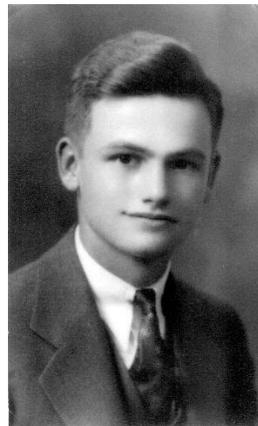
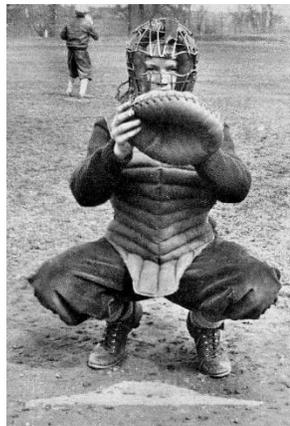
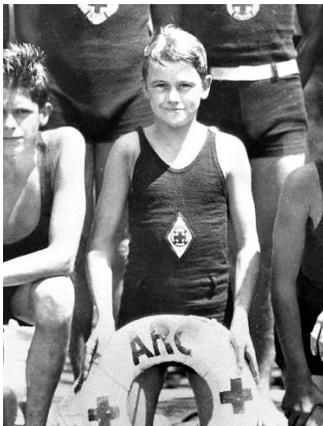


**A Biography
of
Willard Franklin Mason**

Part One: 1916 to 1938

Born 24 August 1916 in Manhattan, New York, New York

Died 22 July 1996 in Las Vegas, Clark, Nevada



Willard Franklin Mason

Franklin P. Mason II, his son

Editor's / Author's Note: In January of 1986, Dad began to live in San Francisco. He lived in San Francisco on and off for about three years until he moved to Las Vegas in 1989. I and my family were also living in San Francisco for some of that time (August 1984 to June 1986). While Dad and I were both in San Francisco, we spent quite a bit of time together. During that time, Dad told me about his life. His memory was astonishingly good. Thus, he told me in great detail about many of the events of his life. The content of this biography, especially for his early years, is based largely on the stories that Dad related to me during that time we had together. The remainder of the information comes from his diaries, letters, and photographs, U.S Census records, city directories, and lots of searching of the Internet, as well as my personal recollections and the recollections of others. Franklin P. Mason II, Summer 2015

1916 - 1919 (age 0 to 3 years)

Willard Franklin Mason, the son of Willard Cassidy Mason (1885 - 1933) and Genevieve Knox Barnes Mason (1890 - 1962) was born at 8:10 P.M. EST on August 24, 1916, at home in his parents' apartment in the Washington Heights neighborhood of upper Manhattan, New York (at 551 West 157th Street).¹

Dad's parents were married on 30 August 1913 in Greenwood Lake in Orange County, about 50 miles north of New York City. Greenwood Lake was a popular vacation spot at that time.

At birth, Dad weighed "8 pounds stripped" as his father wrote in one birth announcement. The attending physician was somewhat inebriated during the delivery; none-the-less, all went well, and the birth was duly recorded.

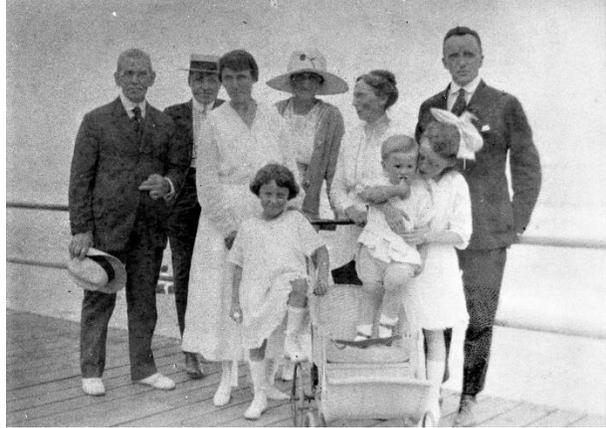


WFM with his mother shortly after his birth

¹ According to the Manhattan City Directory and the 1915 New York State Census, the family had lived there since at least 1915, at which time Willard Cassidy was a Trust Clerk for the Columbia Trust Company.



WFM at age 5 months



WFM at age 10 months, with his parents and paternal grandparents (Franklin P. Mason and Ann Elizabeth Hildreth Mason), and aunts, uncle, and cousins



WFM at age 1 year



WFM at age 1 year, with his father

1919 - 1921 (age 3 to 5 years)

When Dad was about three years of age, the family moved to Brooklyn where they lived for several years at 250 Washington Avenue, about a 30-minute walk to Prospect Park. Dad remembers his third birthday. On that day, upon awakening, he stood up in his crib, jumped up and down, and said "Oh boy, oh boy, I'm three." Dad also remembers being taken for walks by his mother in Prospect Park.

Dad's maternal grandmother, Sarah Knox Anderson Barnes (1850 - 1926), lived with the family for a while. At that time she was nearly blind. (She was about 70 years of age.) When she baby sat for Dad, at bed time, he would hide under his mother's bed, and his grandmother couldn't find him. Finally, she caught on to his hiding place, and she would flush him out with an umbrella and then put him to bed.

Dad recalls that his mother and grandmother were secretive. They rarely talked about themselves or the family.

