Earliest Recollections
"When I was Two, I Was Almost New"

By Tom Arthur

My earliest recollections are of our house at 247 Franklin Road, Glencoe, Illinois. I was two when we moved there. The house was stucco and wood frame, set back from the road up a gentle slope. There was a small separate wood-frame garage tucked in the southwest corner of the lot. The front yard had a hedge along the sidewalk and two large oaks, one in the parkway and one by the driveway. Rows of peonies lined the straight cement walk to the raised front steps. There was a small open porch by the side door.

The back yard sloped down to the west and north where an exciting geological feature had its source. A ravine began there and ran north, then east, all the way to Lake Michigan, approximately a mile to the east. That ravine had a major effect on us, as I will describe later. The rest of the back yard was neglected—just grass and the remains of a rectangular hedge, all that was left of a formal garden.

The front door opened onto a hall with stairs on the right, the kitchen was straight ahead and the living room on the left. A sun porch was south of the living room and a dining room to the west. The radio was the dominant feature of the living room. The 1930s were radio's halcyon days. The kitchen was stark: no cabinets, two little tables and a gas stove. A pantry served as the storage area together with a separate breakfast room where the icebox was located. We had a cardboard sign that said "ICE" which we placed in the living room window when delivery was needed.

The stairs led to a landing. To the right was an unheated storage room over the side door porch. To the left, more steps, then attic door on the left, maid's room on the right; then an open area with four doors: bathroom on the right, grandmother's room on the left, parent's room on the south wall left and my room on the south wall right. Beyond these rooms there was a

sunroom over the downstairs porch.

The inhabitants of our somewhat dilapidated house included my grandmother, Grace Darling Welch, who was in her 60's and known to me as " Nonnie," my father, John Arthur, age 35, my mother, Hazel Arthur, age 30, a maid and myself, age two.

Our landlord was Mrs. Smalley, a mysterious woman who, I was led to believe, treated us unfairly by not keeping up the house. I did not understand the normal frictions between landlord and tenant, especially during the depression. I recall meeting the infamous Mrs. Smalley on one occasion and was surprised to find her very pleasant and respectful. She knew my name and treated me kindly.

The Century of Progress World's Fair was held on the Midway in 1932, and I remember meeting a clown. More important were Danny Jensen and Lowly.

Danny was a springer spaniel owned by the Jensens who lived on the other side of the ravine, down near the Sylvan Lane Bridge. Somehow we got acquainted and Danny came to play. Springers are wonderful with children.

Lowly was a large toy bear mounted on wheels and rideable. Originally, he had a string with a ring on the end extruding from his back. When pulled, Lowly would growl, but I destroyed that feature early on.

My brown curly hair prompted praise when I was a little baby. See the picture of me with parents in the back yard when I was about two. Later on there were comments, "he looks like a girl" which prompted me to cut my hair. Mother lovingly put the curls in an envelope that is probably in our attic among ancient memorabilia.

A Little Older
"When I Was Five I Was Just Alive"

I was sent to Mrs. DeBeer's play school. She picked us up in a big old sedan of 1920s vintage—a rectangular shaped dark blue vehicle with running boards. One day while heading north on Glencoe Road, alongside the tracks at about where Dundee Road feeds in from the west, we were struck on the left side by a roadster that sped away. No one was hurt, but I have vivid memories of the incident.

During the depression many people were homeless and hungry. We would see drifters, homeless men along the railroad tracks, known as "tramps". Sometimes they built little pup tents for shelter. We gave them scrambled eggs when they came to the house and asked for food.

Our doctors were W.E. and L.A. Richberg – two fine practitioners located on Glencoe Road in the brick building between Park Avenue and Tudor Court, now called the Rourk Building. The Richbergs made house calls.

We attended the Glencoe Union Church, which was presided over by Dr. Douglas Cornell, a handsome old Scottish-Presbyterian who had been the minister there since about 1910. The Sunday school had primary, intermediate and senior departments. Frank Huffaker, who lived into his 90s, supervised one department, I forget which one. I managed to garner five years of perfect attendance at Sunday school and was awarded a pin with bars for each year. Of course, I missed some Sundays, but there was a make-up system that allowed me to go at an appointed time and study some aspect of our curriculum. These sessions gave me much more insight into the bible than the regular Sunday school classes and so they stick out in my mind.

Father took the Northshore electric line to the Montgomery Ward building on the near north side – a dreary run he made six days a week when he was not traveling. He handled leases for Ward's stores throughout the U.S.

Mother took me with her on shopping and social excursions. Her most common stops were Hillman's Drug Store, now Parkside, and Schneider's Grocery, now LaSalle Bank. At Schneider's, one of the clerks would help her find things. It was not self-service. The butcher was right out in the open and I was fascinated by the lack of fingers on his left hand. Schneider's also delivered, and I recall my mother ordering by phone.

In 1935, Mother took me to the Pine Crest Inn, Tryon, North Carolina. This was the year of one of the great Ohio River floods. I remember looking out the window of the train and seeing water on both sides, almost up to the rails. The Inn exposed me to eating restaurant food, morning noon and night. There were no children to play with. When Mother went riding—which was every day—I was left with a black baby sitter who would take me home with her, this was my first experience with black people. I do not recall any feeling of shyness, and I remember being fed delicious pecan rolls. Other recollections about Tryon include riding a pony and watching the dogs. This was fox hunting country, and there were dozens of hounds. I also remember the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. This was the beginning of a life-long connection with North Carolina.

