

## **Thomas Howard Wickenden**

*from*

### *Memoirs of the Thomas Rogers Wickenden Family*

They say I was born at Toledo, Ohio, 602 Starr Avenue, on May 26, 1888. This I do not remember. But I do remember several times when peculiar and mysterious events were stirring the young fry stayed overnight with Grandma Consaul or some other relative, and when they returned home would find a new addition to the family. My earliest remembered impression is looking out the dining room window with an unobstructed view of a field extending to Oak Street with a few cows grazing in the field. This was later timed at about three years of age.

Some other early memories include getting stuck in the sea of mud called Sixth Street and being rescued by the old colored ex-slave Uncle Sam Jackson. There was also the occasion when Uncle Jim took the family picture in the front yard, the picture generally known as the one in which Tom is biting the iron fence. However, a close inspection of said picture will show that the iron wicket was just the level of my mouth. Also I recall Uncle Charlie Whitmore delivering milk, dipping it out of a five gallon can with a quart dipper.

When nearing Hallowe'en, it would be celebrated from the first of the week. Doorbell night, gate night, tic-tac night, and then on Hallowe'en all hell would break loose. Things would get rough, rocks and bricks thrown on the porches, guns fired, and Chic Sales structures were tempting targets for overturning. Many major stunts were performed requiring considerable skill and ingenuity. I recall on one post-Hallowe'en morning Father found his buggy mounted astride the barn roof. The neighborhood boys had accomplished the feat by taking it apart and hoisting it piece by piece on the roof and reassembling it during the night. The Jack o' Lanterns were made from big pumpkins costing five cents and these were put to double duty after Hallowe'en. With Mother's help we would cut them in pieces to cook, make them into a big pumpkin pie and treat the neighborhood children.

In those early days living was gracious, and life went along fairly smoothly. I pumped the church organ on Sunday and on Saturdays helped Ernie Lampman clean up the church. When through, we used the empty Sunday School rooms to do a little boxing. When baptismal service was scheduled for Sunday, we would fill up the baptistery on Saturday afternoon to warm up the water and of course we had to try it out for temperature by taking a swim.

Speaking of swimming, I shall never forget the day I swam the Maumee River at the age of about twelve. It all started on a Sunday afternoon. For some reason I was confined to my room, probably for taking a brotherly poke at Homer. About three o'clock I felt the call of Freedom so climbed out the window and down a tree. No other boys seemed to be available in the neighborhood so I went down to the river for a swim, but the swimming spot was deserted. It had been my ambition to swim the river for some time,

but the older boys forbade me to try it. Ah! here was my chance, I would show them, today I was free!

I swam across. Yes, I was tired, and I rested a long time on the far shore, but I had to get back for I was naked and my clothes were on the opposite shore. I started back, but the river seemed to have grown wider. I found some driftwood in the center and rested by floating and hanging on. When I started to swim again, I found I had drifted down stream about 150 feet beyond my objective. The beach was south of the C. & O. docks. I soon was tired and floated again, but finally made the dock piling where the water was deep. I rested and swam up stream to the shore. When I touched bottom, I was too weak to lift myself out of the water, so I crawled to shallow water and finally rolled over until my head was above the water line. I practically passed out for about ten minutes. I finally got enough strength to crawl out and get dressed and drag myself a long mile to near home. I went into Litchfield's next door where I found that my absence had been discovered, for it was then six o'clock and the neighborhood was being searched. So I gave up and was confined to my room again with a supper of bread and milk.

The folks were eating below. It had gotten dark and the gas lights were lit in the dining room. I needed companionship. How to get it? Why not try to get it by blowing out the gas lights? There was a gas jet in the bathroom that I could reach with my mouth by standing on the edges of the bath tub. Could I blow against the gas pressure? Yes, I could -- and with a few full blows consternation broke loose below. I was immediately suspected and consulted as to what I had done to endanger the family. After telling the whole story of the afternoon's adventure, I was permitted to come down and join the family, whether from fear of being asphyxiated or from compassion, I do not know, probably some of both.

I always enjoyed the variety of fruit trees and grape vines Dad had planted around the place. I loved best the apricot tree. It blossomed early sometimes when a flurry of late snow covered the ground, and the fruit ripened early and was delicious. The mulberry trees were intriguing. The Niagara white grapes were at a premium. The plums were tart and the quinces made good jelly for winter.

The muddy river water was pumped raw through the pipes, later it was filtered and treated, but for years, morning, noon and night, we went to an artesian well at the corner of Sixth and Euclid and carried home a bucket of clear cool water. In looking up some data, I found the artesian water in that area contained 1.0 to 1.5 parts per million of fluorides, and perhaps in the light of present-day knowledge, some of the family's good teeth can be attributed to this source.

The installation of the first telephone in our home was a point of neighborhood pride, but there were so few around we children had to go to the grocery store across the street and call home to use it.

