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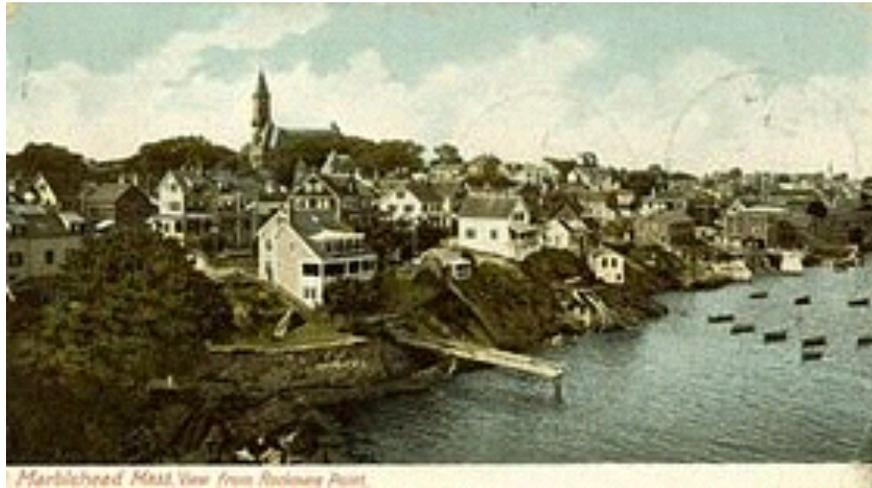
# HI-FI TO WI-FI

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## MARBLEHEAD MEMORIES – MHS CLASS OF 1964

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VIEW OF MARBLEHEAD FROM ROCKMERE POINT

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### **We grew up during the 1950's**

in one of the most wonderful places in the world, Marblehead, Massachusetts. We had a beautiful harbor, undeveloped marshes and woods, a kind and caring community and the freedom to explore it all. We are gathering back in Marblehead for the 50th anniversary of our high school graduation. We take inspiration from the former generation who left us the Hollyhocks to Hot-Top books. This is our gift of memories of a simpler time to the town that launched us on our journeys.

### **In the fifties Marblehead was a winter wonderland. We had our favorite spots for sledding...**

**B**ecause Roosevelt Ave. was a dead end back then, we would start at the top of our driveway (our house was way up off the street) and slide down across the street and into our neighbor's driveway. We had a lookout at the bottom of the driveway! Curtis St. was also a dead end, so sometimes we would start at the end which was a steep hill and slide down.

 DONNA LACEY MOTSIS

**I** remember when Cowell Street would be blocked off after a snow storm so that we could go sliding. There would be kids from all over town there. We would make jumps and snow forts and always have a snow ball fight. 🚤 NANCY SAWIN STALLARD

**W**hen it snowed in the 1950s, sand was used on the roads, but not salt. Often the sand truck would take a day or two to arrive. If we were lucky, Union Street hill at the end of Lee Street would be sand-free and a prime sledding spot. If you were really brave and had someone watch for traffic halfway down, you could sled down Tucker Street and continue on Union or Water Street for a really long ride. We all had Flexible Flyer sleds, wooden with metal runners. You could either go "bellybump" on your stomach or sit up.

One day my mother was watching us sled on Union Street, and old Mrs. Baker, who lived in the brick house on Lee Street, walked by. Don't know what my mother said to her, but before I knew it, Mrs. Baker and my mother were sitting on my sled, careening down Union Street. Fortunately, they arrived at the bottom without mishap, although it took Mrs. Baker quite a while to walk back up the hill.

If the sand truck had treated Union Street, we would move operations to Crocker Park. The park driveway was rather tame, so we would laboriously pack a winding route amongst the rocks from the very top to the intersection of the park driveway and Water Street. Once packed, the sleds with runners could be steered down an exciting track. With the advent of aluminum "Flying Saucers" packing the route became much easier. 🚤 GAIL ANDERSON

**I** remember sledding at Gatchell's Playground and skating near Everett Paine Blvd, I would leave the house and go over and sled most of the day. It was always climbing back up which was a challenge. I remember one day when the snow was all ice and I went down and slid into the fence and crashed and hurt my ADAMS APPLE. I could not talk for about a week or so.

🚤 BOB MOORE

**S**easide park and Bubier Road 🚤 JOHN TUCKER

**G**etchell's Pit 🚤 JANET FITZPATRICK

**G**erry School Hill 🚤 SUE CHADWICK

## and we had our favorite spots for skating!

**I** grew up in the Clifton side of town, right on Oliver's Pond. This was fantastic because we had our own private skating rink in the winter and in the summer it was a ½ mile to Preston Beach.

Is there a child who wouldn't worship having their own skating pond and a nearby beach while growing up? We weren't rich but we felt we were in paradise. We played hockey until the sun set and I don't recall exhaustion being a factor for ending play but we were spent.

There was an ESSOGas Station on Humphrey Street at the west side of Oliver's Pond. They would dump the old tires they removed from vehicles and roll them down the embankment into the pond or brush. We thought this was great as we always had tires to use for goal posts for our hockey games. My memory is vague on this but I do think we had some concept that this dumping wasn't that ethical but it sure served our needs. In retrospect, I am happy this gas station didn't survive. There are beautiful condos there now taking proper advantage of the Oliver Pond view and this was really no place for a gas station. It is just a great place for a kid to grow up. 🚤 JIMMY WHITE

**F**all was a special time in Marblehead. As kids we helped our parents rake the leaves, jump joyously in the high piles, and watched closely as they burnt them carefully on the side of the road. Winter was now coming, and like Fall it had its own treasures. The biggest prize for me was Ware's Pond. As the days turned colder the ice began to appear. The official skating season started with my mother's ritual of checking with the local firemen. They alone could qualify the safety of the ice! Their stamp of approval allowed us to lace up our skates and take the first glides over the frozen pond. The pond at a young age was just one great playground. It was about skating all day and slowly learning new skills. You went out early and you came home late. Our total focus was on being outside and enjoying the elements. The walk across the street and behind the Fitzgerald's house to the pond was just minutes away from a frozen paradise. As the years passed we entered pre-adolescence and finally adolescence. The pond began to take on a different significance. It no longer was just a destination of play, but an opportunity to see boys in a new frame of reference. They were not just buddies now but potential boyfriends. Adolescent boys came from all around town looking became as important as skating! The days would pass watching the "boys" play hockey while you pretended to be otherwise occupied. Eventually, other activities in school usurped the time and even desire to skate everyday. Even with this normal shift of importance, Ware's pond still maintained a mental imprint of adventure and joy. As one friend once said, "Patty, you grew-up in a bubble!" she was right! Marblehead had so many special places Preston Beach, The Neck, The Harbor, Downtown etc. It was a childhood defined by love, adventure and innocence. I will always be eternally grateful to my family and to the town that held its own distinct magic. 🚤 PATTY SHERIN LIEBMAN

**W**e often went skating at Red's Pond or Black Joes. The ice was clear and smooth and sometimes we would roast, marshmallows on the shore and warm up.

 NANCY SAWIN STALLARD

**R**edd's Pond  JANET FITZPATRICK

**B**lack Joe's Pond and Redd's Pond with all the Chadwick kids playing crack the whip!

 SUE CHADWICK

**R**edd's Pond  DONNA LACEY MOTSYS

**B**obby's Pond  ANDREA TUCKER MERRIFIELD

**R**edd's Pond-Seaside Park when flooded  JOHN TUCKER

**In the summer Marblehead was a kid's paradise...**

IT'S A CORK'N PLACE UP HERE  
Summer Memories of Camp Shore Lea

**R**emember when summers seemed to drag on forever? Hot, sticky weather that made you dissolve into a shady corner with a book and a glass of lemonade. Well, wait just a minute! We had a jump up and at 'em alternative with Camp Shore Lea!

The local day camp which was one of the few local summer choices for girls was always packed with campers throughout the four two week sessions. My first view of Camp Shore Lea was attending an end of camp program probably around 1949 when my older sister was the camper. Back then the original cabin was near - gasp - the Lead Mills property behind the big old wooden building we remember with the fading, orange 'Surefine' sign painted on its side. Funny

thing is everyone seems to have survived the experience and the location! This original structure was built in 1936 on town land near the head of Forest River and on the shore of Salem Harbor. It gave a permanent feature to Camp Shore Lea which was started in 1934 by the Marblehead Girl Scout Council. In 1950, with the permission of the Marblehead Board of Selectman, the cabin was moved by Town employees (would they do that today?) to its present site in Wyman's Woods, accessible from the end of Everett Paine Blvd. During the 1950's first a kitchen, lavatory facilities, and later a common room named for Louise Chandler, Camp Director, were added to the original one room structure.

In the early 1950's as a six year old and not old enough to be an official camper, I followed my mother around who was a camp counselor. Finally, a year later I started as an official 'Brownie' camper. Thru the years I continued, from Brownie to Girl Scout to Assistant Leader (translate to volunteer) and, finally to a paid Staff position as a high school student. We had weekly cook outs where we made campfire stew (yuck), pigs in a blanket, American Chop Suey (now that was tasty), somemores and then more somemores. Lots of marshmallows fell into those old fire pits! Ever wrap a banana in foil with chocolate and marshmallows? It was a tasty treat on an overnight. Sleepovers were up on the hill, near the Boy Scout cabin (until that burned down), but eventually we slept on the porch around the cabin. Breakfast was always down by the cabin. I recall as a Unit Leader mixing the batter for pancakes in the cabin kitchen. A lonely slug dropped from the ceiling into the batter. Mmmm...what to do. Five second rule applied. Whipped him right out of there and out the back door.... and continued to stir. I can't remember if I ate the pancakes that year.