Dad's parents separated (for the first time) before he was three years of age. Dad used to embarrass his mother frequently on that account. When on the subway, Dad would pick out the most disreputable character he could find, point to him and yell "Daddy, Daddy, there's Daddy."

Dad recalls being blond when he was a young child (six years of age and younger.)

During this period, Dad's mother used to take him to visit his father. Dad's mother would dress him in his best suit for these occasions. One time at least, however, Dad recalls that after he was all dressed he was allowed to go out to play before they left for the visit. He was perhaps 4. By the time he was called in from play his best suit was filthy. He wore his second best suit on that visit.

Dad's parents got together and broke up several times, so that even after he was three, his parents were together upon occasion. Dad recalls several Christmas seasons, when he was perhaps 5 or 6 years of age, that his parents were together. He recalls that they had wild, drunken parties; and the next morning, the bodies of the revelers were strewn on the living room floor with half-finished drinks here and there around the room. Dad recalls that he went around the room, moving around the sleeping people, drinking the remains of all the drinks. Because of these unruly parties, Dad grew to dislike Christmas. In his later years, after his retirement, he avoided all Christmas celebrations.

Even though Dad's parents were separated, Dad and his mother used to visit Dad's paternal grandparents, Franklin Pierce Mason and Ann Elizabeth Hildreth Mason, at their home at 123 Pierson Street (also known as 139-47-87th Avenue) in Jamaica, Queens, New York. Dad recalls that his grandparents had a record player and that he enjoyed listening to their records. Some of the records were novelty records, one of which Dad recited verbatim from memory:

A man had been away on a business trip. Upon his return, he was met at the train station by his faithful servant, Rastus. The following conversation ensued on their way home.

"How are things at home, Rastus?"

"Oh, fine, sir, just fine. Oh, except the dog died, sir." "Oh really? Why did the dog die, Rastus?"

“He ate some burnt horse flesh, sir.” “Burnt horse flesh? How did the dog get a hold of burnt horse flesh?”

“Well sir, the horse died in the fire.” “Fire! What fire, Rastus?”

“Well, the barn burned down, sir.” “Oh no, Rastus! The barn burned down?”

“Yes sir. A spark from the house flew over to the barn roof and caught it on fire. Yes sir, the barn burnt right to the ground.”

“A spark from the house!!?? What happened to the house, Rastus?” “Well sir, the house burnt down too, sir.

“Oh no, Rastus! How did that happen?”

“Well, you know sir, the candles in the parlor were put too near the curtains and the curtains caught fire. Yes sir, that's what happened.”

“Rastus, why were there candles burning in the parlor?”

“Oh well sir, the candles were around the body.”

“Body, Rastus? What body?”

“Your mother-in-law died sir. You know, sir, because of the shock.” “My mother-in-law died? What shock, Rastus?”

“Well sir, the shock caused when she found out that your wife had run away with the chauffeur.”

“Yes sir.”



WFM at age 3 years with his mother, in Atlantic City



WFM at age 4 years with his mother and paternal grandparents



WFM at age 4 years with his sled

1921 - 1923 (age 5 to 7 years)

After Dad's fifth birthday, he and his mother moved back to Washington Heights (168th Street, near the Presbyterian Hospital). His mother worked in a dress shop, and Dad attended the local elementary school. Ordinarily, Dad's mother was home when he got home. One night a week, however, she had to work late. They none-the-less had dinner together near her work. On the afternoon of those days, Dad, at perhaps 6, let himself in to their apartment and did his homework. Then at an appropriate time, Dad went to the dress shop to meet his mother for dinner. To do this, Dad had to take two trolleys (one of which he recalls was the Fordham Avenue trolley). After dinner, Dad took the trolleys back home again alone, let himself in again, and put himself to bed. His mother came home after he was asleep. Dad recalls that during this period, upon occasion, he used to cook dinner for his mother and himself.



WFM at age 6 years in a sailor suit

Dad's demonstration of his responsibility had its reward. His mom let him do pretty much as he wanted to do because she knew she could trust him.

At a family gathering, a picnic in New Jersey, when he was about 6 years of age, Dad slipped on a rock and fell into some water near the picnic site. Dad could not swim and the water was over his head. Dad recalls that he did not panic. He sank to the bottom in an upright position. When his feet hit the bottom, he pushed off and went to the surface where he took a breath. Then he sank again. He went up and down in this way several times before he was pulled out. Naturally, when Dad finally emerged from the water, he was soaked to the skin. As a part of his change of clothes, Dad was asked to put on a pair of his cousin Ruth's under pants. Dad flatly refused. He would not wear a girl's under pants. This was a joke within the family for some years. (The attribute of not panicking in crisis situations stayed with Dad all his life. It was an attribute of which he was rightly proud.)

One summer during this period, when he was about 7 or 8, Dad went to a Boy Scout Camp near Miller Place (which is near Port Jefferson) on Long Island. He did not enjoy the camp, but one day while at the camp, the whole family—his paternal grandparents, aunts, and cousins—went to visit him. They all had a picnic together, which he did enjoy.