Toledo had natural gas available when the Starr Avenue house was built in 1886 and this was used for cooking and for heating in winter with Dad's build-it-yourself furnace.

Undiluted natural gas cost 10 cents per 1,000 cu. ft.

The yearly pilgrimage to Lakeside was something we looked forward to with much youthful anticipation and joy. We rode on the Oak Street trolley to the Fassett Street Station, where we got a local train to Port Clinton or Marblehead Junction. There we transferred to a freight train with one passenger car attached on the Port-Clinton and Marblehead Railroad for the ride to Lakeside. The drayman picked up the trunks and some of the handbags and delivered them to the house while we walked. Then followed a lot of work cleaning up the over winter dust and cobwebs and the accumulation of leaves and sticks outside. A bale of straw was delivered to fill the mattress ticks, but straw would be well pulverized before the end of summer. This difficulty was corrected by using corn husks. They were somewhat lumpy but after an exhausting day the lumps were soon forgotten. A trip to the central office was necessary to order the water turned on and we carried drinking water from one of the artesian wells. When chores were done we could go down to the lake front. Yes, the lake with its rocky shore was still there. The dock had survived another winter, as had the bell tower and bandstand. The sail boats, Mike's "Red Bird," the ketch owned by Ermish brothers and Ernest's "Crackerjack" were still around. I would immediately start youthful negotiations with the skipper by offering to pump the bilge, sweep the deck and cockpit and run any errands. Any task assigned would establish me as a candidate for a free ride on a short sail to Sandy Beach or Marblehead. If accepted as a regular helper, you were permitted to sail on longer trips - Catawba Island or Kelley's Island - with the accompanying danger of being becalmed in pre-outboard days and not getting home until late in the night. Then you lost your nautical rating by parental decree, and after making life miserable around home for about a week, you were allowed to be reinstated with the Skipper. These summer experiences gave me my first interest in sailing, which has continued to give me much pleasure to this day.

I recall Lottie trying to swim in her ten-pound bathing suit, heavy material, a blouse with a sailor collar, a skirt below the knees, bloomers and stockings. I remember feeling badly when a policeman threatened to arrest her for removing her stockings while bathing at the shore. The early yellow, sweet apples on the street to the lake were the best I ever tasted, and the sour apples made wonderful applesauce and pie. There were trips to the Life Saving Station at Marblehead to see the Thursday Drill, shooting out a lifeline and rigging a bitches buoy. the boat drill, tipping over the non-sinkable boat with men underneath, and righting the boat again demonstrating the self-bailing cockpit. The full treatment included a visit to the Marblehead Lighthouse and a climb up the circular stairway to the light itself, a kerosene lamp whose light rays were gathered and directed by the big French lens. Then we would inspect the glacier groove in the rock nearby, an especially deep one, commonly known as the Devil's Bath Tub.

Nightly band concerts in the park were followed by the Chautauqua Programs at the Auditorium, where the Bell Ringers, the Performing Dogs and the Magicians were tops for the youngsters.

Since sailing was uppermost in my mind during the summer, I was lost when I returned

home. Why not build a land sail boat designed like an ice boat with wheels? Just the place to use the wheels of a solid-tire bicycle which, weighed about a hundred pounds and would ruin one if it fell on you. Ernie Bryant was my partner. We got it built and rigged and it worked fine. The section between Fifth and Oak Streets was being developed with newly paved streets, ideal for our land boat. With a south westerly wind, we would go, about fifteen to twenty miles an hour speed. To slow up, we would spill wind, drag our feet, for we could only head up at an intersection. We had many a fine sail with no traffic in the area, but one day a milk wagon passed the intersection as we approached, and the horse took off, establishing a new record run to Oak Street where the wagon skidded on the turn, dumping a few cans of milk in the street. A policeman called at the home that afternoon and our land sailing days were over.

Life went along smoothly until I was about twelve. Then something happened to the family economy. In order to earn money for college Will acquired a paper delivery route which I took over during his senior year in high school and soon found that my carefree life was over. The papers must be delivered rain, sleet or snow, holidays, picnic days and during summer vacation. Lakeside was cut down to two weeks while a substitute carried the route. Ida, as I recall, filled in at one time when I rebelled. The news carriers formed a union and struck against the Blade when they wished to change the distribution from Benny Friedman. Dad didn't believe in unions and strikes so I was the only "scab". It was a tough situation. I was in several skirmishes and escaped a "beating-up" as some of the older boys knew it was forced upon me. That word "scab" can be more vicious than fists, for there is no defense against it and it corrodes your soul.

Children are keen observers, even of the smallest detail, regarding anything that effects their personal and immediate interest, but are woefully lacking in observing or comprehending how their actions or outside changes affect the lives of those about them, especially their elders. It wasn't until years later that I appreciated the family difficulties. While Homer will undoubtedly have a chapter on Father Wickenden's history and accomplishments I am going to digress from my story for a short period and talk about Dad.