There was morning flag ceremony and end of the day flag ceremony. We had singing, crafts, sports, and Mrs. Skinner taught us more bird calls and floral/fauna recognition than any of us wanted to know at the time! Tired and dirty we would skip down the dirt road at the end of the day to Everett Paine and beg the arriving parent to please let us purchase a blue popsicle (it was made from dishwater, you know) or a creamsicle from the ever present ice cream truck. Oh I wish I remember that man's name. Swimming was a daily occurrence (weather permitting), but required us to walk up and over the hill, down to Salem Harbor (watch out for poison ivy, please). Beds of mussels necessitated swimming shoes so our feet didn't get scratched to shreds. I was well over 50 before I found I liked to eat cooked mussels. Emmy Magoon (nee Johnson) was the instructor most of us remember. When I finally conquered floating on my back, I was in seventh heaven. And our camp song (author unknown) revolved mostly around our swimming activity:

Oh Camp Shore Lea is where we swim and float, swim and float  
Oh Camp Shore Lea is where we swim and float.  
Oh Camp Shore Lea is where we swim and float and bob around like ivory soap  
It's a cork'n place up here.  
It's a cork'n place up here at Camp Shore Lea, It's a cork'n place up here.  
Oh we come to camp to have a good time, the time we have I perfectly fine  
It's a cork'n place up here!

Rainy days required us to gather at the Hobbs Community Building on Clifton Ave. There the units were assigned individual rooms and many a cookout came out of the Hobbs kitchen! Skits

and crafts were the highlight of the day. But the flag ceremonies were ever present. Remember when the Marblehead Library had a branch in this building?

Girls I met as campers in the early 50's I still see around Marblehead and we greet each other with common bonds. I remember some of the older counselors such as Sheila Brady, Sue Perkins, Patti Seibel and staff members Louise Chandler and Barbara Skinner. When Mrs. Roads came to visit, we all stood ramrod straight. Here was Mrs. Marblehead Girl Scouts herself!

In 1963, the Marblehead Girl Scout Council merged with others in the area. Over the years the Councils merged and merged again. By 1984 Marblehead was under the umbrella of the Spar and Spindle Girl Scout Council. I was living in Marblehead and I was still involved in Girl Scouts. By then I had been the leader for my daughter's Brownie and Girl Scout troop. Barbara Smuckler and I were now the Co-Neighborhood Girl Scout Administrators. Alarming news came along that the current regional Girl Scout council could no longer maintain Camp Shore Lea and wanted to sell the property. Charlotte Roads was still a presence in the town. She called Barbara and me up and asked us what we were going to do about it. Anyone who knew Charlotte knew you never questioned, you did what was asked of you! Luckily, legal documents initiated by the Marblehead Girl Scout Council and in place from the original merger in 1963 as well as the fact that the cabin was on Town land, facilitated the transfer of the building from the Girl Scout Council to a non-profit Friends of Camp Shore Lea group for \$1. Regrettably, after 3 years and repeated vandalism to the building and Friends of Shore Lea, realizing it was more than a volunteer group could handle, went before Town Meeting and asked the Town to take over the care and custody of the building. The article was overwhelmingly passed by the citizens of Marblehead in May, 1987. Wyman's Woods continues today as one of Marblehead's natural preserves with the Girl Scout cabin continuing to host many programs and activities for the town. Many residents have come to see that 'it's a cork'n place up here.'  JOANNE FANEY HOBIN

**D**uring Hurricane Carol in 1954, I was allowed to run down Lee Street to the house of my best friend Betsy DeWolfe. That was providing I kept an eye out for falling electrical wires. Imagine letting a second grader do that now! Ill always remember going out the DeWolfes' back door to the waterfront with the wind howling and the rain stinging our faces. We watched beautiful wood boats (no fiberglass in those days) break loose from their moorings and bash themselves on the roams at Skinner's Head and on the granite walls along the waterfront. A very wild and sad scene.  GAIL ANDERSON

### First Swim of the Season

**A**s summer crept toward Marblehead each year, and as the summer boats began to populate their moorings in the harbor, I looked forward to the appearance of the swimming dock being anchored in place off the rocks of Crocker Park, but a five minute walk from my house. The

spring in my step would abate somewhat, however, as I actually toddled down the gangplank onto the wooden slats of the dock, warmed by the sun, for I realized that the NEXT step in the process was to actually enter the green/black water that had been chilling all winter, waiting to test my resolve to swim, once again, in the thermally-deficient waters off Marblehead.

Off with the t-shirt (Wait! Was the breeze that cool a minute ago??), then minutes pass as my courage builds. Then a foot in the water to test the temperature – holycrapthatsfreakingc-c-c-cold! Yikes! But there is no turning back, no climbing back up the gangplank; not until my bathing suit was wet, my lips were blue and my teeth were chattering. But the courage to make that happen was always slow in coming.

In time, however, the deed must be done. It involved standing by the exit ladder, which was nailed to the dock and disappeared into the black abyss, with one hand poised for “the grab.” A deep breath, a quick prayer for my heart not to burst, and then I’d step off the dock into the harbor, feet first, tensed for the annual thermal shock. POW! By the time my chest was dropping through the water’s surface, my hand was already grabbing for the ladder – that was the plan – and I reversed the water-entry process as quickly as humanly possible! “Clamber out! Save yourself!”

And there I would be, standing back on the dock, gasping, heart pounding, shivering, but joyful that the annual ritual was complete. Only seconds had passed, but I knew I had reset my internal thermometer for the season, and that I was then ready to swim the summer away.



JEFF RANDOLPH

**I** come from a large family, with 6 siblings. When the school year was over, we were literally running around the house. So when the first good summer day arrived, my mother would pack us lunches and send us off to the beach – with instructions for the older kids to look out for the younger ones and of course to keep our shirts on to avoid sunburns. The first piece of advice was usually followed but not the second part.

As a result, I have a vivid memory of sitting on my parents' couch in the evening, lined up with my other brothers, all of us in shorts but no tops – because our backs were still burning! In a few days our sunburns would peel and we would be vulnerable to getting another sunburn. This cycle continued many times over. And somehow the whole scenario would repeat itself year after year.

I like to think we were smart enough to learn our lesson, but I think the fun we had on Preston Beach in the summer was just too much to overcome.  PETE BOWEN

## Diving For French Fries

**W**e lived several blocks from the town wharf at the end of State Street. In the summer, in our 10-13 year old range, we would wander down to the wharf on a nice day, where the lobster boats were unloading, and dive off the walls of the parking lot, for coins that the tourists would toss into the water for us (I think that area is filled in now). Once in the water, the coins would spin, reflecting the sun, as they slowly sank, making it easy to see them and scoop them up before they reached the bottom. Then we'd climb out, and repeat the process. Sounds a lot like trained seals, now that I read this.....

Nonetheless, it was fun, and after we tired of it, dripping wet, we would scoop up our t-shirts and Keds, and cross the parking lot. There was a hole-in-the-wall fish market there, next to where the Landing Restaurant is now. But, they also had a fryer cranking out little white cardboard boxes of salty French fries, and had a freezer with a box of frozen Milky Way bars in it. Both choices were 5 cents each, and not to be missed. We'd then sit outside amongst the lobster traps and the smell of rotting fish, and enjoy our bounty, while we drip-dried.

Growing up in Marblehead was the best.  JEFF RANDOLPH

**W**hen I read the sample memory that was provided for us, the one word that stood out was the word freedom. I have two memories of a Marblehead that was different to me at different times in my life because I was different. As a kid growing up on Ames Road, I lived for summer. My days were filled with neighborhood friends and the activities we drifted toward whenever we wished. There were daily walks down to Preston Beach to lie on the rocks, build forts in the sand, look for "treasures" along the shore or float aimlessly in our inner tubes for hours. When we weren't at the beach, there were adventures to be had in the hills behind our houses. We formed clubs that met in rock caves and went out with buckets to collect wild blueberries that grew all over the yet undeveloped land. But the best time of all was early evening. Because we lived on a dead end, our parents were comfortable with our playing out on the street long after the sun had disappeared and the street was lit only by dim yellow streetlamps. The evening game was kickball--endless games of kickball. The goal was always to swallow supper as quickly as possible in order to be out on the street as teams were chosen. I don't remember anything about the games themselves. I remember only the intense heady feeling of being free as I ran out the door to "meet the kids" and run around in the dark till my mother called my name. Her voice would mix with the voices of all the other mothers signifying the close of another day.

My second Marblehead Memory involved a very different kind of freedom. By the time I was in high school we had moved to Marion Road. While there were friends in that neighborhood, it wasn't friendship and "the gang" I was seeking so much as it was something bigger, something deeper, something I couldn't clearly define. I spent a lot of time during those years writing poetry, some of which I submitted to Runes, but most of which I carried with me to college for

more mature re-writes years later. The beach, specifically the rock outcroppings at the beach, became "my writing place". It was there that I could gather my thoughts and fashion them into snippets of poetry or pages of prose in the journals I kept. On those rocks, with the salty air blowing all around me, I was free to think and write. 🚤 RICKI SCHOOL

**A**ll my fondest and most important memories of growing up in Marblehead revolve around the ocean. It started with Greystone Beach the summer we moved to Marblehead just prior to my starting kindergarten. For those who may not be familiar with it Greystone Beach is a cove about 100 yards wide that was originally called Sandy Beach Reservation. However, by the time we moved to Marblehead it had had tons of rocks dumped on it to prevent further erosion and now had sand only at low-tide. It was less than a five-minute walk out our back door and over the years I was growing up I took Red Cross swimming lessons there every summer with the time always depending on the tide. We had many picnics on the beach and there was a yearly community celebration of the 4th of July there, which always included a "horribles" parade, races, and a pie-eating contest. The rock outcrops on one side of the cove also provided a place from which to go fishing, an activity I frequently enjoyed with my grandfather on Sunday afternoons.

One particular memory I have is of the day when I was 10-years old that I beat my father swimming across the cove. He had been a standout athlete in high school and college and had even been offered a pro football contract after college. He was so upset at my beating him that he immediately gave up his 2-pack a day cigarette habit cold-turkey and until he died over 55-years later never smoked again.

As I grew a little older and completed all the swimming lesson levels they taught at Greystone I remember spending one summer riding my bicycle to Crocker Park on a daily basis to take a Red Cross life-saving course that was taught off the float in the harbor there. That summer we had a thermometer hanging off the float about a foot below the surface of the water that we would check at the start of the lesson each day. The temperature never exceeded 60o F the entire summer. It was, as my mother used to say, "Invigorating."