Early Friends
"Friendship, Just A Perfect Blendship"

There were other kids in the Franklin Road neighbor-hood, but at first, they were all older than I. Some of these families included the VanHorns, Williams and Clinnons. Then children of my age arrived. Joan Young came first. She lived down on the corner of Sylvan Lane, just my age and a nice person. Her father, Howard Young, was a very good left-handed golfer at Skokie. Joan's mother, Elizabeth, attended the Glencoe Union Church, and many years later Joan would

come to visit her mother and go to church with her.

My mother's best friend was "Aunt Dorothy" Smith. Her husband "Uncle Bernard" Peacock Smith was owner of Peacocks, Chicago's leading jeweler (located in the Palmer House). The Smith's had two daughters: Barbara, about three years older than me, and Marion, one year older. Barbara was sickly and died at (let me guess) age 13 – a terrible shock to us all. Marion was the most beautiful girl in her class and was always nice and friendly. Twenty years later in one of life's happy coincidences, Marion invited me to dinner with her son and husband, 1st Lt. John Sivright, a Naval Academy Marine, then back from Korea and teaching gunnery at Fort Sill where I was an upper classman in OCS. John later became a Senior Vice President of the Harris Bank and is now retired. He still calls me "Candidate."

Another close friend of Mother's was Jean McNulty, whose son, Barry, was my age and a good friend. What a star-crossed guy Barry was! His mother died when he was young; he contracted polio right after playing with me (so I was quarantined); his brother was killed in the War; and he was badly burned while playing with lighter fluid.

An event occurred in 1934 or 1935 that had a lasting effect on me. The Hinkleys moved to a little house two doors north of us. It is a Frank Lloyd Wright house with one floor and a flat roof. The house was set well back on the lot and had a circular driveway. The house had a living room, small bathroom, dining room, kitchen and pantry and three small bedrooms. When they moved to that little house, Claire and Thelma Hinkley had five kids and a grandmother. Homer (Sonny) was about four years older than me, Ellen two years older, and Roger was just my age. Chick and Hiram were younger. A daughter came along about 1941. As I recall, the parents had the back room. Ellen had a tiny connecting room, and Sonny, Roger, Chick and Hiram shared the largest room. I cannot account for the grandmother. Naturally, life was informal and pretty chaotic.

Claire Hinkley was an architect with Community Builders. He had been a guitar player in his younger days and passed on musical skills to his children. Thelma was always in command. She was a good cook and had a nice word for everyone. With five kids, a sixth really didn't matter, and I was more or less adopted, no ringing door bells, I would just walk in, stay for lunch, listen to the radio, and make myself at home.

My parents realized how valuable it was for me to have these associations. When we went to a movie (usually in Highland Park) we took Roger with us. Thelma once said to Hazel that this was so nice for Roger, but hard for the Hinkleys to reciprocate. Mother replied that the gift of Hinkley family life was far more precious than the movies.

Homer Hinkley picked on Roger and me, mildly I suppose, but I viewed him as an alien force that sometimes made my friend and me cry. Then one day, a car struck Homer broadsides on his bicycle. He suffered a broken leg and other injuries. Roger was badly shaken and upset. This was an epiphany for me, my first look at brotherly love. Little did I know that in my near future was a similar accident. Homer became a paratrooper and moved to the San Diego area after the War.

All the Hinkleys were handsome, Ellen especially. I hardly knew her; she married Dave Alport of Glencoe and died of polio.

Roger had the lead in everything. This started with his role as a boy soprano at St. Elisabeth's Episcopal Church. When we played Robin Hood and His Merry Men, Roger had the title role. (I was Will Scarlet). He was Fredrick in the Pirates of Penzance and had many lead roles at New Trier. His early success in music probably influenced his life's direction.

Chickie was the in-between kid: not the baby, not the singing star, not the pretty girl or the eldest boy. I remember one Christmas when he casually said, "Oh, I never get a present." But by the time he got to high school, he emerged, and we could see that

Chick was the most successful of the Hinkley children. Unlike Roger, Chick did not have the leading role in New Trier's Lagniape, *he directed it*. He has retired from teaching and now writes plays and lives in Georgia. Hiram and Homer have both died.

Some of my happiest times were playing kick-the-can in the Hinkley's front yard. I talked to Roger recently, and he brought up what fun these games of sixty years ago had been. Roger works for the F. B. I. and lives in Virginia, with his wife, Mary Ellen. They have a granddaughter named "Gillian."

Neighborhood Fun, Ravines and Soldiers

Now I will tell you about the ravine that began in my back yard. To get to Hinkleys, I would run down the ravine and up the bank in the Hinkley's yard, thus missing most of grumpy Chamberlain's property. The ravine continued north and east past Sheridan Road and on to the beach.