I often worked with Dad during vacations, helping him on surveying, running a line of levels with my own crew, making maps and doing other engineering apprentice jobs. I became quite close to Dad through these contacts and came to appreciate the full extent of his accomplishment and the difficulties surmounted in winning them, hence this accolade to Dad and to Mother who stood by him so loyally through good fortune and hard times.

Dad was born February 7, 1853, his father Thomas followed the sea and became master of a ship which was wrecked in a terrible storm on January 1, 1861 and all hands were lost at sea. This left the family with only meager means of support. However, Dad continued in school until December 1865 when he was indentured as an apprentice for a period of five years, with an initial payment to the master of eight pounds (then about \$40.00). The indenture stated his age as fourteen, being a big boy,

he could pass for over the minimum age limit. He was to receive his board and room free during this period and work for the master without other compensation during the first year, one shilling (about 25 cents) a week the second year, and two shillings a week to the end of the contract.

In 1870 with the apprenticeship completed, he emigrated to the United States, his elder brother James having preceded him by a year. Shortly after arrival, with perhaps some odd jobs in between, Dad got a job with a surveying crew of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was interested in his work and his boss encouraged him to study and gave him some guidance. With few distractions (no telephones, radios, televisions, movies or electric lights to read by) he made good progress.

I am not fully aware of his various jobs or their timing, but the next important connection was with the Smith Bridge Company, probably as a draftsman. Later, as their chief designer he had a large part in the design and construction of the Cherry Street Bridge in Toledo. A copy of the contract with the City signed February 27, 1878 is in his papers. He must have been promoted with a raise in salary for he was married in 1879.

The bridge was a big project for the city and resulted in considerable publicity for Dad. This probably was a stepping stone to his later position of Chief Engineer for the City of Toledo, a position he held for many years.

I don't know whether politics or a desire to invade broader fields brought it about, but Dad and some friends decided to get into the big money by going into the Engineering Construction Business. Their first big contract was to construct a bridge for a railroad, they spent their money for considerable equipment and were making good progress when a financial panic swept the country. the railroad went broke and Dad and his friends were swept under.

I didn't appreciate the reason for this change in life. but one day the old barn was filled up with all kinds of constructive gear and camp equipment. ropes, chains, blocks and tackles, a heavy four-wheel railway dolly. timbers, cots and mattresses. This material offered interesting possibilities that were wonderful for a rainy day, a lifesaving line with britches buoy, wrestling matches and acrobatics on the mattresses, and a hundred foot roller-coaster with the "dolly". We dug a cave with a fine place in which to roast potatoes. All went fine until Glen Maddox and I took a dislike to some Lord Fauntleroy of the neighborhood and wouldn't let him in the cave. He complained, and we were admonished. We finally set a pitfall for him. Late one Saturday afternoon we dug a pit about a foot square and a foot deep in the center of a wet muddy path located on a short cut to Sunday School and covered it with sticks and a newspaper with our muddy footprints on its center. Early Sunday morning it worked. In fact, it worked too well. The parents told Dad. The cave was forbidden, the roller-coaster nearby was discovered and ordered torn down, and the dolly and timbers returned to the barn.

About this time strange bedfellows appeared in the house. Mother was frantic. No D.D.T. or exterminators. The beds were taken apart every Saturday, all crevices were

scalded with boiling water and painted with kerosene by using a chicken feather. This was repeated for a month. When first discovered, the cots and mattresses were taken out of the barn and burned.

The house was free again of pests. This episode undoubtedly took several years from Mother's life as it was so terrible.

Father told me to sell all the old metal in the barn. There was twelve hundred pounds according to the junk man for which I got twelve dollars. Father estimated the true weight at about one ton. The twelve dollars was probably used to pay some old grocery bills of Mr. Gross, for I learned later he was carrying us on the cuff and Mother had kept the family together on about \$30 per month. Mr. Gross had a fire in his store, not much was saved except the canned goods. but the labels were burned off. At the fire sale mother bought several packing cases of these cans. I remember putting them in rows on the cellar shelves. Well for a long time we never had such surprising meals. Mother never knew until the can was open whether we would have peas, beans, corn, soup or spaghetti.

I was big enough to push a lawnmower and earned about fifty cents cutting and trimming – 50' x 150' lawn at twenty-five cents a lawn, then delivered my paper route, a two-and-a-half-mile walk. This money was used to buy my clothes and the balance was put in the bank to save for college. At the end of high school, I had about \$150.00 laid away.