WFM at age 8 years at a picnic with his extended family



WFM at age 8 years with his grandfather, Franklin P. Mason

1923 - 1925 (age 7 to 9 years)

For about two years, Dad and his parents² lived in New Rochelle, NY at 35 Saint Paul's Place. Dad attended Mayflower School (the local public school, which was just a tenth of a mile from where they lived), and his mother worked in a dress shop. Dad lived on top of a hill, the site of much adventure. For example, when Dad was 8, he got a bicycle for his birthday. The bicycle came in a box, partially disassembled. Dad assembled the bicycle himself. It was a Columbia bicycle, and Dad thought it was the best bicycle ever built. One day, when Dad was riding down the hill with several of his friends, he decided to show the world that he had the best bicycle ever built. The boys were riding down the hill side-by-side, perhaps five or six abreast. Suddenly, Dad began to peddle as fast as he could, and at the same time he cut in front of the pack. The inevitable happened. He was run over by the other bicyclists, and they all ended up in a big pile. He was carried home all bloody. Dad recalls that his mother was calm in emergencies. She was true to form on that day. She did not panic, but rather she cleaned him up and put him to bed.

Dad really loved his bicycle for it meant freedom to him. He took very good care of it, changing the tires and greasing the ball bearings. (In those days ball bearings did not come in a track. They were loose within the axel assembly. Therefore, greasing the bearings was something of a tricky operation. The bearings had to be replaced which was a difficult job.) Later, when Dad was at Carmel Hall (see below), he used to ride by himself along the Boston Post Road from Stratford, Connecticut, where the school was, up to Milford and beyond, a distance of 5 miles. On these trips, he would race the cars down the hills.



WFM at age 11 years on his bicycle

² According to the New Rochelle City Directory for 1925, both of Dad's parents lived in New Rochelle in 1925, and his father is listed as Banker, working in New York City. According to Dad's recollection, however, he lived there with just his mother. In addition, the 1925 New York State Census lists Willard C. Mason as a "lodger" at 177 West 12th Street in New York City. So, it might have been one of those on-again, off-again parts of his parents' relationship.

On another occasion, two rival groups (“gangs”) of kids at school decided to have a fight. They set the time and place and went their separate ways. The fight was to be on the hill. Dad's gang took their positions on top of the hill. Dad's gang was armed with air guns. Dad had an air gun as did several of the other boys. The boys without air guns carried garbage-can lids and acted as squires, protecting the boys with the guns. The rival gang was armed with rocks. The appointed hour came and went. Just when Dad's gang thought that the boys in the rival gang would not show up, the rival boys' heads appeared on a path right below where Dad's gang held their positions. The fight ensued. No one was really trying to hurt anyone else, and no one was hurt. But Dad's gang had the superior weapons and the superior position. Therefore, they won the day.

New Rochelle is on a small bay. In the summer, Dad used to swim in the bay with the help of a small tube that he wore around his waist. He couldn't really swim. The tube held him up, and he paddled. More than once, however, he swam across the bay to the yacht club and back. If the tube had gone flat, he would have drowned.

When Dad was living in New Rochelle, his father used to visit him. On one visit, Dad's father decided that his son should get some religion. So Dad and his father went to church. During the ceremony Dad was fooling around, for example, putting his father's hat on and off repeatedly. All of Dad's antics made his father laugh. Unfortunately, no one else in the church was laughing. Finally, during the sermon, the disturbance was so great that the minister asked the father and son comedy team to leave, which they did. Dad recalls that they were both glad to be out of the church. (Even though in his youth, Dad's father had a strict religious upbringing, Dad was never baptized as a child. Before the minister would baptize his first son, Willard Leckie Mason, he insisted upon baptizing the father. Both Dad and Willard were baptized on 25 June 1939 in the apartment of Janet Leckie and Sophia Leckie at 14 Sutton Place in New York City.)

1925 - 1934 (age 9 to 18 years)

In 1925, at the age of 9, Dad was sent away to boarding school. For grades 4 - 6 (ages 9 - 12; 1925/26 through 1927/28, three years), he attended Carmel Hall in Stratford, Connecticut.³ Unfortunately, when Dad was there, Carmel Hall was on its last legs. And the school's failure was hard on the students. For example, during the last days, there was not enough food for the students to eat and what there was was of poor quality (for example, they were served fried bologna). Therefore, Dad became nutritionally deficient and got boils as a result. To be close to the food, Dad worked as a waiter and in the kitchen to get as much food as possible. One time, Dad recalls spilling some soup by accident. And the owner of Carmel Hall, Mrs. Hubbard, slipped on the spilled soup and fell.

When at Carmel Hall, while sledding down a hill, Dad chipped his front tooth. His mother had no money to get it fixed. Therefore, the tooth turned black. Later, when at Suffield School (see below), a local dentist in the small town of Suffield put a post in what was left of the tooth and attached a false tooth to the post. That false tooth lasted Dad until he was in Trivandrum, a period of about 50 years!

³ The author has a postage stamp album, dated Feb 20, 1926, of Dad's given to him by his father when Dad was at Carmel Hall in Stratford, Connecticut.



Carmel Hall School about 1900, stood facing Elm Street below Academy Hill in the Stratford Center Historic District

For grades 7 - 12 (ages 13 - 18; 1928/29 through 1933/34, six years), Dad attended Suffield School (first Suffield Junior School and then Suffield Senior School) in Suffield Connecticut (in the Connecticut River Valley near the Massachusetts boarder).

