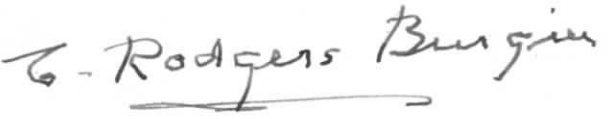
REMEMBERING QUINCY AT 80

By

THOMAS S. BURGIN



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DEDICATION

With deep respect, love, and sincere appreciation, these memoirs are dedicated to my dear parents:

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burgin

both of whom passed away over thirty years ago.

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AT 80

By

THOMAS S. BURGIN

Quincy, Mass.

These memoirs of Quincy came about at the suggestion and request of family members and many friends who wanted the author to record the interesting things about old Quincy that he had told them.

In summary, they include the following:

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

FAMILY BACKGROUND

EARLY DAYS

EVENTS

THINGS

PEOPLE

AND WITH A LITTLE GOOD-NATURED HUMOR INCLUDED.

1982

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

THOMAS S. BURGIN was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1902 and has stood by his community for 80 years, serving it through elective office and enlistment, contributing to its business and social stability, and earning a coveted place in its annals. His reminiscences - with community close-ups not hitherto recorded - are a welcome addition to the archives. But for Quincy's native son and "elder statesman," Remembering Quincy at 80 represents a savoring of the years, and is a kind of salute to the community with which he so warmly identifies.

REMEMBERING QUINCY AT 80

For those who "date back" and for newcomers alike, Remembering Quincy at 80 has unquestioned charm.

In his ongoing recall of people, events, places, and things - interspersed with personal anecdotes - the author shares a way of life that is no more, jogging the memory of his reader, and giving continuity to [eight] decades of local history.

Proceeding from the granite hitching post that awaited the doctor's arrival (for the delivery of a second heir), to the feisty Quincy "Steamer"; from the hurricane of '38, to the Fore River Shipyard during World War II; from the "Perils of Pauline", to President Roosevelt at City Hall; from Plan E, to the New "Y".....this little volume offers a brief respite from current concerns. Written with spontaneity and humor, mingling the consequential with the not-so-consequential, Remembering Quincy at 80 is an invitation to come and read, and be refreshed!

Courtesy of Miss Mildred B. Harrison

FOREWORD

How well I remember when my Dad, Tom Burgin, was working daily on his memoirs of Quincy. Our weekly or bi-weekly telephone calls reflected his renewed interest in awakening each morning, eager to continue with the task at hand. Somehow because his parents had died at 80 years or younger, he was convinced that he, too, would be dead at 80, and at times would become a bit despondent. Thank goodness for those "several good friends" who prodded him - his spirit revived, his sense of humor and appreciation of life returned, and he had fun putting his memories on paper.

Unfortunately he became terminally ill before he could complete his task. I have been able to find six of the nine chapters originally planned, together with his original TITLE PAGE, PREFACE, DEDICATION, TABLE OF CONTENTS, THE BEGINNING, REMINISCING, PERSONAL BACKGROUND, and APPENDIX. Following CHAPTER SIX (not totally complete) I have added some additional pieces also written by him concerning his thoughts regarding Quincy City government, state government, and his remarks given at the dedication of the city hall addition in September, 1979.

Taking Dad's lead, I, too, talked with Miss Mildred B. Harrison of Wollaston. Both she and I felt that it would be a shame to let the memoirs gather dust in an attic box, although to publish them formally an impracticality. As a compromise I decided to pull together the existing material, editing where advisable. Miss Harrison provided me with what original material she had, including Dad's own curriculum vitae. Since Dad originally planned a limited publication of REMEMBERING QUINCY AT 80, she also had in her files material she had written to go on the book jacket. I include this material, also.

Thus Dad's eagerness and enthusiasm is passed on to me, and I, too, am having fun with REMEMBERING QUINCY AT 80. For those of you who read this, ENJOY!

Claire Burgin Allen
January, 1988

PREFACE

It has indeed been an interesting and novel experience to write these memoirs after having observed my 80th birthday on April 15, 1982.

This has been done without professional assistance, but with the helpful co-operation and minor suggestions of a long time friend, Miss Mildred B. Harrison of Wollaston. To her I am sincerely grateful for her time and patience in assisting a novice in this type of venture.

Although in a sense historical, in no way do I want these memoirs to be considered as an authentic history. Far more competent people than I, in years past, have prepared and written a number of authentic histories that may easily be found in various public libraries.

Being more-or-less personal, of necessity they are semi-autobiographical in that they present Quincy through my eyes and from the vantage point of my involvement in the life of the community.

Any errors or omissions will, I trust, be forgiven in the friendly spirit in which these thoughts have been written.

Thomas S. Burgin
1982

THE BEGINNING - HOW IT CAME ABOUT

After having decided that sometime I might put in writing the interesting memories I have of Quincy, several good friends have asked when this idea would become a reality. REMEMBERING QUINCY AT 80, therefore, I trust will provide an answer to their inquiry. Being now retired from active participation in both business and public service has provided the necessary time required for such an experience which I seem to be enjoying each day when I spend a few hours at my typewriter using what I call the hunt and peck system which is far more legible than my handwriting.

REMINISCING

Several years ago I was asked to speak at a meeting of a comparatively small civic group in Quincy that wanted me to reminisce about things pertaining to years ago when I first was elected to public office and the following years as I watched Quincy grow and prosper. I accepted the invitation with some trepidation since in no way had I ever considered myself as being qualified to discuss history as they might expect me to do. Purely on an informal basis, therefore, and with a self-imposed time limit of approximately a half-hour, I proceeded with my assignment, having in mind that brevity might be likened to the old saying - stand up, speak up, and shut up! Seriously, I thoroughly enjoyed my visit with those in attendance, and before I knew it my self-imposed time limit had expired. Concluding my talk, I was pleased that so many showed such a keen interest in old Quincy -- and doubly pleased when they asked if I would not please continue for at least another half-hour. Appreciating the compliment, and after answering several questions, I told them that possibly sometime in the future I might consider writing my memoirs which my family and friends might enjoy reading at their leisure. Following some personal background, therefore, I will continue with [eight] chapters, each covering a ten-year period, a [ninth in summation], and finally an appendix.

PERSONAL BACKGROUND

Some who read this series of reminiscences might wonder just who this Octogenarian Author is and a bit about his family background. For their enlightenment, therefore, and to refresh the memory of the friends who have know him for many years, the following might be of interest before proceeding.

Shortly after the turn of the century, on April 15, 1902, my mother and father became the parents of a second son, their first having been born on October 23, 1899. Back in those days it was customary for children to be born at home rather than in a hospital owing to the somewhat limited facilities for this type of service. At the time of my arrival, Dr. John F. Welch, who lived in a beautiful colonial home at the corner of Hancock and Elm Streets in Quincy, was the attending physician at my parents new home at #95 Goffe Street (now Presidents Lane) on Presidents Hill. It was most interesting to be told as I grew older about a few of the details surrounding the arrival of the new baby, who, 33 years later, was to become the 20th mayor of Quincy.

Anticipating the event, my father had a Quincy Granite "hitching post" put at the street end of the front walk for the doctor to secure his horse and carriage during his visit. (A short time ago when driving my car past the house I noticed that the post was still standing -- almost 81 years later.)

Evidently Dr. Welch's horse had a stay of considerable length on the day of my birth owing to difficulties encountered, not planned for, when an eleven pound youngster finally arrived, with the help of a nurse and my father, assisting the doctor. I have been told that I was about a month late in arriving, and I jokingly say that I haven't as yet been able to catch up on the lost time!

Dr. Welch was highly regarded as a general practitioner who not only did surgery at the hospital but made regular house-calls whenever it was necessary -- day or night! At that time it was not uncommon for family doctors to delay in recording births at the City Clerk's Office. It was probably a week or so before this was taken care of in my case and even then not too carefully done. Imagine my surprise when in 1924, needing a birth certificate for a planned trip to Europe, I asked for a copy from City Clerk, Emery L. Crane, whom I had known for many years. He located it within a short time, but both of us were amazed as we looked at it! Signed by Dr. Welch, it read " ----- Burgin, a boy to Clarence and Minnie M. (Rodgers) Burgin on April 15, 1902." Evidently first names were not too important for doctors to report or even remember! However, a change was immediately made to read THOMAS SKUDDER BURGIN.

I was named for my paternal grandparents, Thomas Burgin and his wife Jane Skudder Burgin -- both born in England around 1840 or so. My father was born in Rutland, Vermont on October 27, 1865 and was the only member of his family to be born in the United States. Mother, Minnie Morton (Rodgers) Burgin was born in Quincy on May 2, 1869, and was a direct descendant of five passengers on the Mayflower in 1620. My maternal grandparents,

Henry Clift Rodgers and his wife Lucy Rodgers were not related but, unusual as it was, prior to their marriage they both had the same last name -- Rodgers. I have one older brother, Clarence Rodgers Burgin, born in Quincy on October 23, 1899. Rodg, as he is known, lives in Milton, Mass. He graduated from Milton Academy in 1917 and from Harvard College in 1921. Following the death of our father in April, 1943, he succeeded him as president of the Quincy Savings Bank. A few years later he was elected president of the New England Trust Company of Boston (now the Bank of New England) from which he retired several years ago, then serving as chairman of the bank's Board of Directors. (We were the only children of our parents.)

CHAPTER ONE - 1902-1912

Quincy in 1902 had only operated as a city for 13 years. Its voters had in 1888 voted to abandon the town form of government and to become a city. In this year of 1982, Quincy will have been a city for 93 years, and it will have been 357 years since the early settlers came here in 1625, only five years after the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth. In no way, however, is this series of reminiscences intended to be a history of Old Quincy. In past years this has been well covered in such well-known history books as the following: (1) A HISTORY OF OLD BRAINTREE AND QUINCY, written by William S. Pattee, M.D. in 1878 -- (2) THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF QUINCY, written by co-authors Reverend Daniel Munro Wilson and Timothy J. Collins at the time of the city's three hundredth anniversary in 1925 -- and (3) HISTORIC QUINCY, written by William Churchill Edwards (City Historian)in 1945 (First Edition) and 1954 (Second Edition). All of these books may be found in the Thomas Crane Public Library, Quincy, for reference and study.

Early Recollections From 1907

My early recollections go back to the year 1907 when, at the age of five, I entered the first grade of the Cranch Grammar School on Whitwell Street. This school, built in 1900, had eight grades, and since there were no junior high schools at that time in Quincy, the next step in the field of education was to enter high school. There was only one high school - in the building currently called the Central Middle School, located at the corner of Hancock Street and Butler Road. I graduated from Cranch in 1915. Upon the occasion of its seventy-fifth anniversary I was asked by the principal, Miss Jean Ann MacLean, to write an article for the commemorative booklet, the subject of my own choice being "Yes, We Remember When". Because of the interest it created (and by request) the entire article will be found in the APPENDIX.

Getting back to my further recollections of Old Quincy, it may be of interest if I continue with some of the things I have in mind. During this ten-year period (1902 - 1912) most of the streets and roadways were simply dirt and gravel covered. There were no hard top surfaces as we know them today. It was not until later that a <u>few</u> streets were either covered with oil or, in some cases, had an application of hot liquid tar with sand spread over it. I remember that much of Hancock Street -- and Quarry Street -- were paved with Quincy Granite "cobble-stones" where heavy horse-drawn wagons might need them.

At that time there were very few automobiles in most parts of Quincy and surrounding areas. Those that there were, I might add, were open with portable tops (with side-curtains that could be attached in case of rain) -- and those tops required at least two men to both raise and lower them! The drivers, and passengers, usually wore "dusters" or long light-weight coats, caps and goggles (glasses) to prevent the dust of the dirt roadways from covering their regular clothes. About in early November those who had automobiles usually jacked them up and placed wooden blocks under the front and rear axles to eliminate pressure on the tires (with inner-tubes) during the winter months. There were few garages then and storage was provided in a barn or stable. No streets were plowed during the winter months. Snowstorms came and went, with nothing done about the streets until warmer weather came in the spring. The only exception was the plowing of the electric street-car tracks by large electrically powered "box-type" cars with great plows at the forward end. We did, however, have horse-drawn (wooden) sidewalk plows to clear <u>every</u> sidewalk in the city for the safety of old and young alike -- a far cry from what we see today even in this advanced mechanical age! Household deliveries for needed things like food, milk, groceries, ice, etc. were made by horse drawn "pungs" or sleighs that could get through the snow-covered streets.

Few Facilities

There was little electricity in those days. Many homes were lighted by kerosene lamps or candles in most if not all of the rooms. There were no electrical machines such as refrigerators, stoves, washing or drying units, dishwashers, disposalls for the kitchen sink, vacuum cleaners, or even electric irons. People heated their homes with coal or wood-burning furnaces, coal or wood-burning kitchen stoves, and either wood-burning or cannel coal (in grates) fireplaces in certain rooms. No radios, no T.V., and even no movies in those early years. We made it, however, and lived quite happily. With the help and guidance of our parents we were taught to respect law and order -- to attend either Sunday School or church, to conduct ourselves as good citizens -- and above all, to respect discipline at home, or outside, -- or else! I also feel sure that our parents <u>tried</u> to bring us up to be the type of citizens that would reflect both honor and integrity, through <u>their</u> example.

Even with the limited household facilities that we did have, our homes were comfortable and well maintained, both inside and outside. While the young people had much fun with outside sports, games, etc., neighborhood "closeness" seemed much more evident than with today's youth. I can well remember the "get-to-gethers" that were held inside the various houses of the neighborhood where we always seemed to enjoy ourselves with games or listening to "cylinder records" on the crank-wound

gramophone with the large metal horn. (Victrolas with console [wooden] cabinets and flat records didn't come into being until some years later.) We did have good upright pianos and in some cases the so-called grand pianos. Another inside activity was in making cornballs -- after popping corn in a metal "basket" attached to a three or four foot wooden "pole-like" handle. A warmed type of molasses mixture was poured over the freshly popped corn (then having been put in a large bowl). After having put butter on our hands (to prevent sticking) we would reach into the bowl of the popcorn mixture -- take out a handful and then shape it into a ball and put it on a platter with the others to cool and harden. The corn (in the basket) was usually "popped" over an open fireplace (low burning logs) or over a hot coal-burning kitchen stove. And were they good! We were fortunate enough to have a pool table up on the third floor of our house which added much to our indoor fun, since a group of neighborhood boys would gather after school or in the evening after supper (as we called it then). How my dear mother ever put up with the noise upstairs, I'll never know!

There were very few telephones in those days -- and the few that there were, of course, had no dials or push-buttons to make a call. Telephones, consisting of a wooden box, above which was an extended mouthpiece and a receiver beside it, were attached to a wall. On the side of the wooden box was a hand crank -- used to signal the lone operator in the telephone exchange office, usually one room in a private home or small office building. Reception wasn't too clear most of the time, and, as I remember, there were no facilities for what we call today "long distance calls". This type of communication was usually done by hand-written letters and sent through the mail, with a two-cents stamp. I believe that Quincy had only two telephone operators -- one for days and one for nights. Those having telephones all seemed to know the daytime operator and in most cases she knew them. A story I enjoyed concerned the day operator whom I will only call "Miss F.", since she passed away many years ago. Her favorite remark if she couldn't hear the caller very well was, "If you'll take that hot potato out of your mouth, I'll be able to hear what the devil you're talking about!"

Speaking of the limited telephone service, and the one daytime operator, I can't leave the subject without mentioning that in those times almost everybody fortunate enough to have a telephone was on a so-called party line with, as I remember, three or four other families on the same line, with each having a different number of "rings" to designate for which household the call was. As an example, family A would get one ring if the call were for them, -- two rings would be for family B, three for family C, and four for family D. In some cases, however, one or two of those on the party line could -- and in many instances did -- pick up their 'phones to "listen in" on someone's conversation just to find out what was being said on that particular call. There

wasn't too much privacy as you can easily understand under such an arrangement. On the other hand, if you wanted to make an outgoing call and before using the "crank" to call the operator, it was necessary to pick up the receiver to see whether or not any of the other families on your line were using their telephone. If they were, and you were curious, you could listen to their conversation! Yes, those were great days for the gossipers.

Rose Cliff

Years ago there were few families having summer homes as we think of them today -- completely winterized with all the modern conveniences of their permanent all-around home. On the contrary, many people had summer cottages that they owned at a beach resort, usually not too far away, owing to limited transportation facilities. These were unheated and almost always rough-finished on the inside with kerosene lamps for lighting and limited bathroom accommodations -- and seldom having a garage. Although simple and plain in design, they provided for happy vacationing with neighborhood friendliness. This was the case with my parents who purchased a cottage overlooking the lovely Weymouth Bay and the islands at the entrance to Boston Harbor. The location was in North Weymouth (about 8 miles south of Quincy) in a small community called Rose Cliff. It was there that we spent about three months each summer for approximately twelve years. Quite appropriately, the cottage was named THE OVERLOOK. It was small, with no central heat, electric lights, or cellar. The interior walls were unplastered. There was only one bathroom, together with one quite large and three smaller bedrooms. It DID have a second floor where the bedrooms were located (but not the bathroom) and on the first floor a comfortable living room with a large beachstone fireplace, a dining room and a kitchen. On the front of the cottage, directly off the living room, was a large covered open piazza where many an enjoyable afternoon or evening was spent.

Possibly there were twenty-five or thirty cottages at Rose Cliff at that time, with twelve directly facing the bay and the remaining ones located nearby. Ours didn't actually face the bay, but we had a clear view of it. Those who either owned or rented them were fine neighbors -- all there for only the summer months, with one family coming from as far away as the town of Framingham, Mass. Those were indeed happy years with a neighborhood friendliness I shall never forget! It was from there that we youngsters learned to swim, dive, row and sail a boat -- yes, and even to dig clams.

Noteworthy Events from Rose Cliff

One of these came when we were taken over to New Downer's Landing, across from the Fore River Shipyard (where the Edison

Electric Plant now stands) on a hot summer day to watch the launching of the battleship RIVADAVIA which was being built under contract for the Argentine Navy. It was about an hour late in sliding down the greased launching-ways into the Fore River, with the shipyard officials in a "cold sweat" for fear that it would run aground with the tide rapidly going out. When it finally did slide into the water, a great wave crossed the river (from the water displacement) soaking those who were standing, fully clothed, too close to the water's edge. A couple of years later we were allowed to stay up until midnight to watch the enormous RIVADAVIA come down the Fore River Channel after having left the shipyard under its own power. Unfortunately, it ran aground shortly after passing Fort Point (the next beach resort to the west of Rose Cliff). With the unusually high tide that night, selected for the battleship's departure, going out there must have been a very worried pilot, captain, officers, and crew aboard. In about half an hour and with the help of several tugboats, the great ship was eased off the shoal and continued on its way out to open water and the ocean, having passed through the "West Way Channel" just beyond the tip of Houghs Neck. Thus the RIVADAVIA became only a memory to those of us who were watching.

I must recall another most interesting event that took place in the summer of 1910 when, again, we were at Rose Cliff. This took place on September 7th, to be exact, during the Harvard-Boston Aero Meet being held in the Squantum area of Quincy, more-or-less where the Boston Harbor Marina is presently located. This was in the very early days of aviation. There was no such thing as public air transportation and the very few planes that there were usually had only the pilot aboard; but once in a while there might be one other person with him.

We were thrilled to watch the now famous flight of Claude Graham White when he flew his single engine monoplane alone from Squantum to Boston Light and back, non-stop, twice -- a total air distance of thirty-three miles, and received the Boston Globe's $10,000.00 prize for the longest airplane flight, I am told, in history! His plane looked to us at Rose Cliff like a large dragonfly as it passed over Houghs Neck, Peddock's Island, Pemberton Point, and then around the Boston Light. Quincy's then mayor, Hon. William T. Shea (of West Quincy), together with Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, mayor of Boston, (grandfather of the late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy) were the co-hosts at the Meet in officially greeting the then President of the United States, William Howard Taft.*

Two Trips from Rose Cliff

The first trip I shall never forget came when Rodg and I, being awakened quite early one morning, were told by our parents that we were going to Quincy for a particular reason -- but for what

we had no idea. Reaching our home on Goffe Street, we learned that our own Dr. Welch and a Dr. Powers from Boston were going to remove our tonsils and adenoids. (whatever they were, we had no idea.) However, one by one (with Rodg first) we were put into our pajamas and taken down the back stairs to the kitchen where the operation was performed on the kitchen table! Ether was administered by Dr. Welch who told us all about the circus animals while we were breathing that terrible smelling stuff and fading into nod with a terrific buzzing sound. (Imagine how I felt, waiting upstairs, when they brought Rodg back moaning and groaning!) After regaining consciousness and feeling better, we were taken back to Rose Cliff and for the next twenty-four hours could eat nothing but ice cream -- and that carefully.

The second trip to Quincy that I vividly remember was to see the annual Fourth of July Horribles Parade -- a big event in those days! We watched it from the large front window of the Quincy Savings Bank where our father was the treasurer. To describe it in detail would take too much space but the whole thing was just great even though quite in contrast to the parades of today with motorized floats, etc. The parade was always lead by a character named Gallen Bowditch, riding a white horse and waving to the crowd. What floats there were (and these were only a few) were horse-drawn and quite simple in design. Occasionally the parade would be interrupted by an electric street-car as it slowly came down Hancock Street on its way to the terminal in Neponset.

*Footnote: Mainly for the record, in this ten-year period, Quincy had the following as its mayors: Hon. Charles M. Bryant - 1902-1904; Hon. James Thompson - 1905-1907; Hon. Eugene R. Stone - 1912-1913

CHAPTER TWO - 1912-1922

SECTION ONE

(Note: With so many things to mention in this chapter, relating to Quincy's early days, it seems advisable to divide it into two sections.)

Now that I had passed the age of ten -- and would in 1915 be entering my teens, I became more observant of THINGS, PEOPLE, PLACES, AND HAPPENINGS. Many of us youngsters had entered the "bicycle-riding era" in our lives and were able to travel around by ourselves to learn about and see many more things without having to depend quite as much upon our parents and friends to take us.

Dumb Waiter Chuckle

While speaking of bicycles I am reminded of an amusing little story that relates to my older brother, Rodg, and our next door neighbor, Otis Angier. The boys, then at the ripe old age of twelve, took their bicycles for a short half-mile trip to visit the Dorothy Quincy House on Hancock street at the corner of Butler Road. They had looked forward to the visit owing to the historical significance of the old mansion and their desire to learn about it. After being taken through the house by one of the guides and coming to the end of their "tour" the lady said, "And now, boys, I am going to show you the original DUMB WAITER." Rodg looked at her in utter astonishment and with wide-open eyes said, "My gosh, is he still alive?" That ended their first visit of an historic nature!

Another bicycle story (but this one involving myself) took place shortly after the preceding one, and almost resulted in disaster. While riding my first "bike" I had a serious accident that could have easily ended my young life. It took place at the intersection of the then Goffe Street and Glendale Road. Probably going somewhat faster than I should have been, I made a diagonal turn to my left onto Glendale Road, and didn't see an approaching automobile coming along that roadway. We came together and fortunately the car wasn't going very fast, but the collision resulted in my being flat on the roadway, badly shaken up and almost unconscious -- with my head about a foot ahead of the car's right front wheel. I do remember saying, "Push the car forward so I can get up." "MY GOD, (someone yelled) don't do that!" Had that been done, the front wheel would have rolled right onto my head. Somehow, I got up and was able to walk the short distance back home (minus the bicycle) where my mother almost fainted when I entered the back door, bruised, bleeding and covered with dirt. Dr. Welch was immediately called by telephone and came directly to the house and administered to me

for close to an hour before completing his work.That ended my bicycle riding for several weeks, and, needless to say, my father saw to it that my twisted and bent bicycle was disposed of without my ever seeing it again. I tell this story as a warning to our young people, with so many more automobiles on the streets, TO RIDE CAREFULLY. (The older man who was driving the car that struck me was very much upset over the accident and, although blameless, was most considerate of my family and me.)

My Dad's Experience

As I proceed in this chapter, I must mention my father's experience, as told to me, regarding his coming to Quincy in the early 1890's -- long before I was born. He told me about it when I was ten or eleven years old (1912 or so). Following his graduation from Springfield High School he got a job in Boston and, with a partner, organized a jewelry firm under the name of Gordon & Burgin which operated in a small office. A few years later, with business not being too brisk, he learned of an open position in the granite business in Quincy for a book-keeper and draftsman. He applied and was accepted, with instructions to meet his to-be employer on a given day. Arriving in Quincy (by train) on the designated day, late in the afternoon (with less than $10.00 in his pocket) he reported at the home of the owner of Fredericks & Field Quarry at just about supper-time, hungry and a bit homesick. With no place to stay, he knocked at the door of his new "boss". He could get the odor of a nice home cooked meal as the door was opened and how he would have liked to be asked to stay for supper (at least) let alone to spend his first night in Quincy at that nice home. No such luck! He was told that there was a rooming house on Granite Street and that the only restaurant in Quincy Center had probably closed at that time. He hired a room at the house suggested, and with no bathroom available, he found a pitcher of water and a good sized washbowl on a table next to the bed. Getting up in the early morning, he had to use the heel of his shoe to break the ice on the top of the pitcher to get washed and shaved and then had to get to work up on Quarry Street where the granite industry was located. (I might add that after his first night in Quincy he was able to find a much better place to live and even to get home cooked meals, at a total cost of $15.00 a week!) The quarrying and cutting of Quincy Granite in those days was the city's largest industry with three thousand men employed. While working at Fredericks & Field, my father not only did the bookkeeping but also designed many monuments -- many of which now stand in the famous Gettysburg (Civil War) Cemeteries in Pennsylvania. Shortly before his death he and Mother took a trip to Gettysburg, and in touring the cemetery he would proudly tell her that he had designed this one and that one, as they passed by.

When Hon. William A. Hodges became mayor, he appointed my father as City Treasurer (1894). He held this position until the latter part of 1895 when he was elected Treasurer of the then rather small Quincy Savings Bank, with which he was affiliated until his death in 1943.

NOTE: I have mentioned this story concerning my father to show that before the turn of the century, things in general were far more "rural" in Quincy than they were in the early years of my lifetime.

Early Quincy Center

Much could be written about Quincy Center as I remember it in the days of this period of 1912-1922. Just where to start presents somewhat of a question, but to those who visualize the area as it is today, we might well start at the corner of Hancock and Washington Streets, where the Bargain Center is now located, and in general proceed in more or less a southerly direction, including the first part of Coddington Street from Spear Street. It is in this general area, up to the intersection of Hancock and School Streets that the greatest changes have taken place in the city's growth and progress. Facing Washington Street where the Bargain Center now is was a three-story brick building occupied on the first floor by the W. G. Shaw Furniture Store, with a few small offices and an assembly hall on the second floor, and the Quincy Masonic Temple taking all of the third floor. Next to this building was a vacant lot of land adjacent to a beautiful colonial home owned and occupied by grandparents of the late Robert M. Faxon and parents of the late Henry M. Faxon (all of whom were great benefactors to the Town and City of Quincy). May their generosity never be forgotten! Just around the corner, facing Coddington Street, was a small one-story wooden building occupied by the Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Company -- then in its infancy. Directly opposite was the original building (now standing) of the Thomas Crane Public Library.

Getting back to Hancock Street (westerly side) there was a wooden building where the present Faxon owned Monroe Building is located, occupied by a hay and grain store and three or four smaller stores. Directly beside it was a short roadway known as Depot Street which extended up Upland Road via the railroad grade crossing at the Quincy Railroad Station (used for steam trains -- passenger and freight). Depot Street also turned, passing in front of the station, and continued on in an easterly direction past the north side of the former Town Hall -- now the City Hall -- again entering Hancock Street directly across from the "Church of the Presidents".

Continuing south on Hancock Street quite a few of the present buildings were standing. Temple Street (where the Patriot

Ledger Building is located) was bounded on the north side by the church grounds and had only two or three one-story wooden buildings on the south side. The present Adams Building and the Quincy Savings Bank Building were standing and across the street was what is now the Burgin Platner (Insurance Agency) Building. By way of information, this building is the oldest business building in the city, having been moved from Coddington Street many, many years ago. The wooden Bethany Congregational Church stood at the present location of the ten story Shore Bank. Just beyond it on the easterly side of Hancock Street was a small story-and-a-half wooden building where the main office of what is now the Patriot Ledger was located on the first floor, and just beyond that was the colonial home of the Packard Family, with an attached, moderately large greenhouse. In 1915 on the corner of Cottage Avenue, a new and modern bank building was erected for a new bank in Quincy, the Quincy Trust Company (now the Hancock Bank which is presently located in the brick building formerly owned and occupied by the Kincaide Furniture Store, a business established by the late Colonel Henry L. Kincaide). On the day the Quincy Trust Company was opened, I walked down to it and opened a small savings account in the amount of five dollars with an extra fifty cents being added as a "bonus" for new accounts on that day, -- just in the savings department. My bankbook bore the number 64 and for sentimental reasons I have let the account remain open for the intervening 67 years, with the few additional small deposits I made in it as a boy. Possibly I am one of the oldest living "first-day depositors" of the bank.

