a season. Sixty pages further on, in its essay on conservation, the same guide gave the annual kill as "in excess of 750,000,000," which is a thousand times as many and suggests that somebody, at some point, stopped counting birds and started counting zeroes.

The left wingers were another matter. "It was all during the McCarthy period," Daniel said, and "there was a heavy movement to stomp out the left wing and the labor... and it was the left wing that actually organized the labor back in the 30s but they got rid of them because of the McCarthyism, anti-communism." Flint was where the organizing had been done. In the winter of 1936–37 its GM workers had sat down in the plants for forty-four days and come out with a union.

Ten years later the union was cleaning house. Walter Reuther won the presidency of the UAW in 1946 and in November 1947 won it again by a landslide, which *Life* called "the biggest setback of all time for the Communists in the American Labor Movement." The Taft–Hartley Act of the same year required every union officer to swear that he was not a communist; within a year some 81,000 of them had signed.

In April 1952 Michigan passed a law of its own, requiring communists to register with the state and defining a communist, with admirable thoroughness, as "a member of the communist party, notwithstanding the fact that he may not pay dues to, or hold a card in, said party." In September 1952 the FBI arrested the leaders of the Michigan party, and six of them, among them a UAW organizer named Nat Ganley, were tried in Detroit under the Smith Act and convicted; the convictions were later overturned.

The other thing the union had to deal with was the South. Between 1940 and 1970 more than five million Black Americans left the South for the cities of the North and West, and white Southerners came too. Flint's work drew them from Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee and the Deep South, Black and white, and the city's Black population, 6,599 in 1940, was 13,906 in 1950 and would be 34,521 by 1960.

"The southern whites were coming north to work in the factories and also the blacks were because there was lots of work there," Daniel said, "and they would be clashing where they're on the job... there was a lot of racism going on there and my father's job was to try to deal with it to get organized people so that you know they would work together for a common cause and forget that they are black and white." The party had put the same thing in its program, in capital letters: among its tasks were "Organizing the fight for peace, Organizing the fight for Negro rights." Its Flint members held their parties at the Royal Gardens on St. John Street, and a witness remembered that a speaker came up from the state committee "to talk on the Negro subject."

At home it meant company. "So we had a lot of black friends and had them over the house," Daniel said. "I'd go to their birthday parties. And thanks to that, I did never become racist. Like

most of the people I knew were racist. Most of the whites anywhere in the North or South, I was not racist."

In the spring of 1953, Daniel was nine and in the fourth grade when the news came from Moscow. Joseph Stalin had a stroke on March 1 and died on the evening of March 5; at his funeral in Moscow four days later at least 109 people were crushed to death in the crowds. Daniel tied what came next for his father to that year. "Stalin died in 1953 when I was 10 years old," he said. "And Khrushchev let be known to the world that Stalin was a bad guy. He committed atrocities. And so it went through the left wing like a shot... And that was something my father had a lot of trouble with because he was a Stalinist."

The American papers had their own view. The day after he died, the Washington *Evening Star* gave Stalin a long obituary that dwelt on the purges, on the rivals who had died in the "treason" trials, and on Trotsky, who had been "assassinated in Mexico by a Communist agent who bashed in his head with a pick-ax while he was working on an uncomplimentary biography of Joseph Stalin." It also explained, with some care, how Stalin's admirers saw all that. "The purges and spies, the concentration camps, regimentation and fear," the paper said, "these, to them, are merely a benign fever burning an old sickness from the body politic."

Daniel's own account of how his father had come to that ran like this: "He had no idea. He thought the Russians must be great. You know, he had worshipped Stalin because Stalin was really defeating the fascists, right? There was no news coming out of there... a lot of people, the left-wing people did not know of the atrocities going on under Stalin. They were idealistic about, you know, socialism."

The full reckoning took a little longer than that. Khrushchev made his speech against Stalin to a closed session of the party congress on February 25, 1956, and the American government released the text that June, when the *New York Times* printed all of it. By 1957 the Communist Party of the United States was down to fewer than ten thousand members, of whom, by one estimate, some fifteen hundred were informants for the FBI. Whenever the arguments began, Daniel heard them.

> *And his friends, his left wing friends were saying to him, John, this guy was not what we thought he was, you know. And it actually set him drinking because he he would go and argue with these people. He loves to talk politics into the night, you know. And I used to hear all this. I was I don't care if I was six years old or seven years. I hear all about Marxism. all about all this stuff. I heard it. I went on the hunting trips. I heard every filthy joke they tell. I was like a confidant and I heard his ideas and he was frustrated because he could not believe that Stalin was that bad and that all of his ideas so it was like the God that failed.*

The God That Failed was a real book, as it happens, published in 1949: six writers, among them Arthur Koestler and Richard Wright, explaining how they had believed in communism and stopped. Daniel's phrase was its title. "And that kind of messed him up," he said of his father.

In the early summer of 1953, Daniel was finishing the fourth grade in Mount Morris. Flint was having a good year; Chevrolet was building the first Corvettes there that summer, three hundred of them, by hand. Then the tornado came. On the afternoon of Monday, June 8, the *Flint Journal* forecast "strong thunderstorms with hail and gusty winds over 50 mph," and at about half past seven the Weather Bureau's severe storms unit put out a bulletin; there was no such thing, yet, as a tornado warning for the public.

At about 8:30 p.m. a tornado touched down in Mount Morris Township, near Webster and Coldwater Roads, and minutes later the Weather Bureau's Flint station logged it in the clipped style of the trade: "unconfirmed Tornado reported 2 mi N Flushing heading ENE possibly hitting Flint." It ran east along Coldwater Road, up to half a mile wide, into Beecher, the crowded neighborhood between Mount Morris and Flint.

At the North Flint Drive-In on Saginaw Street, where the evening's picture was, of all things, *Invasion U.S.A.*, a sixteen-year-old named Charles Rachor looked back over his shoulder as the

screen flickered on and saw "a black funnel cloud stretching from the horizon to the sky." The cars poured out, and at the corner of Saginaw and Coldwater, he remembered, people ignored the light, "smashing into each other like a demolition derby." His friends stopped in front of Beecher High School to watch it come. When it hit, the windshield "disintegrated as if a thousand stones had been thrown at it."

The Weather Bureau's own summary, written up that summer, gave the path in a sentence: the tornado "struck the northern edge of Flint, moving eastward down Coldwater Road with complete destruction." It killed 116 people, 113 of them in Beecher and fifty-four of them children, and injured 867. In twenty families more than one person died, and two men lost their entire families; one of them, a General Motors worker, had been at work when the storm crossed his street. It wrecked 340 houses and struck Beecher High School.

"Of recorded tornadoes," the Bureau noted, "this one killed more people in the State than all previous Michigan tornadoes combined." "It was horrible," a retired Chevrolet worker who lived on Coldwater Road told the Associated Press. "It was the most terrible thing I ever saw." The police commissioner of Detroit said the damage was worse than what he had seen in London during the Blitz.

Governor G. Mennen Williams moved his office to Flint and called out the National Guard, and the next day "lines of blood donors more than a block long formed" at the first-aid stations. "Flint was a sorrowful town this morning," the AP reported. It was the deadliest tornado in the state's history, and for fifty-eight years the last in the country to kill more than a hundred people, in a year that had already seen 114 killed at Waco, Texas, that spring.

The first counts were higher still: the next morning's wire had 124 dead in Michigan, and nineteen more from the same storms in Ohio. Daniel's own count was higher than either. "We had a big tornado there," he said. "It went right by us and killed 400 people... it was a very bad tornado." He was right about the first part: it began in the township where the family lived.

The storm was not finished. The Weather Bureau's monthly review traced both days' tornadoes to "a pronounced prefrontal squall line" tied to "a deep Low which moved out of New Mexico, across Lake Superior, and eastward through southeastern Canada," and the same line of weather that had crossed Mount Morris Township on Monday evening reached New England on Tuesday. At 4:25 that afternoon, June 9, a



IT WENT RIGHT BY US (ILLUSTRATION)

tornado formed in the woods near Petersham, Massachusetts, and ran forty-eight miles through Worcester County, killing ninety people by the Bureau's count that year (ninety-four by later ones), hurting nearly thirteen hundred and leaving some ten thousand homeless.

The Bureau called it "the most violent and destructive tornado in New England's history." Forecasters in Boston, using the new warnings for the first time that year, had issued the first severe thunderstorm watch in the state's history. It was, the AP said the next morning, "the worst tornado ever to visit New England," and it had "spent its fury within 30 minutes." "And another tornado went through Worcester," Daniel said, and he counted "another three, 400 people, you know, just in Worcester, Massachusetts."

"And my mother got frightened by it," he said, "so we went back to stay in Massachusetts." When they went, the record cannot say. By the count of his school years, the second through the sixth in Mount Morris, Daniel did not start school in Massachusetts again until the autumn of 1955, two years after the storm; and he himself once dated the Michigan years as "roughly 1954 to five years after that." Perhaps his mother took the children east after the tornado and came back; perhaps the tornado was the reason remembered for a move that came later. The family stayed long enough, at any rate, for what Daniel called the McCarthy committee to reach Flint.

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In the spring of 1954, by the count of his school years, Daniel was in the fifth grade in Mount Morris when the hearings came to town. "All of his friends were being called in by the McCarthy committee," he said, "especially his Jewish friends." It was not, strictly, Senator McCarthy's committee but the House Committee on Un-American Activities, whose Michigan hearings were run by Congressman Kit Clardy, known as Michigan's McCarthy, which was close enough for most purposes.

The committee sat in the Supervisors Room of the Genesee County Courthouse in Flint on May 12, 13 and 14, 1954, with more than thirty witnesses summoned, only one of them friendly. Its chairman, Harold Velde, flew in to open the proceedings and thanked "the good people of Flint." "I have also driven several of the cars that are manufactured here in the great city of Flint and in the city of Detroit," he told them. "I have also had one repossessed."

The UAW, which had spent seven years pushing the communists out, wanted no help from Congress in finishing the job. In a statement over Walter Reuther's signature it said the committee had arrived "for the convenience of Congressman Kit Clardy's campaign for re-election." Most of those called would not answer, and some of them answered back. One young Chevrolet worker told the committee's chairman that he had "contempt for your antilabor record and for the witch-hunting activities that this committee has indulged in, and that goes for Mr. Clardy in spades." "Thank you," said Clardy. "You are welcome," said the witness. "I notice you come to town just before November 11, election day," one hostile witness told Clardy. "You didn't come during the tornado."

The consequences fell on the shop floor. On the day after the hearings closed, several hundred workers at the Buick Dynaflow plant walked one of the named men out to the gates and told him to "keep going"; at Chevrolet another, finding his fellow workers milling around him after lunch, asked for a pass to go home. Clardy called it "a clear indication that the rank and file of labor unions are not sold on Communist propaganda."

Another witness, that November, put it from the other side: "Those people only lost their jobs and were beaten up." A critic of the committee, writing a few years later, went further: men dragged from the plants and beaten, witnesses put out of their homes, families in hiding. The union's own regional director, for his part, told the committee that autumn that the colonizers had never been much of a secret. "They were spotted," he had told a reporter, "because they talked way over the heads of the union man and because they knew nothing of automobile-plant work." Clardy said the hearings had exposed "some 27 colonizers" and that there were seventy-five more to come.

The name St. John does not appear in the printed record of the Flint hearings, no St. John from Flint or Mount Morris appears anywhere

in the committee's volumes on Michigan, and Daniel never said that his father was called. What he said was that his father's friends were. That November, Kit Clardy lost his seat in Congress.

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In the autumn of 1954, by the same count, Daniel was in the sixth grade, his last year in Mount Morris. On November 23 a car came off a Flint assembly line that General Motors reckoned to be the fifty-millionth it had built in the United States, and the company said so in a full-page newspaper advertisement. "Today's a big day in Flint, Michigan," the advertisement began. "No wonder Flint has closed all schools for the day. And crowds line the street to cheer a huge parade honoring the big event." The schools in question were the city's; what Mount Morris did that day, no record found says. General Motors, the advertisement added, had 475,000 employees.

In the spring of 1955 the news from Michigan was medical. On April 12, at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, the scientist who had monitored the trials of Jonas Salk's polio vaccine declared it "safe and effective." That June the automobile contract that had run since 1950 came to an end, and the union settled with Ford and then with General Motors on a new one, for three years, which for the first time paid laid-off workers a supplement to their unemployment benefit, up to $25 a week for as long as twenty-six weeks. Things, as Daniel said, "have been changing in Michigan for the automobile workers." In his telling the reason was McCarthyism. That summer the St. Johns, or some of them, went east.

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In the autumn of 1955, Daniel was in the seventh grade in South Hadley. "We ended up in South Hadley when I was in the seventh grade and I was age 11," he said. He would be twelve that November. The valley he came back to had just been flooded. In the middle of August the remains of Hurricane Diane stalled over southern New England, on ground that Hurricane Connie had soaked the week before. The *Springfield Daily News* had forecast that "moderate rains" were "possible."

The storm dropped 19.75 inches of rain on Westfield, Massachusetts, the most from any storm known in New England, and the rivers of the state rose higher than they had in the hurricane of 1938. The Associated Press called it the "worst flood in State's history," with the southern part of the state, "including Springfield, Chicopee, Holyoke and Worcester, most seriously battered." Governor Christian Herter declared a state of emergency, the National Guard and the Army engineers turned out, and most of the roads took three weeks to clear. The Weather Bureau later admitted that it had, in a word, "goofed."

It was a bad summer for children in Massachusetts in another way. On August 11 the state reported sixty-eight new cases of polio, bringing the year's total to 1,106, against 108 by the same date a year before, and its health officials called it, for the first time, an epidemic, "a 'mild epidemic.'" By the first days of September, with 2,274 cases, more than seventy school committees, "faced with mounting parental anxiety over the polio situation," had put off the opening of school, most of them in the eastern part of the state, despite the advice of the state's health officials that postponing it would "have little effect." Whether South Hadley's opened late, no record found says.

South Hadley was growing all the same, toward the fifteen thousand people it would have by 1960, and at Westover Field, over the line in Chicopee, where John had once taught pilots on the Link trainer during the war, the Strategic Air Command had moved in. The Eighth Air Force set up its headquarters there in 1955, and the B-52s came the next year; down the road in Ludlow, from 1954 to 1962, the Air Force kept one of its five storage sites for nuclear weapons, which was not the sort of thing the guidebooks mentioned.

In 1957 the Massachusetts Turnpike opened across the valley. Even the fish were being looked after. In 1955 the president of the Holyoke Water Power Company started work on a fishway at the dam, which in time came to include an elevator to lift fish headed upstream over it.

From about that age, too, Daniel "spent a lot of time with my grandfather Krug," his mother's father, who was by then, in Daniel's words, "basi-

cally not employed" and "had all the time in the world and he was very curious about everything." The two of them rode bicycles "over a hundred miles," down Route 5 to the old family places at South Windsor and Old Lyme in Connecticut, and sold ice cream around the town from a cart pulled by a horse that one of Daniel's uncles had given his grandfather. The old man had a great many stories to tell, and they belong to the chapter about him.

"And my father stayed back and we didn't see him for a while," Daniel said. When John did come, "it looked like he was trying to get it together. He's starting a painting business. And he was using GI Bill." The G.I. Bill of 1944 had promised veterans a government guarantee on a home loan, with better terms for building new, and by 1952 the Veterans Administration had backed nearly 2.4 million of them.

The bill's schooling benefit ran out in July 1956, by which time 7.8 million of the sixteen million veterans of the war had used it. "He bought us the means of buying a house," Daniel said, "and we had made and bought some property up on not too far South Hadley, but near Amherst. And we built this house." The towns up that way were filling up: Granby, between South Hadley and Amherst, more than doubled in the 1950s, from 1,861 people to 4,221.

"And it looked like things were going to go well," Daniel said. "But he broke his arm."

There was a paper mill in John's story too. At some point he worked in one in Holyoke, and the painter in him found an audience there. "People liked it. They would line up," Daniel said. "They would... bring their families in... while he was doing portraits of people on the paper pulp sheets." Holyoke had been making paper for a hundred years, and it is pleasant to think that some of it, at least once, went to that.

As a teenager Daniel took up gymnastics, and he took it up in the old German way. In lower Holyoke stood the Turn Hall of the Holyoke Turn Verein, which the city's Germans had founded "to provide the German language, German customs and traditions, and particularly German gymnastics with a permanent home." They had built it on South Bridge Street in 1874, partly because the blue laws forbade exercise in public on Sundays, and in 1893 they added land for outdoor gymnastics and a beer garden.

Daniel's German great-grandfather, Wilhelm Krug, had been "heavily into gymnastics" there in his day, as Daniel told it. "I was a member of it," Daniel said. "I would go there and do gymnastics myself when I was a teenager... And they had gymnastic apparatus. And then you had the older men sitting there drinking beer, watching the gymnasts." The Turners are there still.

The valley had its other amusements in those years. On Mount Tom, Mountain Park, built long before as a trolley park by the Holyoke Street Railway, had been bought in 1952 by a family that added a Kiddieland "to attract the young families who were populating the area" and renamed the roller coaster the Mountain Flyer. In the park's Casino a summer company called the Valley Players put on plays, and in 1957 a young actor who had been in its cast from 1951 to 1954, Hal Holbrook, came back to open its season with his one-man show, *Mark Twain Tonight!* In March 1958 Holyoke's St. Patrick's Day parade gave its first award for an outstanding American of Irish parentage to the junior senator from Massachusetts, John F. Kennedy.

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In the summer of 1961, Daniel had just graduated from high school, and he had been accepted at the University of Massachusetts. He was seventeen. Across the river in Holyoke, that January, William Skinner & Sons, which in 1912 had finished the largest silk mill under one roof in the world, had closed and been sold to Indian Head Mills, which turned the old silk works over to rayon. That summer Daniel's father left, for Los Angeles.

"He left the family when I was, I just graduated from high school," Daniel said, "and he just left the family and that was it. You know, he just took off." On another day he put it this way: "Well, he went to Los Angeles. And so it was very upsetting to me, you know, because my family was... You know, separated."

When Daniel tried to explain why his father went, he did not begin with the arm. "My father was like this," he said, and he went back to Flint: to the party that had sent him there "for five

years" because he could be accepted by the workers, and to the way things had been changing in Michigan "for the automobile workers because it was a time of McCarthyism." [[BRIDGE: The rest of it, as Daniel told it, was the arguments into the night, and a god that had failed.]]

That summer, with no money for college, Daniel lied about his age to get a night-shift job in a Holyoke paper mill, and the machines there very nearly took his arm; that story belongs to the next chapter. His father went on painting houses in Los Angeles, and a year later Daniel would go out and work for him at five dollars an hour. Of the years in between, the paper trail is thin. A census line of April 1950 finds a boy of six in his grandfather's house in South Hadley.

A letter to a Boston weekly in September 1949 tells of a carload of people from Holyoke who came home from a Paul Robeson concert in bandages and splints. A tornado's toll, a congressional record of Flint in which his father's name does not appear, and a five-year contract between General Motors and its workers make up most of the rest. The swimming lesson, the donuts and the Abbott and Costello movies, the birthday parties, the hunting trips and the arguments about Stalin are on no record at all. They are Daniel's own. His mother lies in South Hadley now, under the Krug stone, with, as Daniel put it, "three generations of our women."

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COLLEGE AND THE PAPER MILL

HOLYOKE AND AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS, AND BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA · 1961–1964

On Calender Rolls, Side Horses and a Board of Twelve

We never know how high we are
Till we are called to rise;
EMILY DICKINSON

In the early 1960s the Pioneer Valley of western Massachusetts still lived, as it had for a century, off the Connecticut River. At Holyoke the river came over a granite dam 1,020 feet long, finished in 1900 at a cost of about a million dollars and called, with the directness of the age, the Million Dollar Dam. From there it was led off through three levels of canals, four and a half miles of them, dug between 1847 and 1892, to the mills that lined their banks. Most of the mills made paper. In the late nineteenth century Holyoke had turned out an estimated 80 percent of all the writing paper used in the United States, and in 1960, with 52,689 people, it still answered to the name of the Paper City. Up the valley at Amherst, the university that had opened in 1867 as Massachusetts Agricultural College, with four teachers and four wooden buildings, was busy turning itself into something much larger. In the spring of 1962 it had 5,800 undergraduates and expected nearly ten thousand within four years, and for a Massachusetts boy the tuition was $200 a year.

This chapter covers the three years in which Daniel went up and down that valley, and once across the whole country and back, trying to get himself through college. It begins in the summer of 1961. He was seventeen, he had just graduated from high school, and he had been accepted at the University of Massachusetts. That same summer his father, John, left the family and went to Los Angeles, which, as the last chapter told, Daniel found "very upsetting." That is how he came to spend a part of his youth in the paper mills of Holyoke, and how there came to be, in the yearbooks and the student newspaper of the University of Massachusetts, a gymnast called Dan St. John.

In the summer of 1961, Daniel needed money for college and had none. His father "had run away," as he put it, with some money from his own mother. "I didn't have any money to go to college," Daniel said, "so we had a neighbor who worked in the paper mill, and I lied about my age. I was 17. I couldn't legally work there." The neighbor got him in. He was taken on as a calender helper, and he worked nights, "from like 11 at night to 7 in the morning."

A calender, for anyone who has never had the pleasure, is the last thing paper meets in a mill before it is rolled up and sent away. It is a tall stack of hard iron or steel rollers, often heated, pressed together under great force, and the paper is run down between them to come out smooth, glossy and of an even thickness. The pressure where two rolls meet is called the nip, which is a word that tells you most of what you need to know about the job. In Daniel's words, the work was "compressing paper in these big stacks of rolls, heated rolls."

Calender work had a particular hazard, and on one of those night shifts Daniel found it. Paper would jam in the stack, and somebody had to climb up and get it out. He told it this way:

> *In the night, one of my jobs was, you know, was compressing paper in these big stacks of rolls, heated rolls. And I had to go up on top of these rolls and reach in and get, you know, when paper got stuck there. And I had put my arm between two bars and then the hydraulics, the operator had pressed the button to raise the*



A SUPER-CALENDER IN A HOLYOKE PAPER MILL, 1936–37

hydraulics and my arm was pinned between the two upper bars there and I was pinned up there and fortunately there was maybe a half inch bolt that kept the bars from compressing totally or my arm would have been just pinched off.

Nobody, at first, knew how to get him out. "Seemed like forever," he said, though he did not think it was hours. "People were running around because they were afraid to press any of the buttons in this machine. It was a new, hyped-up version of an old machinery. They'd taken the 19th century machinery and made them go faster. Even more dangerous." The rescue came from the laboratory, where every roll the mill made was tested before it went out.

"There was a fellow, a very bright fellow, I'd like to say. I'm grateful to him. A very heavy guy worked in the laboratory where every roll of paper, the paper had to go through these tests about its caliper, its puncture strength, and so forth. And he came out and he saw that all they had to do was press the button that released the hydraulics so that it would drop the bars. And then that's what they did." Daniel took his arm out of the machine. He had, he said, "some pretty nasty bruises."

The bolt, half an inch of it, had been the difference, and he knew what the alternative looked like, because it walked around the mill. "There were many, many accidents," he said. "The paper mills had their own doctors and they played games with the insurance companies. And if you lost your arm, they'd give you a job punching the time like a security guard. There were several of them walking around with one arm." There was a second reason the arm mattered to him.

"I was 17, just out of high school. And I was a very good gymnast. And that would have hurt my feelings to lose my arm." He had a scholarship waiting at the University of Massachusetts, and it was for gymnastics. Without the arm, he said, "I wouldn't be doing gymnastics. I had whatever money I had from saving from working the paper mill."

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In the fall of 1961, Daniel went up the valley to Amherst and the university. The Federal Writers' Project had described the town a generation before as "a dignified college town," with "quiet dwellings, elm-shaded streets, and general air of academic calm," and the town had not much changed, but the university at the edge of it was

being rebuilt around its students. A new infirmary had opened that year, the dining commons had been doubled, and there were nine men's dormitories with two more going up, all on a master plan that called for ten thousand students by 1965.

He was a young freshman even by the standards of freshmen. "I was only 17 years old," he said. "I was young. I didn't turn 18 until I was November 13th of my freshman year."

He came in, as he said, on a gymnastics scholarship, and he was good: he competed in "four things," in his words, "the trampoline, side horse, parallel bars, and still rings." In his first year, though, there was no question of competing on the varsity. "I couldn't participate on the senior team at the University of Massachusetts," he said, and the university's rules agree with him: freshmen earned their physical-education credit as members of a freshman or a varsity squad, and the varsity that winter was a team of upperclassmen under Coach Robert James, which went four and three.

He arrived with a large class. On the Friday night of the first week, about eighteen hundred freshmen filed through the Student Union ballroom to shake hands with the university's president, John W. Lederle, and his wife. The student paper that month carried a small advertisement for the "Kangaroo Court Trampoline Center," in town, "Behind Rowe's Garage," open from three in the afternoon on weekdays and into the evenings, so that a young man in Amherst in 1961 who wanted a trampoline did not, at any rate, have far to go.

The first bill a freshman's family received came to about $560 for the semester, and every item on it was a fair indication of what the university expected of a young man. There was $100 for tuition, about $100 for a dormitory room, $210 for board, a ten-dollar athletic fee, and a ten-dollar physical-education equipment fee, "men only." There was also a line that read "Military Uniform Deposit (men only)," $30.

The university thought a careful student could get through a year for about a thousand dollars, and it was serious about the word careful. Its scholarships went "only to needy and deserving students of high character whose habits of life are economical," and its loans, of no more than $200 a year and, except in exceptional cases, only after the freshman year, to "needy students of good scholarship whose habits are economical," on a note endorsed by a responsible party.

It also advised that "few students should plan to spend more than ten hours per week in part-time employment." Its new president, John W. Lederle, had pledged at his inauguration that spring "the right of every individual, regardless of race, religion, or economic background, to that amount and kind of education of which he is capable and for which he has the desire and will." Of scholarships for athletes the bulletin said nothing at all, though the university paid them all the same; a state audit issued early in 1964 found "about $80,000 a year" going into them. Daniel, by his own account, came with a gymnastics scholarship and whatever he had saved from the mill.

The uniform was for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and it was not optional. The university catalogue put it plainly: "All physically qualified male students, except veterans, who intend to complete the necessary requirements leading to a degree in any four-year course at the University are required to take the basic course (Army or Air) in the freshman and sophomore years." The reason went back a hundred years, to the Morrill Act of 1862, which had paid for the land-grant colleges on the condition that they teach agriculture and the mechanic arts, "including military tactics."

Massachusetts had sold its 360,000 acres of federal land scrip for $208,464, given a third of the money to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and two-thirds to the new college in Amherst, and in that way an agricultural college came to have a Department of Military Science. The catalogue was confident about the results. "Participation in ROTC has notable effect on character development," it said. "It also discloses to the Army existing officer material and potential leaders."

Daniel's account of it was much the same, with less about character. "It was to prepare special forces," he said. "It was all in the context of the war in Vietnam. The university was getting large funding from the military, and they were using it

as a place to train officers. So you were required to take two years of ROTC, whether you liked it or not. And these were graded classes. And if you'd signed up with them, then you'd become an ROTC major. Then you had all the other male students to march around and practice leadership skills with."

The Army's program at Amherst did in fact form a volunteer "Special Forces" unit the following year, under a former Ranger, and the yearbook described it as "modeled after the famed Army Special Forces Counter-Insurgence Troops," with training in "summer and winter survival training, scuba, hand to hand combat, mountain climbing and small arms instruction." The yearbook's caption for its photograph called it "our littlest guerrilla training force."

