

“Axel Grease and Sulphur” or “Going to the Dawgs”

“Mom, please, let me have those two dogs, O love them, I will take care of them, I promise, I really will take care of them....I love them so much, please, Mom, Please,*Please*,”

Bob , age 9 was pleading with me...true, the two beagle puppies were adorable, tales wagging , jumping up and down and enthusiastically licking every face they could reach, chasing each other in circles...a delightful whirlwind of activity.....

We were at the office of Harry Brown, the local veterinarian. Someone had left the two puppies there to be placed in a good home. Bob and I were there with Rover, our bulldog-boxer-mix dog for an anti-rabies shot. We already had one dog, Rover. That year,, 1955. we moved to Tryon, from Westford, Mass and we had no pets. I asked a local handy man if he knew where I could purchase the dog of my dreams, a beautiful German shepherd.... The next day he arrived with the cowed, unhappy looking,, full grown, boxer- bulldog-mix of a dog in the back of his truck. He was so ugly he was beautiful. The dog had a thick rope tied around his neck and he was “flattened out” with fear on the floor of the truck. The handy man jerked the dog out of the truck onto the road and gave him a good resounding kick in the process. The dog whimpered and crouched...all four children (age 11,10,7,and 3) immediately fell all over him, petting him, soothing him, stroking him and just plain loving him. The dog, naturally, responded to all this love he never had had, with delightful whimpers, and very wet licking and tail wagging. The die was cast. Although I remonstrated that this was not a German shepherd, the handy man claimed that Rover was *BETTER* than a German shepherd. And cost only \$10.00 All four children were enamored with Rover and Rover thought he had died and gone to heaven....My husband could not believe that I had actually PAID for that dog. The next day, I found Tita, our youngest child, age 4, peacefully asleep under a camellia bush, her head on Rovers neck. Rover looked at me but did not move. He found a friend and was protecting her.

At this point I was not keen on having two more dogs—beagle puppies. But I had to confess they were cute and Bob’s pleas overcame my better judgment. I thought it would help to give Bob some responsibility. It was only later that we all realized that those two beagles were” mischief personified.”

Our wonderful neighbors, Uncle Prentice and Auntie Nora, usually went to bed at 8PM,. As soon as they turned off the light in their bedroom. those two beagles would somehow managed to sneak out of our house, sit under their bedroom window and howl...and howl...and howl....Poor Bob , who now had the full responsibility of the dogs, would whistle and shout ;, then try to catch those rascals, adding more racket and disturbing everyone within earshot....The dogs then made a dash into Mrs. Simpson’s garden and ran through her prized dahlias which were due to be shown in a flower show that next day....Bob and Jimmy

were in hot pursuit. Those dogs loved being chased...what excitement! .Down the hill they bolted and found Mr. Rhodes' chicken coup and started creating havoc in there...feathers flying...chickens everywhere. The boys finally caught up with the dogs and dragged them home.

....The dogs never forgot this adventure.—it was such fun—

The next day I looked out the kitchen window, and saw two beagles proudly marching down the middle of our driveway, heads high, tails wagging, each having a dead chicken in his mouth, dragging the body between their front legs. The chicken was almost as large as the puppy that was so proudly bringing it home.

Up the front steps they went and deposited the dead chickens at our door. Within minutes they were followed by Clarence Rhodes coming down the middle of the driveway, up the front steps, ringing the doorbell and demanding three dollars for each chicken.

...Now, this may sound funny to you, but after the fifth day of this I realized that Mr. Rhodes had found a gold mine in the sale of his chickens to me. I vowed to put a stop to this nonsense.

Friends and neighbors were liberal with their advice. The mournful ,continuous, howling of the dogs when I tied them up in the yard was heartbreaking and extremely noisy....and they were so cute when they were not into their usual mischief, such as chewing shoes, clothes and rugs. We even tried the ultimate punishment of tying the dead chicken around the neck of the dog—all of no avail...in the meantime, Bob was taking them to dog obedience class. once a week...He tried hard; he loved his dogs—but they were so happy-go-lucky, so full of fun and mischief.--those lessons were doomed to failure, even when Jimmy and I and well meaning friends tried to help. Those dogs simply were unable to concentrate.

Finally, the last straw showed up. The dogs got the mange!!...they lost hair in big chunks on their body. The veterinarian, Harry Brown, gave Bob some pills to give the dogs. This turned out to be a daily struggle which entailed about 3 people. The dogs did not take kindly to pills.

Harry Brown's assistant was a local man named Pick. We saw a lot of Harry Brown and Pick those days. .Pick kept telling Bob what good" coon- hunting "dogs our beagles were....he loved those beagles as much as Bob did. When the pills did not cure the mange, Pick came up with some "country sure-cure"

"Those fancy pills will do no good....You need to cover those dogs with axel grease and sulfur for 5 days, boy---that'll fix 'em up good . Me pappy allays did that to his dawgs."

Can you believe it—we *actually* tried that!!!!..

I must say, Bob was a real trooper. He caught the dogs, held them , applied the axel grease and sulphur all over them( and himself) lovingly talking to them and consoling them all the time.

. I will not go into the awful details but after three days of these greased, smelly puppies, I packed them into the car and brought them to Pick who was absolutely delighted to have these "wonderful coon dogs" as his own.. I believe Bob was relieved as well.

Did that teach Bob responsibility? I really do not know .but I believe so.

t Did it teach me a lesson? What do you think?

By Hertha Flack

The family is in a state of flux in 1962...Jim's main office is in the Indian Head Inc Corp office on 46 Street in New York City and, in the spring and summer, he had been coming to Tryon every other week-end to be with us...not a very satisfactory arrangement for family life. He would arrive at the Greenville airport Fri night at 11 PM and I would drive down to pick him up...Late Sunday afternoon he would leave Tryon, to arrive in New York in time to do some catch-up work at the apartment Sun night in preparation for Monday's meeting etc

Fortunately, at the end of the summer there was an early Mon AM flight out of Greenville getting him to the office for a 10AM meeting. That gave him a bit more time with his family. But even this arrangement was not highly satisfactory—in fact it was rather stressful..

That year, Jimmy was in his final year at Exeter Academy so he would be leaving Tryon early September, Karen was enrolled at Abbott Academy in Exeter, and N.H.and she would be leaving Tryon at the same time. We felt that prep school was essential for our children even though both Jim and I were products of public HighSchools...Both of us were fortunate enough to live as children in excellent school districts. Tryon, in the 1950's had schools that were not academically challenging enough to get students into the "better" colleges. Oh,yes, two years of foreign languages were taught; that is, one year first year Spanish was taught the next year first year French was taught, followed by first year Spanish again;. And so forth—the second year of a language simply was not taught; neither calculus nor Latin was offered, and no essays or book reports were required...

We knew we had to send the children to prep school for their sophomore year in High School to give them preparation for college. Jimmy went to Exeter Academy in his sophomore year and Karen went to Abbott Academy as a sophomore the following year.

At this point Bob begged and pleaded to go to Exeter as a freshman...Both Jim and I had great reservations about sending a boy away to school as a freshman

"Is Bob mature enough to go leave home and go away?"

"Bob is so young in some ways, but he feels as though he really is ready—after all, his close friends, Wim Woody, Tim Brannon and some other are all leaving to go to prep school—perhaps we are too solicitous..."

"Please, please, Mom and Dad let me go. I really am ready to go. And Jimmy will take care of me, if I need it"

"If Bob leaves for school, that leaves only me and Tita in Tryon for the winter....perhaps we two should move to NYC to be with Jim for the winter and we could use the Tryon house as a base for the summer----?"

“The big question in that case is, how will Tita adjust to school in the city?? She definitely does not want to leave Tryon and her best friend Cindy Bosien.”

“We will have to have a heart to heart talk with Tita. It certainly would make a great deal of sense to spend the winters in New York to be with Jim”

And that is what we did. Jim put the decision squarely up to Tita, the poor child. In the process he made it quite clear that HIS preference was to have his family with him in NYC; but he also told her that he would like for her to really think about this. How it would affect all of us

.Well, perhaps we should have a regular family pow-wow and discuss this with her? Actually I do not remember having this family pow-wow—theoretically that sounds like the best solution but somehow, that never happened. It was an exceedingly busy time for everyone.

Jimmy had a job with Hatch Mill in the 3<sup>rd</sup> shift pushing carts of loose cotton from one place to another. He would come home at 8AM, having worked 9 hours in the mill, cotton wisps covering his clothes and stuck in his hair, with a ravenous appetite. And full of stories of his coworkers at the mill. He was amazed that there were men there in their 40's and 50's who had worked at the very same tedious job for at least 20 years with no thought of advancing or of even changing jobs. Their only goal was to finish the shift and leave return home and their “life” (.to their family, their friends, play cards, watch TV, go hunting. etc.) Most of these men had not finished high school, some of them not even 8<sup>th</sup> grade

In most of their cases, it was their lack of education that kept them from being advanced to more stimulating jobs. Their job was a necessary evil. Jimmy had not been exposed to this philosophy of life. His father had told him he never had had a dull day at work...and that he loved his work. It was exciting and challenging. This was so true...Jim had exciting, challenging work, demanding a different new solution daily and he really looked forward to solving these problems.

“Mom, if I ever tell you I do not want to go to college, please remind me what the life of a person without the advantage of education is like... Those men are so bored with their jobs”

Jim and I considered the summer that Jimmy spent as a mill hand well spent...

Karen knew how to type and Bill Maroney hired her for the summer to be the rotating summer Replacement for vacationing office staff. She commuted to Spartanburg daily and had a good summer experience in learning how an office works and did the filing, letter writing etc.

Bob, at 14, had a non-paying job as an apprentice to Leonard Porter who was the local handy-man. We had insisted that Bob himself apply for the job—but to make sure that the experience was a positive one, we had approached Leonard with the idea that he take on a volunteer apprentice. He agreed to give Bob the experience of applying for a job and would hire him.

He was Bob's Sunday school teacher, an orphan, born and bred in the toughest area of London, who migrated as an adult to the USA in search of a better life. He had had very little formal education but

had a very keen and inquisitive mind, Can you imagine, he had read Spinoza, Kant, Aristotle, Darwin, the Bible etc all on his own, with less than an 8<sup>th</sup> grade education.! His mind sopped up ideas and books like a dry sponge sops up water... In his youth he had learned just about every trade there was, ironworker, plumber, electrician, carpenter—he did anything to keep a roof over his head and food to eat. He knew all about the “low life” in the poorest section of London, and had participated in it. He emerged from this experience a deeply religious, honest, caring individual who would not tolerate any deviation from what he considered right. I could not imagine a better influence on a young boy than Leonard....he was no” goody-goody”, however, .He talked about knifings, prostitutes, beer fights, shanghaiing sailors, murders etc just as easily as he did about the evolution of species, Alexander the Great and the life of Jesus..

Bob loved his summer with Leonard...nary a dull moment. Sometimes they cleaned out someone’s attic, or they would repair broken chairs, or they would shingle a roof, or they would move a house full of furniture. Sometimes they would repair a hot-water heater or fix broken lamps, unstop a kitchen-drain. Or cement a floor...whatever—Leonard could fix it. Leonard also taught him how to do fine ironwork and to this day Bob can tell fine ironwork from factory junk. Bob was supposed to come home for lunch or bring his own but Mrs. Porter always invited Bob to join them for lunch-and the exciting stories and conversation would continue. I believe Mr. Porter missed his now grown son and he enjoyed Bob’s enthusiasm

Bob had a great summer...even though he did not earn a cent. (, as opposed to some of his friends who “made a bundle” caddying at the country club.)

Karen got a job through Bill Maroney, Jim’s golfing buddy who was President of the Piedmont Wood Preserving Co. We insisted she apply for the job by herself, knowing she could not miss. Karen can be very convincing She is a quick learner and a hard worker. She got a job as the summer replacement of the typists-secretaries in this office in Spartanburg. She commuted daily and did filing and typing. No sweat.

Of course, we had to have a” family project” as well.

A clay tennis court.

At that time, the only clay tennis court in Tryon was that at our friend’s house, the Dusenburys. Before we were married, Jim had spent 3 summers in Ct as tennis pro and he now wanted to teach his children on his own court.

Our own tennis court? Really, in our own back yard??

Marvelous—we all will help—

What fun!

Jim got the measurements of a regulation tennis court out of the encyclopedia and paced off the back of the property. He called Red Newman to bring in his tractor, back-hoe and goodness what other equipment

needed to flatten out the steep hill; But all that is another story. Eventually, we did build an exceptional fine clay tennis court.

In the meantime, we had to come to grips with the decision of Bob going to prep school at such a young age. Was he ready to leave home? Bob was having such a good summer and acting quite maturely; we gave in to his pleadings and entered him into Exeter Academy .in Exeter. New Hampshire. Jimmy was a big help in deciding what Bob needed to pack and take with him. I was still a bit dubious that Bob was ready to leave the home, but eventually adjusted to the fact that he was really leaving.

Tita was 12 years old and entering the 6<sup>th</sup> grade...and we had talked to her about our joining Jim in NYC for the winter to be with Jim. ...I was torn, I knew it would mean a great deal to Jim to have us with him; but yet I did not want to disrupt Tita's life too much. Both Tita and I enjoyed living in Tryon and we would have been happy there; I had my horse, my German shepherd dog, my tennis friends, my golfing buddies and my garden.; Tita had her close friends and Cindy and the school she loved...but if we stayed in Tryon,, Jim would only be able to be with us every other week-end and that definitely was not an ideal solution. This was not the first time the question of our moving to NY had come up, Up until now, I had steadfastly refused to even consider moving to the city with four children...that was no place to bring up 4 children; period; no discussion.. But now, suddenly, we were down to only one child and that I considered manageable and it finally became clear to Tita that she would see much more of her father if we were in NYC.