Ravines of this sort made the east part of Glencoe a mass of curving streets with bridges and dead ends. A glacial moraine forms the shoreline starting just south of Tower road in Winnetka and extends north for many miles. The ravines can be dark and gloomy and, I am told, contain plant life normally found in northern Wisconsin. One could hike in the ravines all the way to the beach. Trillium, Jack-in the-pulpit and wild onions (edible and very strong) were found there. We smoked our first cigarettes under the Sylvan Lane Bridge, the only bridge built by Frank Lloyd Wright. North of the bridge a path ran a few hundred feet along the western bank to where the ravine cut sharply east with another arm running due west. Several golf holes of Lake Shore Club were north and west of this point, including two greens, two tees and many traps. At points the slope was very steep and provided incredible sledding—the best I have seen anywhere. One of the traps

even formed a spectacular teeth-rattling jump. Snow drifted and collected on the golf course and made it a great place to play "king of the castle" and to build snow caves.

I used my father's sled. It was the largest, heaviest and hardest to handle (the runners would not turn) of any neighborhood sled. We all went sledding—totally unsupervised. This was the winter equivalent of our kick-the-can games. It was incredible fun!

War games were a big thing with us. Ward Williamson, who lived across the street and was one year older, was one of our combat leaders. Steve Seaberg, who lived over on Sheridan Road, was part of this group of young warriors. The current war was the Spanish Civil War. We had toy soldiers (WWI vintage) and made models of fighter planes. We made guns with broomsticks and toy tanks with four pieces of wood: two for the tracks nailed to a body and a sawed-off broom handle for a turret with a nail for the gun. We made dozens of these tanks.

I remember the abdication of Edward VIII and the presidential election of 1936. I wore a sunflower as a supporter of Alf Landon, the Republican candidate. The Hinkleys were Democrats. One time Homer tried to make me take off the sunflower; his mother chewed him out and gave him a little lecture on democracy. It was strange to me that people could support Roosevelt because I gathered from talk around our house that there were two great evils in the world: Hitler and Roosevelt. Later, I looked back on those years and vowed that my kids would not be subject to such passionate dislikes.

The Arthur Family

My mother and father, John Arthur and Hazel Welch, were married June 12, 1926, four years to the day before I was born. They spent their honeymoon at the Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, New York. Photos of the trip show them playing golf and riding. When they returned to Chicago they lived on North Lakeshore Drive, probably about 4800 north.

John Arthur and George Ballard were partners in a real estate firm. Jim Murtaugh worked for the firm. Things must have gone very well. We have photos of trip after trip to very nice places between 1926 and through most of 1929.

I was conceived in September 1929 just a month before the stock market crash and the beginning of the depression. Had the market crashed one month earlier, I might not have come along. Letters after my birth, June 12, 1930 from my parents' friends (saved in a beautiful baby book Mother created) do not indicate the chaos in 1930.

After the crash, father's firm folded and he became ill with "thyroid trouble." With no job, ill health and a new baby, they retreated to Logan, Iowa, to stay with John's brother, Theron, his wife Nell and daughter, Frances. Theron and Nell had been inspired by my birth to adopt Frances in August 1930.

Somehow in the next two years, father recovered his health, got a job as a store lease negotiator for Montgomery Wards and brought his family to 247 Franklin Road.

My Arthur Ancestors

Father's grandparents, William and Nancy Ellen Arthur, were pioneers in western Iowa. My grandfather, Thomas Arthur, was born in Harrison Country on July 12, 1860, the eldest of eight children. He attended Iowa State University where he took the law course and graduated in 1881. He taught school for a number of years and in 1887 was elected clerk of the Harrison County Court. Beginning in 1891 he practiced law until he was appointed to the Iowa Circuit Court in 1911. Later he was appointed to the Iowa Supreme Court and served until his death in 1925.

My grandfather, Judge Arthur, married Ima Stocker in 1892. Theron was born in 1893, Ellen in 1895 and John in 1897. Ima died in 1899 and Ellen in 1901. What tragedies for Tom Arthur! John lived mostly with his Aunt Leonteen and her husband, Bert McCabe. John graduated from Logan High School in 1916. Although

he was relatively small, he was a natural athlete, and an especially gifted baseball player. He attributed his skills to the strength he developed in his hands and arms by milking cows as a young boy. Father was also a super pool player, which he attributed to his misplaced youth in Sioux Falls with the McCabes.

After one year at Northwestern University, he enlisted in the Navy Air Corps and was sent to M.I. T. in Boston. After the war he joined the McCabes in Rochester, N.Y. and wrote copy for the department stores before returning to Northwestern. He joined Delta Tau Delta and made lasting friends, including my mentor, Arthur D. Chilgren (of Gardner Carton, Douglas & Chilgren). While at North-western, he worked part time in the real estate business and left school after two years to join the George Ballard Company.

Thomas Arthur 1860-1925

By John M. Galvin

Thomas Arthur, who was one of the best known and best loved members of the Iowa State Bar Association, was a native son of Iowa; the son of a pioneer. He was born on July 12, 1860, in what they now call Old St. John's in the south part of Harrison County, one of the vanished villages of those vanishing times. His father, William Arthur, and his mother, Nancy Ellen McWilliams, had come to Harrison County as early as 1856; and his mother had taught the village school at St. John's prior to her marriage.

When Thomas Arthur was a mere child his parents moved from the village of St. John's to Jackson Township in the north part of Harrison County and there in the Soldier Valley and amid the rough hills of Jackson Township, Thomas Arthur spent his boyhood years. He attended the district school and later attended and graduated from the high school at Magnolia, which was then and is now an inland town in Harrison County.

He taught for a while in the country schools of Harrison County and at the village school at Little Sioux, Iowa. Then he attended the

law school of the State University of Iowa and in 1881 graduated there from.