I am ahead of my story for in high school I took manual training and got a great urge to build things. Building a sail boat was my chief ambition. I drew up plans for a 10-footer and started to build it one winter in the attic. The family accused me of not being able to get it out of the attic, but that is not so, for I had measured the space available when both the upper and lower sash of the attic windows were removed and could pass the boat through on its side. I never had to prove I was right for the next summer at Lakeside I got bigger ideas and took measurements and made sketches of a 15' clinker-built rowboat, and on return home made my complete drawings for a center-board sail boat showing details of the stern and stern posts, transom and thwart section at half a dozen positions

I bought waste pieces of lumber at a lumber yard, a good piece of straight oak for the keel, and oak cuttings large enough for posts and transom. One day I found enough oak strips 1/2 by 1" to serve as the ribs. Next spring the keel and hand-carved stern and stern posts were assembled and frames made for the various thwart positions when the summer was gone. That fall I went to an iron works and got a 3/16" steel centerboard sheared out for about \$2.00. I bought 12 beautiful clear Cypress planks 1/2" thick x 12" in width x 16 feet long for the strakes for about \$12.00. Today it would cost over \$100. Without a pattern these had to be fitted by try and cut. By winter I had the two gar-board strakes finished. On an occasional warm day during the winter I got two more in shape and in the spring all strakes were finished and assembled. The ribs came next, they had to be steamed and bent. How to steam them? Necessity is the mother of invention. I

built a wooden steam box about 6" on the sides and eight feet long with a hole at one end to fit tightly over the top of a small pail. Saturday afternoons, when the kitchen was clear, I would rig this up over a gas stove. The small pail with water was placed on the gas burner, the steam going into the box. It worked surprisingly well. After steaming for an hour or longer, I would take out a rib, rush to the boat and bend it in place before it cooled and set. Everyone around was drafted to help. Ida was my principal assistant. Everything was fastened with galvanized nails and clinched a really solid construction. The mast was shaped from a 14' square timber about 3 x 3. The sail was cut from a heavy canvas tent found in the barn. All was rigged in the back yard with an eye for quick assembly.

The Fourth of July was approaching, an appropriate time for launching and our first sail. but we had to work until the last minute to complete it. I had faith and engaged a truck on the third of July to haul it down to the river the next morning at ten o'clock.

The family had a big picnic planned on the bay shore near the Casino, and since they were going by trolley, they left the house about ten with the boat still in the backyard. The last moment Mother gave us a basket of sandwiches and an apple apiece for the captain and crew, me about sixteen, Homer fourteen and Arthur eleven.

The truck arrived about ten-thirty. The boat was soon aboard. It was launched at the foot of the Cherry Street Bridge about eleven-thirty without the benefit of the customary bottle of champagne, a custom then unknown to us but probably the secret of our coming troubles. The mast was stepped. the sails rigged, and we cast off and caught the breeze with whistles blowing, bells ringing and fire crackers popping for it was just twelve noon on the Fourth of July.

We approached the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge. Could we get under with our mast? It looked high to us and knowing our nautical rights we blew a horn three times for the draw to open. The draw tender called to come ahead that we could go under. but our mast struck the bridge, and with wind and current coming from behind we were in a jam. The bridge tender ran back and started opening the draw. the halyards caught on some projection and we found ourselves being dragged around. We yelled, and he came out and got us untangled and we finally got through the open draw.

The boat sailed nicely, and we were going fine. We were a hungry group of boys, so I put the first mate in charge while I opened up the lunch and was just passing out the sandwiches when the sail jibed and over we went. When I found all the crew hanging safely to the hull. I retrieved a water-soaked sandwich and an apple apiece. The sandwiches fell to sop when lifted from the water, so they were a total loss. The apples we saved until ashore.

We were considering ways to get ashore when a man called not to try swimming, he would get a boat and come out for us, which he did, towing us ashore. We hung up our clothes on some bushes to dry, bailed out the boat and were off again about two p.m. The wind held, and we approached the next bridge at Ironville. We blew, it opened. A

third bridge seemed high enough and we passed under and out to the bay near the old Casino wondering where the folks could be. The place was full of boats, many large sail boats and we were the newest and smallest of, the fleet. But oh! The wind had suddenly died down and the sun clouded over a warning I had learned to heed and to look for a squall. Sure enough, there was wind and white water coming from the East. Quickly we lowered the sail and dropped our stone anchor. We did it in time. The wind and rain struck but we were safe. Many boats were turned over. A large keel boat was near us, took the wind broadside and it knocked her down. About a half dozen men hung onto the gun-wale and over the side. The first blast lasted for a minute or two, then slowly the boat righted itself. The rain stopped and by three-thirty the sun was out. We decided we had had enough for one day and started tacking back up the river making slow progress. We blew our horn for the bridge and they opened without argument. We got back to the foot of the Cherry Street Bridge about six pm. arriving home about six-thirty. The family had such a large picnic lunch they were eating a simple supper of bread and milk.