There was no doubt that she dearly loved him.—but

Did she love him enough to give up her school friends and Cindy to move with me to New York?

Could Tita adjust to the big city life and new school and apartment living?

Could I?

Why could I not make up my mind about this and let that be the end of it?

Are we putting too much pressure on Tita?

Was it fair to ask a child to make such a decision?

We doubted, questioned and waited --and then

“Daddy, I want Mom and me to be with you. We will be fine in NY. We need to be together...Daddy, I love you so much and I want us to be together.” and with tears, in her eye she gave her father a big hug.

What a teary, hugging scene that turned out to be!!...

..All three of us, sniffing and hugging and relieved that the decision was made.

..Jim gave Tita a Celtic cross pendant in thanks for her brave decision. She proudly put it around her neck.

She had made the right decision.

She knew that..and so did we..

## We Were Different

Our household was different—no doubt about it. We were dressed alike—how I hated that! Greta was 6 and I was 8 and we still had to dress alike. And we had to wear ankle high boots instead of low cut shoes ....how gross!!!!----Ours was an unusual household in America and we definitely did not “fit in” with the neighbors. We were not allowed to speak English at home—only German, so that we would learn German—(Father said we would learn English at school—and we did. With no trouble at all)...As both parents worked, we had a “housekeeper-governess” who came from Austria, spoke German, taught us piano, planned out meals, made us do our exercises, and generally took care of the house and Greta and me. Everyone else’s mother was at home taking care of the house and children and attending PTA meetings and running the scout program and socializing with the other parents. Ours did none of the above. They had no idea they were supposed to.

The year is in the early 1920’s, shortly after WW1. My parents had emigrated from Vienna, Austria in 1912. In 1918 they moved from Cleveland Ohio to the suburb of NYC—Mt Vernon. They bought a large white clapboard house with 6 bedrooms, a large dining room, a lovely living room and a beautiful lawn, right next to the mayor’s house. In their minds this must therefore be a prosperous elegant neighborhood, a good place to bring up a family

Unfortunately, within a few years, the neighborhood slowly disintegrated, the mayor and the rest of the so-called upper class, and well educated neighbors were slowly being replaced by poorly educated, Italian laborers who had absolutely nothing in common with our parents.... we were “distantly friendly”

The result was that we had no close friends in the neighborhood, but it did not seem to matter very much. We were a closely-knit family, friends from the city came to visit on Sundays and play chamber music—mother played piano and Priska played the violin and usually someone brought a cello. Music was very important to our parents. They took us to concerts at Carnegie Hall and to the Metropolitan opera—but I remember only once going to a show on Broadway. In other words, we were brought up in a rather strict, but loving European fashion, quite different from our classmates.

After the war, Sonni naturally wanted to see her family and show them her two daughters. This was also part of our education, to visit Austria, Germany, France, and Italy etc. And so, Greta and I accompanied our mother every two years from 1934 on a trip to Europe. The few friends I had all went to summer camp and came back with joyous experiences and songs



of camp life—Greta and I never went to camp ,we went to Europe and felt deprived of all the wonderful camp experiences we were missing----how stupid can two girls be?!!!!What was different however, even for a European household, was that both parents worked. Mother was a career woman, way ahead of her time. Talented, highly educated and with a strong drive. But that is for another time. Father was an electrical engineer, who had been in charge of the electrification in the Sudan, in parts of China and also in Japan before he married Sonni who was 21 years younger than he. My classmates held me in high esteem when they heard that Father was an engineer—thinking he ran the steam engine of a train—my stock fell considerably in the third grade when it became known that he worked in an office....Both families had been extremely well off After the wedding in 1912 in the Stefan's Kirche ,Sonni and Hugo went to America ” just for the experience”, planning to return to Vienna having seen the “wild west, cowboys and gangsters”, and live comfortably on their various estates and properties. They were members of the Austrian Emperors court, and were expected to attend all those functions as well. WW1 and the fall of the Austrian monarchy changed all those plans. The socialist government took all their properties, land and houses in Brixen, Graz and Vienna. Things of value were confiscated (with the exception of the little villa in the Austrian Tyrolese Alps ( Oetz) and the lake and surrounding land in Pour) In other words, their source of income was gone .There was also another big change in their lives; namely, they were unable to get to Austria because the Atlantic Ocean had submarines patrolling and sinking all vessels...now, they are enemy aliens with two small children in a new land .and for the first time in their lives, had to live on what they could earn. As an adult I am so grateful that we had this rather unusual childhood. I am fluent in two languages(English and German) and can make myself understood in French; I have been exposed to opera, concerts and drama and I have learned to be independent and I love to travel....However, the ability to mix with others and make small talk, be comfortable with strangers, all that had to come much much later—and with a great deal of difficulty., probably because I felt so much like an outsider in my childhood and early adulthood.

Hertha Flack—8/10/05

Up the River from Aba—1964

Jim's true colors showed. I guess I always knew that he wanted to help others in a big way and now there was a chance.. He saw the way to help African natives out of their dire poverty by giving them jobs and at the same time fulfilling the fiscal responsibility to the stockholders of Indian Head Inc who invested their money and trust in the company by making their money work and grow. I do not remember the details of this but I do remember that here was a chance of a lifetime.

This was in the early 1960's and Jim Flack was vice president in charge of production of Indian Head Inc. With the help of Dick Powers who was also on the Board as the legal advisor, the two of them finally convinced the Board that it was a financially sound investment to build an integrated textile company in Nigeria, Africa. Up until now, the cotton was grown in Nigeria, shipped to England where it was converted to greige goods, dyed and printed and then shipped back to Nigeria to be sold to the natives.... The native dress used up to 5-7 yards of cloth...To take the Nigerian cotton and make it into greige goods and do the printing and dying without having to ship it overseas and back again would give hundreds of local jobs as well of make the goods less costly .Surely a win-win situation. The Board agreed that the large investment in time and money was in the stockholders interest as well as a worthwhile humanitarian gesture. They were convinced it would be a viable project and an important step in the growth of the company. What a happy day it was when they voted for theproject.

Jim was appointed Chairman of the newly created company, Indian Head, Nigeria; a subsidiary of Indian Head, Inc and Dick was the legal representative. The two of them went off to London where they contacted and hired Taylor Woodrow, a well know Construction Company, to build the mill... The decision was made

to build a plant in Aba, north of Port Harcourt, in the Eastern Region of the newly independent country of Nigeria. It was not as though Jim had not had any experience in building a mill off-shore. In 1949, Royal Little, chairman of Textron Inc, had asked Jim to build a mill in Ponce, Puerto Rico. Jim had joined Textron shortly after the war was over and had risen steadily in the company those 4 years. Royal Little was watching him and giving him more and more difficult assignments and the last one was to build a plant in Ponce, knowing full well that Jim had never done this before...Now remember, this was a Yale Divinity graduate who was a Navy pilot in the war.-True, he had shown great leadership qualities in both these tasks and was also showing it while in Textron. Royal Little showed complete confidence in his selection of Jim for this task and Jim rose to the occasion. Our three years in Puerto Rico were a wonderful experience.

Jim and Dick Powers went to London many times and hired Taylor-Woodrow, a well known construction company, to build the plant in Aba, Nigeria., Lloyds of London, a well-established British insurance company was selected as the insurance company

Jim Flack then located Jim Morrison, a plant manager who had a lot of experience in running off-shore facilities and selected him as CEO and plant manager of the Indian Head Nigeria Inc.

Things were falling into place. Of course, there were problems along the way, such as a huge sink hole appearing where the building was being built, and supplies and machinery not arriving in a timely fashion from overseas. Jim Flack made the hardnosed decision not to follow the country's habit of "dashing" (giving money under the table) to the newly appointed Prime Minister for allowing the unloading of supplies on the docks. This was a crucial, gutsy decision—the PM could easily have denied the permission to unload on the docks unless a personal "dash" payment was made to him.—However, Jim Flack wanted to make a clear

statement that “dashing” was not the way he would operate...he fully realized that this was attitude was a big gamble—that he was bucking tradition but he had to set a precedent----fortunately. It worked!!

Jim Flack had full responsibility for the whole operation. He went to Aba or London approximately every two weeks as the plant was being built. Frequently, Dick Powers went with Jim to help and support Morrison who had moved to Aba as soon as ground was broken, and was living in the so called Guest House, with his family. Lola Morrison, Jim's wife, was an extremely vivacious, tall, sturdily built, good-looking Mexican, pregnant with her third child. She became one of my dearest friends. The two Morrison boys were about 5 and 8 years old had no problem adjusting to life in Africa...

Late that spring, the plant was almost ready to start. The machinery was being set up, about 30 white, Southern experienced textile workers with their families from South Carolina had signed up for a year or two in Africa. They were to train the native Nigerians who had never seen a textile mill. There never was any problem with racism...

Our oldest son Jimmy, was a freshman? At Swarthmore College?. His father thought it would be a great experience to him to work at the plant, especially since the previous summer before he had worked the 11PM to 8AM shift in the local Hatch Mill. Jimmy seemed anxious to get that experience as well. There was only one condition in this set-up; Jimmy was to work full time for Jim Morrison without any pay whatsoever...his room and board would be taken care of, but there should not be the slightest sign of nepotism here. Although Jimmy's friends all were earning money at summer jobs and he would not, Jimmy agreed to these terms.

Twelve chickens

It was Easter in 1956, and Jim came home from a week's trip just in time for the children to excitedly tell him that the 4H club was selling baby chicks for Easter and ask him whether he would override my objections and purchase some... Well, it was hard for him to refuse 4 "darling children" who were so happy to see him after a weeks absence And after some more discussion I relented, but said; "Only one chick per child."

The five of them happily left to go the Fair while I stayed home to boil some eggs for the egg hunt the next day....I should have know better to let them go without me---they returned with 12 half grown immature chickens and grand plans; These were not the cute yellow chicks, these were leggy, scruffy-looking birds.....I was horrified---- twelve chickens!!...

The master plan was for the children to raise these chickens and then sell me the eggs at market price, which fluctuates every week. This would force them to read the paper and check the price as well as teaching the children book-keeping, math, responsibility, the value of money, the feeding and care of animals, investing ...and goodness knows what else. Tita, age 5 was exempt from this plan but the other three, Jimmy, age 12, Karen, age 11; and Bob age 9 were all equal partners in this new business—Jim was their advisor and financier. He gave them the loan with which to purchase the chickens, and the chicken food. We subscribed to the local paper so that was not their expense.

The first step was to build a chicken coop....Jim donated some chicken wire and they all helped fence in an area under our garage, which was dry and the chickens could scratch in the dirt. Jim also donated a notebook in which all expenses and income was to be duly noted. Appropriate headings, lines and spaces were made under Jim's direction.

Next, a trip to Cowan's Hardware where they bought chicken feed. This had to be noted in the "expense" column....but wait!!-- the cost of the chickens had to go in that column as well. Clearly this is a real business and must be dealt with as such...

.Then, the responsibilities were handed out;---Bob did not want to keep books so he was responsible for keeping the chickens fed and watered...Karen loved math so she volunteered to keep the books and Jimmy was to purchase the food and help Bob feed and water the chickens and keep the coop clean...Karen and Jimmy would check the egg prices in the paper .and sell them to me at the highest price they could find. The transaction would then be listed as "income" in the book.. The business was off and running.

Within 10 days, I noticed that the children were helping themselves to huge portions at the dinner

table—but not eating it all...the large pile of kitchen scraps went to the chickens.....apparently, the price of chicken feed had gone up and the chickens were larger and eating more. My children are not dumb..but then ,neither am I.

Then disaster struck-

It became clear we had 12 roosters. (Aha! another lesson—this one in biology)

I purchased the roosters at a bargain price of \$1.00 each (after heavy bargaining) and then hired Chester to kill them for “rooster stew”. Unfortunately no one would eat the stew.

Now, with the money they received from me for the roosters, Jim, Paul Culberson,( our friend, the county agent), and the children went to the County Fair and purchased 12 proven egg-layers. This time Paul (not Jim) chose the birds by carefully examining them . They were guaranteed egg layers. And they were---we had 12 eggs every day—that is, every single day.,

Shortly thereafter, Paul told Bob that some hens will lay more than one egg a day if you turn on a light in the hen house before the sun rises. Bob was a very inventive child. This was a challenge to him. He devised a” Rube Goldberg “contraption consisting of a wind-up alarm clock with a string attached to the wind-up key. The other end of the string was attached to the light in the kitchen coop so that when the string was pulled, it would turn on the light. When the alarm went off, the key turned, wrapping the string around its stem, pulling the light and the light went on.....he set the alarm for 5 AM----and guess what—we now had 13 eggs every day!!!

During the week when Jim was away we were 6 people, counting Ruby the maid. On weekends we were seven. There are just so many egg dishes that 6 people can eat in a week...After three weeks of 13 eggs a day, we were” egg saturated” .. I had committed to purchase all eggs at market price and the children learned to compare prices in various stores and charge me the best prices. I was giving eggs to all friends and neighbors. You may call this a great learning experience for the children, but I was running out of egg recipes and friends.

Jane Dusenbury came to my aid when she showed me how to preserve fresh eggs in “water glass” in an egg crock . I have not got the slightest idea what is in water glass, but it works... As both Jim and I have never approved of children selling things to friends and neighbors, the egg-crock was the answer..

Every two weeks Jim went through the books with the three children. . They even opened up a saving account in the local bank.