On January 1, 1883, he became Deputy Clerk of the District Court of Harrison Country, Iowa; and in the fall of 1886 he was elected to the office of clerk of said court and was afterwards elected for a second term. At the end of his service as clerk of said court and in January 1892, he became a member of the firm of Rodifer & Arthur and entered upon the practice of law at Logan, Iowa, and continued in the practice until June 1911 when he was appointed by Governor Carroll as one of the district judges of the Fifteenth Judicial District. In the fall of the same year he was elected as one of the judges of the district and continued to serve upon the District Bench until September 15, 1920, when he was appointed by Governor Harding to a position upon the Supreme Bench to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Gaynor. He was afterwards elected as one of the justices of the Supreme Court and continued to serve by election and re-election until the date of his death, September 15, 1925.

On December 14, 1892, Thomas Arthur was married to Miss Ima Stocker, the daughter of Captain John W. Stocker of Logan, Iowa. Three children were born to them, Theron Eugene, Carrie Ellen and John William. Mrs. Arthur died on February 24, 1899; and the daughter, Carrie Ellen, died January 30, 1900. The two sons grew to manhood and survived both of their parents, John being now a resident of Chicago, Illinois, and Theron being a resident of Logan. After the death of his wife, Judge Arthur never re-married by continued to make his home at Logan, first being assisted in the care of his children by his sister, Mary Arthur, now the wife of Dr. Humphrey of Logan, and later by his father and his mother who left the farm and came to live with him at Logan.

During the years of his practice, he was not what you would call a money-maker. The love of money never possessed his soul. He belonged to the old School of the Uncommercials; but he ranked well among the members of his profession and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the courts.

He made an excellent trial judge, his unfailing common sense and knowledge of human nature gave him a great advantage in the trial of causes; and his associates in the Supreme Court, as wella s members of the profession who submitted causes in that court, bear

testimony to the faithfulness and ability with which he discharged his duties in that tribunal.

Thomas Arthur from his youth took an active interest in public affairs. He served for twenty years as a member of the Logan School Board, most of that time as its president. In politics he was a Republican and took a full hand in the party management, both local and state. He also mixed freely with his fellows in fraternal organizations and was at one time the Grand Master of the Masonic Order in this state. He had a large acquaintance in this state; and those who knew him liked him. He had a happy faculty of making and keeping friends. To all of them he was just "Tom Arthur".

His fellow men gave him preference; and by their suffrage he rose to high honors. There was something in his personality that appealed to those who knew him. Many of his friends agree that the secret of his strength was in the simplicity of his character, his sincerity, the absence of all illusion in his mind as to himself and as to other men. He had a fine philosophy of life and he lived according to that philosophy, the Christian philosophy with special emphasis on kindness. He believed, with Father Faber, the great apostle of kindness, that God intended this world to be a happy world, and that kindness was one of the greatest means of making the world happy. He had what has been called "the saving grace of a sense of humor"; and in the goodness of his heart he knew how to make allowances for the frailties of human nature. He made no pretensions to oratory but he had an eloquent soul, and in some of his speeches delivered at gatherings of his friends, and especially of the members of his profession, he was truly eloquent. According to his own wish for all men, he grew old sweetly; and such was the charm of his personality that his friends multiplied with his years.

The Clark/Welch Family

The Clarks arrived in Chicago in 1849 from Arbroath, Scotland. The family included John Clark, his wife, Margaret Melville Clark and their son, Robert, who was born April 10, 1829. John Clark was a descendant of Charles Clark who was listed in 1764 as a farmer in Parish of Careston,

adjacent to Tannadice, Scotland. John's father, David, prospered in the Arbroath area and was buried in the churchyard of Arborath Abbey May 5, 1842.

The family story has it that when the Clarks came to America they planned to go to Peoria, the largest city in Illinois, but a storm on the Great Lakes changed their destination and destiny. John Clark came ahead to Chicago, and the family followed a few days later. John was in Chicago long enough to see that it was a booming town with many opportunities. He met his wife and son at the wharf and said they were settling in Chicago.

John Clark brought with him a testimonial from the owner of the West Burn Mill in Arbroath. It reads:

"I certify that Mr. John Clark, master machine maker and blacksmith, has been employed by me, at different times during the last thirteen years, and I have much pleasure in testifying to his skills as a tradesman and his character as a man. I can truly say that he is a most civil, obliging, honest and sober man with a character of unimpeachable integrity and well qualified in every respect for the trade he has followed here.
I have had occasion during the above long period of years to be particularly acquainted with Mr. Clark, and have had ample proof of his good workmanship and reasonable charges, and his uniform obliging disposition and his possession of all those qualities which have won for him the respect and regards of all who knew him.
I can therefore with the utmost confidence recommend him to the particular attention of any who may have occasion to employ him in his trade or have dealings with him otherwise."

Witness my hand this Sixteenth day of April
Eighteen Hundred & Forty Nine years

Robert Lord Glaxspimer
West Burn Mill

We do not know if John used the testimonial. In 1854, four years after their arrival, John and Robert formed John Clark & Son to supply iron of all sorts to builders. In 1867 the firm became Clark, Raffen & Co. The foundry was on Taylor Street (the near south side of Chicago).