The military was not far away in any case. Down the valley, at Westover Air Force Base in Chicopee, the Strategic Air Command had kept the headquarters of its Eighth Air Force since 1955 and the B-52 bombers of the 99th Bombardment Wing since 1956, and an alternate command bunker, for use in a nuclear war, had been dug deep into nearby Bare Mountain. The university's Air Force drill team, the Flying Redmen, performed at Westover, and two years later the cadets at the Military Ball would begin their evening with dinner at the Westover Officers' Club.

In the fall of 1961 the American war in Vietnam was still officially something else. On December 19, 1961, while Daniel was in his first term, the United States Air Force began Operation Farm Gate, in which American air commandos flew in South Vietnam under the cover story of training the South Vietnamese, and on January 13, 1962, they flew their first combat missions. By late 1962 there were about eleven thousand American advisers in the country, with aircraft and helicopters, and with napalm and defoliants among their weapons.

The ROTC class showed films, and it was the films that decided him. "I didn't like the films where they were showing films of our planes napalming villages in Vietnam," he said. "It didn't seem like a worthy thing. I had been a chemistry major, and I didn't like the idea of using scientific knowledge." So he stopped going. "I objected to that," he said, "and I refused to go."

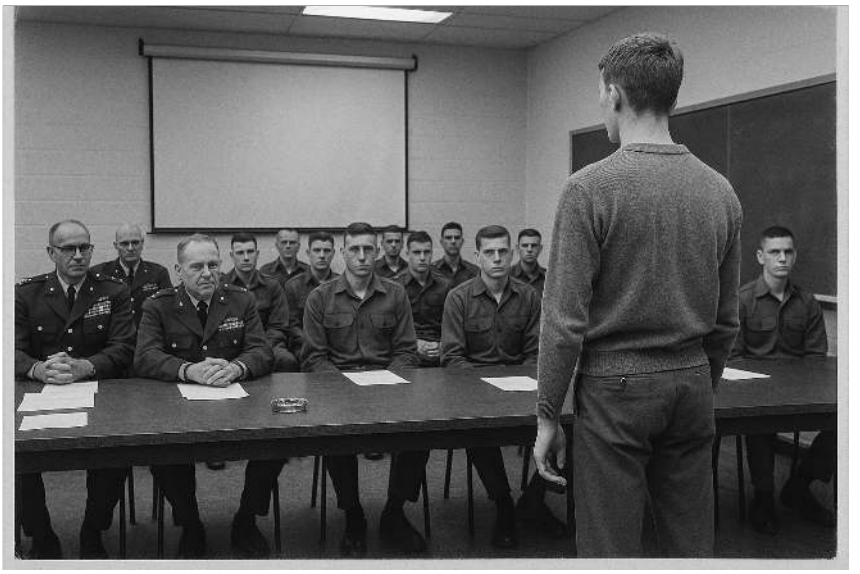
The department summoned him to explain himself. He found himself in a room with about twelve people: "It was their young promising officers and then the head of the department had me there." Their purpose, he said, was "to determine for punishment." Daniel told them what he thought. "I told them that I think it's war crimes. And then I don't think anyone should have anything to do with it. It's unworthy of our country and we have no reason to be there." And he gave them the rest of it, which he could still say, word for word, sixty years later:

> *I don't agree with this. I don't, you know, this is, you know, my father just fought four years against the Nazis for doing this. And I'm not about to participate in it myself.*

The board did what boards do. "The only punishment they had for me there," Daniel said, "was that I got an F in a three credit class for four semesters." It was not a small thing. The ROTC classes were required for a degree: "If you didn't have them, then you couldn't get your degree. So I kind of risked my whole degree there." To stay on the honors roll he now had to earn grades good enough "to surpass like 12 credits of F." He was seventeen, or just eighteen, years old.

He was not the only student at Amherst that year who objected. On the night of December 9, 1961, as the cadets and their dates went into the Student Union ballroom for the Military Ball, about fifty students calling themselves the Committee for the Abolition of Compulsory R.O.T.C. walked a picket line outside. Their handbill said, "We will submit to academic discipline, but never to militaristic indoctrination. There can be no compromise."

The yearbook, recording the evening, captioned one picture of the protest "Paul Theroux, the brains behind the whole affair," and another, of a cadet and his date at the dance, "Are you really going to protect me from those nasty Russians." Theroux, an English major in the class of 1963, would go on to write some of the best-known travel books of the century. The committee kept at it after Christmas. "R.O.T.C. is an attempt to



ABOUT TWELVE PEOPLE IN A ROOM (ILLUSTRATION)

thwart the intellectual growth of the student," its statement in the student paper began in January.

"Rather than education, R.O.T.C. constitutes nothing more than indoctrination." In February 1962 the Student Senate voted 28 to 8 to ask the faculty and trustees, once again, for voluntary ROTC. Daniel never said that he was part of any of it.

The year settled two things for him. Chemistry was finished: "I decided I wasn't going to go into chemistry because I saw chemistry being used especially by the military and in the war context and I said you know I did not want to participate in that." And with the ROTC failure on his record, "my chance of getting a degree at UMass was kind of doomed by not passing the compulsory ROTC requirement. So I switched to Berkeley." He applied to the University of California at Berkeley, "as a kind of pre-med student," and was accepted.

In the summer of 1962, Daniel was in Los Angeles, working for his father. It was a city in a hurry; that year it opened Dodger Stadium, built in less than three years for $23 million. John had gone into painting contracting, and his son painted buildings with him to save for Berkeley. "And so I got work with him doing pretty good," Daniel said. "It was like $5 an hour, which was quite a bit then. Because when I worked in the paper mill, it was like $2 an hour."

It was. Through 1962 the average American factory worker earned between $2.25 and $2.29 an hour, so five dollars was more than twice that. His father's business, as Daniel described it, came with "all these jobs and these kind of strange people he had working for him," about whom, unfortunately, he said nothing more.

He worked the whole summer and saved what he could, "which was not enough," he said, "to go to Berkeley." He went anyway. "I went there when I was 18," he said.

In the fall of 1962, Daniel was a student at Berkeley. The University of California charged no tuition at all to Californians who had lived in the state for more than a year; they paid an incidental fee of $90 a semester. Students from out of state paid $300 a semester in tuition on top of it. Which column Daniel fell into, with a father newly in Los Angeles and his own home still in Massachusetts, no surviving paper says.

Either way, he said, "I did not have enough money to complete it." The university's catalogue, which cited the same Morrill Act of 1862 as the one in Amherst, drew a different conclusion from it: "Military training at the University of

California is offered on a voluntary and selected basis." The regents had ended compulsory training at Berkeley that year.

Berkeley was a great deal bigger than Amherst. A year later, when the language survey counted, the campus had 26,756 students, more than three times as many as the university he had left, and 633 of them were taking Russian. He took on a great deal. "I enrolled in 17 credits like physics, calculus, and so forth. And I was working three jobs trying to support myself. I had a job at a fraternity washing dishes, then I was living in this rich lady's house with her daughter for a place to stay, and I was doing painting for her. And then I had another job, I forget what it was." He was on the gymnastics team at Berkeley, too, "because I was very good at gymnastics." And, he said, "I was also involved with the politics there too."

Berkeley had a good deal of politics to be involved with. A student party called SLATE, founded in 1958, had been fighting for years against the university's Kerr Directives, which forbade student groups to take stands on "off-campus" issues, and its summer conference of 1962, "The Negro in America," had just given birth to the Bay Area Friends of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. The administration had for a time banned SLATE from the campus. The great Free Speech Movement was still two years off. What part of all this was Daniel's, he did not say.

Berkeley is also built on the side of a range of hills, which is lovely to look at and less lovely to cross several times a day between three jobs and seventeen credits. He bought a bicycle, "like a 15-speed Japanese bike," to get around. It was a wet autumn to be doing it in. September had brought Berkeley less than half an inch of rain.

Then the remains of the great Columbus Day storm came down the coast, and the town's weather station measured 2.34 inches on October 11, 2.29 on the 12th and 1.82 on the 13th, six and a half inches in three days. Oakland's 4.52 inches on the 13th set a record for a single day, there were floods and mudslides around the bay, and the rain held up the World Series between the San Francisco Giants and the New York Yankees for days.

Even with the bicycle, he missed classes, and the semester never left him. "I still have nightmares about did I go to this class," he said, "and there was no way I could both pass and I had no notion of getting advice or getting a loan or something. So I just burned myself out."

The end came on a hill. He told it like this:

> *I was going down the hill on my bike. ... and then I was going down the hill and then somebody walked in front of me so I slammed on the brakes and the bike threw me off in the air. And I did a flip and I landed on my feet, being a gymnast, which was fine. ... But the bike spun up in the air and then landed right on top of me and slammed me to the street, apparently.*

"I just decided I could not survive there," he said, "so I had to go back to Massachusetts somehow." His grandparents in San Jose, as he remembered it, bought him a ticket, and in November 1962 his father put him on the train east. His own verdict on the whole year was short. "That was a bad time for me," he said. "I didn't make it through."

It was a long way home. Three trains ran east from the Bay Area to Chicago in those years: the *California Zephyr*, by the Feather River Canyon, Salt Lake City and Denver; the *City of San Francisco*, by Ogden and Omaha; and the Santa Fe's *San Francisco Chief*. In the middle 1950s the *Zephyr* had been timetabled at 50 hours and 50 minutes for the 2,537 miles to Chicago alone, arranged so that it passed through the best of the scenery by daylight. Which train carried Daniel, and from which station, he did not say.

❧

In the winter of 1962, Daniel was back in Holyoke, in the paper mills, and he stayed eight months. He worked seven days a week. The mill allowed double shifts, eight hours and eight more, sixteen hours at a stretch, and he took them: "I worked four 16-hour shifts where I was paid double time," he said, though elsewhere in the same telling he put the number of doubles at two. The pay was "about $1.80 an hour." He moved from job to job, wherever a helper was wanted, until he had "worked on every paper, every machine in the paper mill there. ... And I worked on the beaters. I worked on the air dryer. I worked on the calender. Yeah, I worked in a lot of the areas as a helper."

Between them, the machines he named made up most of the business of papermaking, from beginning to end. The beaters came first. A beater was a long oval tub of water and fiber, with a heavy roll in it that beat the fiber against a grooved plate into pulp; the design was Dutch, from the 1680s, and it had won its place because it could make as much pulp in a day as the old stamp mills made in eight. The pulp then went out onto the moving wire of the paper machine, where the water drained away and the web of paper formed, and through the presses and the dryers, and at the very end it went down through the calender, where Daniel had nearly lost his arm two summers before.

$1.80 an hour was a good deal better than the law required. The federal minimum wage had gone up to $1.15 that September, and it would go to $1.25 the following September. It was rather less than the $2.29 the average American factory worker was making that December. In money of the 2020s it comes to something over eighteen dollars an hour, for sixteen hours at a time. The university, for its part, reckoned that year that $1,350 was "the bare minimum needed for a full academic year" for a student living on campus. At $1.80 an hour that is 750 hours of work, or something like forty-seven of those sixteen-hour shifts, before taxes.

He lived with his grandmother. To get to work, he said, "I took the bus, the trolley, and then walked along the canals." The canals were the city's oldest machinery. The First Level Canal, the one the river fed first, was 140 feet wide with 22 feet of water at its head, and the mills along its banks and those of the two canals below it took their power from the fall of water between them. The city's buses, for their part, still belonged to the Holyoke Street Railway Company.

Its last streetcar had run in 1937, but the name had stayed, and in January 1963 the state's directory of labor organizations still listed the drivers' union as "Street Railway Employees No. 537 (Holyoke St. Rwy. Co.)." A man could take the trolley in Holyoke that winter, in other words, provided he did not mind that it was a bus.

The Federal Writers' Project, describing the city in 1937, had found it "built around the numerous power canals that cut across the city," and noted that its paper mills, which made "high-grade writing paper, the principal support of the town," had "given the town the name of 'The



A PAPER MILL ON A HOLYOKE CANAL, 1936–37

Paper City.'" A syndicated travel note of 1960 introduced it to newspaper readers as "'The Venice of America,'" "a friendly, industrial city of 53,000 population," which was generous to the canals and a little hard on Venice.

By the winter Daniel went back, the paper city was beginning to come apart at the edges. The American Writing Paper Company, which had been formed in 1899 out of twenty-three rag-paper mills, thirteen of them in Holyoke, was reorganized in 1963 into an investment company called Holyoke Shares, and by the end of the decade it was gone. The people who worked the mills had changed over the years as well.

In 1937 the guide found that the descendants of the Irish made up a third of the city and that they, "with the French-Canadians, make the city an outstanding Catholic center," with Poles a tenth. That same year the photographer Lewis Hine came through for the government's National Research Project, which was studying how machines were changing work, and photographed the city's paper mills from the beaters to the calenders. By 1963 the French newspaper *La Justice*, published for the French-Canadian millworkers for more than half a century, was in its last year, and families from Puerto Rico had been settling in Holyoke since the middle 1950s; by 1956 the *Springfield Republican* counted about a thousand.

The papermakers had been organized for a long time; the union that became the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers had begun in Holyoke in 1884, as a social club. In January 1963 the state's directory listed five locals of its successor, the United Papermakers and Paperworkers, in the city, among them No. 1, the Eagle Lodge, and No. 226, the Finishers, a local of its own for the finishing rooms, where the calenders stood.

Two days before Christmas a fire gutted the upper floors of the Hotel Essex, the tallest commercial building in the city, and its closing left Holyoke, as the *Springfield Union* put it, "without a major hotel operating." In 1963 the old Skinner silk mill, once the largest silk mill in the world and lately making rayon, shut altogether, with about two hundred jobs. Which mill Daniel worked in, and whether he was in a union, he did not say.

It was a hard winter for walking along canals. The weather station at Amherst, up the valley, recorded thirty-two nights at or below zero between December and February, and on January 29, 1963, it read twenty below. That same day, in a Boston hospital, Robert Frost died, at eighty-eight. Frost had taught at Amherst College on and off for twenty years, and two years before, at President Kennedy's inauguration, he had recited "The Gift Outright" from memory, the sun being too bright for him to read the poem he had written for the day.

Back at the university that winter, the faculty was deciding the question Daniel had been punished for. The provost had told the students in September that, although land-grant colleges were required by law to offer ROTC, "there is no governmental rule for compelling students to enroll in the courses"; the compulsion was the university's own, and so was the decision. On December 13, 1962, the Faculty Senate accepted the report of its committee on ROTC, which called for "an end to compulsory ROTC on the UMass campus" and recommended "voluntary ROTC starting in the Fall of 1963," for freshmen and sophomores alike.

The student paper greeted the new year with an editorial headed "ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO," the two being the president and the trustees, and in the same issue offered its predictions for 1963. The first was that the trustees would approve. Number 36 was that "300 ROTC Cadets will disappear into the mud at Spring Review."

In February a letter to the editor judged that "compulsory ROTC seems doomed," and among those it thanked were the students who had picketed the Military Ball. It was doomed. By early March the paper could refer to "the Board of Trustees' recent decision to place the once-required R.O.T.C. program on a voluntary basis." The yearbook that spring announced voluntary ROTC "scheduled to go into effect in the '63-'64 academic year," and on its page of world news the same editors observed that "the many sided war in Vietnam has become all but forgotten."

In May the Holyoke Water Power Company held its second Shad Derby on the river below the dam, an event it had begun the year before and which the city has held nearly every May since. In July the thermometer at Amherst reached 99 degrees. Daniel kept working through the spring and the summer. "I just saved up money," he said, "so I could go back to UMass in the fall of 1963." Later he summed up the year in a sentence: "I had spent the better part of the year saving up money and working the paper mill."

In the fall of 1963, Daniel was back at the University of Massachusetts. It had grown while he was away. That September it enrolled 8,800 students, the most in its hundred-year history, with a record 2,200 freshmen, and he came back to it as a sophomore. He had decided, he said, that he would "major in English, and I would take a Russian class. That's when I took my first Russian class."

Russian was not a crowded subject. A national survey of college language classes that fall counted 8,053 students at the university, which made it, by the same count, more than seven times the size of Amherst College down the road, with its 1,071. Of the 8,053, 1,142 were taking French, 924 German, 811 Spanish and 213 Russian.

Across the whole country, only 31,755 college students were studying Russian, against nearly 275,000 in French, and this was five years after Sputnik had frightened Congress into the National Defense Education Act, which paid for language teaching and for loans to students with a "superior capacity" in a modern foreign language. That fall, the university's Russian Club held its first meeting of the year in the Student Union, with slides of Russia.

Daniel had come to Russian, he said, "for various reasons," and the main one was his father. John had come out of the Second World War, Daniel said, a member of the Communist Party, and "was very in love with the Russians." The Party had sent him to work among the automobile workers, where he became "a shop steward, union steward, because he could talk the talk." Daniel was careful to say that this did not make his father anybody's agent.

"They were American communists," he said, and the movement went back "many, many decades when the first unions were being organized and even before the Russian Revolution there were American communists." It went back, as he traced it, to the 1840s, "when Marx came out in Engels with the Communist Manifesto saying that basically the workers of the world should unite worldwide."

What it led to in the son was a language. "That led to my strong interest in Russian," he said, "to where I actually majored in it when I was 19 years old and then went on to a doctorate in Berkeley in Russian."

He came back to a different ROTC, too. That fall it was an elective for the first time, and, as the yearbook reported, "As had been expected, the total enrollment of the program dropped by nearly one half." The 938 men who chose it got something their predecessors had not: "One academic credit was given to the previously creditless course."

That October the President of the United States came to Amherst. It was, the student paper pointed out, the first official appearance on the campus of Amherst College by any president; Calvin Coolidge, who had graduated from the college and served as one of its trustees all through his presidency, had never once come while he was in office. The arrangements were announced in advance. The President would fly from Washington to Westover Air Force Base, and from there "he will come to Amherst either by helicopter or by motorcade, depending on weather conditions."

About four thousand people were expected in the Amherst Indoor Athletic Field and in the buildings beside it, where the ceremony would be shown on closed-circuit television, and the music would be provided by the Eighth Air Force Band of Westover Field. The convocation itself was "open to ticket-holders only."

On Saturday, October 26, 1963, Kennedy broke ground for the Robert Frost Library, a $3.5 million building given by an alumnus who did not wish to be named, and received an honorary Doctor of Laws, with the poet Archibald MacLeish on the platform. Weather delayed the President, though evidently not the weather at

Amherst, where the thermometer reached 79 degrees and no rain was recorded, and the ceremony started late, with a solemn procession of the Amherst faculty "led by a pike-carrying High Sheriff."

The university's student paper put the crowd at "over 4000," and the student radio station, WMUA, carried the speech. Kennedy spoke first about privilege. Private colleges as a whole, he told the Amherst audience, "draw 50 percent of their students from the wealthiest 10 percent of our Nation. And even State universities and other public institutions derive 25 percent of their students from this group." "There is inherited wealth in this country," he said, "and also inherited poverty." Then he spoke about Frost and about power.

The men who question power, he said, "determine whether we use power or power uses us," and "When power leads man towards arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations." On Monday the student paper's front page had it in five words: "ART MUST BE FREE SAYS JFK."

Daniel remembered the day, and the connection to Frost: "Robert Frost was the poet laureate for Kennedy, gave a speech at his inauguration. And so Amherst College was dedicating a library to Robert Frost and Kennedy was there." Kennedy, he said, "came to Amherst" to dedicate the library to Frost, which is how the student paper described it too, "just before Kennedy was assassinated." "And we have the invitations," he said. Regina, whom he had not yet met, was there as well. The two of them, as he put it, "were standing on the same street corner there, but we didn't know each other then."

The gymnastics team he came back to had a new coach. Coach Kjeldsen had arrived while Daniel was away and in his first season had made the team, by the yearbook's arithmetic, "40 points better than last year's," with a place promised in the Eastern Gymnastic League "against such teams as Army, Navy, Penn. State, Temple, and Syracuse." On November 20 the student paper previewed the season. It was, the paper said, a young team, mostly sophomores, and "Capt. Dave Williams, Dan St. John, Dick Cardiff, Stan Brallier, and Jim Dusenbury are the boys Coach Kjeldsen pointed out as the ones who may contribute to the success of the team."

Two days later, on November 22, the President was killed in Dallas. The university's yearbook remembered how the news came to the campus. "Twenty-six days earlier he stood in the midst of students from both the University and Amherst College where he broke ground for the Robert Frost Memorial Library. When word of the death of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy struck campus, all motion ceased and the wait began."

Students, it said, "wept unashamedly, and the University went into formal mourning. All activities, social and academic, were suspended," and the students went home early for a Thanksgiving holiday that had suddenly grown longer. The student paper did not appear again until December 4. The armed forces declared a thirty-day moratorium on all military events out of respect for the late President, and the university's Military Ball, set for December 7, was put off to January 11.

The season began in December, against Southern Connecticut, and the student paper's account of the side horse gave a fair idea of the order of things on that team: "Dave Williams did an excellent job," and "Dan St. John followed Dave with his usual excellent routine taking second place." The university won the meet, and the team's next trip was to West Point, to meet what the paper called "the number three team in the country." On the rings that day, behind Southern Connecticut's winner, the next three places went to Williams, St. John and Brallier.

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In the winter of 1964, Daniel was competing for the university on the side horse and the parallel bars, which were the events in which the student paper most often found him. The Military Ball, when it was finally held on January 11, went off quietly. "There were no anti-ROTC pickets," the yearbook noted, "no Revolutionary War uniforms and no Navy uniforms to dampen the Army-Air Force formal." It was the first Ball in four years, it said, that had been "strictly a military affair." Outside it was a proper valley winter: the Amherst station logged nineteen below zero on January 15, and February brought eighteen inches of snow.

The Ball was not the only event on campus that Saturday night. At half past seven, Penn State, which the student paper had called "one of the strongest teams in the country," met the gymnasts at the university, before about fifteen hundred people. On the side horse, the paper reported, "Dan St. John and Jim Dusenbury both had good showings, but the Penn State depth of talent was just too much for the young inexperienced UMass squad." In the last event, the rings, "Second place honors went to sophomore Dan St. John." Penn State won 154.80 to 126.85. The visitors' own student paper, back in University Park, printed the box score: St. John of Massachusetts fifth on the side horse with 7.05, fifth on the parallel bars with 8.0, and second on the still rings with 8.15, behind only Penn State's John Martin.

In February, against Ithaca, the Redmen swept the side horse, with second and third places "going to sophomores Dan St. John and Jim Duesenbury." Two days later the paper explained what had made the young team better than the last one: versatility. Four of its men, Dan St. John among them, competed "in three events, the maximum number a performer may enter."

Against Cortland, a team the university had never lost to and did not lose to that day either, he took second on the side horse and second on the parallel bars, where, in the paper's words, "St. John, a sophomore with a great deal of potential, scored an 8.05 with a fine routine to place second to Williams." The captain's first place, the reporter added a little apologetically, "tends to overshadow, to some extent, the fine performance of Dan St. John."

On March 14, in the middle of the university's Fine Arts Festival, an overflow audience of fifteen hundred filled the Student Union ballroom at midday for a "Tribute of the Arts" to the late President. The woodwind quintet played Bach, professors of English read poems they had written in his memory, and a senior, Edward O'Connor, read "The Gift Outright," the poem Frost had recited at the inauguration. The program also gave back to the campus a sentence from Kennedy's October day in Amherst, the one the student paper had made its headline: "If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him."



DAN ST. JOHN ON THE SIDE HORSE

The team finished the dual-meet season at three wins and four losses, beating Southern Connecticut, Ithaca and Cortland and losing, in the yearbook's phrase, "by slim margins to the gymnastic giants Temple, Springfield, Army and Penn State." At the New England championships in April, where the university finished second to Springfield College, Daniel placed sixth on the side horse; the event was won by Russel Mills of Yale, the Eastern and national champion. The yearbook's summing-up was generous.

"Al Cohen and Dan St. John turned in consistently outstanding performances," it said, and it looked forward to great things from "brilliant sophomores like Dan, Al, and Coach Kjeldson," a sentence that, read strictly, also enrolls the coach in the class of 1966. In the team photograph on the same page, "D. St. John" stands in the back row, next to "Coach Kjeldsen."

By the spring he had finished his sophomore year, with his first year of Russian behind him, and he signed up for the second year of it in the university's summer program at Amherst; he had, as he said, missed a year, and he meant to major in the language. The university had been rebuilding its summers as well. That October the student paper had explained the plan: "With the new summer session of twelve weeks, the student can take within three credits of a full semester's work."

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That summer class is where the next chapter begins, because it was there that he met Regina. He went on to major in Russian, as he had meant to; the 1965 yearbook names him among the standouts at Temple, and the 1966 yearbook lists "St. John, Daniel J." among the seniors who were not there to be photographed. In 1966 he went back to Berkeley, the university he had left in November 1962, to begin a doctorate in Russian.

What remains of the three years in between is mostly paper: box scores in the student newspaper, a team photograph in the 1964 yearbook with D. St. John standing beside his coach, a line in the university catalogue about the notable effect of ROTC on character, and, in the family's keeping, the invitations to Kennedy's day in Amherst. Some things are on no paper yet found: the name of the mill, the neighbor who got him in, the minutes of the board of twelve, the Berkeley team.

One later piece of paper came from the same student newspaper, forty-three years after his last season. In November 2008 it announced that the Student Union Craft Center would host "a visiting artist workshop entitled 'Art of Paper Marbling,' conducted by the nationally recognized Chena River Marblers, Regina and Daniel St. John." He had come back to the campus, this time with paper of another kind.

And in Daniel's memory there remained a bolt half an inch thick in a calender stack in Holyoke, a man from the laboratory who knew which button to press, and a recurring dream about a class at Berkeley that he may or may not have gone to.

THE RECORDS

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The epigraph: Emily Dickinson, "Aspiration," *Poems, Third Series* (1896), Project Gutenberg 12242.

The photographs: Lewis W. Hine for the WPA National Research Project, Holyoke, 1936–37, National Archives (public domain): American Writing Paper Co., super-calender (NAID 518330) and an independent paper mill on a canal (NAID 518353). Neither shows a mill Daniel worked in.

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Local copies: every source above is cached in the book's repository (paths in `dossiers/college-and-the-paper-mill/SOURCES.csv`): yearbooks, bulletins, newspapers, government data and web pages in `facts/records/_raw/college-and-the-paper-mill/`; the Hine photographs in its `hine/` folder; full texts quoted in `facts/sources/poets/` (Dickinson, the WPA guide, Kennedy).

THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs in this chapter are printed digitally restored: dust and scratches removed, noise reduced, contrast evened, nothing added or changed. These are the raw files, as received.



A PAPER MILL ON A HOLYOKE CANAL, 1936–37
The unretouched original.



A SUPER-CALENDER IN A HOLYOKE PAPER MILL, 1936–37
The unretouched original.



DAN ST. JOHN ON THE SIDE HORSE
The unretouched original.