At Suffield School, Dad was the first-string catcher on the baseball team. Being a catcher requires strong legs, and Dad worked on strengthening his legs by doing many deep knee bends. Dad attributes the good condition of his legs in later life to that period. Dad was a proficient catcher. For a period time he caught for a semi-professional pitcher to help the pitcher work out.



WFM at age 12 years at Suffield School



WFM at age 16 years, first string catcher

Even as a senior in high school, Dad weighed only 135 pounds. At 5' 10", he was quite slim. Therefore, he could not compete in football with his heftier classmates. He was, however, on the third string team, and he enjoyed the sport. Dad never enjoyed track, so he stayed with baseball and football.

In the first years of high school Dad was on the third string basketball team. Then in his senior year, Dad was asked to join the first string team, which he did. However, a few weeks after joining the team, Dad was asked by his physics teacher to do the lighting for a play ("Riders to the Sea"). Dad decided that that was more in his field of interest. So he quit the basketball team and did the lighting for the play. They had no rheostats. Therefore, to dim the lights, Dad had to rig up a voltage drain of some kind. He rigged up toaster-like resistance wires. When he had to dim the lights; he channeled some of the power to the resistor wires. He recalls being surrounded by glowing hot wires as the lights for the play became progressively dimmer!

Dad was always trying to find ways to earn money. Some jobs he did as part of his work scholarship.⁴ These jobs included waiting on tables, working in the kitchen, and going into town each day to pick up the mail from the school's post office box.

But other things he did to earn pocket money. For example, Dad learned how to make simple, one-tube radios from an upper class man. The possession of a private radio was against the rules at Suffield. Therefore, underground radios were in high demand. When the upper classman graduated, Dad took over the business. Dad sold the radios for \$6.00. That was a lot of money in those days, so Dad would allow the boys to pay for their radios \$2.00 per month for three months. If anyone fell behind in their payments, Dad would repossess the radio. If the boy complained, Dad would tell them to report him. Because ownership of a radio was against the rules, no one ever did. The radios were made with used parts taken from old radios that Dad bought in lower Manhattan, purchased during vacations. Dad carried the radios back to school on the train several at a time. The radios in those days were very bulky; therefore; it was a bit of a struggle to transport them by train. Dad disassembled the old six-tube radios, removing the tubes and tuners. He then made new radios and put them in cigar boxes with an ear phone and wire coming from the box. The wire was used to attach the radio the metal bed springs of the dormitory beds. The springs acted as an antenna. The radios that Dad made could pick up several stations including WBZA from Springfield, Massachusetts. [WBZA was one of the first radio stations in the nation, and it was very well known at that time.]

Dad also learned to develop and print film. It was partially a hobby but mainly another way to earn spending money. The other boys would bring their film to Dad to be processed. Dad did do some experimenting as a photographer also, however. For example, he did time exposures to photograph indoor scenes in the classrooms, dormitory, and student lounge.⁵

⁴ After Dad's father died in 1933, Harry Lewis ("Uncle Ezra"), Dad's mother's second husband, also helped with money for tuition.

⁵ Dad's interest in photography continued, at least, for a while. When the family moved to Westport in 1947, Dad and his son, Willard, used to develop photographs, hunched over trays of chemicals, in the glow of a red light, in what later became the storage closet.



Suffield School building



Suffield School classroom



Suffield School dorm room



Suffield School student lounge

Before Dad got into the radio business, he had a crystal set radio. One afternoon in 1928, Dad was late for class so that he could listen to Herbert Hoover's inaugural address. Even though it was against the rules for him to have a radio on campus, when the teacher asked him why he was late Dad told him the truth. Dad supposes that because of the event that he listened to, no further mention was made of the lateness or the rule infraction.

Dad recalls that, while he was at Suffield School, "Pop" Janes⁶ was the headmaster. Dad recalls him as being very strict and straight-laced. In one thing at least he was ahead of his time. Every morning for breakfast he had the kitchen serve oatmeal sprinkled with All Bran cereal. It is apparent that no one at Suffield suffered from constipation.

⁶ William H. Janes was a teacher of Suffield School for many years, but he was not the headmaster. However, apparently he had been the headmaster at Carmel Hall School in Hamden, Connecticut in 1921. William Janes was born in 1871, so he would have been about 63 years of age in 1934, which probably was enough have earned him the appellation "Pop" with the students. (The headmaster when Dad was at Suffield School was Rev. Brownell Gage, PhD.)

Although Suffield School was a private junior high school and high school with boarding students; it also acted as a public high school for the town of Suffield. All of the boarding students were boys, but the town students were, naturally, both boys and girls. Girls on campus made for the possibility of social events such as dances. On his own initiative, Dad organized dances which were held each Saturday night. Dad was the disc jockey.

As recorded in the 1934 edition of a school publication, the *Suffieldian*, in his senior year, "Bill" Mason was voted "Done Most for School & Class" by his classmates.

Although he made the most of it, Dad did not like boarding school. He would much rather have been at home with his parents. He felt that it was unnatural for children to be separated from their parents most of the year. The one real benefit he sees in having attended private school is that it enabled him to enter college much more easily than if he had not done so. Because he graduated from a good private school, he was not required to take the New York State Regents examination before he was admitted to college in the State of New York.