Robert married Esther McNeil, who was born in Scotland in 1835, emigrated first to Blackrock, Canada, and then to Chicago in 1837. As of June 2007 we do not know the date or location of their marriage. Their only child, Grace Darling Clark, was born in Chicago in 1870. Three other

children died at birth or soon after in 1865 and 1868.

John Clark died in the Great Chicago Fire of 1871. The family always said that he "was lost" while trying to get back to his office; his body was not found. The word "lost" was used on his gravestone in Graceland Cemetery. We have the dining room chairs that survived the fire and some of the Clark silver, including a sterling tea service and an ornate pitcher.

After the fire, the Clark architectural iron works was known as the Aetna Iron Works. It was relocated to the southeast corner of Kingsbury and Ohio Street and business must have boomed. In the 1891 issue of Industrial Chicago it says "The firm of John Clark & Son (John and Robert Clark) began their foundry business in Chicago in 1852. It was succeeded by the firm of Clark, Raffen & Co. in 1872. The present partners are Robert Clark, John Raffen and William Curren. Their works are located at Ohio and Kingsbury streets. Following are the names of a few of the building for which they have furnished iron work: Chicago Opera house, Chicago, Cook Country courthouse, Chicago, Tabor Block, Denver; Columbia Theater, Chicago. Other buildings were located in Denver, Omaha, El Paso, Port Townsend, Washington and Fort Wayne Indiana, Winnipeg Manitoba, St. Paul, Duluth, Los Angeles, Topeka, Kansas City and Horton, Kansas. The firm provided iron for many Chicago businesses. In Wilber R. Hasbrouck's book, "The Chicago Architectural Club, Prelude to the Modern" he states that one of the buildings constructed at this time was the Central Music Hall designed by Dankar Adler. Adler and Clark were lifelong friends.

"Robert Clark had a strong sense of civic duty and was elected alderman of the Sixteenth Ward of Chicago in 1864. He held the office of supervisor of North Town, Chicago in 1869-70 and from 1870 to 1874 he was a member of the Chicago Board of Education. He later served in the same capacity for Cook County. He was also deeply involved in the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church."

Robert took his wife Esther, and twelve year old daughter, Grace, to Scotland and Europe for a year in 1884. When they returned Robert wrote a little book *From Chicago to Naples and Return*. We opened the book with high expectations of reading about friends and relatives in Arbroath, but were disappointed in the verbose prose and lack of referral to any friends or relatives. A family portrait was taken while they were in Arbroath and an etching done from the photo is in the book.

Robert Clark and The Chicago Architectural Club

Wilbert R. Hasbrouck in his book *The Chicago Architectural Club, Prelude to the Modern* describes the times: "In the late nineteenth century, Chicago emerged as the center of architectural innovation in America. Forced to rebuild after the destruction wrought by the Great Fire in 1871 and to expand to accommodate a surge in population, Chicago offered myriad opportunities for talented designers such as John Wellborn Root, Daniel Burnham and Louis Sullivan. The Chicago Architectural Club was a powerful force in this architectural community, which created modern architecture in America.

"Founded in 1885, when architecture was an emerging profession and formal architectural education was in its infancy, the Club provided a setting where aspiring draftsmen could develop their skills by creating a professional network and participating in a lively program of lectures, design competitions, and social events."

The Club's clubrooms were in the Art Institute of Chicago. The members were important contacts for Robert Clark and the foundry. In 1888 he donated $1,000, the interest from which was to be used for an annual competition and awards. The Clark Testimonial Competition became a national event. A photo of a plaster model of the Clark medal by sculptor, Johannes Gelert and a photo of the Club's annual Christmas banquet, December 20, 1906 are on another page.

Chapter four of Wilbert R. Hasbrouck' book published in 2005, is titled "Robert Clark and National Recognition."

Other Interests

Robert was an active member of the St. Andrews Society and was president in 1884 and 1885. The Society continues to be an important Scottish Charity in the Chicago area.

The Sale of Aetna Iron Works

When Robert retired, the buildings and equipment were listed for sale at $120,000. The property included a 326'x100' lot and well constructed brick buildings, one of which was a 50'x75' four-story building with basement. An advertisement for the sale of the foundry lists William S. Johnson as Secretary. Johnson is the same man who was Hazel's guardian. He must have been attorney for the foundry and the Clark/Welch family. I recall going to his home in a western suburb.

At the turn of the century, the Clarks lived at 2505 North Kenmore in Lakeview Township. By then, Robert had sold the foundry and was managing his investments. The 1900 census listed him as a "capitalist." The other household members listed in the census were: Esther, Grace, a servant named Bessie, and a boarder, Edward (Edwin) H. Welch. Ed was listed as 31 years old and a dry goods salesman born in Illinois. (He worked for Marshall Fields.) Grace was listed as 30. Grace and Ed had been married since 1897.

The Welch Family

Very little is known about Ed except for information in the 1850, 1880, 1900, 1910 and 1920 census records. He was from Maryville, Missouri. His father was John T. Welch and his mother was Martha L. They were both born in Illinois and their parents were from Kentucky. In the 1850 Hancock Country, Illinois census, John T. is listed as an eight year old child. His father, Benjamin I. Welch, was 32 years old, a merchant with $600 in assets who had been born in Kentucky. John T.'s mother was Melinda. In 1850 they had six children. The eldest, Paulina C., was 10 and Alice A. was three.

