

empathy we had with the professors. That went for all the professors. I really enjoyed Colby. I love going back.

Between students there was some ill feeling toward Jews but among faculty there was none. I was in right with all the faculty even among the professors who didn't like me, who wouldn't give me "A's".

"This is a strange thing about a small community. Whether it be high school or college. I was not aware of any anti-Semitism anywhere and I was the only Jewish girl to graduate in my class. Oh yes, there was one Jewish boy and he went on to be a dentist. I was not aware of any ill feeling in a town of 45,000, and not many Jews. Papa was a pillar of our synagogue. There was no such thing as temples in those days. When a new rabbi came, he always came to our house first. Papa's

love for the Torah and all the time he spent attending services there could account for it. The fact is I never felt anti-Semitism even in applying for employment. I worked for Jewish people but I also worked for Mr. Nowera, where I helped him go to bigger and better things after he gave up a business that was fading out. I had never felt antagonism. Even locally we never encountered it, even though we are aware of it in certain places, personally we never felt it."

There was never any bad feeling. Even in Colby that originally was a Baptist College and still is, the commencement speaker when I graduated was Rabbi Stephen Wise - the Reform rabbi. I accompanied the president of the college to greet the rabbi and he introduced me to the great rabbi, as the only Jew in the class. The next night as he was leaving I was

there and he called me by my name. Years later when we were in Boston I spoke to him and he recalled the occasion.

"When we were living in Lowell, we were married in 1921, but we didn't live together until a year later."

I really wasn't on my feet even then to get married. We had an unfortunate thing happen. Just after I graduated I played with my own orchestra up and down the coast. We didn't make any money but we had a wonderful time. When I came back to Lynn in the fall of 1924, my dad had arranged for me to go into the shoe business. I knew Philip Lown (shoe manufacturer and philanthropist) very well but not in Lynn. That was after we were in Augusta. We knew his brother, Jack, down there.

"That was after we were married. Papa wouldn't take a chance on you before we were married."

Yes, that was after I finished teaching in Waterville in 1924. I had a chance to buy into a shoe factory. I invested \$10,000 I guess.

"Most of it had been my wedding gifts. The rest, Papa financed. We borrowed it."

It took us ten years to get out of debt after that.

"We were in business ten months and lost the entire amount."

I didn't know anything about the business when we went in. They expected Lil to be a bookkeeper.

"Lil was. I couldn't stand telling any lies. They were hypothecating their accounts.

They put down on paper what they were not. I couldn't stand that. It was so wrong."

I went in there to learn the shoe business and I found myself being a lackey. I was a third partner. They were two Jewish men - my dad thought a lot of them. He had worked with them for several years.

"It was too bad. It could have been a good business without doing that sort of thing. When it came to making false statements, I couldn't."

She couldn't, they couldn't and I wouldn't.

"So we got out. We went out clean."

One of the partners called me all kinds of names - none of them printable.

It took us a long time to pay back, but we paid back every dime we owed. We struggled looking for jobs. Then we moved to Lowell.

"Prior to that I had a job with a man who had the agency for the whole country for parts of radios. You bought the smallest condensers to the large parts and put them together yourself. We had all the chain stores on our books. I went in there as his bookkeeper. At first he asked me to come in for an interview to take dictation and I was never too good at that. I was better at figures. After I read back, he decided to hire me anyway. He was the kindest man but he could make money out of anything. He would finance cars as well as this other thing. He also raised large strawberries. His daughter married Gifford, who was then the vice-president of the American Telephone Company. He was a very interesting man. He had made a fortune in mining. When he lost his fortune, he lost his health.

"When the parts business went bad - so many people got into it - he started the finance business. When I left, I trained another Jewish girl and was he pleased! He was an Italian and claimed his name - Nowera- was the only one in the U.S."

There was no area in which he couldn't operate.

The Sussman Violin School

I was running a music school in Lowell.