Although we never owned a sailboat I had a few friends who were gracious enough to invite me to sail with them and occasionally crew for them in races. I've always felt that this was a significant contributing factor in my deciding to join the Navy rather than one of the other armed services when it came time for me to serve.

Although I left Marblehead over 45 years ago I have visited frequently and have always considered it to be the place I'm from. 🚤 BOB ZIMMAN

**E**veryone in Marblehead spent summer days around the water when we were kids. I grew up on Jersey Street, one of the more land-locked parts of town, but even we had a piece of the action. It was Harris Beach, a rocky outpost on Salem Harbor at the very end of the street. It wasn't glamorous like Devereaux, but the Red Cross had swimming lessons there, so it was a bonafide beach.

We usually walked down to the beach. Sometimes we could hitch a ride with one of the mothers who had plans to spend the day sunning (without sunscreen) and catching up on the latest gossip. My mom was one of the very few who worked, so I was always on my own. Whether it was an afternoon or morning day at the beach was determined by the tide. Swimming in Salem Harbor at low tide even in the 1950's wasn't very practical. You would have to walk half way to the Salem shore before there was enough water for even a four foot high person. And, that walk could be treacherous. Patches of sand were few and far between and the rocks were often covered with barnacles. Of course, you could wear your last year's Keds into the water to protect your feet. (There was a ritual surrounding those Keds. Each year you got a new pair to start the summer. Red or blue were the choices and you alternated each year. Once you had your new ones, you cut the toe out of last year's which were too small, and voilà a pair of beach sneakers was born.)

We all took swimming lessons which continued at the Y pool during the winter. The rest of the day was spent in and out of the water. Sometimes we'd climb the big rocks and walk over to the Ocean Park Association beach. They had float so you could jump right into the water. Sometimes something exciting would have washed up on the beach like a giant jelly fish or a skate. Sometimes we'd just pass the time doing nothing in particular.

A highlight would always be the arrival of the ice cream man. Skipper was the guy I remember. His truck wasn't fancy like the trucks you see now. It was a pick-up with a cooler unit on the back. He had a variety of packaged novelties—creamsicles, push-ups (a tube of ice cream that you pushed up from the bottom), ice cream sandwiches, fudgsicles, drumsticks and, of course, popsicles. Blue popsicles were always popular, but root beer was my favorite. I never knew Skipper's real name but on a hot summer afternoon, at the end of Jersey Street, he was a hero.

Harris isn't even a beach anymore. It probably wouldn't be fancy enough today since it had no food concessions, bathrooms, or sand. For us, it was summer freedom in a much simpler time and remains a warm memory. 🚤 ANDREA TUCKER MERRIFIELD

## We had our favorite places to play and ways to have fun...

**G**rowing up on Roosevelt Ave. we were close to the factories and Winslow's chips. As kids we were allowed to go to Winslow's for penny candy and tonic. We were not suppose to go to Mullins (Little Store now) down the street from Winslow's, but we would sneak there as they had different kinds of penny candy. As kids we were always out playing tag, hide and seek, red rover, simon says, dodgeball, cowboys and indians and riding our bikes up and down the street all day. We had to be in by the time the streets lights went on or the 9:00 whistle blew.

 JEANIE MACASKILL

### PLAY AND PLAYMATES

**L**ee Street was my playground—in part because very few back yards were big enough for a small gang of kids. Tricycles, bikes, scooters were everywhere. Cars were almost non-existent. If a car was spotted, the kids at the beginning of the street would holler "Cah comin" and we'd all move to the edges. Fortunately, Lee Street became one-way very early and the Boston Yacht Club had not yet moved to its present quarters in the old Ship's Cabin Inn. That cut down on the traffic. What cars did come through drove slowly, although I did come within a hair's width of being hit one time when I darted into the street without looking.

Regular street playmates included Arthur Pierce, Richard Thistlewaite, Sheila Mulroy, and sometimes Suzanne Godfrey. Arthur lived in a house at the sharp curve in Lee Street just before it joins Gregory. He had a swing set in his back yard—a very sturdy set with a pipe framework, probably homemade. Those swings made Artie very popular. Richard Thistlewaite lived next door in an oddly shaped old house, again attached to the one next door. His family was the first in the neighborhood to have a television set. Late in the afternoon, a bunch of us would line up on the sofa and squint at a small black and white screen to watch "Cowboys and Indians."

But most of our play time was outside. Our pack of kids was augmented with whoever showed up. One time the pack got so out of hand—stuffed animals being thrown around, pushing and shoving—that Mrs. Mulroy came out and yelled at us until we all went home with our tails between our legs. In those days our parents gave us free rein of the neighborhood with no worries about "child safety." The only stipulation: We had to be home for lunch and supper and when the streetlights came on at night.

My good friend Betsy DeWolfe and her brother Pete lived a little farther down Lee Street. To get to their house, you went down a steep set of steps through the neighbor's garden. Their house was also attached to another antique house. Their back door opened onto the driveway

leading to what is now the Boston Yacht Club. It just seemed normal to be living and playing in a house with a ladderlike interior staircase, wavy floors, low ceilings, and another house attached. We had wonderful times playing with Pete's electric trains on the third floor, flying kites at nearby Crocker Park, and being mischievous. (At Mrs. DeWolfe's recent funeral, Betsy and I recalled popping the buds of her mother's balloon flower perennials just to be irritating.)

When we were very little, we used to play with toy cars and trucks in the dirt driveway behind the DeWolfes' house. Every once in a while we would dig up small odd stones, rough on the outside and the color and smoothness of caramel where they had been broken. We learned later that this was a type of flint found, among other places, in the British Isles, but not indigenous here. It was suggested that the flint we found was discarded ballast from sailing ships. Wish I still had a piece of it.

A family named Prince lived in the Lafayette House. That's the antique house with the corner cut off at the corner of Lee, Hooper, and Union Streets. There were many children, and I was friendly with daughter Katie Prince. They had the only "jungle gym" in the neighborhood. It was wooden, with ladders, crossbars, and swings. A definite kid magnet. All the members of the family were intellectually brilliant. I remember being invited to play with Katie and to "make things," which was their term for crafts projects. The house has many rooms. It would take a long time to find other kids when playing hide and seek. I lost track of the family but heard that Katie graduated from Radcliffe College, went to graduate school, and became proficient in ancient languages. 🚤 GAIL ANDERSON

**D**o you remember the "Scissor man"? He would walk the streets pushing his cart and calling out "scissor man, scissor man". My mother would come out to the street and have her scissors and knives sharpened. So as a kid we tried to imitate him by turning our bicycles upside down and spin the wheels just like the scissor man! Or perhaps they were tricycles! We went out to play and the rule was when the 5:00 whistle blew you came home fast. 🚤 CAROL CASWELL GUY

**F**avorite place to fish was State Street Wharf 🚤 SUE CHADWICK

**F**ort Sewall I loved rolling down those embankments 🚤 SUE CHADWICK

**and we appreciated all the old Marblehead traditions and events.**

**F**or me, one of the early Marblehead Memories was the town fire horn. Throughout Elementary School and perhaps even in Junior High, the town had a small cadre of full-time fire fighters and relied on trained volunteers to augment for a call-out. These were certainly the days before cell phones and automatic reverse 911 dialing, so the fire department used a fire horn with pattern codes to provide fire location. For example, a horn pattern of 2 blasts, pause, 2 blasts, pause and 2 blasts might indicate a fire at the intersection of Atlantic Ave and Washington Street. The volunteers would listen for the fire horn to determine the location of a fire in town. Everyone in town had a printed card that provided the codes for location. I'm not sure how many volunteers showed up, but it sure created an adventure for the citizens! Every time there was a major fire, you could immediately tell where it was and almost be assured that your neighbors would be congregating in the area. There was always a lot of volunteer help for the fire and occasionally even a party! Beyond providing the fire department their call-out locations, the horn was used for other town functions. It would signal a curfew at night when unaccompanied kids had to be off the street. And the same horn was used to announce no-school snow days in the winter. You'd sit there at 7:15a just waiting for the horn (was it five or seven blasts?). 🚢 PETE MARSHALL

**M**usters were indeed a summer event. Many communities had the old hand pumpers which were tanks on wheels with a pumping system which used long handles on either side. Most of the groups who were involved with these machines took really good care of them. Musters were held in parks with long clear areas. each crew used the hand rails on either side to pump up the pressure in the water tanks. 6 or 8 guys manned one side and alternated pushing down their side rail so they would build up pressure until they got to the point that they thought they could deliver a long steady stream. Of course the longest stream would win. I remember the Gerry, but there were five or six regular local pumpers usually at these events. Even in High school, I was not quite the size to handle pumping. 🚢 JOHN TUCKER



**I** remember the old red hurricane lights.. My memory regarding the lights is that they were located at Washington and Pleasant; the Town House near the then Police Station; Spring, Pleasant, and Essex; Washington, School and Atlantic, the then Fire House; Tent's Corner; Lafayette and Maple Streets; and Tedesco, Maple and Humphrey Streets. Every night it was the responsibility of the Police Dept. to light the lights and make sure the lanterns were filled with fuel. The lights had been put in key intersections for years for the safety of the public. The practice was discontinued in the late 1950's as not being necessary any longer. 🚩 BUZZ PALMER

**I**n regard to the musters they lined up @ the high school around 8AM in the order they were pumping. They had the OKOS< GERRY 5, THE ATLANTIC from S' scott, Gov. Bradstreet from N Andover. The parade would start @ 10AM with the fire engines and then the bands followed by the old engines. The Okos had a band back then and they would play MARBLEHEAD FOREVER while going down Pleasant St. to Five Corners to the lower end of Pleasant St up the hill to the old town hall turn left up Mugford St. all the way to Green St Playground. All the pumping started @ 1PM and lasted until 5PM. I remember marching in those parades with Jim Foss, Ross Goodwin and others. Those were the DAYS!!!! NO PROBLEMS NO ARRESTS JUST GOOD OLD FUN 🚩 BOB MOORE

**M**arblehead vs Swampscott football game on Thanksgiving 🚩 JANET FITZPATRICK

**R**ace Week 🚩 JOHN TUCKER

**T**hanksgiving Day football game and taking part as a Majorette. 🚩 DONNA LACEY MOTSIS

**T**he parades with the OKOS and The Gerry Five. 🚩 BOB MOORE

## We shopped in our neighborhood stores before “big box” stores were invented.

That October I took a job working at Damon Tucker’s, a store down on Atlantic Avenue that specialized in hobby stuff like scale models of trains, cars, and boats, art supplies, and the just-on-the-scene stereo records. Damon and his wife Ellie were in their forties; their daughter Andrea was in my class—I’d met her in Junior High. I’d been buying model trains there for a couple of years and Dad was a frequent buyer of records; he particularly liked Ellie. Just prior to my going to work, she had a throat cancer operation and her larynx was removed. She made sounds by pushing air through a hole in her throat. You’d ask her a question but before answering she had to build up a quantity of air to make the sounds. It was a little unnerving but at the same time your heart went out to her. Dad loved Ellie and always enjoyed bantering with her. She enjoyed recommending new record releases to Dad that she felt would please him.