The only other brick building on the remaining section of Hancock Street to School Street, we now know as Remick's where Frank's father, the late Alfred Remick established the business many years ago purely as a men's store that sold mostly work clothes. What a change from today's thoroughly modern and large store! There were only privately owned residences on either side of Hancock Street (beyond Remick's), one of which was rented by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic Veterans as their post headquarters. Getting back to Depot Street -- entering from Hancock Street, there were only small one-story wooden buildings on either side. In one of them was a Chinese laundry that fascinated me as a boy. This particular building did have a small second story which served as living quarters for the four men who owned and ran the laundry on the ground floor. My father made regular weekly stops there to leave his shirts for laundering, and many times I was with him. With wonderment I watched these men eating their noonday meal of chop suey with real chopsticks. Each had his hair braided, hanging down his back in what was known in those days as a "queue". These Chinese men were very friendly people, and I enjoyed trying to have them understand my English. Never did they forget to give me a few hard-shelled Chinese nuts to take home.

Again, speaking of Quincy Center, I neglected to mention an area that today is one of the most used sections of the city -- the Mayor Charles A. Ross memorial parking space containing the large four level parking garage. This whole section in back of the business blocks on the westerly side of Hancock Street was formerly known as Edward's Meadows and extended from Granite Street to the residences facing School Street. Running through it was the open Town Brook which emptied into Town River below the Southern Artery at its intersection with the Mayor J. McGrath Highway. The "Meadows" were bounded on the west side by the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. Probably there were more than ten acres of vacant land in this large parcel that were unused until privately purchased and finally acquired by the city for development as a part of the business section.

Another large area, presently known as the Hancock Parking Area, was acquired by the city some years later. Bounded by Chestnut Street, Revere Road and the rear of the one-story stores facing Hancock Street and Cottage Avenue, this entire section was privately owned by various individuals who had built their homes on normally sized house lots. As I remember, there was only one exception and that being the Wisteria Bungalow, privately owned and operated for small dancing parties. Before leaving the Quincy Center area, I should mention the short section of Granite Street between Hancock Street and the railroad bridge (adjacent to Upland Road) where on the north side, directly across from the Greenleaf Building, there was a rather long one-story wooden building containing several small stores --the largest one nearest Hancock Street being occupied by Emmanuel's Ice Cream and Candy Parlor. There you could get a regular milk soda for ten cents, an ice cream soda for fifteen cents, and a deluxe banana split for a quarter. It sure was a popular place for people to gather for cooling refreshments, etc. The inside was nicely set up with quite an elaborate soda fountain, tile floor, and metal tables and chairs. I might also mention that ice cream cones, quite new then, sold for ten cents with a single scoop and fifteen cents for what we called a"double-decker".

Doctors Row

That portion of Hancock Street between Quincy Square and just beyond Dimmock Street was known as Doctors Row because of several doctors having their colonial homes (and offices) in an area of single houses with beautiful tall shade trees lining both sides of the street. (There were no commercial or fraternal buildings facing the street in those days.) I well remember at least seven doctors who lived in this section -- each having a horse and buggy for transportation if needed. They were: Dr. Nathaniel G. Hunting, Dr. Walter E. Sargent, Dr. Daniel B. Reardon, Dr. Fred E. Jones, Dr. F. Raymon Burke, Dr. Charles

W.Gary, Dr. John A. Gordon, and one or two more that I don't remember.

A Boyish Prank

The following is a true story as told to me by the only surviving member of a threesome of boys about eight or nine years old. Two of them were sons of well known doctors living on the easterly side of Hancock Street between Russell Park and Huntly Road, and the third was the son of a well known druggist who lived on Russell Park. For the moment, I will not disclose their identity, but when I do so later on, I'm sure you will be surprised -- especially when I disclose the one I suspect was the "ringleader". He is the only surviving member of the group since the other two have passed away. I do, however, have the permission from the living "prankster" to tell the story. Here it is as laughingly related at least sixty years later:

At that time, Honorable Joseph L. Whiton (World War I mayor), who lived on Whitney Road, was accustomed to walking home from City Hall at noontime to have his lunch, as was the usual in those days. A rather heavy man, he would always cross Hancock Street at City Hall and proceed along the easterly side to his home. Well liked and highly respected in the city, he looked most dignified as he took his noontime short walk.

On that particular warm summer's day, the three boys, as a prank, planned a cool and refreshing (they thought) surprise for His Honor. They carefully secured a half bucket of cold water on an overhanging tree limb directly over the sidewalk. The bucket was so placed that it could easily be tipped over by a length of rope leading to the lower part of the tree trunk -- and via a small pulley to a smaller cord that could not be easily seen a few inches above the sidewalk where it was fastened (across the sidewalk) to a small tree in the grass plot between the sidewalk and the street.....Yes, you guessed it! As His Honor came along, probably with some city problem on his mind, he didn't see the small cord that was somewhat lower than ankle height. As one of his feet came in contact with the cord ....it happened! Everything worked as planned, and at that moment the bucket on the tree limb tipped and the cool water came down squarely on the head and shoulders of Mayor Whiton. I asked my friend what happened then, and he told me that he had never heard such an outpouring of caustic words in his life. The three boys were hiding behind the corner of a house and actually were never apprehended by the distraught mayor who was too well "soaked" to think of anything but getting home for some dry clothes, etc. Were the first two boys previously mentioned, Phil Murphy and Francis ("Turkey") Burke, living today, I'm sure they would still get a hearty laugh over the incident. The

third and possible "ringleader", after graduating from Elementary School, Quincy High School, Harvard College, and Harvard Law School, became one of the most able and respected younger attorneys in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Later he served as legal counsel to the then Governor, Christian A. Herter, who, sometime afterward, appointed him as the Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court, a position he held with honor and distinction until Governor John A. Volpe appointed him as a Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, where he served with national recognition until his voluntary retirement a few years ago. Of course, I refer to my close and longtime friend, Honorable Paul C. Reardon, a native of Quincy but now residing in Hingham. I might also add that only recently at a small social gathering when Paul was telling the story to a few friends, one of those present was former Mayor Whiton's second daughter, Louise, who seemed to enjoy a hearty laugh with the rest of us. Asking her if she would mind if I mentioned the story in my memoirs, she replied, "Certainly not, I think it's a truly funny story". Judge Reardon said, "Sure, Tom, include it in your writings". Just as a further note, Honorable Joseph L. Whiton was also a longtime friend of mine who gave freely of his time and advice to me as a younger man who had assumed the same general responsibilities as he had during his terms as mayor. Highly respected and admired throughout the city, his passing a few years ago, at the age of ninety three, left a void in the community it will be difficult to fill.

Another Boyish Prank

This one involved a young native of Quincy who, twenty years later, became Mayor of Quincy. It was perpetrated against his father back in 1913 when he was eleven years of age. The "culprit" was none other than the author of these memoirs. The incident seems funny to me <u>now</u> but I assure you it wasn't funny <u>then</u> -- at least to my father! Here it is as recalled seventy years later.

My father and mother had talked about buying a few chickens to have in the back yard of our Goffe Street home to provide some nice fresh eggs for family use. Arrangements were made and my father bought a second-hand hen-house from a close neighbor. After moving it over to our yard, he, with my brother Rodg and me helping, got it set in place and then built a nice wire-enclosed yard attached to the hen house that was really better than most hens were accustomed to, I am sure. Finally the whole project was completed with a row of nests in which the eggs would be laid. The big day arrived when twelve White Wyandot Pullets and a rooster arrived and were placed in their new home. China glass eggs were placed in the nests to encourage the laying of real eggs. After several weeks of patient waiting with no results, I felt sorry to see my father check the nests every afternoon when he returned from work. One day after school I

noticed a full box of eggs on a pantry shelf adjacent to our kitchen. Quietly, and with the best of intentions, I took them to the hen-house and carefully placed one or two in each nest,saying nothing of it to anyone. As I watched from the dining-room window, my father took his usual look and seemed shocked at what he saw! After placing the twelve eggs in his hat, he brought them into the house to show my mother. "Think of it", he said, "twelve eggs from twelve hens the first day they've started to lay!" After supper in those days, he and mother went over to call on their close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Sears, on Glendale Road. Mr. Sears had about a hundred hens out in his yard. "How many eggs did you get today, Russ," my father quickly asked. The response was, "Ten or twelve". "Well .....I got twelve eggs from my hens the first day they started to lay", was Dad's reply. "The hell you did", Russ shot back. "With a hundred hens I only got twelve eggs!" That ended the conversation on that subject.....

About seven o'clock the next morning while father was shaving, our fine Irish cook called from the bottom of our front stairs, "Mrs. Burgin, I had a dozen of fresh eggs on the pantry shelf yesterday and every one of them has gone." Evidently my eggs had been carefully placed somewhere else. "Tom", bellowed father -- (NOT Rodg) "do you know anything about those eggs?" Being in bed, I immediately pulled the covers right up over my head! Then.....came the confession. I told him the truth, slowly but fearfully, saying that I only did it thinking it would both surprise and please him. It did surprise him, and I'll leave it to your imagination as to whether he was particularly pleased that his eleven year old son had completely fooled him. Later on, after his friend "Russ" Sears heard of it and told a few friends about the prank pulled on Clarence Burgin by an eleven year old boy, it didn't help the situation, that by then had somewhat cooled down a bit! Although reprimanded, I wasn't punished as probably I should have been.

After having read the preceding two short stories, I hope you enjoyed them as I have enjoyed telling them, adding a bit of good-natured humor.

And now, getting back to the Quincy Center Area, I should mention that where the new ten-story building stands, bordered by the Central Building, Hancock Street and Granite Street on the front portion, the Alhambra Theater, the former Norfolk County Bank, and a wooden one-story block of stores were located. In the rear there was a rather large parcel of unoccupied land which was sometimes used for the parking of a few cars. Later, together with the stores facing Granite Street, the vacant area was taken by the city to provide additional parking facilities (metered) for the downtown shopping center. It was

named in memory of former Mayor Amelio Della Chiesa's only son who was killed in World War II and then known as the Walter Della Chiesa parking area. Recently all the land in front of the new building has been renamed to honor the memory of the Della Chiesa Family.

Before leaving the general Quincy Center Area, let us now turn to the Presidents Hill and Cranch Hill sections for a brief description. Both were entirely residential in the days of my youth with, of course, no apartment houses. Presidents Hill, as I remember, had no more than possibly twenty-five single homes with fairly large lots of land -- several of which had historical backgrounds. Upland Road and Glendale Road, the former extending from Adams Street to Granite Street and the latter from Presidents Lane (then Goffe Street) all the way to Whitwell Street were not considered a part of Presidents Hill. Each had both single and two-family houses on both sides of the roadways with few exceptions where there were vacant undeveloped lots of land. Cranch Hill and the Cranch School were named for Honorable Richard Cranch, Judge of the Common Pleas Court in Suffolk County. It was also he who, when Quincy separated from Braintree in 1792, was requested to give a name to the new town. He recommended that it be called Quincy in honor of Colonel John Quincy who had been the owner of Mount Wollaston. Cranch Hill probably had more two-family houses than single houses. With the exception of one or two small grocery stores, the Cranch School, and the then small privately owned Quincy Hospital, it was entirely residential with many of the homes being occupied by fine Swedish families. Cranch School was about a third of the way up the hill, and at the top of the hill stood the hospital, facing Whitwell Street. It was Quincy's first and only hospital, having, as I remember, a wooden main administration building, a small one-story operating room building, and a fairly large wooden main building that contained what few rooms there were for patients, providing twenty-five beds in total. The facilities of the hospital proved adequate until the start of World War I, but with the rapid growth of the city, together with the sudden demands upon the services of the hospital incident to wartime activities, the expenses became too large for private ownership to provide. Therefore, the city was forced to take over the hospital, and on March 1, 1919 the hospital became a city institution called the Quincy City Hospital and has continued as such until the present time. (reference: William C. Edwards' HISTORIC QUINCY, page 205.)

In speaking of hills, it is interesting to note that Quincy has at least six well known hills: Presidents, Cranch, Penn's (South Quincy), Wollaston, and Great Hill (Houghs Neck). Also, although probably not quite as well known, I might mention the so-called "Breakneck Hill" in West Quincy. Thus with its many miles of waterfront and these hills, Quincy provides quite a varied topography.

CHAPTER TWO - 1912-1922

SECTION TWO

Police and Fire Departments

Quincy had only one police station, with probably not more than twenty members, including a chief and possibly two "superior officers". It was located on the present School Street, directly beyond the then wooden bridge over the railroad tracks. It was a Quincy granite structure and housed not only the police department but also a single horse-drawn patrol wagon which was used to answer calls from every section of the city. Even then policemen were called patrolmen, no doubt because they patrolled their "beats" on foot. Of course, there were no police cars, motorcycles, police radios, and only a few police "call boxes" usually located on the wooden electric light poles on certain selected streets throughout the entire city. Policemen, because of their local neighborhood "beats", were pretty much respected by young and old alike even though they <u>were</u> law-enforcement officers. Once in a while, if necessary, they had to punish unruly youths who had to be taught discipline and respect for law and order ---- never, however, with any serious effects. I can well remember patrolman Jim Murray who had the so-called city hall beat (in and around Quincy Square). He, like many of the other patrolmen, was <u>liked</u> -- and <u>respected</u> by the young people and adults as he extended a friendly greeting while walking around the general area. It was not unusual to see this rather large and slightly heavy policeman in uniform -- a smiling <u>gentleman</u> -- approach a young child and reach into his uniform pocket, bringing out a few candy peppermints to give to the child with a hearty chuckle. He was truly our <u>friend</u> and as such gained our trust and confidence, not only in him but also in policemen in general. Never did we seem to feel any antagonism towards the police which, unfortunately, doesn't seem to be the case in many instances today. True discipline should really begin in the home, the schools, and churches and <u>not</u> by the police, necessarily!

Our present police station, facing the Southern Artery at its intersection with Sea Street, was not built until about 1926 under the administration of the Hon. Perley E. Barbour who was mayor at that time.

Fire Department

Some friends have jokingly said that it was and possibly still is my "pet" department. Actually, such is not the case, but I must admit that during my terms as mayor -- yes, and even when a member of the city council -- I did enjoy helping in the growth and progressive development of the department.

My recollections are merely those of a young boy who was enthused in seeing the horse-drawn pieces of apparatus either going to or returning from a fire. In no way should they be construed as a history of this thrilling department. Such a history has been very well prepared and written by a member of the Quincy Fire Department, Robert N. Mood. It is authentic in every detail and, with good illustrations, was published in 1976. I am sure that copies are available at the public libraries or through the Quincy Fire Department. It is well worth reading for those interested.

And now, in this ten-year period, Quincy had six fire stations, all wood-constructed excepting the Wollaston and Central stations. Even these had wooden floors, as all were used for horse-drawn apparatuses. They included Atlantic, Wollaston, West Quincy, Quincy Point, Houghs Neck, and Quincy Central. As youngsters we, as well as many adults, enjoyed seeing the various pieces, with horses galloping at full speed, bells ringing, as they came down the street when responding to an alarm. There were only a few fire alarm street-boxes then, and all fire alarms were sounded either on steam (or air) whistles or on church bells in various sections of the city. Perhaps the greatest thrill was to see the coal-burning "steamer" (pumping engine) as it came down the street, drawn by three beautiful black horses, and billowing smoke and sparks out of the smoke-stack, directly over the hot coals under the steam boiler. This piece of equipment was used (when necessary) attached to a hydrant for the purpose of generating pressure in the hose-lines to the fire.

Quincy's first piece of motorized fire apparatus was Auto Combination One, placed in service at the central fire station on Quincy Avenue, about where the present central station now stands, in May of 1911. I shall never forget how proud I was of the Quincy Fire Department when, during our stay at Rose Cliff in North Weymouth in about 1922, a great fire almost completely destroyed the Bradley Fertilizer Plant, located only a short distance from Rose Cliff on land presently occupied by the large Weymouthport apartment buildings. All but one of the fertilizer plant's buildings were of wooden construction and in some cases were equivalent in height to a modern three or four story building. As several other youngsters and I stood on the rear of Rose Cliff Hill, overlooking the Back River where the plant's docking wharves were located, watching the fire, we knew that

extra help had been called by the Weymouth Fire Department from Quincy and several surrounding towns. How thrilled I was when I looked down on the roadway leading to the plant and, to my surprise, saw the Quincy "Steamer" with its three coal-black horses, covered with white lather (sweat) after the long six or seven mile run from Quincy, pass by. While at the fire it did a most creditable job in helping to contain the fast spreading fire that went from one building to the next.

I have been asked many times by today's youth and, yes, by middle-aged people, too, if, in the days of horse-drawn apparatuses, it didn't take quite a while to get the horses out of their stalls, harnessed, and placed into position in front of the particular piece they were going to draw. My answer was that it <u>didn't</u> take more than a couple of minutes -- then explaining how it was done, having seen it happen several times when visiting (usually) the central station on Quincy Avenue where there were three pieces of equipment and <u>nine</u> horses, each one having its own stall with two automatically opening doors, each being about two feet. These stalls <u>faced</u> the main apparatus floor and, of course, the horses faced forward also. The rear of the stalls were open, with a rope across, to allow the horses to be <u>backed</u> out to be cleaned and taken out for exercise daytimes. They really became pets of the firemen, each having a name, and were <u>well</u> taken care of.

As to what happened when an alarm came in: the harnesses for each of the three horses for each piece were suspended from above, directly over where the horses would stand when they came out of their stalls. By the pull of a rope the stall doors would open -- out would come the horses, side-stepping into the positions they were to be in -- and, with a pull of a hanging rope by a fireman, the harnesses would drop onto the horses, with the fireman closing the neck-collar, and everything would be ready to go, with the horses stamping their hoofs on the wooden flooring. In less than two minutes they were on their way down the street at full speed!

A First for Quincy -- Junior Fire Department

Back in about 1915, a group of boys from the Upland Road and Presidents Hill area conceived the idea of having a bicycle JUNIOR fire department, possibly the first in the country, but which didn't receive the whole-hearted support of the regular fire department, quite naturally. It really was quite a unique and novel idea! "Headquarters", a one car garage which contained an open Model T Ford, was located on the easterly side of Upland Road quite near Adams Street. It was owned by the family of Bert Reed, the only captain in the junior department and who was directly under the chief -- Bert Shaughnessy -- the latter

probably being selected because his uncle, the late chief of the Quincy Fire Department, was quite cooperative in our plans. With Bill Allen I was one of the two lieutenants, with, I might add, no "pay" other than the fun of serving. There were about eight other members, all of whom were just plain firemen! Usually our "alarms" were drills, but on occasions we might spot a grass fire beside or near the railroad tracks and "respond" on our bicycles -- with each member having a regular broom attached, our only equipment. Among us, we raised enough money to purchase badges properly marked with our "rank", either officer or member. (Actually, I still have my badge, kept for almost seventy years among my souvenirs.) We considered our "department" to be quite efficient, although probably not so recognized by the regular fire department! Our only claim to fame was, however, when word of our endeavor reached the PATHE NEWS (a weekly national news motion picture -- with no sound, of course) -- and, when, by appointment, its camera crew came to Quincy to record what was a first in those days, a boys' JUNIOR fire department as it responded to a well-staged "alarm"even though there was no real fire.

You can imagine how thrilled we were when in about two weeks the news "spot" was shown at the then Kincaide Theater in Quincy with our entire department, families, and friends being present. I wouldn't recommend a similar JUNIOR fire department being organized today what with the number of automobiles there are on the streets, etc. (Our department disbanded shortly after the "news story" was shown because by then we were getting to the age of becoming high school students.)

Railroads

Quincy had what was considered to be good railroad transportation. Operated by the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company all trains -- both passenger and freight-- were drawn by coal-burning steam locomotives. There were, I believe, seven railroad stations for passenger use together with three or four for freight use. Passenger stations were: Atlantic, Norfolk Downs, Wollaston, Quincy Center, and South Quincy (Quincy Adams). Also, on the short line that ran to Braintree from North Quincy there was a small station in Montclair before continuing on to the station in East Milton, and lastly, to the West Quincy Station.

Many of the freight trains we watched from the Dimmock Street Bridge were very long with always a "caboose" at the very end to carry the train crew. Sometimes the trains were so long it required two locomotives to pull them. I have counted over sixty cars (so-called box cars and flat cars) on a single train!

The Circus Trains

It was a great treat every two years or so to watch the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus trains arrive at the Quincy freight yard on Granite Street, close to where the Grossman Lumber Yard is now located. A group of us boys on Presidents Hill and from other sections of the city would get up at about 5 A.M. and get to the freight yard as quickly as possible to see the two trains of at least thirty cars each be unloaded, with circus people, animals, tents, and other equipment coming off the cars. Usually their one or two day Quincy visit took place at the Water Street field at the corner of Quincy Avenue and Water Street where the Quincy Cooperative Bank building now stands and formerly occupied by the Quincy Motors Ford Agency. It was really a tremendous job to unload, get everybody and all the equipment on location, raise the large tents and see that all would be in readiness for the noontime parade through Quincy Square, with a steam type musical "organ" on wheels, and drawn by four or six horses, making up the end of the parade, prior to returning for the early afternoon performance at the circus grounds. Some of the local boys would be hired to help in feeding the ten or twelve elephants, horses, and other non-caged animals and carry large buckets of water for them from the nearest street hydrants. The largest of the tents, known as the "big top" usually contained three or four "rings" in which the various acts would be performed before a capacity crowd of possibly two thousand spectators, seated on portable stands six or seven tiers high. Lighting for the evening performances would be provided by electricity hooked up to the city power lines on the near-by streets. A few of the smaller tents had tank-fed gas lights. All in all, the tent-covered outdoor circus will long be remembered as an event worth attending!

Electric Streetcars

This type of transportation, as provided by the Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company, was very good in the general area of Quincy and vicinity. Open, covered type cars were used in the summer with closed cars for the remainder of the year. The open cars had rows of wooden bench-type seats extending <u>across</u> the car from the front to the rear, with the motorman at the forward end running the car, powered by overhead trolley wires, and the conductor (who collected the fares) working forward from his station at the rear of the car. After about eleven o'clock at night, the cars in this general area would be returned to the "car-barn" on Hancock Street next to our

Veterans Memorial Stadium. That same building is now used as a garage for the M.B.T.A. motorized busses.

Speaking again of the open cars, I should point out that because there were no facilities for turning them around at the end of their scheduled destination, there were controls for the motor man at each end of the car. When the trip ended, he would merely walk back to the rear station which would then become the front for the return trip. At the same time he would reverse the position of the trolley (leading to the overhead wire from which the electric power was received) which was attached to the car's roof half-way between the front and read ends. Thus, in making the change, the trolley would always point to the rear. During this change-over the conductor would be turning the backs of the cross-car seats so that the riders would be facing forward on the return trip. All of the cars had an outside "running board" extending from one end to the other, for the convenience of the passengers getting on or off the car. Each side had one which was also used by the conductor when collecting fares. He could signal the motorman, by an overhead cord attached to a bell at his station, as to when to start or stop the car. All being quite in contrast to the electric speaking systems in use today!

Early Yachting

The Houghs Neck section of the city was the yachting center of the south shore during the decade of 1912-1922. It was there that the Quincy Yacht Club was (and still is) located. It was one of the most active social centers in Quincy during the summer months. Among the sailing-craft owners and "skippers" of that day were Honorable Charles Francis Adams and Henry M. Faxon and many others too numerous to mention here. It was Mr. Adams who, for several years, raced America's famous international cup defender yachts -- and won every time! It was in his honor that the Adams Interclub Class of 24 foot racing yachts was named. He attended the launching dinner at the yacht club on May 7, 1958 as the honored guest. There were ten boats in the class, all of which were built at the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard, Inc. located on Palmer Street, Quincy. (More about the class will be mentioned later on.) Mr. Adams was commodore of the Quincy Yacht Club in 1885-87 and a member since 1881. In the club's 75th anniversary book which was published in 1949 he was named as "America's Foremost Yachtsman" -- a title he richly deserved and earned. Both as a friend and his representative in handling and managing the Adams real estate in Quincy for over twenty-five years, I considered him to be one of the finest and most respected gentlemen I have ever known.

For the record, regarding the Quincy Yacht Club, it was not organized in Houghs Neck but in Quincy Point on July 25, 1874 in

the boat house of "Captain" H.M. Federhen. Later on, land was purchased in Houghs Neck where the club is now located. I believe that it is about the third oldest yacht club on the New England coastline.

Houghs Neck is much like a long peninsula extending northeasterly from Quincy Center to Nut Island, at its end, and faces Fore River and Weymouth Bay on one side and Quincy (Wollaston) Bay on the other side. My father's membership in the Quincy Yacht Club dated back to about 1912 and mine, now a life member, to 1925. It was interesting to serve as commodore in 1939 and 1940 while I was in office as mayor of Quincy and several years before the 75th Anniversary Celebration.

During my many years of membership, with both sail and power boats, I have always flown the Quincy Yacht Club burgee with pride -- from Bar Harbor, Maine to Key West, Florida. As you probably know, the burgee is white, triangular in shape, with a red five-pointed star in the center. Back in about 1912, my father's boat, the MINNIE B, was about 20 feet long, open, with a two cylinder inboard engine, kerosene riding lights and a four foot high folding spray-hood just aft of the forward three foot deck. Under full throttle the boat could reach the terrific speed of <u>six</u> nautical miles per hour, using about a quart of gasoline. Quite in contrast, my own first boat in 1926 was a 22 foot open mahogany-finished CHRIS CRAFT that at full power would speed along at about 30 knots. The MINNIE B was named for my mother and actually won a race, under handicap, at Rose Cliff. The prize was a nice barometer which today proudly hangs in the front hall of my home. A <u>long</u> trip for this boat was from John Stewart's boat shed on Wollaston Boulevard to Rose Cliff in the spring -- and return in the fall -- a distance of approximately six miles. The boat shed was on a small creek, where the Wollaston Bowladrome now stands, extending a short distance inland from Wollaston Bay <u>under</u> the boulevard where there was a bridge, with about a seven foot clearance at half tide. It took just about an hour to make the six mile trip. At that time Wollaston Boulevard only extended as far as Fenno street. From there on there was only a nice beach all the way to Black's Creek in the Merrymount section. About opposite Fenno Street, on the beach, there were about ten privately owned bath houses, each about twenty feet by fifteen feet, with private lockers for changing into bathing suits prior to having a swim or to relaxing on the beach.

Back to Houghs Neck again ..... There are several things I remember about the general area other than the Quincy Yacht Club. Among these was the rather small steamboat named "The Houghsnecker" that made hourly trips back and forth to Boston, with its steam whistle sounding when either landing or leaving its dock. Also to be remembered was Notterman's Hotel which was just about across the street from the yacht club. On occasions

my father and mother would take Rodg and me there to enjoy a full-course dinner -- steamed clams, chowder, lobster (or steak), salad, and dessert for $1.75 per person! From Rose Cliff we could look seaward to Pemberton Point where the 125 foot "side paddle-wheeler" excursion steamers would stop, going to and from Boston on their way to Nantasket Beach. Also, at sunset we would listen for the cannon to be fired at the fort (then activated) on Peddocks Island. The so-called Pemberton Gut could be -- and certainly <u>was</u> -- a rough passage-way for small craft entering or leaving Fore River.....and that comes from experiences in the MINNIE B ! It is with this that I end my memoirs concerning yachting in and around the Weymouth and Quincy Bay areas.

Early Automobiles

Having completed some of my memories of yachting, this seems to be the place to revert back to early automobiles after mentioning them earlier and how they would have to be stored for the winter months owing to the fact that there was no snow plowing of the streets. I'm sure that many of today's younger people will find the following to be interesting, although hard to believe, because of the contrast between the "early days" of 1912-1922 and today with its modern, and I might say rather expensive automobiles, with many families having at least two. Back in 1912 there were only two or three automobile agencies in Quincy. One that I well remember was at Gould's garage at the corner of Adams and Alleyne Streets (where the high-rise apartment house now stands). It was there that the first Model T Fords were exhibited and road demonstrated. One day, by appointment, Mr. Gould arrived at our house to show one of them to my father and mother. It was an open type of touring car with a top that could be raised and lowered with some effort, gas headlights (with a small tank of gas - not gasoline - mounted on the running-board), kerosene side lights just forward of the windshield, and a so-called "tail-light" that also burned kerosene.It had two leather straps that extended from the forward end of the top to the rear of each headlight to make sure that the top was securely held in place so that the wind wouldn't lift it up from its fastening at the top of the glass windshield. (The glass was <u>regular</u> glass since shatterproof glass hadn't been invented at that time.) It also had demountable rubber tires with rubber inner-tubes that took <u>quite</u> a while to change.

Quite naturally, my father's first question was, "How much does it cost?" Believe it or not, Mr. Gould said, somewhat hesitatingly, "Well, brand new, and just as it stands, it sells for $870.00". (I might be out of the way a bit -- but not more than $50.00.) After a short ride the family said they would

think the matter over, but, actually, they never did buy the Ford, thinking the cost to be quite high.

Sometime later they did buy their first car -- a second-hand COLUMBIA open touring car previously owned by a neighbor. Of course, it had no self-starter, or electric lights, heater, or radio. A crank, just forward of the radiator, was used to start the engine. Later they did purchase a portable "heater" to put on the floor of the back seat area. It was a type that contained a brick-like thing that prior to using had to be heated in the kitchen stove before inserting it in the unit. It would keep warm for a couple of hours at the most. For most cars, with no heater of any kind, a heavy robe was kept ready for use.

Flat tires were very common in those days, and it was quite a job to change them, putting a "patch" on the inner tube over the small puncture hole, and, after returning the tire to the wheel, a hand air-pump was used to inflate the tire before starting again. I remember what was a long trip to East Dennis on Cape Cod -- taking between three and four hours -- we had six punctures, with our paid driver for the trip having to make the changes, much to the annoyance of us all.