For three years during this period, 1928 through 1930 (age 12 through 14), Dad went to summer camp at the Adirondack Woodcraft Camps just north of Old Forge, New York. He recalls these summers as some of the best times of his life. The camp was located on a small lake near Mount Baldy. There were about 50 boys total at the camp each year.

Part of the time, the campers spent at the camp itself learning swimming, lifesaving, canoeing, and so on. Dad recalls that some of the boys would climb Mount Baldy and communicate with their friends at camp by semaphore flags. During each summer, however, the campers took several canoeing/hiking trips away from the camp. During these trips, each camper carried a 30 pound pack basket, a basket similar to a backpack especially made for that purpose; the councilors carried a 60 pound pack basket. The longest and most rigorous trip was one of about 80 miles one way. This trip began near Old Forge at First Lake, the first lake in the Fulton Chain of Lakes, and ended at the top of Mount Marcy which at 5,344 feet is the highest point in New York State. The trips were rugged with few of the conveniences of home. On the trip to Mount Marcy, during the day, the boys and their councilors canoed along a long string of lakes: Fulton Chain of Lakes, Seventh Lake, Eighth Lake, Raquette Lake, Eagle Lake, Blue Mountain Lake, South Pond, North Pond, and Long Lake. Between lakes, the councilors carried the canoes (in addition to their back baskets) and the campers hiked. (Each councilor carried one canoe. To help balance the canoe and to guide it, a camper would lightly hold the canoe tip. The weight was borne by the councilor.) At the end of Long Lake, the canoes were stowed, and the boys hiked the remaining 20 or so miles to the top of Mount Marcy. At night, the campers slept under their canoes or in lean-tos or in small cabins, whatever was available. When he was not on a canoe trip, Dad spent part of his time working in the camp kitchen, washing dishes. Dad recalls that he and the other dish-washing boys had a system worked out that was very fast. They could wash all the lunch dishes for the 50 campers and their councilors in a half an hour (if the food served that day was not too greasy).



WFM at age 12, overnight cabin at Adirondack Woodcraft Camp



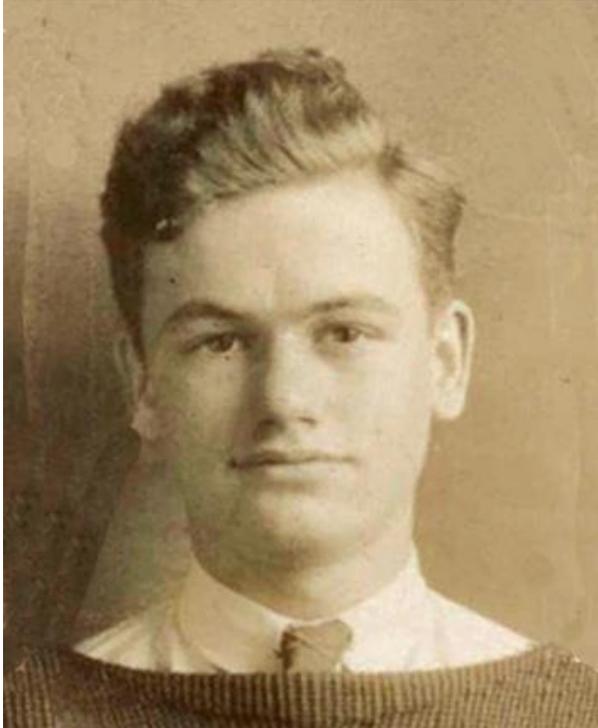
WFM at age 12, canoeing at Adirondack Woodcraft Camp