I liked working at the store and thought I was doing pretty well. Then Dad said he’d asked Ellie about me. “What’d she say,” I asked. “It doesn’t sound like they think you’re a great ball of fire.” I must not have been showing enough interest. Soon Damon took me into the office. He was direct: “Bob, there’s a job here if you want it, but you need to be more motivated. Take initiative.” So I tried harder. I worked there through Christmas, into the winter. The store was packed with buyers at holiday time and there was plenty to keep me busy. Of course there was the occasional shoplifter. Damon explained how he’d alert me if he suspected someone. If he saw someone suspicious, say, on aisle 3, he’d say, as if it were just business as usual, “Bob, mark those new items \$2.10 on 3.” This was code for two eyes on ten fingers on aisle three. Damon was happy just to deter someone from stealing, thus avoiding the confrontation. I never caught a shoplifter, but one day I witnessed an agitated mother named Barbara Curley drag her young red-headed son Skip into the store. Pushing him up to Damon, she admonished him to fess up. Red-faced with tears, Skip proffered the stolen item with one hand while stumbling through an apology, his eyes glued to the floor. 🚩 ROBERT JONES

**I** lived on Russell St. which intersected Cowell. Often, we would walk down to Sadie's on Norman St. to get penny candy or homemade fudge. 🚩 NANCY SAWIN STALLARD

**O**n the corner of Humphrey and Seaview there was a "strip" of stores. The two I remember were a pharmacy which had a counter for ice cream and a hardware store operated by Harry Kemelman, later well-known as a mystery writer, Diane's father. There may have been a grocery store as well. Diagonally across the street was another pharmacy. The names slip my grasp. On Humphrey where Rockaway intersected, there was a grocery store Traibman's, where my mother often shopped (before the Vinnin Square shopping area opened). Hamburger was 25 cents a

pound and a candy bar a nickel. There was also Tent's corner, a pharmacy at the intersection of Humphrey Street and Pleasant Street. And don't forget the farm and store at the intersection of Tedesco and Humphrey across from the Glover School. They actually grew corn and pumpkins there. There were no lights at the intersection then. 🚤 MARK WASSERMAN

**W**e shopped at Louie's for years. My mother always walked and carried home her paper bags of groceries. Another fixture was Esso Haines who ran the meat department. He would cut meat any way you wanted (and ways you cannot get in a big supermarket now) and would make big generous portions. Although it was after our high school days, I remember when Louie's would have Hawaiian Day from time to time. Long before the time of Trader Joe's, Louie's employees would all wear Hawaiian shirts. Louie's was small by today's standards but it was a full service supermarket and many people walked unless you had a big order. No need to shop out of town.

🚤 GAIL ANDERSON

**T**ent's—it had an old-fashioned soda fountain and candy sold from behind a glass case

🚤 JANET FITZPATRICK

**F**avorite store would be Tents(where the Marblehead Bank is now) 🚤 BOB MOORE

**W**inslow's on Green St. We would take empty bottles and cash them in for penny candy.

🚤 DONNA LACY MOTSYS

**E**aton's, Shube's and Tucker's Records 🚤 JOHN TUCKER

## **We enjoyed Marblehead's unique foods and restaurants...**

**W**e often stopped by "Hutchy's" on the way home from MHS for a snack. "Old Man Hutchinson" would shuffle out from the back room with a single-serving unmarked brown paper bag of hot, fresh -from-the-fryer Hutchinson's Potato Chips. The grease would already be soaking through the bag, and the smell was terrific. Today we would call these "kettle chips." Then we would lift the lid on his cooler, and dig out a cold Birch Beer. The snack was complete! Makes my fat jiggle just thinking about it...

And it seems the Cub Scouts and the Boy Scouts were always taking tours of the Winslow's Chip plant (Hutchinson didn't have a "plant," only a back room in his tiny store!) Winslow's Chips were thin and pedestrian, but you could hear the crunch of a Hutchinson Chip clear up to Fort Sewall!

Oh, and Boyd's were pretty good, and Vincent's much like Winslow's. And Wise Potato Sticks had a following all their own.  JEFF RANDOLPH

**S**alty Sam's Restaurant was opened around 1949 at the corner of Front and State Streets on the old fisherman's wharf. Bill Powers owned the property which included a very large lobster pool on Marblehead Harbor with Salty Sam's attached to the lobster pool besides Front Street. The Restaurant was owned by Earl J. Palmer (Known to his Friends as Porky). The place was busy during the Summer months particularly during Race Week. The fare was fried fish type plates, lobster rolls, and I remember great ice cream. The place use to close in the Winter but changed policy around 1955 when Porky decided to keep the place open and cater to the fishermen during the winter months when it was often too cold to go out to sea. I remember many of them playing the pinball machine for hours on end and drinking their coffee. Salty Sam's stayed open until August of 1957. The owner passed away quite suddenly thus ending one of Marblehead's fine little known restaurants. Earl J. Palmer was my father.  BUZZ PALMER

#### The Molly Waldo and Mildred Crowley.

**W**ith summer coming after sophomore year in high school, my thoughts turned to how I could make better money than cutting lawns for people like Flossie Symonds. Working on people's yards was pleasant in that you were outdoors, though gray, damp days were never my thing, and the Northeast certainly gets its share of them. Also I hoped to find something else besides being bossed around by Flossie Symonds. Through my experiences at the Marblehead Little Theatre I knew quite a few adults in town, and that summer Joyce Booth mentioned that the Molly Waldo restaurant was seeking a busboy. Immediately I was drawn to the rightness of it for me. It would thrust me even further into the mysterious night world of adults, where I believed that drink, loose talk, and cigarettes led invariably to beckoning sexual liaisons I had yet to experience. I had just turned 16, so legally I could now work at an establishment serving alcohol, though I wouldn't be permitted to serve it myself. The next day I biked down to the restaurant and got the job.

The Molly Waldo, located on School Street in Marblehead's newer downtown, was the town's most lavish restaurant: popular—lunch and dinner—with Marblehead delicacies: lobsters steamed, baked-stuffed, or slathered with Newburg Sauce. After hours it was the alluring watering hole for wayward locals seeking companionship at the bar. A family business, it was started in the 1950s by the formidable Mildred Crowley, a matronly blonde of about 50 with more than a passing resemblance to Mae West. Her husband George was a prison guard in Boston with a personality to match. The restaurant had undergone a renovation, adding some interesting touches that tied it

to the Marblehead locale. Somewhere in Europe Mrs. Crowley found an old oil painting depicting an enormous red lobster on a dining table where some dozen men were seated, ready to dine. If it wasn't an Old Dutch master, it was a passable fake. On an opposite wall hung a large plaster bas relief about 10 feet wide, painted entirely in gold, of General George Washington crossing across the Delaware River, the image taken from the famous 1851 painting by Emanuel Leutze. American history aficionados will remember that it was men from Marblehead that rowed the good general across the river that frigid wintry night. The Molly Waldo décor was dark and glossy, gaudily rich with this slightly vulgar art on its black walls, a comforting place to be of an evening. Most everyone admired Mildred Crowley's bearing if only because she ran a tight ship and served good food. Perfectly reflecting the presumptuous art was the nightly playing of John Kiley at the Hammond Organ; he kept the place hopping with snappy renditions of popular favorites, seated high on an elevated platform for everyone to see. His fame derived from presiding at Red Sox games in Fenway Park. John imbibed liberally of spirituous beverages with such devotion that by night's end he appeared to be embalmed, dark and glossy like the décor.

When I took the job Mrs. Crowley explained that each of the eight waitresses and one waiter would add to my minimum-wage compensation by contributing 10% of their tips. That would make the work rather lucrative, considering that I was 16, and I worked hard at it, taking much pride in my ability to get a table cleaned up fast and to do little favors for the staff. Scotty was the senior of the crew, a wizened old girl who'd seen it all and brought her considerable experience into being a fine career waitress. She liked me and gave me a lot of helpful advice, as did Ruth who was next in seniority. To my eyes Ruth was of more patrician stock than Scotty, with much more elegance. Around my third or fourth night Ruth took me aside, "Bob, I'd like to give you a little advice: Don't count your tip money in front of everyone. It's bugging some of the girls." When I innocently asked why, she demurred, just saying, "It doesn't look right." So I desisted and all was fine. Well, almost all.

The waitress Audrey approached me the second night. "Bob, I think you're doing a nice job and I appreciate your help, but I won't be giving you a percentage because I can't afford it." She said this with such friendly honesty that I thought a retort would be ungracious. Dad later told me to explain to her that, fair being fair, I wouldn't be bussing her tables. I asked Scotty what to do. "Audrey really said that?" she asked in disbelief. "The nerve of her!" So Scotty had a chat with Mrs. Crowley, who had a chat with Audrey, who paid up, dispensing enough cash at least to make a plausible stab at it.