With the exception of the Model T Fords, all of the gasoline powered cars had a clutch pedal that was pushed to the floorboard when shifting gears with the hand operated lever. There was also a brake pedal and a hand operated emergency brake lever. The Fords had only an emergency brake hand operated lever with three small foot-pedals used to start, stop, and reverse the car -- with no hand shifting at all.

Events, Interesting Things and Places

This decade had many noteworthy events, duly recorded in history. Those that in my early youth I can vividly remember were the sinking of the world's largest ocean liner TITANIC on its maiden voyage to the United States from England, in a collision with an iceberg; the election of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States in 1912; the start of World War I in Europe; the torpedoing of the LUSITANIA by a German submarine in 1917 with a heavy loss of American lives. This actually brought us into the war, and on April 6, 1917 the United States declared war on Germany, lead by the despised Kaiser Wilhelm. Being not quite fifteen years old, I was still in school at Milton Academy but was fully aware of what was going on, and of the many sacrifices that all Americans were making in the support of the war effort. Thousands upon thousands of young men were being transported to Europe every day by great ship convoys since, of course, there were no large transport airplanes at that time. General John J. Pershing headed the American forces. Hon. Joseph L.Whiton was

Quincy's wartime mayor, and the Fore River Shipyard was extremely busy in building all types of naval vessels. At least two or three times a week young men, either volunteers or draftees, were leaving the Quincy railroad station for service in the armed forces, with Mayor Whiton present at the station each time a group left, wishing them well in whatever assignments were ahead of them and wherever they might be sent. It was, indeed, a time of worry and concern for everybody. I can well remember the many war songs that were written, such as "Over There", "Good Bye Broadway, Hello France", "Keep the Home Fires Burning", "Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile", etc., etc. Many of my older friends went overseas, and, sadly enough, some never returned. My own brother, Rodg, shortly after entering Harvard College, became of age to serve and enlisted in the navy. Fortunately, during his training period, the war came to a close in 1918, and a couple of months later he was discharged to resume his education. Shortly before the war there was an epidemic of infantile paralysis which caused great concern in families with young children. It was not until many years later that the Salk vaccine was discovered and thousands of shots given throughout the country, fortunately with great success in practically eliminating the dreaded disease. Also, during the war, there was a serious epidemic of what was called Spanish Influenza which took the lives of thousands of Americans. Hospitals were over-crowded with patients, and emergency facilities had to be provided to assist in the emergency. Right here in Quincy, the newly opened Neighborhood Club on Glendale Road was turned over to the authorities for use as a hospital. All furniture was removed, with the large ballroom being used as a women's ward, and the large lounge was set up as a men's ward. Probably fifty or sixty hospital-type beds were set up, together with other hospital equipment, to handle the situation, with the club's kitchen being used for the preparation of required food. Actually, patients were being admitted by way of the front door while many were being taken out the rear door after having died. It certainly was a critical and serious situation. In due time the epidemic was brought under control through the dedicated service of doctors, nurses, and volunteer helpers, working day and night with little rest. Fortunately a new type of vaccine was used successfully in the effort to bring the emergency to a close.

World War I Ends

Even as a schoolboy I can well remember that day in November of 1918 when, through some unaccountable manner, word was received that Germany had surrendered, and the war was over! The word spread like wildfire throughout the entire country, and spontaneous celebrations immediately started everywhere. Within a matter of hours, however, word was received that the report was

not correct, and the war wasn't over! Such a "let-down" followed ..... but in about three days, on November 11th, information was received that the war had ended and that an armistice had been signed. What had been a false celebration three days earlier was re-enacted in another which was, without doubt, the greatest in the country's history!

Other national news in this decade has been well recorded. I must mention, however, the presidential election following the close of the war. Warren G. Harding was elected President of the United States in 1920 with former governor of Massachusetts, Calvin Coolidge, as Vice President. After only three years in office, President Harding passed away quite suddenly in California in 1923. Upon word of his death, Calvin Coolidge became president at the age of 51, succeeding President Harding who was 57 years of age. In a dramatic two o'clock in the morning simple ceremony at his father's home in Plymouth, Vermont, Coolidge became president, serving in that office until succeeded by President Herbert Hoover in 1929. Governor Coolidge became nationally known because of his action in the Boston Police Strike, when his now famous words "Law and Order" actually broke the strike when he put the state guard on the streets to protect the city and its citizens.

Quincy's Change of Government

Locally, in this decade, Quincy accepted the newly created Plan A type of city charter under an act of the Massachusetts Legislature. The change was approved by the voters of Quincy at the municipal election held on November 7, 1916 by a vote of 2616 in favor and 2025 against, a majority in favor of acceptance of 591 in a total vote of 4621. As can be seen, the number of registered voters at that time was very low as compared with today's number. Under the plan, the number of city council members was reduced from 23 to 9 with all being elected at large. The official records show that there were 52 candidates for the nine seats in the city council. As previously mentioned, Hon. Joseph L. Whiton was elected as the first mayor under the new charter, succeeding Hon. Gustave B. Bates. Heading the list of those elected to the city council was attorney John D. Smith of West Quincy. It is interesting to note that nine years later he was appointed city solicitor by Hon. Perley E. Barbour who served as mayor during the years 1925 and 1926. Ten years later still, it was my privilege to appoint him as city solicitor in which office he served most capably during my terms as mayor -- 1935-1942. (Further mention of him will be included in my remarks concerning my resignation as mayor in 1942 to be commissioned as a lieutenant in the navy during World War II.) During the first year of the Plan A type of city charter (1917) the members of the city council served without compensation. In

the following year, however, an annual salary of $500.00 for each member was voted. Councillor Lewis Bass refused to accept his compensation and turned it back to the city under a trust as to its future use by the city. In 1920 the charter was modified to ward representation in the city council with each of the six wards electing its own councillor and three members being elected at large.

Founding of the Neighborhood Club

Having previously mentioned this 65 year old social club, and its having come into being in 1917 during this decade, it might be of interest to know just how it was started and by whom. In early 1916 Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Sears were guests at my parents home for a Saturday night dinner, which was their custom on alternating week-ends. On that particular evening, after dinner, I overheard from an adjoining room, where at the age of 14 I was reading a book, part of a conversation in which Mr. Sears said, "Burgin, we should have a small bungalow-type of club house somewhere near here, where the neighborhood families, including children, could get together on Saturday nights for baked-bean suppers, games, telling stories, etc. I have enough land on my property here on Glendale Road to sell a portion of the lower part for such a place. If the idea is favorably received, we will organize a club and call it the Neighborhood Club. You, knowing about financing such things, should be treasurer, and I'll be the president." That was actually how and where the present Neighborhood Club was first conceived.Quoting from a fairly recent "history" of the club, we find the following: "During the early part of 1916, a number of civic minded citizens of Quincy, living in the vicinity of Presidents Hill, conceived the idea of establishing a social club for the families then living in that vicinity and on Adams Street. The club was to be distinctly a neighborhood family one that would provide sociability for young and old alike." The idea went over so well through letters being sent out, that a much larger clubhouse than originally planned was built for an anticipated membership of about 300 adults, with their children being automatically made members. The new clubhouse was formally opened on Saturday evening, January 27, 1917. As far as I know, I am the only present member of the club that attended that gala affair. Shortly after World War II was declared in 1941, which was during my fourth two-year term as mayor, I was president of the club, but about a year later tendered my resignation when I entered the naval service. Upon my discharge in 1945 I was again elected as president to serve the customary second one-year term. For the first fifteen or so years, during prohibition, no liquor of any kind was even allowed to be brought into the clubhouse. After the repeal of prohibition, however, following quite a spirited discussion among the members, it was voted to

apply for a club license, which was approved by the city's license board. Since approximately fifty years ago, the sale and serving of liquor at the club has been well regulated and carefully supervised. It actually assisted the club greatly in solving a somewhat critical financial situation owing to the depression years prior to that time.

Historically, the Neighborhood Club of Quincy has played an important part in the social and community life of the city. Many of the country's most important citizens have been guests there at formal gatherings, and for years all of the Fore River (Bethlehem Steel Corporation) Shipyard launching luncheons were held there, as were many wedding receptions, formal dinners,etc. Without the club, and with Quincy having no hotels, many of these functions would have taken place in Boston.

Two More Amusing Stories

Leaving the Neighborhood Club, but again reverting back to the friendly relationship between the Sears family and ours, perhaps the following will add a bit of humor at this particular point.

First: -- And this dates back to 1910 when, at the age of eight, I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Sears had, while on a trip to Europe, by ship, of course, made their final stop in Wales. While there they decided to purchase a Welch pony and have it shipped back to Boston from where it would be delivered to Quincy for their children to enjoy. In due time "Daisy" was comfortably stabled at the Sears estate, being admired by young and old alike. Some months later it was learned that a young colt would soon be arriving as Daisy's first-born. What good news it was for the youngsters in the neighborhood!

Sure enough, the colt was born and was promptly named "Taffy, the Welshman". In about a week or two my mother told me I could go over to see it, saying that it would probably be "all legs", as all colts were shortly after birth. Returning home following my visit, mother greeted me by asking what I thought of the colt. I replied that it was O.K. but then asked why she had lied to me. Before she had time to reply, I continued by saying, "You told me that it would be <u>all legs</u> .... but it only had <u>four</u> legs just like any other horse." That ends <u>that</u> story!

Second: -- And this was also a bit amusing as I look back on it. Barbara Sears, their fifth child and second daughter, being then my age of sixteen, decided out of a clear sky to call me "Mayor". When I asked her why, she replied, "You look and act just like what I think a mayor <u>should</u>." (Her father had been mayor of Quincy in 1898.) From the age of sixteen and, actually, until after she had grown up and was married (before I had ever

thought of entering public life) she would always greet me by saying, "Hi, mayor, how's everything going?"

Education

Quite often I have been asked about my educational background and in particular where I went to college. To be perfectly frank, I didn't attend any college, but did attend Milton Academy for four years prior to leaving school two years before I would have graduated in 1922. My desire to go to work caused my family much concern since, at that time, my brother was at Harvard and doing very well. Although not a brilliant student, I jokingly have said that I got by -- probably by the "skin of my teeth", as the old saying goes. My four years at Milton, however, were most helpful to me, and as time passed I appreciated them more and more. Finally the decision was made, and I went to work at the Quincy Savings Bank, earning a weekly wage of eight dollars. If I remember correctly, the tuition at Harvard including room and board was slightly under $2000.00 per year. Trying to be perfectly fair with his two sons, my father gave me the equivalent to what he had paid for my brother's college education.

In retrospect, after sixty years, I firmly believe that even with the tremendous increase in cost for a college education (at least four or five times greater than in 1920), it is most essential to have, although not a necessity to be successful in life. In my opinion, education is a never ending part of life with experience as the greatest instructor. Of course, academic learning builds a most helpful foundation in meeting life's many challenges, but the ability to comprehend and understand life, people, problems, and events and to differentiate between the correct and incorrect decisions that do and will confront us must be individually acquired by continued study.

As I conclude these few thoughts on education, may I say modestly and certainly with sincere appreciation, that in 1939 Milton Academy invited me to attend its annual graduation exercises -- seventeen years after what would have been my graduation year-- to be awarded an official diploma "As the Class of 1922". Evidently the intervening seventeen years' experience in non-academic education was favorably considered in qualifying me as a graduate -- an unusual recognition.

On the shield of Milton Academy is the date in which it was founded in 1798 -- One Hundred Eighty-four years ago. Also there appears an open book upon which are printed just four words that during all these years must have given inspiration to those who have been privileged to be students at this fine academy. Not only to them, however, should they be

inspirational, but to anyone who reads them: DARE TO BE TRUE.

CHAPTER THREE - 1922-1932

Returning to Quincy's early years, and the memories connected with them, this chapter should provide interesting reading which, I hope, the first two chapters may have also.

Various Sections and Things

Ever since Quincy became a city in 1889, it has been divided into six wards with many new voting precincts having been added from time to time. It covers approximately sixteen square miles, having many sections that do not include the word Quincy. They are, however, part of the city even though not in name. I refer, of course, to some of them such as Squantum, Norfolk Downs, Montclair, Wollaston, Merrymount, Adams Shore, Houghs Neck, Germantown, etc. Each has an interesting historical background as do the other sections that include the word Quincy such as Quincy Center, West Quincy, South Quincy, North Quincy, and Quincy Point. Sometimes those sections not having the city's name are a bit confusing to strangers who believe them to be entirely separate from the city itself. Quite to the contrary, Quincy is a united city in so many ways, as has been demonstrated when occasions present themselves.

Having previously mentioned those who had served as mayor during my memory from 1908 in the preceding two chapters, the name of Hon. William A. Bradford should be recorded as being in office during the years 1921 and 1922. A fine man and a close personal friend, it was under his administration that the present Quincy High School was built, together with other municipal improvements.

It was during the early part of this ten-year period that as a young man I had started working and began to assume responsibilities in the civic life of the community. One of these was, as an employee of the Quincy Savings Bank, to be placed in charge of the so-called school savings plan already established by the bank in the city's elementary schools. Every week I called at each school to pick up the small deposits (made in school bank books) and take them back to the bank to be credited to each individual in his or her regular bank book. Unfortunately, several years later, upon the recommendation of the Superintendent of Schools and the approval of the school committee, the system was discontinued because it took too much time for the teachers. Not only did the system encourage thrift

in the minds of the pupils, but in many cases it laid the foundation for later education, etc.

During my travels throughout the city, my education was enhanced as to many interesting things and places in each section. As stated earlier, these memoirs in no way should be considered as authentic history but will, I hope, call attention to some things that impressed me as I learned about them. Let us therefore start at the northern end of the city and return in a southerly direction. Possibly, and quite probably, I will miss some of the many places and things I should have included, but only by error and not intention. What omissions there may be will just have to wait until someone else may write about them.

The Neponset River separates Quincy from Boston. Spanning it were two wooden bridges, both being built on wooden pilings that were driven deep into the river bed. One was built expressly for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and was located about 500 yards east of the other. It contained both north and south bound tracks for the trains then being powered by steam locomotives. The second, constructed for electric car and vehicular traffic, was the main route between North Quincy and Neponset (Boston). Each bridge had a draw that could be raised and lowered for the passage of rather small vessels using the river almost up to what was called the lower Mills of Milton.

In the Montclair section of North Quincy, the original Wollaston Golf Club was laid out. It was privately owned as an 18 hole course and had a rather large membership in the early part of the century. It continued to grow and only recently was sold to Norfolk County for public use after the Wollaston Golf Club purchased land in Milton, constructing not only a beautiful clubhouse but also one of the finest and best laid out 18 hole courses in New England. Still in the North Quincy area, we turn to Squantum which has been previously mentioned in connection with the Harvard-Boston Aero Meet. Another noteworthy event, dating back to September of 1621, was when an expedition led by Captain Miles Standish from the Plymouth Colony was guided across the bay by Tisquantum or Squanto, the greatest benefactor of the whites in those early days, to the land presently bearing his name. Today there still stands the Miles Standish Cairn in Squantum, erected in 1895.

Following the 1910 Aero Meet (on the land presently occupied by the Boston Harbor Marina, etc.) there were at least three other events of an historic nature that took place. First, during World War I, the Fore River Shipyard built what we remember as the Victory Plant that created shipbuilding history by turning out for the navy more destroyers than all the other yards in the United States combined. One of these destroyers, the REID, was built in world record time, forty-five and one-half working days from keel laying to delivery. As a boy, together with my

parents, I was present at the early evening launching of the first destroyer, which was indeed an historic event. The then Secretary of the Navy was a guest of honor and spoke briefly. Later on, he was the house guest of our next door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Powell, on what is now Presidents Lane.

Second, was the founding of the Dennison Airport in 1927 by a group of forward-looking local business men, headed by Hon. William A. Bradford and Mr. Harold T. Dennison. Although in the Squantum area, it was located at the corner of East Squantum Street and Quincy Shore Drive -- considerably south of the Victory Plant. During that year I was serving as President of the City Council and, as such, became acting mayor during the illness of Hon. Thomas J. McGrath, mayor of Quincy. Never will I forget my first flight in an airplane that took place on September 8, 1927 from that airport! The landing strip was only two hundred feet long. There were three planes that took off on what to me was an historic event. Each was a two-seated biplane with my pilot being Alan Bourden. All three planes flew over Quincy and Quincy Bay, with the flight probably not lasting more than about twenty minutes. During my visits to the airport I had the pleasure of meeting Amelia Earhart on several occasions. She will stand forever as the greatest woman aviator of her time.

Third, and finally, following World War I the Navy Department acquired over 630 acres for defense purposes (where the shipyard was) and soon established a seaplane base, using the wooden hanger built by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the site of the Boston-Harvard Aero Meets. Later on, from this small beginning, the United States Naval Air Station, Squantum, became the major training base for naval fliers for the next thirty years.

Leaving Squantum

As I continue, it should be remembered that the various things mentioned have long since gone but should be of interest to those who can't remember them. To those who can remember, all I can say in a joking vein is "Welcome to the old timer's club."

On Hancock Street, slightly to the rear of where the North Quincy High School stands, was the old wooden Sacred Heart Catholic Church. Almost directly behind it on Newbury Avenue, across from the Quincy School, in a wooden building (still standing) was the single-door Atlantic Fire Station, replaced in 1925 by a more modern brick station on Hancock Street almost at the corner of West Squantum Street. (Not too long ago that station was replaced on the same site by the present one.) On Atlantic Street was the most interesting home of the late Dr. Walter G. Kendall. He was a great bicycle enthusiast, having in

his collection one of those antique tall front wheel and low rear wheel bicycles which, in order to get on, he probably had to use a small step-ladder. The lot directly beside his house had a most unusual great hole in the ground, known as the "Kettle Hole", that was formed in the so-called ice age hundreds of years ago. Roughly speaking, it was at least fifty feet across and almost circular with a depth of possibly forty feet. As one looked at it, there were many small "terraces" -- each below the other and extending around the entire circle, to the bottom of the hole. Having seen this geological phenomenon many times, I was impressed by the manner in which Dr. Kendall maintained it and the interest he showed in it. On every one of the terraces he had planted various types of grape vines and delighted in telling his visitors what each one was. A few years prior to his death, when he was well over eighty years of age, he decided that owing to ill health, he would have to give up his home and dispose of his many prized possessions. This he did and deeded the property to the city as a gift to be known as Kendall Park. Some years later, with the house being unoccupied, it deteriorated to the point where it had to be torn down. Just what happened to the remaining property I am not sure, including the Kettle Hole. My memories of this fine, well-groomed elderly gentleman are indeed very happy and pleasant ones. Were he living today, I know he wouldn't mind the telling of a little humorous story concerning him that took place at one of the annual football games between Quincy and North Quincy High Schools on Thanksgiving in the Veterans Memorial Stadium on a cold November morning. I was in office as mayor at the time, and both he and I were honored guests, having reserved seats together on the players' bench, which was directly in front of the huge concrete stands seating seven or eight thousand enthusiastic football fans. On the opposite side of the field were five thousand more. "Doc" Kendall, as he was affectionately called, was warmly dressed, wearing a heavy long overcoat, overshoes, warm gloves, hat, and ear-muffs. During the half-time program he suddenly turned to me and said, "Tom,it's damn cold, how about a little 'warmer-upper'?" Before I could answer he reached into his overcoat pocket and brought out two "nip" bottles of ..... well, it wasn't tea ..... and was about to hand me one. Actually, I could have dropped dead on the spot! Being only in my late thirties, and not wanting to offend my octogenarian friend by refusing his kind offer, I had to think and act quickly. "No thanks, Doc, I'm not that cold", I said. He then proceeded to consume both bottles without regard to the crowd who, as they watched, seemed to enjoy thoroughly the heart (and body) warming sight of the enjoyment of an eighty year old gentleman. Truly, he was a fine man whom everybody seemed to enjoy. An excellent portrait of him can be seen at the Quincy Historical Society in the Adams Academy Building on Adams Street, Quincy Center.

Continuing on, I should mention the two former railroad stations at Atlantic and Norfolk Downs. The latter had a grade crossing

about opposite the present Pneumatic Scale Corp. on Newport Avenue. Then came the old wooden Wollaston railroad station. It was from here that Quincy's beloved and respected Ruth Gordon took her departure (by train) eventually to arrive in New York City to seek her future in theatrics. Only time has shown how very successful she has been on the stage, in films, and on TV. Nationally known, she never forgets Quincy and visits here quite often to renew old friendships and to visit Wollaston and the places she remembers as "like home" to her. Not too many years ago she returned to attend her Quincy High School reunion. Although not a member of her class, I was (at her suggestion) invited as a guest -- she being the guest of honor -- and had the pleasure of sitting beside her at the head table. The luncheon was held at the Neighborhood Club with about fifty of her classmates present, and, without exception, it was one of the finest and most pleasant events I have ever attended. During her informal talk following luncheon, she radiated both charm and personality, actually with the enthusiasm of a person far younger than her age might indicate. Yes, RUTH GORDON is a remarkable lady ... and will always be Quincy's sweetheart!

Within a hundred yards of the old Wollaston station there was a block of one-story stores. In one of the larger stores was a combination drugstore, news stand, and soda fountain which, well over fifty years ago, was purchased by a young Wollaston man named Howard D. Johnson. It was in that store that he started making home-made ice cream which was the beginning of the nationally known chain of restaurants bearing his name. With the construction of the new Wollaston M.B.T.A. station and large parking area, the original block of stores was torn down.

There are many other interesting places in Wollaston but neither time nor space will permit me to list them all. I will list a few, however, for the enlightenment of those who might only know of them through memoirs such as those recorded here.

Proceeding westerly along Beale Street on the left side was the old Wollaston elementary school. Of wooden construction, it was finally replaced by the present school building bearing the same name. I particularly remember one of the teachers named Bessie Powers who taught there for many years and was beloved by parents as well as scholars.

Further along Beale Street was, and still is, Summit Avenue, leading to the top of Third Hill where the Quincy granite water tower is located. Directly in front of it was a large concrete constructed open water reservoir which in recent years has been entirely filled in and, I understand, is now used as a playground area. Within a few hundred feet, the Furnace Brook Golf Club clubhouse is located. During World War II the top of the stone water tower was used as an air-raid warning center

which was manned 24 hours a day by air-raid volunteer watchers known as wardens.

Leaving this general area and going easterly from Hancock Street towards Wollaston Beach, there were two things worthy of special mention. The first was the former Quincy Mansion School located on the property now occupied by Eastern Nazarene College. This was a private school for girls that occupied an old colonial mansion. Its graduates included many young ladies from the Quincy area, and I believe a few boarding scholars from outside. It was considered to be quite a fashionable school.

Proceeding along Fenno Street, leading to Wollaston Beach, there was much open land, quite a bit of which was occupied by what we remember as the so-called Sailors' Home and adjoining farm land. The three story large wooden building provided a retirement home for sailors. Many years ago the property was sold for private development, and I believe the home was relocated in Duxbury, Mass.

Fenno Street ended at what is now known as Quincy Shore Drive. In those years the boulevard ended at that point, not being continued to Merrymount as at present. Out in Wollaston Bay was, and still is, located "Hangman's Island". Although having no buildings now, it did have two or three wooden shacks that were built on pilings to protect them from high tides. They were occupied in the summer months by "squatter" lobster fishermen. Directly <u>on</u> Wollaston Beach, at the end of Fenno Street, there were about ten privately owned bath-houses, about 30 feet by 15 feet, with each containing about ten wooden lockers approximately five feet square that were privately rented from the bathhouse owners by Wollaston and Quincy residents for about $20.00 per season. Other than the lockers, there was room enough for the storage of beach chairs, small folding tables, etc. On the front of each was a small piazza that was high enough from the beach to prevent flooding at high tide. Wooden steps extended down to the beach level. Many happy family picnics were held on the beach in front of as well as <u>inside</u> those bath-houses! (No beer or liquor of any kind was allowed on the premises or on the beach itself, with "pot" never having been heard of in those days.)

Many years later the so-called Wollaston Boulevard was extended from Fenno Street southerly to Black's Creek and Merrymount. The privately owned bath-houses had either to be torn down or moved to another location. Nothing being available <u>on</u> the beach, arrangements were made to lease some land on Fenno Street, close to the boulevard, and all were moved, to remain there for a few more years.

With very few automobiles in those years, there wasn't too much traffic or parking with which to contend. Both the Wollaston

and Squantum Yacht Clubs were in their present locations, and with the exception of a couple of boat yards, there were few, if any, commercial establishments on the boulevard. By way of contrast to today's situation, Wollaston Beach was clean and beautiful with no broken glass, beer cans or bottles to hamper the bathing and pleasure of those using the beach and enjoying the clean salt water.

And now, heading back towards Quincy Center, other things of interest should be mentioned: the steel, and wooden planked, footbridge over the railroad tracks from Newport Avenue to Old Colony Avenue for pedestrians since there was no other way to cross the tracks between the Beale Street and Adams Street bridges - the bridge was directly opposite Warren Avenue; the wooden "board sidewalk" on the westerly side of Newport Avenue beside the marsh land formerly owned by the Adams Family and later sold for development, now known as the Douse Road, Lillian Road, and Willow Avenue area. Upon reaching Adams Street, and directly across from the President Adams mansion, was a vacant piece of land bounded by Adams Street, Presidents Lane, and the then Upland Road. Owned at that time by the Adams Family, it was used primarily for exercising their horses. I well remember their coachman, Mr. Manning, who would stand in the center of the lot with about a forty foot line attached to a horse's halter. This would allow the animal to trot around in a circle while Mr. Manning stood perfectly still. It was quite a thrill for the youngsters in the neighborhood to watch almost every afternoon. Today that lot of land contains a large apartment house known as the Presidents Arms Apartments.

Not too far from there, on Greenleaf Street, was a small two-story wooden school house which had been converted from a private home. Known as the Greenleaf School, it was privately operated and maintained for a limited number of students for whom their parents paid a moderate tuition. Its exact location was where the Christian Science Church now stands. Although I never attended it, my brother did for a couple of years before attending Cranch School. I did, however, visit it on many occasions with my mother when she stopped by as an interested parent. As I remember, there were four class-rooms -- two on the first floor and two on the second. There were four teachers, Miss Wright, Miss Gilson, Miss Pope, and Miss Baxter, with each assigned to one of the rooms. It was a school that never will be forgotten by those who were privileged to attend it.

Dimmock Street Coasting

Only a few of us who are living today, including my brother Rodg and three or four close friends - Dr. Morgan Sargent, his brother Elliot, and former Supreme Court Judge Paul C.

Reardon.....yes, and his brother George - can remember what was probably one of the longest "sled coasts" in the city. While not in this ten-year period (1922-1932) I must mention it briefly. With just a very few automobiles being used in the winter months, some of us living in the general area would have great fun coasting down Dimmock Street on our Flexible Flyer sleds or on the double-runner my father had built for us, carrying at least four boys. Believe it or not ... we would start at the top of Presidents Hill on Monroe Road and then speed down Dimmock Street crossing Presidents Lane, Upland Road, and Hancock Street to Whitney Road and then down to Woodward Avenue and sometimes beyond that to Edgemere Road. What a thrill! At the Hancock Street intersection one of the parents would stand watch to see that no electric car was approaching from either direction. Should there be one, we would be waved off and usually end up in a snow-bank by the side of the street.

Movies and Movie Theaters

Having told about coasting down Dimmock Street, usually during the daylight hours but once in a while in the early evening, I have often been asked about what we did on week-ends for entertainment. Since during the week we attended school, there were very few evenings we were allowed to go out after supper, with the possible exception of an occasional short visit at a neighbor's house. Home discipline was pretty strict in those days, with ten o'clock as the latest we were allowed to stay up. Friday and Saturday were considered free nights as far as going out was concerned <u>but</u> we had to tell our parents where we were going <u>and</u> with whom. Ten o'clock was usually set as the time of our return unless accompanied by an adult.

In the early days of my youth there were no such things as movies. The nearest things to them were stereopticon glass slides, or postcards, placed in a projector having a rather high-powered electric light bulb. From it <u>still</u> pictures were thrown onto a white hanging sheet or a permanent screen, usually at the Y.M.C.A. or in a small church hall or similar gathering place. It was several years later that actual <u>moving</u> pictures (and movie theaters) came into being. All movies were black and white with, of course, no color or sound such as we have today. So-called "titles" were made a part of the film to let you know what was being said or what was happening. The first movie I can remember seeing was, I believe, shown in the Music Hall which was on the second floor of the building directly above Remick's store. It was either "Ben Hur" or "Quo Vadis?", with plenty of action and excitement for young and old alike. Quincy's first <u>real</u> movie theater was built on Hancock Street just about where the former Sears Roebuck Store, until recently, was located. It was built and owned by the late Henry L. Kincaide and was named

the Kincaide Theater. The shows usually lasted about two hours and included a short news weekly, a short comedy, and the feature picture. Orchestra seats for evening shows were fifty cents, balcony seats twenty-five cents, and matinee prices were somewhat lower. The latter took place about twice a week. As previously mentioned, regarding Quincy's Junior Fire Department, it was in this theater that those boy members saw themselves in the Pathe News Weekly -- at Quincy's first real movie theater and the subject matter being the first of its kind to be shown in the country.

I well remember one of the weekly serials entitled "The Perils of Pauline" that became so popular a song was written and published concerning it. Without reference I can repeat it almost word for word ... it went like this:

Poor Pauline, I pity Poor Pauline
One night she's drifting out to sea
And then they tie her to a tree
I wonder what the end will be ...
This suspense is awful!

Bing, bang, biff ... they throw her off a cliff
They dynamite her in a submarine
In a lion's den, she stands with a fright ...
The lion goes to take a bite ...
Zip goes the film ... Good night ... Poor Pauline!