I had up to 125 pupils but I didn't make any money. I had some students in Lowell, some in Lynn, my folks had moved to Gloucester, so I picked up some there. I had one boy there, if I'd kept him five or ten years, I'd make a genius out of him. I had a recital in Lowell with over 40 pupils and this youngster did a solo for us. He brought down the house - one brick at a time. His name was Woochik.

"We worked very hard training them. It was 1-2-3, 1-2-3 - oh boy! Pat (my sister) and I used to do the accompanying."

I also taught music in Pepperell. There I had a very good set-up. I had a studio in the middle of the town and the school department gave permission for the high school and elementary school pupils to leave school to come to my studio for lessons. I had two orchestras, one in high school and one in grammar school. I was called Professor Sussman by the local papers. Lil should have been my financial agent. She worked in Lowell as a bookkeeper and then as a buyer in a shoe factory. When an opportunity came to open a restaurant in the shoe factory, I gave up the music school.

The Shoe Business

We built a lunch counter in a cubby hole in one room of the shoe factory, put in machinery and we had a restaurant, serving lunches and coffee. It did pretty well but came to a fast halt when they went out on strike. One minute everyone was my friend, then I was the worst S.O.B. in the world. When the strike was settled, they came back and in a week or two everything was forgotten. That went on until 1934.

In 1934 I had the opportunity to come to Augusta.

"The interesting thing about a strike is you had an experience you never want to repeat. You don't want to remember how friends turned on you the way they did. Suddenly the enormous silence in the enormous place. Originally, I was the bookkeeper. We

got along very well, but the boss's sister who had gone through the crash of '29 with her husband, decided she'd come back to work. I thought there'd be no room for me so I decided to look elsewhere. The boss said, 'I want you to stay!' I told him, 'I don't want you to create a job for me.' I decided to talk to the accountant. He said I should be a buyer. They needed someone to watch costs. He said I wouldn't like the job because I'll be called all sorts of names if I didn't place orders and show favoritism. Usually a woman doesn't do this job, especially one who wouldn't be swayed by gifts. He felt I'd be worth much more in that capacity than in any other.

"I bought everything except the leather that goes into shoes. Findings are linings, shoe laces, buckles, bows, eyelets, tacks, counters, etc. We had to figure out

everything we would require and place our order. We were not supposed to have too heavy an inventory at the end of the season so that too much money wouldn't be tied up.

" Then the styles could change so you wouldn't have use for that. We would go to the extreme to make sure we were getting what we were paying for."

Romance and Reality

Suss and Lil enjoyed telling the story of their courtship and marriage even sixty years later. While they were driving to Boston one day, Lil filed her nails starting with her ring finger. When Suss asked why she started with that finger Lil said she might have use for it someday. They laughed as each accused the other of suggesting they marry that day. Lil did not feel like a wedding should take place on a rainy, slush-filled gray day. Suss said he had no business getting married when he had no job, no money and only a violin to his name, but they found an Orthodox rabbi and were married anyway.

It was such a strange, cheerless wedding that Lil didn't want to tell anyone about it and they parted without even mentioning when they would meet again. Suss

went back to Waterville to play in an orchestra. They wrote to each other and visited but did not announce the marriage until December of 1921, when he had been teaching in Waterville High School for three months. Then they went on their honeymoon and actually consummated their marriage. Lil's parents were shocked. They expected her to have a large wedding. Fortunately both families sent gifts as if there had been a festive occasion so that Lil and Suss could start their life together in a well furnished apartment. They never owned a home.

"My father didn't ask how much money he had and his father didn't ask how much of a dowry I had either."

Her father knew what I didn't have. I had a soft spot in their hearts - though I didn't earn it - and I'd been coming there for

years. They sort of expected it anyway. And my folks grabbed her with open arms.

United Shoe Machinery Company

I worked for the United Shoe Machinery Company in 1919. I had a degree but it wasn't worth very much. I wasn't either, but I did have my B.S. degree.