We were sworn to secrecy, so didn't dare tell about capsizing for fear that our sailing days would be over, so bread and milk it was, the best tasting bread and milk we had ever had! One bowl full, another and another until we three had finished one large loaf of Mother and Father's homemade bread and ran out of milk.

A few remarks about our appetites and a few inquiries about our lunch - a fine lunch, but sailing makes one hungry. Oh, yes, where is the lunch basket? Oh, the basket! We must have left it at the river. With stomachs full, we told part of our tale, the launching, the bridges, eating on shore - it was wonderful of Mother to pack a separate lunch for us.

Mother and Dad were mighty thankful we didn't get to the bay, for a storm came up and tipped over a lot of boats. They told how one big sailboat went over on its beam and the men hung over the side to right it. Near it was a little sail boat that rode out the storm safely, -they must have been good sailors. That was our boat, and we were in it!

In our haste to get the boat in the water it was entirely open without flooring or ballast., so-the next project was to put in heavy wood flooring as ballast which would float in case of an accident, so that fall we decked over the bow and several inches along the sides. That helped a lot. I never tipped over again, but later I learned that many others had. It was a good sailor with its long keel and it would work to windward well. We had a lot of fun in it. The second year we took Mother for a ride and took this occasion to tell her about our upset. She was a good sport.

The bridge tender on the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge would cuss, but never failed to open. Finally, with a train stuck on the bridge, and anxious to get back, we sailed under by shifting the crew to get a slant of about 30 degrees when our mast would clear. That was the end of the bridge opening.

Time came to go to college, so I sold it for \$30.00. The buyer, an old sailor, said he



never saw a boat built so solidly with the well clinched nails.

In winter the Maumee river would freeze with 10" to 12" of solid ice for skating. I built a small skate sail. It worked fine. I improved and enlarged it until on a good day I could get going twenty to thirty miles. This led to wide explorations up the river above Walbridge Park and down the river into the bay and Lake Erie. I remember one Saturday morning sailing out to Turtle light. up the Ten Mile Creek several miles and back to the bay, and then found a crack in the ice had opened up with a span of six or eight feet of open water, the crack extending as far as I could see. After studying the situation, the only solution was to make a run and jump it. I picked a spot where the ice was tilted up about 10 or 15' for about 10 feet back of the edge. I started back 150 to 200 feet to get full speed with the sail and cleared the crack with fifteen feet to spare. I started my trip at 8:30, was back at 11:30 and had covered a distance of 40 miles on the rhumb lines with a lot of exploring and tacking in between.

The last summer before college Dad got me a job at The American Bridge Company which had absorbed the Smith Bridge Company where Dad gained his bridge building experience. A fine job at 17 1/2 cents per hour, when the beginners' rate was 15 cents, ten hours a day for five days and six on Saturday. I carried home \$9.80 per week. Carfare was three cents a ride.

The foreman did not like this light kid on a heavy work job of assembling parts and swinging a sledge to cut off the heads of misplaced rivets. I started on Wednesday as I recall and by Saturday at 1 o'clock, which finished the work for the week. I was pooped. I dragged myself home and went to bed and didn't get up until Sunday evening. I didn't want to go back Monday me to try one more day to see if I got my I was transferred to a drill press and morning, but Dad persuaded second wind. Fortunately, later when the weather became hot and knocked out many of the rivet heaters, I was drafted to this job. I got quite expert at tossing white hot rivets with a pair of tongs for distances of fifty or sixty feet, to be caught in an iron bucket by one of the rivet gang. On this job I had one close call. The shop was very noisy, so I did not hear a warning call when suddenly someone tackled me and threw me to the floor just before a 90 foot girder would have struck me. It was being turned end for end by a large crane. It would have crushed me except for the quick thinking of one of my fellow workmen.

I was glad when that summer was over. I saved about \$90.00 and started to Granville with about \$250.00 and a tuition scholarship of \$75.00 which I worked out by raking leaves on the campus and rubbing down the athletes. I got a job Saturdays in Newark selling Walk Over Shoes at \$5.00 which helped pay my board of \$6.00 per week with two meals out at the eating house. I kept tab on the Saturday night church suppers in Newark where I often got filled up with a chicken dinner and homemade cake for fifty cents.

Chemistry fascinated me, especially the assaying done by Professor Brumback. This study went well. My marks were top. I assisted him with fire assay until I became quite skilled in assaying for gold and silver. The third year, I had charge of a laboratory class

and the last semester taught a beginners' class for my tuition.

During the summer at the end of the first year, I fell for the reports of the fabulous money to be made selling books in the summer, so I signed up to sell "Dr. Chase's Medical and Receipt Book" in the country and "A Dictionary of Thoughts" for those traveling in the higher echelons of knowledge in the towns.