It was in the Kincaide Theater, some years later after graduating from Quincy High School, that the late Billy DeWolfe had a part time job as an usher. Even while in school he was a natural comedian and, although at times somewhat restrained by his teachers, would produce gales of laughter from his classmates by impersonations, facial expressions, or humorous antics. It wasn't until several years after leaving Quincy that he and I became good friends, when on occasion, he would return home for visits with his aunt in Wollaston. Although always known as Billy DeWolfe Jr., his real name was Billy Jones, I believe. He took the stage name by which he always went from a former actor, Billy DeWolfe, who was the manager of the Kincaide Theater at the time he was an usher. I certainly enjoyed his friendship when, after becoming famous in the field of entertainment, he returned to Quincy. He would always get in touch with me and arrange for a visit and friendly chat about old times. Following his death in California at an early age, his body was returned to Wollaston for a funeral service which I attended, followed by burial in Mount Wollaston Cemetery.

After the Kincaide Theater was built, several more came into being including the Alhambra, Wollaston, Regent (North Quincy), and the Strand (Quincy Center).

About Quincy Point

Without question, Quincy Point was one of the most attractive sections of the city with its many beautiful colonial homes on both sides of Washington Street, from Elm Street all the way to the Fore River Bridge. Lovely tall shade trees graced the entire street, and they, together with the spacious and well kept lawns in front of the houses, actually created what might well be called a semi-rural neighborhood and indicated the moderate wealth of the residents who occupied the homes. Although there were a few small stores on Washington Street, to the best of my memory, there were no other commercial establishments of any kind. Almost down to the end of the street on the westerly side, was the old single-door Quincy Point fire station with its horse-drawn apparatus. Directly opposite was the two or three story brick Washington School, now replaced by a tall apartment house. Beyond these buildings, at the corner of South Street, stood the wooden white colonial Quincy Point Congregational Church about which I will write later on. The entire length of the street had electric street-car tracks with so-called "turn outs" that provided double tracks for a short distance, thus allowing cars to pass each other when traveling in opposite directions. That car line extended from Quincy Square to East Weymouth via Thomases Corner in North Weymouth.It was there that we had to change cars to ride the Fort Point and Rose Cliff line.

I only wish that time and space would allow me to name the many old Quincy Point families who lived on Washington Street, although probably none of them would be remembered by today's Quincy citizens. Without doubt most of them have been properly recorded in the various history books.

Nearing the old wooden Fore River draw-bridge, I can vividly recall how differently the area looked in those days as compared with what appears there today. Although the shipyard was then quite large and included a substantial amount of land, it didn't extend out to Washington Street as it does at present. It was bounded on the east side by what today we know as the "wetslip" where the ships are outfitted after launching. The land from that point to Washington Street was privately owned and used as an unloading and storage plant for both hard and soft coal. I believe it was owned by Mr. Frank Patch, who had lost his only son, Eric, in France during World War I. Facing the river was a rather long granite dock where barges and other types of wooden vessels would arrive from Boston Harbor or the open ocean. The main storage building, adjoining the dock, had two or three wooden towers about forty feet tall and from which heavy steel "buckets" would be lowered into the vessels to scoop up their fill of coal and then lift it to an unloading platform from where

it would be dropped into the storage spaces in the building or on the ground to be delivered by horse-drawn wagons to homes or commercial buildings. It was most interesting to watch the procedure while standing on the draw-bridge.

On the easterly side of the bridge (where the huge Procter & Gamble plant is now located) was another coal landing dock and building similar in size to the one previously described. It was owned by the J.F. Sheppard family. Just beyond it was the entrance to the Town River that extended almost up to Quincy Center or, to be exact, to the marshlands in back of the present Public Works Building on Sea Street.

The Town River had practically no commercial development with the exception of the Quincy Lumber Company and a few small boat yards and private docks, mostly for the smaller types of pleasure boats. Quite in contrast to the situation that exists today,there were no oil or gasoline storage tanks of any kind. There was quite a large boat repair and storage yard known as the Baker Yacht Basin beyond which was a fine bathing beach with a rather large public bath house. Before reaching the yacht basin was another fine bathing beach, and, as I remember it, it was called Avalon Beach. Up river, among several small boat building sheds was one that I will never forget, since it was there that our first sailboat was built. Evidently my father, through some business transaction, had met the man who had leased the rather old wooden shed -- probably only about 35 feet wide and certainly not longer than 50 feet. All alone, small sailing boats were his specialty, and although a slow worker, he did know his trade. After arrangements were made in the early spring, he laid the keel and started placing the frames into position for what eventually was to be a so-called sailing dory -- smooth-seam with mahogany planking, center-board, canvas-covered wooden decks, hollow wooden mast and boom, brand new sails, and all the necessary fittings. Rodg and I were constant visitors to watch the construction, checking it as best we could with the builder, Mr. Partelow, who must have had his fiftieth birthday several years before.

Finally, and after many delays, the "Hi Jinks" was completed,launched, and taken to Rose Cliff for us to enjoy -- but not our mother! The boat, about 12 feet on the water line and about 16 feet overall, sure was fast, but I guess too fast for Mother to watch from the shore, witnessing at least three or four capsizes which evidently were more than she could stand. Result ...."Hi Jinks" was sold in the early fall, with Rodg and me -- at least for a few years -- having to enjoy ourselves as "monkey-wrench" skippers! (I presume my readers know that means power boating.)

The easterly side of Town River was bordered by the Germantown shore-line. Few people realize that this part of Quincy was

originally known as Shed's Neck, which, back in 1750, was leased to a company, organized to manufacture glass. The land, about 100 acres, owned by Colonel John Quincy, consisted of what we think of as farming property that was actually bordered on three sides by water. The rental for this hundred acre plot was ten shillings per acre and was intended to be a town called Germantown, laid out in the German tradition, since the company to use the property planned to use laborers imported from Germany. This manufacturing company, however, did not carry out its intention to commence business at Germantown, but in 1752 released this town within a town to Joseph Palmer and Richard Cranch, who constructed buildings for the manufacture of glass, pottery, and various other products. The project was unsuccessful, and the buildings were destroyed by fire some years later.

This interesting and factual information I certainly hope will not be construed as having taken place during my memory, since it occurred approximately 232 years prior to my birth at #95 Goffe Street on Presidents Hill! (Again, as reference, I used the book HISTORIC QUINCY written by my good friend, the late William Churchill Edwards.) Were he here today, I would say,"Thanks, Bill."

And now, ... a few things I do remember about Germantown!

At the lower, or southerly end of the peninsula were at least two places within the memory of many residents of the area. First, I will mention what we think of as the Hodgkinson Farm, which consisted of several acres of fine farmland on which were produced all kinds of vegetables, hay, etc. Coupled with this was a rather spacious house, together with two or three barns and storage sheds. The Hodgkinsons were good friends of mine, and for many years were highly respected by neighbors and other good friends. Eventually they sold their property for residential development. Second, there was another rather large area known as the Sailors' Home Property, which was privately maintained for retired seamen. On it was a rather large brick dormitory type of building, housing the residents, a large barn, a central heating-plant building, and two or three smaller buildings for the storage of farm equipment, used for providing farm produce from quite extensive gardens. The property was always well maintained until the time came when, with only a few residents, it had to be given up for its original use and sold for privately owned residences. On Palmer street, on the left side almost out to Sea Street, was a rather small boat yard originally owned and operated by a Mr. Charles Hanley, who designed and built several types of racing and pleasure craft, which won fame nationally. Although the yard started back in 1903, my memory of it only goes to 1925 after it had been purchased by Fred D. Lawley, who expanded it into being recognized as one of the country's best-located and finest equipped yacht yards. Again, in 1933

after either the death or retirement of Mr. Lawley (and I can't remember which it was) ownership was assumed by the late Harry Noyes, with management under the direction of Mr. Ralph E. Richmond. In 1934 the name of the corporation was changed to the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard, and three years later Mr. Richmond purchased the yard under a new corporation but retaining the same name. There were then four large wooden buildings in which many fine privately owned yachts were either built or stored for the winter months.

With the start of World War II, following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard, Inc. played an important part in the war effort by utilizing its entire facilities for building many 110 foot wooden patrol boats, sometimes called submarine chasers, for the U.S. Navy. All of the contracts came under the direct supervision of Captain Harold T. Smith U.S.N., who, at the time, was Supervisor of Shipbuilding and whose headquarters were located in the Navy Building at the Fore River Shipyard. (He was one of the finest naval officers I have ever met, and those of us who were privileged to be on his staff were delighted that during his tour of duty here, he was promoted to Rear Admiral and assigned to duty in the Pacific Ocean Area in charge of fleet maintenance, serving directly under Admiral Nimitz.)

Claire's Great Thrill

It was at the Quincy Adams Yard that my 10 year old daughter, Claire, had the distinct honor of being invited to christen one of the 110 foot patrol boats. When the big day arrived, she was excused from school in the early afternoon, since the launching was to take place at high tide which was at about three o'clock. She had never attended a launching, so I had a chance to coach her a bit, while driving to the yard in my car, and stressed the importance of making sure that the bottle of champagne would break the <u>first</u> time she hit the bow of the ship with it. Evidently she paid careful attention to what I was saying, since no questions were asked. Upon arriving at the yard we were greeted by Mr. Richmond, who escorted us to the building in which the patrol boat rested on the launching cradle prior to its slide down the greased launching ways and into the water. Before ascending the few steps to the wooden platform facing the bow of the ship, Claire received the traditional bouquet of red roses, and when on the platform, she was handed the bottle of champagne, encased by a gilt wire mesh to prevent injury from flying glass when the bottle breaks. "Daddy, you hold the roses so I'll be ready," she said. I was both amused and amazed when she held the neck of the bottle with both hands awaiting the signal to act. The ship had barely started to move when ....<u>bang</u> .... and with her <u>first</u> try, the bottle broke into hundreds of pieces. She hit

the bow with such determination and vengeance that the champagne splashed all over her little face, which was something she certainly had not expected. Being somewhat frightened and a bit bewildered, she started to cry as I attempted to dry her face with my handkerchief, suggesting in good-natured humor that if she were older she would probably enjoy the taste! In a moment or two she regained her composure and thoroughly enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten experience as she was given the remnants of the bottle that had been placed in a nice teak-wood box as a souvenir, together with a modest gift from the yard management. It certainly was quite a thrill for a little ten-year old young lady!

In leaving the Quincy Point and Germantown areas, I must write something about the old wooden Fore River bridge between Quincy and North Weymouth. It must have been before the turn of the century that the bridge was built, since I can remember it in early boyhood. Of wooden construction, it rested on piles driven deep in the river-bed. It wasn't the type of bridge we usually see today where the two center sections are mechanically raised, thus providing one passage-way for ships to pass through. Quite in contrast, no part of the bridge was raised, but instead swung open on sort of a pivot arrangement in the very center of the channel which actually provided two openings for the passage of ships -- one going in, let us say, an easterly course, and the other for those going in a westerly direction. That part of the bridge to be swung open, as I recall it, was possibly 120 feet in length. The entire operation of opening and closing the "swing" part was done manually, taking much longer than the method used with today's bridges. When opened, that part moving over the center "pivot" made a "swing" of 90 degrees, being a quarter of a complete circle, in layman's language. In closing, it returned in the opposite direction to the opening and resumed its normal position for moving vehicles, including the electric street-cars. When it was decided to replace it in the 1930's, a temporary bridge was built just to the west so that the old bridge could be demolished to allow the construction of its replacement. It was quite a project to move the center section to the temporary bridge, but it was successfully accomplished. The new bridge was built and completed while I was mayor, and my then seven year old daughter, Claire, officially cut the ribbon to open it in the presence of many officials including Governor James Michael Curley (in about 1938). It was quite an occasion, long to be remembered. Claire had a big bunch of American Beauty roses which she attempted to carry as we walked to the center of the bridge, but soon gave them to me to carry for her.

As I leave interesting things, I should jump back to Quincy Center and recall something previously omitted. Probably only a very few people can remember, or even picture, a large Quincy granite watering trough for thirsty horses right in the middle of Quincy Square, just in front of what is now the Bargain

Center. Yes, for many years it stood at the intersection of Washington and Hancock Streets until moved many years ago as an ornamental piece at the entrance to the Mount Wollaston Cemetery. Almost on its former location in Quincy Center, Quincy's first traffic control platform was constructed and first utilized by police officer Thomas (Tom) Curtin of the Quincy Police Department. It certainly was a simple affair, standing only about 12 inches above the street level, six feet square with a single pipe railing three feet above the wooden platform. With no roof of any kind, Tom found somewhere a large white canvas beach umbrella with about a seven foot wooden pole which he erected on the platform to give him some protection from the hot sun in the summer months. With electric lights not heard of in Quincy at that time, Tom (with his white gloves) did a great job regulating what automobile traffic there was in those days. He became very popular and when not too busy had a friendly wave for passing motorists or pedestrians. It was not until several years later that the first few electric traffic control lights appeared in Quincy, and usually they were attached to the wooden electric light poles at some rather busy intersections. Jokingly, Quincy became known as the "City of Go-Stop Trees".

South and West Quincy

Although I have mentioned various sections and things throughout the city, it probably would fill a medium sized book if all were listed. Certainly any omissions, I trust, will be regarded as unintentional.

Things of historic importance in both South and West Quincy took place far earlier than the scope of my memory. As important as they were in the life of old Braintree (which included what is now Quincy as its north precinct), they have been well recorded in the various authentic histories. I can remember many of the operating granite quarries and stone-cutting sheds which, even in my time, provided employment for many men. Also, of course, I have seen the remaining portion of the so-called Granite Railway which has been recorded as the first commercial railroad in America. It was used to transport Quincy granite down to the Neponset River to be loaded on vessels of various types for shipment for the construction of the Bunker Hill Monument and many buildings, both in Boston and throughout the country. (Editor's note: In Charleston, S.C. where I now live, mention is made in the official city tour guides manual, on p. 112, of the "fine Quincy granite facade" on the building at 12 Broad Street. The building was built in 1783, the facade applied in 1839.)

The South Quincy area has a tremendously interesting historical background, particularly as it relates to the two presidents of the United States, John Adams, the second president (1797-1801)

and his son, John Quincy Adams, the sixth president (1825-1829). Quincy is the only city in the country in which two presidents were born, and where the two birthplaces, side by side, are still standing and are now owned by the federal government under the Department of the Interior, National Park Service. For the past several years, and still in progress, much has been done on them by the government, at a substantial cost, to restore completely both houses to their original condition, even to the color in which they were painted. Hand-cut wooden roof shingles and outside clapboards have been installed with great care, and interior repair work will eventually complete the restoration program. Several thousand visitors a year are received to view both the exterior and interior of these unique old houses, with only a nominal admission charge being requested.

History tells us that President John Adams' wife, Abigail, took her small son, John Quincy Adams, by the hand and walked to the top of near-by Penn's Hill and watched the smoke rising from the battle of Bunker Hill in Charlestown, a section of Boston. At the top of Penn's Hill there stands today the Abigail Adams Cairn which was erected in 1896, probably to commemorate the Hill's historic significance.

Well within the memory of some, although of no particular historic significance, were two changes that took place during this century in connection with the railroad in South Quincy. I refer to the elimination of the stone Quincy Adams station, and the grade crossing with manually operated safety gates on Water Street, adjacent to the railroad station. In driving over the Water Street bridge today, one might easily think that it had always been there.

From this point, I shall no longer reminisce about the places, things, events, and people I can remember as being associated with <u>old</u> Quincy as I knew it. This decade of the so-called twenties brought many changes in my way of living and in what destiny evidently had in store for a young man just over the age of twenty-one. Now working in my first full-time job in the Quincy Savings Bank (at less than fifteen dollars a week), community and civic interests seemed to increase and become more challenging each year. Probably my first affiliation with a voluntary community group came in being asked to become a member of the executive board of the Quincy Council, Boy Scouts of America, whose office was then located on the second floor of the Adams Academy Building. As the youngest member by at least ten years, the privilege of being associated with a fine group of older gentlemen was indeed a rare one that, as I recall, laid an excellent foundation upon which the full appreciation of unpaid community service, dedicated to helping others, was, I trust, instilled in a young mind.

Further interesting experiences were soon to follow, which will be related in detail later, including entering public life, passing through the great financial depression of the early 1930's, the recovery years, the hurricane of 1938, World War II, peace at last with victory, and following that, several more active years before eventual retirement from both public life and the insurance business in which I had been actively engaged since establishing an agency over forty years previously in 1925. Being involved in these things really requires personal references of more-or-less an autobiographical nature which, again I trust, will be understood.

A Most Interesting Acquaintance

In July of 1922, while a patient in the Quincy City Hospital, following surgery for appendicitis, it became my privilege to become acquainted with a fine and interesting young couple who made daily visits with their young son who was then about five years old. Located in the room directly across from mine, he had gone through the same type of operation I had. His father was a young naval officer (whose name I will not disclose at this time) assigned to a submarine being constructed at the Fore River shipyard. His mother was Catherine Freeman prior to her marriage, the daughter of a well known Wollaston family who lived on Grandview Avenue. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, was a highly respected teacher in the Quincy High School and, I might add, was the envy of most of the male students because she owned and drove her sports car to and from school every day. It was a two-seated Stutz Bearcat Roadster, and only those who can remember them can fully appreciate <u>what</u> a car <u>that</u> was! Well, ... continuing my hospital story ... the young naval officer and his wife, after visiting their little son, would step across the hall to have a friendly chat with me before leaving. As previously mentioned, the naval officer, who, I believe, was than a lieutenant, had been assigned to duty on one of the "O-Boat" class of submarines. There were about ten of them being built at the time. By now, I'm sure you <u>might</u> guess who this most interesting acquaintance actually <u>was</u>. His name was none other than CHESTER W. NIMITZ, who, in World War II, rose to the rank of Admiral in the United States Navy and who was in full charge of the war effort in the Pacific. While serving in that capacity he was made a five-star admiral, the <u>only</u> one to be so honored in naval history.

An interesting follow-up of my acquaintance took place close to twenty-five years later when, during my term as Commander of Quincy Post #95, the American Legion, I wrote him to extend an invitation to be the principal speaker at the annual Veterans Day exercises held in front of the Adams Academy Building. At that time he had been retired and on occasion came to Cape Cod

to visit at the family home there. Much to my surprise and delight, I received a personally hand-written full page letter in which he regretted he couldn't accept my invitation only because he would have to be in Hawaii. In speaking of Quincy, he recalled his tour of duty here and his rather infrequent visits to this area owing to various navy assignments, but it was most pleasing for me to read that he did remember me and our little visits at the Quincy City Hospital. Of added interest is the fact that his then small boy also grew up to enter the naval service and, I understand, retired as a rear admiral.

EDITOR'S NOTE: See APPENDIX for copies of both letters.

Thus, a friendship of long standing -- but certainly an interesting one -- remains only as a pleasant memory, with Admiral Chester W. Nimitz having been laid to rest, together with those sung and unsung heroes who served their country in war and peace.

In this chapter (1922-1932) I should explain that in the first part there may be come lack of continuity in my memoirs since some of the things and events took place prior to the years included. This, however, has been only because of the thoughts coming to mind as I reached the age of maturity and came to remember and fully appreciate their significance as of possible interest to my readers. (All of which clearly shows my inexperience as a good author.) Please, however, understand it from whence it comes!

As a mark of courtesy, having named all of Quincy's former mayors, including and following Hon. William T. Shea (1908 through 1911), I list with regard and respect those who preceded him before that time and after Quincy became a city in 1889. They did contribute most importantly in the growth and progress of Quincy's first eighteen years of city government. Naming them in the order of their service, they were:

Hon. Charles H. Porter (the first mayor)	1889-1890
Hon. Henry O. Fairbanks	1891-1893
Hon. Hon. William A. Hodges	1894-1895
Hon. Hon. Charles Francis Adams	1896-1897
Hon. Russell A. Sears	1898
Hon. Harrison A. Keith	1899
Hon. John. O. Hall	1900-1901

It is interesting to note that in the ninety-three years, up to and including 1982, Quincy has been fortunate indeed that only one mayor died while in office. I respectfully refer to Hon. John L. Miller who passed away during his then one year term (which until 1917 was the term of office to which one was elected) in 1914. Hon. Joseph L. Whiton, as President of City Council, assumed the office of mayor until the election of 1914,

when Hon. Chester I. Campbell was elected to his first and only one-year term - 1916. This marked the end of one-year terms, since the Plan A type of charter (with two-year terms) began in 1917 when Hon. Joseph L. Whiton became the first mayor under the new charter. It is also interesting to note that the late Mrs. Edna B. Austin became Quincy's first lady city councillor in 1950, if I remember correctly.

Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs

Back in about 1922 the Quincy Rotary Club received its charter with its membership being composed of highly respected and successful business and professional men of the city. If I remember correctly, its motto was SERVICE ABOVE SELF, or something similar. During the past sixty years, it has not only earned but deserves the commendation of a grateful city for its helpful contribution to the concern for others in the life of the community, its growth and progress, and its well being. To those founders of Quincy's first service organization and their successors, I can only express the genuine appreciation of those of us who have been inspired to follow their example. Two years later in 1924, a group of younger business men had been meeting weekly in the Y.M.C.A. as more-or-less of a social luncheon club. Known then as the Y's Mens Club, it was decided to apply for a charter in the international Kiwanis Club organization whose motto was WE BUILD. After the necessary formalities were completed, the charter was granted. Interestingly enough, many of these young men were sons of Quincy's original Rotarians. Finally, the long anticipated Charter Presentation Night was to take place in Glenwood Hall, Wollaston, owned by the late Mrs. Catherine Woodbury. A catered dinner for approximately 125 people was to precede the actual presentation. It was to be a big event for the forty young men, headed by Arthur I. Burgess to be installed as the club's first president. It was my privilege to be included in that group. I had invited the then chief of the Quincy Fire Department, Alfred L. Meade, to be my dinner guest, saying that I would pick him up at his home on Dimmock Street at about six-thirty o'clock .....BUT.....shortly after six I heard what seemed to be the sirens of several pieces of fire apparatus responding to an alarm. Wanting to check on my guest, who didn't answer one-alarm fires during the night, I called the telephone operator at fire headquarters to ask where the fire was. Much to my surprise he said, "It's a three-alarm fire at the Junior High School (the former Senior High) on Hancock Street, at the corner of Butler Road." Being somewhat of a "spark", I left home to drive down to watch it, knowing that my guest would have responded on the second alarm and probably ordered the third alarm to be sounded. He sure was there, directing the battle to control a flaming, smoking, and serious fire. Yes .... you guessed it. I didn't leave the location for

quite some time and was a half hour (at least) late for the dinner -- and without my guest! There were plenty of good-natured questions about why I was late, even though almost everybody there knew the school was on fire.

It's hard to believe that this took place close to sixty years ago. It has indeed been an honor to have held membership in such a fine club as Kiwanis for all that time, although an honorary member for the past several years. Club records indicate that I am the only living charter member who is still on the membership list. Kiwanis, like Rotary, has provided unselfish service to the community. It has, by example, lived up to its motto -- WE BUILD -- in many ways, especially in its programs to assist youths, both physically and mentally.

Entering Public Life

In the late summer of 1924, after returning from a month's trip to Europe with a close friend, Ernest B. Neal of Wollaston, and accompanied by his aunt and her long-time friend, Mrs. Bradbury, I went back to work at the Savings Bank, having been granted a leave of absence (without pay) for the four weeks.

Late one afternoon, I went over to the Y.M.C.A. on Washington Street to hear a talk by the then mayor of Newton, Edwin O. Childs, who was highly regarded throughout New England both as a Christian gentleman and an outstanding public official. His talk certainly was inspiring and challenging. He especially emphasized the importance of young men taking an interest in public affairs and, if so inclined, to seek public office if the opportunity presented itself. This made quite an impression on many of those present, including myself. Shortly thereafter, in reading the Quincy Patriot Ledger, I learned that the city councillor representing Ward One, Perley E. Barbour, was going to resign from his seat on the council to run for mayor in the upcoming city election, thus creating a vacancy for the remainder of the term to which he had been re-elected. Although only 22 at the time, I kept thinking of what Mayor Childs had said about seeking public office should an opportunity present itself. Would Mr. Barbour's resignation from the council provide an opportunity for me to take a chance by seeking the office to be vacated since I was a registered voter in Ward One, even if only for a short time?

Being close to my father, and often asking him for advice, I approached him one evening after dinner to get his thinking about my possible candidacy for the council. I'll never forget his kindly, yet directly to the point, answer, given with a smile after a few moments of careful thought. "I think, Tom, it's worth a try anyway. If you win, it will be a great

experience ..... and if you lose, ... well, a licking will do you good." Actually, I was so pleased with his fatherly advice I could have cried! That did it, and the next day I took out nomination papers and gave an announcement to the press that I would seek the office.

To make a long story short, as the old saying goes, there were five candidates in the contest, and by a fairly comfortable margin I was elected and would assume my office at 10 o'clock in the morning on the first Monday in January, 1925 at the same time as mayor-elect Barbour would take over the responsibilities of his office as the city's chief executive. It was a big adventure for a 22 year old youngster!

Before going into detail regarding a business change to take place on the same day, only an hour before going over to city hall to be sworn in at 10 A.M., I would be remiss if I didn't write a few lines about a good friend of many years who assumed the office of mayor on that first Monday of January, 1925. Perley E. Barbour was an outstanding and most successful businessman. Although his business was in the city of Brockton, his home ties were in Quincy, and it was here that he took a keen interest in many community activities. Actually, he was president of the Barbour Welting Company, which was known nationally in the shoemaking industry. With Brockton regarded in those days as a city whose principal industry was the manufacture of shoes, we usually thought of it as the shoe city of New England.

Mayor Barbour lived in a beautiful colonial home on Adams Street. It was the last one on the left side of the street just before the turn leading up what we called "Adams Street Hill" (almost directly across from where the William B. Rice Eventide Home is now located). It was from there that he would drive to city hall every morning promptly at 8 o'clock, spending the morning hours in the mayor's office and then driving to Brockton to work there for the afternoon.

"Do You Want to Buy it, Son?"

Many people looked in awe as Mayor Barbour passed through Quincy streets in his car -- a Rolls Royce two-seated roadster, which then must have cost close to $20,000.00 -- but now would sell for approximately $140,000.00 at least. He would always park it on a short driveway directly behind the rear entrance to city hall. And here's what actually happened just before noon one day.

One of Quincy's native sons, the late Edward T. (Red) Lewis, was then a young fellow in his late teens who had a job in one of the city departments close to city hall. In walking over to the main building to deliver something, he saw the Rolls Royce that was parked in the driveway. Never having really seen such a car before, and with apparently nobody looking, he couldn't resist a temptation. Yes, he quietly got into the driver's seat, closed the door ... and just sat there holding the steering wheel for only a few minutes of deep thought, wondering if the time might ever come when he would own anything as wonderful as a Rolls Royce automobile. The thought had hardly passed through his mind when he felt a gentle touch on his shoulder. Before he could even turn around, he heard a man's voice say, "Do you want to buy it, son?" Much to his astonishment who should be standing beside him with a big smile on his face but Mayor Perley E. Barbour, whom he actually had never met. Completely flabbergasted he said, "Excuse me, Mayor, I'll never do it again", probably thinking he would be fired on the spot. (As I remember "Red" telling me the story a week later, he said that the mayor simply said, "Move over into the other seat, and I'll take you for a short ride around the block.") This he did, which clearly showed the type of gentleman he was and, with three young sons of his own, could appreciate what a great thrill "Red" must have had in even getting into the car -- just for a look.

Edward T. Lewis remained in the employ of the city for many years assuming greater responsibilities that came with promotions that ultimately brought him to the position of Administrative Assistant to the City Manager, serving under both William J.Deegan, Jr. and Donald H. Blatt. (The advent of City Managers in Quincy will be covered in CHAPTER FIVE -- 1942-1952. More regarding Mr. Lewis will be found in CHAPTER SIX--1952-1962.)

Hon. Thomas J. McGrath

As will be mentioned briefly a little later, Mayor Barbour chose not to seek re-election upon the completion of his two-year term. He was succeeded by Thomas J. McGrath who had served in the city council for several years. Following his election he remained in office for three successive two-year terms (1927-1932), which, I believe, was the longest period, until that time, that any mayor had served the city. He was not only a highly respected gentleman but also somewhat of a controversial debater on many important issues. It was a privilege to be closely associated with him, although a few years after his mayoralty terms had ended we became political opponents in a rather warm contest. (More about that subject will be covered a little later on.)

A New Venture in Business

In 1924 Mr. Herbert T. Whitman was serving as president of the Quincy Savings Bank which at that time was more-or-less an honorary part-time position, as the Treasurer was the chief executive officer. He was in the real estate and property management business with a moderate number of insurance customers, primarily fire and casualty policies. He also managed the real estate holdings of the Adams family including the Adams Building in which his office was located on the second floor. Not being a young man, he evidently had been looking around to find someone to become associated with him in carrying out his business affairs.

One Saturday afternoon, shortly after the city election, my father said he would like to have a little talk with me. Being somewhat surprised, I thought something serious had happened in connection with my work at the bank. Such was not the case, I soon learned, as our conversation got underway. He told me that Mr. Whitman had talked with him and wondered if I might be interested in becoming associated with him in the conduct of his business. He further added that several young men had asked to be considered, but he had made up his mind as to a choice. Unknown to me, I was evidently that one. "How about my present job?" I asked my father. In telling me he thought it was a good opportunity, he added that I could be granted a year's leave of absence to see how things might work out. It was a matter of deciding within 48 hours as Mr. Whitman felt the time had come to have the needed assistance. Making the decision alone, I accepted the offer and agreed to start work with him at nine o'clock in the morning on the first Monday in January, realizing that my city council duties would not interfere with my new business affiliation.