When I saw the "ad" in the paper I applied and hit it lucky. The assistant manager in Lynn had come from Richmond, Maine. So when I said Maine it was the word that got me the job ahead of all the applicants they had. They sold or rented machinery and findings to all the shoe factories. They did all the repairing for all the factories in Massachusetts. I was the last one hired in that office before the shoe business went completely berserk. I was the 57th one let go. My job was assistant sales manager on findings in those days. I'd been around shoe factories all my life. My dad was a laster.

He worked in shoe factories and I visited the shoe factories. I could get by the doorman very easily - after a while they knew me.

"You bought everything from the United Shoe Machinery because they had a monopoly and also you paid a royalty for each machine you used so that you paid royalties as well as the bills that went with it."

United Shoe is still in business but they are not doing what they used to. The government put a kibosh on their royalties.

But that wasn't the whole story. When they started using cement instead of stitching for the sole, it was different altogether. No leather is used. They were using vinyl for uppers too. Then canvas.

"United Shoe was a tremendous outfit. We were not importing shoes to the degree that we are today."

Lynn was the largest manufacturing city of ladies shoes in the world in those days. Brockton (Massachusetts) was the largest city for men's shoes at that time. The industry moved to New Hampshire and Maine, because of labor problems.

I had an offer of a job from Joe Barney, an orchestra leader in Waterville. I had been working spasmodically. He had a pretty good orchestra. I had played with members of his orchestra before for several years from 1914 to 1919. In 1918 I had played with Tinker. I started Welsh (another orchestra leader) in business.

My wife accompanied me and a senior in high school, Bella, played in the Sussman Violin School in Lowell, Massachusetts.

It's a good world! I joined B'nai B'rith in 1926 in Lowell. In the thirteen

years before we came to Augusta there was a lot of moving.

I had a 26 piece orchestra, and out of a school of 125, twenty were my own violin pupils. The kids did very well. They took second place in a New England competition. They were beaten out by Coburn Musical Institute of Waterville. The Coburn kids beat us out - not on music, but on instrumentation. They had a beautiful group of about 15 boys and girls who played a variety of instruments. They had everything from the bass to the treble and I had twenty violins. I had one saxophone, one drummer, one trombone player and an alto. My kids did a great job. I still remember, we did "Poet and Peasant Overture" I taught three or four more years. When my car would break down, the father of one of my pupils used to ferry me down from

pepperell to Lowell, Then I'd go back the next day and pick up my car.

My brother-in-law, Max Kates, (Lil's sister's husband) was a kingpin in the magazine and newspaper business in Lowell.

After the music business went sour I went to work for one of the publishers. I was selling Liberty magazine with boys. Then I went to work for Popular Publications selling Delineator and two books. That was a tough job because Delineator wasn't that popular with the ladies.

I had to buy a car for that job. The car cost me \$25.00, a 1923 Ford. One day I was going to service one morning and a tree wouldn't get out of my way. I was wearing a straw hat. It blew off in the wind. I was looking at my hat, not at the tree. I went directly into that tree. The tree was as big

as the chimney here. I broke the steering wheel with my chin. It cost me \$25.00 to have the car fixed and I still sold it for \$25.00.

"We bought it for cash! We paid cash for our car!

"It wouldn't go up the hill forward. We'd go up the hill in reverse either winter or summer. Another thing I liked about the car. I could hear its 'chug, chug' a street away, so that I knew when to put the steak in."

One day my boss wanted to go on my route to find out how I was doing and what I was doing. I gave him a ride that day! When we got back to the office he got out of the car, walked all the way around to my side and said, "Thanks for bringing me back alive."

The Augusta News Company

My brother-in-law got me the agency for the Post and the Globe, the two big Boston papers. The Globe is still in existence - the Post is gone. The papers were selling for two cents a piece in those days. The agent in Augusta had forgotten to pay his bills so that the Post and Globe were more than a little bit irked at him. On the last day of July 1934 I came to Augusta to take over the agency on the first day of August.