WFM at age 12, with pack baskets at Adirondack Woodcraft Camp



WFM at age 14 at Adirondack Woodcraft Camp

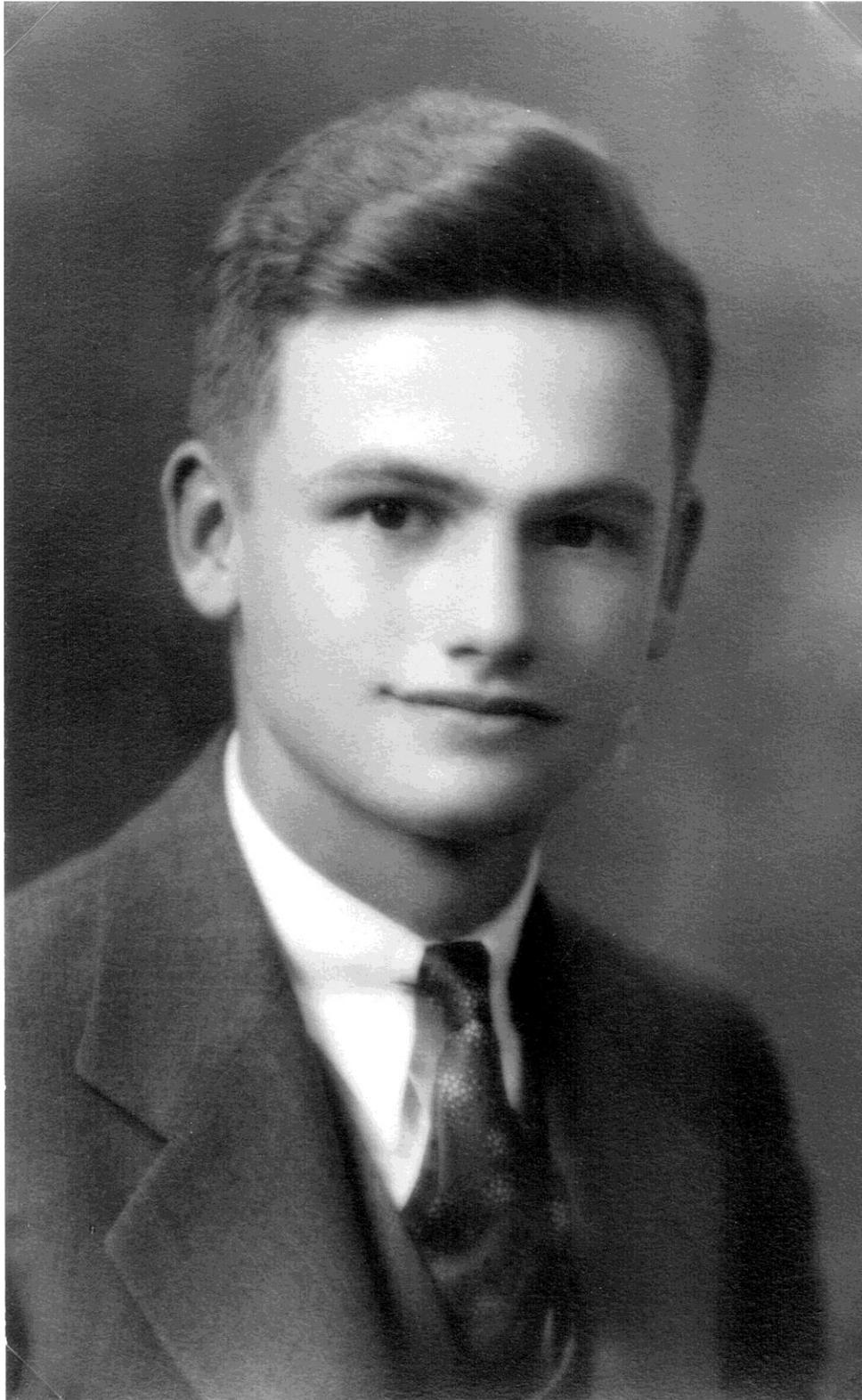


WFM at age 16 years



WFM at age 17 years, with a friend and a dog

Dad graduated from Suffield School in 1934 at age 17 years.



WFM at age 17, upon graduation from Suffield School



BASEBALL SQUAD

Back row: Levitt Ahrens, Andrew Love, Paul Jones, Thomas McKinney, Benedict Nascimbeni, Samuel Orr, Joseph Najaka, Hector Peters, Coach C. N. Beasley. Second row: Philip Johnson, John Turek, Ned Potter, Edward Price, Will'am Grabowitz, Warren Forbes. Front row: Egnatius Miller, John Adams, Howard Grier, Willard Mason, Frederick Forbes, John Bryan, Philip Blaney.



CLASS OF '34

Back row, left to right: John Bryan, Benedict Nascimbeni, Warren Forbes, DeWitt Smith, William Bower, Frederick Forbes, William Grabowitz. Second row from back: Philip Blaney, Ralph Cole, Andrew Prattson, Henry Glowina, Paul Amos, Charles Patterson, Alexander Cochran, Robert Adams. Third row from back: Joseph Bowen, William Jones, Robert MacArthur, Edward Racacki, Donald Ferguson, Benjamin George, Edward Ambler, Donald Buckingham, John Park, David Goodman. Fourth row from back: Amelia Zak, Phyllis Morgan, Barbara Farley, Barbara Babb, Roger Loomis, Amiel Zak, Edward Eason, Dr. Brownell Gage, William Russell, Theodore Wells, Ruth Sinkowitz, Helen Modzeleski, Alice Oppenheimer, Eugenia Wilson, Stanley Markowski, Walter Anacki. Front row: Helen Janik, Ruth Campbell, Marguerite Ford, Catherine Westrop, Dorothy Thompson, Helene Smith, Willard Mason, Florence Davis, Kossuth Hill, Helen Monell, Doris Bellmore, Bernice Beresford, Louise Hierl, Beatrice Caldwell, Thelma Bridge.

Dad's father died on March 11, 1933 of cancer of the pancreas. Dad was 16 years of age at the time of his father's death. Even though his parents had an on-again / off again relationship, Dad was close to his father. He recalled that people thought that his father's cancer of the pancreas was caused by too much alcohol consumption. But Dad found a newspaper article (later in life) that implicated coffee as a possible cause of this type of cancer. It seems that Dad was not happy with the negative opinion that some had of his father.

After his father's death, Dad's mother married Harry E. Lewis. At first, Dad did not like his stepfather. He gave him the name "Uncle Ezra" after a then "popular" bad guy on the radio. (Harry Lewis worked as the art director for advertising and promotion for Pathé in NYC. When their NYC studio closed, Harry took a similar position at Paramount Pictures' studio in NYC. In later years, after his mother died, Dad helped to support his stepfather, who, by then, Dad called "Harry." Dad's mother and Harry are buried together in Sylvan Abbey Memorial Park in Clearwater, Pinellas, Florida.)