During the next two weeks or so, it was a period of anticipation with many things to do.....getting things at the bank taken care of; clearing my desk; and looking forward to quite a change in my way of living.....until Sunday evening, the night before the <u>big</u> day.

While I was entertaining a few friends at the house, a telephone call was received by my mother which she didn't tell me about until the guests had departed. Shortly after that she said she had received some sad news.....Mr. Whitman's son had called to say that his father had passed away suddenly about an hour previously. What a shock and what would happen! Within an hour he called back and said that I should report at his father's office, as planned, the next morning. After a somewhat restless night I reported for my new assignment as requested, meeting Miss Rose E. Drake, who had been Mr. Whitman's secretary and only

employee for several years. Within an hour I had to leave for city hall for the inauguration ceremonies...which I did.

Following this, I returned to the office and contacted Mr. Charles Francis Adams by telephone to ask what I should do. His reply was, "Tom, you go right ahead and carry on doing just what Mr. Whitman has done for our family." That certainly gave me confidence, and from then on I assumed my new responsibilities with the help and co-operation of Miss Drake. Although Mr. Whitman had little interest in the insurance business, I hoped that some day it would be my major business. Briefly, that was the start of what is now the Burgin, Platner & Company,Inc. Insurance Agency -- now having grown for the past 57 years. Retiring in 1967, it is presently owned and efficiently managed by Mr. Jack Platner, his brother, Ned Platner, and their cousin, David Leitch. I'm proud of them and what they are doing, just as my former co-associate, Nelford J. Platner, Jr. (now retired also) is, I am sure.

Council Presidency and a Step Forward

At the close of his two-year term as mayor, Mr. Barbour had previously decided not to seek re-election. Hon. Thomas J. McGrath, a long time member of the city council, was elected to succeed him. At the inauguration, I was elected President of the Council and served as such during the years 1927-1928.It was also interesting and challenging to serve as the fourth president of the Kiwanis Club during the same two-year period.

1929-1930 brought a step forward in being a state representative in the Massachusetts Legislature, not being permitted by state law to seek re-election because of moving from one district to another.

This concludes the third chapter (1922-1932), but it should be recorded that on July 25, 1925 President Calvin Coolidge visited Quincy (arriving on the presidential yacht, Mayflower, at the Fore River Shipyard) to pay his respects to Quincy's native sons, President John Adams and his son, President John Quincy Adams. It was my good fortune to be invited by the welcoming committee when he and Mrs. Coolidge arrived at the First Parish (Unitarian) Church to visit the tombs of the two presidents and their wives. "Silent Cal", as he was often called, holding his hard straw hat in his hand, walked down the center aisle of the church, read the memorial tablets to each of the presidents, and looked at the interior of the beautiful church very carefully, saying nothing. Finally Mrs. Coolidge, who had been conversing with the committee very pleasantly and graciously, turned to the President and said, "Isn't it a lovely church?" The President turned to her and said, "Yes, it's beautiful." As far as I can

remember, those were the only three words he uttered during his rather short stay at the church.

We in Quincy can never forget the 300th anniversary week-long celebration in 1925 which was appropriately observed with a program in Merrymount Park, a tremendous parade and other special events -- all of which have been most carefully recorded in the book entitled "Three Hundred Years of Quincy" (455 pages) written by Reverend Daniel Munro Wilson and the Chronicle by Timothy J. Collins. This is available in all the public libraries and is most interesting reading. I only wish that time and space would allow me to record even a small part of it!

CHAPTER FOUR - 1932-1942

This ten-year period is probably the most exciting and, I might add, dramatic one in these memoirs as it relates to the great depression years, the recovery years, repeal of prohibition, the New Deal, the hurricane of 1938, the sinking of the LUSITANIA, war preparations, and the attack on Pearl Harbor, our entry into World War II. (Victory, and finally, peace, with the return to normalcy will be covered in detail in CHAPTER FIVE.)

May I commence with the general economic conditions, as I remember them, starting in the early 1930's. President Herbert Hoover had been in office four years following the presidency of Calvin Coolidge who, as Vice President, assumed the presidency upon the sudden death of President Warren G. Harding. The country was in the midst of possibly its worst financial depression following the never-to-be-forgotten stock-market crash of 1929 with its disastrous results to many individuals. Most of those seriously affected had borrowed substantially, using their stock holdings as collateral, in anticipation of increasing their assets through what they hoped would be a continuation of rising prices in the market. With comparatively small margins on their loans, and as prices dropped rapidly, they were forced into selling their holdings or having the banks take them over to cover the loans. In many cases this resulted in complete financial ruin with tragic effects. With the country's general economic conditions at a low ebb and thousands of people out of work, the situation seemed to grow worse as the months passed.

President Herbert Hoover, who was completing his first four-year term, after following President Calvin Coolidge, sought re-election in the fall of 1932 but lost by a substantial margin to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a democrat and former governor of New York State, who would assume the presidency in early 1933 -- certainly under unfavorable conditions. This he did, and one of his first directives was to order that all the banks in the country be closed for an undetermined period of time to help stabilize the general economy, with the hope that such action would help ease the situation and provide needed time for the re-establishment of confidence, both in business and in the minds of the people.

As unexpected as the order was, the result brought about, quite naturally, a serious shortage in available cash, with many people finding themselves with very little for food purchases and other necessities. No checks could be cashed and no withdrawals from bank accounts could be made. I shall never forget stopping at the Quincy Savings Bank that morning to get my father's reaction, after having the door unlocked by the janitor to let me in. Sitting at his desk, with the other employees at

theirs, he looked up at me with tears in his eyes and simply said, "After thirty-seven years as the head of this bank, I never thought I would see the day when it, as well as every other bank in the country, would be ordered closed by the President of the United States." It was pathetic to see him and to realize that without a doubt similar thoughts were being expressed in literally hundreds of banks in the country. Fortunately, the so-called bank holiday only lasted for a few days, after which the order to re-open came through from Washington, and thus, to a degree, things returned to somewhat normal conditions as far as cash flow was concerned, but far from normal as to the unemployment situation. This was greatly relieved through a tremendous public works program initiated by the President with the approval of the Congress. I refer to the P.W.A. and W.P.A. projects (whether good or not so good) throughout the country. With some of these I became involved a few years later, commencing in 1935, and concerning which I will go into detail a little further on in my memoirs.

It was soon after the start of President Roosevelt's term of office that the national Volstead Act -- prohibition of the sale and distribution of hard liquors -- was repealed. This resulted in licenses being issued to so-called taverns, lounges, clubs, etc., as well as certain stores, where, previously, no liquors of any kind could be either opened or consumed on the premises. Needless to say, this brought about quite a change from the "bootleg days" of illegal sale and transportation of hard liquors -- much to the enjoyment of those who for many years had experienced the so-called dry years!

On the local political scene, there was to be much activity in the first few years of this ten-year period - 1932-1942.

Mayoralty Changes

Honorable Charles A. Ross was elected mayor in the fall of 1932 to take office on the first Monday of January, 1933 for a two-year term. He went through the same difficult times as did the country. His was not an easy task with several hundred people being unemployed and on the welfare rolls. He carried on under the circumstances very creditably and, no doubt, looked forward to better times to carry out his planned programs to benefit Quincy. Not being able to seek re-election to the Massachusetts Legislature because of having moved into another district within the city, following my marriage in 1930, I was elected to the city council again, as a councillor-at-large for a two-year term, not seeking re-election at the end of the term to give more time to my growing insurance business.

Things changed rapidly in the spring of 1935 when, because of legal complications, Mayor Ross, having been elected to a second term, was removed from office by the decision of a three-judge

finding in the superior court -- a penalty which removed him, not only from office but from having his name on the voting list for three years. Although not a complete surprise, it left the mayoralty situation wide open for a special election, to be held in June following a primary election some weeks earlier.

Quite an active campaign followed, with Leo E. Mullin as acting mayor because of being president of the city council at the time of Mayor Ross' removal. Besides himself, there were four other candidates for election to the highest municipal office, including a young man thirty-three years of age. It was his privilege to be elected after an active and possibly not too pleasant primary and election campaign, resulting in a decisive victory for him against the council president who had called him the Boy Scout Mayor, if elected. This came about because of the tenth point in my platform which had been presented in the campaign literature: "On my honor I will do my best" -- taken from the Boy Scout Oath.

What a victory it was, with, I am told, the greatest celebration in the city's history: -- seventy-five cars in a torchlight parade throughout the city and ending in Quincy Center where a thirty-piece band had suddenly appeared from nowhere. In all the excitement, both my mother and father were escorted up onto a "Burgin for Mayor" truck to enjoy the crowd's enthusiasm. Emotionally, all my dad could say was a sincere thank you --- and, "I hope Tom will do a good job." That ended a rather wild evening, followed by a return home with my parents and brother, Rodg, to quiet down and to try and relax after so much excitement. Two days later I was sworn in during the early evening as Quincy's 20th mayor, in the presence of several distinguished guests, including Charles Francis Adams. Early the next morning I entered the mayor's office with a full realization of many problems that would confront me, but certainly not those that were entirely unanticipated. I had selected Joseph L. O'Brien to be my secretary and John D. Smith to be City Solicitor (as he had been for Mayor Perley E. Barbour). Both were wise choices as were those in the complete change I made in selecting new city officials. Joe O'Brien, who received a leave of absence from his position in the Quincy School System, was a former schoolmate of mine in the Cranch School. John D. Smith, by means of his training and experience in city government, was a "natural" for advice and counsel. Then came the selection of many department heads -- a choice to be made on ability rather than politics. With the choices we made, we started to work. At the time, the city's tax rate was at its highest level -- $34.40 per thousand dollar valuation. During the next seven years we were able to reduce the rate, year by year, until, as I left office, it was at the $30.00 figure. (quite in contrast to today's rate of approximately $205.60) This change has, however, come as the result of substantially higher wages for city employees, including those in the school system, plus the

increases in all city services. In those lower cost years, economy seemed to be the watchword, with the city still maintaining good services for its citizens. During the next eighteen months unemployment reached its highest level. Many nights I returned home completely saddened by the pathetic cases I had heard during the day and trusting that in some way I might be able to help those who were so much less fortunate than others. With the great help of the federal government, however, through its W.P.A. and P.W.A. public works programs, we were able to relieve the situation to a large degree, with many projects being carried on throughout the city, actually too many to relate in detail. Among them, however, were the building of three or four fire stations (including the present headquarters and fire alarm building) to replace the old ones, as well as some new schools, the City Hospital Administration Building, the addition to the Thomas Crane Public Library, the construction of the Veterans Memorial Stadium and the Adams Field baseball diamond in Merrymount Park, and those projects involving the use of Quincy granite in the construction of retaining walls on various brooks, particularly along Furnace Brook from West Quincy to its outlet in the Black's Creek area close to the state armory on Hancock Street. At the Mount Wollaston Cemetery, several hundred feet of granite wall were built along the Southern Artery boundary. In general, things were improving to a degree, with the unemployment situation easing considerably. Those of us who were connected with the government put in long hours even though at one period I believe that all city employees took a voluntary pay cut of 10% for about a year to help lessen the burden of taxes confronting industry, business establishments, and property owners. People's spirits were good, however, with the hope that the recovery period would produce new jobs, higher wages, and better times for all. The 18-month unexpired term of former mayor, Charles A. Ross, to which I had been elected, would soon come to an end since the fall of 1936 had already arrived. President Roosevelt had almost completed his first four-year term and had begun his campaign for re-election, which brings me to a humorous little incident that I can't resist writing about.

The President's Quincy Visit

Rather early in his campaign, President Roosevelt's pre-arranged schedule brought him to New England for brief stops in several cities including Quincy. Careful precautions having been made for his security, he was to enter the city by motorcade, I believe from Brockton, arriving at the Presidents Adams birthplaces in South Quincy early in the afternoon and to continue for a public appearance in Quincy Center, directly in front of the "Church of the Presidents", where he was to be welcomed by me as the city's chief executive, together with the committee in charge of arrangements. This committee had previously asked if

my five-year old daughter, Claire, might accompany me to present Mrs. Roosevelt with a bouquet of red American Beauty roses. All was in readiness when the big day arrived. Claire had been excused from school somewhat earlier than usual so that she could change her clothes into something more suitable for such an occasion. Having picked her up at her mother's home in Milton, I brought her over to my office in city hall to await the festivities. Just for the information of those who cannot remember back to 1936, may I say that President Roosevelt was being challenged for re-election by the then governor of Kansas, Alf M. Landon, the Republican candidate.

When we arrived at city hall I thought it would be well if she removed her coat while we waited. After doing this I noticed with some surprise that on her lovely little dress was about a two-inch yellow button with the single word LANDON imprinted on it. Saying that we should remove it, she replied, "Why, Daddy? I'm for Landon." --- not realizing what a political campaign was all about. Either she had found it at home or someone had given it to her, possibly outside of school. After explaining that she shouldn't be wearing that button when she was to greet President Roosevelt, a Democrat, she hesitantly gave it to me to put in my pocket for safe-keeping. She really looked as pretty as a picture and within a few minutes received the large bouquet of roses to be given to Mrs. Roosevelt. (The stems were almost as long as she was tall!) And then we were notified that the President's motorcade would be in front of the church (and city hall) within a matter of minutes. Down we went to the front entrance of city hall from which we were escorted through a solid double line of policemen to the steps of the church. Seldom had there ever been such a crowd in Quincy Square. Following two cars of secret service men, the President's open car stopped directly in front of us. In a matter of a few seconds, knowing just what was to happen, one of the secret service men gently picked Claire up and carefully put her on the President's lap as he was sitting with Mrs. Roosevelt on the back seat of his personal car. Loving children, he immediately kissed her and asked what her name was. "My name is Claire Burgin", she said quite bravely. "Glad to see you, Claire" was his reply -- followed by, "Aren't those lovely roses?" Pulling the roses close to her little breast, Claire said with a rather positive note, "They're <u>not</u> for you, they're for Mrs. Roosevelt." The President, giving her a big hug, leaned back in his seat simply roaring with laughter. Meanwhile Mrs. Roosevelt in an aside to her husband (which only he and I could hear) said, "I guess <u>that</u> puts you in <u>your</u> place." With the roses presented to the <u>only</u> person Claire had been told to whom they were to be given, I officially greeted the President with a short address of welcome to the historic city of Presidents. He responded most cordially with both his and my remarks being heard by the great crowd through a loud speaking amplifying system. Then in an unamplified short talk with me, he expressed his thanks for a

pleasant visit -- ending up by saying he thought that Claire was "too cute for words". In a way, it's too bad that Claire (now past fifty) can't remember being kissed and hugged by a President of the United States.

Parenthetically, having mentioned my daughter, Claire, on three occasions in these memoirs, relative to events occurring in Quincy, I would like to mention here that I also have a son, Jon, two and a half years younger than Claire. Unfortunately, for him, only ladies traditionally christen ships, and he was only a little fellow of two and one half years at the time of President Roosevelt's visit to Quincy. Both Claire and Jon were with me, however, at the dedication of the Burgin Parkway many years later - the dedication to be covered in more detail further on.

Quincy Politics Continued

Not only was there a national campaign going on in the fall of 1936, there was also one warming up locally here in Quincy. Former mayor Thomas J. McGrath, having previously served for six years as the city's chief executive, evidently decided he should again hold that office by defeating "that young fellow who had probably won by accident". When election-day came in early December, he must have been a bit surprised and somewhat dismayed at the final results. In Quincy's six wards, at that time, there were thirty voting precincts. That "young fellow" carried all thirty precincts, winning re-election by a comfortable margin. Thus my second term would commence early in January of 1937 with things in general pretty well on the way to recovery after the tough depression years, although they were certainly not completely over. As compared with today's campaign expenditures, I recall with some amazement that in my first two mayoralty campaigns not more than $4000.00 was expended on either -- a half of which came out of my own pocket! Contributions of not more than $200.00 were limited, purely on a voluntary basis, to department heads within the administration and to a few close friends not doing business with the city in any manner. With the mayor's salary then at $5000.00, it was fortunate that I had my own business income to supplement it in order to get along reasonably well. I said at that time, where I put in close to a full day (and many evenings) as mayor, that the salary was far below what it should be. Even today, with the mayor being paid only $25,000.00 per year, I feel that the office (regardless of who might be holding it) should be paid a minimum of $40,000.00 in a city with a population of close to ninety thousand people. Some of the department heads, and other city employees having far less responsibility than the mayor, are already receiving more than he does. Few people realize the number of requests for the purchase of all kinds of charitable tickets, program

advertising, contributions, etc. that a mayor receives during his term of office that actually have to come out of his own pocket and which are difficult to refuse.

A Happy Solution to an Embarrassing Situation

Upon assuming office in 1935, I was pleased to allow a highly respected citizen of Quincy Point to continue his rather unusual business, located on the street, directly in front of city hall. Through the helpful contributions of many friends, Sam Gray was able to purchase what we remember as a "portable" news stand built within an enclosed truck chassis. Former mayor, Perley E. Barbour, had given permission for it to be parked in that particular location daily -- and certainly for a good reason. Sam Gray was totally blind. For the first few years it was driven by a friend to the location in the morning and back to Sam's home in the early evening. Both Sam and his wife ran the little newspaper, candy, etc. business quite successfully until finally the engine in the truck simply "gave out". Under this condition it was feared that the business would have to be given up. However, and again, with the help of friends plus some savings he had accumulated, a small wooden building about 5 feet by 12 feet was purchased so that Sam's business might be continued. It was at about that time that I entered the picture as mayor. With no apparent opposition, it was agreed that the new little building (painted a nice grey to match the stone of city hall) could be placed on a small piece of land to the left of the hall and a few feet back from the sidewalk. Everything went along nicely for about three years or so. Then it all happened! Some "busy-body" raised the question as to whether it was legal to have a private business conducted on that particular plot of land since the original deed of purchase, given by the sellers close to a hundred years earlier, stipulated that the land could only be used for town purposes. What could be done to help out a well-liked blind person and his wife with their little business? Nobody seemed to have an answer.

Although not too much interested in the conduct of city business, it was my dear mother who came up with a brilliant idea! "How about placing a neat sign directly over the open windows (facing the sidewalk) reading, CITY OF QUINCY, TOURISTS' INFORMATION ?" Since many, many visitors did actually stop there to ask questions about the city's historic places, it seemed to be a natural to have such a place directly beside city hall. All went well under this arrangement until, because of ill health, Sam had to give up his business, with the little building being quietly removed. The end worked out perfectly, thanks to Mother's intuition and thoughtfulness.

Shipbuilding, Preceding World War II

In the late William Churchill Edwards' book, HISTORIC QUINCY, the following paragraph brings to mind the activities at the Fore River Shipyard:

"In the period preceding World War II, the Bethlehem Steel Company, Shipbuilding Division, Fore River Yard (organized as such November 1938), now known as the Quincy Yard, was an important factor in the building program of the Navy and Merchant Marine .....Immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor ... and the declaration of war on Japan, Germany, and Italy, the government started building the greatest navy ever known to history. .....It is a known fact today that the Quincy Yard not only completed its almost impossible program ahead of schedule, but it also established a production record that was not equalled or surpassed."

Actually, shipbuilding at the Fore River Yard had definitely started on the up-turn in the late 1930's. I well remember such men who served with distinction as general managers as: S. Wiley Wakeman and Harry E. D. Gould who were later followed by William H. Collins, Sr. and John T. Wiseman (possibly not in that order) and later by Samuel Wakeman - all of whom I was proud to have as close personal friends.

Another Political Challenge

In the fall of 1938, former mayor, Charles A. Ross, had been re-instated on the voting list and decided to seek the office of mayor again, hoping to defeat me as the incumbent. Following a fairly aggressive campaign, the final results were quite decisive with the former mayor being defeated in 30 of the then 33 voting precincts. Thus followed another two years in office, after going through a terrifying experience -- not in <u>any</u> way related to politics.

The Great Hurricane of 1938

Those who experienced the great hurricane of September 1938 will, I feel sure, <u>never</u> forget it. Commencing in the late afternoon it hit this area --- really <u>hard</u> --- without warning of any kind.

After completing a speaking engagement before the Squantum Womens Club in the mid-afternoon, I started back to city hall, being driven by a close friend, Bob Fenby, of the Quincy Fire

Department, who was on his day-off, not having to report for duty at fire headquarters until six o'clock in the evening. As we came along East Squantum Street (on the causeway) we ran into what appeared to be unusually strong winds and an extremely high tide. As we continued along our way back to Quincy Center, conditions seemed to get worse and worse. I said to him, "Let's go down to the Quincy Yacht Club in Houghs Neck to see the conditions there." This we did, and finding the situation serious, I decided that he should drive me home to my parents' house before he had to leave for work. As we arrived there, at 131 Monroe Road on the top of Presidents Hill, I saw, as we entered the front walk, five beautiful old elm trees leaning over under the strong wind, and within a minute or two, these English elms fell to the ground! Entering the house, I found my parents in tears, having seen what had happened. The situation was then dangerous! Being mayor, I felt I should immediately go to city hall. Bob drove me there and then left for his home to get in uniform and report for duty.

Within the next fifteen minutes all hell (excuse me) had broken loose! By six-thirty o'clock we were in the midst of Quincy's worst disaster, going through something that we in this area had never experienced. Fortunately, my then secretary, John E. Thomas, had returned to city hall and was there to assist in any way that he could. Within a short time many of the key department heads had either arrived at city hall or at their specific office locations at the public works building or other city buildings. Fortunately also at that time telephones were operating, and my first emergency calls were made to the chiefs of both the Police and Fire Departments in order to call all off-duty members to report to their respective stations (if they were able to get there) as soon as possible for emergency duty. Things were getting worse by the minute. Obtaining the services of a reporting city employee to drive my own personal automobile that had been equipped with police radio, both he and I left city hall for a first-hand look at the situation existing on the streets. By police radio (then operating on auxiliary power) I learned that hundreds of trees had been blown over by the terrific winds, causing blockages on most of the city streets, which cut off both power and light and most of the telephone service throughout the entire city. I was informed that every fire alarm box and every street police box were out of commission. I learned about a week later (by actual count) that over 3,000 trees had been blown down within a half-hour of the time the hurricane had reached its height. My first order via police radio was that every liquor establishment in the city must be closed immediately. This was handled by police officers in the various police cruisers. I was somewhat relieved to learn that the city hospital was functioning under emergency temporary generators. Having driven along a portion of Hancock Street, between city hall and School Street, I saw several wires either down altogether, or else hanging from the few overhead poles and

also saw quite a few large plate-glass store windows that had been blown in. At this time the streets were deserted as far as pedestrians were concerned. Knowing that our police force would be unable to cope with the conditions throughout the entire city, I was driven to the state armory on Hancock Street where I learned from a close friend, then Colonel Franklin B. Mitchell, that earlier, noticing the seriousness of the storm, he had ordered two companies of national guardsmen to report for duty at the armory to be ready for emergency duty if needed, (His order was given by telephone, fortunately, just prior to most of the city's telephones going out of commission.) As a <u>first</u> during peace-time I signed the necessary papers prepared by Col. Mitchell ordering two complete companies of guardsmen, fully equipped with rifles and bayonets, onto the streets for general protection of our citizens and their property as well as to prevent any possibility of looting in the business areas where store windows had been blown in. With my primary objectives, duties, and responsibilities well under way, I continued what was to be a forty-eight hour period with little or no sleep, in trying to cover as much of the city as possible and in giving what encouragement I could to the city workers who had worked tirelessly to get the streets open, fire and police signal systems again operating, and things in general operating under normal conditions. Although being paid overtime for their many hours of extra duty, nobody could have been more appreciative of their efforts than I was in publicly commending them.

With subordinate national guard officers in command of the various patrolling groups within the city, Col. Mitchell not only spent the entire night in my car, touring the city, but much of the next day, prior to the guardsmen being relieved of duty. To him, and in fond memory, I can only say a sincere "Thanks, Frank, you were a tremendous help during a most trying, costly, and tragic experience."

Since this all happened in early September of 1938, I need not mention, especially to yachtsmen, what devastating damage was done both to boats still remaining in the water here in Quincy as well as all along the New England Coast. Together with all the damage, I was saddened to see over fifty beautiful trees in our Mount Wollaston Cemetery that had either been blown down or destroyed beyond saving.

It is my fervent hope that such a devastating hurricane will never hit this general area again.

Two Historic Events - 1939 & 1940

Each of these two years had significant and interesting anniversaries closely associated with Quincy's history with which few people are familiar. Briefly, I will record both of them for your enlightenment and, I trust, interest.

In the year 1888 the townspeople of Quincy by majority vote approved a change in the type of government under which they would operate. From town to city management would, no doubt, make quite a different way of life for them. Actually, after considerable and sometimes rather heated discussion, the new form of government was approved at town meeting by a vote of 812 in favor to 454 against - a majority of 358 in a total vote of 1,266, although at that time there were approximately 2,400 voters. On a question of such importance, it was surprising that only a few more than one half of those entitled to vote, exercised their right.

When the city government came into being on January 7, 1889, as mentioned previously, Honorable Charles H. Porter took the oath as its first mayor. Almost exactly fifty years later on January 2, 1939, Quincy observed its GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY. With the anticipated large crowd expected to attend this inaugural ceremony, I arranged to have it held in the Quincy High School auditorium at ten o'clock in the morning. It was also to commence my third term as mayor. An elaborate and carefully arranged program had been planned by a special committee which included all of the city council members. The invocation was given by Reverend Arthur B. Whitney (as a courtesy), being the minister of the church I attended. The benediction was given by a good friend of mine for many years, the Very Reverend Michael J. Owens, pastor of St. John's Roman Catholic Church. All of Quincy's seven living former mayors were invited, with five attending. Former mayors Barbour and Ross were unable to be present owing to previous commitments. My good friend, Honorable Maurice J. Tobin, Mayor of Boston, was also an honored guest as were many other dignitaries from Quincy and the surrounding towns.

Although space will not permit me to go into detail regarding the entire program, the official record may be found in the city report for the year 1939 which is on file in the public library's Quincy Room. Close to a thousand people were in attendance.

Only by request, however, will I include a few excerpts from the opening and closing remarks in my inaugural address at that noteworthy occasion as follows:

(From the opening)

"Fifty years ago on the first Monday in January, 1889, Honorable Charles H. Porter, the first Mayor of Quincy, delivered his inaugural message to the twenty-three members of the City Council in the presence of a distinguished group of citizens. In general, the order of exercises of that day differed but little from the manner in which our program is being carried out today, except that it marked the beginning of a new city in Massachusetts and the birth of a municipal administration to guide and direct the former townspeople of Quincy. The solemnity of that occasion can best be visualized when we think of the tremendous responsibility facing those men through the change-over from the town hall activities to the dual responsibility of the executive and legislative branches of a city government being carried out by elected representatives.....

"Only time has made it impossible for those twenty-four pioneers in city government to see the municipal structure of their city reach the half century mark after having been built on the foundation they laid so carefully and courageously back in 1889. To their memory ..... let us dedicate ourselves to honorable service in the interest of our fellow citizens upon this Golden Anniversary. How they would like to look in on us now -- fifty years later -- to see Quincy as it is today ....."

(From the closing)

"..... Let us all again call to mind those members of our first City Government in 1889 and, asking divine guidance from the same Almighty God, enter our second half century as a city with the same spirit of courage and determination as they showed in that year, so that in the future the people of Quincy may point with pride to their government of 1939 -- the Golden Anniversary Year -- as we have today referred to our first year as a municipality."

Harry Wallace Tirrell

I would be remiss if I didn't mention a well respected individual whose presence on that particular day had special significance, not only for him but to the occasion itself. Harry W. Tirrell was elected by the city council as City Messenger to his fiftieth

one-year term -- certainly a record in longevity of service. First elected in the inauguration of 1889, he was kept busy during the daytime hours in getting and delivering the mail to the various city departments, distributing written messages of importance, and acting as custodian of the city council chamber. Attending every meeting of the council, he would pick up every councilor's written order, carrying it to the president's desk to be read aloud. While his position was not one of great responsibility, a more faithful city employee never served. Because of his work he came in contact with every mayor and city councilor during the fifty-year period. I particularly enjoyed hearing him tell about so many interesting things concerning them, way back in the early days when conditions were far different than in the more modern times. I remember particularly his story about one of the mayors who rode his bicycle to and from city hall every day. Even in my time as mayor without the recording devices we have today, it would have been great if some of his reminiscences could have been recorded for posterity. Few people remember that the present council chamber was named Tirrell Hall in tribute to his long service as an elected office-holder of the city council. Never have I heard other than a complimentary word spoken of Harry W. Tirrell -- Quincy's one and only city messenger, whose position was abolished following his death as a tribute to the memory of one whose life was dedicated to sincerity of purpose and never failing loyalty.

1940 -- Third Centennial Celebration

By coincidence, Quincy celebrated two anniversaries within a period of less than two years. On Saturday, May 25, 1940, in the historic First Parish Church, Quincy Center, before a large group of celebrities including the then Governor, Leverett Saltonstall, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. Maurice J. Tobin, Mayor of Boston, and others, the Third Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of the Ancient Town of Braintree (of which Quincy was a part until 1792) was held with dignity and solemnity before an over-flow audience. As an interesting part of the program, a cylindrical copper tube was opened following a period of 100 years in the custody of town and city officials - with instructions that it not be opened for 100 years. This was done as a part of the ceremony by Honorable William A. Bradford, mayor of Quincy in 1921-1922, with the assistance of Governor Saltonstall and William C. Edwards, the general chairman of the day's program.