"You had to pay the debt of the owner and the franchise."

You couldn't make a living on the two papers either. I got a room in the Lawrence House (that is still in existence) and stayed there until Lil moved into town in November. By that time we got the Herald and the Advertiser. They were the aristocrats of the

papers. The Boston Herald in those days had a reputation for good English. It deteriorated rapidly especially after the Hearst people took over. It compared with the Boston Transcript that was strictly Republican in those days. They were good papers and they sold well. The prices were not too good. After the first of the year we picked up some magazines for distribution. The first one was the Popular Publications. The man I worked for in Lowell was gone but we had a little bit of drag through my brother-in-law. Meanwhile he had bought the agency in Worcester, Massachusetts.

When I was selling Delineators with the boys, I was selling in Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and Nashua, New Hampshire. I was doing a lot of travelling. The roads in the winter were slippery. One winter I was off



Maxine Peddle and Olena Cross presenting the Humanitarian Medal to Suss.



Anne Elder Berry with Suss when she was President of the Maine Federation of Music Clubs.



Le Club Calumet honored Suss in 1976.



Lill and Suss in the home of ██████████ Governor Burton Cross when Suss was awarded the Humanitarian Medal by the Daughters of the American Revolution, September 12, 1978.

the road four times. I slid right off and hit a tree and bounced right back on the road again. I had some experiences.

McFadden came over in the middle of winter on account of Boys Sales. It almost cost us our car and our lives too. On the worst night of the winter I had a call from Portland - "A man from McFadden wants to see you. If you want to see him you better come down. He's not leaving his hotel in this weather."

We drove down - I was driving and we got off the road once - shoveled our way back on. But when we got on the bridge between Topsham and Brunswick - we slid completely across the bridge. If there weren't a good strong fence (rail) there we'd have gone right into the river. That saved us. The rest was easy. We came back happy. We had such a nice

interview! It was 35 below zero and we were frozen stiff, but happy.

The Dions - part of the Slosberg family in Gardiner came with us. He had a store in Augusta. The first day I was in town I went looking for Jews. I met Joe Dion - he was the first one I met and then I learned about more. I knew some people here because when I was at Colby I played (violin) here. I knew the Slosberg girls, Fanny and Mary, and we met the Gersteins and the Millers who had a candy store. All these people have died off!

In ten years we paid off everybody.

The first year we stayed in our cubby hole on Willow Street. There was a combination garage-stable next door. You could hire either a horse or an automobile. They were nice people. -we could always get along with people.

Then we moved to the top of the hill across from the high school. There was no rotary then. We rented a store - a bare store - we put in carpeting and shelves.

When I wanted to borrow money at the bank - Walter Sanborn was president then - he was our lawyer and his son was our lawyer until he retired this past year.

After a year or two we rented the second floor of the Depot News store. We had the back rooms facing the depot yard. It was ideal for us because we had a platform along side of the train. All our papers came in by train. All of our magazines came in by railway express - the trucks weren't doing any kind of business then. When the train came in my boys would roll the railroad car up to the train, unload on our platform and bring the car back to the depot. On a Sunday morning we had

quite a crew. We used to receive all our papers in sections. We had to put them together. We picked up the New York Times about 1948-49 and the Herald Tribune. Later we picked up the Philadelphia Inquirer. And when the rag sheets came out we put out a bunch of these too. We had good times - we picked up new territory at the same time. The newstands that handled the Boston papers wanted to expand - so we took over Hallowell, Gardiner, Randolph, Manchester. The Lewiston man, Brickle, got Winthrop because he was stronger with the under-the-table money than we were. Besides Brickle's father was working for the Boston Advertiser anyway. We didn't stand a chance there. Later we got some of that business too.