REGINA

AMHERST, NORTHAMPTON AND BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, AND WASHINGTON, D.C. · 1964–1966

On a Cadillac Hearse, a Sari and a Serbian Fez

I 'm sure 't is India all day
To those who look on you

EMILY DICKINSON

In the middle 1960s the Connecticut River valley around Amherst was being taken over, slowly and then all at once, by its colleges. There were four of them within a few miles of one another: Amherst College, Mount Holyoke, Smith across the river at Northampton, and the University of Massachusetts, which was the biggest and was getting bigger every term. The university counted 10,497 students in 1964–65, twice as many as six years before, and expected to double again by the early 1970s; that year it took one applicant in five. Amherst itself, a town of 13,718 at the 1960 census, would have 26,331 by 1970. The colleges did not much resemble one another. A year at the state university cost a Massachusetts student $200 in tuition, and anyone else $600. A year at Smith, with its 2,457 young women on 292 acres running down to Paradise Pond, cost $2,962 all in, at a time when the median American family earned about $6,900 a year. The four had lately agreed to share some of their teaching, so that a student at any one of them could, with a dean's permission, take a course at any of the others, and the arrangement was very nearly the only thing that ran between them on a regular schedule. The valley was also, as it happened, unusually dry. The weather station at Amherst recorded 29.57 inches of rain and snow in 1964 and 30.21 in 1965, against an average of more than 43, and those two years were the driest in its record from 1931 to 1970.

Regina was from Amherst. Her father had been the principal of Amherst High School for twenty years, and he had died when she was a senior there, about two years before she met Daniel; he died, as Daniel put it, "of alcoholism, basically, symptoms, things relating to alcoholism." Her mother, whom the family would come to call Grandma Perry, was left a widow, with a house in town and a Cadillac, and Regina's sister, Deborah, lived down the street. They were, by Daniel's account, a "very conservative family," though her mother, he was careful to add, was "a little bit on the conservative side, but not Republican."

Daniel was from Holyoke and the paper mills, the son of a man who had gone off to Los Angeles, and he was paying his way through the state university on a gymnastics scholarship and whatever the mills had paid him. He had also, in his first year there, refused to take compulsory ROTC and told a board of officers why. "I was clearly a radical student," he said.

In the summer of 1964, Daniel was in a Russian classroom at the university in Amherst. He had come back from Berkeley the year before and taken his first year of the language, and now he signed up for the second year in the summer program. "I knew I missed a year of college," he said, "and I was trying to make up for it and then I wanted to go more into Russian and major in it." The university had just rebuilt its summer for students in a hurry.

The old summer term had run for ten weeks, which faculty and students alike, the student paper reported, considered "too rushed"; from 1964 there were two six-week sessions instead, the first opening on June 15, a week after Commencement, and the second running from July 27 to Friday, September 4, so as to finish before Labor Day. It was a hot summer and a dry one. On July 2

the thermometer at Amherst reached 96 degrees, and the whole of June had brought less than two inches of rain. Russian, in those years, was not a crowded subject, even five years after Sputnik, and a summer class in second-year Russian was not a large room. Regina was in it.

He did not say much more about how it began, except that it involved a car. "I had various cars," he said. "And at that time, I had something like a 54 or 55 Chevrolet." The two of them started going out together, and in the fall they went their separate ways to school, which in their case meant about a hundred miles apart, by Daniel's reckoning.

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In the fall of 1964, Regina went to Simmons College in Boston and Daniel began his junior year at the university, majoring in Russian. Simmons, on the Fenway, had been founded in 1899 with the fortune of a Boston clothing manufacturer, John Simmons, to give women an education they could earn a living by, and it trained teachers among much else. It cost $2,400 a year to live there and $1,400 just to attend. At the university, Russian did not yet have a department of its own; it shared one with German, which was how a Russian major came to take advanced German as well.

He was also on the gymnastics team, and the team that winter was in the big leagues for the first time. The university had joined the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastic League, and the season opened in New Haven with a 78–46 win over Southern Connecticut State, in which the university took six of the seven events. After that the league's real members arrived. Pittsburgh won 67–52, and the student paper's report of that meet was candid about the side horse, where three of the university's men, Dan St. John among them, "unexpectedly broke in their exercise."

Then, on a Friday and a Saturday in February, Syracuse won 67.5–44.5 and Temple 78–42, which made "their fourth and fifth loss of the season in Eastern Gymnastics League competition." The headline over that report, all the same, read "Cohen, St. John, Lizotte Stand Out," and the yearbook agreed: "Cohen, Lizotte, Parner, and St. John were standouts for the Redmen." In the team photograph Dan St. John stands in the second row, between Al Cohen and Al Carver, two places from the coach, Erik Kjeldsen. It was not a deep team. The student paper, looking back on it a year later, recalled that there had been "only eight men."

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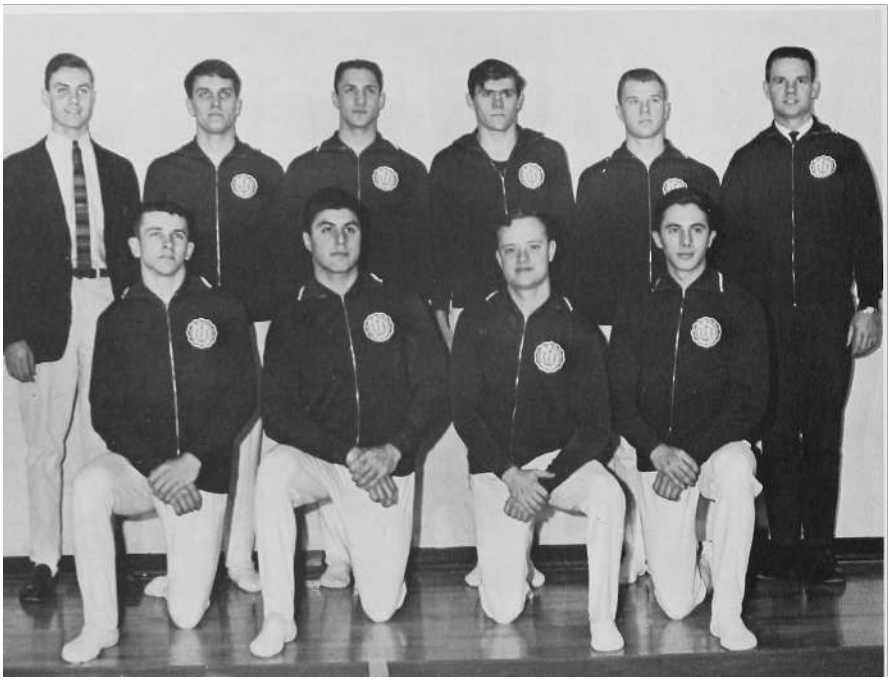
In the spring of 1965, Daniel asked Regina to marry him. They were at Smith College in Northampton, where they had gone to see, as he put it, "some movies about Gogol, Gogol's Overcoat." Smith had a Russian department that took Gogol seriously; its course in Russian drama that year promised "emphasis on Gogol, Ostrovsky, and Chekhov." Which film of *The Overcoat* they saw, no record found says. The likeliest is the Soviet one, made at Lenfilm in 1959 by the actor Aleksey Batalov, seventy-five minutes long and in Russian, with Rolan Bykov as the clerk.

Gogol's story is about a poor copying clerk in St. Petersburg who scrimps for months to buy a new overcoat, has it stolen on the first night he wears it, and dies of the disappointment, after which his ghost goes about the city pulling the coats off people's backs. An English translation of 1916, which calls the story "The Mantle," gives the clerk's whole difficulty in a sentence: "In St Petersburg all those who draw a salary of four hundred roubles or thereabouts have a terrible enemy in our northern cold." As the evening's entertainment before a proposal, it is an unusual choice, and it worked.

"And then at the bridge there," Daniel said, "I asked her if she'd marry me, and she said yes." The Smith campus runs down to Paradise Pond and the Mill River, and there is more than one bridge to choose from; he did not say which, and it is left here as he left it, the bridge there.

That spring, the war in Vietnam had begun to reach the campus at Amherst, in a small way. A student group called the Young Independents picketed the ROTC building and then, in the words of the yearbook, "staged a silent but effective protest march into Amherst," which it noted had gone ahead "Despite a sleet storm."

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VARSITY GYMNASTICS, 1964–65: DAN ST. JOHN STANDING, FOURTH FROM LEFT

In the summer of 1965, the plan was to go to Russia together. There was a program for it, which Daniel called "the Putney International Living Program": the Experiment in International Living, founded in 1932 by Donald Watt and run from Putney, in southern Vermont, which sent young Americans abroad to live for a summer with a family. It had a good reputation in high places. Sargent Shriver, who set up the Peace Corps, had been an Experimenter himself, and in the early sixties he asked the Experiment to train the first class of Peace Corps volunteers.

Daniel was accepted for the Russian group, where he would have spent the summer living with a Russian family. Regina was not. "There was very high competition for the Russian one," he said. She was accepted instead to go to India.

Then the money ran out before the plan did. "I couldn't go to Russia because I didn't have the money for it," Daniel said. What a summer with a Russian family cost, no record found says; the federal minimum wage that year was $1.25 an hour. So in July Regina went to India for a month and a half, and Daniel stayed in Amherst and went back to summer school, this time for German and French.

The summer session that year ran in two terms, from June 15 to July 23 and from July 27 to September 3, with more than two hundred courses and some 4,500 students, and the university was building so fast around them that the freshmen in the dormitories complained of "the plague of dust and bulldozers at 5 a.m." And he wrote to her. He wrote letters to India all that summer, he said, "about her wonderful experiences in India."

India that summer was not an easy place. The country was in the first of two years of severe drought that brought food shortages and famine. The grain harvest fell from 89.4 million tonnes to 72.3 million, and at the worst of it ten million tonnes of food were shipped in from the United States. On August 5, while the Experiment's groups were still in the country or just leaving it, war broke out with Pakistan over Kashmir. It lasted until a cease-fire on September 23 and saw the largest tank battles since the Second World War.

At home, that same summer, the war in Vietnam got a great deal bigger. On July 28, while Regina was in India and Daniel was at his German and French, President Johnson told a news conference that he had "today ordered to Viet-

Nam the Air Mobile Division and certain other forces which will raise our fighting strength from 75,000 to 125,000 men almost immediately." To find the men, he said, it would be necessary to raise "the monthly draft call from 17,000 over a period of time to 35,000 per month." Daniel said nothing about any of that. What he remembered was what came home.

While she was away, Daniel bought a hearse. The reasoning behind it went back to the Cadillac. "I knew she was kind of a high-class lady because she drove her mother's Cadillac and so forth," he said. "So I thought it's kind of an upper-class lady to be associating with a proletarian like me." A friend of the family had a chauffeuring business, and the friend had a Cadillac hearse, and a habit, as Daniel described it, of selling his vehicles at exactly the right moment.

"He liked to trick people by when the thing started going bad he could predict it and he would try to get it off on somebody," Daniel said, "so he convinced me that I needed one and I bought this black..." It had, he remembered, "heated seats and adjustable leather, you know, patent leather black seats." And yes, it had carried what hearses carry. "Everything, yes."

The hearse was built, as nearly every Cadillac hearse was, on what Cadillac called its Commercial Chassis: a heavier, stretched frame, with a wheelbase in those years of 156 inches, which the factory sold unfinished to coachbuilders to turn into funeral coaches, ambulances and "combination cars" that could serve as either, depending on how the patient was doing. It was, in short, thirteen feet between the axles of a vehicle designed with one kind of passenger in mind.

When Regina came home from India, Daniel drove the hearse to New York to meet her plane. The airport had been Idlewild until a month after President Kennedy's death, when the city renamed it for him, and so he drove, as he said, "into New York to Kennedy with this vehicle. I thought this would really make a big impression." He had, after all, asked her to marry him, "and of course I didn't have many resources."

Regular gasoline that year cost, on average, 31.2 cents a gallon, and how many gallons a Cadillac hearse took to get from Amherst to Kennedy and back is a figure history has kindly not preserved. What Regina thought of it, he could not say for certain, but he had a fair idea. "I don't think she was so impressed," he said. "But anyway, I pulled up with a hearse." He picked her up in it, and drove her back.

She was thin when she came back. "She was skinny," Daniel said. "She had some bad experience there in the heat of India." And while she was away, he came to believe, she had had second



HE PULLED UP WITH A HEARSE (ILLUSTRATION)

thoughts. "I think she talked too much with her sister Deborah and with her mother about such a thing," he said. "I think she put me off there, and I was very brokenhearted."

In the fall of 1965, Daniel began his senior year, and, as he put it, "I proceeded to enroll in 21 credits." He had already taken two years of Greek at the university; now he went over to Amherst College for a year of Homeric Greek. He took Chinese at Smith, and Russian at home, and two advanced classes in German. The Chinese class at Smith was Chinese 11, "Modern Chinese (elementary)," which met on Monday and Friday afternoons with two more hours in the language laboratory, taught by Mr. Kung.

Getting there was the student's own affair, though the dean's office would "help with the arrangements for transportation," and that October, for the first time, a bus began running between Smith, the university and Amherst College in the evenings, for a quarter each way.

That September his coach came to see him. Daniel remembered him as "Dr. Kelson"; the yearbooks call him Erik Kjeldsen.

> *And my coach Dr. Kelson stopped into my dormitory room and said, Dan, you're going to have to drop some of these classes because, you know, you're getting a scholarship. And so, you know, and there I was all worried about my relations with Genie and so forth. And it was in September and I said, I'm sorry, I quit the gymnastic team, which hurt my feelings because I was at my very best. I was quite good. I was the best on the team. And I quit.*

He had competed, he said, in four events, "the trampoline, side horse, parallel bars, and still rings." The yearbook did not rank its gymnasts, but it had named him among the standouts the season before, and the team he left behind did not do well without its depth. In December the student paper reported that the coach now had seventeen men to choose from instead of eight, most of them sophomores, and by the end of the season the yearbook was explaining a record of two wins and seven losses, seventh of the eight teams in the Eastern league, by "a lack of depth on this year's squad." The team photograph in the 1966 yearbook has nineteen names in it. His is not one of them.

The Chinese did not last either. "I did drop that Chinese class at Smith because it was too much having to commute," he said. "It was the five college program, but I did enjoy my Homeric Greek, and I still like to read Homer." The program was still officially the Four College Cooperation that year; the fifth college, Hampshire, was still being planned, and the name came later.

Russian, meanwhile, was becoming fashionable at the university in the way that subjects become fashionable during a cold war. That year the new Orchard Hill dormitories ran a course of their own called "Continuity and Change in the Soviet Union," in which eight professors, from philosophy, economics, government, education, food economics and Russian, took turns explaining the Soviet state to the students who lived there; one of them was Dr. L. Tikos, "of Russian."

Senior year at the university that fall had a war in it. On September 29 the student paper announced a panel on the draft, with the news that Massachusetts would be sending 398 men in October and 1,018 in November, the largest calls since the Korean War, and that draft boards meant to look at student deferments "with a more discerning eye." In the same column it observed, helpfully, that "Men married before Aug. 27 and fathers will not be ordered for induction."

The reason for the date was an executive order President Johnson had signed on August 26, ending the exemption for married men without children for anyone who married after midnight that night. On October 17 a "Teach-Out" on Vietnam was held at the Unitarian church in Amherst, and the university's director of security went along and photographed the students there, which caused a row in the Faculty Senate.

The Peace Corps came to the campus as well. In the middle of November a recruiting team set up a booth in the Student Union: three returned volunteers, one of them back from Ethiopia. A former Peace Corps director in the Dominican Republic, himself a graduate of the university, told an audience in Mahar Auditorium, "I'm not telling you to join the Peace Corps and get shot at," and warned that the volunteers who failed

were the ones who tried "to change the world in 6 months to a year and it doesn't work that way."

On November 19, for the first time, the Peace Corps placement test was given on the campus, and on Monday, November 22, the student paper reported that more than 150 students had signed up to take it. The response, the team's leader said, had been "greater than any other campus of its size in the country." The wedding was the next day.

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In November 1965, the lights went out. At 5:16 on the evening of Tuesday, November 9, a single misset relay on a power line near Niagara Falls did exactly what it had been set to do, and within minutes some thirty million people in Ontario, New York and New England were in the dark. In Boston, people were stuck in the subway and in the elevators of the brand-new Prudential building.

At the university, the student paper reported, the Student Union carried on by candlelight; behind the main counter one young woman "answered the phone with a cool: 'Hello, Darkness,'" and when word came that the dormitory named for Emily Dickinson was dark too, students outside shouted, "Let's get Emily Dickinson." The panty raid that followed was reported in some detail.

Two weeks later the university let out for Thanksgiving, and before it did, Regina's mother went off on a trip to Mexico. That left Regina with the car, and the house, as Daniel said, "was empty." The two of them spent their nights together there. Deborah, down the street, had been asked to keep an eye on things, and she did. "Deborah was apparently instructed to watch them," he said, and to see whether, as he put it, "we were sleeping together. We don't want the neighbors to see these activities."

Deborah's view of Daniel was not a high one. He did not know exactly what had been said, but he had a theory. "Well, I come from a lower-class background," he said, "and I think they might have known something about my father being kind of a communist or whatever. I had no idea what it was." Deborah, as Daniel understood it, concluded that he must have wanted to marry Regina for the money, an idea he dismissed in the plainest terms he had: "which I had no interest, no question about that."

So Deborah came over, and, Daniel said, "she was really quite direct about scolding" Regina. The two sisters fought. With her mother away in Mexico, Regina was worried, as he told it, that her mother would come home, that Deborah would "raise hell," and that "there's going to be a scandal." Daniel had a solution. "And I said, why don't we just get married? And so we did."

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On Tuesday, November 23, 1965, Daniel and Regina were married by a justice of the peace in Boston. They went first, as Massachusetts required, for their medical certificates. "We went and got our shots," he said. "We got shots." What the law of the Commonwealth actually required of a couple, until the requirement was repealed in 2004, was a medical certificate and a blood test, but the principle was the same, and the needle was real.

The office was, he said, "just across the street from the Prudential Building," and the Prudential was the newest thing in Boston. It had gone up on an old railroad yard in the Back Bay, with the new Massachusetts Turnpike tunneling in beneath it, and when it was finished in 1964 its fifty-two floors stood 749 feet high, which made it the tallest building in North America outside New York City and ended the fifty-nine-year reign of the Custom House tower as the tallest thing in Boston.

Nobody's family was there. "My father was long gone," Daniel said. "My mother was also in L.A. She had borrowed money from me." Deborah was not invited. The guests were a girlfriend of Regina's from high school; the best man, Peter Perhanas; and a group of friends from MIT who did folk dancing, in costume. "They were wearing costumes, like Slavic costumes, a Serbian and whatever," Daniel said. "And they dressed me up in the Serbian costume with a fez, right?" Regina wore a sari. She had brought saris back from India. "And you see we were married like that."

The justice of the peace was, as Daniel described him, "a really heavy old gentleman, like a Navy commander that was marrying people

there." It was not a church wedding, and was never going to be one. "Neither one of us were interested in the church or had any affiliation with any church," he said. "And so we had a nice party." It was a mild day for late November, with a high of 49 degrees at the airport, which in Boston in a sari counts as luck. The family still has the pictures, which Daniel described as "very colorful," and in which he is wearing what he called "this crazy kind of a Serbian costume."

For the record, a wedding in November 1965 did nothing at all for a young man's standing with his draft board. The executive order of August 26 had seen to that. Married men who were not yet fathers were, as far as Selective Service was concerned, single.

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At the end of November 1965, Daniel and Regina took their honeymoon in Washington, D.C., in her mother's car, and Daniel told it in a single breath.

> *And also borrowing Grandma Perry's car, what did we do after the wedding? We decided we would go down to a peace march in Washington. And we had to take some of Mother's friends to their place in New York, so we went to Washington, D.C. There, we enjoyed a nice Thanksgiving with Uncle David, who was doing medical school there. ... We had a nice Thanksgiving there and then we were at the Washington Monument.*

Thanksgiving fell on the Thursday, two days after the wedding. The march was on the Saturday.

The march was the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam, and it was organized by SANE, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. It began at eleven in the morning with pickets walking around the White House, clergymen and veterans in front and everybody else on the side streets, and at one o'clock it moved to the Sylvan Theatre beside the Washington Monument for the speeches.

Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke, and Coretta Scott King, and Carl Oglesby of Students for a Democratic Society, back from a trip to Vietnam; the old Socialist Norman Thomas, asked about the nation's honor, said, "I'd rather see America save its soul than its face"; and Judy Collins sang between the speeches. The crowd was put at anywhere from twenty to thirty-five thousand. The day's demand was a moderate one: in the organizers' words, "an immediate cease-fire leading to negotiations and a return to the Geneva Agreements of 1954." It was 69 degrees at the airport, which for the end of November was very nearly a miracle.

They were in good company, and some of it was from home. The student paper at the university sent a reporter, who counted more than a hundred people from the Amherst and Northampton area among the marchers, and MIT's paper reckoned its own turnout at well over two hundred students and faculty. The crowd was not what the newspapers had led people to expect. "The majority of marchers were well-dressed adults and middle-aged people," the university's reporter wrote, "many in family groups with teen-aged children and small babies. The stereotyped bearded protestor was infrequently seen."

A honeymoon couple, it seems fair to say, did not stand out. There was a scuffle when one demonstrator tried to tear a Viet Cong flag from another, and a small delegation of Hell's Angels paraded for a while. The reporter's account of the day's casualties was brief: "One UMass student was hit with an egg. No one was hurt." MIT's reporter, for his part, recorded that the sponsors had "succeeded in operating the march 'in the black.'"

Daniel remembered it differently. "We had a big protest against the resumption," he said, "Kennedy's resumption of nuclear testing." President Kennedy had in fact resumed American nuclear testing, in 1962, after the Soviet Union broke a moratorium the autumn before; but the test-ban treaty of 1963 had ended testing in the atmosphere, and Kennedy had been dead two years when Daniel and Regina stood at the Monument. The march they went to was against the war. The likeliest source of the difference is in the organizers' name.

SANE, the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, had been founded in 1957 by Norman Cousins and Lenore Marshall to fight nuclear testing, and in 1965 it was still marching under that name, though by then it was marching

about Vietnam; the university's reporter wrote that the demonstration had been "conceived by the Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy." The platform, too, was full of people who had first marched against the bomb. Coretta Scott King had been one of SANE's founders in 1957, and Dr. Spock had joined it in 1962, the year Kennedy's tests resumed. Three days later, the Vice President, Hubert Humphrey, met Dr. Spock and two of SANE's other leaders to hear their proposals for ending the war.

After the honeymoon, as Daniel put it, "we went back and we got an apartment."

In the spring of 1966, Daniel and Regina were living in Dorchester, in Boston, in what he called "a nice little apartment." They both had degrees to finish. Regina did her practice teaching at Girls' Latin School, "which is probably one of the best girls high schools in the country," Daniel said. It was certainly the oldest of its kind: founded on November 27, 1877, eighty-eight years to the day before the march in Washington, as the first college-preparatory public high school for girls in the United States, it had grown to some 1,350 pupils by 1955, when it moved into the old Dorchester High School for Girls building in Codman Square.

The city's schools manual for 1965 gives its address as Talbot Avenue and Washington Street, Dorchester, and lists it second among the city's Latin and day high schools, after only the boys' Boston Latin, so that Regina's practice teaching was, at least, conveniently placed. Simmons asked a great deal of its student teachers. Each one, the catalogue said, "assumes full responsibility, under supervision, for the teaching of not less than one secondary school class in her subject-matter field for the entire semester," with a seminar every week besides.

Boston itself was getting smaller. The city had counted 697,197 people in 1960, thirteen percent fewer than ten years before, and would count 641,071 in 1970: the new Prudential tower went up over a city that was losing residents. In Dorchester, out on Columbia Point, beside a public housing project of 1,500 apartments in twenty-seven buildings, two doctors from Tufts, Jack Geiger and Count Gibson, had opened in 1965 what is counted as the first community health center in the United States, with money from the new federal Office of Economic Opportunity.

And on Patriots' Day, April 19, 1966, a young woman named Roberta Gibb hid in the bushes near the start at Hopkinton, waited until about half the field had gone past, jumped in, and ran the whole Boston Marathon, the first woman to do so, in 3 hours, 21 minutes and 40 seconds, ahead of two-thirds of the runners. The governor shook her hand at the finish.

Boston's schools were, that year, the subject of a long argument. On April 1, 1965, a committee appointed by the state's commissioner of education had reported that more than half of Boston's black pupils were in schools that were at least 80 percent black. In August Governor John Volpe signed the Racial Imbalance Act, which called any school more than half nonwhite "imbalanced" and allowed the state to withhold its aid from a city that did nothing about it; and in April 1966, finding the Boston School Committee's plan inadequate, the State Board of Education voted to do exactly that. The School Committee, led by Louise Day Hicks, dug in. The argument would go on, through the courts, until busing was ordered in 1974.

Daniel, meanwhile, was still a student at the university in Amherst, and Amherst was a long way from Dorchester. He still owed the university three classes in physical education, which he had missed out on. The rule was in the university's bulletin: every male freshman and sophomore "must successfully complete four semesters of physical education and demonstrate his ability to swim as a requirement for his degree," and a varsity athlete could earn the credit on his team, though not for more than two semesters in any one sport.

And so three times a week Daniel drove the hundred miles out to Amherst and the hundred miles back. The road at the Boston end, at least, was new: the Massachusetts Turnpike had been extended into the city in 1964 and 1965, running in past the Prudential. Since he was making the trip anyway, he took three graduate courses in Slavic linguistics "to make it worthwhile." Not

everyone at the university thought the subject essential.

An essay in the student paper that spring, making the case for a department of religion on the grounds that "We cannot do everything and do it well," allowed that the university could "forego the minor Slavic languages, for instance, or the history of the cinema, and still be a good university." The Russian office in Bartlett Hall, meanwhile, was taking names from "Any girls wishing to live on the Russian corridor next semester." That February nine inches of snow fell on Boston in a single day.

The university, for its part, had made some provision for students who married. Its Lincoln Apartments were set aside for "junior faculty, married graduate and undergraduate students," and the student paper that autumn had run a cheerful feature on the Dames Club, for student wives, whose "membership requirement is an MRS." Daniel and Regina, with one degree to finish in Boston and the other in Amherst, lived in Dorchester instead.

They had to decide what to do after June, and they decided on the Peace Corps.

> *So we applied for the Peace Corps and were accepted to go to Ethiopia. And we were going to, after we graduated in June of 66, we would go to Addis Ababa and learn the Ethiopian language, the main one, Amharic. And we would be like teachers in the Peace Corps. And that's what we'd do. We were very idealistic. We weren't thinking about our future so much as in that period.*

It was, he said, "our plan of what we would do together, being newly married." They had been influenced, he said, by people like Pete Seeger, and "J.F. Kennedy, who had been strong on the Peace Corps, and Martin Luther King." Seeger, in those years, was still kept off network television. Two students had asked in the university paper, in 1964, when ABC's *Hootenanny* would book him, and answered themselves: "It appears now that the answer is never." He went on singing where he could; on a Sunday night in February 1965 the Berkshire Music Barn had presented him in concert, with the McPeake Family of Ireland, at the Boys' Club in Pittsfield.

The Peace Corps was five years old and at its height. Kennedy had founded it by executive order in March 1961, and by the middle of 1965 there were 8,624 volunteers in forty-six countries, with 4,604 more in training; in 1966 it would reach its peak, 15,556 volunteers in fifty-two countries. More than forty thousand Americans applied that year, and the Peace Corps expected to take about a quarter of them. Most were single, but not all: of the volunteers in the field, 2,430, or 15 percent, were married.