As stated before, these memoirs are in no way to be considered as an authentic history. I do feel, however, that from an educational point of view, the addresses given that day, describing the early history of Quincy far before my days of recollection, should be read as they are so comprehensive. A pamphlet

of the entire proceedings of that day may be found at the Thomas Crane Public Library or at the Quincy Historical Society at the Adams Academy Building, Quincy Center.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It would seem appropriate here to refer the reader to the APPENDIX and a chapter from a brochure assembled in 1975 commemorating the 350th anniversary of what is now the City of Quincy. This chapter was written by Mr. Burgin, is entitled QUINCY'S GOVERNMENT - PAST AND PRESENT, and is reproduced exactly as it was found in his folder of papers relative to these memoirs. The present seal of the City of Quincy referred to in the chapter is not reproduced here.

The 1940 City Election

Times seemed to be getting better from day to day, much to the relief of our citizens in general. Gradually, welfare rolls were being reduced through increased activity in employment at the shipyard and in both business establishments and industry. New homes were being built and needed repairs were being made on some of the older ones, giving employment to many in the building trades. Many local civic projects were in the planning or early construction stages, which seemed to bring about a feeling of confidence within the city.

At about that time, in the early fall of 1940, I realized that my third term in office would soon be completed. A decision should be made in regard to seeking a fourth two-year term. This was reached in late September, and, after considerable thought and upon being asked by several groups and individuals to seek re-election again, I made the announcement that I would. By the time the deadline arrived for filing nomination papers with the city clerk's office, it was learned that there would be no opposition to my candidacy for re-election. Official records being checked, it was found that such a situation had never occurred in any mayoralty contest since the advent of the Plan A type of charter in 1916 and quite possibly since Quincy became a city in 1889. With no campaign ahead, we were able to continue our planned programs without interruption, prior to my fourth inaugural address which would be given on the first Monday in January, 1941. At that time, therefore, I had the opportunity to express publicly my sincere gratitude for the compliment that was paid to my administration and to me personally, in not being opposed after close to six years in office. (It is interesting to note that a similar situation has not occurred since then during the past forty-three years.)

Civil Defense - and What Next?

With Europe in the midst of a devastating war with Germany's Adolph Hitler and his army, air force, and navy, attempting to conquer almost all of Europe, everybody wondered what <u>might</u> happen on this side of the Atlantic Ocean? Nobody seemed to know, but it was felt we should at least be prepared in the event of an emergency. Probably the largest peace-time volunteer civil defence organization ever to be assembled came into being here in the United States. While not engaged in the war, there was no question but what we should be <u>ready</u>.

Quincy's response to the national request was outstanding. Being a vulnerable city to attack, what with the great Fore River Shipyard, the huge Edison Power Plant directly opposite, the large oil storage tanks on the shore of Town River, plus many industrial plants working on a three-shift basis, together with the navy's ammunition depot in nearby Hingham, and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation shipyard close by, we certainly <u>were</u> vulnerable!

Within a comparatively short time we had an entirely volunteer civil defence organization of approximately 5,000 people from all walks of life, each willing and ready to do his or her part. It is difficult for me, over forty years later, to name the various groups -- all of which carried out their particular responsibilities most efficiently -- but of them Quincy should never forget the service they rendered. In these days it is hard to believe that on many nights, when practice air-raid signals would be sounded, the entire city would be in complete darkness in a matter of only a few minutes.

In speaking of practice air-raid alerts, I should mention that advanced notice was <u>never</u> given -- not even to the mayor -- as to when they would be sounded, day <u>or</u> night. I shall never forget one beautiful summer evening in 1941 when I was invited aboard my good friend Matt Cushing's boat, ALDEBRAN, (Quincy Yacht Club) for his nightly patrol of Boston Harbor, having volunteered both his own service plus the use of his 36 foot power yacht, as members of the coast guard auxiliary fleet. Matt (his real name was Matthew J. Cushing) was senior Vice President of the then Granite Trust Company in Quincy. He, and a very good friend for many years who had cruised along the Maine Coast with him as "shipmates", Honorable James A. Mulhall of the Quincy District Court, were both aboard that evening. Around about ten o'clock we were cruising between Houghs Neck and Long Island, quietly carrying out a patrol boat's duties and responsibilities. Hardly had I commented on what a great treat it was to be away from the cares of my office when all of a

sudden Jim Mulhall said, "Mayor, do you hear what I am hearing?" I didn't need to be told! Yes, the air-raid alert sirens were sounding full blast. Matt turned to me and said (actually with no disrespect), "Tom, what the hell do we do now, with you on board?" I replied, "Nothing, Matt, what can you do? ---- if the civil defence organization can't handle the situation, it's about time I should know of it." To make a long story short, everything went beautifully, and as we stood in the cockpit, looking towards shore, we saw one of the most amazing sights I have ever seen. By actual time, within a period of ten minutes, every light in the city went out! I simply stood there, and in about a minute said, "Well, they're surely on their job. What better demonstration could I have had?" About midnight, when we finished our patrol and docked, I left for home, after a pleasant evening with good friends, feeling assured that Quincy was being well prepared!

And Now --- What a Shock!

On December 6, 1941 (a Saturday), I had decided to take a few days off for a short vacation at the Snow Inn, in Harwich Port, Cape Cod. With the past several months being unusually active and with not too much time for rest and relaxation, I felt that in getting away alone for a few days the change would be helpful. Early in the afternoon I bid a friendly farewell to Quincy and its problems, with a full realization of the war in Europe as well as our own possible emergency at home, following the torpedoing of the LUSITANIA and the declaration of war against Germany, etc. I was aware that Japanese delegates were in Washington trying to work out some sort of a treaty, in the interest of peace, with President Roosevelt and his diplomatic representatives. It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon for my drive to the Cape, knowing that I'd enjoy my short stay with good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Biddle Thompson who owned the Snow Inn. Fond memories of being on the lovely sand beach directly in front of the Inn, together with several swims in the warm ocean water, really picked me up as I crossed the Sagamore Bridge and continued on towards Harwich Port while, I believe, listening to a rather late football game on my car radio.

Arriving at my destination, I was warmly greeted by both Biddle and Abby Thompson. (Mrs. Thompson was almost like a "second mother" to me having known both her and her husband for many years.) Getting unpacked in my room overlooking the beach, I had time for a little visit with them, followed by my favorite Cape Cod dinner --- oysters on the half shell, steamed clams, and a nice hot boiled lobster, followed by a special dessert of baked Alaska. This was it! After a good night's rest I awakened about eleven o'clock and at 1:30 had another fine meal. Shortly thereafter I decided to take a walk along the sandy beach,

asking if I could take their Egyptian dog "Pottifer" with me. After about an hour's walk on the beach, I returned, ready for a short nap before dinner. Abby Thompson met me at the door as I returned, saying ....."Isn't it terrible?" Not knowing what she was talking about, I said, "What's terrible?" Then I got the answer! "The Japs have attacked Pearl Harbor with terrifying results of ships lost, hundred of casualties, and many buildings being demolished." That ended my vacation, barely of twenty-four hours. Within fifteen minutes, with Abby's help, I was re-packed and ready to return to Quincy, not knowing what was to follow. In a few minutes I was on my way back to Quincy -- alone and deep in thought after driving a couple of miles and starting to realize the seriousness of what would be inevitable in a matter of hours ..... WAR WITH JAPAN! Normally, a trip either to or from Cape Cod seemed to pass quite quickly ... but this one I thought would never end! Mile after mile I kept wondering just when and how the inevitable would begin, little realizing that during the next 48 hours I would have no sleep and practically no rest. After what seemed like hours, I reached Quincy and immediately stopped at city hall, even though it was Sunday, knowing that in all probability John E. Thomas, my secretary, or John T. Lane, the city's purchasing agent and an active member of the civil defense organization, would be there. Thank goodness, they both were there, together with a few of the city's department heads. Things happened so quickly in getting ready for what we all knew was bound to happen that, before I realized it, daylight had arrived. Having had only a ham and cheese sandwich with a piece of apple pie since Sunday noon's dinner at the Snow Inn on Cape Cod, I left city hall for home, a change of clothes following a shower, and some breakfast. I soon returned to city hall a bit refreshed.

WAR DECLARED AGAINST JAPAN - DEC. 8, 1941

President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered a stirring address to the Congress on Monday, Dec. 8, 1941 recommending war against Japan. Immediately approved by Congress, WAR WAS DECLARED, adding to the problem in which we were already engaged against Germany and its allies. The situation in the Pacific was serious what with several of our battleships, cruisers, and destroyers either sunk or seriously damaged at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. (Fortunately, our few airplane carriers were at sea when the attack took place and consequently were not involved at the time the unwarranted and dastardly act of Japan occurred.)

Tuesday, December 9, 1941

After a long day on December 8th, I did get some sleep at home. Quite early in the morning of Tuesday, December 9th, I received a telephone call from John T. Lane as follows: "Mayor, I've just received official information that 1,700 federal troops, fully equipped, will be arriving in Quincy early this afternoon and will need to be billeted indoors tonight." We immediately started to "take over" every available hall - the Masonic Temple, Knights of Columbus Hall, clubhouses, and even some church halls - to be ready for them when they arrived ..... and we did it! By nine o'clock in the evening all 1,700 were housed, thanks to the helpful cooperation of all groups involved. During that day (Tuesday) a sizeable group of military officers had come to Quincy to organize the federal troops for special assignments -- particularly for anti-aircraft defense should an attack occur. At noontime, having invited them for a rather quick luncheon at the Neighborhood Club to be told of some of their plans, we became briefly acquainted.

What a Scare Followed

Having not even finished our simple luncheon, I received an urgent telephone call from my city hall office stating that unidentified planes had been sighted over the Atlantic Ocean ... headed for the New England coastline! Within two minutes, everybody in the group had left the club .... each to his emergency place of assignment. By then, the air-raid signals were sounding, all schools were dismissed, the Fore River shipyard shut down, and a meeting of the Quincy Womens Club broke up with many ladies actually weeping and distraught, wondering about their children getting home from school. Things in general didn't look too good! Then we were notified that the federal troops and equipment, in at least four motorized convoys, were on their way to Quincy from Otis Field on Cape Cod and that they had passed through Plymouth, probably arriving in Quincy within an hour. Fortunately ... and thank God ... at about that time we received official information that the supposed "enemy planes" were actually our own and had in some manner been incorrectly identified and that the "all clear" signal would be sounded immediately. After things quieted down somewhat, we returned to more or less normal conditions for the night. I learned later, however, that when the troops did arrive in the mid-afternoon, for some unknown reason part of the convoy, carrying all the ammunition for the anti-aircraft guns already placed in strategic locations in the city, had somehow become "lost" in route and didn't reach Quincy until at least an hour

after the troops. (What a situation if we had been attacked by air!) I'm sure I am correct in the dates and timing as presented, but if not ..... well, just attribute it to a possible lack in accurate memory --- but I doubt it!

Watchful days followed, with work at the Fore River shipyard going at "full speed" building airplane carriers, cruisers (light and heavy), auxiliary vessels, as well as the huge battleship, Massachusetts. I learned several months later, under great secrecy, that our own cruiser, Quincy, (having been built at Fore River ... and the first navy ship built in the city for which it was named) had been sunk in the Battle of Savo Island on August 9, 1942 against a much larger flotilla of Japanese warships that had surprised our force in the middle of the night and directly in contrast to what had been anticipated. Things in the Pacific area looked pretty gloomy about then!

Draft Registration - 1942

In early 1942, on a Saturday afternoon, I received an official telegram from Washington directing that I, along with all the other mayors and boards of selectmen throughout the country, appoint and set up draft boards for the registration of all males between (if I remember correctly) 18 and 45 years of age for possible military service, if and when needed. I had three boards to appoint --- and quickly. By Tuesday, the five-member boards were appointed -- all accepting -- and their names sent as directed to Washington via the then Governor of Massachusetts for confirmation and official appointment by the government as federal officials.

The actual draft registration was handled, under the direction of the boards, mostly by officials and teachers within the school system and at several public schools after school hours .... and I should add, most efficiently. In checking for accuracy, I located my registration card and noted the date of February 15, 1942. By coincidence, it was signed by William C. Edwards, a board member whom I had only recently appointed.

Summer and Fall of 1942

As things might be expected, 1942 was also a year long to be remembered. The city was literally alive with activity as well as being under great concern as to what might happen next. The sale of government war bonds had high priority with parades, public rallies, and other means of creating enthusiasm to help support the government's tremendous effort in providing funds to meet the costs of war materials so desperately needed. In

looking back, the country's response reflected a determination never previously experienced, plus a most commendable spirit of helpful cooperation and, in many cases, personal sacrifice.

In speaking of public rallies for the sale of war bonds, one particularly stands out in my mind as being most successful, although having a bit of good-natured humor included. The honored guest speaker for the afternoon's appearance at the Veterans Memorial Stadium was none other than the beloved moving picture actress, Dorothy Lamour -- as charming a person as one could ever meet. Although the rally wasn't to take place until two o'clock in the afternoon, I was notified that she would arrive in Quincy at about eleven in the forenoon. In making a quick decision as to how she might be entertained in the City of the Presidents, I arranged for a small luncheon in her honor at the Toll House in Whitman prior to her public appearance later on. Upon arriving, she was brought to my office in city hall. Words can't really describe what a charming and beautiful person she was!

The humor related to her visit involved a then young "cub reporter" on his first assignment by the Quincy Patriot Ledger, to cover the appearance of a celebrity. That young fellow was probably the most nervous person on that day, September 12, 1942, I had ever seen in the mayor's office -- yes, far more nervous than I. He was none other than the present owner and publisher of the Quincy Sun, Henry Bosworth, Jr. Whether he was invited to the luncheon I don't remember, but he sure enjoyed his assignment from the moment she arrived in Quincy until she departed in mid-afternoon. After the luncheon she graciously granted him a short personal interview, following which I began to wonder whether he or I were making the more favorable impression! Her Quincy visit was a great success as was her second public appearance of the date at the then Metropolitan Theater in Boston. It was my pleasure to attend that occasion and receive a friendly hand-kiss as she waved to me from the top of the huge staircase in the main lobby prior to her appearance on stage later. (Whether Henry made his way to the theater I never knew) .....BUT ..... (Henry still reminds me of this new story even today!) in 1952, ten years after her Quincy visit, he had occasion to meet her during a Boston appearance. During their brief conversation she asked where he lived and he replied, "Quincy". "Oh, Quincy", she said ....."How's that cute mayor ... and be sure to tell him I sent my best." (By then I had reached the age of fifty, and although well intended as the compliment was, I felt somewhat relieved that we hadn't met at that time. She was a charming person, and even five years after talking with Henry, when on another visit to Boston with her husband and, I believe three sons, she called me on the telephone for a friendly greeting from her family and herself.

Also in the summer of 1942, an historical event took place involving the Fore River Shipyard of Bethlehem Steel Corp. and the great battleship, Massachusetts. Probably one of the most carefully guarded secrets was the departure of the U.S.S. Massachusetts. Still being in office as mayor, I was called on the telephone by Edward C. Gheer, public relations officer at the shipyard representing William H. Collins, Sr., the general manager. He asked for a personal visit at my office that afternoon at three o'clock to discuss a matter he couldn't talk about on the phone. Of course, I agreed, not knowing what had happened -- or was going to happen. At the appointed time, he arrived, and, entering my office, he asked if we were alone. Looking around, I said, "I guess we are, unless you see somebody I don't." Then he said in almost a whisper, "The Massachusetts is going to leave the shipyard tomorrow morning at seven o'clock, and you are one of only three invited guests to be aboard. A company car will pick you up at your home at six-fifteen in the morning, but you are to say nothing to anybody, even your office staff as to where you will be for the day." In a way I was not entirely surprised since the ship had been under construction for at least three years. I asked who the other invited guests were to be and was told that they would be Governor Saltonstall and former Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, certainly good friends and companions to be with.

The next morning at precisely six-fifteen a company car arrived at my door to pick me up. Arriving at the shipyard I was met by my good friend, William H. Collins, Sr., at dockside. Everything at the yard seemed perfectly normal, with the large work force carrying on as usual. After going up the gang-plank, we entered the main deck, noticing that a limited navy crew was aboard manning the anti-aircraft guns and in other limited capacities. Soon thereafter Mr. Adams was welcomed aboard by Mr. Collins and, turning to me said, "Hello, Tom, it's nice to be with you again." Both of us plus Mr. Collins were sorry to learn that because of an unexpected emergency meeting Governor Saltonstall would not be there for the day-long trip.

I also learned that although the ship was to have two days of trial runs in Massachusetts Bay, it would return to Boston Harbor to anchor for the night after the first day, at which time Mr. Adams and I would be taken by tug-boat to the Charlestown Navy Yard for transportation to our homes.

As a matter of interest, I will describe briefly our departure from the shipyard in the midst of all the secrecy.

At exactly seven o'clock, with eight tugboats waiting in Fore River, the great battleship, under its own power, backed slowly from its dock into the river, then to be turned around by the

tugs for its trip down river to the open ocean. It was such a complete surprise for people living in the general area, especially those on the hill in Braintree, you could see them running out of their houses yelling "There she goes". Slowly, with four tugs ahead and four astern in the event of emergency, the Massachusetts, under slow power, passed through the drawbridge (with not too much clearance) making a slight starboard turn towards open sea. Aside from the four tugs on either side in the event of unexpected grounding, the entire length of the river had been cleared of any boats, whether large or small, for complete protection. Coast Guard ships as well as navy planes -- and a navy blimp -- provided protection in the event of emergency. Fortunately, all went according to plan, and it wasn't too long before we were out in the open ocean.

Wandering around the main deck, and being many years younger than Mr. Adams, I was a bit concerned as to where he might be. Within a few minutes I located him in probably the last place one might expect to find him --- yes, inside one of the big forward gun turrets calmly talking to those manning it!

Both of us had a most memorable day, although knowing Mr. Adams as I did, I'm sure he would have enjoyed it more, as I would have, in a rough sea.

I might add that after a remarkable war record in battle, the Massachusetts was finally decommissioned at Norfolk, Virginia. Following this, she was purchased by voluntary contributions and, I believe, with help from the Commonwealth, brought back to her home state to be permanently berthed in the city of Fall River as a fitting World War II memorial to those who gave their all for victory and the continuance of American freedom. Indeed, do we owe a deep debt of gratitude to those who gave their lives -- and to those who survived -- in defending their country in the great war of 1941-1945.

Seriously Thinking - Fall of 1942

As the war progressed, I spent many hours of wondering what I might do in the great effort. Being only fifteen at the time of World War I, it was not possible for me to join the armed forces, something I had always regretted. Should I or shouldn't I give up my position as mayor of a vulnerable war city to enlist in the armed services even at my age of forty? Finally I made my decision that I should. Not knowing if my decision was correct, I felt that I needed both advice and counsel. With my preference being the Navy, I wrote to my former next door neighbor, the late Joseph W. Powell, Sr., who was at that time Assistant Secretary of the Navy, for any helpful suggestion he might make. Within a week or so I received a most friendly

letter from him in which he said he had personally and briefly discussed the matter with the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, in view of the importance of the position I was holding in Quincy. In summary, the letter suggested that both the Secretary and he felt that I would better serve the country by remaining in the office of Mayor of Quincy than in entering the Navy. This, while sincerely appreciated, did not deter me from wanting to serve in some manner in the Navy. (I have never publicly mentioned this letter before now.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: See APPENDIX for copies of letters from J. W. Powell and Frank Knox.

Entering the Service, 1942

With the final decision left to me -- and me alone -- I made it by taking the first step towards voluntary enlistment and contacting the proper navy office in Boston. Receiving a date and time for an interview, I was requested to appear before a board of three commissioned naval officers. Although this board knew nothing of the letter previously mentioned, my interview was not only interesting but instructive. Much to my surprise, the board agreed that I should be commissioned as an officer in the Naval Reserve, possibly as a lieutenant or a lieutenant commander in view of my age, together with my experience and training in management. Thanking them, I said I couldn't qualify since I wasn't a college graduate or hadn't even attended college for two years, which I understood was a requirement. The senior officer then opened the book of navy regulations and read a paragraph about being commissioned as an officer, stating after college requirements ---- or being qualified by training, leadership, and experience. That seemed to decide the matter then and there. The choice of rank was then left to me. "Lieutenant, sir, is my choice, with any promotion to be earned later if warranted." After thanking them and leaving the interview, I felt it might be some time before I heard further.

Following a period of suspense, the papers came through. It was to be Lieutenant Thomas S. Burgin, U.S.N.R. What a thrill, not even knowing where I would be assigned or in what kind of duty! In the meantime, much had to be done, such as ordering both winter and summer uniforms as well as getting ready to resign my office as mayor and get things in order for my successor, whoever he might be -- in all probability, Myron N. Lane, who was then serving as President of the City Council.

One Thursday evening while awaiting dinner at the Neighborhood Club, my close friend, J. Everett Robbie, having learned that I had been commissioned in the navy, asked if I knew where I was to be assigned. Being, of course, entirely unaware of what my

naval duty was to be -- and wanting to have a little fun with me -- he calmly said, "I've just heard confidentially from one of the navy 'higher-ups' in another room, that you are scheduled to be the commanding officer of a new submarine now almost completed at the shipyard in Groton, Connecticut." Almost fainting on the spot, I replied, "Don't give me that bunk ..... what in the devil do I know about submarines?" He seemed serious and wouldn't deny what he had said (even though joking). Nevertheless, and not knowing that, I didn't enjoy my evening meal too much until a while later when he said "Skudder, don't believe me ... I was only kidding!" You can just bet that after hearing that -- my dessert tasted great!

Awaiting Orders

Having received both winter and summer uniforms -- and feeling that I was actually in the service -- regulations required that they be worn whenever in public. Appearing for the first time at city hall in my dark blue winter uniform, I must admit that it seemed a bit strange to be greeted as Lieutenant rather than as Mayor, after close to eight years of appearing in civilian clothes. As I entered the mayor's office, my personal secretary for several years, Miss Violet Pace, looking a bit surprised said, "Mayor, you look just wonderful -- may I take your picture because I brought my camera ... just in case?" That was my first picture taken in uniform, and when she presented me with a print in a few days, I accepted it with thanks -- and to this day I have it among my mementoes.

In the last few days at the office, while awaiting my orders for duty -- and still not knowing where I might be sent -- many last-minute details had to be taken care of even under the stress of having mixed and sentimental emotions about leaving the city. Sitting at my desk in the mayor's private office, possibly for several fifteen-minute periods, while the secretarial group was engaged in its regular duties and in getting files cleared, it was only natural that I had some mixed and sentimental emotions about leaving the office -- probably for good after spending so many years there. (Although not realizing it at the time, such was actually not the case since about eight years later, in 1950-1951, I served as mayor under the Plan E type of charter during its first two years of operation.) Looking out the window and across the old Hancock Cemetery, the thought passed through my mind that the time spent as mayor equalled eight years, equivalent to the time I spent at the Cranch School, from the day I entered grammar school at the age of five, until I graduated at thirteen after completing the eighth grade as a pupil of Miss Carrie Crane, who, like the other seven teachers we had, was both beloved and respected.

Quickly, my mind reverted to the immediate problems at hand.

Public Library Gifts

I began to wonder what should be done with two particular items, other than those of a personal nature, that were packed for me to take home as keepsakes. The first, having taken years to collect, was a complete set of 52 official city reports from 1889 (the first) through 1941 (the last to have been printed prior to my resignation as mayor), which I hoped should be kept in tact for future reference. It is hard to believe that in 1935 when I assumed office, there were only ten city reports in the book-case in the mayor's office -- and none in the city solicitor's office. Upon inquiry, I learned that the only complete set was in the city clerk's office under lock and key and not too available for public reference. Only through perseverance, calls to older Quincy families, and occasional short items in the newspapers was I able to gather several of the rather early reports in my attempt finally to get a complete set. This being done, nobody was permitted to remove any of the books from my personal book-case without my permission.

And now upon leaving office, I must decide what should be done with them!

Telephoning the librarian at the Thomas Crane Public Library, I learned that they didn't have a complete set there but that they would certainly appreciate receiving my set, to be placed in the Quincy Room for reference only. The gift was accepted the next day with sincere appreciation.

The second, and somewhat personal, was a collection of approximately nineteen rather large but most interesting scrap-books, ACCURATELY KEPT FROM DAY TO DAY by my secretarial staff, which included all newspaper clippings from 1935 until my departure in 1942. Some were good and on few occasions not too good, but all were included for continuity of events.

These, also, were offered to and accepted by the Thomas Crane Public Library for record purposes in the Quincy Room. Actually, I have never visited the Quincy Room to use them for reference in writing these memoirs since they have been written almost entirely from memory -- and I trust accurately.

Thus, my happy associations with the mayor's office, together with all the city employees, were about to come to a close following the receipt of one of the nicest tributes, among several, that I received. It was presented by a committee of three, representing all of the city's municipal labor unions, expressing their best wishes upon my entering the service, as

well as their appreciation of the helpful cooperation they had received during the previous eight years. It was also most gratifying to have a brief chat with each of the various department heads who had been such a help during the four terms, as they stopped by to extend best wishes in my new naval responsibilities.

The Orders Arrive

Even though anticipated, it was naturally with curiosity that I carefully opened an official Navy envelope which I felt sure would contain my orders for duty. Imagine my surprise to find that I was to report the next day at the office of Supervisor of Shipbuilding, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Quincy, Mass. for further assignment. At that time the Supervisor was Captain Harold T. Smith U.S.N., with whom I had become acquainted at several ship-launchings at the Fore River Plant of Bethlehem Steel Corp., followed by luncheons at the Neighborhood Club, while serving as mayor. At these times there were many naval officers present from admirals all down the line to ensigns. It was a pleasure to meet them, representing the City of Quincy--but <u>now</u> I was in the Navy (as a mere lieutenant) and, naturally, would come in contact with them on an entirely different basis.

At exactly nine o'clock the next morning I reported for duty in the Navy Building and was greeted by Lt. Commander George Foltz, Personnel Officer. After certain formalities he said, "And now, Burgin, you are to report upstairs at the Supervisor's office." This I did with trepidation and awe.

CHAPTER FIVE - 1942-1952

With World War II having entered its second year, it was obvious that the United States was facing an enormous and unprecedented task in having to fight, actually, two wars -- one in Europe against Adolph Hitler's aggressive, and at the time most successful, advances throughout Europe, and the other against Japanese forces in the great Pacific Ocean area, following the unexpected and devastating attack on Pearl Harbor in Hawaii on December 7, 1941. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, as the Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces, together with his cabinet, the Congress, the state governors, etc., were working cooperatively in the war effort. The American people, in all walks of life, were responding magnificently to the great challenge! With the largest army and navy, together with the other services, ever assembled, war industries were working at top speed with employment at its highest level. Planes, navy ships of all types, ammunition, etc., were being turned out at an unbelievable rate.

The war -- its losses, its gains, and its ultimate victory -- has been well recorded in many history books. I will not go into further detail, knowing how accurately it has been covered.

Let me, therefore, return to Quincy and the very small part I was able to play in the war effort. In the fall of 1942, following my resignation as mayor, Hon. Charles A. Ross was, in his second attempt, elected mayor for a two-year term to commence in January of 1943. (The president of the city council filled out the remaining couple of months of my term as acting mayor.) Being now active in the service, assuming my new duties and responsibilities, I had no contact with Quincy's municipal government -- except from hearsay -- until 1945 when the war ended. Under Captain Smith's orders, I was assigned to the southern district of the Supervisor of Shipbuilding which was located in Bristol, Rhode Island. Assistant to the then officer-in-charge, I was shortly thereafter advanced to take his position when he was assigned to other duties.

My responsibilities, representing the Supervisor of Shipbuilding in Quincy, were to oversee the construction of so-called "small craft" being built in five rather small boatyards in the Rhode Island area. These navy vessels ranged from 110' sub-chasers, P.T. boats, A.P.C.'s, down to small lifeboats. Shortly after my advancement, Captain Smith was promoted to the rank of rear admiral and, as previously stated, was ordered to duty in the Pacific Area (as fleet maintenance officer under Admiral Nimitz' command.) All of us at "Sup-ships" in Quincy hated to see him leave. He was succeeded by Captain H.F.D. Davis, USN, another

highly respected naval officer, well qualified to become Supervisor of Shipbuilding at Bethlehem Steel Company's Fore River Shipyard. My Bristol, R.I. office was located in the old Herreshoff Yacht Yard, "Designers and Builders of Sailing and Power Craft since 1861", and builders of successful defenders of the America's Cup since 1893. It was purchased by the Haffenreffer family in the early 1930's and operated under family management very successfully prior to and during World War II. During the war the entire plant's facilities were used in the construction of wooden ships for the U.S. Navy.

By way of a bit of humor, I am reminded of an incident that took place during the commissioning of one of these vessels. Being the senior naval officer stationed at the yard (representing the Supervisor of Shipbuilding at Quincy), I was designated as the commissioning officer on several occasions. At one, after the formal ceremonies had finished, a small reception was held on board in the officers' quarters. While partaking of the luncheon, I noticed a very young-looking seaman in "gob's" uniform who was serving the food. (He probably had been in the navy only a month or so and hadn't become adjusted to the proper respect required between enlisted men and their superior officers.) He looked at me several times and finally came right over to the table at which I was sitting with some of the guests. With no salute, and without hesitation, he said, "Hello, ... weren't you the Mayor of Quincy?" Understanding his inexperience, I rose from my chair to say that I had been. His face lit up saying something like this: "Gosh, it's nice to see you ... I come from Quincy, too, my name is (and, of course, I will not give it) ... and my father runs a barbershop on _____ Street in South Quincy!" With that he extended his hand to SHAKE HANDS! Knowing that the lad was probably lonesome, I leaned forward, shook hands, and then, placing my hand on his shoulder, I said, "It's nice to see you, also ... and after the luncheon is over, I'll meet you on the dock so we can have a little chat about home." (The young ensign who was captain of the vessel was quite embarrassed over the incident and apologized.) I told him to forget it and added, "The young fellow is probably a bit homesick ... and, no doubt, you must have been, also, after leaving home for the first time!" (Later, at dock-side, the boy from Quincy and I had a friendly chat ... and "all smiles" he returned to the ship and his routine duties!)