My territory was in Illinois around Onarga. The first two weeks passed without a sale of a single book. I couldn't find a place to board one out. My money was down almost to the last dollar. I was licked and went to the railroad station to telegraph home collect for money. The station was empty of passengers. As I walked up to file my telegram, I saw something on the floor, a crumpled \$5.00 bill an immediate answer to my prayer.

The next Monday I sold two books and from then on, I did pretty well. I found I had been in a German speaking territory for the two weeks and they wouldn't buy unless you spoke German. At the end of the summer I had cleared over \$150.00.

The next summer I painted the Lakeside home -when school was out and later worked on a land map of the right of way for the Toledo Port Clinton and Lakeside Railroad. With a helper I measured the line from the outskirts of Toledo to the end of the last rail in Marblehead and kept notes on the location of various things in a notebook. With this data I drew a map in sections of the entire road. As I had an unlimited pass it was great fun. While near Toledo I would return home each night, but as we got further along I made Lake side my headquarters and finished the maps just before returning to Denison.

My Junior year was the last. Money ran low and I borrowed several hundred dollars from Will to finish the year.

I worked during the summer for the Toledo Engineer's office in a surveying gang and in the fall transferred to the laboratory of the new filtration plant just getting into operation. With my chemistry at Denison and some coaching by Dave Goodwille on making culture tests of the water for B-Coli Communis, I was to be the plant chemist. This all looked fine until Uncle Arthur Taylor invited me to act as Republican Clerk at the November election for an extra five dollars. The Brand Whitlock Crowd of Non-Partisan Independents were in control of Toledo politics and when one of the party workers found me working as a Republican, all he said was Oh! The next pay day I received a pink slip saying my services were no longer needed. Quite a shock!

Dave Goodwille who had come from the American Steel & Wire Company got me a job of drafting at the Waukegan works in Illinois. I made good here advancing to some Machine Designing. My roommate at the boarding house was Assistant Chemist. He decided to leave, and when I applied for his job I was accepted. This proved most interesting. I became a skillful analysis of steel, copper, zinc and cast iron and samples of all types of strange materials were sent for analyzing by the Chicago office. Here I got my first introduction to the mysteries of iron and steel, their structural difference under a

microscope, and it fascinated me. This had a great bearing on my selection of studies when I went to Michigan in the Fall of 1911 to study Chemical Engineering.,

On May 26, 1909, I became of age, but this made little impression on me as I was closing up the year at Denison and paying my debts on money I borrowed from Will. I lived at home that summer and fall until I was fired from my job at the filtration plant and moved to Waukegan, Illinois.

Going to college is a partial break in home ties but moving to a strange town, completely on your own, provides a complete break which is quite an education in itself. This and two years contact with industry emphasized how much knowledge there was to be known and how little I had absorbed. This situation led me to enter the Engineering school of the University of Michigan in the fall of 1911.

They were quite liberal in accepting my credits from Denison for Professor Chamberlin was well known in physics, and Professor Gilpatrick in mathematics. However, I soon found out that while "Prof. Gill" knew his calculus, he didn't put much pressure on his pupils to learn it. For to understand an advanced course I had to review and learn the elementary calculus chapter by chapter before I could make any progress in the advanced work. This was completed just before the final exam when it all fell into place. The Professor was curious to know how I got the highest mark on the final when I had failed on all my monthly tests. "Well you know it now," he said, and gave me an A, the highest in the class.

I never learned fully how to concentrate and study until I took on the heavy course at Michigan. The art of study can be taught, and the high schools should teach it. Today a pupil should learn the art of covering the ground and also the quality of work required by the top universities.

I was affiliated with the class of 1912. but since I lacked a few credits, which might could have been completed in summer school, I decided to return in the fall for extra studies. I stayed on until the Spring of 1913 when I was offered a job as Metallurgist in the Engineering Department at the Studebaker Automobile Plant, then located in Detroit. That June I received announcement that I had been elected to two Honorary Societies, Sigma Psi (Science) and Phi Lamda Upsilon (Chemical Engineering). Later, I was told that I had been elected to the Mechanical Engineering Honorary Society, but it was withdrawn as no one previously had been elected to all three.

The automotive industry was a fast moving one and just emerging from the blacksmith stage of steel selection and heat treatment. a wonderful opportunity for one of the few metallurgical engineers familiar with steel and other metals. The problems were endless and required quick solution to avoid holding up the production line. The successful solution of several critical problems brought me to the attention of Chief Engineer. The Spring Plant at South Bend was not able to make satisfactory springs for automobiles. I studied the problem, developed and installed a new method of manufacture and heat-treatment which made the best automotive spring available and saved the company

thousands of dollars a year, since it had been buying springs from outside sources.