Ed's mother was Martha L. Welch. Martha and John T. had 12 children. Ed's two youngest

sisters were Nellie E. and Blanche. At the time of the 1880 census John T. Welch was listed as a retired grain trader and in the 1900 census his profession was listed as Recorder. Four of the Welch children were living at home at the time of the 1900 census when the family was residing at 708 North Main in Maryville. At that time Ed's parents had been married 33 years and his sister Nellie was 19.

In 1900 Edwin H. Welch was a "border" with the Clarks although he and Grace Darling Clark had been married since 1897. They had one daughter, Hazel, born September 6, 1901. We have been unable to locate a wedding certificate or a birth certificate. (A descendent of Esther's contacted Jane Arthur when she saw Tom's June 6, 2012 obituary. She had not been able to find Tom and she had the wedding and birth information for Grace and Ed.) Records at The Episcopal Church of the Atonement, 5749 N. Kenmore, Chicago, show Hazel was baptized April 21, 1917 and was sponsored by Clara Russell Lytton and William Johnston, and that her father, Edwin H. Welch, was deceased. The 1910 census shows Ed, Grace, Hazel and a maid living at 5506 North Kenmore in Chicago. Ed was listed as a commercial traveler.

A photograph of Ed shows a very handsome man, resembling John Barrymore. Early in the marriage, Ed "took off. (Although he was still listed as head of household in 1910.) It is too bad that no record was kept of where he went or what he did.

The Kansas City, Missouri 1920 census shows an Edwin H. Welch who was born in Illinois, the same age as our Edwin H. Welch, and living at 128 West 13th Street. He was the proprietor of a residential hotel with eight male lodgers.

Hazel and her father's sister, Aunt Nellie, were good friends. Nellie was a capable person and the widow of a Dr. Allen. She managed an apartment building on Skinker Avenue in St. Louis for many years. Nellie, who survived Hazel, would have been a useful source of information. Aunt Nellie told me "Ed should never have married Grace." Apparently, tall handsome Ed

soon tired of quiet little Grace. During the 1950's, Nellie came to Glencoe to visit John and Audrey. Jane and I went to see her September 16, 1956, on our return trip to Chicago after our wedding the day before in Winfield, Kansas. I visited her twice more in St. Louis, and she died in the 1960's.

Robert Clark's responsibility for Grace and Hazel continued. The picture of Robert and Hazel that has come down to us clearly shows their love for each other.

When Robert died in 1909 (after Ester's death in 1905) he left his daughter and grand daughter an adequate inheritance, so that neither had to "work". Their inheritance lasted through the depression and was passed on to me when Hazel died in 1950.

Hazel and Grace

Grace and Hazel moved to a house in the 5400 block of North Kenmore and Hazel attended Senn High School, probably graduating in 1920. She enrolled in Northwestern where she met John Arthur. Grace and Hazel vacationed yearly at Deerings Lodge, Green Lake, Wisconsin and at the Pine Crest Inn, Tryon, North Carolina.

In the early 1920's Hazel had some sort of "nervous breakdown" (as the term was then used). She dropped out of school and seemed occupied with horseback riding. At some point, her nose was broken in an auto accident; the rest of her life she bore a bump on her nose and a scar. She emerged from all this as a person of considerable intellectual curiosity, quite tall (like her father) and strong with a graceful figure.

In 1926, soon after Hazel and John were engaged, she went on a Mediterranean cruise with her mother aboard the Empress of France. There was a major stop in Alexandria and Cairo. She also went to Paris. We have her diary and photo album from this trip. When she returned to Chicago the glamorous engagement photo was taken. The diamond John Arthur gave her is prominently displayed. John and Hazel had been friends since she met him at Northwestern University where he was a Delta Tau Delta.

He went to Green Lake with Grace and Hazel at least once in 1923. John and Hazel were married June 12, 1926 in Chicago.

Father was in the real estate business with Jim Murtaugh, an attractive bachelor. It was no secret that Jim had a crush on Hazel. He became a Commander and served in the Pacific during WWII. I saw him from time to time for many years thereafter at the University Club, where he served one term as club president, and at our house in Glencoe. He was an ardent and expert horseman and always very dapper.

School Days
"When The Voices and the Papers Fly Around"

I must return to school days—"Oh, dear old North School, in Glencoe Town, where the voices and the papers fly around."

We lived three blocks from North School—two blocks on the east side of the tracks, then across at Green Bay Road and the equivalent of a block more through a park to the school grounds. There were no major streets to cross, and I could go alone from kindergarten on. Just past the Northshore Line station, there was a crossing guard in a tiny guardhouse who would hold a warning sign when a Northwestern train was coming. A morning ritual was to say "hello-good by" all in one breath as we passed; he would do likewise. His name was "Hans", and he was seen around the village for many years. I think he was Gib Kurschner's uncle. Before reaching the door to the school, there was a flagpole and a WWI vintage cannon along the walk. Later on, there was also a restored log cabin. The cannon, flag and cabin are long gone.

My kindergarten teacher was Zoa Favorite. She was nice in 1935, but way over the hill in 1974 when she was Julia's 5th grade tormentor at Central School; Russ Becker took action to force her retirement.