Ethiopia alone had more than five hundred volunteers in the country by the summer of 1965, and the Peace Corps had lately decided that language mattered above everything; trainees now spent about three hundred hours, more than half their training, on it. One young woman back from teaching English to eleventh and twelfth graders at the Haile Selassie I Day School in Addis Ababa wrote that the hardest part of coming home was the sixty-third person to say, "Ethiopia is... by India, isn't it?" Training usually took three months, and for at least one Ethiopia program in 1966 it happened in the United States, at the University of Utah, whose staff wrote its own textbook for the purpose, *Amharic and English*, so that the trainees could learn the language they would live in and the methods for teaching the one they would teach at the same time; the language classes, its authors wrote, "aimed at giving the PCV's a practical control of Amharic."

Not everyone that spring was planning so far from home. In March the student paper announced that Selective Service would give an optional test on May 14, May 21 and June 3, and that from the fall local boards would weigh a student's score along with his grades in deciding whom to defer. In the Korean War, the paper explained, a score of 70 out of 150 had been good enough to keep an undergraduate out of the Army, and 80 a graduate student. The test, a spokesman said, was "similar to a general aptitude test," half words and half numbers.

Then the plan changed. By the late spring Daniel had been accepted at Berkeley, and, as he put it, "We had to give up the idea of going in the Peace Corps to Ethiopia." Why, and what came of Berkeley, is the next chapter's story. But there had been another option that spring, and he had

looked into it himself. The armed forces needed people who could read and speak Russian, and Daniel had even taken scientific Russian, for translating documents.

> *And they had on the border of Turkey, these stations where they were listening, listening to the Russians, right? And so, People who did that and went to Monterey got to learn all the foul language that these troops were learning. There were hundreds of slang, filthy words, such as whatever.*

The school he had in mind was the military language school at Monterey, in California. "The Army had one, and the Air Force had one in Denver in Colorado," he said. "But the Monterey one was the best one. It was very intensive, totally immersion." The Army taught languages at the Presidio of Monterey, Russian was its largest program, and in 1963 the school had become the West Coast Branch of the new Defense Language Institute.

Between 1965 and 1973 more than twenty thousand service personnel studied Vietnamese at the institute, many of them in an eight-week "survival" course. The listening stations were real as well. The Army Security Agency used linguists trained at Monterey to listen to Soviet communications from field stations that included Sinop, on Turkey's Black Sea coast, which looked and listened toward the Soviet Union until 1992; the Air Force's own listening service, with its "voice intercept and linguists," had detachments at Diyarbakır, Karamürsel, Samsun and Trabzon.

Another of the Army's stations, as it happened, was Kagnew Station, at Asmara, in what was then Ethiopia. Denver had something too. Since July 1963 Lowry Air Force Base there had been home to the Armed Forces Air Intelligence Training Center: not a language school, but an Air Force intelligence school in Denver, very nearly as Daniel remembered it.

He did not have the conversational Russian, only the academic kind. "I could read it and so forth," he said. "I had a lot of knowledge about it." If he had wanted to become a fluent speaker quickly, Monterey would have taken him. He turned it down. "I, of course, rejected that," he said, "because that's the last thing I wanted to do was be part of this military." In 1966 the draft took 382,010 men, two-thirds again as many as the year before.

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In June 1966 they both graduated, Regina from Simmons and Daniel from the University of Massachusetts, and both, he said, "with honors." The university held its commencement on June 12, and gave six honorary degrees, one of them to the historian Barbara Tuchman and another to the president of Hampshire College, the fifth of the valley's colleges, which had a president before it had any students. The yearbook that year lists "St. John, Daniel J." among the seniors who were not there to have their pictures taken, which, for a man commuting from Dorchester, is not hard to understand.

In a little over a year he and Regina had been engaged, put off, married in a sari and a fez, and honeymooned at a peace march. That summer the Peace Corps went on to Ethiopia without them, and in the late summer of 1966 they drove across the country to Berkeley, where the next chapter begins. What became of the hearse, Daniel did not say, and no record gives its year or its maker. What the family still has are the pictures of the wedding, in very bright color.

THE RECORDS

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Washington, November 27, 1965. *The Tech* (MIT), vol. 85 no. 26, December 1, 1965 (Ted Nygreen on the march); J. F. Kennedy, address on nuclear testing, March 2, 1962 (American Presidency Project); NOAA NCEI, Washington National, November 24–28, 1965; Wikipedia: "Peace Action" (SANE), "Coretta Scott King", "Benjamin Spock", "Carl Oglesby", "Operation Dominic", "Partial Nuclear Test Ban Treaty".

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The epigraph. Emily Dickinson, "Your riches taught me poverty," in *Poems by Emily Dickinson, Three Series* (Second Series, 1891; Project Gutenberg).

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Cached copies: facts/records/_raw/regina/ and _raw/college-and-the-paper-mill/; full list with dates: dossiers/regina/SOURCES.csv.

BERKELEY AGAIN

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS · BERKELEY AND OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA · 1966–1968

On Typewriters, Pen Names, Coke Cans and Such

Yes, I had let career go hang, and was on the adventure-path again in quest of fortune.

JACK LONDON, JOHN BARLEYCORN

In the middle of the 1960s Berkeley, California, was a town of about 112,000 people gathered around a university, and it had lately become famous for something other than its scholarship. In May 1965 students had marched to the Berkeley draft board and burned their draft cards, the first public draft-card burning in the country, and that same month a "Vietnam Day" teach-in on the campus drew more than 35,000 people. In October 1965 a march against the war set off for Oakland and was met at the city line by the Hell's Angels, who attacked it while the Oakland police stood by; it was the Berkeley police who arrested six of the Angels. Oakland itself, next door, was a different sort of place: a working city of some 367,000, which since the 1920s had run canneries and bakeries, built cars, engines and ships, and had once been called "the Detroit of the West." It was also where the war began for a great many young men. The Oakland Army Terminal, renamed the Oakland Army Base in 1966, was a main gateway for soldiers going to Vietnam and coming back, and at 1515 Clay Street, downtown, stood the induction center, where draftees from all over Northern California came to be examined.

Daniel had been to Berkeley once before. He had gone out as an undergraduate in the early 1960s and dropped out, which is the story of an earlier chapter. This chapter is about the second time, when, as he put it, "I walked back in as a doctoral student with a nice wife, a pregnant wife." The people in it are few. There was his wife, Regina; their son Alex, born in Berkeley in 1967; and Daniel's mother, who came to live with them there. There were the handful of people with whom, in a living room in Berkeley, he started a newspaper. And at the end there was a family of Alaskans named Meter, who came to town to show a film.

The campus had not stood still while he was away. On October 1, 1964, the campus police arrested a former graduate student named Jack Weinberg at a civil rights table outside Sproul Hall, and students sat down around the police car he had been put in. The car stayed where it was for thirty-two hours, with Weinberg inside it and, at one point, perhaps 3,000 students around it, using its roof as a speaker's platform. That was the beginning of the Free Speech Movement.

On December 2 between 1,500 and 4,000 students went into Sproul Hall itself, and at 3:30 in the morning of December 4, after the county's deputy district attorney had telephoned the governor for permission, the police began arresting them. Close to 800 were taken away, most of them by bus to the county jail at Santa Rita, twenty-five miles off. By January the university had given in and written new rules for political activity on the campus. The Berkeley that Daniel walked back into had learned that a sit-in worked, and had not forgotten it.

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In the winter of 1966, Daniel and Regina were living in Boston, finishing their degrees, and planning to go to Ethiopia with the Peace Corps, which had accepted them both. Daniel had a second plan as well. "I had a fallback where I was thinking of going for a doctorate in Russian language studies," he said, "because I needed a draft deferment. Otherwise I was off in Vietnam for the next two years, which I totally, it wasn't that I was chicken, but I totally disagreed with

what they were doing there. And I did not want to be engaged with napalming farmers over in Vietnam."

The war he meant was growing quickly. In 1965, 1,928 Americans died in it; in 1966 the number would be 6,350. The easy way out that some men had found was already shut. Married men had been deferred until President Johnson signed an order at about ten past three on the afternoon of August 26, 1965, making any man who married after midnight that night as liable as anyone else. The news set off a rush to the altar that the clock defeated. Daniel and Regina had married that November, at their own pace.

In February he went to take the Graduate Record Examination at Harvard, which was the way into a doctoral program, and he did not have a good morning of it. The roads were bad. He told it like this:

> *And on the way there, it was all ice. I was in a little Volkswagen, and I was in such a hurry I was running through a light so I jammed on the brakes and I rammed right into these people, these poor old people. And the cars just kind of like spun around in slow motion and we were very sorry. So we got out and apologized and then we gave our information. Then I had to rush and take the test, which I did very quite well on.*

"Very quite well" turned out to be an understatement. "I got in the upper 99, 98 percentile," he said, and he did it "even though I was very upset. I aced it in both verbal and mathematical." That was the good news. The complication came in May, when Regina found she was pregnant with Alex. Ethiopia was given up, and the fallback became the plan. "Berkeley was a hard place to get into," Daniel said.

"They did accept me there. So we had that as a fallback. And Berkeley was one of the top three programs in Slavic studies in the country." That same May, more than 400,000 college men around the country sat a different examination, the Selective Service's own test, whose scores helped decide which students kept their deferments. Daniel did not mention that one.

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In the summer of 1966, with their degrees in hand, they saved for the move. Regina worked in a pizza place, "which was not too good for her," Daniel said, "because it made her throw up. She was in that stage of pregnancy where she couldn't stand the smells." Daniel went back to the paper mill. Regina's mother, Mother Perry, gave them a car, "a nice Plymouth with air conditioning," which in 1966 was a gift worth having for anyone about to cross the country with a pregnant wife.

They also acquired a passenger. That summer they found "a stray cat that somebody had tried to burn up in the litter. And his ears were all burned. And we had salvaged the cat." The family still has the photographs of Regina with the cat with the singed ears. Then they drove west, and, in Daniel's words, "we pulled into Berkeley in the late summer of 1966."

The university they arrived at was in the middle of changing its calendar. After much debate, the University of California had decided to run Berkeley all year round, and to do it had given up the old two semesters for quarters: three terms in the ordinary year, and a fourth in the summer. The new system began that very fall, 1966. The fall quarter opened in the last week of September.

Fees for a graduate student ran to about $267 a year, tuition was free to Californians of more than a year's standing, and anyone else paid another $267 a quarter on top. The university reckoned that a single student, living in a residence hall, needed $1,850 a year all told. Daniel was not a single student. He had a wife, and a baby on the way.

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In the fall of 1966, Daniel began his doctorate in the university's Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures. Its chairman was Gleb Struve, the son of a famous Russian liberal of the old regime, educated at Oxford, a friend and correspondent of Vladimir Nabokov, and the editor of poets whose work the Soviet Union preferred not to print. Down the hall, so to speak, was the Polish poet Czesław Miłosz, who had been given tenure in 1960 after two months on the faculty and would one day win the Nobel Prize. Miłosz did not care for the demonstrations that were becoming the campus's best-known product; he

called the protesters "spoiled children of the bourgeoisie." Daniel's own subjects, he said, were Russian and Czech.

The demonstrations arrived on schedule. On October 10, 1966, within days of the start of his first quarter, students marched against the Dow Chemical Company at Berkeley, the first campus protest in what became a national campaign against Dow's manufacture of napalm. That same month, at a conference on the campus, Stokely Carmichael of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee told the white left to step up its resistance to the draft, and over in Oakland two young men named Huey Newton and Bobby Seale founded the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense.

On November 8 the voters of California elected as their governor Ronald Reagan, who had promised to "clean up the mess at Berkeley," and in December, when antiwar students set up a table beside a Navy recruiting table in the student union, "a massive sit-in and student strike ensued." It was, by any measure, a lively first term.

The local press kept score. In October the *Berkeley Barb* reported that the board of the Berkeley Co-op, the town's cooperative grocery, had been asked to label Dow's products in its stores as subject to a boycott, and had turned the motion down by a vote of five to three. It was a town in which napalm came before the grocery board. By the first days of December the *Barb* had a strike to report.

"At 1:15 a hand vote of 10,000 students at Sproul Plaza showed a scant hundred opposed to continuing the strike," it said, and at the busiest hours Dwinelle and Wheeler Halls were "half-empty." One student had come up from the basement of the student union with the news that there were "thirty-five armed, billy-clubbed police in the basement," and when they came up the stairs, a witness from the Cal Conservatives told the student senate what he had seen done to a young man: "A cop sat on him, and hit him and hit him and hit him."

In the same week about sixty pickets stood outside the university's placement center, where Dow was interviewing students for jobs. They were not let in, and passed notes back and forth with the people inside. The Dow interviewer sent out a letter to say that he was "just a chemist, and knew nothing about Dow's policies."

Daniel described those years as a whole. "You have to think of the time in Berkeley," he said, "because it was hippie time, massive smoking a pot. And massive cultural rebellion, wearing of long hair and so forth, and then massive resistance of all kinds to the draft. And at the same time, there was this civil rights movement had been going on with the Martin Luther King to get some rights for black people all tangled in."

The campus, as he remembered it, was "shut down by the protests," and he was in them. "In one of the cases, we just marched all the students right into the office building. The Dow Chemical Company was recruiting there for chemicals to make napalm, so we were massively resisting that." Across the country, women opposed to napalm took the protest into the kitchen and boycotted Dow's Saran Wrap. Napalm, a federal commission later concluded, "became almost as great an issue for anti-war activists as the total war policy to which it contributed."

In the winter of 1967, the university lost its president. On January 20 the Regents, with the new governor voting, dismissed Clark Kerr, fourteen to eight. In February the Bay Area magazine *Ramparts* revealed that the Central Intelligence Agency had been quietly paying for the National Student Association, and the *Daily Californian* reported that the people behind the story promised to name the students on the Berkeley campus who had cooperated. The Cold War then reached Daniel's own department.

Soviet critics had accused Gleb Struve of acting as a CIA "super-lackey," and on March 6 the chairman answered them in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "I have done nothing anti-Soviet on a political level," he said, "before hurrying off to a class," and added, "I have not had any association with the CIA." It was a season in which a professor of Russian literature had to say so in the newspaper.

That year Alex was born, and just before he was, Daniel had visitors at the door. He told it plainly: "just before Alex was born, my father shows up at the door with my mother. And

apparently he's wanting to get rid of my mother because he's tired of her." His father, John, had gone back to her for a while, and now he left her with them. Daniel remembered the reasoning offered at the door: "So you could use mother here. She likes kids." She stayed.

"So from then on," Daniel said, "for the next eight years, I was supporting my mother. She went to Alaska with us." His father went his own way. "My father went off and married a 15 year old girl. It was hippie time," Daniel said, and they had a daughter, Betty, Daniel's half-sister.

In the summer and fall of 1967, Daniel was a father, and the Bay Area was having what came to be called the Summer of Love: as many as 100,000 young people from around the world made their way to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, and to Berkeley across the water, to join a popular version of the hippie life. It was, as Daniel said more than once, "hippie time." For the young men among them, the draft tightened at the same time.

On June 30 Congress passed the Military Selective Service Act of 1967, which kept student deferments only until a man finished his bachelor's degree or turned twenty-four, and allowed graduate students deferments only for study "necessary to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest." Men already in graduate school before that summer could keep their deferments until they finished. Daniel was one of them.

"There were people who were students like myself," he said, "who, because of studying what was considered a communist language, I was studying Russian and Czech, were eligible for a draft deferral. I was also married, too, but in any case, they wanted people to study communist languages, so I was okay there. But we felt guilty because our peers were over there by the hundreds of thousands being screwed up and being killed." He was right about the hundreds of thousands. There were more than 380,000 American troops in Vietnam at the start of 1967, and 11,363 Americans died there that year, more than in all the years before it put together.

In October the war came to downtown Oakland. The organizers of what they called Stop the Draft Week set out to shut down the induction center on Clay Street, and could not agree on how. The federal commission that studied it two years later explained the arrangement: "October 16 and 18 were given over to those of pacifist orientation, who sat in the doorway of the induction center in small, orderly groups, and allowed themselves to be peaceably arrested, while October 17 and 20 were given over to the mass-mobile tactics of the 'militants.' These demonstrators, along with newsmen and spectators, were severely beaten and sprayed with MACE."

Police were brought in from thirteen cities. The *Berkeley Barb* reported that the doorway had been blocked for more than three hours on the first morning, and that among those arrested was the singer Joan Baez. A crew from the television station KCRA filmed the blockade.

That fall the Free University of Berkeley, from an office on Grove Street, offered evening courses to anyone who cared to come. Its catalogue gives a fair picture of the town's interests. It offered "Psychedelic Anthropology," "Living in the Woods" and "Stalking the Savory Wild Mushroom." It also offered "The Russian Revolution: February–October," a "Workshop on Viet Nam," and "A Training Course for Draft Counselors," which between them covered most of the situations a young man in Berkeley was likely to find himself in.

In the same months, back in South Hadley, Daniel's grandfather William Krug died, of an injury to his ankle that he would not let a doctor see. Alex was seven or eight months old, Daniel said, and Regina took a trip back east and visited his grandparents.

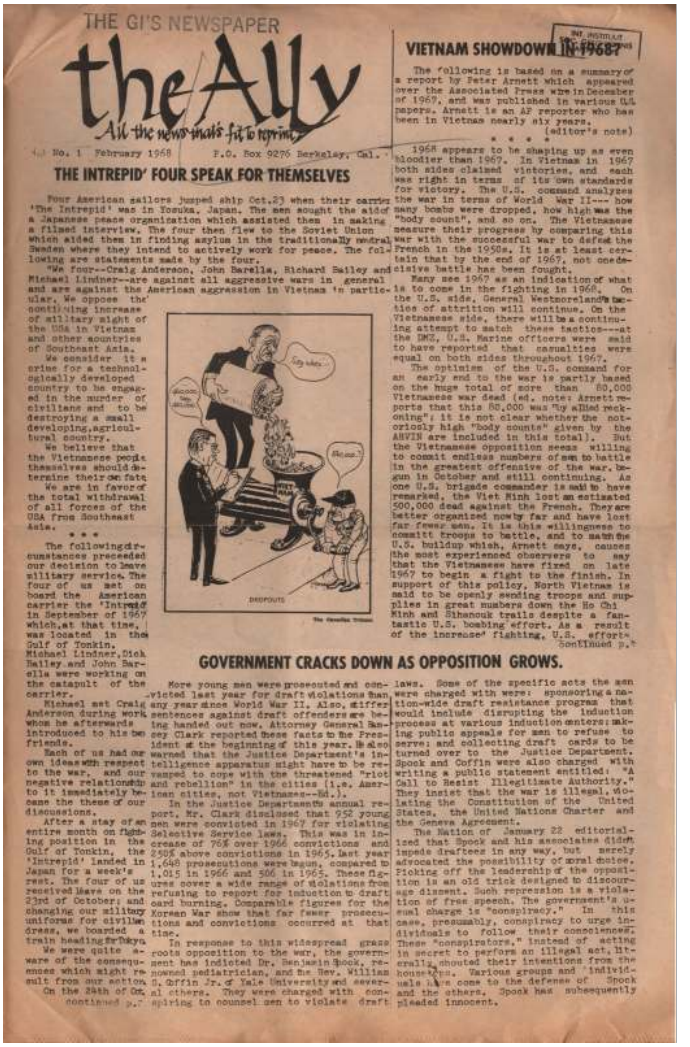
Meanwhile four young American sailors had walked off the aircraft carrier *Intrepid*. They were Craig Anderson, John Barilla, Richard Bailey and Michael Lindner, nineteen and twenty years old, and on October 23, with their ship at Yokosuka in Japan after a month in the Gulf of Tonkin, they went ashore on leave and did not come back. A Japanese peace group helped them, and the Soviet Union, which saw the uses of four American deserters, brought them to Moscow.

On November 17 the head of the KGB, Yuri Andropov, and the foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko, sent the Central Committee a list of proposals for the visitors. One was to "publish

in the newspaper Pravda an article-essay by its correspondent regarding a conversation with the American sailors." In December the four reached Sweden, and on January 9, 1968, Sweden gave them asylum. In Berkeley, Daniel and a few others had decided to start a newspaper. "And so in Berkeley," as he put it, "we got together and we organized and formed a newspaper. The newspaper was called The Ally."

In the winter of 1968, Daniel was in the second year of his doctorate, and the first issue of *The Ally* came out in February. It was made at home. "We lived on Grant Avenue," Daniel said, "and we typed it on my typewriter." They started it, he said, "in our living room." The first issue shows it. Its columns are typewritten, not typeset, under a hand-lettered title that reads "THE GI'S NEWSPAPER," "the Ally," and, beneath, "All the news that's fit to reprint," which was a fair description of the method: much of what it printed came from other papers. It gave its address as a post office box, number 9276, in Berkeley. It was free to anyone in the armed forces; everyone else could have six months for three dollars.

Who started it is a little harder to say. "We started. We started," Daniel said. "Me and three other people. One was Charles Smith. He was a professor at the University of California in



THE GI'S NEWSPAPER

the Ally

All the news that's fit to reprint

No. 1 February 1968 P.O. Box 9276 Berkeley, Cal.

THE INTREPID' FOUR SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Four American sailors jumped ship Oct.23 when their carrier 'The Intrepid' was in Tomuka, Japan. The men sought the aid of a Japanese peace organization which assisted them in making a filmed interview. The four then flew to the Soviet Union which aided them in finding asylum in the traditionally neutral Sweden where they intend to actively work for peace. The following are statements made by the four.

"We four--Craig Anderson, John Barella, Richard Bailey and Michael Lindner--are against all aggressive wars in general and are against the American aggression in Vietnam in particular. We oppose the continuing increase of military might of the USA in Vietnam and other countries of Southeast Asia.

We consider it a crime for a technologically developed country to be engaged in the murder of civilians and to be destroying a small developing,agricultural country.

We believe that the Vietnamese people themselves should determine their destiny.

We are in favor of the total withdrawal of all forces of the USA from Southeast Asia.

* * *

The following circumstances preceded our decision to leave military service. The four of us met on board the American carrier the 'Intrepid' in September of 1967 which,at that time, was located in the Gulf of Tonkin. Michael Lindner,Dick Bailey and John Barella were working on the catapult of the carrier.

Michael met Craig Anderson during work whom he afterwards introduced to his two friends.

Each of us had our own ideas with respect to the war, and our negative relations to it immediately became the theme of our discussions.

After a stay of an entire month on fighting position in the Gulf of Tonkin, the 'Intrepid' landed in Japan for a week's rest. The four of us received leave on the 23rd of October; and changing our military uniforms for civilian dress, we boarded a train heading for Tokyo.

We were quite aware of the consequences which might result from our action.

On the 24th of Oct. [illegible] continued p.7

VIETNAM SHOWDOWN IN 1968?

The following is based on a summary of a report by Peter Arnett which appeared over the Associated Press wire in December of 1967, and was published in various U.S. papers. Arnett is an AP reporter who has been in Vietnam nearly six years.

(editor's note)

* * *

1968 appears to be shaping up as even bloodier than 1967. In Vietnam in 1967 both sides claimed victories, and each was right in terms of its own standards for victory. The U.S. command analyzes the war in terms of World War II--- how many bombs were dropped, how high was the "body count", and so on. The Vietnamese measure their progress by comparing this war with the successful war to defeat the French in the 1950s. It is at least certain that by the end of 1967, not one decisive battle has been fought.

Many see 1967 as an indication of what is to come in the fighting in 1968. On the U.S. side, General Westmoreland's tactics of attrition will continue. On the Vietnamese side, there will be a continuing attempt to match these tactics---at the DMZ, U.S. Marine officers were said to have reported that casualties were equal on both sides throughout 1967.

The optimism of the U.S. command for an early end to the war is partly based on the huge total of more than 80,000 Vietnamese war dead (ed. note: Arnett reports that this 80,000 was "by allied reckoning"; it is not clear whether the notoriously high "body counts" given by the ARVIN are included in this total). But the Vietnamese opposition seems willing to commit endless numbers of men to battle in the greatest offensive of the war, begun in October and still coming. As one U.S. brigade commander is said to have remarked, the Viet Minh lost an estimated 500,000 dead against the French. They are better organized now by far and have lost far fewer men. It is this willingness to commit troops to battle, and to match the U.S. buildup which, Arnett says, causes the most experienced observers to say that the Vietnamese have fired on late 1967 to begin a fight to the finish. In support of this policy, North Vietnam is said to be openly sending troops and supplies in great numbers down the Ho Chi Minh and Sihanouk Trails despite a fantastic U.S. bombing effort. As a result of the increased fighting, U.S. effort-

Continued p.7

GOVERNMENT CRACKS DOWN AS OPPOSITION GROWS.

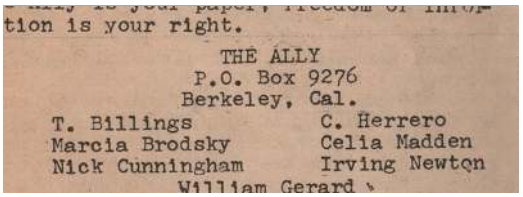
More young men were prosecuted and convicted last year for draft violations than any year since World War II. Also, stiffer sentences against draft offenders are being handed out now. Attorney General Ramsey Clark reported these facts to the President at the beginning of this year. He also warned that the Justice Department's intelligence apparatus might have to be revamped to cope with the threatened "riot and rebellion" in the cities (i.e. American cities, not Vietnames--Ed.).

In the Justice Department's annual report, Mr. Clark disclosed that 952 young men were convicted in 1967 for violating Selective Service laws. This was in increase of 76% over 1966 convictions and 250% above convictions in 1965. Last year 1,648 prosecutions were begun, compared to 1,015 in 1966 and 506 in 1965. These figures cover a wide range of violations from refusing to report for induction to draft card burning. Comparable figures for the Korean War show that far fewer prosecutions and convictions occurred at that time.

In response to this widespread grass roots opposition to the war, the government has indicted Dr. Benjamin Spock, renowned pediatrician, and Rev. William S. Coffin Jr. of Yale University and several others. They were charged with conspiring to counsel men to violate draft laws. Some of the specific acts the men were charged with were: sponsoring a nation-wide draft resistance program that would include disrupting the induction process at various induction centers; making public appeals for men to refuse to serve; and collecting draft cards to be turned over to the Justice Department. Spock and Coffin were also charged with writing a public statement entitled: "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority." They insist that the war is illegal, violating the Constitution of the United States, the United Nations Charter and the Geneva Agreement.

The Nation of January 22 editorialized that Spock and his associates didn't impede draftees in any way, but merely advocated the possibility of moral choice. Picking off the leadership of the opposition is an old trick designed to discourage dissent. Such repression is a violation of free speech. The government's usual charge is "conspiracy." In this case, presumably, conspiracy to urge individuals to follow their consciences. These "conspirators," instead of acting in secret to perform an illegal act, literally shouted their intentions from the housetops. Various groups and individuals have come to the defense of Spock and the others. Spock has subsequently pleaded innocent.

THE ALLY, NO. 1, FEBRUARY 1968


tion is your right.

THE ALLY
P.O. Box 9276
Berkeley, Cal.

T. Billings — C. Herrero
Marcia Brodsky — Celia Madden
Nick Cunningham — Irving Newton
William Gerard

T. BILLINGS, FIRST IN THE STAFF BOX

rhetoric and some others." The staff box of the first issue printed seven names, and the first of them was "T. Billings." That was Daniel. "My name, I used a false name," he said. "I called myself T. Billings." The reason was the times. "Because the CIA was very active."

The other six names were C. Herrero, Marcia Brodsky, Celia Madden, Nick Cunningham, Irving Newton and William Gerard, and whether all of them were any more real than T. Billings, the paper does not say. Daniel's own share of the writing, as he described it, was modest: "I wrote two or three articles. Yeah, to start with, to get it going. And my colleagues wrote the other articles."