I told Mrs. Crowley that I was saving money for college and would gladly work during the daytime as well should she know of anything. Soon she introduced me to a wealthy Swampscott lady living in a giant home overlooking the ocean who needed someone to do housework. The next Saturday I spent the day there, vacuuming and scrubbing her very impressive house filled with antiques and beautiful furnishings. I briefly met her husband who was at home but occupied in other things. The lady was talkative and continued a long, unbroken narrative the whole time. You might have thought I was her best friend. She spoke of her childhood and the many comings and goings of her life since. In fact she spoke so much and so fondly of her first husband that I was compelled to ask, "What does he do now?" "My goodness," she bubbled, "I have no idea." And after the shortest of pauses she added, "He's dead."

Mrs. Crowley had three grown children who were all tied to her restaurant business. The two boys, Joe and Jerry, both worked at the Molly Waldo. Joe, head bartender and business manager, was quiet and serious and obviously committed to the business. His bartender brother Jerry much preferred the racetrack; the daily results were always at his side. The youngest child was Hannah Belle, a wispy blond free spirit who reminded me of Joan Baez and whose domain was a hotdog stand on Devereux Beach called "Hannah Belle's." One night Mrs. Crowley wondered if I'd like to work days there for extra money, a capital idea. Not only would I earn money, but also I'd get to see young people in swimsuits with appropriately exposed skin. I could leer at the beach without having to display my skinny white body.

The next day, Hannah Belle showed me the innards of the shack, demonstrated all the procedures, and told how much I should charge for the menu's paltry few selections. Hannah Belle was a very sweet girl but was a free spirit who didn't much care for being tied down at her namesake business venture. That summer she was being squired around by a handsome, fun-loving, and equally blond stud named Paul Kunkel. From their intimate embraces it was clear they were very much in lust, and she was never happier than riding off into the dust in his magnificent little red sports car.

George, Mildred's prison-guard husband, acutely short of humor, disliked me from the first day and would start me off at 11:00 in the morning. He'd bring a fresh steel canister of lobster salad from the Molly Waldo for the lobster rolls dispensed at the beach, along with any needed paper cups, napkins, plastic cutlery, or other supplies.

I had relished the idea of working at the beach because I'd thought that's where the action was. Of course I had no experience with what the action actually was where the action was, but that only whetted my interest. Oddly I discovered that the cast of characters frequenting the beach daily was a colorful collection of losers, mostly kids without the need or ambition for a summer job, skilled mostly at lazing.(edit) During the week Hannah Belle's wasn't very busy and I can't imagine the place was profitable. No doubt it was simply Mildred's way of trying to get her daughter started in the business. Weekends the crowd was thicker and more upscale, and the stand took in considerably more money. Most of these people had jobs and a weekend day at the beach was a luxury.

My pal Skip Cilley pressured me for discounts. Rather than be a jerk and say no, I gave in and made up the difference myself. I didn't want Skip to know this, naturally, so in his presence I rang up the amount he paid on the ancient manual cash register. A few minutes later I'd ring up the difference, say, 35 cents, and pay it out of my own pocket so the till would be correct. Well, one day George Crowley caught me in the act, noticing a sale for 35 cents that I'd just made. "What's that for? We don't have anything that costs 35 cents," he bellowed! He accused me of dirty doings and I knew instinctively he'd report back to the termagant Mildred. Later that day I told Hannah Belle that I'd become tired of the whole routine and was thinking of taking the rest of the summer off. And I meant it. The beach scene was tawdry and, coupled with long nights in the restaurant (5:00 pm to 2:00 am), was exhausting me. I think also I was tired of being cooped up in that nasty little shack while all the trashy ones had the freedom of the beach and what I supposed was a lot of sex.

So when Mrs. Crowley called the house the next morning and instructed my mother to send me in for my final check, I was relieved more than insulted or angry. Still, my mood was anything but exultant, trudging down to that miserable Molly Waldo hole on a cold, gray morning. Daylight did the place no favors, robbed of its false nighttime glitter. Frosty Mrs. Crowley had admonishing words for me, but I didn't bother explaining the truth because it wasn't worth it. She wouldn't have believed me anyway, probably thinking I'd been stealing her blind. The real truth was I sabotaged my six-week career as a busboy because I was bored and wanted more excitement. I spent the rest of the summer pleasurably chasing Boston & Maine trains on the North Shore.

 ROBERT JONES

## **and we even went to school.**

**T**he original Glover School was built in 1916 and the Upper building was added in 1948. After WW II and the Korean War, the greatest growth in Marblehead occurred in the Clifton section of town. An additional school facility was needed for the "Baby Boomers".

The Upper building was used for the K-2nd grade. Blankets were stored in our "cubbyholes" for daily naps. Activities included finger painting and making butter from cream. Activities included finger painting and making butter from cream. By the time we reached the Lower Building most of us had overcome the threat of polio and prepared to "Duck and Cover" to survive an atomic bomb. In 2nd grade we received the polio vaccine at school and patriotically invested our meager earnings in stamp books for savings bonds. We had met Tom, Dick, Sally, and Spot who opened a whole new world to us.

In grades 3-6, we learned the old fashioned way from female teachers with names like Pollard, Wells, McCauley, Goolsby, Waite, Perkins, Osgood, and Blenkhorn under the stern direction of Principal Milton O. Dustin. The old desks were bolted to the floor and included inkwells along the some familiar deeply carved initials and short rhymes. We learned penmanship with quilt pens and practiced writing after school with phrases such as "I will not talk in Miss Wells "class" 500 times. Bad behavior was not tolerated and mild corporal punishment was not uncommon. We recited prayers and said allegiance to the flag daily. Everybody sang Christmas carols and enjoyed the music regardless of religion.

We played kickball in the schoolyard and hide and seek in the woods behind the school. It got cold, rained, and snowed, but the weather was never a topic of discussion or concern. We would play outside in minimal clothing as long as possible.

The first time I distinctly remember lower Glover School was the presidential election in 1952. I remember November 4th and a clear, brisk day. My mother took me with her to vote—my first introduction to Democracy in Action. I recall the patriotic citizens holding " I LIKE IKE" signs, but I was more interested in the shiny odd-shaped chestnuts that had recently fallen smog the leaves in front of the school.

The lower Glover School was old in 1950 and now it is history. The name lives on and so do the memories for many of us.  JIM OPPENHEIM

**I** attended Roads School. Miss Hammond was the principal, Miss Curley was the first grade teacher, Miss Weed was the art teacher. Going out to recess the boys went out one door and the girls the other. We brought our lunch in a lunch box and ate at our desk in the class room. Don't forget the oil cloth we used to cover our desk during lunch. What was your favorite lunch? Mine was a hot dog sandwich with mustard. When there was a snow storm we waited to see if the sidewalks were plowed because if they weren't plowed school was called off!

 CAROL CASWELL GUY

**We met people whose influence has stayed with us over these past fifty years.**

### "Louie's"

**I**n the '50s and '60s, at the end of Pleasant Street downtown (Pleasant and Washington), were two supermarkets, side by side, separated only by a small loading dock. One was Penni's, run by Sam Penni, as I recall, which I always thought of as the "well-to-do;" and "Louie's," which was actually an IGA Supermarket, but called Louie's because of the big, blustery, imposing fellow who ran it. Louie (or was he Louis?), and his second banana Eddie, ran a cluttered but well-stocked bustling operation, which seemed, to me, more for the "common man." That's where we shopped.

Louie was always on the move, loud, barking orders, arms waving, chomping on an unlit cigar butt, directing the staff, locating products, greeting regulars with his booming voice, yet pausing for just a moment to stoop down and greet a youngster when you least expected it. I had great respect for Louie, the kind of respect born out of a child's unfounded fear of a giant!

There were three checkout lanes at Louie's, each equipped with the big, clunky cash registers of the time, with the checkout clerk punching in the price - "pock, pock, pock" - followed by "ka-chunka-ta" as each item was entered. The machines were not quiet, and there was the constant "pock, pock, pock, ka-chunka-ta; pock, pock, pock, ka-chunka-ta," over and over, as customers checked out, in each lane.

But there was a side of Louie, and "Louie's," that few knew. There were a select few customers who would always go to the third checkout lane, and would catch the eye of Louie or Eddie, in

the unlikely event that Louie hadn't noticed them already (Louie seldom missed anything happening in his store!). Louie or Eddie would checkout this customer, not with the loud cash register, but with the quiet adding machine also located on Lane Three. They would then quietly produce a ledger book with a handwritten name at the top of each page – not even in alphabetical order, and yet Louie seemed to know where each name was. The total would be entered on the page, along with the previous entries, with not a word spoken, and the customer would be off. For these were the folks who Louie somehow knew needed a little help, some extra time to pay, perhaps. These were the single mothers working two and three jobs, to provide for their two children, for example. This was not charity – these bills were always paid eventually – but Louie allowed the extra time until the grocery bill made it to the top of the pile.

As a child, I guess I assumed every supermarket had a ledger and an adding machine on Lane Three. Imagine that.

I often think of Louie – with his crusty exterior and his heart of gold – when I think of the many great memories I have of the great good fortune of growing up in Marblehead, and of learning life's lessons along the way. Thanks for your lessons, Louie. 🚤 JEFF RANDOLPH

**W**e had a lot of doctors in town and all of them made house calls. Mine was Dr. Thomas Barrett who lived and practiced on Thompson Rd., right at the corner of Humphrey St. I have very vivid memories of him, and smile as I am writing this.

My mother was an older mother for her time. She was thirty-five when she had me, an only child. Dr. Barrett was a Roman Catholic. In those days, the protestants in town still viewed the catholics with a bit of suspicion and vice versa. After a safe delivery at the old Mary Alley Hospital on Franklin St., he asked what my name would be. When told it was Andrea Pedrick, he feigned horror that it wasn't Margaret or Mary or some other appropriate saint's name.

I contracted scarlet fever when I was four. While the other childhood diseases were serious, scarlet fever could be deadly. My mother was terrified and Dr. Barrett was summoned. He pulled a miracle from his bag that day: penicillin, the first of the antibiotics developed during the Second World War. My fever soon broke.