One day, Joan Young's mother came to take me to

school. My grandmother, Grace, had died. I have no recollection of her being ill or of the funeral. She was 63 years old. I remember Grace as a little woman with short hair and dark clothes. Unfortunately, I have no recollection of bouncing on her knee or any intimacies. I do recall that she was a stern and strict gatekeeper who would not let me leave the yard when the folks were gone. It is a shame to have such limited and rather negative recollections of a close relative, but I was only five when she died. Contrary to this, was my relationship with Aunt Nellie Allen, sister of my grandfather Edwin. She was close to my mother.

My first grade teacher, Miss Gould, was also the principal. Then came Miss Movety, my second grade teacher . I'm vague about 3rd and 4th grades; one of those years, my teacher was the popular Miss Wilson.

Eight Years Old
High Times and Low Times

In the summer of 1938 we went to a dude ranch south of Bozeman, Montana in the Gallatin River area. There were many nice people, including a boy about my age. We rode every day. My father often rode ahead of me to make sure I wasn't lashed by tree limbs, but for the most part I was supposed to keep up and hold my own with the grown-ups. I remember one of the older boys panning for gold in Taylor Creek just in front of the ranch.

It was great fun to sit on the corral fence and watch the roping and horse breaking. We went to a buffalo ranch and to Yellowstone Park, touring both places in a four-door convertible. In the park, a bear climbed up on the car door right next to me. Father fearlessly pushed a box of marshmallows in his snout. The bear casually clambered down. I can still picture the creature with his head not a foot from mine. A climax to the trip was a 20-mile ride over a pass and into snow country, a long hard ride and great experience for an eight-year-old.

In the early fall of the 3rd grade, Roger and I went to

town, we were headed for Garnett's (where Foodstuffs now is located) to buy Boy Scout books. I was crossing Park Avenue, with Roger on my left. A car came headed east; a man behind us grabbed Roger; I walked right into the car. The next thing I knew the driver (one of the Beinlichs) was picking me up and carrying me to the Richbergs, cursing as he went.

Dr. W.E. Richberg stretched me out on a table, gave me gas and set my right leg—a double compound fracture. By this time it was dusk and my father was due home. Someone waited at the station for him with the bad news. I remember him arriving at the doctors' office. I was taken to Highland Park Hospital where I went into shock with horrible dreams and delirium. In a few days, I was back in my own bed and a celebrity. W.E. Richberg had handled the accident and aftermath very well.

Dr. Cornell, longtime pastor of the Glencoe Union Church, came to see me. He talked about when he was a boy in the 1880s. He gave me instructions on using a jack knife and making slingshots. I forgot my leg. Of course Roger and other friends also came to see me.

When it was time to go back to school, it was planned so that I would arrive after class had started. I will never forget hobbling on my crutches beside my mother along the north side of the school while about 100 kids watched from the windows. I had an early taste of what it was like to be different, and it was not pleasant.

One of the toughest parts of the whole episode was when the cast was removed and I looked down at the atrophied leg—a mere broom handle. I burst into tears. Of course, the leg beefed up and soon looked about like the left one; however, the talk was that Tommy couldn't run. It was true that for a while I was slow compared even with the younger kids on the block. It was many years before I discovered that I was a good distance runner.

About this time Gabby Hartnett hit the famous "home run in the dark" by which the Cubs beat the Reds for the

National League pennant, only to loose the World Series to the Yankees. Father was a great fan. He also loved to listen to the Bear's games. The folks also had season tickets to the Northwestern football games. Later on, I went with them to the games. I was brought up to detest Notre Dame and the Yankees.

We had Miss Dodd for 5th grade, another very capable teacher. That year, there was no sixth grade at North School so we were the upper class. Patrol boys were elected, and at first I didn't make it, a keen disappointment, but I soon made the squad.

Broadening Activities
Mr. Sternig, New Friends and a New House

One Sunday in December, we were playing football in the front yard. My mother made me come inside and listen to the radio. She said I would remember this all my life. It was Pearl Harbor day.

Sixth grade was a high point in my entire schooling. John Sternig became our teacher, and science was his bag. Although sort of a wet fish personally, he was a terrific teacher who caught our imaginations. Luckily he moved on to Central School and taught science there so we could learn more from him. John later became Central School Principal. I suppose he was in his early 20s when he came to North School and so only about 10 years older than we were. I rank John and my college mentor, Digger Graves, as my most outstanding teachers.

Girls began to enter the picture, I remember Helen Joanne Root, Patsy Witt, Helen Kuh, Jean Culbertson, Isabel Gallery, Nancy Morgan and Norma Gilchrist.

The guys broadened to include Jack Cusack, Bill Shannon, Fred McDougal, Alan Ramsey, John Birkelund, Gib Kurschner, Bill Furst, Bob White, Bobby Mills, Neil Flanagan, Jack Taylor and Lawrence Hapner.

After working for Montgomery Wards, father became assistant manager of the Field Building at 135 South LaSalle. Sometimes he took me to work with him. There was a big open room with several desks behind a counter, one of them father's. Mr. Carpenter, the manager, had a fancy private office. There was an unlimited supply of paper, pencils, rubber bands, paperclips, hole punchers, staplers etc. Disrupting the office with paper gliders was a big thing.