1934 - 1938 (age 18 to 22 years)

After graduation from high school, Dad attended the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn⁷ in Brooklyn, New York. During this time, Dad lived with his mother at 41 W 16th Street in Manhattan and commuted by subway to school in Brooklyn. The tuition at Brooklyn Polytech was \$360 per semester. When Dad's grandfather, Franklin Pierce Mason, died in 1928, he left Dad an inheritance of \$1000 to be administered by Dad's Aunt Gertrude. Unfortunately, because of the Great Depression, most of the money was lost in investments that crashed with the stock market. Even though the loss of the money was not her fault, Aunt Gertrude felt responsible. Therefore, she paid 100% of Dad's college tuition for all four years of his higher education out of her own pocket. (Aunt Gertrude was a schoolteacher; and unlike many others, she did not lose her job during the Depression.)

To earn money for his college expenses other than tuition, Dad worked each summer following his freshman, sophomore, and junior years at the Addicks Ice House⁸ in Ocean Beach⁹ on Fire Island. At that time, Fire Island had no electricity. Therefore, ice was a necessity. (Fire Island also had no bridges connecting it to Long Island; the only way to the island was by ferry. And no motor vehicles were allowed on the island except for fire trucks.) The Addicks Ice House served all of Ocean Beach, delivering ice and milk to residential and commercial customers. It employed five or six other boys besides Dad. The job at the ice house was an arduous one. The workday began at 5:00 A.M. and went to 7:00 P.M. (with a 2-hour dinner break) and was seven days a week. For their labors, each boy received \$25.00 per week plus room and board.

⁷ Now called the New York University Polytechnic School of Engineering

⁸ From *Reminiscing About Ocean Beach and Fire Island*, Cheryl Dunbar Kahlke, 2011: "Addicks had the ice and kerosene business; it was located in the Seaman Grocery building, on the side facing the bay. To deliver their products, they had three-wheel wagons about four feet square. These "trucks" had two 24-inch wheels in the front and one six-inch wheel in the rear, and a handle all the way across the back; they pushed very easily. The ice trucks would carry two 300-pound cakes of ice, which were scored for 25 and 50 pound pieces. In the truck, the cakes of ice were covered with burlap bags so that the ice would not melt. Depending on which size you wanted, they would cut off that piece, bring it into your house, and put it in your icebox. In those days, ice companies gave each of their customers a square sign with a hole in each corner, with 25, 50, 75 and 100 written on the diagonal corners. Each customer would hang the sign in either the front window or on the door of their house, so that Addicks could see the sign and would know what size to bring in."

⁹ Not to be confused with Ocean Side on Long Island, near Baldwin where his first child, Willard, was born

At 5:00 A.M. the boys loaded sturdy, three-wheeled carts with milk for residential customers. (The carts had two large wheels and one balancing wheel. The boys pushed the carts by hand.) When that was complete, the carts were each loaded with 2200 pounds of ice in blocks weighing 50 to 150 pounds each. Once again, this load was for residential customers. The third round was ice for commercial customers: restaurants and bars. By then, it was dinner time, and the boys took their 2-hour dinner break. After dinner, the ferry came in from Long Island with the next day's shipment of milk and ice. The ice was unloaded down a chute from the ferry in 300 pound blocks. The boys cut the blocks with a saw and then put the ice "to bed." The boys then went to bed themselves shortly after 7:00 P.M. Dad recalls that he was always wet: wet from the time his work began until he was finished for the day. Dad also recalls that he was reduced to skin and bones after each summer of such labor.



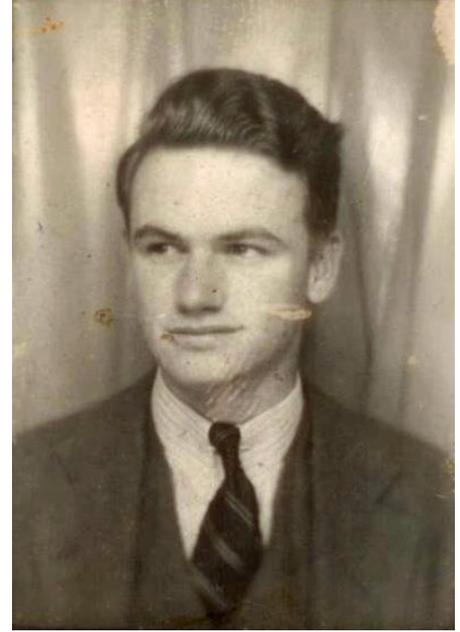
"Ice tongs were used to unload heavy cakes of ice from the ferry. Seaview ferry dock, 1933"

During his college years, Dad followed opera as others might follow baseball. He often went to performances of operas at the Hippodrome in New York City. This interest in opera was one that would continue throughout Dad's life. Dad also followed baseball. He was an ardent fan of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Later in life, after the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, Dad became a New York Mets fan.