When I was in the second grade, I got chicken pox. Before vaccines, all the childhood diseases, measles, mumps, chicken pox and scarlet fever required that you be quarantined. Someone from the Board of Health arrived and tacked a sign by your door so that everyone knew to stay away. After staying home the mandatory two weeks of quarantine I went back to school for three days and caught the mumps. Since my immune system was weakened from the chicken pox, it was a really severe case of the mumps. Dr. Barrett came up the stairs to my bedroom and immediately burst into laughter at the sight of my enormous jowls.

Dr. Barrett saved my mother's life and gave her nearly forty more productive years when she was forty-seven. Polio was the scourge of our early childhood. It was a deadly disease and left those it didn't kill with life changing disabilities and paralysis. Parents, afraid you would contract the disease kept you out of crowds for most of the summer. Many in the class of 1964 probably remember being Polio Pioneers. Dr. Jonas Salk developed the first polio vaccine when we were in elementary school. I remember lining up outside the nurse's office at Coffin School to be immunized in the first trials. Some of us received the vaccine, others just water in order to determine the efficacy of the vaccine. Another miracle of our time, it worked and began the process of eliminating polio. The early immunizations required booster shots and I went to Dr. Barrett to get mine in June of 1958. My mother worked in the family store and customers had been asking if she had a cold because she sounded hoarse. She asked the doctor to take a look at her throat after he gave me my shot. I don't know what he saw, but I suspect he could see the cancer growing on her vocal cords. Instead of giving her some lozenges, or syrup, he sent her to a specialist in Salem the very next day. Within a week she had had surgery and joined the ranks of cancer survivors. It's hard to imagine that time with no radiation or chemotherapy, only the skilled hands of a surgeon, a little luck, and a good doctor who knew when to ask for a second opinion. I remain forever grateful that my mother had all three.

 ANDREA TUCKER MERRIFIELD

**But it was our neighborhoods that defined our childhoods, and it is the neighborhoods that bring back the most memories.**

**G**rowing up in the Naugus Head part of town was a bit different than in other areas of Marblehead. Many of the houses were still summer cottages, and there were not a lot of year round kids in the area. The Coffin School was very new, and there were quite a few kids from the Neck in our classes. During the summer months, however, the cottages were filled with kids from "away". We had the beaches, and that occupied us for most of the day. When it was very hot, we'd run after the milk truck, and the milkman would break off chunks of ice for us to suck on. It's a wonder we weren't all sick!

Every Fourth of July, there was a horribles parade followed by a neighborhood cookout in the WESX field. There are now seven new houses recently built in that field, but we still have the picnic in the cul de sac where the field once was.

I think the most fun of all was had after dinner when we'd meet in the yard next door and divide into teams to play "Capture the Flag". Cloutman's Lane would be the boundary on one side. Naugus Avenue the other. We'd play until the street lights went on and we couldn't find the flags.

All the cottages are gone now, either torn down to make way for beautiful new homes, or made into year round homes. The apple trees we'd climb or swing from have long rotted away, and the empty fields are empty no more. I've stayed in touch with two of my summer friends, now both grandfathers, and not long ago, reminisced about those summers long gone, but never forgotten.



JERILYN MEHAFFEY MORGAN

**D**usty, hot, timeless days of summer. An impossibly vivid display of portulaca along our hard-packed cinder driveway. Going to the YMCA camp on Children's Island. The still, sultry nights and seeing "heat lightning" off in the west from my bedroom window. Other nights, when the breeze was right, brought the unappreciated smell of smoke from the Lynn dump. My mother always blamed Lynn, but it could have been Salem's, I suppose. Running next door into Mandy's (which we usually called "Gillis's" from the family name) on a kitchen supply errand for Mom or, much better, for some candy, Hostess treats, an ice-cold soda or a 5-cent Hood's ice cream cone. A double scoop required me to hand over 7 cents. My mother always warned me, "Don't ever buy candy from the case that isn't wrapped. Her cats sleep on top of it." I loved sinking my hands into the old-fashioned, authentic ice chest to hopefully find an orange or grape soda; but what I really craved—and not always available—was birch beer. Playing so many days until near dusk with friends in my Elm Street neighborhood—Pearl, Russell, Cowell, Pond, Green and High Streets. And who can forget that area's intoxicating aroma of Winslow's chips hanging in the air?

If I felt adventurous, I explored as far as lower State Street, Front and Orne Streets. I practically memorized Washington Street, walking there all the time to Penni's or, later, Louie's for shopping and going to church at Old North. I remember a beautiful display of hollyhocks at 1 Pearl St., seemingly growing right out of the blacktopped sidewalk. Not just there but in so many places in town. They were like emblems of Marblehead. I loved to nose around in Gordon's hoping to find some new treasured plaything but was always afraid of Mr. Gordon because he was grouchy and suspicious that everyone was shoplifting. McClain's Fish Market, two doors from the corner of State and Front, was the usual stop for fresh seafood. I still remember the old uneven wood floors, the salt water tanks, the fish displayed on crushed ice and the smell. It was a good smell—like the ocean—and it's a smell I have retained in my olfactory senses that indicates the freshest and sweetest fish.

Summer always meant "beach" for us. We usually drove to Goldthwaite, but high tide presented a problem: no sand—and lying on the rocks was not much fun. Probably today it would be regarded as excellent acupuncture or trigger point release physical therapy, but back then the rocks just felt like hell. On afternoon high tide days we usually opted for either Grace Oliver's (with still a lot of rocks mixed into the sand) or Gas House. The redeeming feature of Grace Oliver's was that the ice cream truck would always stop by and I'd usually run for a "blue" popsicle.

August of 1954 was particularly memorable because of Hurricane Carol, the first one I'm aware having experienced. I spent almost the whole day sitting in our bay window on Elm St. (probably not advisable in retrospect) watching the rain fall in torrents and the wind buffet the trees and street signs. Luckily, we did not have much damage in the immediate area, but I did see one of those old revolving type chimney ventilators atop the Gerry School fly off and sail through the

air. Afterward, I clearly remember going down to Front St. and Fort Sewall with Mom to see the yacht "Mohawk" (I believe was the name) smashed on the rocks between the Fort and the Adams House Restaurant, which had miraculously remained unscathed. We saw much more damage in the way of downed trees and wires uptown in the Orchard St. area, which was more open to the northeast wind. A few nights later came Hurricane Edna but with minimal damage.

My winter memories are not quite so plentiful, most likely because I don't like winter. Maybe I did then but not now. And because the town's life was so summer-oriented, it seemed to shut down after Thanksgiving until Easter. I recall skating on either Redd's Pond or Black Joe's Pond. Would that name even be "politically correct" today? And sledding down Cowell St. hill (there must have been far fewer cars back then!) or on the embankment in front of the Gerry School.

The historical past of Marblehead was evident all around me as I was growing up. The reasons I loved hanging around the downtown area was, I think, the fun of the narrow winding streets, hidden alleys, the plain but very substantial houses with their front doors practically on the sidewalk. By contrast, the stately mansions on Washington Square were the most impressive, and I soon was able to imagine the old sea captains and merchants coming home to them after months at sea or after doing business in foreign markets. The whole length of Washington St. and lower Pleasant St. were the core of my "downtown", roughly defined as the whole area from the Warwick and YMCA up past the old Post Office, over to Abbott Hall and down to the Harbor and along Front St. to Franklin St. I knew it had an old feeling. Old in a comfortable and time-tested sense—safe, stable, friendly, brimming with history and the still-palpable dependency on the sea. I'm sure I sensed all this but I don't think I thoroughly grasped the true significance of Marblehead's rich past and its celebrated, vital place in history. I certainly had no idea my little town would become so famous nationwide as a foremost seaside destination and living testament to a strong colonial background. Even today if I close my eyes I can still see myself playing with friends in the quiet streets and running through fields on a dusty, warm summer day. Even though life has taken me to parts of New York and other parts of New England, I still feel a sense of pride telling folks, "I am a Marbleheader."  DAVID FERGUSON

**I** grew up in Marblehead on Pleasant Street between MHS (the one we all attended) and what is now the Village Plaza. Some may have known, but most probably didn't, our family had a small farm behind our home. The yard was not very big but I believe my father was a farmer at heart so he used what space we had to keep chickens, rabbits and Guinea pigs and even had a bull calf, pony and goats. Furthermore there was what would today be called an "organic" garden! We grew the usual stuff, carrots, beets, green and waxed beans, corn on the cob, potatoes, tomatoes and probably some stuff I don't remember. My brother and I helped with the gardening and harvesting of the vegetables – did you know you pick the beans three times before pulling up the plants? It was a family affair to prepare the vegetables for the freezer. Everyone helped including my maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather who lived with us. In addition to the garden the animals also need care. One of my jobs was to collect the eggs from the chicken

coops although it wasn't my favorite job, however, I did like playing with the rabbits and of course we always had dogs and cats as well! 🚤 CAROL CASWELL GUY

### Lee Street—Neighborhood in a Time Warp

**M**y parents and I spent the first seven or eight years of my life (1940s and 1950s) at 27 Lee Street in a little antique house we rented. Thinking back I realize that Lee Street was a magic place—both for the fun we had playing in the street and for the fascinating people who lived there. We lived in our own little world, and surely in a time warp.

Our house was attached to the two houses of either side of it, and the only way to get to the packet backyard was through the house. The kitchen was a little addition in the rear built over ledge so the floor sloped up. My father could not stand up in the back portion of the kitchen without hitting his head on the ceiling. My bedroom was in the rear over the kitchen. The room had a door right out into the yard with a beautiful view of Abbot Hall tower. I used to love to sneak out that door after I had been put to bed and snitch string beans from the little vegetable garden my parents maintained.

My father used to build wooden lobster traps in the attic at 27 Lee Street for his part-time lobstering business. My parents also used to dry the sails from our Town Class sailboat on the railing of our front porch because it was the only place large enough to spread them out.

The neighborhood kids played in the street, sometimes in a pack. We kids would often "visit" the neighbors on the spur of the moment. We learned early which houses were kid friendly and which were not. I pity the only suffering neighbors! Now I realize that some very interesting people lived on Lee Street, not the least of whom were my parents—although at that time, I wasn't aware that they were doing anything unusual. My father was involved in building and later managing the North Shore Sports Center the first Massachusetts indoor ice rink outside of Boston. Before she was married, my mother flew small planes, built kayaks and graduated from art school. Both were excellent sailors.