By October I had had enough of eggs and chickens.. The children were back at school and it was time to call this experiment to a halt...The children sold me the chickens, divided up the money. I hired Chester to kill the chickens for stew. I put the stew in the freezer and pulled it out in small increments as I knew no one would eat it if they knew it was “our chickens”

It took me months before I could eat a scrambled egg. .

## Trumpeltier

“Heisgeliebtes Trumpel-tier” is a German term meaning “hotly beloved trampling animal” e.g. like an elephant...and this is what my parents lovingly called me at when I was at the age of 14 or 15 years old..... with valid reason. I had reached my full height of 5ft 5 inches and was thus at least several inches taller than any of my classmates, including boys, my feet were a tremendous size 8 and were completely out of control, my hair was a long, extremely thick mass which tended to stick straight out, my gait was heavy and lumbering and you could hear me all though the house, awkwardly stomping down the stairs every morning, for breakfast.

“You can always hear Hertha galumping down the stairs. The whole house shakes when she comes”

No doubt about it, my gait was heavy footed, and ungainly....I was clumsy with my big feet and I had trouble managing my suddenly ungainly body. I definitely felt like a bull in a china shop and, on top of it all, I was serious, quiet and withdrawn.

Greta, my sister, was 2 years younger and small and graceful. She had sparkling eyes, a joyous smile, and an outgoing personality. In other words she was known to be cute and adorable,---- which she was.. Everyone immediately loved her.

My parents had 2 daughters that were as different as night and day. In order to make life easier for me, they decided that I was to have dancing lessons...not” ball room” lessons but “modern dance” lessons which were just becoming popular at that time. Isadora Duncan introduced this type of dancing with great success. She danced barefoot—none of these tight ballet shoes or high heels for her—with gauze tunics and long scarves that flowed gracefully in the breeze—the absolute opposite of the formal tutus of the ballet dancers—no rigorous contortions of the acrobats—all natural flowing beautiful motions-My parents thought it would be just the thing for me to get some coordination and grace in my movements.

Surprise! Surprise!-- their klutzy daughter turned out to be the star pupil....Something clicked and I became the “lead “dancer,. of the class; and then, of the school. Finally, to my great delight, I was asked to perform with the professional dancers of the Isadora Duncan group in New York City, which was run by Elizabeth Duncan, Isadora’s sister....this was followed by a scholarship for the teacher’s workshop. I was the only non-professional in the workshop and the only teen-ager.

..I worked hard; Twice a week, I left school early afternoon ,catching the 3:15 train for NYC, to go to the class for dance teachers. I would dance from 4PM until 6PM, then take the train back to Mt Vernon and have supper and do my homework...On Saturdays I would teach a class. This was my schedule for two years.....no time for the usual High School extra activities.....I was busy, happy ... I did well in school and made the National Honor Society.

My social life under those circumstances was nil. However, I was no longer awkward with my body or my feet. In fact, I became rather attractive. . And I wanted to become a dancer—a dancer???

—This was quite a shock to my academically reared family. . This was not what they had planned but they took it in their stride, saying that I must learn different types of dancing as well...such as ballet, tap and Spanish dancing.

So, in my junior year at High School, I was also enrolled in the Metropolitan Opera School for their ballet corps. How I ever got accepted in that school is a complete mystery to me—I knew absolutely nothing about ballet; and suddenly I was in a class with professional ballerinas!!!!.

Let me tell you about a rapid fall from grace....THIS was IT

The classroom was a dirty, dusty, ill-lit room in the back of the old Met Opera House. I went up the narrow dark stairs and entered. The ballet mistress was a sour looking ,extremely thin woman in her forties, dressed all in black. She had her black hair pulled severely back into a small bun at the nape of her head. She was facing 15 young ballerinas and held a long black stick in her hand. With this stick she was pounding out a rhythm.(bang, bang, bang) accompanied by a out-of- tune upright piano played by a thin, balding, hunched-up wisp of a man whose skin, hair and clothes were all a nondescript pale gray....With a piercing voice she was calling out the steps for the ballerinas to perform, banging the stick to keep them and the pianist in time.;

”Position un(bang bang )position deux (bang, bang); pliee(bang, bang, bang)etc”

I had no idea what she was saying.

The first few weeks were sheer hell....I tried to learn what these steps were by just mimicking the other girls—about 2 beats after them

The mistress left immediately after class and never offered to help me—no one else did either....This type of dancing was completely foreign to me—the positions were the classical ones—beautiful but very unnatural....not at all what I had been doing which was flowing, expressing natural motion....and my feet hurt so---I was not used to having my feet crammed into toe shoes. When I went en pointe(toe dancing) , it was absolute torture!--.....

After a few weeks of this, I realized that I was in a class with dancers who had been doing this since they were 5 years old; , In the wings were their pushy “stage- mothers” who were well versed in this world of “dog eat dog “,trying to get their daughters onto the stage. No one was about to help this naïve newcomer who could threaten their chance for success. My parents were as unfamiliar with this world as I was

. I was floundering in the ballet world..

This was not the world I wanted to be in...



By now I was a senior in High School. .Academically, I was the second highest in the class of 500, I had received a bevy of honors and enjoyed studying and learning.

I loved modern dance, with its graceful, unrestricted, loose movements and bare feet... but I did not enjoy dancing ballet with its tightly choreographed ,precise, unnatural positions on toes, in slippers that hurt

Could it be my feet that lead me on to life's path?.

It was time to make a decision of what to do next.

I chose to go to college.

.I now believe that, deep in my heart, I knew that I would *never* be a top dancer... In all probability, I was also influenced by my family's background. My grandfather was Theodor Escherich, the well-known and admired physician from Vienna who discovered Escherichia coli ,and who had Freud and Jung and Wagner-Jauregg as friends and associates. My great grandfather Pfaundler was a physicist and professor at the University of Innsbruck, Hugo, my father was an electrical engineer and Sonni had her PhD. I think my parents were relieved when I finally chose the route they had expected their children to take.

I applied to Swarthmore College, a small liberal arts college with high academic ratings, founded by Quakers. Due to my good academic standing in High School, I was accepted .

The die was cast.

My dancing days were over

I set my sights to becoming a physician . . .

## The War Years—Dec 1941 to May 1942

It was late Sunday AM, Dec 7, when we awakened. We had been up late the night before. Jim had given his math students at Hopkins Grammar School a final exam two days before... He wanted to grade them early so he could have time to put finishing touches on his thesis for his Masters degree in the Divinity School. There was unusual traffic noise on the street for a Sunday morning. We heard loud voices and a lot of commotion in the store downstairs...when Jim opened the apartment door, our neighbor shouted.

” The US has been attacked, --our Navy is destroyed...turn on your radio”!!!!

The unbelievable had happened.

A surprise attack by the Japanese Imperial Navy. Six Japanese carriers dispatched 300 planes fighter planes. Within short order 5 of the 8 battleships docked at Pearl Harbor were either sunk or sinking and the rest were severely damaged. More than 40 ships were lost as they were anchored in port and 2500 lives were lost.

The nation was in shock—

We were stunned.

A few days later, the call to arms came—every able-bodied American was urged to join the armed forces and protect our country-

The draft was instigated. All males within a certain age group were given a number and had to report to a draft board and receive a classification. Certain people were exempt from active duty in the military; those who were had essential jobs as civilians such as doctors, dentists, ministers, students, Also, men with large families who were the sole support of the families, scientists, as well as the ill, mentally unfit, physically handicapped. The others would be called into the service.

As a divinity student Jim would have been automatically exempt, but he did not want to not take his exemption. He deeply felt it was his duty to fight for his country. We talked about it for many hours.

“Honey, I feel I must join the armed forces. .Our country is at war and I must do my part”

” You have an automatic exemption...you do not have to go...I can’t bear the thought of you fighting”

“I feel it is my duty to my country...we are at war”.

“What about your duty to me? How can you leave me?”

“Surely, you love me enough to know that I cannot stand aside and not do what I believe my conscience tells me. I must go and do my part. ---Automatic exemption or not”

“Please, Jim, think of our future, --you will get that BD from Yale in two months, what about that?

Three years of post graduate work down the drain if you go now.”

“I simply cannot live with myself if I do not do what I believe is my duty. However, this is a joint decision. I must have your full approval and permission. Please understand.””

How can you argue against that?

And so, with fear and trembling, this young bride gave him permission to enlist in the Navy...3 months before his graduation from Yale, having worked for 3 years to get that advanced degree. .

It was a heart rendering decision----both of us had really not paid a great deal of attention to the War...We knew that Germany had invaded Russia and that things were not looking good for Great Britain---our sympathies were very much with the Allies; but going to war never occurred to us. Deep in our hearts, I believe, we were isolationists,---(under these circumstances being a pacifist was not an option although two of Jim's classmates were adamant pacifists. The price they paid for their belief was high for they were scorned and called cowards during the war years)

In Feb 1942, Jim applied for a commission in the US Navy with my blessing,

In March he was accepted and his orders came in April.

The orders were to report to Annapolis Naval Air Station on May 1, 1942 as a naval ensign in full uniform. A list of required uniforms and other gear was enclosed...also the name of a recommended supplier of uniforms in NYC.....Brooks Uniforms.

The world was all awry! —Everything was topsy-turvy!--the war was getting closer and closer to us..

I think that neither of us had thought that things would happen so quickly...

Jim went to the Dean of Students and explained his situation. Since he had finished all his course work and papers as well as his thesis, Yale granted him his BD in absentia...this was the very first time that that had ever happened...Jim was so grateful that they had bent the rules a bit in wartime. He got the credit for 3 years of graduate work and the BD degree. After the war he hoped to go into the field of education at the administration level...He had already been promised the presidency of a small college in the south after he got his PhD.

One more year in graduate school and he would have that position.

I would find a job in public health nursing or be a superintendent of nurses in a hospital. I had not given up on the idea of being a career girl.

That had been our master plan but now that plan had to be drastically altered.

And the world as we knew it would never, ever, be the same again.

By Hertha Flack

The family was in a state of flux in 1962...Jim's main office was in the Indian Head Inc Corp office on 46 Street in New York City and, in the spring and summer, he had been coming to Tryon every other week-end to be with us...not a very satisfactory arrangement for family life. He would arrive at the Greenville airport Fri night at 11 PM and I would drive down to pick him up—...Late Sunday afternoon he would leave Tryon, to arrive in New York in time to do some catch-up work at the apartment Sun night in preparation for Monday's meeting etc

Fortunately, at the end of the summer there was an early Mon AM flight out of Greenville getting him to the office for a 10AM meeting. That gave him a bit more time with his family. But even this arrangement was not highly satisfactory—in fact the whole thing was rather stressful..

That year, Jimmy was in his final year at Exeter Academy so he would be leaving Tryon early September, Karen was enrolled at Abbott Academy in Exeter, and N.H.and she would be leaving Tryon at the same time.

We felt that prep school was essential for our children even though both Jim and I were products of public HighSchools...Both of us were fortunate enough to have lived as children in excellent school districts. Tryon, in the 1950's had schools that were not academically challenging enough to get students into the "better" colleges. Oh, yes,;two years of foreign languages were taught,; that is, one year of first year Spanish was taught and the next year first year French was taught, followed by first year Spanish again,; and so forth—the second year of the same language simply was not taught; Neither calculus nor Latin was offered, and no essays or book reports were required...The colleges we had hoped the children would attend required at least 2 years of Latin and 3 or 4 years of a foreign language plus strong writing skills eg essays, book reports etc.

We knew we had to send the children to prep school for their sophomore year in High School to give them preparation for college. Jimmy went to Exeter Academy in his sophomore year and Karen went to Abbott Academy as a sophomore the following year.

At this point Bob begged and pleaded to go to Exeter as a freshman...Both Jim and I had great reservations about sending a boy away to school as a freshman

"Is Bob mature enough to go leave home and go away?"

" Bob is so young in some ways, but he feels as though he really is ready—after all, his close friends, Wim Woody, Tim Brannon and some other are all leaving to go to prep school—could it be that we are too solicitous?

"Please, please, Mom and Dad let me go. I really am ready to go. And Jimmy will take care of me, if I need it"

“If Bob leaves for school, that leaves only me and Tita in Tryon for the winter....perhaps we two should move to NYC to be with Jim for the winter and we could use the Tryon house as a base for the summer----?”

“The big question in that case is, how will Tita adjust to school in the city?? She definitely does not want to leave Tryon and her best friend Cindy Bosien.”

“We will have to have a heart to heart talk with Tita. It certainly would make a great deal of sense to spend the winters in New York to be with Jim”

And that is what we did. Jim put the decision squarely up to Tita, the poor child. In the process he made it quite clear that HIS preference was to have his family with him in NYC; but he also told her that he would like for her to really think about how it would affect all of us.

.Well, perhaps we should have had a regular family pow-wow and discuss this with her? Actually I do not remember having this family pow-wow—theoretically that sounds like the best solution but somehow, that never happened. It was an exceedingly busy time for everyone.

Jimmy had a job with Hatch Mill in the 3<sup>rd</sup> shift pushing carts of loose cotton from one place to another. He would come home at 8AM, having worked 9 hours in the mill, cotton wisps covering his clothes and stuck in his hair, with a ravenous appetite. And full of stories of his coworkers at the mill. He was amazed that there were men there in their 40's and 50's who had worked at the very same tedious job for at least 20 years with no thought of advancing or of even changing jobs. Their only goal was to finish the shift and leave return home and their “life” (.to their family, their friends, play cards, watch TV, go hunting. etc.) Most of these men had not finished high school, some of them not even 8<sup>th</sup> grade

In most of their cases, it was their lack of education that kept them from being advanced to more stimulating jobs. Their job was a necessary evil. Jimmy had not been exposed to this philosophy of life. His father had told him he never had had a dull day at work...and that he loved his work. It was exciting and challenging. This was so true...Jim had exciting, challenging work, demanding a different new solution daily and he really looked forward to solving these problems.