On April 13, 1943, quite late in the evening, after having had dinner with some friends and having returned to my living quarters, I received an urgent message to call my parents' home. Making the call, my brother, Rodg, answered (having gone there from his home in Milton) and gave me the sad news that our dear Dad had passed away suddenly, after having had a busy and active day at the Savings Bank and having arranged to take a week's vacation with Mother, starting the next morning. This news came as a great shock, and I immediately went to my room to prepare

for the two-hour trip back to Quincy. (There were fourteen younger naval officers -- waiting for their ships to be completed -- who were staying in the same quarters, and, as I was packing my things during a terrific thunderstorm, every one of them came to my room individually and offered to drive home with "Uncle Tom", as they called me when off duty. My 41st birthday was to follow in two days, April 15th -- with Dad's funeral the next day in the "Church of the Presidents" in Quincy Center. Our family will never forget the tributes that were paid to this true Christian gentleman.

Returning to Bristol I again took up my work and certainly was kept busy supervising the work being carried on in the five boatyards that were doing their best to complete the contracts they had received for the various types of wooden vessels. One of my duties was to go out on trial trips - mostly in the Narragansett Bay area but in some cases out to the open ocean. My greatest thrill came in the trials of the P.T. boats, with their great speed. Never before (or since) have I traveled so fast on any type of craft! On several occasions these boats were delivered to New York City to be then shipped on navy (or commercial) vessels for overseas duty.

In the latter part of 1944, I was ordered to return to the main navy office at the Fore River Shipyard for a special assignment relating to personnel matters, since work in the Rhode Island small-craft section had almost come to a close. Before leaving, however, an informal afternoon get-together was held at the Herreshoff Yard to bid farewell to the OINC (abbreviated navy title for OFFICER IN CHARGE). I was delighted to be honored by both management and employees in such a friendly manner, and to be presented with an exact scale model of a P.T. boat--approximately seventeen inches long, which I now have in my den at home. (There were only three of these models built: one was sent to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.; one was given to Mr. Carl Haffenreffer [President of the Herreshoff Yacht Yard]; and the third to me.) Continuing my navy duties in Quincy, I was able to live at home in my mother's house at 131 Monroe Road, reporting for work each morning. Late in the summer of 1945 and upon the recommendation of Captain Davis, the Supervisor of Shipbuilding, I received official word from Washington that I had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander, holding that rank until my honorable discharge from the service in November, 1945. By coincidence, the day my promotion became effective, my mother and I (with four close friends) drove down to Hugo's Lighthouse restaurant in Cohasset to "celebrate" my promotion at an informal dinner. While on the way down, we heard on the car radio that President Harry S. Truman (who had succeeded President Franklin D. Roosevelt in April of 1945 following his death in Warm Springs, Georgia) would have an important announcement to make at seven o'clock -- which would be in about ten minutes. Still being en route to our

planned dinner, I pulled over to the side of the road at about 6:55 to await the announcement, not knowing what to expect. Promptly at seven o'clock the President came on the air and, after a few words, said most emotionally that JAPAN HAD SURRENDERED! Within minutes horns were blowing, church bells were ringing, and bedlam broke loose! We continued on ... slowly, because of the excitement, for a truly wild (but orderly) evening.

By way, again, of a bit of humor, when reporting for duty at the shipyard the next morning, everybody was in a happy mood with many not even having slept at all. A couple of my good friends in the navy office greeted me with these few words ... "Well, Commander, when the Japs heard of your promotion, they just couldn't take it ... and promptly SURRENDERED!" A hearty laugh from those within hearing distance followed ... with congratulations! Until my retirement, several weeks later, we kept busy at the office -- and then back to my insurance business and civilian life again!

Having been in the service for three years, I had been pretty much out of touch with politics and the city government. Time seemed to pass quickly, and before I knew it -- in 1947 at the November election -- the voters in Quincy had accepted the so-called Plan E (city manager) type of charter, which I have mentioned before. (I took no active part in the "campaign" for a change in the type of charter, but still held the belief that PLAN A was the better charter for the citizens as a whole.) The proponents won out by a vote of 17,187 in favor and 7,745 opposed. Mayor Ross was still in office at that time. Then in November of 1949 Quincy held its first election under the new city charter.

There was to be quite a radical change in the city's government, particularly as it related to the city council. Seven were to be elected, all at large, instead of the nine previously (one from each of the six wards and three at large). They were to be elected under proportional representation or preferential voting -- where the voter, instead of marking an X in front of those of his (or her) choice, would designate a number after each name in the ORDER OF CHOICE: namely, a number 1 for the first choice and so on for as many choices as he (or she) might care to make. In this first election there were 59 candidates for the seven seats on the council. When the campaign got underway, I had no idea of running for the council. However, upon the request of many citizens that I become a candidate to assist (if elected), as a former mayor, in the transition from one type of charter to another, I became one of the FIFTY-NINE! Quoting from William C. Edwards' book, "Historic Quincy", is the following:

"The Honorable Thomas S. Burgin, Mayor of Quincy 1935-1942, received 5,934 first-choice ballots, 2,322 ballots in excess of

the quota of 3,612 required for election. Mr. Burgin was the only candidate for the city council to be elected by first-choice ballots. The other successful candidates were elected in the following order: Mrs. Edna B. Austin, Amelio Della Chiesa, Alfred G. Helfrich, Carl W. Anderson, Frank N. Orcutt, and David J. Crowley. It is interesting to note that it required 48 counts to complete the distribution of the ballots for the council candidates and 11 counts for the school committee candidates."

At the first inaugural of the Plan E city council, held on January 2, 1950, by a unanimous vote (I refrained from voting), I was elected to be mayor, a position I agreed to hold for only the first year of my two-year term in the council. David J. Crowley was elected as the first vice chairman of the council.

Station WJDA

Quincy's first radio station (WJDA) had come into being in 1947. It was the idea of James D. Asher that Quincy should have a radio station which would provide the entire South Shore area with news of local and national interest. Many people have asked about the call letters of the station. I understand that most, if not all stations, at least in this general area, have the letter W as the first; our local station's next three letters are the initials of its founder -- James D. Asher. (The dial number is 1300 -- and almost everything connected with the station's operation--telephone number, auto-license plates, etc., are tied in with that number.) When the station first went on the air, September 13, 1947 to be exact, Jim Asher (as we have affectionately known him) started out with little or nothing in the way of finances, but was able to sell a small amount of stock to get started with a limited amount of equipment. At that time he had as a partner, Joseph Tobin, of Weymouth, plus only two or three people as employees. After 35 years, WJDA has grown tremendously and plays an important role in the life of the community with its varied and interesting programs. After Jim Asher's untimely death, he was succeeded by his son, James D. Asher, Jr., as president of the corporation. "Jay", as he is known, is doing an excellent job in carrying out the programs and business responsibilities originally started by his father.

In the spring of 1951 the insurance agency I had started in 1925 had moved from the Adams Building to its present location (across the street) to 1357 Hancock Street, with its name having been changed to Burgin, Platner & Company.

Shortly thereafter, a second great loss came into my life with the passing of my dear mother on July 5, 1951. She was indeed beloved and respected by those who knew her -- a lady in the highest sense! She had been my help and inspiration during an

eventful youth and a busy life in later years. May she be blessed with God's loving care.

With the closing of this FIFTH CHAPTER (1942-1952) -- and having written about "Old Quincy", my thoughts turn to the next three-decade period with only EVENTS rather than historical things, places, and people to be recorded. Before leaving CHAPTER FIVE, however, I cannot continue without telling about something that happened in Quincy which I know you'll agree was one of those "once-in-a-lifetime" events! (Just remember that in telling the story, I am "cold sober" -- and in my right mind!)

As a boy, I remember asking foolish questions such as: Did you ever see a barn dance? -- or a horse fly? -- or a banana skin around the corner? And now, I might add another one -- or a church walk? (viz., to roam in visible form as a ghost?) Well, in this case -- IT DID! In 1943 a young minister was called by the parishioners to the Quincy Point Congregational Church to fill a vacancy in the pastorship. His name was the Reverend Bedros Baharian. Being of an ambitious nature, he decided that it would be advisable to build a new church -- or to remodel the old wooden one. Being also on the look-out for a suitable location, he learned that a good-sized piece of land was available on the easterly side of Washington Street, about 200 feet north of the Southern Artery. With sufficient funds available, it was purchased by the church even though there wasn't enough money to build an entirely <u>new</u> church. That didn't seem to bother the young minister too much, however. "Why not MOVE THE OLD CHURCH up to the lot -- and build around it?" he asked. His suggestion was acted upon favorably -- and this is what then took place!

At midnight, on a selected date in 1950, the big event was to take place -- MOVING AN OLD CHURCH BUILDING a quarter of a mile up a busy thoroughfare! Being mayor at that time (and a good friend of Bedros Baharian) I was on hand to observe how such an undertaking would work out. Everything was in readiness--obstructing wires of all kinds had been removed, traffic detoured, etc. -- and a church "walked" up the street. It sure <u>did</u>, and all without a hitch, as the old saying goes. And today the old building -- having been brick-veneered, re-finished, and substantially added to -- looks like an entirely NEW church--with a most attractive parish. BELIEVE IT OR NOT as Ripley would have said in his famous "old time" cartoons! (Although he is now retired, I can only say, "CONGRATULATIONS, Bedros.")

CHAPTER SIX - 1952-1962

In January of 1952 Quincy was starting its third year under the city manager type of charter. William J. Deegan, Jr., having been unanimously appointed City Manager in 1950 by the first Plan E city council at an annual salary of $13,500.00, continued in office. The salary of the mayor (also set by the first city council) was $4,000.00, and the salary for each member of the city council was $3,000.00. It is interesting to note that this year, 1982 -- thirty years later, the council's salary remains at the same amount. Having advised the council, when elected as the first mayor, that I would voluntarily retire as a councilor upon the completion of the two-year term to which I had been elected, I did. Previously, at Quincy's second election under the new charter held on November 6, 1951, no councilors were elected by first choice ballots. The returns showed that Amelio Della Chiesa, Mrs. Edna B. Austin, and David J. Crowley had reached the required quota for election on the 23rd count and that Frank N. Orcutt, Alfred G. Helfrich, Carl W. Anderson, and David S. McIntosh (the only new member) had been elected on the 25th ballot. At the inauguration of this second city council, on January 2, 1952, Councilor David S. McIntosh was elected as the second mayor under the new charter, and Councilor Carl W. Anderson was elected Vice-Chairman of the City Council.

Following both Plan E elections (1949 and 1951) many citizens were confused and dissatisfied with the preferential type of voting. Under an act of the State Legislature, upon petition of the required number of registered voters in Quincy, the question of returning to ordinary plurality voting was put on the ballot at the election of November 4, 1952. By a majority of 16,348, the change was approved. (For the next thirty years, therefore, all candidates for the city's elective offices have been chosen by the placing of an X beside the names of those they prefer.)

At Quincy's fourth Plan E election, held on November 8, 1955, the voters of Quincy (in a spirited campaign) voted to <u>return</u> to the Plan A type of charter by a vote of 14,378 in favor and 12,851 against -- a majority of 1,527 in a total vote of 27,229. By the preceding vote, Quincy would return to the Plan A Type of charter (with the mayor being elected by the voters) in two years -- January 6, 1958. However, preceding the change of charter vote (1955) the city had held its third election under Plan E on November 3, 1953, with plurality voting. At the inauguration exercises on January 4, 1954 Councillor Amelio Della Chiesa was elected by the city council as mayor, to succeed Honorable David S. McIntosh, and Mrs. Edna B. Austin was elected vice chairman of the council, succeeding Councilor Carl W. Anderson. Without doubt, Councilor Anderson was the most aggressive member of the city council -- together with Councilors Helfrich and Crowley-- in the campaign to have the city return to the Plan A type of

charter. (After approximately twenty years in the council, Carl W. Anderson, a good friend of many years, is now retired and living quietly at his home in Quincy Point.)

On February 7, 1955, the City Council accepted the resignation of William J. Deegan, Jr. as City Manager and shortly thereafter, following the screening of twenty-five applicants, appointed Donald L. Blatt as his successor at a salary of $13,500 per year. (It is interesting to note that Mr. Blatt was brought up in Quincy prior to having held city managerships in several cities.) On March 19, 1956 Mr. Blatt resigned to accept the office of Town Manager in West Hartford, Conn. He was succeeded by a career city of Quincy official, Edward T. Lewis, who was highly respected and liked in the community. He assumed the position as a public service, knowing that within slightly over a year the position of city manager would be abolished in the city's government under Plan A. (In Quincy's fourth Plan E election in November of 1955, I was again elected to the City Council, at-large, serving for the next four years until my voluntary retirement.) My voluntary retirement at that time brought to a close 35 years in municipal government. Another change in 1957 was approved by the voters, returning to a nine member city council with each of the six wards electing one member and the entire city electing three at-large members. My only reason for going into detail regarding the change in city charters is because it represents the first MAJOR CHANGE since 1916 when the original Plan A type of charter was voted favorably at the election on November 7, 1916 by 2,616 to 2,025 -- a majority of 591 in a total vote of 4,621.

Honorable Amelio Della Chiesa served as mayor under Plan E (1954-1957) and under Plan A (1958-1965) -- which I believe is the longest consecutive period that anyone has served as mayor. (Mayors McIntosh and Della Chiesa have both passed away at the time of this writing.)

Before leaving the subject of city government, and for the record, I shall list those who have also had the distinct honor of serving as Mayor of Quincy as follows:

Honorable James R. McIntyre (1966-1971)
Honorable Walter J. Hannon (1972-1976)
Honorable Joseph A. LaRaia (1976-1977)
Honorable Arthur H. Tobin (1978-1981)
Honorable Francis X. McCauley (1982-

To them all, dedicated public servants, the city owes a deep debt of gratitude. (Speaking from experience, being the chief executive officer of a city of some 85,000 people isn't, nor has it ever been, a "bed of roses".)

EDITOR'S NOTE: See Appendix for outline of T.S.B. resume.

Quincy Y.M.C.A.

The Quincy Y.M.C.A. was legally established by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1892 as only a very small group. Until 1903 it occupied several small quarters, and then land was purchased at 61 Washington Street, where the Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Company is presently located, with ground being broken for its new (wooden) building on July 4, 1904. In the spring of 1905 the building was completed and dedicated. After a period of fifty-one years, it had greatly outgrown the facilities offered and a new, much larger building was sorely needed. The membership at that time was approximately 600. In the greatest capital funds drive in the city's history -- by all volunteer workers -- a new and modern building was constructed at the corner of Coddington and Newcomb Streets. Mr. Carle R. Hayward, President of the Association for thirty years, conceived of and arranged for the purchase of the new location, but felt that a younger group should assume the responsibilities in connection with raising the necessary additional funds -- approximately one million dollars-- to proceed with the actual construction of the proposed new building. Mr. Hayward, a professor of metallurgy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was without doubt the most dedicated President of the Quincy Y.M.C.A. in its history. A long time resident of Quincy, he exemplified the highest type of christian gentleman I have ever known, and he will always be remembered for his vision and foresight.

Following Professor Hayward's resignation, I was elected President of the "Y" to succeed him, having served as Vice President from 1931 to 1952. We were still in the old building at that time, and the entire campaign for the needed funds was carried on from there. It was indeed an honor to be still in office when the new building was officially opened and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies in 1956. Shortly thereafter, I resigned as president, telling the Board of Directors that, in my opinion, it would be in the best interest of the Association to have a change in that office every two or three years, thus providing the opportunity for others on the Board of Directors to serve, with new ideas and plans for the future. I shall always remember, with deep and sincere appreciation, our then General Secretary, the late Floyd Folmsbee, who had seen the membership of the "Y" grow from 600 to well over 6,000. After many years of outstanding leadership -- and having seen his long time vision become a reality -- Floyd asked that his retirement be approved in order that he might enjoy life with his wife and family at the home he had constructed adjacent to the Quincy Y.M.C.A. camp in Sandwich, Cape Cod.

To the hundreds who in any way contributed to the construction of the new building, Quincy owes a deep debt of gratitude. Already enlarged two or three times, it stands as a living memorial to those who made it possible, through their efforts, as a fine service organization whose primary objective benefits boys and girls, men and women, of all ages and of all faiths.....

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is as far as the actual memoirs go. Before ending this document, however, I would like to include three other pieces written by Tom Burgin - the first, written after his final term as Mayor of Quincy (Plan E) and after the reinstatement of Plan A in 1958, in conjunction with the second, written after his single term as State Senator; and the third, written for the dedication of the new city hall addition in September, 1979.

MY OBSERVATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS REGARDING OUR CITY GOVERNMENT

1. Having served as mayor under both the Plan A and Plan E types of municipal charters, I am convinced that Plan A (with the mayor being elected directly by the people) has many advantages over the City Manager (Plan E) charter. First: it brings the responsibility of municipal management closer to the people themselves in that they are given the opportunity of selecting their own chief administrative officer by majority vote, and, should he not fulfill his obligations in a manner satisfactory to the majority of the voters, the people can remove him at the next city election. Second: under our present Plan A Charter, the six wards of the city are entitled to elect their own ward councilor and still have the opportunity of voting for three councilors-at-large. Under such an arrangement the possibility of having all nine council members living in one, two or three wards only (leaving the other wards without direct representation) is eliminated. Experience has proven to me that each ward should have a direct voice in council proceedings through its own elected councilor, thus bringing the government closer to the people. Third: the Plan A type of charter gives the mayor the power of veto over any legislative action of the City Council -- a provision completely eliminated under the City Manager Plan. There is no question but what the veto power (with a two-thirds vote necessary to override) is an added safeguard in the administration of municipal government. Webster defines the word "veto" as "a power vested in the chief executive to prevent

permanently or temporarily the enactment of measures passed by the legislature."

2. With the advent of shopping plazas in outlying areas, I am convinced that well managed municipalities must provide off-street parking facilities of sufficient size and attractiveness, coupled with adequate access roads, to meet the competition of free parking and accessibility to those outlying shopping areas. Only by such a program can business property values be maintained and new business attracted. While a well planned program of this type may seem costly to some individuals, I am sure that neglecting such a program may prove to be FAR MORE COSTLY to the average home owner through the inevitable decrease in business property valuations. When the time comes that we cannot attract new business and industry to the City of Quincy -- and keep what we already have -- the net result can only be one thing, a substantial increase in the tax rate to offset the loss of revenue through decreases in valuation on this type of property. Let us not be "penny wise and pound foolish" in a matter of such importance.

3. At least twenty-five years ago, during my second term as mayor, I recommended the construction of a new City Hall and went so far as to appoint a special commission to make a careful study of the entire matter and present its report and findings to the mayor and City Council. The commission did its work well and the report was included in the City Report for that year in detail. While we have possibly had more pressing needs for public building construction in our school and hospital departments, I am convinced that the building of a new City Hall cannot -- and must not -- be deferred any longer. The present inefficient arrangement of having municipal offices located in various parts of the city is not only costly but impractical.

4. Either the city should develop and maintain certain parks and playgrounds previously given through the generosity of civic minded citizens or let them revert to the heirs of the original donors for private use. I refer specifically to Faxon Field, opposite our new Y.M.C.A., which has unlimited possibilities for a well planned program of development by the city, and possibly arrangements could be made with the M.D.C. to provide a covered artificial skating rink similar to the one recently constructed in West Quincy.

5. A fair and equitable program of property valuation must be inaugurated by the city. Certainly no one should object to paying his fair share of the cost of running the municipal government, but the idea of some people paying far MORE than their fair share and some people paying far LESS than their fair share (on the basis of today's values) can only lead to discontent and unrest throughout the city.

MY OBSERVATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS REGARDING OUR STATE GOVERNMENT

While my service in the Massachusetts Senate has been of comparatively short duration, there are certain observations I have made during the two-year period I have served in that body. Some of these have already received a considerable amount of publicity, so I will not go into detail concerning them other than to present my personal views.

(1) Extend the present two-year term of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor to four years.

(2) Elect the Governor and Lieutenant Governor on the same party ticket (either Republican or Democratic) as a team in a similar manner as we presently choose the President and Vice President.

(3) Allow the Governor to appoint the "key" constitutional officers, subject to confirmation by the Executive Council, with their terms of office running concurrently with that of the Governor. By so doing, the Governor, as chief executive officer of the Commonwealth, could have a "cabinet" of his own choosing to administer the affairs of state as is the case with the President of the United States.

(4) Do NOT abolish the Governor's Council (sometimes referred to as the Executive Council) as, in my opinion, it has a definite responsibility in the operation of state government. It has been suggested that the duties now performed by the Council could be transferred to the Senate, should the Council be abolished, but with the volume of state business now coming before that body, such a plan would be impractical.

(5) Elect the senators for a four-year term instead of two, with one half of the membership being elected every two years at the regular state election. Under such a plan, the senate would be a continuing body.

(6) Substantially reduce the number of members in the House of Representatives from the present figure of 240 to, let us say, 120, which would give the House a total membership of three times that of the senate.

(7) Limit the legislative session to not more than six months' duration.

(8) Prevent the filing of so-called "repeater bills" every year. Require approval of the joint Rules Committee before any bill in this category could be re-introduced in the next succeeding session.

(9) In so far as possible, consolidate public hearings on bills of a similar nature. (one hearing will often cover the subject matter of ten bills)

(10) Eliminate the so-called "marathon sessions" prior to prorogation of the General Court to an hour not later than 10 P.M. daily. Limit the length of any session of either branch to the same hour on any one day.

It has been my observation that with approximately four thousand bills filed annually -- each of which has to have a public hearing and then be individually acted upon and reported out of committee into either the House or the Senate -- far too much time is spent on such a procedure. A two-thirds negative vote in committee on any bill (with approval of the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate) should be sufficient to "kill" it without further legislative action in either branch.

The foregoing observations pertaining to both our municipal and state governments are entirely my own individual thinking and, of course, represent only one person's viewpoint. They have been presented only as a part of the series of articles prepared for the Patriot Ledger in connection with my retirement from public office and, I trust, will be considered as such.

As the most interesting and educational period of my life (in so far as public service is concerned) comes to a close, I look to the future with enthusiasm. Although in the conduct of my continually growing insurance business there will be plenty of work to keep me busy, I shall always endeavor to find time for further community activities and for the encouragement of young people to enter the field of politics and assume their positions in government, whether it be on the local, state or national level. To each and every person who has in any way helped and encouraged me during my thirty-eight year period of public service, I express my sincere gratitude for the honor and privilege of serving them to the best of my ability and, I trust, with honor, integrity and sincerity of purpose.

REMARKS BY FORMER MAYOR AND SENATOR, THOMAS S. BURGIN AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CITY HALL ADDITION SEPTEMBER 8, 1979

Prior to actually passing the keys and transferring this contemporary addition to our present city hall to the City, I have been asked by Mayor Tobin and former Mayor McIntyre, the general chairman of this bicentennial celebration, to speak briefly about the history of the old Town Hall which served as such until January of 1889 when it became Quincy's City Hall. Since that time, 25 individuals have had the honor of serving in it as mayor, 3 as city manager, and many as city councilors together with other city officials. Let us, therefore, turn the calendar back 135 years to 1844 when the historic old building first opened its doors to serve the townspeople of Quincy --- then numbering approximately 4,000 individuals....quite in contrast to the 90,000 today!

Parenthetically, may I express my sincere appreciation to Mayor Tobin and former Mayor McIntyre for inviting me as the senior living former mayor to carry out this particular assignment. However, in thinking about it, I have wondered whether the invitation, possibly somewhat veiled, might be even construed as being that of asking one "antique" to describe another. Seriously, I am sure you will find the following information regarding the old Town House to be not only factual and interesting, but actually amazing.

At the town meeting on February 9, 1844, and following three years of exciting meetings at which the location and plans for a new Town House were "hotly" discussed, a committee of five was chosen to procure a suitable location, plan, and cost estimates of the same. On April 18, 1844 the town voted to purchase the lot of land offered by Daniel French for one thousand dollars, and ordered that the structure be built of stone. (At that time stone was synonymous with Quincy granite.) The following day Daniel French and his wife, Hannah, deeded a substantial portion of the present city hall site with the following stipulation: "That the said parcel of land shall not be used for any other purpose than as a place for a town house for the said inhabitants: and upon any breach of this condition, this conveyance shall be void to all intents and purposes."

As reported by the then QUINCY PATRIOT: "The new town house when completed will be one of the most elegant edifices in New England. It will be fifty feet by eighty feet and thirty-five feet six inches to the eaves; -- of fine hammered stone, with the front to be like the Merchants Exchange Building on State Street, Boston, with four beautiful fluted pilasters, cornice,

etc., etc. Within the building will be the new town hall on the second floor capable of seating twelve hundred persons including the gallery seats. Provision has been made for an office or store in each front corner of the ground floor, plus a large room to the rear of them -- (I presume for town working space) -- which will take up about half the first floor. There will also be a commodious lecture room, nearly twice the size of the old town hall, and a committee room under the balcony."

And now, the amazing information regarding costs in those days! TOTAL EXPENSE OF BUILDING THE NEW TOWN HOUSE, INCLUDING LAND PURCHASE, AS REPORTED BY THE TOWN TREASURER, WAS $19,115.93, WITH BOTH SKILLED AND UNSKILLED LABOR RECEIVING BETWEEN $1.75 AND $2.00 PER DAY, AND THE ARCHITECT, SOLOMON WILLARD, FOR DRAWING PLANS AND SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING FOR FIVE MONTHS $280.00.

Without going into further details, but worthy of special note, I found that the Quincy granite for each side of the Town House was furnished by four different contractors, and four different contractors were employed to construct the exterior as follows: Front $4,244.00 -- one side $2,375.00 -- one side $2,300.00 -- and the rear $600.00

The old Town House remains in use today, although many times outgrown and updated, as Quincy's "official" city hall: - a great tribute to the enduring qualities of Quincy granite, to Solomon Willard, the architect and superintendent, and to the workmanship of that day.

(Reference: HISTORIC QUINCY MASSACHUSETTS by the late William Churchill Edwards, City Historian.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: In November, 1985, Dad became so ill that he could no longer remain at home, requiring constant nursing care. At that time he was admitted to the Rice Eventide Home in Quincy, of which both he and his father before him had been President of the Board. Coincidentally, on the day he was admitted was scheduled the dedication of the extension of the Burgin Parkway. This was televised over a local Quincy channel, and he watched it before leaving home for the last time. The next few weeks were especially difficult ones for him. He rallied somewhat in the month before he died, so much so that on Wednesday, January 22, 1986, he asked to go for a ride in the car. His good friend, Don Gardner, obliged and took him for the requested ride, to include primarily the entire length of the Burgin Parkway and its extension. He returned to the Eventide weary but happy and died in his sleep two days later.

APPENDICES

RE: THOMAS S. BURGIN

1924	Elected to Quincy City Council, representing Ward One, at the age of twenty-two (reported to be the youngest in the city's history).
1927-1928	President of the City Council
1929-1930	House of Representatives Massachusetts State Legislature
1932-1933	City Councilor-at-large
1935	Elected Mayor of Quincy, serving continuously (almost four two-year terms) until resigning in November, 1942, to volunteer for service in the United States Navy.
1950-1951	Elected by the city council to be the first mayor under the then (new) City Manager Type Charter
1956-1959	City Councilor-at-large
1961-1962	State Senator (Mass.) First Norfolk District

The above is the list of elective offices held. Note: In the city election of 1940 he was re-elected mayor for a fourth two-year term unopposed, which is believed to be the first time in the city's history that such has taken place.

(See next page)

RE: THOMAS S. BURGIN (continued)

Non-governmental affiliated positions

* 1925 -- Established what is now the Burgin, Platner & Co., Inc. Insurance Agency.

1926 -- Trustee of the Quincy Savings Bank, serving as such until reaching age limit, for retirement, in 1977 -- 51 years. Member of its Board of Investment for 30 years.

** 1942 -- Commissioned Lieutenant, United States Navy
1945 -- Promoted to Lieutenant Commander
1945 -- Honorably discharged, U.S.N. Assigned to duty under Supervisor of Shipbuilding, Fore River Shipyard, Quincy, Mass.

1952-1956 -- President, Quincy Y.M.C.A., during which time over ONE MILLION DOLLARS was raised for construction (and dedication) of new building at 79 Coddington Street. Retired as Director in 1975 following 49 years of service.

1974 -- Honored by Quincy's City Government upon the occasion of his 50th anniversary as having first been elected to the City Council in 1924.

1977 -- Former Upland Road (and proposed extension) re-named THOMAS S. BURGIN PARKWAY in his honor.

1982 -- 80th birthday (April 15th) reception, a complete surprise, held by city government at City Hall with 200 present, including the present mayor and the other four former mayors, then living.

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* Retired in 1967

** Resigned as mayor to enter naval service in World War II

"YES, WE REMEMBER WHEN!"