The beginning of Lee Street near Abbot Hall had a number of houses converted into apartments. The Finch sisters lived in an apartment on the corner. They ran a fabric and notions store downtown on Washington Street opposite Darling Street. The Finch sisters were the only people I knew who went to their summer cottage in the same town. They didn't go to the lakes or the mountains, they went to the west side of Marblehead.

A little farther down on the left was a rear piece of open land, the back yard of Mrs. Doane. Her house actually faced Washington Square, but her garden was a wonder and off limits to us kids. She was an excellent gardener, knowledgeable about all things Marblehead, and lived to over 100.

Just beyond, Lee Street takes a nearly 90-degree bend. On the left is a house that was occupied by Mr. & Mrs. McIntire. They were older, kindly, and very refined. Occasionally, they would tolerate a house invasion ("visit") by us kids but not too often. Theirs was one of the few houses with a garage built underneath, a very rare commodity.

Opposite the McIntires' house on the wide side of the curve was an attached house occupied by a somewhat upscale family with two beautiful blond daughters who went to private school. They were a little older and weren't interested in us younger kids. Next door down a shaded garden path and through a gate was the cottage and studio of Samuel Bryant. He was an artist and illustrator. If he were working, our advances were not welcome, but he did allow us in on occasion. I feel very lucky to have an original marine watercolor by Mr. Bryant that my mother purchased at a later date.

Miss Elizabeth Greenleaf lived in the V where Gregory and Lee Streets meet. She was from a different era altogether. Tall, slender, regal, white-haired. Very crippled with arthritis, she was often not well and did not want kid visitors. Later, when I became an adult, she contacted me and I visited. She was bedridden but told me some fascinating things. She may have been a distant relation of John Greenleaf Whittier although she could not verify it. She gave me a copy of a little history pamphlet she wrote about Lee Street which was originally called the King's Highway. Most remarkably, she told me that as a little girl, she knew a Civil War veteran who still wore his military uniform, presumably because he was down on his luck and had no other clothes. It was like being connected to another century.

The famous yacht designer C. Raymond Hunt lived and worked around the corner in a one-story cottage on Gregory Street. Although not living on Lee Street, I mention him because he was typical of the interesting people who occupied our little world.

Across Lee from Miss Greenleaf's lived Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and their daughter Suzanne. When Mr. Godfrey retired, he started a furniture repair and finishing business operating out of his cellar. The cellar door opened directly onto the street. He often left it open so you could see him working, a throwback to cottage industries.

The next house on the left belonged to Mr. & Mrs. Barry. We had adjoining back yards. She was English and I often heard her calling her cat with her crisp accent. Mrs. Barry ran a business that imported field hockey sticks, and her company CranBarry was widely recognized.

Across the street from my house lived Mrs. Brody, who was very flamboyant. She drove an MG convertible and loved to wear flowing scarves à la Isadora Duncan. And (whisper, whisper) she was a divorcée!

Diagonally across the street from my house was the driveway to a boatyard. When I was quite small, the yard was operated by old Mr. Oxner. Mr. Oxner could be seen working—running the marine railway and moving large yachts across greased skids—in an old tweed jacket and a fedora hat, a throwback to much earlier days. My mother warned me to stay away from him because he

was ill-tempered. We kids loved to skip around in the boatyard trying to avoid the greased timbers on the ground. Later, the yard was purchased by Dutchman Henry Van L. Baay. Unlike Yankee Oxner, Henry Baay was a very colorful character. He could be heard a long way away conversing in his heavy accent. However, as the boatyard business waned, he began converting the boatsheds to apartments until there was no boatyard left. Now they are all condominiums.

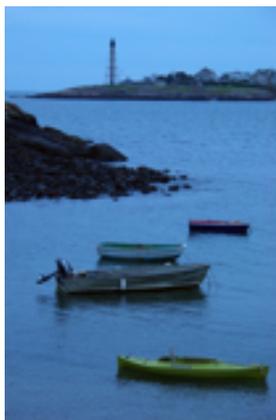
My family was able to keep a dinghy at the boatyard dock for several years. It was a quick walk across the street and about a 100-foot row to our Town Class sailboat at its mooring. Again, it seemed normal; I didn't realize how lucky we were.

Attached to our Lee Street house on the opposite side from the Barrys, was a home owned by Mrs. Nathan Hale (yes, same name as the Patriot). She was a refined gray haired widow who wintered on Beacon Hill and summered on Lee Street. Her house was not heated or insulated and always had that musty old-house smell. It was filled with what were probably important antiques, but that sort of thing didn't interest me at the time. I did like her witch balls, large glass spheres hung in the windows beside the front door, which superstition said kept witches away. She was very kind to me and allowed me to visit often. In the rear, her bedroom window was opposite my bedroom window. When very young, I sometimes woke up afraid of a thunderstorm. Mrs. Hale would talk to me out her window.

Mrs. Hale's late husband had been a jeweler in Boston and before she died, she gave me a beautiful silver and moonstone pendant that he made and which I still have. Unfortunately, kids will be kids. On a couple of occasions before she arrived for the summer, we climbed her fence and picked flowers and pulled up her plants. To this day I can't understand why we were so mean to someone who was so nice.

On the harbor side near the end of Lee Street several of the houses are located below street level. Mr. & Mrs. Blanchard lived down a very steep set of steps in a cottage at the back of the house above it. They had a wonderful view of the then-working waterfront. They were kid friendly and allowed us to visit. I remember the low ceilings, antique beams across the ceiling, and lack of light because they only had windows on one side. Mr. Blanchard owned a small powerboat and at one time may have worked in the marine field.

On the inland side of Lee Street, next door to Mrs. Hale was/is a house which is unusual for old Marblehead because it is made of brick. Tucked into the side of the hill, the basement had a door and windows facing the street. I believe it was operated as a store at some point, but it had closed before I lived on Lee Street. When I was young, the house was occupied by old Mrs. Baker, a widow. She wore black clothes and frowzy hats, but was determined. She walked with a cane to Bank Square and Washington Street to do her errands. It was a given that nearly everyone on the street walked to the bakery, grocery store, and fish market. In those days, downtown was a real downtown.  GAIL ANDERSON



### Life on Front Street

**F**ront Street in Marblehead, Massachusetts was the perfect place for my friends and me to grow up. The area between Fort Sewall and Crocker Park was the center of our lives as children. Fort Beach, that little spot of rocky shoreline where the road turns to go up to the fort was where we learned some very important things. Skipping rocks or smooth sea glass probably came first. Pick a flat piece. Wait for the wave to move the other way. Try not to hit Mrs. Batchelder again.

During our time on Front Street we lived our days by the tides, and we recalled events in relation to storms. Our growth markers had more to do with when we could row a dory or swim the harbor rather than what grade we were in or how tall we were.

We learned to swim under no one's watchful eyes except someone's older sister. That was when she was paying attention and not looking at the boys sitting by the lobster traps. We would start out at the big rock when the tide was coming in and look toward Front Street. Then we'd flop into a wave and let it carry us forward. We moved our arms up and down slapping at the water until finally we got it, and we could swim. That's how I learned about the tide. Before that it had made little sense to me.

Our view of the harbor by the Barnacle, when it was not much bigger than a real live barnacle stuck to a rock outcropping, was the place where we judged all storms. We'd sit there sharing a fried clam roll and face down Front Street with the road to our left and the water to our right. This allowed us to see who was coming and what was coming by sea or land. If tourists came in we'd sing Marblehead Forever, a song we must have absorbed in the womb, because we all knew it and couldn't remember not knowing it.

The worst storm I remember from back then was in the 50's. It was the hurricane that washed up under our friends' restaurant, The Spirit of '76, and demolished it. It was just a few doors down from the Barnacle and had been very popular with the neighborhood kids. We could buy ice

cream and frozen candy bars from their window on Front Street. I don't think anyone has rebuilt in the exact spot since.

The next hurricane I recall clearly came on our first day of high school, freshman year. I don't remember being very disappointed, because my friends and I had so much fun sneaking out and tempting fate by climbing the rocks on the other side of the fort. We wanted to get a good look at the waves outside the harbor. My great-uncle Arthur was a carpenter at Ted Hood's boatyard in Little Harbor. I think someone sent him to check on us, but we saw him coming and ran home. He'd rescued me too many times, and I knew that would be my last outing of the season if word filtered down the family line to my parents. Our ancestors had lived in Marblehead, Ipswich, and Salem since 1627, and there were just too many relatives around for us to get away with much. It's a good thing most of them were introverts and didn't gossip a lot, or my cousins and I would have been in a lot more trouble.

Our house was a little cottage, a remnant of the old summer places that had been popular vacation retreats in earlier times. It was the best place to live. Old Town was the center of—the center of—life. We were at the bottom of the hill behind Penni's Market facing Front Street across from Crocker Park.

It was an easy walk across the parking lot to the market. Even my dog liked it. Fifi was a tiny Boston terrier who could count on getting a bone from the butcher whenever she wanted. All she had to do was get to the loading platform and look cute. One day someone gave her a whole beef rib attached to a piece of the spine. She dragged it downhill to our yard and chewed on it every day for the rest of her years.

Mr. Herreshoff lived in his castle across the street at the edge of Crocker Park. Each morning he walked through our yard on his way to State Street and beyond to buy a newspaper. Always polite he'd say hello and nod, but I remember one day when he got very upset when the gate was locked. He banged on our front door until I got up and unlocked it. I can't remember why it was locked, but he was definitely offended and gave me the lecture. He had been walking through our yard and gate for years since before I was born. The next day I banged on the castle gate, but he wouldn't let me take a cut. He said it didn't go anywhere, and even if it did I hadn't been cutting through his yard and gate for years since before he was born. The tirade continued about how I was where I wanted to be anyway—at Crocker Park. I could skip school and hang out with my stupid friends on the rocks below. I guess he could see down to the float from the castle, after all. I realized then that he was pretty decent guy for never telling my parents or anyone else where I was when I wasn't in school.

Most of the men in my family had made their living at sea or, like Uncle Arthur, working on boats. On my father's side were merchant seamen and fishermen. That held until it ended with my generation, which makes me sad. It's a great tradition that, in my family at least, seems to have been passed down through the centuries but appears to have ended with my cousins. The North Shore women in my family, as far back as I can tell—with the exception of the wives of ministers—worked in taverns and tended bar. That would include my mother who cooked at Maddie's. Maddie's and The Rook, a coffeehouse to you non-Headers, were the other great spots that anchored us to the Front Street neighborhood. It was a short walk from there down State

Street to the wharf where we bought fresh fish or lobster and steamers to cook for supper every Friday.

My father was at sea when my mother became ill. I had to move to Boston to live with relatives before I could graduate from Marblehead High. Having to leave Marblehead was an awful experience. Memories can haunt us, but even bad memories can heal. Many have stayed with me over my years as a Header in exile, but the things that once hurt no longer sadden me. The memory of the girl two years ahead of me, the one who recorded me as her pet peeve in the yearbook, no longer feels bad. When my studies in theology led me back to research the religious history of Salem and Marblehead, I learned that members of our two families had been antagonizing one another for over 300 years! We had just been doing our part as Headers in keeping tradition alive.

I am grateful for this opportunity to record my memories of life on Front Street for the Marblehead High School, Class of 1964. Thank you. Be well, old friends.

 MAUREEN HARRINGTON CARTER (MICKEY)

**For some of us, the Marblehead of our childhood is a collection of musings, glimpses of a time now gone.**

**R**andom Flashbacks of Marblehead.

Our town—Safe, protected, secure, historic, beautiful, special, warm and sunny in the morning, a sea turn in the afternoon, 4 square miles of playground, staying outside until the street lights came on, kickball in the street, stepping aside when a car came, Redd's Pond, Devereux Beach, Preston Beach and my favorite, Grace Oliver Beach with hot reeky sand and sparkling cold blue salty water, and our wonderful Abbott Hall and Spirit of '76.

Shopping. Penny's, Bloods, Traibman's, Damon Tucker's, McClain's Fish Market, Stowaway Sweets, best subs ever (!) at the Sub Base, Wheeler's Corner, Hutchinson's paper bags of hot chips, Abby May's, Eaton's Drug Store's soda fountain and movie magazines, Dch a love affair withill's, Bruce Hamlin's Shoes and the foot x-ray machine, pizza at Bertini's and the Warwick.

MYF (Methodist Youth Fellowship)—our wonderful advisor's Mr. and Mrs. Harvey (Phil's parents) retreats to North Conway, Easter morning sunrise services at Fort Sewall, earning enough money to bring two exchange students to Marblehead (Tuula Kahila [now Snow] from Finland and Raphael Mayamona from the Belgian Congo,) watching the Beatles' first appearance on Ed Sullivan Show, and being together with Phil, Andrea Tucker, Dick Hussey, Gail Anderson, Donna Lacey and upper and lower classmen every single Sunday night.

Events and sights—riding bikes everywhere, admiring the view of Boston from Ocean Ave., on the Neck, swimming in the salt water pool at the Corinthian and watching movies on the lawn, pink flares all around the Harbor on the night of the Fourth, fireworks over the Harbor, the Christmas Tree bonfire on the beach on Twelfth Night, Hurricanes Carol and Diane and all of the tumbled boats, dancing school with Mr. Curry at Tedesco, lobstering with my future husband Jonathan, and knowing very single family on my street.

MHS—loving it every day because of people like Mr. Lovely, Mr. Hussey, Mr. Johnson, and his humor, Mr. Caldarone, Mr. McKey and “Clear the Decks!!!”, Mr. Paul and the Periodic Table, Herr Aksnes our Norwegian exchange teacher who taught German and sang with us with his beautiful voice, and Mr. Karavetsos and Mr. Martin and their log of American History, walking the 2 miles home from MHS for fun, Thanksgiving Day football games with Swampscott, our prom The Palace of Versailles, Teen Town at the YMCA every Friday night dancing to Elvis, the Beatles, Diana Ross, the Everly Brothers and the Monkees, the Jitterbug, the Stroll, the Cha-Cha-Cha and the Twist.

I often wonder if people who came from other towns have such a love affair with their hometown as we do. Somehow I don't think they do. Marblehead was such an exuberantly special place to grow up. We were all so lucky. 🚤 JEANNIE CLARK WELLER

**R**emembering: Clamming for those big sea clams after a big storm or hurricane at Goldthwaite Beach with my Dad for clam chowders or fried clam cakes. Only an old downtown Marbleheader would appreciate that! Sail boat crewing for Gretchen. Lighting the flares as a teenager for the harbor illumination. Being in the July 4th parade dressed up as a fisherman at age 5, 6, or 7 with my siblings. The huge snow storm that closed school and we had to tunnel out our front door as a kid. Ice cream cones with “Jimmies”. 🚤 SUE CHADWICK

**W**aking up in the summer to the sound of the USCG Flying Boats taking off from Salem Harbor. It always seemed that they planned take-offs for 6:30a! Boston-bound passenger trains with steam engines coming to the end-of -the-line station at the intersection of Pleasant and School Streets. Ice cream cones from Martin's Dairy on School Street. When the town still had a volunteer fire department, they used a fire horn with pattern codes to provide fire location. The volunteers would listen for the fire horn to determine the location of a fire in town. I'm not sure how many volunteers showed up, but it sure created a party for the citizens! And the same horn was used to announce no-school snow days in the winter. You'd sit there at 7:15a just waiting for the horn (was it five or seven blasts?). The annual Nor'easters that blew out the windows of the Barnacle Restaurant. Seems like that was a reliable way to get TV coverage of a town event. Getting to Atlantic Beach by taking a “short cut” through Seaside Park and down over the cliffs to Back Beach. The excitement was scaling the “massive” cliff, probably ten feet tall in retrospect.

Harbor fishing from State Street landing and from the rental dinghies at Transportation. Working for the Water Department during summer vacation digging trenches and learning the system. I worked hard, learned a lot and felt like a millionaire netting \$70 per week. The annual Firemen's Musters. Parades, partying, public drinking, firemen contests and the inevitable mini-explosion of a pressure bell on at least one hand pumper. They were great weekend parties that seem like such a part of New England tradition. Hutchie's chips and Leno's subs (Jeff Randolph says it well). Red Cross swimming lessons at Harris Beach as per Andrea Tucker's notes. It was more about survival than simply taking the lessons. The opening of the first McDonald's in Beverly...a hamburger, fries and drink for under a \$1.00!

 PETE MARSHALL

**G**rowing up in Marblehead brings back many memories. As a kid I remember exploring the narrow pathways that connected the streets, swimming at Goldthwaite and Devereaux beaches, riding bikes all over town and collecting bottles (worth 2 cents each) so I could buy penny candy. I remember helping protect boats during the Hurricanes of 1955. When we finally got a Townie in 1959, I learned to sail and spent many happy hours racing, exploring the local islands and even fishing from the boat. I vividly remember the colorful spinnakers during Race Week mixed with all the white sails. I loved rough weather. The stronger the wind the better up to the point of capsizing which happened a couple of times and was always scary. Who can forget harbor illumination each 4th of July (I know it still happens, but I don't get to see it). Being musically inclined and in the fife and drum corps which meant we usually had a parade and fireman's muster on the Fourth with the old pumper fire engines. I never got to man the side pump rods, but remember how far they could shoot a stream of water. Remember the Horribles Parade for kids? I think we had several four foot snow falls and enjoyed skating on the local ponds in winter. There have not been many big snow falls since until this past winter. Do you tell your kids and grandchildren of the times you had to walk to school in 1-2 foot of snow? I attended YMCA day camp on Cat Island and played baseball in Getchell's Pit. Some of you will remember movie nights at the Corinthian Yacht Club. I remember dressing up (remember dress codes) and sneaking in to watch on Sundays. It was a real thrill to see the America's Cup contender Nefertiti when she was anchored in the harbor. Sure made my boat seem small when we sailed around her. I dreamed of crewing on one of these beautiful boats. In High School, things that stay in my mind are band and orchestra, especially the exchange concerts we did. I passed my driver's test thanks to lesson with Sam Harris. I had to cut grass, teach sailing lessons and shovel snow to earn money to pay for using the car. Guys can you still get your pants off over your shoes? I remember when the hockey team made it to the state finals, but lost to Arlington. I also remember the day JFK was assassinated while we were in class (this may be my worst memory of High School.) My memories of growing up in Marblehead include so many things that I will describe a few and see if you remember having some of the same ones. I remember exploring old town and discovering the narrow paths which led between streets beside houses, many only wide enough for one person at a time. I remember seeing the Spirit of 76 for the first time.

 JOHN TUCKER

**I** know I have done one of these but on a rainy day my thoughts started to think back to our youth.

I remember the cushman bakery truck coming to our house

I remember the hood milk truck dropping off the glass bottles with the cream on top covered with a cardboard lid

I remember dill's, the atlantic and of course dave wong's china sails.

I remember patti anne shop, bruce hamlin's shoe store and of course eaton's with the 35 cent hot fudge sundae with 3 scoops, fudge, whipped cr me and nuts .don't forget the cherry.

I remember beach bluff hardware owned by harry kemmelman (dianne's dad)

I remember my transistor radio and our 13" console tv with the radio and victrola attached.

I remember marvin oldsmobile, saltz chevrolet, miller ford, mehaffey motors, and fleming griffin motors.

I remember mays restaurant next to carl devos mobile station

I remember getting my collarbone set at the mary alley one night

I remember the warwick double feature with a cartoon for a quarter

I remember roland's and bill and bob's and tony lena's sub shops

I remember salem state with just one building on lafayette street

I remember the steam locomotive going to boston from marblehead.

I remember being a crossing guard at the clifton station

I remember carrying the milk crates to all the rooms at the glover school

I remember the 25 cent lunches that mrs obama didn't get involved with 🚩 PETE EYGES