“Mom, if I ever tell you I do not want to go to college, please remind me what the life of a person without the advantage of education is like... Those men are so bored with their jobs”

Jim and I considered the summer that Jimmy spent as a mill hand well spent...

Karen knew how to type and Bill Maroney hired her for the summer to be the rotating summer Replacement for vacationing office staff. She commuted to Spartanburg daily and had a good summer experience in learning how an office works and did the filing, letter writing etc.

Bob, at 14, had a non-paying job as an apprentice to Leonard Porter who was the local handy-man.

We had insisted that Bob himself apply for the job—but to make sure that the experience was a positive one, we had approached Leonard with the idea that he take on a volunteer apprentice. He agreed to give Bob the experience of applying for a job and would hire him.

He was Bob's Sunday school teacher, an orphan, born and bred in the toughest area of London, who migrated as an adult to the USA in search of a better life. He had had very little formal education but had a very keen and inquisitive mind, Can you imagine, he had read Spinoza, Kant, Aristotle, Darwin, the Bible etc all on his own, with less than an 8<sup>th</sup> grade education.! His mind sopped up ideas and books like a dry sponge sops up water... In his youth he had learned just about every trade there was, ironworker, plumber, electrician, carpenter—he did anything to keep a roof over his head and food to eat. He knew all about the “low life” in the poorest section of London, and had participated in it. He emerged from this experience a deeply religious, honest, caring individual who would not tolerate any deviation from what he considered right. I could not imagine a better influence on a young boy than Leonard....he was no” goody-goody”, however, .He talked about knifings, prostitutes, beer fights, shanghaiing sailors, murders etc just as easily as he did about the evolution of species, Alexander the Great and the life of Jesus..

Bob loved his summer with Leonard...nary a dull moment. Sometimes they cleaned out someone's attic, or they would repair broken chairs, or they would shingle a roof, or they would move a house full of furniture. Sometimes they would repair a hot-water heater or fix broken lamps, unstop a kitchen-drain. Or cement a floor...whatever—Leonard could fix it. Leonard also taught him how to do fine ironwork and to this day Bob can tell fine ironwork from factory junk. Bob was supposed to come home for lunch or bring his own but Mrs. Porter always invited Bob to join them for lunch-and the exciting stories and conversation would continue. I believe Mr. Porter missed his now grown son and he enjoyed Bob's enthusiasm

Bob had a great summer...even though he did not earn a cent. (, as opposed to some of his friends who “made a bundle” caddying at the country club.)

Karen got a job through Bill Maroney, Jim's golfing buddy who was President of the Piedmont Wood Preserving Co. We insisted she apply for the job by herself, knowing she could not miss. Karen can be very convincing She is a quick learner and a hard worker. She got a job as the summer replacement of the typists-secretaries in this office in Spartanburg. She commuted daily and did filing and typing. No sweat.

Of course, we had to have a” family project” as well.

A clay tennis court.

At that time, the only clay tennis court in Tryon was that at our friend's house, the Dusenburys. Before we were married, Jim had spent 3 summers in Ct as tennis pro and he now wanted to teach his children on his own court.

Our own tennis court? Really, in our own back yard??

Marvelous—we all will help—

What fun!

Jim got the measurements of a regulation tennis court out of the encyclopedia and paced off the back of the property. He called Red Newman to bring in his tractor, back-hoe and goodness what other equipment needed to flatten out the steep hill; But all that is another story. Eventually, we did build an exceptional fine clay tennis court.

In the meantime, we had to come to grips with the decision of Bob going to prep school at such a young age. Was he ready to leave home? Bob was having such a good summer and acting quite maturely; we gave in to his pleadings and entered him into Exeter Academy .in Exeter. New Hampshire. Jimmy was a big help in deciding what Bob needed to pack and take with him. I was still a bit dubious that Bob was ready to leave the home, but eventually adjusted to the fact that he was really leaving.

Tita was 12 years old and entering the 6<sup>th</sup> grade...and we had talked to her about our joining Jim in NYC for the winter to be with Jim. ...I was torn, I knew it would mean a great deal to Jim to have us with him; but yet I did not want to disrupt Tita's life too much. Both Tita and I enjoyed living in Tryon and we would have been happy there; I had my horse, my German shepherd dog, my tennis friends, my golfing buddies and my garden.; Tita had her close friends and Cindy and the school she loved...but if we stayed in Tryon,, Jim would only be able to be with us every other week-end and that definitely was not an ideal solution. This was not the first time the question of our moving to NY had come up, Up until now, I had steadfastly refused to even consider moving to the city with four children...that was no place to bring up 4 children; period; no discussion.. But now, suddenly, we were down to only one child and that I considered manageable and it finally became clear to Tita that she would see much more of her father if we were in NYC.

There was no doubt that she dearly loved him.—but

Did she love him enough to give up her school friends and Cindy to move with me to New York?

Could Tita adjust to the big city life and new school and apartment living?

Could I?

Why could I not make up my mind about this and let that be the end of it?

Are we putting too much pressure on Tita?

Was if fair to ask a child to make such a decision?

We doubted, questioned and waited --and then

“Daddy, I want Mom and me to be with you. We will be fine in NY. We need to be together...Daddy, I love you so much and I want us to be together.” and with tears, in her eye she gave her father a big hug.

What a teary, hugging scene that turned out to be!!...

..All three of us, sniffing and hugging and relieved that the decision was made.

.Jim gave Tita a Celtic cross pendant in thanks for her brave decision. She proudly put it around her neck.  
She had made the right decision.

She knew that..and so did we..



None of us knew that the stranger who came for dinner that Sunday in 1931 would change all our lives forever.

Even though we had not met him, it was a natural thing for Ernst Weber to be invited for Sunday dinner. He had made a phone call to Father, saying he had a letter of introduction from an associate engineer, Professor Kann, who knew Father in Vienna. It was only a matter of courtesy to invite him to dinner. Ernst arrived at the house bringing a bouquet of flowers for his hostess, and he quickly and easily settled in with the other guests.

Ernst was a tall, handsome, extremely polite man in his early 30's who had the old-fashioned European mannerisms of slightly bowing and clicking heels when shaking hands and looking straight at you with piercing blue eyes. He was also almost completely bald—with only a slight rim of reddish hair. He fit in very nicely with the other guests and thoroughly enjoyed the music. He was a fan of the music by Richard Wagner and was a most enthusiastic listener to Sonni's favorite rendition of Wagner's "Ride of the Walkure" on the piano. He was invited to join in the regular Sunday afternoons and he happily participated in all the activities...

He was good, gracious company. It was on his second visit that Sonni was not feeling well and then had one of her seizures. He was thunderstruck, never having seen anything like this. Hereafter, he offered to help in any way he could and became a rather close friend to all of us.

To be nearer to us, he changed his domicile from Brooklyn to Mt Vernon in the early 1932's. He drove Sonni to work at her clinic at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York in the morning. Then he took the subway to Polytechnic Institute to his office for his research. In the evenings he taught graduate courses at Poly. Eventually it ended up that he drove her to work in the morning and back to Mt Vernon in the late evenings for dinner after Father, Greta and I had eaten. When they both worked late, they had dinner together in the city..

I never understood Father's acceptance of this situation as it was obvious that Ernst was very much in love with Sonni....Father just laughed and said he was glad that Sonni had someone to protect her when she had late patients at night. And he thought Ernst was a fool to get into this so-called hopeless situation. Remember, Father was 21 years older than Sonni ...and Ernst had become very much a family member. As a family member, he was also asked to take me to the Metropolitan Opera on Sat

afternoons for my musical education. Afterwards we would meet Sonni and the three of us would drive home.

My own feelings about this love affair were in a turmoil. Up to that point, I had almost worshipped my mother. She was attractive, strong, intelligent and fun to be with. Everyone who met her was immediately fascinated by her and admired her. I simply could not understand how she could even think of having an illicit love affair. As a matter of fact I was “in denial” about it for a long time. When I finally could no longer deny that there was this love affair, I thought that surely this must be a passing fancy and that Sonni would soon realize that she needed Father. After all, Father kept her books, sent out her bills, kept track her patients, did all the correspondence, and consulted with her every evening. However, inwardly, I was hurting because my idol, my Mother, was not as perfect as I had thought.

. Mother had an office on Lexington Ave and 86 Street. She quickly became very successful and among her many patients were some famous people of that time such as Fred and Adele Astair, and the Rockefellers. Shortly she needed an assistant and she hired Lydia (Lya) Albers. They were a good team.

Our house was quite large, having 6 bedrooms, 2 living rooms, one sunroom, a separate dining room and. a large kitchen and 3 bathrooms. The housekeeper, Anna, our governess, Fraulein Helene and well as Lya all lived in the house. This was in the time of the deep depression and Lya, Anna, and Fraulein Helene were grateful that the room and board. were included in their salaries..

It was at this time that my sister Greta was starting to become somewhat of a problem for my parents...As they were not home most of the time, they really were unable to control her social life and she was starting to go out to various parties and staying out late at night without express permission. This was quite unacceptable behavior in my parents’ minds. Father was aware of this and tried to discipline her, to no avail--he alerted Sonni to this as she was “in charge of the girls” .Ernst was also aware of this situation and tried to reason with Greta. The result was that Greta had a strong dislike for Ernst and ignored Father’s attempts. The red flag was up and Sonni decided that Greta needed a firm hand and individual attention which she would provide by taking Greta, alone, without me, to Europe with her in the summer of 1932.

Although I was two years older than Greta, I was the shy one, the one who studied hard and made good grades, was deeply involved with teaching dancing. I was serious, studious and introverted. All through High School I never had a date. I had only one good friend in school, Alma Helbing,.who was one year ahead of me and was a “social disaster” as I was... Greta was very social and at the age of

14 and 15 had many invitations to parties and let her academic work slide a bit. She was the rebellious and headstrong one. She was fun to be with, very popular and full of wonderful ideas of things to do. She was having too much fun to be serious about her school work.. I, on the other hand, tended to be quiet and studious. I made the National Honor Society but did not bother to tell my parents about it because those exceptionally good grades were expected of me. I did not go to the induction ceremony nor did my parents,. I knew they did not have the time to go, so the subject never came up.

The atmosphere at home was getting a bit tense for everyone excepting Father who was blissfully ignoring the obvious situation between Sonni and Ernst.

Since I was not a problem, I was to stay home with Father ,and, at the age of 16, was to make sure that the household ran properly, while Sonni and Greta went to Austria for the summer.. Father had only 2 weeks vacation and so there was absolutely no question about his being unable to go—the ocean liners in those days took 10 days to go from New York to Hamburg—or 7 days from New York to England This was in the days before trans-Atlantic flights.

Sonni and Greta stayed in a little villa that my grandmother inherited, in the town of Oetz,, in Tirol, Austria, about 40 minutes by car from Innsbruck.. This villa, called “Schrofennest”, was built Oetz,in the mid-1800s as a resting place for my great-grandmother, Marie von Pfaundler, and her entourage., on their way to their summer place in Piburg, higher up the mountain., Piburg was accessible only by walking or by ox-cart from the town of Oetz. It was felt that great-grandmother needed to rest for a few days after the train trip from Graz (or Vienna) to Oetz before being transported by wagon up to Piburg. It was here in the Schrofennest in 1932 that Sonni and Greta stayed and visited the rest of the family and where Sonni had a chance to counteract any” bad” influence that may have influenced Greta. In other words; Sonni was going to “straighten “Greta out.

Sonni had taken Greta and me to Sweden and Austria two years before and I had thoroughly enjoyed the travel experience so I was somewhat ambivalent about not going this time because I was “no trouble”.....*perhaps” getting into trouble” does pay off, after all?*

Our parents always tried to treat Greta and me equally, and so, to make up for Greta’s trip to Europe, I was given a single-seater Kayak, made especially for use in the Long Island Sound, where the waves and ocean currents could be rather challenging. I had just won the Kayak Club Women’s Single Championship that spring, .and now I had my own boat. That was to be my reward. I liked that.

Father, Ernst and I joined another couple on a 10 day camping trip down the Delaware River through the Delaware Watergap in New Jersey in our kayaks—Father and I were in a double-seater , Ernst had a single-seater and the other couple were in a double-seater. The weather was fine, the scenery was beautiful, we all were in fine physical shape and enjoyed the challenge of paddling down the river through the countryside. We stopped at some villages along the shores and bought supplies as needed, camping on the banks of the river in tents at night after cooking our meals over the open fires. It was a new adventure and a fun trip for all of us. There was absolutely no tension between Ernst and Father.

The rest of the summer the three of us would spend the weekends at the Kayak Club and when Greta and Sonni returned from Europe, life continued as before.

## THE HOUSE AT CANDLEWOOD LAKE

Written by Hertha Flack 10/2005

Sometime in the next fall and winter of 1933, Ernst had shown some interest in finding some property on which to build a summer house. He had heard there some land available in Connecticut on Candlewood Lake near New Milford. He and Sonni drove up to see it. The next weekend, Father, Greta and I joined them on a trip to see the land. Three lots on the lake shore with almost pristine landscape were what Ernst finally bought. This was in the deep depression, money and jobs were scarce, land was cheap but considered a good investment. As people were eager for jobs, it was not difficult to hire a good contractor who had masons and carpenters to follow the plans made by Ernst for the house. The foundation, walls, windows and roof were finished by winter. Then Ernst's savings dwindled.