His articles were translations. "The articles that I did," he said, "were translations of where these Vietnamese American GIs that escaped Vietnam and went to Russia were giving news reports and it was covered in Pravda so I just translated those articles from Pravda and there were other things in there." The lead story of the first issue was headed "THE INTREPID' FOUR SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES." It printed the four sailors' statement, signed "17th of November, 1967," and then an interview introduced with a line in parentheses: "The following is from an interview with a correspondent of a foreign newspaper—translated by THE ALLY."

The translated sailors spoke in the slightly formal English that comes out of another language. One of them, Richard Bailey, said that he had become convinced "that service in the American navy is a dulling occupation which turns a man into a beast." The piece is not signed, and nothing in the paper says who translated it. The Soviet government's own papers show that it had arranged for *Pravda* to interview the four in November.

The first issue's editorial was blunter than its jokes. "Why do we start this newspaper?" it asked. "The simplest answer is that the war motivates us." It promised to report "the facts of the war and the anti-war movement," to print servicemen's letters "anonymously," and to answer their legal questions. Daniel's idea of where it should go was clear from the start. "The object was that it would be started by students," he said, "but it would be taken over by returning vets from Vietnam because everybody over there was unhappy with the war."

On February 16 the paper took a classified advertisement in the *Berkeley Barb*, the town's underground weekly, a paper founded in 1965 that had made itself rich, as underground papers went, by selling a good part of its space to the lonely and the adventurous. The notice read: "THE ALLY—ANTI-WAR newspaper for servicemen. All the news thats fit to reprint. Subs $3. free to GI's." It ran on a page that also offered a psychedelic light machine that assembled in minutes. Daniel remembered the *Barb*'s part as larger: "It was published by the printed by the Berkeley Barb first."

The paper's first month was a busy one for the draft and for Oakland. On February 16 the Selective Service changed its rules so that most men working toward a master's degree could now be drafted, a decision that touched some 600,000 of them; students of medicine, dentistry and divinity were spared. Doctoral students who, like Daniel, had begun before the summer of 1967 kept their deferments for as long as they stayed enrolled. The next day, February 17, was Huey Newton's birthday.

Newton was in jail, charged with killing an Oakland police officer the previous October, and 5,000 people gathered in Oakland on his behalf, brought out by the Black Panther Party and the new Peace and Freedom Party. "Free Huey!" became a rallying cry for the movement, and was printed on buttons and T-shirts.

The second issue, in March, told its readers how the first had gone out. "As our first issue came off the press," the editors wrote, "we were faced with a major problem—what to do with 3,000 copies." They had a few names: "you could pick up the names of half a dozen guys who put ads in the local papers for girls to write them. (They're in for a surprise.)" That still left, as they counted it, "the other 2,989 copies."

San Francisco was a staging area for the war, so they took the paper to the men passing through. "So off we went to bus terminals and airports. Twice we were told to leave the USO lounge at SF airport. According to the receptionist, our presence was 'creating a disturbance' (all two of us!)." The soldiers' reactions were mixed. "One soldier read the paper, crumpled it into a tiny ball and returned it without a word. Another, on his way home from Vietnam, told us: 'I don't need this any more. I've been there and know what it's like.' He then offered cigarettes all around."

Money for the second issue came the way such money usually comes: "A few friends came up with $3 for subscriptions, and even some 5ers. Somebody's father gave $10 provided she not involve herself with us."

On the same page was a letter from a serviceman. "Just saw your notice of an anti-war newspaper in The Barb," it began. He wanted a copy, but "my C.O. would be on my ass if he knew about this, so please, a plain wrapper." The editors answered that most of their mail "has reflected this same fear of harassment," and that *The Ally* always went out "in plain white envelopes that look like any letter you might receive from a friend."

Daniel's own view of the war, as he set it out, came in three parts, and each can be set beside the record. The first was its origin: "Historians will show that there was no justification for us fighting that war, which is kind of the dirty laundry left by the French after Dien Bien Phu and this notion that the domino theory that if Vietnam fell, then all these other countries would go and be part of one big thing with China."

The domino theory had been named by President Eisenhower on April 7, 1954, while Dien Bien Phu was under siege: "You have a row of dominoes set up, you knock over the first one, and what will happen to the last one is the certainty that it will go over very quickly." The second was the Gulf of Tonkin, which had brought Congress into the war in 1964. "The various reports had been documented," Daniel said, "that we were not attacked by Viet Cong in the Bay of Tonkin by a couple cruisers. The justification for the war was really... not there."

The ships were in fact two destroyers, and the boats North Vietnamese, but on the main point he was right: the second attack that summer had never happened, and in January and February 1968 the Senate Foreign Relations Committee reopened the matter and learned that the Navy's own communications center had doubted it. The third was money: "a lot of big construction companies were making billions by building harbors and so forth there." One consortium of four of them held a Navy contract worth $1.865 billion, then the largest construction program in history.

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In the spring of 1968, Daniel was still in Berkeley, and the Bay around him was full of the readers *The Ally* had been started for. Naval Air Station Alameda, across the estuary from Oakland, was home port in the war years to the aircraft carriers *Coral Sea*, *Hancock*, *Oriskany*, *Enterprise* and *Ranger*, and the naval station on Treasure Island sat in the middle of the Bay; *The Ally* is counted among the GI papers of those two bases. Oakland had the Army Base, through which men went out to the war and came home from it, and it had the induction center, through which they went in.

The Ally needed those readers, and Oakland had them by the busload. Daniel remembered taking the paper to the source. "Our interest," he said, "was to go down to the draft board in Oakland where the young men were in their underwear getting their physical." What happened next he told in one breath:

> *We would go on the bottom floor, three-floor building, start passing out allies on the way up, and then we would go down the stairs. ... We're at the top floor. The police came in the same door that we had come in, so we went quickly down the stairs. We dumped off all of our allies and then out the door and just eluded being caught by them.*

"And the police were very nasty then," he said. He had seen what happened to the people who stood their ground. "The students were quite surprised to see how brutal the police were. They were really bloodied and banged up. We have some pictures from that time." He believed the police "were instructed to be very nasty," because by then "there was a lot of frustration because



DOWN THE STAIRS (ILLUSTRATION)

the government was failing there and we were losing and the lies that underlay our going there were revealed." It was the same building where, the October before, by the federal commission's account, demonstrators, newsmen and spectators had been beaten and sprayed with Mace.

That April the brutality was not only at the induction center. Martin Luther King was killed in Memphis on April 4, and two nights later, in West Oakland, Oakland police shot dead Bobby Hutton, the Black Panther Party's first recruit and its treasurer, after a confrontation at a house there that went on for an hour and a half. He was seventeen. About 1,500 people came to his funeral on April 12, at the Ephesians Church of God in Berkeley.

The April issue of *The Ally* showed what handing out the paper was like when somebody else did it. One of its staff, C. Herrero, wrote of passing out copies at the San Francisco airport "with a friend" and meeting four Marines who had read it. "In general, they didn't like it. One kept saying, 'I don't dig it.'" One of them, who "seemed about ten feet tall," grew angry, and Herrero, who had been a little worried about having "difficulty at the airport," got off with a verdict: "'You're just lengthening the war,' the big Marine said finally. 'Get out of my sight.'" The letters page gave both sides.

A soldier wrote on March 18 that the paper was "great, truly great," and that he had been "fortunate enough to get a copy before they were thrown in the trash by my platoon sergeant." Another, writing to one of the editors by her first name, warned that the paper might "miscalculate the mood of the vast majority of GI's," who were, "by and large," convinced "that what we are doing in Vietnam is the right thing." The paper printed him anyway.

The Ally went on coming out once a month, and its May issue shows what Daniel meant about translating from the Russian press. Low on the front page, under the heading "U.S. BUYS NAZI GAS," a short unsigned item began: "The Russian government newspaper Pravda reports that the American government has purchased Zyklon-B gas from West Germany." It cited *Izvestia* as well. Whether it was true was another matter, and the paper did not stop to ask; it was what Moscow was saying, put into English in Berkeley for American soldiers.

Beside it, the lead story had a better joke and better arithmetic. Under the headline "April Fool! More Men to Vietnam," it pointed out that on March 31 President Johnson had told the country on television that only 13,500 more men would go to Vietnam, and that "the very next

day" the Pentagon had put the figure "closer to 60,000."

The June issue, the last before Daniel went north, ran eight pages, with T. Billings still at the head of the staff box. On its second page was a boxed chronology called "Know Your War," which went back to the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 and came, in due course, to August 1964. The destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy*, it said, had been "attacked," with the word in quotation marks: "Contradictory accounts leave it in doubt whether an attack really took place."

Until that time, the chronology added, only 163 Americans had been killed in Vietnam. On the next page the paper printed its own count of the cost since 1961, from government figures, under the heading "THE GI TOLL: 169,261." Of that number 22,951 had been killed. Daniel's view of the Gulf of Tonkin, in other words, was already in print in the paper he had helped to start.

Somewhere in those months the family's money was running short. "We had a child, our money was low," Daniel said, "and my mother was living with me, helping take care of Alex." Daniel had been working for the YMCA. And one day a family of Alaskans came to Berkeley High School to show a film. "When we first met the Meters at Berkeley High School for their presentation," he said, "they were wearing skin clothing, like from caribou. And Fred had this big grizzly bear necklace."

They were "these Alaskan wilderness people that came in to show their movie, their wildlife movie," and Daniel and Regina "got real interested in that." There were teenagers, too, who had "been having trouble with, especially with pot smoking," and their parents had a choice, as Daniel told it, between "juvenile home" and a summer in the Brooks Range with the Meters, "to see if they would straighten out." The Meters invited Daniel to go up with them. Their film was a long way from finished.

It would become, years later, a feature called *Year of the Caribou*, and the American Film Institute's catalogue records that its makers took an earlier version of it around the country in the late 1960s, showing it wherever people would come, which is how a family from the Brooks Range came to be standing in caribou skins in a Berkeley high school.

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In the summer of 1968, Daniel went north with the teenagers. "I didn't smoke pot," he said, which put him in a minority of the party. "Of course they brought suitcases full of pot with them, and they were all the time I was up there. They were running around in the lake naked and smoking pot and fornicating." The straightening out, if it happened, happened slowly. Daniel spent his own time on the hunting.

"It was a very interesting time," he said, "because we were also doing big game hunting for the Dall sheep. And Fred was making money by getting like these Florida doctors up there with their wives and going way up in the Brooks Range to hunt the sheep... for their head and so forth." His verdict was simple: "I thought this was great." He wrote to Regina about it, "a whole bunch of letters," which the family still has, and took pictures.

He missed a good deal at home. At the end of June and into July, Telegraph Avenue had several nights of disturbances. The *Barb* reported tear gas, then "the second tear gas attack," a curfew, a state of emergency that the city council later voted to end, and 134 arrests. The same issue carried a shooting from the other side of the city line.

It was not in Berkeley, the paper said, but in West Oakland, where nine officers had answered a call, eight shots had missed, and "a shotgun blast finally 'cut him down'": a black man killed, by the *Barb*'s account, "the SAME NIGHT all of Berkeley was 'sealed off.'" *The Ally* went on without him. Its July issue still printed T. Billings at the head of the staff box, and on its fifth page it printed a poem called "The Policeman," seven stanzas of hyphenated names for a policeman ("Hey, man! / It's the policeman!") that end "Why, it's the lawman!"

It was signed "T. Billings." On the front page was the story of an Army private who had refused his orders at the Oakland Army Base and been given three years at hard labor. On the sixth page a twenty-four-year-old University of California graduate student, known on the campus for demonstrating against the war dressed as the

Grim Reaper, had been sentenced by a federal judge to four years in prison for refusing induction. Beside him, under "Ten GIs Get Asylum in Sweden," was a serviceman from Memphis who had been given a Purple Heart by President Johnson in a hospital ward at Cam Ranh Bay and had since deserted, reaching Stockholm by way of Moscow, where he and five others had "appeared on Soviet television to denounce the war."

When he came back at the end of the summer, he and Regina made up their minds. "When I came back to Berkeley at the end of the summer of 68," he said, "we said, oh, but goodness, let's go up to Alaska with these people."

In the fall of 1968, Daniel left the university. "I dropped out of," he said, "it was a trimester system and I completed the second one of the second year there. And I dropped out." His word was close enough. Under the new calendar, the year had three terms, and the second of them, the winter quarter, ran from early January to the middle of March. He went to work in a factory.

"I went to work in the American Can Company in Oakland, which was an extremely noisy job. You had to have headphones, and I worked with a magnet, like going around picking up can scraps under these machines, just making Coke cans." American Can had a plant at 3801 East 8th Street in Oakland, one enormous single-story building making soldered and welded steel cans and can ends. The federal minimum wage that year was $1.60 an hour. What Daniel was paid, he did not say.

"And we were still doing the Ally," he said, "putting out editions of the Ally." But the paper was changing hands, as he had meant it to. In September the staff names disappeared from the box. *The Ally* now described itself as the work of "an independent group of citizens, reservists, veterans, and active-duty GIs," and that month's editorial was written by two serving airmen. By October the editorial was signed by Clark Smith, and the paper was growing fast.

"We've gone from 6,000 to 20,000 circulation in two months," the editors wrote, and asked for money and for "gobs of six cent stamps." The letters page, "Sound off!," was full. One soldier wrote that "The Ally really beats the AF propaganda sheet, 'The Stars and Stripes.'" "It was very popular," Daniel said. "It was taken over entirely from students who knew nothing about it but were just on deferments, and it was taken on by actual former veterans that had experienced the conditions in Vietnam and it went very well."

Just across the Bay, on October 14, twenty-seven prisoners in the Army stockade at the Presidio of San Francisco sat down on the lawn, linked arms and sang "We Shall Overcome," for which the Army charged them with mutiny. It was the kind of reader *The Ally* had been started for. Daniel believed the paper had reached further still. "People like John Kerry," he said, "they were probably using it," because Kerry "was an anti-war Vietnam veteran." Vietnam Veterans Against the War had been founded in 1967, and Kerry would become its best-known spokesman, but no record found for this book connects him with *The Ally*; Daniel's "probably" is the honest word for it.

By the end of the year the decision was made. Daniel gave his reasons plainly. One was the work he had trained for. "It just wasn't clear, you know, how does one... get a career, for example, in Slavic languages. It's like there's one job per 1,000 applicants. And then you have to go through about a 10-year process to get your PhD because you take the classes. Then you have to do all this other shit to get a thesis approved."

Another was the town, as it had become. "And so we had this chance," he said, "just to get out of there." The last word was the simplest. "So anyway, it was very refreshing. So we go to Alaska. And we went there on January 1st of 1969." Regina was four months pregnant with Yana, and Alex was not yet two.

The Ally outlived its beginnings by a long way. It kept going for nearly six years, longer than most of the GI papers, and its last issue, number 43, was dated January 1974; Daniel remembered it going on to forty-eight. T. Billings had last appeared in its staff box in August 1968. Berkeley, too, went on without them. On May 15, 1969, at People's Park, sheriff's deputies fired tear gas and shotguns at the crowd, and a young man named

James Rector, watching from a roof, died four days later.

That was the shooting Daniel remembered: "a number of students were actually shot by shotguns in the park there," he said, and it happened, as he said, "when I was away in the Brooks Range." The papers of *The Ally*'s editor, Clark Smith, are in the Wisconsin Historical Society, closed to researchers until 2030, so the full story of who started the paper in a Berkeley living room is not yet to be had. Daniel kept his own copies, "number one, two, and three," and the bundle of letters from the summer of 1968. The rest of the story is Alaska's.

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other pages and texts in `facts/records/_raw/berkeley-again/`, and the public-domain books in `facts/sources/poets/london/` and `…/stevenson/`. The two plates of *The Ally* are page scans from JSTOR (CC BY-NC), not illustrations.

A WALK IN THE SNOW

BROOKS RANGE, ALLAKAKET AND FAIRBANKS, ALASKA · 1968–1975

On Grizzly Bears, Caribou Hearts and Such

The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below.

JACK LONDON, TO BUILD A FIRE

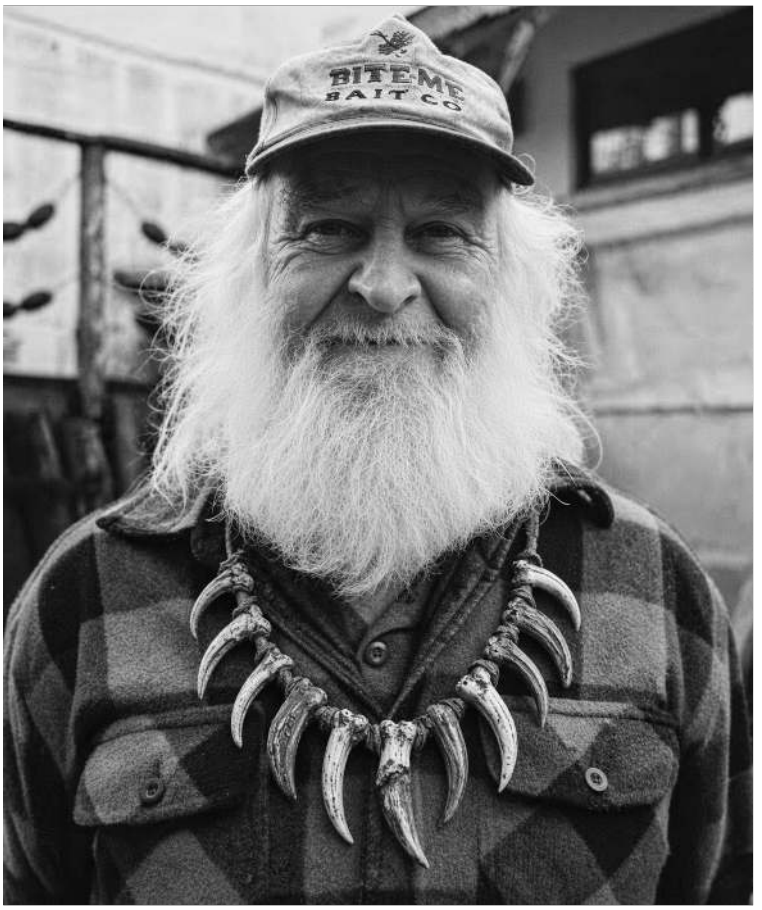
In the late 1960s Alaska was still new at being a state. It had joined the Union on January 3, 1959, and the whole of it held about three hundred thousand people, spread across a territory where most places could be reached only by air, by river, or on foot. North of Livengood, which was about where the road out of Fairbanks gave up, there was no road at all. Then, in March 1968, a well at Prudhoe Bay on the Arctic coast struck oil, and the rest of the country started paying attention. How to get that oil out of the Arctic, and who the land belonged to in the first place, would shape the next decade of Alaskan life.

Up in the Brooks Range, well beyond the end of the road, lived a family who had no need of it. Fred and his wife, the Meters, lived by hunting, dressed in caribou skins, and made their living from the country too. Fred guided big-game hunters, doctors from Florida who came up with their wives and went deep into the range after Dall sheep, for the heads. The family were also wildlife photographers, shooting sixteen-millimeter footage for a feature film about the herds, an hour-long movie called *Year of the Caribou*. Fred wore a necklace of claws from grizzly bears he had killed, which is the sort of thing that tends to hold an audience, and it was in that outfit that Daniel first met them, when they came to give a presentation at Berkeley High School.

They took in teenagers, too. The YMCA, where Daniel was working, had a program for boys and girls who had got themselves into trouble: their parents could choose juvenile hall, or a summer in the Brooks Range with Fred's family. The theory, which has been tried on teenagers in one form or another for as long as there have been teenagers, was that a few months of hard country would straighten them out. The family's lake was Wild Lake, a long, narrow enlargement of the Wild River on the south slope of the range, "walled in by mountains," as a Park Service survey put it, about two hundred and thirty miles north-west of Fairbanks by air. It had been a gold camp once. In 1904 a prospector named Jack Lamont found gold on a creek above it, and for a few years men did well: one claim on Spring Creek cleared twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars between 1904 and 1912.

The luck ran out in the usual way. A miner named Frank Smith worked a claim he called the Homebrew and took ten dollars out of it for a whole season's work, which is a better argument for homebrew than for mining. By the late 1950s, the Park Service's historian wrote, the lake had only one year-round household left, at its north end, and it was Fred's: "Fred, his family, and a sequence of young converts had come to Wild Lake as Thoreau had gone to Walden Pond."

In the summer of 1968, Daniel went north for the first time, with that year's teenagers. They arrived, he said, with suitcases full of pot, and whatever the Brooks Range was doing for their characters, they spent the summer "running around in the lake naked and smoking pot and fornicating." It is not recorded whether the parents were told. The household had other visitors that summer, and liked them less. In June 1968 a National Park Service team, sent to look over the central Brooks Range as a possible park, landed a floatplane on Wild Lake, and a bearded young man came after the taxiing plane in a rowboat, "to protest this



FRED METER

noisy disturbance of Eden," as the service's historian later described it. The team's own diary was briefer: he "does make it clear that airplanes are not welcome in this paradise."

The record does not say who was rowing. The same team found grizzly tracks and claw marks along the shores of Wild Lake, and the household, the Park Service noted, "discouraged hunters" at the lake itself, which sits a little oddly beside a summer of guiding Florida doctors after sheep, unless the sheep were somewhere else, which in the Brooks Range is entirely possible. The weather station at the north end of the lake recorded eighty-seven degrees that July, and seven inches of snow in September.

Daniel spent the summer on the hunts. He went up into the range with Fred and the Florida doctors after the Dall sheep. "I thought this was great," he said. He wrote home to his wife, Regina, about it, a whole bundle of letters that the family still has, and took pictures, and by the time he came back at the end of the summer the two of them had decided to go north with Fred's family themselves.

That fall he left his doctoral program at Berkeley and went to work in a can factory in Oakland, going around under the machines with a magnet, picking up the scraps from the making of Coke cans. On January 1, 1969, the family set out for Alaska. Alex was not yet two, and Regina was pregnant.

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In the winter of 1969, from January through April, Daniel and his family lived with the Meters in the Brooks Range, which Daniel put at a hundred and fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle. That far north, in the depths of winter, the sun

does not bother to come up at all for a couple of weeks around the solstice, and for weeks after that it barely clears the mountains.

They were not the only people busy in the range that winter. The state was building a road to the new oil fields in the most Alaskan way imaginable, bulldozing a track of packed snow north from Livengood through Bettles and over Anaktuvuk Pass to the Arctic coast. It was called the Hickel Highway, after the governor, and it worked splendidly until the spring, when it melted into a long ditch of mud and was abandoned. Governor Hickel himself left for Washington that January to become Richard Nixon's Secretary of the Interior. Alaskans, who are hard to impress with ice, gave the road other names: the Hickel Canal, the Hickel Ditch, and the Hickel Canoe Trail. At Anaktuvuk Pass, where the tractors came through the mountains, an observer watched the Nunamiut villagers stand silent as the machines went by, and wrote of them: "Their lives, and their children's lives, never to be the same." The weather that greeted the St. Johns was making its own point. Two days before they set out from California, the thermometer at the north end of Wild Lake read fifty below.

On January 2 it read fifty-one below, and for the first ten days of 1969 it did not once rise above ten below zero. Down at the Bettles airfield, forty miles south and five hundred feet lower, it was sixty-two below.

At the cabin there was no electricity. There was, on the other hand, a tremendous amount of time, and people filled it the way people always have in the dark, with stories. They also slept strangely. "Our dreams were extremely vivid," Daniel said. "Like you would have dreams that would be so hyper real that you would not believe." More than fifty years later he still remembered one about dolphins, which, a hundred and fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle, is quite an achievement.

The grocery store was the caribou herd. When it came through, the family would kill twenty-five or thirty animals and stack the carcasses outside the house, where the weather, which Daniel put at fifty to seventy below zero, turned the whole outdoors into a freezer. They thawed them as needed. On the wood stove a big pot stayed on the boil with every part of the animal in it, until the bones went soft. In the autumn there were always a couple of moose besides, which is a very great deal of meat, and some of it became jerky.

The secret, it turned out, was fat. Daniel had this from a scientist he called Stephenson, who had lived on meat alone among the Eskimos and found that lean meat by itself will make you ill. The man was Vilhjalmur Stefansson, an Arctic explorer who spent years with the Inuit of the Canadian Arctic before the First World War and came home a lifelong enthusiast for the all-meat diet. In 1928, to settle the argument, he and a companion ate nothing but meat for a full year under observation at Bellevue Hospital in New York.

The illness he warned about is real, and northern people have a name for it, "rabbit starvation," which manages to be alarming and faintly ridiculous at the same time. The cure is fat. So the Meters ate cups of tallow with their caribou. "And we were fine," Daniel said. Stefansson had learned it the hard way. In the winter of 1906, short of seal oil on the Mackenzie, his party lived on lean caribou, "and we would boil up huge quantities and stuff ourselves with it," he wrote, and went hungry anyway. "The symptoms that result from a diet of lean meat are practically those of starvation."

He claimed a further benefit for it, as the family explained it to him. Western people, he said, carry a whole ecology of bacteria that lives on sugar and grain and rots their teeth, and there was no money up there for dentists. Two or three months a year of nothing but meat killed the bacteria off. Their teeth did very well. Even cavities, he said, would heal. Modern dentistry may wish to see the data. Stefansson, for one, would have backed him. "I have noticed in my own case," he wrote in 1921, "that tooth decay which had begun before I went North has advanced less rapidly up there than it does in civilization." He had also carried a hundred and six Eskimo skulls back to the American Museum of Natural History and could not find a cavity in them that had not started with a broken tooth. Healing, admittedly, is a further step.

The one person the diet did not suit was Regina, who was pregnant and could not stom-



GRIZZLY BEAR DISCOVERS FRED'S MEAT STASH

ach it. They had brought along some dried fruit, and she used to take it outside to eat, so that nobody would get jealous, which tells you most of what you need to know about four months of caribou.

❧

The long nights that winter were full of grizzly stories, and the Meters had more reason than most to tell them, because they kept the bears around on purpose: the animals near the cabin were the subject of the film, not a problem so much as the cast. Daniel was careful to say that he never personally had a run-in with one, which in that household may have taken some doing. But that winter he heard the story behind Fred's necklace.

As the family told it, they were in the cabin one night, in total darkness, when the building began to move. They kept moose meat hanging from the log rafters, and a single hind leg of a moose can run to three hundred pounds, so it takes a good deal to shift one. Something outside was pulling at the meat hard enough to move the timbers of the roof. It was a grizzly, and it was hungry. Fred went out with a gun, fired, and could not tell whether he had hit it.

This, it should be understood, was the worst available outcome. A wounded grizzly, Daniel said, will take revenge on people; grizzlies "do not like to be tampered with." In his ranking of the animal kingdom, only one creature was worse: "the wolverine is the most vindictive creature." So the family went back inside and sat in the dark, not knowing whether there was now a wounded, angry and hungry bear on the other side of the wall. Then the roof began to move again. Fred went out and fired again, and again could not tell.

In the morning, in the thin band of twilight that passes for daytime up there, they found two grizzlies. One was an ordinary bear, insofar as a grizzly is ever ordinary. The other was old and wrong: a very large head on a body shriveled with starvation, and a damaged jaw, shot or broken at some point, so that it could not feed itself. That, Daniel said, was "the most dangerous kind of animal," because it was desperate. Fred took the claws off both of them and made himself the necklace.