"One reason was that they didn't have to bill eight different people - they billed

one and didn't have to send collectors to get paid. We absorbed the smaller dealers by taking over their obligations. The New York papers also consolidated their billing and took away the dealerships. There was a lot of double-crossing. The road man of the Times was a friend of the Brickles. That was a political maneuver all the way through."

We worked at it. Eventually we spread magazines so that we went into Waterville. We picked up the Times and the Tribune and in the summer-time we spread to Oakland and to Belgrade and all around. We still couldn't touch Winthrop but sometimes we sneaked the two papers in there too. New outlets we could get. Brickle made only one stop in Winthrop, but we had no aversion to making a dozen stops along the route.

We were struggling along until about 1940. Things were getting hazy in Europe. W.W. II was coming on. When W.W. II came on, we made hay. Paper was very scarce. Magazines were rationed; you couldn't get all you wanted. They went on a "no return" basis too. The beauty of it was everything, newspapers and magazines were returnable, but when things got tight we sold out everything. We didn't have any returns. That was profitable.⁶

"There were a great many difficulties. We came up here under very heavy debt. We had to maintain a certain dignity. We had a brand new Plymouth car on which we hadn't even made a down payment. That was all provided by the family and we had to live in the manner to which we were accustomed in order to make an impression. You were building a business and

this couldn't be comprehended by anyone in this era really. Papers were selling for two cents a piece up here. You paid \$1.25 per hundred, you delivered them to the stores and you charged \$1.60 - you made 35 cents a hundred. Now I wasn't accustomed to dealing in pennies; I was working for the shoe company dealing in millions. For 35 cents a hundred, you took the paper back (unsold copies), you sorted it, cut the headings and returned them to Boston for 35 cents a hundred. It took you a long time to make a living. We still maintained our standard; we still enjoyed our concerts. Debts were building up and building up.

"I was working in Hallowell for a shoe factory - the same one I worked for in Lowell, came up here in October when I moved here. From August 1 until October we used to meet in

Old Orchard Beach during the weekends, but when the weather got colder and we couldn't rely on transportation by relatives or friends from the beach I came to Augusta to stay. By that time we had three or four papers. I can't recall, so we thought that would give us a basis. By November 11, the packers and movers brought everything up. The people were oh so friendly. They were choice. They helped us unpack and set everything up. They're still loyal friends. The kids who helped us were newsboys. They'd come in Sunday and help, then come up to the house. They really were fine all the way through."

Sidney John

"I worked in the shoe factory in Hallowell over a year. Sidney John was born December 7, 1935. We'd been married 15 years by that time.

"I didn't feel we could afford a child until then. We weren't stabilized - nothing was certain. We had debts - we had borrowed on every insurance policy. It was pride to a large degree. We just couldn't see it any other way."

Then my wife decided to have a baby anyway.

"I had a wonderful doctor. He was wonderful to me. There was no indication of anything wrong. They didn't know about Downs Syndrome ⁷ in those days and for many years after he was born. Nobody knew. No pediatrician here in town. We tried

everything. I felt like a pharmacist mixing all the formulas given me by osteopaths and anyone who had any awareness of this thing would tell me something and I was ready to try it regardless. It didn't work out."

It just lacked a faith doctor.

"This wasn't recognized until the child was a year old. Not locally even though we had gone to everyone from here to Waterville. There was a Dr. Bowen, a German doctor, but he didn't do much. There was a Dr. Priest and then Dr. Shelton, the doctor across the street, a general practitioner was the most understanding of all. He wouldn't have time for some of his patients but if I called him for Sidney John he was right there."

We went from pillar to post.

"I had him at Physicians and Surgeons in New York, I had him at the Osteopathic in

Philadelphia and the Children's Hospital in Boston. I had a dear friend, Dr. Karelwitz on Park Ave. in New York, a pediatrician. I wrote to Harvey Cushing and Dr. Benda at Yale. I would give an oral diagnosis and ask if I could bring the child in. It was the same way at the Fernald School near Boston. Wherever I heard of anything, I took the child. He stayed with us until he was six years old. Pearl Harbor Day was his birthday. When that happened I knew I had to do something."