In the spring of 1934, President Roosevelt created the WPA. A Norwegian electrical engineer named Holland was assigned to Ernst's research lab. Ernst asked Holland if he would be interested in helping with the carpentry at Candlewood Lake over the week-ends. Holland was delighted; he was alone and single, living in a rented furnished room in Brooklyn and loved the being in the country.. That was how Holland and Ernst together finished off the interior of the house and made all the furniture for it— This including the cabinets, beds, benches, and a large dinner table that seated 12 people. The house plans were made to include the Eisenmenger family and Ernst. A bedroom with twin beds for Sonni and Father, a bedroom with a double decker double bed for 4 girls (Greta, me and two girls friends) A study- bedroom for Ernst, a very large common room with a table seating 12 people, a stone fireplace, and a piano for Sonni as well as a kitchen and a single bathroom. It really was a lovely house, perched on a stone foundation with a bay window, a gabled roof, an elevated terrace outside the living room under a canopy of pine trees.

Holland and Ernst worked all summer on this project while Sonni, Greta and I were in Sweden for the summer. Father was never handy and I suspect he did not volunteer to help, but I really do not know. He stayed in Mt Vernon and at the Kayak

Club. Remember, he had only 2 weeks vacation and therefore could not go to Europe with us. Lya kept Sonni's office open while Sonni was gone.

When we returned, the whole family was able to spend a night in the house, although it still was in a somewhat primitive state. Later it became a full week-end retreat with swimming and boating in the lake. The following year Holland and Ernst added a boat house with 2 spare rooms(to be used as spare bedrooms or a place to change into a bathing suit), a dock for a kayak and a sailboat.

It was so very obvious that Ernst was deeply in love with Sonni and that the feeling was mutual.

I simply could not understand Father's tolerance of this but I never felt that I could approach him on the subject. After all I was only fifteen or so. He was my father, a sophisticated, well traveled, highly respected engineer in his early sixties. I had no one to talk to and was feeling more and more miserable and torn about the situation .

Greta had resented Father's interference with her lifestyle and was now actively displaying her displeasure with her father. She was not fond of Ernst either but tolerated him.

Hertha Flack—8/10/05

### Indian Head Inc Beginning

This is the story of how 2 good friends, Jim Robison and Jim Flack, had a vision , worked extremely hard, against all odds, were successful...perhaps against all odds is not exactly true..those two men were extremely intelligent, ambitious, visionary workaholic leaders who were not afraid of a challenge., They were able to recognize, attract and inspire like-minded individuals., so in my mind, the odds were pretty good that they would be successful...and it certainly never crossed their minds that they would not be.True, there were times when there were set-backs, but failure was not in their vocabulary.

Jim's true colors showed. I guess I always knew that he wanted to help others in a big way and now there was a chance.. He saw the way to help African natives out of their dire poverty by giving them jobs and at the same time fulfilling the fiscal responsibility to the stockholders of Indian Head Inc who invested their money and trust in the company by making their money work and grow. I do not remember the details of this but I do remember that here was a chance of a lifetime.

This was in the early 1960's and Jim Flack was vice president in charge of production of Indian Head Inc. With the help of Dick Powers who was also on the Board as the legal advisor, the two of them finally convinced the Board that it was a financially sound investment to build an integrated textile company in Nigeria, Africa. Up until now, the cotton was grown in Nigeria, shipped to England where it was converted to greige goods, dyed and printed and then shipped back to Nigeria to be sold to the natives.... The native dress used up to 5-7 yards of cloth...To take the Nigerian cotton and make it into greige goods and do the printing and dying without having to ship it overseas and back again would give hundreds of local jobs as

well of make the goods less costly .Surely a win-win situation. The Board agreed that the large investment in time and money was in the stockholders interest as well as a worthwhile humanitarian gesture. They were convinced it would be a viable project and an important step in the growth of the company. What a happy day it was when they voted for the project.

Jim was appointed Chairman of the newly created company, Indian Head, Nigeria; a subsidiary of Indian Head, Inc and Dick was the legal representative. The two of them went off to London where they contacted and hired Taylor Woodrow, a well know Construction Company, to build the mill... The decision was made to build a plant in Aba. north of Port Harcourt, in the Eastern Region of the newly independent country of Nigeria. It was not as though Jim had not had any experience in building a mill off-shore. In 1949, Royal Little, chairman of Textron Inc, had asked Jim to build a mill in Ponce, Puerto Rico. Jim had joined Textron shortly after the war was over and had risen steadily in the company those 4 years. Royal Little was watching him and giving him more and more difficult assignments and the last one was to build a plant in Ponce, knowing full well that Jim had never done this before...Now remember, this was a Yale Divinity graduate who was a Navy pilot in the war.-True, he had shown great leadership qualities in both these tasks and was also showing it while in Textron. Royal Little showed complete confidence in his selection of Jim for this task and Jim rose to the occasion. Our three years in Puerto Rico were a wonderful experience.

Jim and Dick Powers went to London many times and hired Taylor-Woodrow , a well know construction company, to build the plant in Aba, Nigeria., Lloyds of London, a well- established British insurance company was selected as the insurance company

Jim Flack then located Jim Morrison, a plant manager who had a lot of experience in running off-shore facilities and selected him as CEO and plant manager of the Indian Head Nigeria Inc.



Things were falling into place. Of course, there were problems along the way, such as a huge sink hole appearing where the building was being built, and supplies and machinery not arriving in a timely fashion from overseas. Jim Flack made the hardnosed decision not to follow the country's habit of "dashing" (giving money under the table) to the newly appointed Prime Minister for allowing the unloading of supplies on the docks. This was a crucial, gutsy decision—the PM could easily have denied the permission to unload on the docks unless a personal "dash" payment was made to him.—However, Jim Flack wanted to make a clear statement that "dashing" was not the way he would operate...he fully realized that this was attitude was a big gamble—that he was bucking tradition but he had to set a precedent----fortunately. It worked!!

Jim Flack had full responsibility for the whole operation. He went to Aba or London approximately every two weeks as the plant was being built. Frequently, Dick Powers went with Jim to help and support Morrison who had moved to Aba as soon as ground was broken, and was living in the so called Guest House, with his family. Lola Morrison, Jim's wife, was an extremely vivacious, tall, sturdily built, good-looking Mexican, pregnant with her third child. She became one of my dearest friends. The two Morrison boys were about 5 and 8 years old had no problem adjusting to life in Africa...

Late that spring, the plant was almost ready to start. The machinery was being set up, about 30 white, Southern experienced textile workers with their families from South Carolina had signed up for a year or two in Africa .They were to train the native Nigerians who had never seen a textile mill. There never was any problem with racism...

Our oldest son Jimmy, was a Sophomore At Swarthmore College. His father thought it would be a great experience to him to work at the plant, especially since the previous summer before he had worked the

11PM to 8AM shift in the new Deering Millikenmill in Spartenburg, SC. Jimmy seemed anxious to get that experience as well. There was only one condition in this set-up; Jimmy was to work full time for Jim Morrison without any pay whatsoever...his room and board would be taken care of, but there should not be the slightest sign of nepotism here. Although Jimmy's friends all were earning money at summer jobs and he would not, Jimmy agreed to these terms. His reward was a one-week stop over in Florence, with his father, on the way home.

Both my parents worked. This was rather unusual in the days of the early 1930s when mothers were expected to stay at home. Father was a research engineer, working for Edison Co in Manhattan, and our Mother, Sonni, (who had a doctorate in physio-therapy.) was head of a Posture and Therapeutic Exercise Clinic of the Babies Hospital of Columbia University ,at the Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City.. She had single-handedly, started this clinic with the funds one of her wealthy, private patients had donated.

Unfortunately, as there was an epidemic of encephalitis in New York at this time, Sonni contracted the disease, probably from one of her patients. This left her with so-called Jacksonian epileptic seizures which occurred quite unexpectedly when she was overly tired...about every three months or so. These seizures were frightening to behold but after a while we became used to them and knew that after one of these she needed to sleep a while and then everything would be normal, again.

In the 1930's, Greta and I had a beloved, young, blond Austrian governess/housekeeper, Hellie, to take care of us. We adored her. There was also a laundress who came weekly for a few days, as well as a cleaning woman. As children, Greta and I were discouraged to come in the kitchen and as a result we both had absolutely no culinary skills when we married. Dinner was served at 6:30 and Father came home in time to eat with us. Sonni came home later, after she left her last private patient and Father would keep her company while she ate....

Sundays were always special...both our parents would be home and we always had something special that day. Usually we had guests for dinner followed by chamber music; the guests happily participating...Sonni, our mother played the piano and Priska von Hornbostel violin. And there would be a cellist or two or another violin player plus other guests who enjoyed the informal music after dinner. If the weather was good, we frequently went for walks around the Kensington reservoir. Our guests usually were Austrian or German friends who enjoyed the music and the outdoors.

If there was snow we would board the "Ski Train" early in the AM and ski in the Adirondack Mts all day. We went with our foreign friends who had skied in Europe. Skiing was just starting in the USA and was not yet well known or popular among Americans. There were no ski lifts or tows so we learned to climb up the hill on skis, using the herringbone technique which was quite strenuous.. On a good day, one could make 3 or 4 runs, at the most, as climbing to the top of the hill was a long tedious job. Years later when there were lifts, one could easily make 10 to 12 runs per day.

. In the autumn we would sometimes rent horses from the nearby stable and ride for an hour or too...usually before our guests arrived as not many were equipped to ride.

Greta and I were brought up in the strict European tradition. As children, we were taught to shake hands and curtsy, looking the adult straight into the eye, and to rise when a grown-up enters the room. It never even crossed our minds to argue or question an adult. When I was 16 years old I was old enough not to curtsy when greeting a older person. I had a hard time remembering not to curtsy when shaking hands with an adult...it was so ingrained in me to do that. .

“Keep your knees straight—do not curtsy” I would have to tell myself, as my knees bent.

It was a hard habit to break.

Father was a linguist, speaking 6 languages fluently as well as a bit of Chinese and Arabic thrown in... Luckily he loved languages and had a “facile tongue”. He had traveled extensively, worked and lived in most of Europe and the Orient. It was he who insisted we speak only German at home until I was 12 and then only French.

”Every civilized person should speak at least 3 languages.” Father told us.

Therefore, we were to learn English in school and French and German at home. To accomplish this, we had a German or French house-keeper/cook/governess and only German or French was allowed to be spoken in the house. The result of this was that we were the only children, born in America, who went to kindergarten not speaking a word of English. However, Father was correct; we did learn English, quite painlessly, as a matter of fact. German was spoken on Sundays as well. I cannot remember it ever being a problem for our guests.

It was years ago that Sonni Escherich Eisenmenger Weber, my mother, regaled my sister Greta and me, with stories of her childhood. She was a wonderful raconteur and loved to tell stories that always were exciting and wonderful. Her childhood was so different from ours and from any of our friends, Life in those days before World War One with Emperor Franz Josef seemed so remote to present day life in America, it now seems completely unbelievable---but the essence of these stories is true---My uncles and grandmother have verified it, as they lived in those days under the same circumstance. I am telling you these stories as I remember them so that they will not be lost.

### “Stirring the Pot”

“The ghost appeared last night at midnight---in the alley—I saw it with my own eyes”---Anni Eisenmenger at age 18 and her younger sister Hilde, age 15 exclaimed excitedly to anyone everyone who would listen... This created quite a commotion among the people in the courtyard of the Palace in Vienna.

“Really? Do you think we can see it tonight?”

“ There is a full moon out and the sky is clear. Isn’t this exciting?”

“ Too bad the Emperor is at his hunting lodge outside Innsbruck this week with all the hunters.”

“ Did you realize that there are fewer guards on duty now because he is not in residence? I guess that is why there are just a handful of guards to protect us here”

“Lets be brave and stay up to see if the ghost will appear; or, if Anni and Hilde are just making all this up.”.

The time is summer of 1910 on the grounds of the Palace of the Austrian Emperor Franz Josef, in Vienna. The palace is a huge, lovely, ornate edifice, with steep roofs, gargoyles, towers etc, somewhat similar to the Biltmore House in Asheville, N.C. or San Simon in California. It consisted of various buildings around a courtyard, some connected by glassed in walkway. These buildings were three stories high, with rooms that had 14 or 16-foot ceilings with windows that went from floor to ceiling. Many rooms were decorated in the Queen Victoria style of the day .A large formal garden containing fountains and mazes kept dozens of gardeners busy every day. Most members of the Imperial Court and their families resided there when Franz Josef is in residence. When court was not in session or when the Emperor did not need them, the families lived their own private residences, either in town or on their own estate, This time, because. The

Emperor would be away on his hunting trip for only 12 days, many people were still in the Palace.

My mother, Sonya Escherich (called Sonni), age 15, was the daughter of Theodor Escherich, who was a well-known and admired pediatrician. The Escherich family was members of the court. The family of Viktor Eisenmenger, the personal physician of Franz Josef, were also members. The three girls, Anni and Hilde Eisenmenger, daughters of Viktor, and Sonni Escherich, the daughter of Theodor and Margarethe Escherich, were very close friends. This three-some were not lacking in original ideas and schemes to keep things exciting. They really were rascals.

While the Emperor was on an official tour to Italy that spring, Anni and Hilde challenged Sonni to evade the guards and climb into the Emperor's bedroom. In the summers, Sonni had been rock-climbing and mountaineering in the Austrian Alps with her Onkel Hermann and was quite proud of her rock climbing ability. The other two girls were testing her.