In April 1969 the family came out of the range, more or less with the snow, which at the lake went from ten inches on the ground on April 10 to none at all by the 29th. Regina was about eight months pregnant, and a daughter was born that year. In September, in Anchorage, the state auctioned leases on the North Slope oil lands and took in about nine hundred million dollars



A MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF ANIMAL

in a single day. Alaska had found out what it was worth.

❧

They stayed in Alaska fifteen years. In the years after the Brooks Range, Daniel and Regina taught school, three of those years on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea, among the Aleuts. The country changed around them. In December 1971 Congress settled the land claims of Alaska's Native peoples, forty-four million acres and nearly a billion dollars, the largest settlement of its kind in American history. In 1972 and 1973 a Ford Leadership Grant took Daniel and Regina to visit schools in Russia, in Siberia, and in England. The Pribilofs were the other end of Alaska from the Brooks Range: two small treeless islands in the fog of the Bering Sea, where the business of life for a century had been the fur seal. St. Paul, the larger, had four hundred and fifty people in 1970, nearly all of them Aleut, and a school of about a hundred and fifteen children, one of the biggest village schools in the state. The teachers, as a 1973 state booklet put it, found that their pupils needed some things more than others: "Learning that seals shot in the summertime sink, and in the wintertime, float, is much more important to them than learning the meaning of traffic signals."

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In the fall of 1973, Daniel and Regina were teaching together in Allakaket, a Koyukon Athabascan village on the Koyukuk River, sitting more or less exactly on the Arctic Circle. It was not a gentle place to spend a winter. Two winters earlier, in January 1971, the temperature at a pipeline camp called Prospect Creek, just north of the Arctic Circle, had reached eighty below zero, still the coldest reading ever taken in the United States, and at that point a thermometer is really just keeping score. The next day, the high in Allakaket was sixty-six below. That was the high. Hudson Stuck, the Episcopal archdeacon who mushed through in 1909, had been precise about the geography: at Allakaket, he wrote, "we are only two or three miles within the technical Arctic regions." His church had founded the mission there, St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, in 1906, and the village had grown up around it. By 1970 it had a hundred and seventy-four people, a hundred and sixty-eight of them Native, with a median age of about seventeen. The census counted thirty-seven dwellings and found that not one had full plumbing.

The school was a state school, opened in 1957 and run from an office on International Airport Road in Anchorage, and it stopped at the eighth grade. After that the village's teenagers left home for nine months of the year to board somewhere with a high school; Allakaket was one of the villages named in the lawsuit, filed in 1972, that set out to change that. Their first winter there was a cold one even by local standards. In February 1974 the village station recorded fifteen nights at fifty below or colder, and the warmest reading of the whole month was two below zero.

That October the Arab oil embargo put gasoline lines across the lower forty-eight, and America discovered that it was very short of oil at about the moment it remembered that Alaska was full

of it. The next month Nixon signed the act that let the oil companies build a pipeline eight hundred miles from Prudhoe Bay to the sea at Valdez. Construction began in April 1974, and Fairbanks, where the St. Johns had forty acres outside town, became a boomtown.

By November 1974 a construction worker in Alaska averaged thirteen dollars and forty cents an hour, and the chamber of commerce in Fairbanks was advising job seekers to bring two or three thousand dollars with them for food and lodging, since "housing for in-migrants is nonexistent." In September the pipeline's haul road reached the Arctic coast, "the first American highway to cross the Arctic Circle," some sixty miles east of Allakaket.

In the fall of 1974, for the second school year, they split up the work. Daniel had concluded that grade school was not his calling — "I don't think I was suited or patient to be a grade school teacher," he said — and in September he was hired as a Russian interpreter, which paid very well. So Regina took their daughter back to Allakaket to teach in its three-teacher school with friends of theirs, and Daniel and Alex stayed on the forty acres outside Fairbanks. While Daniel was away on the first part of the interpreting work, Nepali friends looked after Alex. The village had a new connection to the outside that year, and it came from space. NASA had launched a satellite, ATS-6, in May 1974, and the state borrowed time on it for an experiment in teaching by television. Allakaket was one of the experiment's sites and the northernmost of them all, more than a thousand miles from the southernmost, at Craig. Its dish looked at the satellite about three degrees above the horizon, so low that the engineers used the village as one of their yardsticks for the edge of the signal. Programmes ran through the school year, with live questions afterwards over a radio link, and the experiment's final report preserved one of those calls as its example: "Juneau this is Allakaket calling."

In December 1974, Daniel went back to Allakaket to stay with Regina and the children. The village station recorded sixty-five below that month, on a day when the high was fifty-seven below, and the sun was up for about two hours at the solstice. By then it was not the cold that worried them. They were weighing whether the village was still safe, because some of the men, Daniel said, would get hopped up and go running through the village on a snow machine, "shooting just randomly around." Of all the dangers of the far north, this is not one that tends to make the brochures.

In March 1975 he left again for the last three weeks of the interpreting, and when he came back there was a decision in front of them. The University of Connecticut had offered him a place as a doctoral student, along with the chance to go to Moscow as interpreter for a famous archaeologist's lecture series — "a full boat," Daniel called it. Regina liked teaching and wanted to keep at it.

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In the middle of April 1975, during a school break, the family left the village, and on the way through Fairbanks they stopped to see the Meters. It was dark, and the Meters had run out of food, which for people who lived by hunting was a problem with an obvious solution and, as it happened, one obvious volunteer. Fred had a bad leg and could not manage the snow. Daniel had an old Army .30-06. "I guess I was feeling kind of macho," he said.

They had spotted caribou, the early ones, south of Wild Lake and up on the cliffs, feeding the way caribou do at the tail end of winter, working down through the snow to get at the moss beneath. Daniel had his own description of the technique. "They're like drills," he said. The animals themselves would probably have described it differently. The word "caribou" comes, by way of French, from the Mi'kmaq *qalipu*, which means "snow shoveler."

He set off alone. "It was black, it was dark," he said, which covers it. He had been duly warned about the grizzlies, and about the wolves, of which there were a lot, and about how far a bear can smell blood, which, according to the state's biologists, is farther than a dog can. He walked maybe five miles down the lake and climbed the hillside, and there, a very long way off, were the caribou, about six of them standing together.

The distance was four or five hundred yards, and he did not think much of his rifle. By his



HE SET OFF ALONE



DAN KILLS AN ELK

own estimate the shot "was not very promising to hit anything." He fired into the group anyway, on the reasonable principle that if you cannot hit one caribou you may at least hit one of six. "And sure enough," he said, "I did, and I got one."

That was the easy part.

And I went up there ... very steep and up in the snow. And there was one, and it was a female. And it was, they're too heavy to carry. But I took out a heart, and I took some haunches ... legs, and I brought those back. But it was in the dark.



THE EASY PART

It was getting darker all the time. An adult female caribou weighs something like two hundred pounds, which is why most of her had stayed on the hill. Behind him was a caribou, or most of one. Ahead of him were five miles of lake. Somewhere out there, or so he had been assured, were the bears.

I was just paranoid carrying this dripping animal meat and heart, I would say five miles to the, and fortunately, I made it, but I just, every little noise attracted my attention.

He made it back to the Meters' house with the heart and the haunches, which, in a household that had run out of food, is the best kind of arrival there is. The Meters' film had opened by then. In October 1974 *Year of the Caribou* was shown in San Francisco, a hundred minutes long in the version *Variety* reviewed, and the paper called it "essentially a record of one year out of the 10" the family had spent living on the edge of the Alaskan wilderness.

In 1975 Allakaket became an incorporated city, and in the autumn of 1976 a court settlement promised a high school in any village with fifteen children of high-school age, so that the teenagers of places like Allakaket would no longer have to leave home to finish school. The family stayed in Alaska nine more years. In June 1977 oil began to flow down the pipeline from Prudhoe Bay, and in 1984, after fifteen years in Alaska, "working in the villages and so forth," as he put it, Daniel and his family went back to Massachusetts. They took with them three copies of *Year of the Caribou*, and the bundle of letters he had written home in the summer of 1968, the first summer he went north.

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NUNIVAK

NUNIVAK ISLAND, MEKORYUK AND BETHEL, ALASKA · AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS · 1974–1985

On Muskoxen, Marlin Perkins and the Long Way Home

The beach was well tracked by polar bears, but none of the party could discover any sign of reindeer or musk oxen, though the country seems to abound in the kind of food they require.

JOHN MUIR, THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN

In the middle of the 1970s Nunivak Island was one of the more out-of-the-way places in a state made almost entirely of out-of-the-way places. It lies in the Bering Sea about thirty miles off the delta of the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers, a volcanic island of 1,632 square miles, roughly forty-eight miles by sixty-six, with some sixty cinder cones on it and no tree taller than a dwarf willow. Its people are the Cup'ig, who speak their own dialect of Yup'ik. Edward Nelson, who surveyed the Bering Sea coast for the Smithsonian in the 1870s, recorded them simply: "The Nunivagmut are the people of Nunivak island and the main land at Cape Vancouver." In 1880 a census taker counted 702 people in nine villages on the island. An epidemic in 1900 left one of those villages with four surviving families, and by 1970 everyone lived in a single village, Mekoryuk, on the north shore: 249 people, an airstrip built in 1957, and a mission church. Wien Air Alaska flew in from Bethel twice a week.

The island had been a federal wildlife refuge since 1929, and in the 1970s it was famous, in the small circles where such things are famous, for its muskoxen. Alaska's own muskoxen had been hunted out in the 1800s. Nelson heard a story on the Bering Sea coast about a dark, horned animal with fine thick fur that sank into the ground when it was killed, and concluded, "This undoubtedly refers to the muskox, which has been extinct for ages in the region where these people live." In 1930 the government shipped thirty-four muskoxen from Greenland to a farm at the agricultural college outside Fairbanks, and in 1935 and 1936 it turned the thirty-one survivors loose on Nunivak, chosen because it had grass and no bears or wolves. Nobody asked the Cup'ig. Every muskox in Alaska today is descended from those thirty-one.

The island had already run one experiment of the kind. Its wild caribou had been killed off after firearms reached it in the late nineteenth century, and in 1920 a trading company brought in domestic reindeer, which the government bought in the years around 1940 and handed to the islanders in 1970. The reindeer herd had peaked near thirty thousand in the early 1940s; in 1975 there were about three thousand, on what the refuge called "badly overgrazed" range. The muskoxen, on the other hand, had prospered.

There were more than five hundred by 1965. The state counted 534 in the winter of 1973, took no census at all in 1974, and reckoned that "at least 549 muskoxen were present on Nunivak Island in 1974." The refuge's own handout put the situation in a sentence: "The problem is they have done too well."

The animal itself has never been well served by its name. It is not an ox, being closer to the sheep and goats, and it does not smell of musk. The explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who knew it well, complained that "the name is in a sense libelous of him, as it is in a sense deceptive to the reader," and tried, without much success, to get people to call it the polar ox.

What a muskox does have is a coat of fine underwool, which the Yup'ik call qiviut, and a single famous tactic: when the herd is threatened, the adults stand in a ring facing outward with the calves in the middle. Against wolves this works

beautifully. Against a man with a rifle it is the worst idea in the animal kingdom.

Far to the west, on the other side of the Bering Strait, there had been no muskoxen at all within human memory, and a Moscow biologist named Savva Mikhailovich Uspensky meant to change that. Uspensky, born in 1920, was an Arctic ornithologist and polar bear man, the author of some three hundred and fifty papers and the first chairman of the international working group on polar bears. In 1964 he had led the field work that showed Wrangel Island, off the coast of Chukotka, could support muskoxen. The opening came with détente.

On May 23, 1972, in Moscow, Richard Nixon and the Soviet leadership signed an Agreement on Cooperation in the Field of Environmental Protection, and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service later wrote that it was this agreement that made an introduction of Alaskan muskoxen to Russia possible. The Soviets, the Service noted reassuringly, had "no plans to domesticate or hunt the animals."

The Canadians went first. Pierre Trudeau promised the Soviets some muskoxen during a visit in 1971, and in August 1974 Canadian crews caught seventeen yearlings on Banks Island. Three died, and on the night before the handover four more, according to the Soviet account, "mysteriously disappeared" in the middle of a protest by émigrés who did not want the Soviets to have any. Ten reached the Taymyr Peninsula after seven days in their cages, by way of Iceland, Moscow, Norilsk, Khatanga and finally a helicopter.

It was a start, but it was not a herd. The Americans were to send the next batch, from Nunivak, and the people who would arrange it included Uspensky and his colleague Vadim Tarkov; Peter Lent of the cooperative wildlife research unit at the University of Alaska; the refuge men Calvin Lensink and Jerry Hout; and two interpreters.

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In the fall of 1974, Daniel was living with Alex on the family's forty acres outside Fairbanks. Regina had taken their daughter back to Allakaket to teach for a second year, and Daniel had been taken on, as he put it, for "that Russian interpreting in September." He had been studying Russian since he was nineteen, when he made it his major, and had gone on, in his words, "to a doctorate in Berkeley in Russian." "They needed a field interpreter," he said, "and I was handy because I had studied a lot of Russian." It paid. "They paid me very well," he said. While he was away, Nepali friends of the family looked after Alex.

This is how Daniel explained the whole business, years later. "Okay," he began, "the musk oxen happened this way."

> *President Nixon, 1974, signed some environmental agreements with the Russians. and they were having to do with the Arctic areas since so much of Russia was in the Arctic and Arctic animals and what he agreed to with the Russians was that in exchange for a certain number of Blackfoot ferrets, which they could be used because the American ferret was on the endangered list and they didn't dare experiment with them, so they had gotten from the Russians these close cousins of the ferret.*

The record agrees with him about the animals, if not the calendar. The agreement was signed in 1972. Nixon went back to Moscow in the summer of 1974 and reaffirmed it, adding a promise of reserves for "protecting valuable plant and animal genetic strains," and on August 8 he went on television and resigned. By the time the survey began in September, the muskox diplomacy of the United States was in the hands of Gerald Ford, who had other things on his mind. The ferrets were real too.

America's black-footed ferret was so rare that only nine were ever available to the government's breeding program at Patuxent, in Maryland, and the program had a hard lesson in what experimenting on them could do: a distemper vaccine that was safe in domestic ferrets killed four of the six black-footed ferrets it was given to. So the Service bred stand-ins, first domestic ferrets and then the Siberian, or steppe, polecat, the black-footed ferret's nearest relative, which it greatly resembles.

Then he told the Russian side of it. In Daniel's telling the muskoxen had been gone from Siberia for two hundred years, and the reason was guns. "When the whalers went to the Chukchi area, the Beaufort Sea," he said, "they traded firearms and

of course the Chukchi proceeded to eliminate all the muskoxen who were easy because they formed circles around their young." The theory was Uspensky's, as Daniel told it, and so was the remedy.

> *He concluded that getting rid of the muskoxen left an ecological niche in Siberia because these muskoxen were feeding on moss and so forth and they were part of the ecology and then they were eliminated. He made it his life mission to fill in this ecological niche by taking Alaskan muskox.*

Two hundred years was the official figure of the day. The Fish and Wildlife Service's own report of 1975 said that, "Adapted to all predators except man, muskox had vanished from Siberia almost 200 years ago." Science has since moved the date back a good deal, to about two thousand years for the last of them on the Taymyr. The whalers and their rifles were real enough.

John Muir, sailing those waters on a revenue cutter in 1881, noted that the trading schooners and the whalers alike carried whiskey and rifles to trade for ivory, whalebone and furs, and on the Siberian side the Chukchi's old trade fairs declined once American whalers began landing goods on the coast. The rifles fit Alaska's lost muskoxen, gone by the 1860s, rather better than Siberia's, though Stefansson saw the same thing happen on Banks Island in Canada, where he found bleaching skeletons and blamed hunters newly supplied with rifles.

Uspensky himself, Daniel said, came of a distinguished family, the grandson of a famous Russian writer. The Russian biographies make his father an artist at the State Historical Museum and his grandfather a professor of medicine who founded Moscow's first ear, nose and throat clinic, which is distinguished in a different way.

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In September 1974, Daniel was in the field with the Soviet visitors. For a month they went to look at Alaska's herds, "all over Alaska in helicopters and other kinds of planes," he said, "like this kind of plane that was a sea plane. It would land in the sea." There were four or five places in Alaska with muskoxen by then.

One was on the North Slope, in what he called the Arctic Wildlife Reserve and the maps then called the Arctic National Wildlife Range, where fifty-one Nunivak animals had been let go near Barter Island in the spring of 1969 and more the next year; thirty-eight of the first batch survived their first weeks, and by 1976 the Service could find thirty-five. Another was Nelson Island, just across the strait from Nunivak, which had forty-four in 1973. But the heart of it was Nunivak, "which is off the coast of Bethel in the Bering Sea," as he described it, "a volcanic island about 75 miles long with a village of Yupik Eskimos."

The interpreter's job was not only Russian. The visitors were going to have to keep these animals alive at the far end of the world, so they talked with every veterinarian they could find, and Daniel had to have the vocabulary. "I had to study up on like parasitology," he said, "all the terms in Russian," down to which worms infected the animals' nostrils, and what feed they should get. Parasitology is not, as a rule, where the study of a language begins.

On Nunivak he went out with Uspensky to see where the animals lived in winter, and that trip is in the record. The Service's photo report of the transplant says that in the fall of 1974 Uspensky and Tarkov visited the island "to observe Alaskan muskox on their ranges and firm up details of the spring transplant," and under a photograph by the refuge manager, Calvin Lensink, it says: "Uspensky and interpreter Dan St. John checked sand dune areas for signs of muskox use."

Daniel's own explanation of why the dunes mattered could have come out of the same report. The island was "perfect for muskoxen," he said, "because it's volcanic and it has these cliffs where the wind, usually the snow covers everything for muskoxen to eat so they can only find the certain moss that they eat where the sandbanks have been blown by the wind." The report put it this way: "Deep and crusted snow confines muskox to limited areas along cliffs, sand dune areas, or mountain tops where winds sweep the vegetation free of snow."

The state biologist did the arithmetic. Of the 4,500 acres of dunes that made up the herd's favorite winter range, he wrote, "less than one-half may be available," and the whole of the island's usable winter habitat might not exceed four thousand acres, for five hundred and fifty

animals. The report added, in the manner of government reports everywhere, that the dunes were vulnerable to erosion. On that point the muskoxen were not consulted either.

In the winter of 1974, Daniel was waiting for the second half of the job. On November 12 a great storm "created havoc along the Bering Sea coast," in the words of the refuge staff at Bethel, from Nome south to Nunivak, and the spring that followed was colder than usual, with more snow on the ground. Eleven days later Gerald Ford met Leonid Brezhnev at Vladivostok, on the Soviet Pacific coast.

According to the Soviet ambassador, Ford had proposed the place partly because of a documentary he had watched at the Soviet embassy about tigers in the Ussuri taiga, which suggests that détente owed something to wildlife films. In December, Daniel went back to Allakaket to stay with Regina, taking Alex. "And then I had to leave in March," he said, "to do that last three weeks, which was the pickup of the muskox."

In the spring of 1975, Daniel was on Nunivak Island for the pickup. The Fish and Wildlife Service's operation began on March 21, and its personnel list, typed up afterwards by Jerry Hout, includes him by name: "Dan St. John — Interpreter — On contract to United States Fish and Wildlife Service." The photo report calls him "Daniel St. John, interpreter from the University of Alaska." The list has a second interpreter, from the Department of the Interior; Daniel remembered an assistant interpreter he called Raya.

The two Soviet biologists flew in by way of Washington on March 25, and in Mekoryuk Uspensky learned to drive the snowmachine he would use in the roundup. Snowmachines had come to that part of Alaska only in the 1960s, and by the seventies they had largely replaced the dog team. Twenty-two men of the island were hired for the work.

Television came too. The whole operation was filmed for *Wild Kingdom*, the nature program that Don Meier produced for the Mutual of Omaha insurance company, and its host, Marlin Perkins, came along in person, at the age of seventy. Perkins had run the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago and then the St. Louis Zoo, and had been on American television with animals since 1949. The crew was two cameramen and a snowmachine mechanic.

There was also a German television cameraman, a freelance photographer, a cameraman from KYUK, Bethel's Native-owned station, and Lael Morgan of *Alaska* magazine, who over that decade visited more than two hundred Native villages. For a village of about two hundred and fifty people it was a great many cameras. "It was all filmed by Wild Kingdom," Daniel said, "...so it exists on film." The refuge's annual report has a photograph of the Soviet delegation discussing the transplant with Perkins, and the caption names the man on the left: "Dan St. John (Interpreter)."

Mekoryuk in March was mostly snow. "The island was covered with snow," Daniel said, "so it was like all the houses just looked like pyramids of snow. And then you could see some of the windows and doors sticking out." The men of the village, by his account, were glad of the work. "Well, they demanded it," he said, "because ... in the winter they don't do too much. So they were hopped up to do something. And of course they were probably getting money."

He thought some of the first money went on drink. The money, at least, is in the record. The island part of the operation cost $12,000, about $223 for each animal caught, which was a hundred hours' pay at the federal minimum wage of the day, and more than $10,000 of it went on wages: about seventy thousand dollars in today's money. Hout counted it as "one beneficial effect," and his verdict on the crews was unreserved: "The men hired on the island did an outstanding job and required very little supervision."

In the last week of March 1975, Daniel was out on the island with the capture crews. He told it in one long breath:

> *And we would go 70 miles by snow machine sled to the southern end of the island. where the dunes were. And then we would, with a helicopter and a net, we would capture these, you*



DAN ST. JOHN, PETER LENT, SAVVA USPENSKY, VADIM TARKOV AND MARLIN PERKINS

know, the yearling male and female muskoxen. And, you know, very rough journey. Slamming, you know, it was very volcanic, full of craters, you know, and then very rough riding.

The Service's report fills in the method. There were two capture crews of six men each, one working the south side of the island out of the Service cabin at Duchikthluk and the other the west side out of Nash Harbor. The yearlings, "weighing about 150 pounds and having horns less than six inches long, were wrestled to the ground, hobbled, and lifted onto sleds." It was a job for everybody: "Dr. Tarkov did not stand at the sideline."

The two-year-olds weighed at least 250 pounds and carried proper horns, so they were netted, with a net the Cup'ig men made of nylon cord in the fashion of their seal nets. "This was safer," the report says, "for both the animal and the man." A grown bull, by the refuge's reckoning, stood five feet at the shoulder and weighed around six hundred pounds, and nobody proposed wrestling one of those. At the camps the animals waited in corrals that were nothing more than pits dug in the snow, the one at Duchikthluk about ten feet by sixteen, with walls six or seven feet high.

Between March 25 and April 5, the crews caught fifty-four muskoxen. Three days were lost to weather, and the actual catching, Hout wrote, took only seven. The residents of Mekoryuk, in the photo report's phrase, "were experts in muskox roundup techniques and quickly accomplished the mission." One animal died, a two-year-old female carrying a nearly full-term calf, probably of ketosis, and her hide, skull and fetus were given to the Russians for science. It was cold even by local standards. At Bethel, on the mainland, the thermometer stood at thirty-one below on March 22, and early April brought a storm with two inches and more of new snow a day.

Then the animals had to be hauled back to the village on sleds behind the snowmachines, which Daniel put at seventy miles and the record at "up to 50," and either way it was a long way to ride lashed to a sled. Each hauler carried burlap bags filled with hay "to be used as pillows to protect the fragile horns of the yearlings," and later foam rubber, and the best cushion turned out to be a folded reindeer hide. It did not entirely work.



THE NETTING CREW AT WORK

"The only unfortunate circumstance," Hout wrote, "was the number of yearlings with horns damaged either during the sled haul from the field to Mekoryuk or in the pen," and he gave the reason in a sentence that stands beside Daniel's "very rough riding" without any help: "The snow was exceedingly rough this year."

Raya, as Daniel remembered it, wanted to be out in the thick of it. "We weren't letting her go along on some of the rough spots," he said, "so she was anxious to go and photograph anyway."



LASHED TO A SLED FOR THE HAUL TO MEKORYUK

The film crew, meanwhile, was getting its footage, and not everyone was delighted with how. Hout noted that the operation would have cost less without "so many people involved" and the extra effort spent "on the TV documentary," and then he said what he really thought: "Far worse was the unnecessary handling and harassment of the animals in order that the desired footage be obtained by the TV camera crew." He did allow that the show, "to be shown on national TV next fall," would "hopefully further the USFWS image to the public," which is as close as a government report comes to rolling its eyes.

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In early April 1975, Daniel was in Mekoryuk, waiting on the weather. The animals were in a pen at the village, eating about four bales a day of timothy hay bought in Anchorage. Forty were picked to go, thirty-one yearlings and nine two-year-olds, most of them female. Each got an ear tag with colored streamers, pink for the young males, yellow for the young females, blue and orange for the two-year-olds. Then they were put in crates, and that was as far as the plan got.

"They were supposed to be flown over to Bethel," Daniel said. "But the weather was very



THE WILD KINGDOM CAMERAS AT MEKORYUK

bad and the airport was like totally iced up and snowed on. So we were waiting, waiting, waiting and trying to clear that and finally we had a breakthrough and we could do it."

The record says the same thing at slightly greater length. Drifting snow kept shortening the runway at Mekoryuk until the Russian plane could not hope to land there, and the animals had also to wait, the photo report adds, for "the final diplomatic clearance." So the crates went over to Bethel in a Wien Air Alaska Skyvan, a boxy little freighter known to pilots as the Flying Shoebox, which could carry six yearlings or four two-year-olds at a time. It took eight trips, from April 8 to April 11.

In April 1975, Daniel was in Bethel, spending his nights with the muskoxen. Bethel sits on the Kuskokwim River about fifty miles from the sea, a Moravian mission town since 1885 and by far the largest place in western Alaska, with about twenty-four hundred people in 1970. The animals were turned loose in a freight warehouse to wait for the Russian plane, with their crates for fences, hay to eat, and blocks of snow to drink. Daniel remembered it as a metal Quonset building.

The town came to look. The photo report counted "more than 500 persons, many of them school children," who came "to peer into the darkened warehouse"; the refuge's annual report made it about a thousand, most of whom had never seen a muskox. The people of Bethel, Daniel said, "were very curious about seeing them," and so somebody had to stay with the animals.

> *... so we had to sleep with them to keep you know people from bothering them so we got to spend the night 20 below zero with these bleeding Muskoxen ... sleeping on bales of hay there among the muskoxen, smelling them, right? Smelling them. They lost their mother and they were not happy. Their little horn buds had been all bloody from the rough ride on the sled and so forth.*

The Bethel airport, for the record, logged lows of between one and nine below zero on the nights the animals were in town, which is the kind of distinction that matters mainly to people who are not sleeping on hay in a warehouse. In the daytime the warehouse turned, in the photo report's words, into "a Far North rodeo scene," as



A NIGHT AMONG THE MUSKOXEN (ILLUSTRATION)

Lensink, Lent and a local man, Joe David, wrestled the yearlings into their crates.

On April 12, about noon, the Russian plane came in. It was an Antonov An-12, a four-engined turboprop freighter of which the Soviets built more than twelve hundred, their answer to the American Hercules, and Daniel's memory of it is borne out to a surprising degree. "American servicemen had to accompany this Russian freighter airplane," he said, "from Nadir on the other side in the Siberian side of the Bering Sea. And these American pilots would fly with the Russians over the Bering Sea."