By Honorable Thomas S. Burgin

Class of 1915

Coincidentally, the 75th anniversary of Cranch School and the 200th of our great country take place this year - 1976. Each has particular significance; the first to those of us who graduated from Cranch, and the second, of course, to all of us who are proud and privileged to be citizens of the United States of America. We pause in our busy lives to observe these noteworthy occasions entirely differently, but with honor and sincerity of purpose.

The theme of this article, however, relates only to our happy elementary school days on Cranch Hill and recalls to mind the friendships made during those formative years in our lives and the education we received from loyal and devoted teachers.

In prefacing my remarks, therefore, I wish to gratefully acknowledge the kind and gracious invitation of Miss Jean Ann MacLean's recent letter in which she asked if I would be a participant in the program of commemoration. I must admit that I accepted only with some trepidation and with the realization that there were, no doubt, many others more qualified for such an assignment than I. However, remembering very well during school days that when the Principal asked you to do something, ... you did it, ... or else! Seriously though, the honor is one not to be taken lightly. I have accepted the challenge with pleasure and in deep humility.

History tells us that Cranch School first opened in 1901, just about a year before the writer of this article first saw the light of day at #95 Goffe Street (now Presidents Lane) on Presidents Hill. It was six years after the school opened that at the age of five years and five months I walked a short distance to school with my brother, C. Rodgers Burgin, and a few boys in our neighborhood. It was indeed a terrifying experience to leave home (and mother) and enter "that big brick building" where I was told I would spend the next eight years. (In those days there were no Junior High Schools and consequently we had eight grades of elementary schooling prior to graduating -- and then four years of High School.)

My first day in school wasn't exactly pleasant! I remember how big salty tears flowed quite freely down my little cheeks. However, with my aunt (Miss Mollie Rodgers) teaching the second grade, I was taken into her room where the tears were dried and courage gradually restored.

Just for the record, and to remind those who were in school at that time, I can remember the names of all who were our teachers. Our principal was Mr. Townsend and the teachers were: First Grade, Miss Martin; Second, Miss Rodgers; Third, Miss Fagen; Fourth, Miss Healy; Fifth, Miss Burke; Sixth, Miss Turner; Seventh, Miss Hamlin; and Eighth, Miss Carrie Crane. There were two other teachers, Miss Igo and Miss March (who taught the first and seventh grades) that because of changes during my stay at school, I didn't have, but I do remember them. Mr. Albert L. Barbour was the Superintendent in Quincy at the time.

Quincy schools in those days were a far cry from what we have today. We had no assembly hall at Cranch, and because of this we had our "assemblies" in the main corridor of the first floor. Each grade would march from its classroom, under the supervision of its teacher and behind a selected student who had the honor of carrying the American Flag, to the corridor until the entire student body was standing for the assembly because there were no seats available. Mr. Townsend would start the proceedings by reading a passage from the Holy Bible, then give any announcements, following this by introducing the guest speaker of the day.

It might be interesting to note that the number of students in each grade far exceeded those in today's schools. Records indicate that there were fifty-six in the first grade when I entered. (Each grade had a similar number.)

We were taught (at home and at school) to respect discipline. There were no "ifs and ahs about it" as the old saying goes! If any student got "out of hand", he (or she) would be sent to the office for such punishment as the Principal deemed advisable. On occasions a rattan on either or both hands usually corrected any insubordination quite effectively. In those days it was a case of getting a much greater punishment at home following such an experience! On the whole, however, we had a fine, respectful, and loyal group of students who were a credit to the school. Family ties seemed to be much closer than they appear to be today. A feeling of "togetherness" instilled in us the spirit of true companionship, respect, and helpfulness to others. Today there are, no doubt, many students with the same attributes.

If space and time only permitted, it would be interesting to reminisce about the things that took place during the eight years spent at Cranch School -- the "best girls" we had (never for a very long period of time, however); The "fights" after school at the top of Cranch Hill between boys who couldn't settle their arguments in a peaceful manner; the spelling matches; the baseball and soccer games between schools down in Merrymount Park. We also remember the annual Memorial Day visits to the school by the Civil War (Grand Army of the Republic) Veterans and

the occasional visits to Quincy's historical places. Once in a while, without school sanction, a few of us might attend the Kincaide Theater with parental permission, to see a vaudeville show - where the Sears Roebuck Store now stands. Because we had no school cafeteria, we had two sessions each day so we could go home for lunch for an hour and a half. On any stormy day we would listen for the "no school signal" on the fire alarm whistles and bells at 7:30 in the morning or at 12:30 in the afternoon. We had no radio, T.V. or even sound moving pictures in those days.

Before we could realize it, we were actually going to graduate! Having no auditorium at Cranch, we were told that we would have a joint graduation with the eighth grade of the Adams School where they did have an auditorium. With our class picture taken, our diplomas received, and the happy years at Cranch ended, we became the class of 1915 -- "for better or worse"!

To the Principal and Teachers who guided and helped us during those important years of our lives - who trusted us and taught us, who believed in us - we owe a deep debt of gratitude. Many of them have already passed away (including my dear Aunt Mollie Rodgers at the age of ninety-one). To them, and to any of our teachers who are still living, we can only remember them fondly in having given so much of themselves and asked so little. Their contribution to the field of education is sincerely appreciated.

In closing, we salute the 75th Anniversary Class, their Principal and Teachers. As you observe this noteworthy occasion in the life and history of our school, may you be inspired by its traditions -- and may you and the future students hold high the torch of honor, happiness, and integrity in the years that lie ahead.

March 6, 1976

COPY

THOMAS S. BURGIN
11 DIXWELL AVENUE
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS 02169

March 20, 1953

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz
United States Navy
728 Santa Barbara Road
Berkeley, California

Dear Admiral Nimitz;

Acting in behalf of the Quincy Veterans Council, having been appointed as chairman of a special committee, I am writing to ask if you would accept our invitation to be the speaker at the annual Memorial Day Exercises here in Quincy on Saturday, May 30th at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

While this may be an unusual request, we would feel particularly pleased if you could be with us because of many reasons. The City of Quincy, through its Quincy Yard of the Bethlehem Steel Company, produced many of the large navy ships which had such effective records in World War II. Among those might be listed several of the largest Carriers, the Battleship Massachusetts, many light (and heavy) Cruisers and Landing Craft of almost every description. It was in Quincy, early in your naval career, that you were assigned to duty on one of the submarines being built at the then Fore River Shipyard and I believe it was at this time you married a Quincy young lady. (As a matter of fact I can remember very pleasantly the visits both you and Mrs. Nimitz made on me in 1922 when I was a patient at the Quincy City Hospital directly across the corridor from your then very young son who also was a patient.)

We hope you will be here on Cape Cod at that time of year so that it would be a comparatively short drive up to Quincy. Should you be able to be with us, your remarks would be made at the Veterans Plot of the Mount Wollaston Cemetery and need not be longer than about fifteen minutes or so, -- just a Memorial Day tribute to the men of all wars who gave their lives in the service of their country.

It will be much appreciated if you could let me know sometime prior to April 15th.

Sincerely yours,

Tom

Thomas S. Burgin

FLEET ADMIRAL CHESTER W. NIMITZ, U.S. NAVY
738 SANTA BARBARA ROAD
BERKELEY 7, CALIFORNIA

24 March 1953.

Dear Tom:—

I thank you very much for your letter of March 20, and for the invitation to participate in the annual Memorial Day Exercises in Quincy on Saturday, May 30 - 1953. On that date I will be in California - or possibly considerably to the westward of California — and I regret very much that I cannot accept your nice invitation. Were Catherine & I to be in Wellfleet at that time - I would come with pleasure. You are correct in remarking that I have good reason to have many pleasant memories of Quincy.

Catherine joins me in best wishes and warm regards to You & Yours.

Sincerely - C.W. Nimitz

P.S. I am sure that a request to Admiral McCrea at the Boston Navy Yard will produce for you a

very good Memorial Day Speaker.

W.R.

CHAPTER SIX

QUINCY'S GOVERNMENT - PAST AND PRESENT

By Honorable Thomas S. Burgin

(20th Mayor of Quincy)

Note: Grateful and sincere appreciation is expressed to my close friends, the family of the late William Churchill Edwards, for permission to use in condensed form much of the material contained in his book, HISTORIC QUINCY, as it relates to Quincy's government, past and present. Mr. Edwards was appointed in April of 1956 as the first official City Historian of the City of Quincy.

T.S.B.

We find in Webster's Dictionary one of several definitions of the word GOVERNMENT which reads as follows: "The established form of political administration." For the purpose of this chapter we will therefore review the interesting governmental history of what is now the City of Quincy during the 350 year period since 1625, only five years after our pilgrim forefathers landed on (or near) Plymouth Rock in the present town of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Since within the pages of this brochure many subjects relating to Quincy's progress and growth will be ably covered by various authors especially knowledgeable in those assigned to them I will, in-so-far as possible try to confine my writing to three categories:

1. THE OLD TOWN - to 1792.
2. THE NEW TOWN - to 1888.
3. THE CITY OF QUINCY - FROM 1899 TO DATE.

THE OLD TOWN - TO 1792

The present seal of the City of Quincy, shown below, has on its face two significant dates prior to 1792. The first, 1625, designates the year in which Captain Wollaston established a trading post on the shores of what is now Quincy. For fifteen years this area was known as Mount Wollaston even though Captain Wollaston departed early in the spring of 1626 leaving behind a portion of his company

including Thomas Morton, an adventurer in both the ancient and modern sense of the word and a jovial sort of roisterer too. He soon won control and crowned himself the "Lord of Misrule" although he only ruled a short time. The Mount became in name and fact Merry Mount. The records of Quincy prove that there was "no law or order" at Mount Wollaston or Merry Mount. Thus we find the first reference to "government" in this area, as poor and simple as it was under Morton's"rule."
The second date on the seal - 1640 - depicts the year in which Quincy's independent existence began when Mount Wollaston was incorporated as a separate town by action of the General Court. The town was named Braintree after Braintree, County Essex, England. Also within its boundaries were today's Braintree, Randolph and Holbrook.

(Present Seal of Quincy placed here).

On March 5, 1672, "it was agreed by the inhabitants of the Town of Braintree upon a public meeting that upon the first second day of March and the last second day of October annually that there should be upon these days a general Towne meeting of the whole inhabitants to consult and agree upon all things that concern the good of the Town and for the choice of all their public officers." In reality, therefore, this appears to be the first organized government we find in the early days of Old Braintree although it wasn't until 1692 that Town Government in Massachusetts was established by statute. In 1693 the first list of town officers appears in the records of Old Braintree but from that time forward the machinery of town government was complete. The officers chosen that year were five selectmen, a town clerk and a commissioner, two constables, five tithingmen, and eight viewers of fences. The two most important town officers were the constables and the tithingmen. The constables warned the town meetings, had charge of highways, levied fines, apprehended Quakers, collected taxes, assisted tithingmen and were ordered to "attend funerals of any that died with the small pox, and walk before the corpse to give notice to any, who might be in danger of infection." The tithingmen, whose duties began on Sunday, were to preserve order in the Meeting-House among other things. The Town Treasurer was first chosen in March of 1695; two years later he was voted one pound or $3.33 for a year's services. In 1717 The Town Clerk was paid the sum of $13.33 in full for his services for four years, and the three selectmen were paid a lump sum of $7.67 for their work in the appointment of the tax rate.
On November 3, 1708, the inhabitants of the town voted to divide the town into two distinct precints or parishes for "ye more regular and convenient upholding of ye

worship of God." Their action was confirmed by the General Court on November 5, 1708. At that time there were seventy-two families living in the North Precint (which is now the city of Quincy) and seventy-one families living in the South Precinct, with a combined population of about eight hundred souls.

In 1791 several of the inhabitants of the area presented a petition to the General Court, praying that the North Precinct of Braintree be incorporated into a separate town by the name of Quincy. On February 22, 1792 the General Court passed an act incorporating the North Precinct of Braintree plus the present North Quincy that had been part of Dorchester into a separate town by the name of Quincy. Official sanction for this change was given on February 23, 1792, by one of its honored and illustrious sons, John Hancock, then Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Thus we find the third date on the present seal of the City of Quincy, 1792.

THE NEW TOWN - TO 1888

At the date of the new town's incorporation in 1792 the Town of Quincy had a population of nine hundred, made up of less than two hundred families. The year 1824 brought the early theological period to a close. Up until that time the life of the church and town were interwoven. In fact, the parish and the town were legally one, and accordingly the appropriations for that year dropped to $2,800.00. Up to 1824, the Minister was hired at Town-Meetings and all the expenses of the Church were assumed by the Town and paid out of the funds raised by taxation. Thus it appears that Church and Town <u>together</u> were the government until 1824.

The golden period of town government in Massachusetts was from 1810 to 1830. Charles Francis Adams III has been quoted as saying, "Never before had it been so strong, so pure, and so systematic as then; never had it done its work so well. It was in fact, an absolutely model government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Between the years 1840 and 1870 the Town-Meeting fell to its lowest point of usefulness. The older men of the town with their old-fashioned dress and formal manners, were looked upon as antiquated. Their simple, straight-forward, business-like way of managing the affairs of the town was not in accordance with the democratic, young-American ideas then in vogue. In 1870 the government by town-meeting was breaking down. The result was that the finances fell into confusion while the debt rose from $8,000.00 in 1844 to $112,000.00 in 1874. The money, time and again,

raised to pay off the debt had been regularly diverted and applied to those ordinary purposes, the amount spent on account of which almost invariably exceeded the sums appropriated by the town.

Such were the facts. It remained to find a remedy, -- and this was found by John Quincy Adams II, and a group of the leading citizens of the town. It was a return of the old and correct town-meeting, and deliberation became possible. The change was indeed beneficial to the then Town of Quincy but as it grew so did the problems, both financial through larger expenditures and by additional services. The simple had become complex. Again, quoting Charles Francis Adams II, "It was as if an ancient country cart -- well designed, honestly made of excellent material, altogether good in its day and for the work then needed of it -- should by degrees break down under a strain to which it was never designed to be subjected."

Agitation for a change from town to city government actively developed in Quincy toward the close of the year 1884 when a group of citizens held a meeting to discus the question of a city charter. At that meeting a committee was appointed to consider and report on the change. A strong party still adhered to the ancient ways and the town-meeting form of government; but those composing it were forced to admi that things could no longer continue as they were, and that the only alternative was to change to a city form of government. Majority and minority reports were prepared by a special committee on the general subject and "hot" debates were frequent.

Finally, a committee of fifteen was appointed to frame a charter and submit it for consideration at a future meeting. Mr. Theophilus King was chosen as chairman of the committee; but the details of the work, as usual, were committed to a sub-committee; consisting of Messers Josiah Quincy and Sigourney Butler. For over a year these two young lawyers made an extensive study of municipal governmen in the United States. Several public meetings were subsequently held, at which th subject of the proposed charter was debated at length, and many times it was referred back to the committee for amendments.

At a Town Meeting held on December 1, 1887, following an animated discussion, the form of charter recommended was approved and a committee was appointed to

secure its passabe by the lesislature. The charter was passed by the legislature without debate on May 17, 1888 (Chapter 347, Acts of Massachusetts, 1888) and immediately signed by Governor Oliver Ames. Becoming a law on May 17, it was, if adopted by the town, to take effect on the first Tuesday of the ensuing December. The selectmen, in response to a petition to that effect, promptly called a special town-meeting to take action upon it on the 11th of June.

At this meeting the new form of government was adopted by a vote of 812 in favor to 454 against, a majority of 358 in a total vote of 1,266. With more than 2,400 voters, only a few more than one-half of those entitle to express an opinion on a question of such importance took the trouble to do so. When the result of the voting was declared by the town Moderator from a platform in the Town Hall, the announcement was received with great delight, and soon the bells rang loudly, amid the sound of horns and guns and the explosion of fireworks. The bell in the tower of the "Stone Temple" opposite the Town Hall sent forth a peal as if some great victory had been achieved. Thus we see the fourth (and final) date on the city seal - 1888.

Under the new charter, a mayor and a city council consisting of twenty-three councilmen, five elected at large by the qualified voters of the whoe city voting in their respective wards, and three elected from each of the six wards of the city by and from the qualified voters in each ward.

THE CITY OF QUINCY FROM 1889 TO DATE

1888 was the year in which the townspeople voted to become a city, but it was not until January 7th, 1889 that the new city government came into being. The Honorable Charles H. Porter had been elected Quincy's first Mayor in the election of December 4, 1888, together with the first city council of twenty-three members. Following Mayor Charles H. Porter, who served in 1889 and 1890, there were thirteen citizens of Quincy who had the honor of serving as mayor under the original city charter.

Hon. Henry O. Fairbanks	1891 - 1893	Hon. Charles M. Bryant	1902 - 1904
Hon. William A. Hodges	1894 - 1895	Hon. James Thompson	1905 - 1907
Hon. Charles F. Adams	1896 - 1897	Hon. William T. Shea	1908 - 1911
Hon. Russell A. Sears	1898	Hon. Eugene R. Stone	1912 - 1913
Hon. Harrison A. Keith	1899	*Hon. John L. Miller	1914
Hon. John O. Hall	1900- 1901	Hon. Chester I. Campbell	1915
		Hon. Gustave B. Bates	1916

*Mayor Miller died in office.

(THE PLAN A CHARTER)

In 1915, legislation was enacted by the state government to provide standard forms of charters which any city might vote to adopt without appealing to the General Court. Four plans were created and named Plan A, Plan B, Plan C, and Plan D. Shortly after this legislation was passed (Chapter 267, General Acts of Massachusetts, 1915,) a group of Quincy citizens advocated the adoption of Plan A Government by a Mayor and City Council elected at large. After considerable discussion and several public meetings, the question of adopting the Plan A type of city charter was put before the voters. At the election of November 7, 1916, the new charter which provided for a Mayor and City Council of nine Councillors was accepted by the citizens of Quincy by a vote of 2,616 in favor and 2,025 against, a majority in favor of acceptance of 591 in a total vote of 4,641. The official election returns of the same date (November 7, 1916) showed that Joseph L. Whiton had been elected Mayor of the City of Quincy over Gustave B. Bates, by a vote of 3,131 to 2,962, a plurality of 169, in a total vote of 6,093.

The official election returns also showed that there were fifty-two candidates for the nine seats in the City Council with the following successful candidates in the order of their election: John D. Smith, Hon. Thomas J. McGrath (Mayor of Quincy 1927-1932), Honorable Russell A. Sears (Mayor in 1898), Alfred H. Richards (President of the City Council), Thomas Griffin, Hon. William A. Bradford (Mayor of Quincy 1921 - 1922) Alexander Falconer, Lewis Bass, Rodney P. Gallagher.

On January 7, 1917, the Honorable Joseph L. Whiton was sworn in as the first Mayor under Plan A, serving as chief executive of the city from 1917 - 1920. During 1917 the City Councillors served without compensation but during the following year (1918) their salary was $500.00 each.

Following Mayor Whiton there were seven citizens of Quincy who had the honor of serving as Mayor under the Plan A type of city Charter.

Hon. William A. Bradford	1921 - 1922	Hon. Charles A. Ross	1933 - 1934
Hon. Gustave B. Bates	1923 - 1924	*Hon. Thomas S. Burgin	1935 - 1942
Hon. Perley E. Barbour	1925 - 1926	Hon. Charles A. Ross	1943 - 1949
Hon. Thomas J. McGrath	1927 - 1932		

* Mayor Thomas S. Burgin resigned in the fall of 1942 to enter the Naval Service as a Lieut. and was honorably discharged in 1945 as a Lieut. Commander following the close of World War II.

During the period between 1917 and 1941 there were three changes, authorized by the State Legislature, that, following adoption by the voters of Quincy, modified the original Plan A. Charter. They were (in brief) (1.) An act to provide for the election of City Council members to ward representation with one councillor being elected from each of the city's six wards and three to be elected at large. (Acts of 1920); (2) An act relative to preliminary elections for the nomination of candidates for election to municipal offices in Quincy. (Acts of 1926); and (3) An act providing for Biennial Elections in the City of Quincy. (Acts of 1941).

Between the years 1917 and 1947 there were no changes in the Plan A Charter other than those just previously mentioned.

(THE PLAN E CHARTER)

The adoption of the Plan E type of city charter in Quincy came as the result of action by the State Legislature in 1938 wherein Plan E (The City Manager type of government) was added to the forms of government for the cities of the Commonwealth. Nine years later, on November 4, 1947, Plan E was accepted by the citizens of Quincy by a vote of 17,187 in favor and 7,745 against. (Plan E had been soundly rejected by the voters at the elections of 1938 and 1940 during the terms of Mayor Burgin.)

Plan E provided for a City Manager plan with the councillors and school committee members elected at large by proportional representative or preferential voting. Quincy held its first election under this system on November 8, 1949. There were 59 candidates for the seven seats on the city council and 15 candidates for the six seats on the school committee. (Note: The Mayor under this

type of charter was the "ceremonial head" of the city government and the presiding officer of the city council.)

In this first election, out of a total voting population of 44,257 there were approximately 29,350 who cast ballots - or 66 per cent of the total registered voters. Mrs. Hattiemay Thomas, the first woman to be elected City Clerk by a previous city council, was in charge of the election under preferential voting (which was entirely new in Quincy). She was assisted by a recognized expert on this type of voting plus 130 counters.

The final result of the election was not officially known until six days after election day.

Thirty-six hundred and twelve first choice ballots were necessary for election to the city council, and four thousand and sixty-one for the school committee. Hon. Thomas S. Burgin, Mayor of Quincy 1935-1942, received 5,934 first choice ballots, 2,322 in excess of the required quota. He was the only candidate for the city council to be elected by first choice ballots. The other successful city council candidates were elected in the following order: Mrs. Edna B. Austin, Amelio Della Chiesa, Alfred G. Helfrich, Carl W. Anderson, Frank N. Orcutt, and David J. Crowley.

Dominic J. Chiminello headed the list of school committee candidates having 4,966 first choice ballots, 905 in excess of the quota of 4,061. He was the only school committee candidate to be elected by first choice ballots. The other successful candidates were elected in the following order: William A. Anderson, Dennis F. Ryan, A. Wendell Clark, Alexander Smith, and Mrs. Annie B. Forsyth. (It is interesting to note that it required 48 counts to complete the distribution of the ballots for the council candidates and 11 counts for the school committee candidates.)

On January 2, 1950 the Plan E form of government became effective in Quincy. The duly elected city councillors, after being sworn into office, immediately and unanimously elected Hon. Thomas S. Burgin as the first Mayor under Plan E and unanimously elected David J. Crowley as the first Vice Chairman. The City Council established the salary of the Mayor at $4,000.00 and the salary of each City Councillor at $3,000.00. The City Manager's salary was set at $13,500.00 but was later increased to $16,000.000 in 1953.

William J. Deegan Jr. was unanimously appointed Quincy's first City Manager and served in this capacity until February 7, 1955 when he tendered his resignation to be succeeded by Donald H. Blatt who served until March 19, 1956 when he tendered his resignation, to become Town Manager of West Hartford, Conn. Mr. Blatt, a native of Quincy, received a starting salary of $13,500.00.

Quincy's third City Manager, Edward T. Lewis a career employee of the city was unanimously chosen by the City Council on March 28, 1956. On April 2, 1956, the Council passed an order (No. 283) which ordered "That Edward T. Lewis be and is hereby appointed City Manager of the City of Quincy, effective April 9, 1956 at a salary of $10,000.00 per annum to serve at the pleasure of the City Council." He was sworn in on the same day by the then City Clerk, Donald P. Crane. On October 1, 1956 his salary was increased to $12,500.00 per annum. Of Mr. Lewis' qualifications the following is found in the official records, "The City Council strongly believes that Mr. Lewis, due to his present position, training, and experience (Administrative Assistant to both Mr. Deegan and Mr. Blatt) is well suited to handle the many matters now pending in the City Council, Manager's office and the various city departments."

For record purposes the following three citizens of Quincy had the honor of serving as Mayor under the Plan E type of city charter:

Hon. Thomas S. Burgin - 1950 - 1951 Hon. David S. McIntosh-1952 - 1953
Hon. Amelio Della Chiesa-1954 - 1957

Vice Chairmen of the City Council were:

David J. Crowley- 1950 - 1951 Carl W. Anderson-1952 - 1953
Mrs. Edna B. Austin-1954 - 1957

(RETURN TO PLAN A)

On June 21, 1955, the so-called Citizens Plan A Committee, filed a petition addressed to the City Council under the General Provisions of Chapter 43 requesting that the following question be placed on the official ballot to be used at the biennial election to be held on November 8, 1955: "Shall the City of Quincy adopt the form of government defined as Plan A, and consisting of government by a mayor and nine councillors elected at large: with election

to be held in every odd numbered year, according to Chapter 43 of the General Laws relating to city charters?" On July 26, 1955, the City Clerk filed with the City Council a certified copy of the petition stating that 5,742 signatures of the registered voters thereon (1,143 in excess of the 10% required by law) had been certified by the Registrars of Voters. Therefore, the question would be submitted to the voters upon the official ballot at the regular city election to be held on November 8, 1955. However, until the decision was reached, Quincy was still operating under the Plan E type of charter and in view of this the city's fourth Plan E election was held on the same date. The official returns showed that the following, in order of their election, were to make up the membership of the 1956 - 1957 City Council. Honorable Amelio Della Chiesa, Honorable Thomas S. Burgin, James R. McIntyre, Honorable David S. McIntosh, Charles L. Shea, Carl W. Anderson, and Mrs. Edna B. Austin. Successful School Committee candidates in the order of their election were: Paul K. Duffey, Mrs. Alice Mitchell, (both re-elected) and Charles T. Sweeney. The official return showed that by a vote of 14,378 in favor, and 12,851 against, a plurality of 1,527, in a total vote of 27,229 the citizens had voted to adopt the form of government defined as Plan A - the same to become effective on January 6, 1958. On January 2, 1956 Quincy's fourth Plan E City Council was duly organized and unanimously re-elected Mayor Amelio Della Chiesa and Mrs. Edna B. Austin was re-elected Vice Chairman of the Council. Mr. Blatt was still in office as City Manager and served in this capacity until his resignation (of March 19th) was to take effect on April 6, 1956.

The first election under the Plan A type of charter of 1958 was held on November 5, 1957, approximately two months prior to its effective date. There were two candidates for mayor, eighteen candidates for the nine seats in the city council and six candidates for the three seats on the school committee. Honorable Amelio Della Chiesa was elected Mayor, and the following were elected to the City Council in this order: Hon. Thomas S. Burgin, James R. McIntyre, Hon. Davis S. McIntosh, Carl W. Anderson, Charles L. Shea, Mrs. Edna B. Austin, (all re-elected) Joseph E. Brett, William C. Ellis, and John J. Quinn.

Elected to the School Committee were: (for four years) Dr. Charles Djerf, A. Wendell Clark, and Dr. Edward S. Mann, the only new member. At the same election of November 5, 1957 Plan A was modified to provide ward representation to commence in 1960.

Due to the limited space in this chapter it has not been possible to record EVERY modification to the various town and city charters under which Quincy has operated nor ALL of the fine people who have had the honor of serving in elective positions within the town and city governments. However, the highlights have been set forth with the hope they will be of interest to the people of the Quincy area, and particularly to the younger generation. To bring the chapter to a close, therefore, a brief summary of the years between the advent of the Plan A type of city charter in 1958 (for the second time in Quincy) will be presented as a matter of recording the names of those citizens who have also had the honor and privilege of serving as Mayor of Quincy and the years in which they have served. The following Mayors are herewith listed:

Honorable Amelio Della Chiesa - 1958 - 1964
Honorable James R. McIntyre - 1965 - 1971
Honorable Walter J. Hannon - 1972 to the present time.

CONCLUSION

In the first paragraph of this chapter a definition of the word GOVERNMENT was given as follows: "The established form of political administration." In this, the last paragraph, having read the brief history of political administration in Quincy since the early days of MOUNT WOLLASTON in 1625 we should express both thanks and appreciation for the vision, fortitude, courage, and determination of those who in any way have contributed to its government during the past 350 years. It has indeed been a record of accomplishment of which any city might take justifiable pride, not only in local government but through the contribution of its citizens in OLD BRAINTREE and QUINCY in national, state and county government. We especially honor the names of two Presidents of the United States - John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams, the second and sixth President, and John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, together with many others who have given so much of themselves -- and have asked so little.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON

June 17, 1942

My dear Tom:

I talked to the Secretary today, after receipt of your letter of the 15th, and he has written you the enclosed, which I think fully covers the situation.

I have assured him that you are not going to use this letter politically; that you want it for your files, so that if at a later date someone holds against you the fact that you did not get into active military service, this letter will be evidence that you were working in a place of maximum usefulness.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

J.W. Powell

Enc.

Honorable Thomas S. Burgin,
Mayor of Quincy,
Quincy, Mass.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON

June 16, 1942

Honorable Thomas S. Burgin,
Mayor of Quincy,
Quincy, Mass.

My dear Mr. Mayor:

Your letter of June 15 has reached me today, and I note with interest and appreciation your desire to render the maximum service in the present crisis that confronts this country.

I have discussed with Mr. Powell the situation in Quincy, and it seems to me that in performing your duties as Mayor of Quincy, you are rendering the maximum service, and I should regret it if you felt that you could not continue to serve in that capacity. So much of the industrial effort of your City is given up to Naval work, and the proper administration of the community is so vital a matter in maintaining the output of these war industries, that I have no hesitation in expressing the above judgment as the place in which you can render the maximum service.

I remember my meetings with you on the occasions of my several visits to Quincy, and with best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frank Knox