As guards were stationed outside the Imperial apartment even when Franz Josef was not in residence, the only way Sonni could enter the apartment would be by climbing up on the outside wall and enter through the window. Thus, while most people were at dinner, one evening, Sonni started climbing up the walls, like "Spiderman", using her rock-climbing techniques to get good hand and foot holds. on the outside stones. . Slowly, she inched her way up to the window of the second story bedroom while Anni and Hilde breathlessly watched. Fortunately, the window was slightly ajar. She opened it and slid, face first, into the room onto the floor---wow---she lay quietly on the floor, not moving, hoping the guard had not heard the plump of her descent onto the floor. He heard nothing.... she quietly got to her feet, went to the mirror and took a picture of herself in the mirror as proof that she had been there.... then, she stuck her head carefully out of the window, Hilde motioned that the coast was clear. And down she descended the way she went up. Luckily, everyone was still at dinner and had not seen this unusual activity. The girls giggled excitedly as they hurriedly went to their respective apartments and to their own dinners. They had successfully pulled off another trick and fooled the guards!!.

Now, this was not courageous; it really was foolhardy!! Sonni could have been shot. They had enough sense not to tell anyone else about this episode. It was their wonderful, yet dangerous, secret; one that definitely was not to be shared with adults...but the picture was the proof.

Now it was time to “stir the pot ‘ again, to have some excitement. A ghost was the perfect solution...

Sonni was the smallest, and the bravest of the three—so she was selected to be the ghost to walk the 100-foot glassed-in walkway, which connected two parts of a building. . One could see the whole walkway clearly from the courtyard. With the full moon shining at night, the walkway was beautifully lit up—just perfect for a ghost....

The plan was as follows: Hilde would be at one end of the walkway with the black blanket and Anni would be at the other end with another black blanket—Sonni would walk the length of the walkway in her white sheet. When she got to the end of the walkway she would be covered with the black blanket and all three girls would silently and quickly run into their apartments, away from the excitement in the courtyard caused by the appearance of the ghost. It worked!

The second time the ghost appeared, Sonni got a real fright as she could hear the spurred boots of the guard approaching the walkway, followed by shouts for more guards with swords and guns. Fortunately, the girls were in the dark, and so silent and fleet-footed that the guards could not see them and catch them. It was a frightening experience. The following night came the announcement that the guards would be doubled.

The ghost never appeared again, but “the pot had been stirred.” Life was not dull.

Four years later, Sonni married my father, Hugo Eisenmenger and went to America. Her childhood had ended.

It seemed to me that we were really in a rut—during all the years of our marriage we had moved more or less every 7 -8 months. .During the wars years, the Navy moved us nine times.After that we were moving at the same frequency due to Jims various jobs....When Jim was released from the Navy, we moved to Wilton Ct so he could work on his PhD at Yale;, 7 months later we bought a house in New Jersey while he worked for Esso; 7 months later he was offered a job with Royal Little at Textron and we moved to Mont Vernon, N.H where we rented a furnished house to be close to Nashua N.H.; and 8 months later we found better accommodations in a rented, reconstructed huge barn in Westford Mass. We loved it in Westford and a year later we bought a large house with connected barn on Depot Street in Westford. Now, this was to be our home, finally.!! Our furniture was getting a bit beaten up with all that moving –and me too. By now we had three children,age 2 ,5,7, and it was time to settle down and know exactly “where to put the Xmas tree” .

We sanded the floors and repainted the walls, put in new windows, planted a garden, learned all about cess pools ( it overflowed 2 months after we moved in) .However we still had to use the old refrigerator with the fan to keep the motor cooled, as the post-war manufacturing had not really caught up with such civilian needs. Refrigerators, tires and cars were still in short supply.

Household help was non-existent as the economy was starting to boom and everyone wanted the “better” jobs—i.e. those in business ,offices, factories, mills, etc...jobs in the homes were scorned upon, no one wanted to do menial housework . As a result I had no help with the large house and 3 small children Nor did any one else.,for that matter. My solution was to hire a high-school girl one afternoon a week to take the children for two hour walk while I scrubbed the kitchen and bathroom floors.and did some paperhanging..That worked fine. Jim would be home by 7 :30pm and I tried to have the children fed and bathed by the time he came home, so he could have some time with them. Then he and I would have dinner at 8:30 after the kids were in bed...On week-ends we would work on upgrading our new house...all this lasted 8 months.—

Then, one day, Jim came home and said;”How would you like to live in Puerto Rico:?”

WHAT??---this came out of the blue...how come? I am pretty flexible but I still have a paint brush full of paint in my hands for THIS wall and we’re off AGAIN??? On second thought, this sounds like an exciting adventure----.whooppee!..

“Jim, how come ? What will you be doing there? When? .”

“Royal Little, Chairman of the Board of Textron Inc, called me into his office today and made me this fantastic offer. I am to be President of Textron, Puerto Rico. I am to build a textile mill in Ponce, PR and run it. Textron Inc will finance it and Textron, PR will build and run it.

“Jim, what do you know about building a mill?..You are a navy pilot and a divinity student and a personelle officar, for Pete’s sake!—“



“Well, honey, I am so very lucky... Royal told me he had been watching me. He prides himself on recognizing talent and he has full confidence that I am the one he would like to send to Puerto Rico to build the mill and run it...The Puerto Rican government is anxious to get new businesses there and is offering wonderful tax and other incentives for businesses to come down there. The project is called “Operation Bootstrap” because they are helping their economy by pulling themselves up by the bootstrap.”

Teodoro Moscoso(who later became our close friend) masterminded and headed this climb of Puerto Rico from poverty to economic success. His idea attracted worldwide capital investments that by the mid-1950s had transformed the island from an economic backwater into a bustling industrial society. Royal Little, with his far-sightedness and extremely keen mind, saw the possibility of growth for his company.. He was willing and able to take a chance on Operation Bootstrap and Jim Flack.

“Are you ready for our next adventure ,Tah?” and then he added, as an added incentive

“”You will have plenty of help there with the house and the children...the climate is great. This is a great opportunity for advancement. . What do you say?”

What do you think I said?--Even though we worked so hard on our new home, I can move again, I can find another place for the Christmas tree. I love a challenge and a new adventure ,so, I unhesitatingly said

“Yes ,yes, this will be great.! I am so proud of you. Of course we will go”

The next step was to sell the house Our friends, the Lamsons, bought it right away. .Shipping our furniture overseas would cost a great deal of money . On top of that, we were told that all wooden furniture from the states are mercilessly attacked by the local termites and that we would be much better off to purchase furniture made out of mahogany or metal, and to purchase it there...and so,the decision as to what to pack was fairly simple...each child was allowed three toys, we packed only summer clothes as we were moving to the semi-tropics. The rest of the clothes, furniture, dishes, kitchen appliances, even our beloved refrigerator from Oklahoma, linens, were all given to the auctioneer. There was a huge auction in our house the day after we left...Years later, when we returned to Westford to visit friends, I would find myself sleeping under one of my old blankets, or my hostess would serve me breakfast, with a broad smile, on my old dishes....that was such fun seeing old friends and seeing how they enjoyed my old things they bought and valued.

In those days there were no jet planes, so it was a 8 hour over-night flight to San Juan from New York City. .We left Boston at noon., and then had to spend several hours at the airport in NYC before boarding the plane at 10PM. Now, let me tell you with three small children in tow, that was quite an expedition... By 6 PM we were all tired and cranky, Pan Am personelle took pity on us. and put us up in a private room. In those days, not many families traveled by plane and the airline personelle were extremely thoughtful and kind. When we finally boarded the plane at 10PM we boarded the plane with 3 very tired children. A large bunch of bananas was our hand luggage....much to the amusement of the other passengers.

I had learned that a banana is the handiest and easiest thing to quiet and satisfy a tired child—it is quicker and easier than anything else. As we were about to take off, a very tall, handsome, Puerto Rican came up to Jim and started talking to us; he recognized Jim—that was Ted Moscoso, the head of Operation Bootstrap, and he was welcoming us with our three children and bananas....I will not go into the details of the trip excepting to say we did survive it-somehow..

When we disembarked at 8 AM we took a cab to the Condado Beach Hotel for some breakfast. This is a four star luxury hotel, complete with white gloved waiters, soft music( even at breakfast), a lovely pool, white sandy beach, a casino etc . It was the only place we knew that we could have breakfast that was “safe”. Our doctor had told us that we should drink only boiled water, boiled milk, fruit only washed in boiled water and no raw vegetables for a week or two until we get acclimatized....Remember, this is in the early 1950’s and sanitation was a problem, even in San Juan, in those days. We sat down in this elegant dining room with our three dead-tired children and ordered scrambled eggs and toast and chocolate... Bob, the 2 year old, was so exhausted he could hardly see straight and when the waiter put the scrambled eggs on the tray of his high chair, the child took one look at dark-skinned man, let out a yelp that would waken the dead and tossed the plate of eggs right at the wall and the poor man.....My children had never seen someone who was not white and it really frightened them. It had not occurred to us to prepare them for this. As they scraped scrambled eggs off the wall and off the astonished waiter, we decided that a 4 star hotel is not the place for tired children. This had not been our wisest decision..

We took a cab to the furnished house in the Condado Beach area of San Juan. Jim had rented it for 6 weeks house us until we found our permanent quarters. As soon as we entered the door, the bell rang and a young woman came and asked for a job as our maid...the bell rang again in three minutes, and 2 more came and wanted to work here—followed by about 6 more people, men and women...all wanting to work as a maid, housekeeper ,chauffeur, cook, laundress etc...Most of them not speaking English. I was overwhelmed!! Definitely no shortage of help here. Too tired to make any decision .Fortunately Olive Gonzalez arrived shortly thereafter and took charge. She was the wife of the attorney general of Puerto Rico Ted Moscoso had called her and asked her to welcome us....what a blessing!! She was an American, born in Philadelphia who had married Guillermo Gonzalez and lived in San Juan for at least 25 years. Olive was a no-nonsense person who immediately took charge and helped me hire my household staff .She even hired our “night watch” which is essential for our safety at night.

.There was a definite hierarchy that had to be followed. The cook is the chief of the help and does the shopping and keeps order. However, the cook will not clean, and the laundress does nothing but wash clothes,,the ninera is the only one that will watch the children, mistress of the house should not dirty her hands by gardening, that is what a gardener is for. The cleaning person will not watch the children etc. .Every one has their specific job. Under these circumstances, there is a lot of standing around and chatting and there definitely no hurry to get anything done....not even in the business world., Jim was

finding this out and this “manana attitude” was definitely hard on a man who valued efficiency and timeliness. This was a whole new world for me but I must be honest and say that although it was extremely frustrating at times, I really did enjoy not having to cook, clean and wash . My job was to take care of the children and be the company hostess...I loved it and I was good at it.

In the winter months, all kinds of “important people”(CEO’s , company presidents, members of boards of various companies) with their wives would come down to visit and see the Ponce plant...Jim would put me in charge of entertaining the wives while he showed the men the plant. I had a one- day tour, a three- day tour and a 6- day tour all worked out...and depending on the length of the stay.. On my tours I would take them to the old fort,(2 hours); to the nunnery to purchase some beautiful embroideries (2 hours); to El Yunque Rain Forests (all day) ;to various beaches,(4 hours,); to various golf courses to play golf (all day); to local markets (2-5 hours)to the Red Firehouse in Ponce(all day) ;shopping at the Caribe Hilton(half a day);;to the local market in San Juan(2-5 hours)golf (all day) . The evenings were a “given”...gambling and dancing was a big thing in Puerto Rico. Most visitors wanted to check the casinos out---I considered that such a bore...I just am not a gambler---..perhaps because I hate to loose money,--- whatever,---- I just do not enjoy it-- so I ended up by “people watching”...Jim likes it, up to a point -let us say up to 10 PM then he is ready to go home, whereas some of our visitors liked to stay quite late...After March, no one came to see us—that was when it really started to get hot and sticky, and by June it really was sticky. In those days we did not have air-conditioning in the house...We had open wooden louvres and fans and we slept under mosquito nets .Our house had no glass in the windows, just the wooden louvers.. The hotels were air-conditioned, and now there is air-conditioning in all the houses.

A few days after our arrival I had to really get busy and purchase a houseful of furniture, kitchen equipment, linens, silver, dishes, rugs, cleaning equipment, etc. It is absolutely amazing how much stuff a household needs....it is so easy to forget little things like a salt shaker or a;pot- holder...how many beds did I need ? Should I purchase a crib or a bed for Bob? How many waste-paper baskets? Whoops, I forgot a mirror....and how can I hang a picture on these cement walls? I need a special gun to hang anything...Will the children adjust to the mosquito nets?/...all these questions...an exciting new life was starting ...and a whole new list of rules I need to learn...it took me a while to understand the “totin-priveliges that the help has. The help has a completely different menu than we. The cook has to cook two different menus each meal.; one for us and a different one for the help—they like dried cod and rice and beans daily....and they leisurely eat in the casita (which is the little house in back of our house) with much laughter and giggling.....they are a happy,sunny peoplee.

And so our three years in Puerto Rico started....

## MY SISTER, GRETA

Written by Hertha Flack 10/2005

Greta, my sister, was two years younger than I. Her birthday was Nov 13, 1918 and she claimed that 13 was her lucky number. When we were very young, we were dressed alike. We had identical fur coats, dresses, high button shoes.etc Neither one of us liked that. By the time we were 6 and 8 we no longer wore identical clothes.. She and I were of such different temperaments, that we were never very close. She was cute and very affectionate, had a pug nose, sparkling blue eyes and a ready smile. All her life, Greta, was the “life of the party”. She loved people and laughter. Although she was not studious, she was artistically talented and was an original thinker. She could tell wonderful stories and loved to entertain people with them. As an adult she had art classes for children in her house and was able to stimulate them to do some exciting paintings. She was an art major at Barnard College at Columbia University in N.Y .and delighted in taking family and friends to various museums in New York ,giving lectures on the current exhibitions that were shown at that time. Professionally, she taught art history at a college in New Rochelle. I loved to go with her to the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York where she would discuss the different painters and their styles and show me what to look for in their paintings. Her lectures were fascinating and instructive.. Although she did not paint or sculpt herself, her knowledge of art was great and she made it all seem so exciting, and wonderful.