The report says the plane "had flown east from Moscow with its own crew and three U.S. Air Force crewmen," and adds: "When the plane crossed the International Dateline, the Americans took over navigation and communication with the ground." While they waited, "the seven-man crew of the Antonin 12 was shown the sights of an Alaskan bush town," which, in Bethel in April, need not have taken long.

A blizzard on April 13 kept the plane on the ground. On the morning of April 14, in a strong wind and cold rain, the crates went aboard by flatbed truck and hoist, thirty-eight of them, stacked two high, with "shouts and directions" flying, as the report says, "in Yupik ... English, and Russian." Hay and chunks of snow went into each crate for the journey. "With only inches to spare," the last crate went in, and the Russian crew cabled the cargo down. "Meanwhile, the muskox stood placidly in their darkened cubicles." Uspensky and Tarkov flew with them. Less than three hours later the plane landed at Cape Schmidt, a Soviet Arctic settlement founded in 1931 with an airfield on a spit, and the herd was divided.

Twenty went west to the Taymyr Peninsula, "a peninsula that sticks up almost into the North Pole," as Daniel described it, where the Bikada station lay 350 kilometers north of Khatanga and the ten Canadian animals had already spent a winter. The other twenty, by the Russian count twelve young females, six young males and a pair of two-year-olds, went north to Wrangel Island, where John Muir had looked for muskoxen in 1881 and found only bear tracks. Daniel did not rate their chances.

Wrangel, he said, was "the rookery for like 2,000 mother polar bears which like to eat muskoxen," and on the Taymyr "they have immense wolves that have been used to feeding on the reindeer herders there. And so we weren't very hopeful that these animals would survive there anyway." The photo report, written that spring, was more cheerful: "Soviet biologists re-

port both herds have adjusted well to their new environments."

In the middle of April 1975, Daniel was back in the village with Regina. "Anyway, so then I came back," he said, "and we were going through some decisions about whether I would go back to college." There was an offer from the University of Connecticut, and a school break coming, and on the way out through Fairbanks a walk after caribou for the Meters, which is another story. The transplant was over. The Fish and Wildlife Service summed it up: "The forty animals were delivered to the Russians in nearly the desired age and sex ratio."

Nunivak had quite a year. That fall, under a notice in the Federal Register, the island held what the refuge called Alaska's first muskox hunt "since the animals became extinct": ten bulls, trophy tags at $500 for residents and $1,000 for everyone else, and some hunters paying four or five thousand dollars all told, which brought more than twenty thousand dollars into Mekoryuk. A reviewer of the refuge's annual report, reading that claim, wrote in the margin, "Don't you mean near extinction or thought extinct." And on December 28, 1975, the film went out. It was season fourteen, episode five of *Wild Kingdom*, half an hour long, called "Musk Oxen at Nunivak," and it came between "Elk of the Montana Rockies" and "Baboons of Tanzania."

On the American side, the ferrets came. A Fish and Wildlife Service report of 1976 mentions a trip to the Soviet Union to collect forty-eight Siberian polecats, and the next year the polecats were breeding at Patuxent, as stand-ins for an animal too rare to risk. Whether the government thought of it as a swap, the documents do not say; Daniel did. On the Russian side, Wrangel Island was made a strict nature reserve on March 23, 1976, Uspensky having argued for it for years. The first calf on Wrangel was born in 1977, and in 1978 the first calf on the Taymyr to survive, a female. The biologists named her Pyatnitsa, which means Friday. The next year there were ten.

In the years from 1975 to 1984, Daniel and his family stayed on in Alaska, "working in the villages and so forth," as he summed it up, and the tape says little more about those years than that. The villages did not stand still either. Since 1971, under the Native land claims act Nixon had signed three years before the environmental agreement, they had been shareholders: forty-four million acres and $962.5 million were divided among twelve regional corporations and more than two hundred village ones.

In 1975 Allakaket incorporated as a city. In October 1976 a lawsuit brought by twenty-seven Native teenagers, sent away from home for high school, ended in a consent decree promising a high school in any village with fifteen or more children of high school age, and over the next years they were built; Mekoryuk got its own in 1978.

The state grew rich around them. Oil began to flow down the pipeline in the summer of 1977. Fairbanks grew from about fifteen thousand people to almost twenty-three thousand, and in the boom a new three-bedroom house there went for more than $45,000, a great deal of money in 1974. Alaska as a whole grew by a third, to about four hundred thousand. In 1976 the voters set up the Permanent Fund to bank a share of the oil money, and in 1982 it began paying every resident a dividend, about a thousand dollars the first year.

In 1984, Daniel brought the family back to Massachusetts. "We come from Alaska to Massachusetts in 1984," he said, "after having been 15 years in Alaska, working in the villages and so forth." The two states were headed in different directions that year. In January 1984 one Alaskan worker in ten was out of work, and the Permanent Fund paid the smallest dividend in its history, $331.29. In Massachusetts unemployment was 5.6 percent and falling, to 4.2 by December, on the strength of what the papers were starting to call the Massachusetts Miracle, most of it made of computers. In November Wien Air Alaska, the airline whose Skyvan had carried the muskoxen out of Mekoryuk, stopped flying altogether. [[BRIDGE: The family made its new home in and around Amherst, the college town where Daniel and

Regina had met in a summer Russian class in 1964.]] Amherst had about thirty-three thousand people by then, a good many of them students at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst College and Hampshire College.

Alex was in his last year of high school then, and eighteen, and he was, as his father put it, "very much into computers." He had "the VIC-20s and these different 120s." The VIC-20 was Commodore's home computer, $299.95 when it came out in 1981 and the first computer of any kind to sell a million units, and by the middle of the decade it could be had for under ninety dollars. Alex had a friend, Tundra, who worked for a computer company in Amherst, and between them the two of them had an idea.

> *And he'd gotten this idea with his buddy that that they could take a large number of these computers of that time. That was a state-of-the-art desk computer. I don't know if it was Epson or something. And they just needed about 30 or 40 of these. As I understood, they were going to connect them, and they were going to produce a supercomputer.*

The plan had the great merit of simplicity. They got hold of a van — "I'm not sure if they hijacked it or whatever," Daniel said — and since Tundra had access to the company's building, they went in at night, took the computers and loaded the van. Then they made their getaway, down a street off South East Street in Amherst, and got stuck. A break-in was reported. "So Alex," his father said, "made a run for it."

How he managed the next part, Daniel left to "the culprit himself." But somehow Alex got into the baggage compartment of a Greyhound bus and rode it, by his father's reckoning, "6,000 miles to Fairbanks, Alaska, where he actually had good buddies and he never wanted us to leave Fairbanks anyway." Greyhound was then the giant of American bus travel, with some thirty-eight hundred coaches and about three-fifths of the country's intercity bus traffic, and its Canadian company had been running coaches up the Alaska Highway since the Second World War. By the modern road the distance from Amherst to Fairbanks is about forty-four hundred miles, some eighty-seven hours of driving, none of which is improved by being spent among the suitcases.

In Fairbanks, his father supposed, Alex "must've gotten hungry," and he turned up at a soup kitchen, and stayed to help. The town had had a community food bank since 1982, started by a few local people who organized some churches. At the soup kitchen he met Kelly, who was from Portland, Maine, and was there doing volunteer work with the Methodist Church. He fell in, too, with his old friends, one of them, as Daniel remembered, the son of a well-known archaeologist and professor at the university.

Then his parents got him to come back. "And so anyway," Daniel said, "we got Alex to come back and report himself to the police. And so the police were very kind to him. And they gave him a felony record, but they didn't incarcerate him." He thought there might have been some fines as well. Alex and Kelly were married, later, at Harding Lake, on the Richardson Highway south of Fairbanks.

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The forty muskoxen did better than anyone in the Bethel warehouse had reason to expect. "I found out years later that they're thriving there, apparently," Daniel said, and so they are. The Taymyr herd, which began with ten animals from Canada and twenty from Nunivak, numbered about twelve thousand one hundred in 2017, and Wrangel's twenty had become about a thousand, in spite of the polar bears. The Russians have since used them to stock Yakutia, the Polar Urals and Magadan: "They're being shipped around," as he put it.

On Nunivak the herd goes on, about seven hundred and forty in 2015, and the women of Mekoryuk have knitted its qiviut since 1968, the wool he called "the warmest under hair." The film of the roundup was broadcast four days after Christmas in 1975 and still exists. And in the files of the Fish and Wildlife Service, in a report typed in the spring of 1975, there is a list of the people who caught the forty, with an interpreter's name on it, Dan St. John, on contract, and a photograph of him on the snow at Mekoryuk in a fur-ruffed parka, standing next to Marlin Perkins.

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THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs in this chapter are printed digitally restored: dust and scratches removed, noise reduced, contrast evened, nothing added or changed. These are the raw files, as received.



LASHED TO A SLED FOR THE HAUL TO MEKORYUK
The unretouched original.



THE NETTING CREW AT WORK
The unretouched original.



DAN ST. JOHN, PETER LENT, SAVVA USPENSKY, VADIM TARKOV AND MARLIN PERKINS
The unretouched original.



THE WILD KINGDOM CAMERAS AT MEKORYUK
The unretouched original.

PART THREE

THOSE WHO CAME AFTER

ALEX ST. JOHN

BERKELEY, THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS, FAIRBANKS, BOSTON, CAMBRIDGE (ENGLAND), REDMOND AND CAMBRIDGE (NEW ZEALAND) · 1967–

On Teletypes, Doom, Togas and Such

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, SELF-RELIANCE

In the autumn of 1966 Berkeley, California, was a university town of about a hundred thousand people that had lately become famous for arguing. The Free Speech Movement had shut the campus down two years before, the war in Vietnam was going badly and loudly, and the students who studied what the government called "communist languages" could, for the moment, keep out of it. Daniel was one of them. He had come back to Berkeley as a doctoral student in Slavic languages, "with a nice wife, a pregnant wife," as he put it, and the pregnancy is where this chapter begins. It is a chapter about Daniel's eldest son, Alex, and it is built a little differently from the others: most of what is known about Alex's grown-up life is on the public record — in newspapers, trade magazines, an encyclopedia article, a whole book and some years of his own writing — and the record is its spine. Daniel's own memories are set into it where they belong.

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The pregnancy had not been entirely in the plan. "Mother somehow mysteriously got pregnant with Alex in the May of... of 66," Daniel said, at a moment when he was also trying to keep out of the war by getting into graduate school. They spent the summer in Massachusetts saving money: Regina worked in a pizza place, "which was not too good for her because it made her throw up," and Daniel worked in the paper mill. Mother Perry, Regina's mother, gave them a car for the drive west, a Plymouth with air conditioning, and they set off for California with a stray cat they had rescued on the way.

Alex was born in Berkeley in 1967. On the day itself the sources do not agree: the Library of Congress, which catalogues him under the book later written about him, gives only the year, and the two printed or online sources that go further give dates a month apart. The family tapes agree on the year and the town. That same year, back in South Hadley, Daniel's grandfather William Burnham Krug died. "It was just after Alex was born," Daniel said. "Alex was, oh, seven, eight months old."

Daniel's own mother came to stay and help with the baby, which was the sort of help a young couple with two jobs, one graduate degree in progress and very little money could use. "We had a child, our money was low, and my mother was living with me, helping take care of Alex."

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In the winter of 1968 Daniel met the Meters, the Alaskan wilderness family who had come to Berkeley to show their wildlife film, and on the first day of 1969 the family went north with them. "Your mother was pregnant with Yana," Daniel said. "And Alex was not even two years old." They spent January to April in a cabin in the Brooks Range, a hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle, among moose carcasses hanging from the rafters and grizzlies that came for them in the night.

"Alex turned two," Daniel said, "and Mother was about eight months pregnant with Yana, so we had to leave there." That is the whole of what the tapes say about his second birthday, and it is enough: few people's second birthdays have taken place within earshot of a hungry grizzly bear. A snapshot from that winter, which Alex later



ALEX AND FRIENDS, BROOKS RANGE, 1969 (DIGITALLY RESTORED)

posted with the caption "First toy," shows a small blond boy in a wool sweater being introduced, by two young women in the snow, to the antlers of a moose.

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From the Brooks Range the family went out to the Bering Sea. Daniel spent three years teaching on the Pribilof Islands, among the Aleuts, and Alex, in a Christmas post written forty-odd years later, remembered how they arrived on St. George. There was no harbour. They flew to St. Paul in a small bush plane and crossed to St. George standing in the empty hold of a coal barge, and since the barge could not come in close, the islanders rowed out to meet it in their big skin boats, made of driftwood and seal hide, and the newcomers were lowered over the side one by one in life jackets.

Regina, by his account, went into the sea and was fished out with oars; everybody else arrived dry, to a welcome of sea lions bellowing from the rocks. The teachers lived in a house the military had put up, rather like a barracks.



THE ST. JOHN FAMILY ON ST. GEORGE ISLAND, 1970

The island had grass and no trees, foxes and voles, and a church the Russians had left behind, and many of the islanders still spoke Russian, which Daniel spoke fluently. On Christmas Eve the carollers went from door to door with a great decorated star on a pole, spinning it while they sang in Russian, and were paid in homemade candy and coins. There was no airstrip then, so the mail came by military cargo plane, flown low over the tundra and pushed out the back in canvas sacks, and the children ran to see where they landed.

One Christmas a sack held a pair of children's ice skates, and Alex learned to skate on a frozen crater. Daniel made him blocks out of chunks of lumber, and told the children stories of Baba Yaga, the Russian witch who lives in a hut on chicken legs. In November 1971, as Alex remembered it, men in uniform came and the whole island was driven up a hill in amphibious trucks, in case "a very big bomb" set off a tidal wave; he was told to keep his head down against the flash. The bomb was real enough. It was the Cannikin test, the largest underground explosion the United States ever set off, on Amchitka in the Aleutians, a long way to the south-west.

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The villages were small and the distances were not. Allakaket, where the family taught in the mid-1970s, sits on the Koyukuk River just about on the Arctic Circle, a Koyukon Athabascan village of not quite two hundred people reached, then as now, by small plane. The family taught there together for a year; for the second year, the winter of 1974, Regina went back up with their daughter to teach in the three-teacher school, and Daniel and Alex stayed behind on the family's forty acres outside Fairbanks, where Daniel had taken a contract as a Russian interpreter on a muskox survey.

It paid very well, and it took him away. While he was out on the first survey, Nepali friends looked after Alex, who was then about seven — a childhood arrangement that sounds improbable anywhere except Fairbanks in the 1970s, where it was merely practical.

Daniel came back to the village at Christmas of 1974 and went out again in March for the last weeks of the muskox work, and in the spring of 1975 the family left the village during a school break and came out through Fairbanks. The muskoxen are the subject of the chapter "Nunivak." What matters here is the place they came home to: the forty acres outside Fairbanks, with an old one-room log cabin on it that the family had bought.

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Alex described that cabin twice on his blog, at Christmas 2013 and Christmas 2016, and the two accounts agree. It was about twelve feet by fifteen; when he went back years later and measured it, the ceiling was five feet six inches high. It had no electricity, no running water and no plumbing, and where the newer cabins of the hippies round about were insulated with pink fiberglass, this one was insulated with moss, which had to be defended every autumn against squirrels who wanted it for their nests.

Water was snow melted in a bucket on the stove. In summer the refrigerator was a hole in the permafrost with moss over it; in winter, he observed, it was the whole cabin. The snow drifted eight to twelve feet deep against the walls, and the temperature sat for weeks between forty and sixty below. "I learned to read by Coleman lantern," he wrote.

Most of a child's life there, he remembered, revolved around wood. A winter in that cabin burned about nine cords, a pile bigger than the cabin, and the stove had to be fed all night; his parents slept beside it until he was old enough for the job to be his. In summer the neighbours logged together, and the children peeled bark from the trees with long knives and stacked the winter's wood, and every spring the outhouse had to be moved, which meant digging a new hole for it. His mother sewed the family's clothes, and had learned to tan furs and do beadwork from the Athabascans they had lived among. Christmas dinner was usually moose with blueberry jam, which, he noted, was also most other dinners.

Daniel built things. He made the family's snowshoes, as he had learned from the Native people, and he built a dog sled, held together, Alex wrote, with caribou hide. The family kept



THE CABIN OUTSIDE FAIRBANKS, 1975–1978

Newfoundlands rather than huskies, being gentler with children and doubling, in a cabin at forty below, as fur blankets. Every December father and son harnessed the team and went out at noon twilight for a Christmas tree.

Alex rode in the sled while Daniel stood on the runners, his eyebrows and beard frosting over; the trees were bowed under so much snow that the only way to find a good one was to kick a white mound and watch the tree spring up out of it. Coming home they stood one on each runner and let the dogs pull. In summer, Alex wrote, he went back to the spot and found they had cut only the top few feet of a tall spruce.

Electricity came in stages. A few years on, Daniel added a two-storey extension to the cabin and ran a power line out to the property, and the family had electric light again. The first thing Alex plugged into it, by his own account, was a computer. But he had met computers before that. When he was about eleven, he wrote, his father was working on a doctorate at the University of Alaska and would leave him for the day at the university's computer room, which everyone called "The Node."



HIS FIRST DOG TEAM, ABOUT 1976 (DIGITALLY RESTORED)

There, on a 300-baud teletype wired to the university's Honeywell mainframe, he played *Super Star Trek* through reams of paper — each move took minutes to print — while graduate students fed boxes of punch cards into the reader. When he got bored he talked them into showing him how to program it.

His first computer of his own was a Commodore VIC-20, which he got for Christmas in 1981, when the cabin had power. It had four kilobytes of memory, which he soon pushed to twenty-four with expansion cards ordered from a magazine. It was, he wrote, "the first home electrical appliance I had ever used in the cabin." His father taught him to count in binary, which he remembered as his only lesson in computer science for years.

He typed in programs from magazines, and then wrote his own, starting with a dungeon game in the manner of *Dungeons & Dragons* called "Dungeoneer," in which the hero was a single pixel and the monsters were single red ones. In the summers he dug outhouse holes and stacked other people's firewood to pay for games on cassette tape. There was no television. It was dark and cold nine months of the year, and reading and programming, he said, were about the only things to do.

As a teenager he played *Dungeons & Dragons* through the long winters with friends from the university families, in one case in a cabin where the parents, both scientists at the university, kept a pen of wolves that the boys had to feed between games. He was taught at home and never got a high-school diploma. A newspaper profile of 2001 put his childhood in two sentences: he spent his first sixteen years in the Alaskan wilderness, in a cabin without running water, electricity or plumbing, and his parents were teachers. He read constantly, and wrote himself a program to learn vocabulary.

> *We come from Alaska to Massachusetts in 1984, after having been 15 years in Alaska, working in the villages and so forth.*

❧

In 1984, then, the family came back to Massachusetts. Alex, at sixteen, went first, and spent a few months living with his great-grandmother

Krug, Grandfather Krug's widow, who was then nearly ninety and lived to be a hundred and six. Running water, a refrigerator and a telephone were, he wrote, mostly new to him. He picked apples at Atkins Farm and chopped wood to buy computer books, and spent the rest of his time on a Commodore 64, while his great-grandmother, who remembered hearing about the Wright brothers, listened with pride and without comprehension to his explanation that it was a machine that could be taught to think.

School did not take. By the newspaper's account he was sent to high school, did not fit in and dropped out, and within about a year he had sat the University of Alaska's entrance tests and the SAT, on which he scored a perfect 1600. The university, by the account of Michael Drummond, whose book about Alex's Microsoft years turns up later in this chapter, had at first turned him away for want of any transcripts; after the SAT it let him in, and when he signed up for the advanced classes without the prerequisites and did well in them, a counsellor waived the prerequisites.

He was in the computer science and electrical engineering program in Fairbanks long enough to get through, by Drummond's reckoning, about two-thirds of a degree, took classes at the University of Maine, and later taught computer-aided design for the university's civil engineering department, in a lab Autodesk had donated and nobody else knew how to use. Then, without a degree, he went to work. "Interesting young man," Daniel said of him, which, as summaries of a son go, is economical and hard to improve on.

❧

His first job in technology was in Boston, at Hell Graphic Systems, the American arm of the German company founded by the inventor Rudolf Hell, which made scanners and typesetting systems that cost millions of dollars apiece. "I was 21 and in love with computers," he wrote in a column ten years later. He had no degree, no diploma and no professional experience, and was hired at $26,000 a year on ninety days' trial.

A month in, he was sent to a trade show in New York to learn from the company's expert, Dan Lorenzini, and told to keep out of the way of customers. When the demonstration system crashed in front of an important German visitor, he pressed the reset button, which was the wrong thing to do, and was sent off the show floor. His boss rang that night, and instead of firing him said he would not fire anyone for a mistake made once.

He stayed, moved from customer support to become the company's resident PostScript expert, and was later a product manager there. Drummond's version of the same years has him handed PostScript to study for a few months and coming back the next day to say he knew it, which, as the solutions to his mentor's problems began to show, he did.

PostScript was the page-description language Adobe had introduced in 1984 to tell laser printers and typesetters what to put where, and in the late 1980s anyone who understood it from the inside was worth something. When Linotype bought Hell and wanted to move him to Kiel, in Germany, he declined and left, and went instead to England, to Harlequin Limited, a Cambridge software house that built a PostScript-compatible interpreter to compete with Adobe's own.

There he worked with a Cambridge-trained mathematician named Jeremy Kenyon, and the pair of them, by a later company biography, wrote a good part of an interpreter running to millions of lines of code; Drummond credits the two of them, Alex then about twenty-one, with building Harlequin's interpreter, two or three times faster than Adobe's on ordinary PCs. When Harlequin opened an American office in Salem, New Hampshire, he came home to work from it, and after a disagreement about moving it to Cambridge, Massachusetts, he left.

Back in Boston he went to ECRM, a maker of laser imagesetters, writing screening algorithms, and consulted for Harlequin's customers on the side. The consulting, he told a magazine later, paid "grotesque money." He wrote columns for the trade press on printing and publishing, and Ziff-Davis named him one of the most influential people in multimedia.

❧

Late in 1992 a Microsoft recruiter, who had been asking for some time, persuaded him to come to

Redmond for an interview, presented as a free holiday. In Drummond's telling the first step was ten minutes with a Microsoft recruiter, Lee Cole, in a Boston hotel, who asked what he liked about the company. "Bill kicks ass," said Alex, which was evidently the right answer. He arrived in December in shorts and a T-shirt and was put through eleven interviews in a row.

One evangelist, Ken Fowles, asked him to design the ideal remote control. Cameron Myhrvold asked the difference between a TrueType font and a Type 1 font. Brian Moran, by Alex's account cleaning his nails with a Bowie knife, asked how he had debugged an operating system he had written for the 386 in assembly language (he had listened for beeps). The next morning Doug Henrich, who ran Microsoft's Developer Relations Group, offered him a job over breakfast — fifty-eight thousand dollars a year and 2,880 stock options, by Drummond's figures — and Alex asked, reasonably, "To do what?"

The answer was that Bill Gates wanted Microsoft to compete with Apple in publishing, and they wanted Alex to persuade the engineers how. That evening Fowles took him to the company's Christmas party, for employees only, getting him past the door, Drummond says, on a photocopy of his own badge filled in with felt pens. The party filled seven halls of the Seattle Center with a circus, a balloon castle, a haunted house and an arcade. By his own account that party settled it.

He started in January 1993, aged twenty-five, as Microsoft's first evangelist for publishing, in the Developer Relations Group under Cameron Myhrvold; his brief was to win the graphic arts away from Apple and Adobe. Within weeks *InfoWorld* was quoting him, on 22 March 1993, as Microsoft's "technology evangelist to the publishing industry," arguing that printers' service bureaus used Macintoshes only because their customers did. A trade paper, by his later account, had him saying the Macintosh was better for publishing than Windows, which is not a thing a Microsoft evangelist is supposed to say in print.

In Drummond's version the paper was *InfoWorld* and the point was that Microsoft's PostScript printer drivers for Windows 3.1 lagged behind Apple's. Bill Gates e-mailed to ask where he had got such an idea. Alex wrote back with the technical case — the Macintosh sent its pages to the printer in compact binary, Windows in plain text — Brad Silverberg, who ran Windows, told him to stop writing to the chairman, and Microsoft shortly arranged with Adobe to redo the drivers.

Instead of being fired he found himself in the meetings where Microsoft's printing architecture was decided. He wrote that he went on to design the print architectures of Windows 95 and Windows NT, and wrote Gates a speech for the 1993 Seybold publishing conference about reading the news on a screen.

He stayed in those rooms. By his own account he wrote many of Gates's speeches over the next few years and travelled with him; he coached him, he wrote, before a television interview with Connie Chung in 1994, and went to Tokyo with him in 1995 for a deal with the Japanese investor Masayoshi Son. In 1994 he put a proposal in front of Gates that Microsoft make three-dimensional graphics for ordinary consumers a strategic priority — not for engineers and architects, who had expensive workstations for that, but for anybody with a PC and a reason to want a dragon on the screen.

Microsoft also sent him to the GamePC Consortium, an association of game and hardware companies trying to make the PC a better machine to play on, where he spoke at several of its meetings as, in the consortium's words, Microsoft's first game evangelist.

❧

By 1994 his job had become games. Rick Segal, who ran multimedia evangelism in the Developer Relations Group, needed someone to sell Windows to game programmers, a famously unimpressed audience, and he chose Alex, whom colleagues already called "the Saint," over the other man on his list, Craig Eisler. Eisler happened to be the man Alex lifted weights with.

Alex had come to Microsoft a serious weightlifter and found himself, he said, among scrawny nerds, until Eisler, a short, very strong Canadian programmer hired in June 1993, turned up to spot for him at the Pro Club near the campus; the two of them then teased a third, Eric Engstrom, a self-taught programmer from

Oroville in eastern Washington, about his biceps until he joined the morning sessions. Drummond calls the result an unholy troika, and much of what followed was argued out between sets.

Windows 95 was to replace DOS, and most of the games people played on their PCs ran on DOS, talking straight to the hardware in ways Windows did not allow. There was a stopgap: WinG, a small library by a programmer in Microsoft's research group, Chris Hecker, that let games draw to the screen of Windows 3.1 far faster than Windows itself allowed. Alex's first task was to sell it, and he introduced it to the trade press in the company's theatre by putting the Windows 3.1 logo on the big screen and letting a shotgun blast five holes in it.

Brad Chase, the marketing vice-president, told Segal to fire him; Segal pointed out that the journalists now regarded Alex as a hero, and kept him. In August 1994, by Drummond's account, Alex and Eisler asked some thirty of the leading game developers what Microsoft could build to bring them to Windows, and in November Alex was sent round the game companies again. The answer was mostly no: Microsoft's graphics, the developers said, were too slow and too far from the machine.

On 18 November 1994 the three friends put their case in a memo called "Taking Fun Seriously," which, Alex wrote, both Gates and Steve Ballmer read. Then they set out to build what the developers were asking for: programming interfaces that let a game reach the graphics card, the sound card and the joystick almost directly, while Windows stood politely aside. Alex built a prototype that pushed Windows' own graphics out of the way so that *Doom* could run; another programmer, John Miles, built the first version of the sound.

They called it the Manhattan Project. From September to December 1994, Drummond writes, they worked on it without anyone's authorization, under cover of the general scramble to finish Windows 95. In December Alex booked the Developer Relations Group's conference centre and showed the plan to about thirty game developers, who went home in black T-shirts printed with a mushroom cloud and the line from *WarGames*, "Shall we play a game?" Eisler began writing the code on Christmas Eve.