I was very pleasantly surprised in 1914 by being called to the Vice President's office and told that I had been selected to take charge of the engineering at the South Bend plant. The plan was to build a new plant there eventually which would become the automotive production center of the company. I knew little about the construction of wagons and was going to leave that to the established organization. With the start of World War I, however, the wagon engineer was sent to London in connection with contracts for various army vehicles for the British and Russian governments, and for about a year I had to design wagons for the domestic trade besides steering production of automotive parts, bodies, springs, gears, transmissions and foundry production of cylinder blocks and other castings.

In 1915 I received an announcement of the fifth anniversary of the Class of 1910. I needed a vacation and decided to attend. I had lost touch completely with my classmates and wondered what had become of Bert Davison, "Bunker" Hill and Claude Jacquart. Oh, yes! And what about the popular, blue eyed blond that I had taken to my first social event in Granville, a literary society function? Dee Shuman soon became so popular that opportunities to date her were few, especially with my limited budget, but she was in my algebra class and I helped her occasionally with a problem. Also, she sat near me at Chapel where I could admire her in silence. Well, I supposed she was married by now and possibly had a family.

Back in Granville, walking to the class breakfast one beautiful June morning, I saw a charmingly dressed girl ahead whose walk seemed familiar, but her features were hidden under a broad brimmed hat. Was it Dee? I quickened my pace. Yes, it was she! Boy, she was the girl for me! I almost proposed on the spot, but others arrived, and I had to compromise with a promise to call on her in Covington, Ohio.

That summer I bought a new Studebaker car, took delivery in Detroit and drove to Covington to spend a few days' vacation where things went fine. I pleaded my case and eventually got a yes. Would her father consent? "Can you take care of her?" Well, I had saved \$1,000 and was getting \$2,400 per year, so he thought I could and agreed.

Dee announced the engagement that fall at a big party for her friends, starting much excitement and a great social season in Covington which continued until the wedding on Thursday, March 9th, 1916, at her home.

A short honeymoon included a week at Chicago and Oak Park where we stopped at her brother Roscoe's home while the family were visiting in Covington. Then we went on to South Bend where the Studebaker crowd were bubbling over with curiosity and excitement. We rented a house for about six months at \$30 per month and then took advantage of an opportunity to buy a beautiful three-bedroom stucco house with all (then) modern conveniences for \$3,600. To show how inflation works, four years later, after the end of the first World War, this house sold for nearly \$10,000, and today, if in good repair, would probably bring \$25,000.

In a couple of months, we knew that nature was taking its course, and on Friday, January 5, 1917 a lively baby girl was born. A few days later the doctor pressed us for her name to register the birth. Unprepared for that gender we agreed on Mary Jane for a heroine in a Saturday Evening Post story. A week later we got a brilliant thought. Why not Mary Dee? Too late to change it officially, but this has been her name ever since.

It was at the hospital in South Bend that I got acquainted with Mr. E. M. Morris whose wife was occupying the room next to Deels with her first baby, and we became fast friends. He was a lawyer by profession and was interested in starting some small business ventures. He had heard of a new business of financing automobiles. We got twelve associates together and formed The Associates Investment Co. in 1918 with a subscribed capital of \$12,000. With Erniels wise guidance and a quick method of figuring monthly payments developed by myself, the company prospered beyond our wildest imagination.

The job was going fine at Studebaker until early in 1920 when internal politics raised its ugly head. A little later our engineering group received an attractive offer from the Willys Corporation at Elizabeth, New Jersey, so we moved east in the fall of 1920.

Dee was expecting within a short time. Will and Marion were living then in Upper Montclair, New Jersey and offered to take us in until we got located. After several false alarms a boy arrived on the evening of October 23, 1920 at Mountainside Hospital. The delivery room was on the line between Montclair and Glen Ridge. We had a name ready, Thomas Clinton, the middle name for Dee's brother whom we admired very much. A few weeks later we received birth certificates from both boroughs, so that is how you can be born in two places at once.

While this was going on I bought a house in Roselle, N.J., and when Dee left the hospital I took her to our newly purchased home in a strange town, where in time we made many close friends. In 1927 we completed a lovely new home, and in 1930 we also built a summer home at Awosting, where the young folks had a grand time and the old folks were not far behind.

Roselle without proper zoning ordinances got into the hands of speculative builders and started downhill fast. Friends who had moved to Short Hills sang its praises, so we asked ourselves, "Why spend our lives in uncongenial surroundings?" In 1936 we purchased a home in Short Hills and we have enjoyed living here immensely, never regretting the move.

Mary Dee attended Vail Dean School in Elizabeth, Abbot Academy and graduated from Smith College in 1939. She was married to Vincent Scofield on February 17, 1940 after an acquaintance of six months. Three lovely girls resulted from that marriage.