Greta had” a way with her” that made everyone anxious to help her. Sonni and I called it “Greta’s helpless act”. She never wrote a check until she was in her seventies and then only under duress. .Balancing the checkbook was definitely not her forte. She married Peter Neelsen who worshipped her and did everything for her eg wrote all the checks, did the most of the shopping, made all the decisions after asking what she thought about it, washed the dishes, set the table, vacuum the floors etc.

Unfortunately, Greta had frequent asthma attacks as a child which continued into adulthood at a lesser rate, so she was not as strong and healthy as I was. Allergies plagued her, giving her asthma. She got a rash on her hands when they were in water for any length of time, so Peter washed the dishes and anything else that needed washing. Sonni and I thought that she took advantage of this, but Peter happily took care of her. She was very precious to him. .

Greta was not fond of children. She claimed that whenever she sat near a child, it would immediately look at her and then howl in terror. Peter dearly wanted a child and after about 8 years of marriage, she finally consented to have a child for Peter. They named their son Craig. Not surprisingly, she was not a natural mother. Craig was Peter's child and although she loved Craig, she usually found someone else to take care of him. After school he frequently went to Sonni house because no one was at home at his house.

Greta loved to travel. Peter's job with Pan Am airlines took him out of the country for weeks at a time, as he was in charge of Pan American Airline's stations world-wide. Peter Neelsen was a strong, athletically built, kind and gentle young man of Swedish descent, who went to High School with Greta. Through his work at Pan American Airlines, he made many friends all over the world. One of the perks of his job was that his family could travel, first class, anywhere, anytime a seat was available, for just the cost of the tax on the ticket. Until Craig was of school age, Greta and Craig traveled worldwide visiting friends and family while Peter was on assignment. They would spend several weeks in London with friends while Peter was working in England. The same was true in Paris and Rome.. This seemed to be a pattern with PanAm people. There was reciprosity and the Neelsen house had many foreigners stay at their house while their guests were visiting in New York.

One winter Greta and Craig spent 6 weeks in New Dehli in a friend's house while the British owners were on sabbatical leave in London. The house came with a gardener, cook, a car with driver, and 2 maids. The maids adored the baby, Craig, and took care of him for Greta.

Almost every summer in the 1950-1960s they were in Oetz, in my grandmother's Tirolese summer villa. Our housekeeper there, Frau Marianna, took care of Craig, while Greta went to Vienna or Salzburg etc taking some art courses or visiting friends. In those days, after WWII, the dollar was very strong and everything in Europe was extremely cheap for Americans. Greta said she just could not afford to stay in New York, under those circumstances.

And so, Craig learned from babyhood on, to adjust quickly to all kinds of people and situations. He also learned to be rather self sufficient. Peter taught him to be very solicitous of his mother, that she was extremely precious,, and needed to be taken care of. Greta did not object to this. In fact, Sonni and I as well as Ernst thought that she was taking advantage of Peter and Craig by constantly asking or demanding their help

*....Could we have been a bit jealous of the solicitous attention Greta received? While our husbands loved us, they did not shower us with all that care that Greta got from Peter and Craig?*

Greta's traveling in winter had to slow down when Craig went to school. After school, he usually went to Sonni's house as Greta was not at home most of the time. Sonni was not very happy about this but she would not let Craig stay alone in his house. Greta would either be teaching at a local college or taking classes or visiting friends. ...it did not occur to her that she needed to be home for Craig; and neither Craig nor Peter told her.

Greta loved a good story but would not necessarily stick to the truth to make it exciting. She went to almost any length to play a harmless joke on someone. These jokes were never mean, they were harmless and meant to entertain. For instance, at a party one time, I was in deep conversation with someone when Phil came up to me and said

"Why did you not tell me that your mother was a Persian princess? and that she escaped from a harem. I am studying customs of the far-East and would love to know about this."

I stared at him—*where in the world did he get that outlandish idea?*

"I am serious. This is fascinating, Please tell me more"

I was speechless.

"Greta told me all about it—the beautiful palace in which she was brought up, the jewels she had and the many servants----"

After the party I confronted Greta

"Greta, what is this nonsense you told Phil about Mother being a Persian—and a princess to boot?"

She broke into gales of laughter

"Oh, I love it! I love it! I love to tell outlandish stories and see how much those fools will believe. I want to see how many wild ideas I can present and find out how far I can push them. Isn't that fun? "

This trait of hers later got me in a lot of trouble. For instance

In 1955, my friend , Sally Drew and I took 3 of her children and 2 of my children to Europe for 4 weeks. It was the first time the Drews ever were in Europe . We went to France, Italy and also to Oetz. While in Oetz, all my friends and relatives gave us a grand time parties and picnics etc. Upon returning to the USA, Jim met our plane, enthusiastically embraced the children and was somewhat cool to me..*What is going on here?* I thought.

"Greta called me from her house in New York while you were away. She was all alone and sick with asthma attack., Peter, her husband, was in India. Sonni and Ernst were in South

America for the Ford Foundation...Would I help her?. I felt sorry for her, so I asked her to come here where our good friend and excellent physician, Ralph Cole, could help her. She came and stayed ten days here in the house. Ralph did help get her attacks under control .”, Jim told me. “Aha” I thought, *”this spells trouble. Jim does not know Greta’s so-called sense of humor”*

“That was very thoughtful of you to take care of my sister while I was gone. Thanks, Jim. Now, will you, for goodness sakes, tell me why you are so distant with me—something is wrong. What is it.? I asked.

“You know perfectly well what the trouble is—do not play with me”. Jim said. After the children were in bed, we had quite a “session”. Jim kept insisting I knew what the trouble was and I did not have the faintest idea of what he was talking about.

The final upshot was that somehow the WHOLE TOWN of Westford knew that I had gone to Europe to meet my lover—  
*my lover?? Who was that?*

Naturally, Jim was very hurt and disappointed.

*Well,. I first had to find out who my” supposed lover” was.*

“Someone by the name of Hans...someone you knew long ago..and that was why you wanted to go to Oetz”, Jim finally told me, “and the whole town knows about it”  
I was completely mystified about all this...Twenty years ago, while Greta and I were in Oetz, a young man by the name of Hans Haid took me out on a few dates. He wrote me a letter when I returned home but I never answered it. That was the extent of our relationship. I never saw him or communicated with him afterwards. Then it dawned on me what had happened.

While Ralph treated Greta, Greta was in her usual “fun” mode and regaled Ralph with family “stories”. One of the most amusing of them was that Jim was unaware that his wife, her sister, Hertha, was meeting a secret lover, Hans, in Oetz. That was such a “romantic story”, wasn’t it?? Who would have thought that such a risqué story would be going on in a small, sedate New England town?

Unfortunately, Greta told this story to the town’s biggest gossip, Ralph.. I knew she was playing her usual game of “trying to find out how far she can fabricate something and make it believable”.

She meant no harm, she never did, but this time harm was made and Jim was very hurt. He finally accepted the fact that Greta does not necessarily stick to the truth if a good story is in the making. It was a hard lesson for him to learn, as Jim was so very honest and truthful and he had never met anyone who tested the credibility of others as she did. The rest of family knew that Greta was a

delightful raconteur who always had amusing stories to tell. She was loving and fun and meant no harm. Just, sometimes, she went too far. She almost put our marriage in jeopardy without meaning to.

I forgave her but I was never able to fully trust her again.



I simply could not believe what I was seeing.... Absolute magic!! I was seated on a cement step in a garage in Miami mesmerized by a washing machine that was swirling a pair a Jim' s black socks around in soapy hot water and then rinsing them twice in clear water, without my touching the machine. The realtor who had rented the house to us had told me about this wonderful new invention, called a Bendix automatic clothes washing machine., This was in the attached garage. As soon as she had left, I simply had to try it out. Our still packed suitcases were in a heap in the living room floor of this furnished, two- bedroom house located within 30 min of the Navy Air Base. The clean black socks in Jim's unpacked suitcase was the first piece of clothing I could lay my hands on. I was not going to wait another minute to see how this new washing machine worked. True, I had read about this machine in the papers but no one we knew had one or could afford one. It sounded too good to be true. I had always sent the sheets and towels and shirts to the laundry and washed the smaller things by hand; my mother had a laundress come once a week for two days to do the laundry. This machine was true magic.

"Tah, what on earth are you doing sitting in the garage on a cement step--staring into space?"

"Jim, I am NOT staring into space! I am watching this machine that washes and rinses your socks without my touching it.. ..Come here and watch this."

And this is how our neighbors, Chuck and Rheba Campbell, met us. Jim and I were sitting in the garage, silently, wide-eyed ,staring at this machine which was washing a pair of black socks, when they came to greet us. No wonder they would later jokingly refer to us as the crazy Yankees from Connecticut. The next day I put much more than 2 socks at a time into the machine.

Jim and Chuck were in the same Naval program --working with the flight cadets.; Chuck had been the head football coach for the University of Texas and his assignment was to get the cadets in excellent physical shape. Jim was assigned to teach the cadets Judo.

Judo??-----!!What??

JUDO ??---!!!

Jim hardly knew the word judo and had never been exposed to it until he went to Annapolis . He got this assignment because of his athletic background. I assume they needed judo teachers more than they needed chaplains or graduates from divinity schools. He became an expert in Judo at Annapolis .His assignment in Miami was to teach the naval air cadets self-defense (judo) in case they are shot down in Japan after they bombed Tokyo.

These times were very serious times;, frightening, unnerving and plain scary. Submarines were sunk offshore Miami,,and the beaches were covered with oil and flotsam from the sinkings. At night we had to black out the windows with black cloth and the cars drove with only parking lights, making driving rather hazardous. All this, so that enemy planes could not target the town or the base.

We had ration tickets for food, gasoline, tires, and some clothing. Noone ever complained. We knew that overseas conditions were much worse and people were suffering from hunger, death and destruction.

The Campbells and Flacks were neighbors and soon became close friends Jim and the two Campbells were avid, good bridge players and for relaxation, wanted to play bridge every Sunday evening. They needed a fourth and I was the logical one; excepting I knew nothing about cards. My family did not play cards or any other game that I remember...They were not against playing cards, we just never had enough time to play—Our recreation was music,(on Sundays we had live trios at home with friends) , or we went on long walks in Bear Mountain, or we went kayaking in the Long Island Sound with the NY Kayak Club. For several years we rented horses from the local livery and rode in the Parkway—and in the winters, when the conditions were right, we took the ski train to the Berkshires and went skiing. Somehow, there was no time or inclination to play card games. And that was how, I knew nothing about cards -did not even know the difference between a club and a spade...

To my dismay , Rheba, Chuck and Jim, all THREE of them, were teaching me to play bridge,and at the same time. Everytime I put a card down, I had THREE people telling me why I should have put another card down or gave me a long discourse about the value of counting the cards, or how important it was to remember what had been played , or how to finesse etc etc...my mind was swirling, so many rules, so much to remember, and everyone talking at once... It was sheer, unrelenting torture. No fun at all...On Saturdays I would start praying that a hurricane would come and the men would have to go back to the base and help secure all the planes—thus eliminating the bridge game...It was a long uphill struggle for all four of us . The three never gave up, and somehow, finally, I was able to play a passable game of bridge.. Now I really love the game. Funny how things turn out..

Jim was starting to get rather unhappy about preparing and sending these young, smart, good looking, all-American cadets age 19 to 21 to fight overseas in great danger while he was safe in Miami...At age 32 he was too old to go to fight overseas. The theory behind this is, the 19 year old men know that they will not die and will take all kinds of risks necessary to fight in a war, whereas the older men realize that they are mortal and are much more cautious. This age barrier was a Navy regulation.

One day, about 6 months after we arrived in Miami, Jim came home,, gave me a big hug and said

Honey, there is an ALLNAV out, that any lieutenant with a private pilots license is eligible to enter a new program for further flight training .He will then be sent to Intelligence School to learn to debrief our pilots as they return to the aircraft carrier after their mission”

“What is an ALLNAV?”

“It is an announcement to all Navy personelle. This is IT! It is good for only 3 months. . I MUST do this, I cannot keep sending these youngster off and not help. I can get private lessons in the

early evenings after work at the Miami Air School and get my private pilots license. Then I can apply for this program. Do you understand that I must do this? Will you please support me in this? ..I want to do this so badly.”

“You ARE helping these cadets by teaching them Judo—and how to defend themselves. Surely, that is helping them. But I know you so well and I understand how you feel about these youngsters and that you feel you are not doing enough... Since you feel so strongly about this—yes, I understand and I will help.”

Private flying lessons are extremely expensive and we could not afford it on the money that the Navy was paying Jim. So I dusted off my nurse’s cap and degree and took the job that would pay the most; namely, 12 hour night shift,, private-duty, psychiatric case in a private home. It paid the best because it is a most challenging and sometimes dangerous job. My patient was a 180 lb male about 50 years old who could easily throw me out the window if he so chose...and which he threatened to do..He heard voices and was violent at times. It took all my training and my wits to keep him calm. The night is the most difficult time for these patients. Quite frankly .I was scared. I was so delighted to see the sun rise in the morning....One twelve-hour night shift paid for one two- hour private flying lesson...Jim had lessons in the late afternoons and got his private pilots license within 3 months.