He wrote most of it; Engstrom was the program manager; Alex was what Drummond calls the face man, though some of the first interfaces were built by programmers working for him, and when the managers in the Windows group would not pay for more programmers he found about $1.7 million of his own group's money to hire contractors. In February 1995 Microsoft bought a small London company, RenderMorphics, whose 3D engine, Reality Lab, became Direct3D — by Alex's account he was the one who picked it, and Drummond adds that he first had to win over Michael Abrash, the most respected 3D programmer of the day, before the group vice-president Paul Maritz would approve the purchase.

Brad Silverberg, who ran Windows 95, came close to firing Eisler and Engstrom that spring, abolished the name Manhattan Project and made them soften the radiation-symbol logo; then he saw a game called *Super Bubsy* racing across a Windows 95 screen and became their champion. "I'm not going to fire you," he told Alex, by Alex's account. Colleagues less charmed called the three the Multimedia Mafia, or the Beastie Boys, and the second name stuck for the rest of their careers. That spring the project also leaked to the trade paper *PCWeek*, which put it in the open before Microsoft was ready.

The interfaces went public in April 1995, at the Computer Game Developers Conference in Santa Clara. The conference organizers offered Microsoft very little room, so Alex, on Microsoft's chequebook, hired Paramount's Great America amusement park across the road for the day after the conference closed and called the show Ground Zero. Some fifteen hundred developers came. In a thousand-seat amphitheatre, with the crowd chanting "DOS, DOS, DOS," Engstrom stopped talking and Eisler turned up *Super Bubsy* on Windows 95 to eighty-three frames a second, at which, Drummond reports, the chanting stopped.

The three handed out beta copies of the kit pressed hours before and went to watch the fireworks Alex had slipped into the budget from a roller coaster. *PC Gamer* described him as

"rotund, bearded, winningly affable," and gave his argument, which was that the games business would grow once it was rid of DOS. And the deadline did not move: Windows 95 was released to manufacturers on July 14, 1995, and went on sale on August 24. At the end of September Microsoft released the interfaces as the Windows Game SDK.

The pieces were called DirectDraw, DirectSound, DirectInput and DirectPlay, and the whole of it became DirectX. Drummond says a trade-press wit coined the name and the three adopted it; Alex said later that it came from bypassing the operating system, and that the green "X" of the Xbox descended from the DirectX logo. *Computer Game Review* that November gave his title as Game Technology Evangelist, and added, "yes, that's really his title." His review that half-year was a perfect five, a mark that needed, Drummond says, a signature from very high up.

That year his Microsoft stock options vested, and he bought a red Harley-Davidson Ultra Glide and rode it to the motorcycle rally at Sturgis, South Dakota, with Ken Fowles, the evangelist who had taken him to the Christmas party.

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The difficulty with a new way of making games is that somebody has to make the games. Alex's answer was the one that made his name. He persuaded about two dozen developers to have titles ready for Windows 95, and he went to the companies that mattered most to PC gamers — Origin, and id Software, the small Texas company that had made *Doom* — and id let Microsoft's team bring *Doom* across to Windows. The game that resulted is remembered as the first DirectX game ever published.

To launch it Microsoft held a Halloween party on October 30, 1995, called Judgment Day, on its Red West campus, which was still being finished. Alex organized it, over the objections of the vice-president whose building it was, and came dressed as Satan, with Eisler and Engstrom as attendant demons. A two-storey volcano went up in the new café and a haunted house in the parking garage beneath it, each room designed by a game company; there was a live *Doom* tournament; id brought the heavy-metal band Gwar; about fifteen hundred reporters and developers were invited, and more than forty game companies came.

A year earlier almost no games had been planned for Windows; that Christmas, Drummond counts, there were more than seventy-five. And since Alex could not get Bill Gates to come in person, he got a video instead, in which the chairman of Microsoft appeared, after a fashion, inside *Doom*. *Computer Game Review*, which went, reported a press lunch with Alex, Engstrom and the two founders of RenderMorphics, under the headline "Microsoft Lets Its Hair Down."

Not every pitch went the way he expected. A company called Cinematronics brought him a game in the manner of *Doom* for Windows 95; the head of Windows 95 asked instead for pinball, and Alex carried the message back. The pinball game went into Windows as *Space Cadet*, and for the next several years it was on more office computers than any game had a right to be.

The spring after Judgment Day, at the Computer Game Developers Conference of April 1996, Microsoft launched DirectX 2.0 with Alex's party on a Roman theme, called Pax Romana: the guests were bussed to the arena of San Jose State University, issued togas, and fed from islands of food watched by two real lions, one of which briefly got out. Intel, ATI, IBM and NEC helped pay. DirectX was built into the versions of Windows that followed. That year his team moved to Microsoft's Internet division, and his prototype of DirectX running inside a web browser grew into his last large project at the company, a graphics technology called Chromeffects, meant to bring television-quality animation to the World Wide Web.

About the same time he bought a Hummer over the Internet — a plum-coloured one, delivered to the door of Microsoft's Building 5 — and called it the Saintmobile. To celebrate a DirectX deal with Sega, Drummond relates — a deal for which he had flown to Tokyo with Bill Gates — he drove Sega's chairman and president across Microsoft's lawns in it; he later wrote, in a column called "I Miss My Hummer," of sinking it nose-first in a swamp with two Intel executives aboard, and its career ended against a low overhang at Sea-Tac airport.

In the autumn of 1996 a reorganization gave him new managers, Brad Chase and Tod Nielsen, who had less patience with spectacle than the old ones. In the same reshuffle Eisler and Engstrom were close to quitting, and it was Alex, Drummond says, who persuaded the vice-president John Ludwig to keep them; Ludwig became their mentor. He planned a second Judgment Day for that November on a grander scale: some three thousand guests were to be herded at mock gunpoint from a conference into an alien spaceship designed by the artist H.

R. Giger, built in an aircraft hangar at the Alameda Naval Air Station, where a filmed Bill Gates would peel off his face to reveal an alien. Two million dollars had been spent when Nielsen cancelled it, two weeks before it was due, and the contractors and Teamsters then spent a night locked in the hangar with the spaceship until the Navy's rent was paid. When the magazine *boot* interviewed him that winter, in two long parts in January and February 1997, it photographed him beside the Hummer with a sword, and he explained himself in a sentence: "I like getting in trouble." People justified their computers by work and school, he told them, but used them for fun.

In January 1997 the three began meeting again, over beer now that Engstrom's back had put an end to the workouts, to decide what to build next, and they settled on the World Wide Web, which to men used to games at thirty frames a second looked intolerably slow. Alex's first notion was a flag that waved in a virtual breeze on a web page. From it grew what Drummond calls a "browser on steroids": pages sent to a PC as the bare skeletons of three-dimensional objects, for the computer's own idle power to dress with colour, texture, motion and sound, as a game would. Two DirectX programmers, Bob Heddle and Colin McCartney, did the building under Engstrom; McCartney named it after William Gibson's story "Burning Chrome," and Chrome it became.

Success also brought arguments. By 1997 the games that mattered most were three-dimensional, and the question was whose 3D: Microsoft's Direct3D, or OpenGL, the older standard from the workstation world that id Software's John Carmack preferred and said so in public. The trade press covered the dispute as a running feud, and Alex argued Microsoft's side of it as loudly as he argued everything, inside the company as well as out.

That spring, Drummond writes, he sent the people responsible a three-page warning about leaks to the OpenGL side, and in May reminded Gates and the senior vice-presidents that in March, for the first time, all ten of the best-selling PC games had been Windows games built on DirectX; he thought Microsoft's own 3D chip design, Talisman, a distraction, and said so. In June Chris Hecker, by then outside the company, published an open letter from some fifty developers asking Microsoft to back OpenGL, and Alex's e-mails to senior people about it grew blunter still. Direct3D, much rewritten, is what Windows games use today.

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His time at Microsoft ended in June 1997, the day after the last of those e-mails, when Morris Beton, the group manager in Developer Relations, called him in and told him it was time to pursue other interests. He had seen it coming. Before he went, he took a handful of chocolate kisses from Engstrom's office, left them on his desk for the security staff who would come to clear it, and added a note: "Help yourself!"

He left Building 5 that day, he wrote, "four years and five months after joining the empire." The next day Microsoft announced that it had cancelled its reference design for Talisman. Ken Fowles, who had hired him, told Drummond that the company had grown cautious and Alex had not changed; "This guy single-handedly moved an industry," he said. The trade press reported the departure in July. He then took about a year off, though not from writing.

That September *boot* made him a contributing editor, and his monthly column, "The Saint with Alex St. John," began with the story of how he had come to leave. In October the magazine put him on its cover in a dark suit against a blue sky, under the line "Defector Alex St. John tells all," with a long article of his own inside about the making of DirectX. The same month *Computer Gaming World* published its list of the fifteen

most influential people in the history of computer gaming, and put him at number thirteen.

In November he interviewed John Carmack for the magazine's website. For Halloween that year he paid for a party of his own, at the Showbox in Seattle, with the band The Presidents of the United States of America. When *boot* became *Maximum PC* his column went with it, until August 1999, under the heading "Microsoft Defector Tells All," illustrated with a photograph of him in a priest's collar.

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The rest of the year off, by his own account, went on ballroom dancing, scuba diving and rock climbing, and traded stocks from home, which in 1997 and 1998 was a pastime a great many people in the Seattle area discovered at the same moment. He did not lose touch with Chrome. Engstrom was still his closest friend, and when Chrome, which had nearly been cancelled in March 1998, needed attention in the press, it was Alex, Drummond says, who proposed chrome-plating Engstrom's 1997 Harley-Davidson from end to end, fitting it to shoot flames, and giving it away to whoever built the best Chrome website.

The bike was built, for some fifty thousand dollars; Microsoft's lawyers stopped the giveaway. Engstrom then hired him to write the official white paper for Chrome's debut at the Siggraph graphics conference in Orlando in July 1998 — about twenty pages for more than twenty thousand dollars, Microsoft's first cheque to him since he had left — and Alex hid his name, spelled backwards, in the file name of one of its illustrations. Two weeks before the show Microsoft found it could not hold the name abroad, and Chrome opened on July 21, 1998, as Chromeffects.

Then he started a company to build with it. He persuaded Jeremy Kenyon, his colleague from Harlequin, to come over from England, and the firm began in his house in Kirkland, in what Drummond calls a converted downstairs gym and the company's own history calls the basement; for a while seven people shared about a thousand square feet. They called it WildTangent. In August the team, now eight, moved onto Microsoft's campus, into four first-floor offices in Engstrom's Building 30, to build demonstrations of Chromeffects for Steve Ballmer; by Alex's later account Gates and Ballmer rode the chrome Harley onto a stage.

He offered to fold in flashCast, the Dayton company that had worked on Chrome, and its founder Paul Scholz turned him down. In October 1998 Chromeffects was taken from Engstrom and given to Deborah Black, who delayed it indefinitely, and in November Microsoft cut it back and broke it up. Alex called the delay a smoke screen. Then he remembered that in 1996 the three of them had asked the Internet Explorer team to bury some prototype Chrome code inside Internet Explorer 4, which by now was on millions of computers, and WildTangent found it and woke it up.

"Chrome lives!" is where Drummond leaves him. The motorcycle ended its career in WildTangent's lobby, and WildTangent moved into offices of its own in Redmond, a mile or two from the campus, and changed its business.

WildTangent began by making technology for three-dimensional graphics on the web and became, over the next decade, one of the larger networks of casual games — the short, cheerful games people play in a browser or on a new computer — paid for by advertising inside the games and by a currency of its own that players could spend. Alex was its president and then its chief executive.

The money came in rounds: two million dollars in February 1999, when the staff went from eight to twenty-four; seventeen million in March 2000, led by Greylock and Madrona; thirty-four million in April 2001, led by Sony Pictures Digital and Accenture. Its first product, the Web Driver, came out in September 1999, and a month later it bought the company behind the Genesis3D engine. The board, by March 2000, included Cameron Myhrvold, who had interviewed him for Microsoft. That month Alex gave the keynote at the Game Developers Conference billed as "the Saint," at an event WildTangent called a Game Developer Revival, with a gospel choir.

In November 1999 his Microsoft years became a book: Michael Drummond's *Renegades of the Empire: How Three Software Warriors Started a Revolution Behind the Walls of Fortress Microsoft*, from Crown, with the Library of Congress cata-

loguing it under the names of all three Beastie Boys. Drummond, a newspaper business writer, had been steered to the story by a Chrome contractor in Dayton, Ohio, and built it from long interviews with the three and the people around them; it quotes Alex's e-mails at length.

A paperback followed in 2000 with a new subtitle, *A Tale of Success, Failure, and Other Dark Deeds Inside Fortress Microsoft*, and a new foreword noting that Alex had gone on to build a 3D web business. *Booklist* called it a very revealing look inside one corner of the computer industry; *Salon* was cooler about its subjects, and the *New York Times Book Review* noted that Drummond laid the failure of Chromeffects at the door of office politics and the antitrust lawyers, and wished he had argued it harder.

None of the reviewers disputed the main point, which was that three men had built something Microsoft had not asked for and that the company could no longer do without. Alex himself describes it simply as the book about his adventures at Microsoft.

In May 2000 the DigiPen Institute of Technology in Redmond gave him an honorary degree — a Bachelor of Real-time Interactive Simulation, presented by Minoru Arakawa, the founder of Nintendo of America — for helping the college win accreditation for its first computer-science degree. A newspaper writing about it the next year pointed out that it was the first degree he had ever received.

By the spring of 2001 WildTangent had a hundred and thirty-five employees and fifty-one million dollars of financing; that year Alex was demonstrating its game *Betty Bad* every hour at the Game Developers Conference, and he wrote a column called "The Saint" again, for the new magazine *Computer Power User*, which he kept up for most of the decade. The hits that kept the company going were small ones, beginning with *Gem Master* and an advertising game for the Toyota Tacoma, and then *Fate*, which became its best seller. By about 2005 its games had been downloaded more than a hundred million times.

On the WildTangent patents filed in September 1999 he and Kenyon are the inventors, for a way of streaming games and other media in pieces as they are needed. They were the first of at least eighteen patents and published applications that name him, filed from 1999 onward and granted as late as 2025: at WildTangent on licensing games with a digital currency; at hi5 on virtual currencies and pricing; and at Nyriad, in New Zealand, on data compression (where he is the only inventor) and on storage built around graphics processors. His own biographies give higher counts, up to thirty-five and more, and the search behind the lower figure was not complete.

He went on television for WildTangent — in May 2008 Neil Cavuto interviewed him live on Fox Business about paying to play games — and in September 2008 its games reached eleven and a half million visitors in a month, which put it third among online game sites. In November 2008 he handed the chief executive's job to his chief operating officer, Mike Peronto, and stayed on as chairman; in March 2009 he left the board. WildTangent went on without him and in 2019 was bought by gamigo, a German games company. Its website is still at wildtangent.com.



ALEX ST. JOHN, 2010

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In December 2009 Alex became president and chief technology officer of hi5, a San Francisco social network with some sixty million users a month that was turning itself into a site for social games. In 2010 it bought a small games company in Austin, courted developers at the Game Developers Conference, and, in July, raised fourteen million dollars. That same month, at a party in Seattle during the Casual Connect conference, Alex marked hi5's challenge to Facebook by wrestling a three-hundred-and-fifty-pound sumo champion.

He was thrown out of the ring twice and, on the third try, pushed the champion out — a result GamesBeat reported without speculating on how hard the champion had tried. When hi5's assets were sold to the social network Tagged at the end of 2011, its people started a games network of their own, Magi.com, in Emeryville, and Alex founded it. Among the first games on Magi were titles from HitPoint Studios of Massachusetts, a company run by his younger brother Aaron, which made Magi, for a few months, a family business on both coasts. It closed in June 2012.

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His next interest was a long way from games. A talk at an animation conference in Wellington led to an invitation to Multicore World, a computing conference there, and from that to the Square Kilometre Array, the international radio telescope being planned for Australia and South Africa, whose antennas would produce more raw data than almost anything people had tried to store. From 2012 to 2014 he volunteered for it in his spare time, writing compression code for the raw radio data and helping with the mathematics on graphics processors; he spent much of 2013 teaching himself Nvidia's CUDA language for them.

By then he was living in Cambridge, a farming town in New Zealand's Waikato. He began teaching local students parallel programming in his garage, and found that another Microsoft alumnus, Matthew Simmons, lived in the same town. Out of the garage came Nyriad, which the two of them founded in 2014 to build storage that used graphics processors to keep such data safe, with Alex as chief technology officer. He spoke at Multicore World in 2014 and 2015.

In April 2014 he went back to Alaska. He gave the keynote at Serious Fun, a gathering on educational games at the University of Alaska Anchorage, and then a day of talks at the Fairbanks campus where he had once spent his days at "The Node," among them "Platform Wars and the Rise of Mobile Games" and "How to Get an Awesome Job with a Game/Software Company." A few months later he wrote on his blog that his youngest brother had just become a technology evangelist at Intel, "following the family tradition." In September 2015 he was at the twentieth-anniversary reunion of Windows 95 in Seattle, photographed with Eric Engstrom and two other veterans of the launch.

Nyriad grew. The New Zealand company was incorporated in January 2015, with Alex a director from August of that year. By 2016 and 2017 it had forty-five to fifty engineers, and in June 2016 he gave the graduation address at Victoria University of Wellington, about hard work and the children of farming families; he had meant to show the graduates pictures of his own childhood, the cabin and the dogs and the outhouse hole, and, lacking a projector, put them on his blog instead.

In February 2018 Nyriad raised eight and a half million US dollars from the venture firm Data Collective, and in March he was at Nvidia's conference in San Jose showing its storage appliance. He left the company in March 2019 and sold his shares; he resigned as a director that August. Nyriad itself wound down in 2024.

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In the 2020s he came back to games, and to the problem he had started with at Microsoft: how to get a game from the machine that can run it to the person who wants to play it. In 2021 he founded PlayCast with a co-founder, Trey Overton, encouraged, by one account, by the games investor Bing Gordon. It lets people's idle gaming computers stream games to other players over the internet, peer to peer; he is its chief executive, with a partner from the WildTangent years, Dave Madden, and it is at playcast.io.

By April 2026 it had raised ten million dollars and had nineteen staff. He has also become his own broadcaster: on PlayCast's YouTube channel he tells the old stories at length, among them a Halloween "story time" for the thirtieth anniversary of DirectX in October 2024, a two-part "Microsoft Confidential: Taking Fun Seriously," and, in November 2025, a tour of his DirectX memorabilia, which includes the *boot* cover of 1997. Eric Engstrom, whom he called "one of my very best friends," had died in 2020. In July 2026 Alex was announcing something newer still, a media player for artificial intelligence.

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It is a long way from a cabin with a five-and-a-half-foot ceiling outside Fairbanks to the conference rooms of Redmond, and Alex made the trip without a diploma, a map or, it seems, much interest in asking permission. Daniel, telling the family's story into a recorder fifty-odd years after that first Arctic winter, gave his eldest son two words and moved on to the next question.

The public record has needed a great many more: an encyclopedia article, a shelf of magazine pieces, a magazine cover, a list of the fifteen most influential people in his trade, a book with "Renegades" in the title, and some hundreds of posts of his own. Among those posts are the snapshots in this chapter, which, he wrote, his mother dug out of old prints and negatives and scanned for him each Christmas he asked. The technology he helped start in a borrowed corner of Microsoft in 1994 is still how most games talk to Windows, and the boy who learned to program on a teletype at the University of Alaska, while his father studied down the hall, grew up to help decide how the world's computers would play.

THE RECORDS

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ADDENDUM: ALEX ST. JOHN'S COMPANIES

Company	Role	Years	What it did	Website, 10 Oct 2026
Hell Graphic Systems, Boston	Customer support, PostScript expert, product manager	c. 1988–89	US arm of the German Hell company: scanners and typesetting systems	—
Harlequin Limited, Cambridge, England	Engineer (with Jeremy Kenyon)	c. 1989–92	PostScript-compatible typesetting software	successor: globalgraphics.com (redirects)
ECRM, Boston	Screening algorithms; consulting for Harlequin's customers	1992	Laser imagesetters	—
Microsoft	Publishing evangelist, then game technology evangelist; co-creator of DirectX	Jan 1993 – Jun 1997	Windows print architecture; DirectX 1–5, Chromeffects	microsoft.com
boot / *Maximum PC*; *Computer Power User*	Contributing editor; columnist, "The Saint"	1997–99; c. 2001–09	Computer magazines	maximumpc.com
WildTangent, Redmond	Co-founder; president, CEO, chairman	Jul 1998 – Mar 2009	Web 3D, then a casual-games network paid for by in-game advertising	wildtangent.com (live; gamigo since 2019)
hi5, San Francisco	President and CTO	Dec 2009 – 2011	Social network turned social-games site	hi5.com (redirects to Tagged)
Magi.com, Emeryville	Founder	2012	Social-games network; launched with games from Aaron St. John's HitPoint Studios	magi.com (no response)
Square Kilometre Array (NZ/AU)	Volunteer HPC and GPU consultant	2012–2014	Computing for the international radio telescope	icrar.org
Nyriad, Cambridge, New Zealand	Co-founder, CTO; director 26 Aug 2015 – 23 Aug 2019	2014–2019	GPU-accelerated storage (NSULATE)	nyriad.io (no response; wound down 2024)
PlayCast Inc.	Co-founder (with Trey Overton), CEO	2021–	Peer-to-peer game streaming from idle gaming PCs	playcast.io (live)

Honorary degree: Bachelor of Real-time Interactive Simulation, DigiPen Institute of Technology, Redmond, 2000 (digipen.edu). Recognition: *Computer Gaming World*, Oct 1997, no. 13 of "The 15 Most Influential People of All Time" in computer gaming. Patents: at least 18 filings, 1999–2025 (WildTangent, hi5, Nyriad). In books: Michael Drummond, *Renegades of the Empire* (1999); David Kushner, *Masters of Doom* (2003); Dean Takahashi, *Opening the Xbox* (2002); Rusel DeMaria, *Game of X*, vol. 2 (2019), ch. 11, "The Manhattan Project." Sources for every row: the research notes, §3 and §8.

A SHORT CHRONOLOGY

1967	Born in Berkeley, California, where Daniel was a doctoral student.
1969	To the Brooks Range with the family on January 1; turns two there.
c. 1969–72	The Pribilof Islands: St. George, where his parents teach; the Cannikin evacuation, Nov. 1971.
1973–84	Allakaket; then the moss-insulated cabin outside Fairbanks.
c. 1978–81	Learns to program at "The Node"; a VIC-20 for Christmas 1981.
1984	A few months with his great-grandmother Krug in Massachusetts; the family moves back.
c. 1988	Hell Graphic Systems, Boston, at 21; then Harlequin, Cambridge, England, about three years.
1992	ECRM, Boston; recruited in the fall; eleven Microsoft interviews and the Christmas party in mid-December.
Jan. 1993	Joins Microsoft's Developer Relations Group as its first publishing evangelist.
1994	Games evangelist under Rick Segal; survey of game developers with Craig Eisler (Aug.); "Taking Fun Seriously" and the "Manhattan Project" with Eisler and Eric Engstrom (Nov.–Dec.).
1995	Ground Zero at Great America (April); DirectX 1.0 (Sept.); Judgment Day, Oct. 30.
1996	Pax Romana launches DirectX 2.0 (April); Judgment Day II cancelled (Nov.).
June 1997	Leaves Microsoft after the Direct3D–OpenGL e-mails (June 11 by his column; press reports in July).
Oct. 1997	On the cover of *boot*; no. 13 of *Computer Gaming World*'s fifteen most influential people.
1998	Writes the Chrome white paper (July); starts WildTangent with Jeremy Kenyon in his Kirkland house; Chromeffects delayed and broken up (Oct.–Nov.).
1999	*Renegades of the Empire* published (paperback 2000); first WildTangent patents filed.

2000	Honorary degree, DigiPen Institute of Technology; $17 million for WildTangent.
2008–2009	Hands on the WildTangent chief executive's job; leaves the board.
Dec. 2009	President and CTO of hi5; the sumo bout follows in July 2010.
2012	Founds Magi.com; begins volunteer work on the Square Kilometre Array.
2014	Co-founds Nyriad in Cambridge, New Zealand; speaking tour of the University of Alaska.
2021	Co-founds PlayCast; chief executive.
2024–2026	Tells the DirectX stories on PlayCast's YouTube channel; announces an AI media player, July 2026.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs of Alex St. John found on 10 October 2026. Family photographs and the openly licensed photograph are reproduced; the others are copyright, not cleared for print, and are listed with their sources only.



1969
Alex with two young women and a moose antler in the snow, Brooks Range; print captioned "Alex & friends, Brooks Range Alaska 1969." St. John family photograph, posted on Alex St. John's blog (2016). Used in this chapter.
Catalogue record



1970
The family in parkas in the snow; print captioned "St John Family St George Island Alaska 1970." St. John family photograph (blog, 2013). Used in this chapter.
Catalogue record



1975
Alex in a fur-ruffed parka by a woodpile; print captioned "Alex St. John Fairbanks Alaska 1975." St. John family photograph (blog, 2013).
Catalogue record



1975–1978
The log cabin outside Fairbanks with its two-storey extension and woodpile; print captioned "Fairbanks cabin 1975-1978." Does not show Alex. St. John family photograph (blog, 2014). Used in this chapter.
Catalogue record



C. 1976
Alex in the dog sled his father built, with Newfoundland puppies; captioned on the blog as his first dog-sled team. A smaller print is captioned "Alex and wantabe sled dogs Fairbanks 1976" (blog, 2013). St. John family photograph. Used in this chapter.
Catalogue record



1970S
Alex in a pit hauling a bucket of earth: the yearly new outhouse hole. St. John family photograph (blog, 2016).
Catalogue record



2006-08-25
Alex St. John speaking on stage at PAX 2006, Bellevue, Washington. Relativiox (Flickr), CC BY 2.0. Used in this chapter.
Catalogue record

1995 – 1999
Not cleared: with colleagues and a battle-axe, 1995, and beside his crimson Hummer, c. 1996 (his blog); *boot* #05 and #06 (Jan.–Feb. 1997, photographs by Mark Madeo: with a sword beside the Hummer, at the wheel, "Mister DirectX"); *boot* #13, #14 (cover, p. 25, p. 44) and #17; *Maximum PC*, Nov. 1998 and Aug. 1999 (column pages with headshots, one in a priest's collar). Imagine Publishing / Future US.
Catalogue record

C. 2000 – 2012
Not cleared: studio portraits with a cigar (*Episodic Content Mag*, GamesBeat, Open Parallel, D.I.C.E., his blog's bio page); WildTangent management-page portraits, c. 2002 and c. 2005; *Edge* #191 (2008); Fox Business still (2008); with Nolan Bushnell, New York, 2008 (N'Gai Croal, Flickr); the hi5 years, 2010–12: GDC panel, the sumo bout, IGDA, London and SXSW talks, Magi.com portrait (hi5 Networks, Flickr; GamesBeat). Also two 2006 Flickr photographs under licences unsuited to a sold book: a close-up (jontintinjordan, CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) and the PAX keynote (Wade Rockett, CC BY-ND 2.0).
Catalogue record

C. 1999 – 2024
Not cleared: UW Video interview still; UAA Serious Fun keynote still (2014); Windows 95 reunion with Joe Belfiore, Vic Gundotra and Eric Engstrom (his blog, 2015); GTC 2018 interview on Nyriad's Orion (insideHPC); PlayCast channel webcam still (2024). Full list with sources: work/first-pass/archive-replies/alex-st-john-public/images.csv.
Catalogue record

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