The First Heart Attack

In 1939 I had my first heart attack. We were tobogganing, having a good time. I had some cuts across my chest, I did everything wrong that night. I should have died that night, but I didn't. I had pain on the hill. They got me down to the house. I was rolling around on the floor for half an hour. Then I fell asleep for half an hour, I did everything that should have killed me. We had had a good feed before we went. Everything was cockeyed. There was no telephone. The next day I went to see Dr. Shelton, right across the street from the office. He checked me over and said, "It's probably a heart-burn, acute indigestion." He didn't know what it was. Everything showed up fine then. He didn't take a cardiogram. That

was unknown then. So I went on for 15 months. A little pain here and there. I kept on.

"He treated him for 15 months for indigestion. The difficulty there was if you had an appointment for 3 p.m. you might see him at 4 p.m. or 4:30. By that time you were completely relaxed. That made a difference. This was what we attributed his diagnosis to more than anything else."

Anyway May 30, 1940, we had a visitor from one of the magazine companies, Kramer. We went out to the lake and enjoyed ourselves. I wasn't feeling too well that day, after he went back to the hotel and we came home - that night - my wife decided she was going to a movie in Winthrop. She was going with her sister-in-law, Evelyn Kaplan. I was sitting on the divan, we were living behind the State House at that time, my chest felt like a

tourniquet was in there, it kept binding and binding and getting worse and worse. At the height of the attack my wife walks in. She happened to decide half-way to Winthrop she was coming back home., E.S.P. was going. She came in - our own doctor was out - she couldn't get hold of him. She called the operator and said, "Get me any doctor. This is an emergency." Finally a doctor knocked on the door. That was Dr. Metzger. He was a very fine young man. He took one look at me, took off his coat and went into the kitchen so he could fix up a needle so he could give me a jab. And he did, The adrenalin started working a little bit. Pain went away and I felt better. He stayed with me for about an hour. Before he left the house he said, "Stay here for a while, walk up the stairs very very slowly. You had to go upstairs to the

bathroom. He knew that my own doctor would be on the job in the morning. An hour later he called up to see how I was feeling. He was marvelous.

The next morning my wife got me into the car. She got hold of our own doctor. He told her, "If you're eligible you better go over to Togus (U.S. Veterans Hospital) and check in over there. I was a veteran. She drove over to Togus. I'm not going to say one word about her driving that day. I wasn't in condition to judge whether it was good or not. Maybe I said things that day I shouldn't have said, too. I'm forgetting that too. She expected me to go back with her but the doctor informed her I was going to stay. I stayed at Togus and she was thrown into the business.

"It was a Saturday morning and I had to go to the office to set up Sunday's schedule.

"I had pretty good help then. I had taught some of them how to do exercises with Sidney John and you had to sing to him in order to get food into him."

At that time he was five going on six. He didn't walk until he was 3 1/2 years old. And he didn't talk until sometime after that.

I stayed at Togus 14 weeks. Lil was running back and forth. That was in October 1940. When I came home, it was decided I was to go to Florida for the winter. The doctor said I needed three years and then I'd be as good as new. He was probably kidding me along or kidding her along, anyway I did go to Florida in January. She went to live with some close friends of ours not too far from where we lived.

"That's why it took over 10 years to get out of debt. It was a very difficult

thing. Prior to his heart attack, he was on the bed one day and he told me, "What do you think about my taking out more insurance?' I said, "Suss, we can hardly meet our premiums now!. If you show me how and where we can take care of it I'll be glad to do it.' We never did it and after that we were not eligible."

I wasn't eligible. We took out insurance for you.

"The day he entered the hospital, Dr. Walsh didn't tell me how long he'd have to stay except that he'd have to remain now. I was assuming it would take only six weeks as it ordinarily did in those days - even sooner and the doctor would tell you - you can play golf, you can run, do this and that."

This doctor was not a golfer so his patients didn't play golf.

Sidney John Goes to School

After the first year when I came back from Florida, we decided to put Sidney John in some school. We checked out several schools, but decided on Bancroft School (in New Jersey). We made an agreement between ourselves - Lil would go down one month and I would go down to see him the next month. Bancroft had a school at that time in Owl's Head (Maine) in the summer. The first year they came up in a special train. It was quite a school. It was expensive. It started at \$1500.00 a year beside all the extras. Even if they bought a crib sheet for him, which he did not need, you paid for it. If he belonged to the Boy Scouts and they bought a tie, you paid for it. Medicines were added in, laundry was added in, cleaning was added and I must say he had the best. What was lacking was due

to the war years. The speech therapist left for the service and the psychologists the same way. The nursing staff was reduced. All these things had to be taken into consideration and you had to go along with them.

"You never knew what your reaction would be. If you came there and Sidney John cried when you left, you asked yourself, 'What kind of a mother are you?' If you came there, and your child didn't cry, 'What kind of mother are you - you're not needed. Someone else is supplanting you.' What is this thing? It was a constant turmoil that you could never solve within yourself. He was at Bancroft 16 years and the tuition kept going up and up while the service kept going down and down. We promoted several ideas which they did not accept at the time. We thought there should be a group

insurance policy among the parents (to be paid for by the parents) to provide a sense of security in the event of the parents passing on. We didn't have very much success for that. We suggested that students from nearby Rutgers University come in to do some training so that they could have a good force in the various types of field work. We didn't care what religious training he had because he couldn't be aware of being Jewish or otherwise. Whoever his nurse was, she could take him to services - we were grateful that he could have the word of God. That also went on even after he came to Pineland until he realized he was a little Jewish boy. This came about when he was in his early twenties when Rabbi David Berend (of Lewiston) used to come to Pineland to take care of the Jewish kids.

"Suss couldn't see him making the change at all. He didn't want him to come to Pineland - it was a state institution. He would pay the maximum but he just wouldn't approve until a man gave him a rude awakening as to his own resources - physically, mentally and otherwise."

Dr. Sleeper was the Superintendent of the State Hospital (Augusta) and I had been playing over there (I've played over there over 40 years and in fact I'm going there to play tomorrow). When I first went there, I asked him what he wanted me to do. He said, "I don't care what you do. Just get a reaction. Get them laughing, get them angry - even mad at you. As long as you get a reaction you're doing a good job." So I go over there - just a fiddle - no pianist, a nurse comes along, unlocks the door, pushes me

in and locks the door and I'm on my own with 40, 50 or 60 women. Very seldom men. I generally get my back up to the wall somewhere so that nobody can get behind me. You never can tell what they might do. One day I was playing along and I felt something around my back. I finished my number and looked back. There was a little old lady looking for a little loving, that's all, with her arm around my back. And one other woman, a young good-looking woman said, "Why don't you come back and sleep with me tonight?" It actually happened, I said "Sure, I'll be back."

I talked to Dr. Sleeper many times. My doctor, Dr. Kagan, was a good friend of his.⁸ He used to go over to have dinner with him and his wife once a week or oftener. He told him about us. Dr. Sleeper took hold of me one day and asked, "Why don't you put your youngster

down at Pineland? At least I can help you now. By the way, how old are you?" I was 63 at the time. He says, "Under normal conditions, you have seven years to go. At three score and ten you're supposed to die so what's going to happen then? If you want to transfer, I can help you now." So we talked it over and I was finally convinced that that might be the solution. Sidney John didn't like the idea at all. He was very happy at Bancroft, especially with the summer place at Owl's Head. He was always home for several weeks every summer. When he was at Owl's Head we could go down at least once a week-sometimes oftener. He had plenty of visitors and it worked out very well.

After three months at Pineland, he was allowed to come home for a visit. He was home