And so our life changed again.

Maria and Leopold Pfaundler

I was eight when I met my great-grand-mother, Maria von Pfaundler in Vienna . The year as 1924 and it was the first time my mother saw her family, since the outbreak of World War One when my parents Hugo and Sonni Eisenmenger were in America and unable to return to Austria. The ocean liners were not crossing the Atlantic Ocean because the submarines were a real threat. My younger sister Greta and I were both born in USA and had never been to Europe.. This was the first time that my mother was able to show her two daughters to her family.

And she was so proud of us. We both had been brought up in a very European manner .( In those days, children were brought up to curtsy and bow while shaking hands with adults as a gesture of respect... (Upon reaching adulthood, it was no longer necessary to bow or curtsy when talking to an adult. I remember distinctly how difficult it was for me to lock my knees and not curtsy after the age of 16-.the habit was so ingrained in me-) We dutifully curtsied and shook her hand, were gently patted on the head and admired. Great grandfather then also shook out hands. This was followed by adult conversations while we quietly sat in assigned chairs and listened. I

obviously adored her and really seemed to treat her as a little doll, very gently, and lovingly. It was obvious she was very special.

I remember that great-grandmother was a very tiny and rather fragile adult—she was just slightly taller than me .. Leopold referred to her as his “little one”.

He was a well known scientist, a professor of Physics at the University and highly regarded for his research... As a member of the intelligensia and a minor aristocrat with a title, (their family was a FreiGraf—which means that they were “ beholden” to the Emperor only, ) he was automatically a member of Emperor Franz Josef’s Imperial Court. That is how the Eisenmenger and the Pfaundler families met.. at the Emperors court..

.. Leopold and Maria had 4 children; Margarethe,, Meinhard, and Richard in rapid order .

Eight years later, much to their great embarrassment, the fourth child, Hermann, was born. Apparently, in the Victorian age, it was not proper to have children in middle age.

In 1992 I found his personal diary among my mother's effects. It was written in German script. I asked Greta to translate it into English for my children who do not speak

German. Two months later, she sent me 2 pages of the translation and declared she found it so extremely boring, that she would not continue. She found him rather pompous and extremely uninteresting and would have no more of him. Previously, I had been able to laboriously read the first two [pages, written during his honeymoon---he wrote about his "little doll", how beautiful she was and how much he cherished her. He could not have been THAT boring!!!

Greta sent the diary off to a cousin in Austria (Wolfgang Pfandler) who is very interested in antiques and genealogy.

So that took care of his diary. I never saw my great-grand-parents again.. Both Leopold and Maria had died by the time we returned for a visit two years later.

## Indian Head Inc Beginning

Hertha Flack Nov 16,2004

This is the story of how 2 good friends, Jim Robison and Jim Flack, had a vision , worked extremely hard, against all odds, were successful...perhaps against all odds is not exactly true..those two men were extremely intelligent, ambitious, visionary workaholic leaders who were not afraid of a challenge., They were able to recognize, attract and inspire like-minded individuals., so in my mind, the odds were pretty good that they would be successful...and it certainly never crossed their minds that they would not be.True, there were times when there were set-backs, but failure was not in their vocabulary..

“Tah, A friend of mine, Jim Flack, who is a student at Yale Divinity School, would like to meet you. He saw you at the graduate students dance last night but could not get to you.. I told him I knew you and would introduce you.”

“Now Tracy, you know I do not have blind dates” I said.

“Tah,, you owe me a favor. Remember, I arranged a date for a friend of yours two weeks ago?...this is pay-back time”

This was true, and even though the result was a disastrous evening , I really did owe Tracy a favor. Hope was a shy, socially inept and not too attractive looking classmate at the Yale School of Nursing, who had not had a date since she arrived in New Haven. I liked her for her kind and quiet personality, but she was not outgoing and had difficulty meeting strangers . I felt guilty going out so frequently while Hope stayed at home, evening after evening. Since I had more than enough social engagements, I had asked Tracy to find a date for her one evening. He got her a date but she flubbed it She did not pass muster...she was home within 2 hours; crying and saying she did not know what to talk about, and did not know how to dance. Unfortunately, I was not with her so I could not help the situation. And now Tracy was asking for the payback. I reluctantly agreed...blind dates were not for me.

The next day I got a telephone call from Jim Flack ---he had a low, base voice and a deep southern accent—the nicest voice I had heard in ages—asking me to go ice-skating the following Friday----ice-skating??.a southerner, ice-skating?..Even though I was from NY, I had very little experience ice-skating---we were skiers!...

I did have skates, even though I could hardly stand up in them;so I agreed...Jim said we were invited to join a group of fellow athletes (goodness, what did that mean?) to a bonfire cookout and outdoor skating party on a private pond about 30 minutes from New Haven. ---

“Well, at least this date will be something different” I thought-“this Jim Flack must be an original thinker---not a movie date, not a dinner date, but ice-skating???; a outdoor cookout with a bunch of athletes in the dead of winter?? And what a wonderful, low , fascinating voice—“

Sight unseen, I liked what I heard, even though he was a Divinity student.

This was Feb 1940, and I was about to meet my future husband and very best friend.

I had graduated from Swarthmore in 1938 with a pre-med degree and had applied to Columbia University, Physician and Surgeons School of Medicine in New York City(usually known as P&S) This action was rather daring in those days. Traditionally, medical doctors were men, not women...but little by little, a few women were admitted to the medical schools...and I wanted a career as a physician.. Swarthmore is known to be rather academically challenging, and

since I am not exceptionally smart, I really had to work extremely hard at my studies...I had little time or inclination to be social—as a matter of fact, I had very few dates while at college; my social skills were nil. I would classify myself at that time as a quiet, studious, nondescript, unobtrusive gray mouse, who disappears into the woodwork. However, my hard work at my studies paid off. I was accepted into P&S..(oh, wonder of wonders!!).

The letter of acceptance to the Medical School however was not filled with enthusiasm. In essence, the Dean wrote that they were pleased to announce that the medical school is proudly pioneering by admitting females.. I was one of two of the first females ever to be accepted and they hoped that I am fully aware that I was a leader in the new trend. As an added fillip, they reiterated that the program is extremely challenging, and sincerely hoped that I would be able to keep up the demanding pace the school required. They also told me that 75 applicants were admitted but the attrition rate the first year historically is 3:1.

Well, I interpreted that as a warning that I and the other female would have to be as good AND better than the other students..

Quite frankly, I ran---I was scared---I was insecure in my ability to meet this threatening challenge...

I showed the letter to.Bunny Dana, a fellow pre-med and said

“Bunny, I do not feel up to this challenge..I know I do not have the necessary “smarts” to compete with 74 carefully selected males, especially when they resent a female entering a field dominated by men.”

“Forget P&S” Bunny said,”and come with me to Yale School of Nursing where there is a 3 year post-graduate course, after which you can enter Yale Medical School for one year and get your MD. The first 2 years are with the Yale medical school students and the third year specializes in administrative nursing etc...it is possible ,after getting the MN degree, to enter Yale Medical School for the 4<sup>th</sup> year and earn the MD”.

Good advise---problem solved.--no hassle

I applied and was accepted at Yale.....the pressure was off----I relaxed for the first time in years and happily enrolled in the Yale School of Nursing.

That was when my whole outlook on life changed.....the “little grey mouse” became a “social butterfly”....The academic work was not too difficult, because Swarthmore had prepared me well,; and I was finding the joy of being extremely popular and having lots of dates.

Such joy!!!,--- such freedom!!!.



Now I was getting very selective with my dates...a complete switch from my “mousy personality “ at Swarthmore....I went out only with those in a field relating to medicine; eg medical students and interns,---- definitely not Divinity-students with whom I thought I had nothing in common---that was why I at first hesitated about going out with Jim Flack .Our family was not a church going family—religion played no part in our lives, and I felt uneasy with anyone associated with any church or religion...

I was not aware that Jim was doing exactly what I was doing—he had gotten a full scholarship at the Yale Divinity School to get his masters degree in 3 years to be followed by one year of further study to get his PhD in education....that was his goal...This was the only way this man from Shaw, Miss. with no financial resources, could afford to get his PhD . In those years approximately ¼ of the Divinity students did not plan to become ministers. They were on their way to get their PhD. and probably teach. Yale was fully aware of this and helped these students in their curriculum.planning.

Jim said he would pick me up at the dorm where I was staying. I came downstairs, clad in ski pants, mittens, and a sweater and scarf, with my skates slung over my shoulder, not knowing what to expect. And there was this Greek God, approaching me saying “Hello, Tah. I am Jim”...he was the tallest, most handsome person I had ever seen-- and he was MY DATE!!!!I could not believe it—he opened the door, escorted me to his car and we drove 30 min into the country to a pond where there were about 20 people seated around a huge bonfire, eating hamburgers, and drinking hot chocolate and beer while others were skating on the pond in the twilight...The smell of the crackling wood burning, the sound of the laughter as some awkward skater fell on the ice. the wonderful smell of the hot chocolate,the sound of the metal of the skates on the ice, and the welcoming warmth of the fire surrounded by smiling, laughing faces was something I will never forget

...Jim helped me put on my skates and then said;in his deep southern accent

“I am afraid I brought you here under false pretenses, I come from Mississippi and have never ice-skated before... Could you teach me? I borrowed these skates from Fred who owns this pond.”

“Now it is my turn to confess” I replied, “I am a skier, not an ice-skater but we both can try”

We spent the rest of the evening in each others arms—that is, holding onto each other , laughing and trying to stay erect on the ice....

First meeting with Jim Flack.doc

The moon came out, the hot dogs and hamburgers were great, the glow from the bonfire, the wonderful camaraderie made everything almost ethereal-looking; the conversation was lively and stimulating--, and the beer helped Jim and me make some semblance of staying on our feet while skating. .... I was head over heels in love and so was he.

I never dated anyone else after that.

I had met my Greek God and knew it.

My father was an immaculate dresser. He always wore a starched, white shirt with necktie a coat and a fedora hat... He polished his shoes daily until they had a mirror-like sheen on them. Once a week he had them professionally polished by the bootjack at Grand Central Station in New York on his way to the office...I think the only time I did not see him in a coat and tie was when he was at the NY Kayak Club ready to paddle his beloved kayak...then he wore shorts, tennis shoes and a knit short sleeved shirt.

For rainy days he had a raincoat, rubbers, umbrella and a rain hat, which were hung in the foyer at the front door of our house in Mt Vernon. He had a rather formal manner, answering the phone with 'Mr. Eisenmenger speaking' instead of the usual "Hello".

He was a kind and gentle man, and surprisingly outgoing, considering his formal dress and manner of speech. He was slow to anger, but when he did. (Which was seldom) The earth shook.

He loved his daughters deeply although he irritated both Greta and me by his constant correcting our grammar in German and with his exceedingly high expectations of our academic achievements in school. He was a perfectionist and expected others to be as well.

When I came home with A in my report card he wanted to know why it was not an A+; and there was a very disapproving look on his face should I, heaven forbid, I ever had a B+. He did not like our reading the comics-especially the Katzenjammer Kids. It was not the content that bothered him, (I doubt that he could ever bring himself to read it,) but the drawing--!! It really was poor and he was afraid it would ruin our taste for art...and it was the same with our reading material; he encouraged us to read the classics but thought the "Bobsey Twins" books, (which we loved,) were trash. The best birthday present we could possibly give him would be a drawing or a painting we had made ourselves.

Sometime parents can be a source of embarrassment to children especially when the children are young and dare not be different.... Our relationship with Father was no different. I remember the one incidence in which he REALLY embarrassed us.

Greta and I were about 10 and 12 years old. It was a rainy Sat afternoon, Father had the afternoon off and was listening to classical music on his wind-up Victoria when Greta and I begged him to take us to the movies to see a "Tom Mix" movie.... That was one of the movies that Father thought was worthwhile... So Father put on his raincoat, rubbers, rain coat and hat, took his umbrella and sallied forth with his two daughters, suitably attired, following him down the street. When we arrived, father took off his raincoat, and checked his umbrella, put his hat in the rack provided for it under the seat he had chosen and sat next to his happy daughters. The movie was great... we had such a good time. Father enjoyed it as well.

As we were leaving, Father reached down under his seat to get his hat; DISASTER----there, under the seat, was an old, disreputable hat, that someone had exchanged for Father 's good hat. Father rose up to his full six foot two inch height and demanded to see the manager of this disreputable establishment that allowed such thieving riffraff to enter their doors... The manager, a short and somewhat stocky man, was suitable impressed, and suggested that, perhaps, he looked under the wrong seat.... All four of us inspected every seat in the now empty theatre. Father's hat was nowhere... In utter disgust, after telling the cowed manager that he would never set foot in that building again, nor would his wife, or his children or any of their friends etc etc. Father stalked down the street, holding .the disreputable hat with two fingertips at arms length from his body

.... This was quite a sight; a tall, dignified man furiously charging down the street holding a hat at arms length, as though it was a piece of rotten meat. Trailing half a block behind him, like the tail of a dog, were two very embarrassed children.

As he went into the foyer to hang up his raincoat, he wasn't quite sure what he would do with that old, dirty hat from the movie house. And then, to dismay, he realized

that the hat he had brought back from the movie was HIS rain hat. I must hand it to him; Father had the decency to go back to the manager and apologize for his performance that day. The manager had the good grace to accept his apology..

Father, his wife, his children and their friends not only set foot in that building again but all became good friends with the manager.