Father changed jobs and became manager of the Civic Opera Building. Owen Coon and James Thompson were principal owners. Thompson was a big buddy of Mayor Kelly. These men were more flamboyant than any Father had worked with before. After a few years, they sold out to the Kempers. There were a number of Kemper insurance companies, including Lumbermen's Mutual Casualty Company and American Motorists. The founder was James S. Kemper who later served as ambassador to Brazil. J.S. Kemper and his brothers were kind and generous to my father. They were high grade people. Maggie Kemper, for 23 years our church organist, is a daughter-in-law of Mark Kemper, J.S.'s youngest brother. Father managed the building until about 1967. During the war the Army took over the building. During father's tenure, we enjoyed using his box several times during the opera season.

Back to 1942, after WWII had just started. My father's wages improved, it was decided that we would build a house at 382 Sunset Lane. Building supplies were scarce so we bought fixtures and plumbing supplies in advance and stored them in the garage. Walter Norris, a family friend, (father of Betsy and Judy Norris) was the builder and also acted as architect. We moved in during 1942—my John Sternig year.

Our house was on the second lot from the corner of Vernon Avenue and Sunset Lane. Our back line abutted the first and second houses on Vernon. The first house was a modest one, the home of police officer Art Pantle and his wife Barb. Art soon became police chief and was a great friend. What stories he had of catching bad guys and slugging them,

finding lovers in parked cars, and even shooting people! It was all heady stuff. Art loved to throw the football, and he spent hours with us doing that. Having such a fabulous neighbor gave me a certain cache with my buddies. They all liked Art. Fairly soon the Pantles had twins, Dotie and Donny.

The Leverniers lived next door to the Pantles. Tom was just my age and became a friend but never a really close one. Mr. Levernier had a defense plant job and had a "C Card" in his car entitling him to extra gas so he could get to work. Mrs. Lavernier was pleasant, but old man Levernier was dour. I don't remember him ever speaking. He had kept chickens, a zoning violation, and our new house forced him to move them from his back yard shacks to his basement. I suppose the Leverniers gradually ate them. The Levenier lot was extra deep, probably about 300 feet. Father bought the back 150 feet or so that extended our lot about 50 feet to a woods and dead lot south of us and west of the third house on Vernon, which Art Pantle later purchased. We tore down Levernier's shacks and converted Mrs. Levernier's victory garden to grass, thus forming a big yard to mow.

I have a final Levernier story. Tom had a scruffy old dog named "Jigs", sort of a brown and black mongrel. Jigs was old, mangy and nasty. One day Art came home for lunch and the dog tried to bite him. It was a bad idea to attack the chief who was carrying a 38 police special. Bang! No more Jigs. Tom buried Jigs in the back yard and erected a white cross. My mother snidely said it was "nice to know it had been a Christian dog."

Our house had gray shingles with white trim and dormers on the second floor. Just inside the front door there was an entry hall. On the left were double doors to close off the bedroom area. The front bedroom was the folks' and mine was in the rear. A stairway that led to the second floor was straight ahead, and the kitchen was to the rear. The dining alcove had a large window with small panes that gave a view of the back yard and woods. The living room with a fireplace and windows was to the right. These rooms

were painted a lovely dark greenish blue. The pine bookcases and woodwork were nicely finished with a bleached stain. There was a sun porch off the dining alcove. The house had a small back porch off the kitchen with a covered walkway to a one-car garage. The basement had a recreation room, laundry and furnace room which also served as a shop.

Mother complained about the door from the kitchen to the dining area. It was too jammed up. She was disappointed with aspects of the new house and dwelt on them to a point that exasperated even a 12-year old. In retrospect, the garage was too small, but there were many nice features about the house.

My Mother's Final Years

Hazel had many interests and an active mind. She served as a "gray lady" at the Fort Sheridan Post Hospital during the War. She looked great with her white hair in the gray and white uniform. She was active in Infant Welfare and the Women's Guild of the Glencoe Union Church. She served as President of the Guild. She painted quite well (watercolors), spoke French and did book reviews. She was a crossword puzzle expert, a good bridge player, an expert horsewoman, and hit a golf ball well. Roger and I caddied for her and Mrs. Isaac Curtis at the Glencoe Golf Course.

Mother developed mental and physical problems starting in about 1942. She complained of various ailments and she suffered from "bladder trouble."

In 1945 a lump on a breast proved to be malignant and she had a radical mastectomy. Over the next few years her illness was hard on the whole family. Father took long walks in the evening to get out of the house.

Between the summer of 1948 and her death on April 12, 1950, Hazel was in and out of the hospital many times, frequently suffering much pain. Her breast cancer had spread to her back, hips and legs, but she was never told that her problems were another cancer.

We are fortunate to have copies of all the letters my

father wrote me between 1948 and 1952, and my letters to "Mom and Dad" during the summer of 1948, when I was working at Paradise Ranch. That's the summer I was thrown from a horse and broke my back. Some of these letters are included in this book

By my freshman year at Hamilton, I think we all had it pretty well figured out. I came home for spring break and saw my mother for the last time. We visited Mother in Evanston Hospital. Whatever alienation may have previously occurred, it was forgotten and the family was very close.

My father's letters between September 1948 and the Spring of 1950 tell the story of their life and his concern for me.

Mother died April 12, 1950.

I returned home and remember a few moments of my trip. One was at Wienecke's when a customer asked why the Village Hall flag was at half-mast. Another was Uncle Theron's discomfort with Father serving drinks.

Hazel's guardian-trustee, William S. Johnson, must have been a good money manager, because at her death in 1950 she left me more than $100,000.

To be continued.

December 20, 2000