Barbara Ann Scofield, born April 5, 1941

Sally Dee Scofield, born September 2, 1942

Cynthia Wickenden Scofield, born November 7, 1945

Something gradually happened to that marriage, a clash of personalities developed, perhaps due to insufficient acquaintance beforehand. All modern methods were tried without success, and the girls were becoming more and more confused. Since the personalities could not be readjusted it would have been wrong to ruin the chance of happiness for all five involved. A divorce was agreed upon as the best solution and was granted in January 1958.

Mary Dee was remarried on Friday, May 13th, 1960 to Charles Schmonees, a bachelor and family acquaintance through association at a family summer camp near Barnstable, Cape Cod. Charles comes from an old New England family and was educated at Columbia University. He has a fine personality and the girls adored him. He is a great lover of music, nature and the outdoors, and they all are enjoying a very congenial and happy family life.

Barbara Ann, after a year and a half at the University of Colorado, realized that Boulder was a long way from home and transferred to Upsala College at East Orange where she is finishing her junior year specializing in biology and botany. She is doing well.

Sally Dee graduated from high school, spent a year at Everett Junior College in Virginia, but last fall decided to work. She secured a job with the Bell Telephone Company at Summit and bought herself a new Volkswagen for transportation. She enjoys her job, is taking some night courses at Fairleigh Dickinson University and studying piano in which she shows special talent.

Cindy is a junior in high school, is doing well in her studies and is popular with the students. She has been a member of the majorette group since her sophomore year and has been selected as Drum Majorette and leader for her senior year.

Thomas Clinton met his future wife, Jean Dunn, at Awosting when he was sixteen and Jean about thirteen. It has been Tom and Jean ever since. Tom took his pre-medic course at Amherst, graduating in 1942, and entered Columbia Medical School (Physicians & Surgeons) immediately, as the second World War was on and the course was being accelerated. Jean was attending Skidmore, but Tom was too busy to get there to see her, so they came to the conclusion that Tom would make better progress in medical school if they were married. They had been in love for years, and as medical education was a very long affair I agreed. They were married on Saturday, January 2nd, 1943 at Jean's home in Paterson, New Jersey. They secured an apartment near the school. Tom made good grades and at the same time Jean got a good background in medicine by reading the text books.

Thomas Howard Wickenden II was born on Thursday, September 14, 1944 at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

Michael James Wickenden was born on Tuesday, May 20, 1947 at McKinney, Texas.

Elizabeth Wickenden was born on Friday, May 12, 1950 in a hospital at Poughkeepsie, New York.

My namesake is a senior at Pingry Country Day School, has been on the tennis team, played soccer, is a member of the Glee Club and helped promote a folk song group with guitars and mandolins. He has been accepted at Princeton.

Michael is also at Pingry but may change schools. He has played center at football, plays squash and lacrosse.

Elizabeth is in Short Hills Country Day School and is doing fine.

To continue the story of my business career, soon after I joined the Willys Corporation it was a victim of the depression in 1921. The engineering group withdrew and designed a new car for Walter P. Chrysler which created quite a sensation when introduced as the "Chrysler Six" about a year after I had gone on to join the Nickel Company, but I had specified all the metal parts and their heat treatments.

I joined International Nickel Inc. in New York on August 15, 1922, in charge of Development in the Automotive Industry. This work was interesting, and without going into detail I moved along as follows:

1/1/32	Assistant Manager of Development and Research Division
8/30/43	Manager
12/30/47	Vice-President and Manager of Development and Research Division
5/31/54	Resigned as Vice President, but continued with the company as Consultant
1/31/57	Retired

The higher educational institutions which I have attended have recognized some of my accomplishments as follows:

Denison University - June 9, 1952 Alumni Citation in recognition of outstanding achievements and services.

University of Michigan - College of Engineering Centennial October 23, 1953 Citation as a Distinguished Alumnus in recognition of his outstanding achievements and his contributions to the development of the field of engineering

Denison University - June 10, 1957 conferred as a loyal alumnus, talented student of

science, internationally recognized researcher in metallurgy, the degree of Doctor of Science.

My retirement has been active. I have continued on the Board of Directors of Associates Investment Company of South Bend. I have been active in several groups for retired people, have served as president of one, and have helped organize two groups. I am Deputy Director of Local Civilian Defense and am still interested in swimming and sailing. Jim Wickenden invites me for a cruise each summer on the Tabor Boy.

In February 1960 Dee and I started on an around-the-world trip we Planned ourselves. We traveled by steamship to Naples and from there we flew. visiting Turkey, Greece. Egypt. Jordan (Jerusalem), Pakistan, India, Bangkok, Hongkong, Japan, Hawaiian Islands, and back home with stops at Los Angeles and Boulder, Colorado. We arrived on May 122 just in time to attend Mary Dee's and Charles, wedding the next day.

Dee and I have just returned from a month's vacation in Barbados and Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I., our favorite wintering area. We celebrated our 46th wedding anniversary on March 9th, 1962. We are both busy and are enjoying life. and we hope that all who read this are doing likewise.