Also, during his college years, Dad took a great interest in politics, economics, and history. Each day, five days a week at lunch time for his entire four years in college, he spent discussing these topics with a group of friends. It was the Great Depression, and it seemed as if Capitalism had failed. Therefore, the discussions often were centered on other economic systems, especially Communism. The informal leader of the discussions was a chemistry major named Isadora Goldman. The prerequisite to entering into the discussions in a meaningful way was to have read each day the *New York Times* and perhaps the Communist *Daly Worker*. Dad read the *Times* each day on the subway on his way to school; however, he didn't want to be seen reading the *Daly Worker*. Dad recalls that he learned a great deal from these discussions. Many years later, after his retirement in Trivandrum, in south India, he ran into two Russian citizens who were teaching the Russian language there. Based on the knowledge he gained in his college days, he was able to discuss intelligently Russian history and economics with them. And in one case at least, he knew more about Russian history than the Russians. The Russians asked him, and he was able to answer the question: "What is a Molotov cocktail?" He answered something to the effect that it's what the Hungarian Freedom Fighters threw at Russian tanks during the 1956 Hungarian uprising. You see, Dad's interest in politics hadn't ended with his graduation from college. And he had seen the many problems at least with Russian Communism since then.

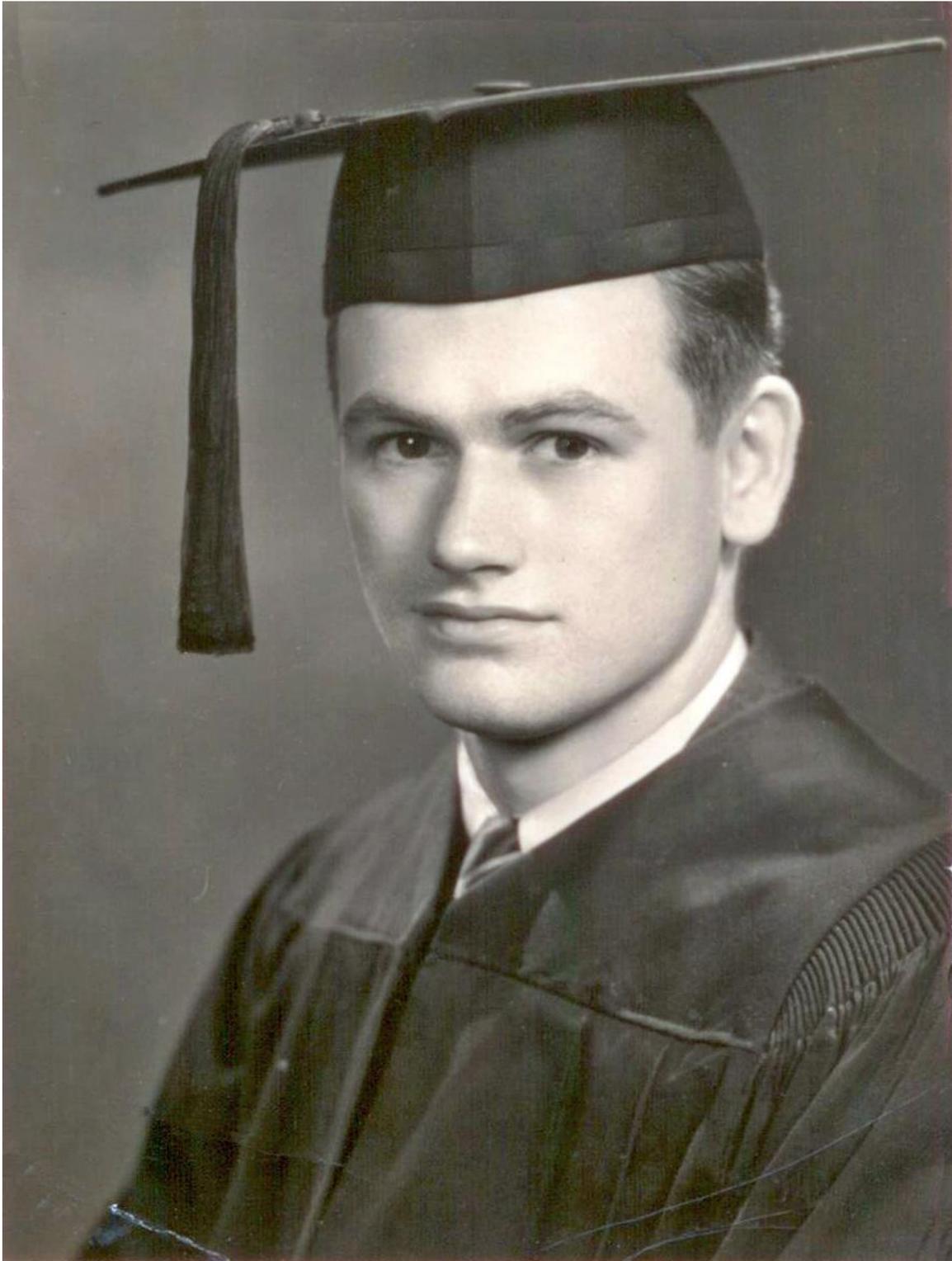


WFM at age 20, with Adolph Phillips and other friends



WFM at age 20 years

Dad graduated from college in June 1938 with a Bachelor of Electrical Engineering (BEE).



WFM at age 21 years, upon graduation from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn