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THE
Babson Family
STORY

THE BABSON FAMILY STORY



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FOREWARD

In 2013, Babson Farms experienced its third leadership transition in 108 years, moving smoothly to the fourth generation of the family of Henry Babson. The ease of the transition belies its great significance. For the Babsons, not only has the proverb “Shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations” proved wrong, but the performance of Babson Farms greatly defies the odds. Currently only 3 percent of all family businesses operate into the fourth generation or beyond. The family decided it seemed a good time to capsule the company’s story, and this became my task.

Certainly the story of Babson Farms (originally Babson Bros. Co.) is also a family story. Their courses are inseparable. So the essence of why this company succeeded is intertwined with who these people are.

“We are just a strange group of individuals who happen to be a family,” said Nancy Tieken. But my research shows they are not so much strange as strong, and of very different interests and passions, but fiercely loyal to one another.

Although the Babsons were extraordinary people, their stories are not easy to find via the Internet. They were stoic individuals who religiously did not toot their own horns. Nor were they openly demonstrative. And while Henry Babson cared deeply about excellent design, critical thinking, and vigorous curiosity, he had a minimum of formal education and no concern for public applause.

Fortunately, the family had a gifted narrator in Nancy Tieken. As the oldest grandchild of Henry and Laura Babson, she knew her grandparents well—even lived with them during World War II. **Nancy was the bridge from that time to the fifth generation of Henry’s family.** As a gift for her sister on Libby’s fifty-ninth birthday, Nancy wrote her favorite childhood remembrances in a book called *The Way I Remember It* (see Appendix). These stories are told through the eyes of an adoring child more than fifty years after they occurred. Given this passage of time, not all of her facts jibe with historical record, but the visual images, the interests of the Babsons, and the glimpses of affection are vivid and a family treasure. Nancy lived her entire life in the art world. She was observant and articulate, and remembered details such as what she wore to dinner with her grandparents on their ship, the *Maaroufa*, and the menu in the dining room on their vacations in Charlevoix.

In addition to hearing Nancy’s stories, I had the privilege of interviewing Nancy, Libby Kirkpatrick, Zeff Wheelock, and brothers Dave, Taylor, and Tim Kirkpatrick. As the project began, and before I could interview him, Teddy Tieken passed away. So his first-person account in the Babson Family story is sadly missing, but there are many, many “Teddy stories,” and other family members have tried to fill in. The appendix includes original documents such as excerpts from Nancy’s two books of essays, an essay by Teddy, an excerpt from Betty’s account of an archaeological dig, memorial tributes, newspaper articles, and a poem to Libby on her fifty-ninth birthday.

The CD in the back of this book contains additional stories that are not to be missed. The selections are brief, but convey both the family members’ voices and a sense of their passions.

Qualities in these family members emerged that have given strength and resilience to the family company. They are sense, style, and service to others. The story is organized around these characteristics rather than chronologically, with a family tree to help place who each person is and where he or she “fits.”

The Babson sense that identified innovations and knew what to preserve created a company that endures, employing new technologies even as Henry Babson did with the phonograph.

The Babson style endures—in boat designs replicated, art museum collections enriched, and homes that are still places of family reunions and peaceful retreat.

The Babson commitment to service to others significantly impacts institutions in Chicago, Denver, Atlanta, Steamboat Springs, and Boston.

In the preface to her stories, “The Way I Remember It,” Nancy wrote, “I feel very lucky to live in the middle of five generations of such an enterprising, independent-minded family who truly cared, and continue to care, about each other.” It is a rich family legacy. The record here tells the story in ways that the family—not to toot their own horns—would not tell it themselves.

Mary Beth Lagerborg
Personal Historian

PREFACE

This book is about the legacy of Babson Farms, Inc.—a company my grandfather, Henry Babson, and his brothers founded in Chicago—and its value to the four generations of men who ran it, and their families. It is told through the eyes of Grandfather’s grandchildren and great-grandchildren, their reminiscences about the Babsons and their heirs, to remind us and future generations of the many people who cared about Grandfather’s gift to us all.

Grandfather and his brothers established Babson Bros. Co. in the 1930s in Chicago to manufacture Surge Dairy farm equipment and to purchase attractive farm properties. Subsequently the company was split and our branch of the family acquired the farmland. This is the story of the men who ran the company: Grandfather; my father, Ted Ticken; my brother, Ted Jr.; and my sister Libby’s son, Taylor Kirkpatrick, now the president of Babson Farms. It is also the stories of their families, who they are, and what the legacy means to them. My sister, Libby Kirkpatrick; her sons, David, Taylor, and Tim; and my son Zeff Wheelock have gone in many different directions, yet we share an abiding interest in ensuring that Grandfather’s intentions be honored, and we hope that future generations will understand the importance of the farm company in their lives. Babson Farms, Inc., will be their legacy too.

As the oldest grandchild, I remember Grandfather and Grandmother more vividly because Mother and I lived with them during World War II when Daddy was in the Pacific (Teddy was born before Daddy got home and Libby soon afterward). I continued to spend many weekends with them. Over several summers, we sailed to Mackinac Island and on through southern Canada on Grandfather’s 77-foot ketch, the *Maaroufa*, and Grandfather taught me to ride at his Arab Horse Farm. Thus, it fell to me to write these paragraphs.

Our thanks to Mary Beth Lagerborg, who patiently talked with us all and compiled the stories. She now understands who we are; our memories of my grandparents, my parents, and my brother; and how much Babson Farms has meant and will continue to mean to us all.

Nancy Ticken



THE BABSON SENSE: ANTICIPATING GREAT INNOVATIONS

HENRY BABSON AND THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

At the close of the nineteenth century America was changing, racing toward a new era of mass-manufactured consumer goods, purchased from a rising living standard and transported on the rails. As they began purchasing items like soap and clothing that they used to produce at home, many Americans enjoyed a rising standard of living and gained some leisure time.

In 1893, Chicago hosted the Columbian Exposition in celebration of the 400th anniversary of Christopher Columbus's discovery of the New World, better known as the Chicago World's Fair. The city had risen from the ashes of the Great Chicago Fire of 1871, and wanted to claim its place as a first-level American city and the Metropolis of the West. A showcase for the latest inventions, the Fair was attended by an estimated one in four Americans. In addition to the American states, forty-six nations exhibited their latest and finest at the fair.

Henry Blake Babson was the oldest of five boys whose father, Gustavus Babson Jr., worked as a farm implements dealer in Seward, Nebraska. Henry's father grew up in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the Atlantic coast, and left school at fifteen to work as an errand boy with hopes of learning the business and working with a jeweler in Boston. But he contracted rheumatic fever and had difficulty being confined to indoor work. He learned a machinist trade, conducted an ice business for a season, then sought new horizons. He organized a pioneer party and started west in 1872.

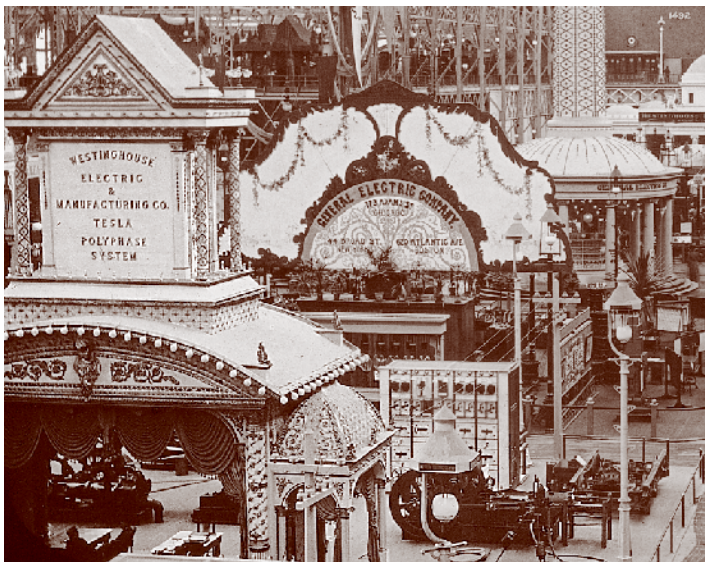
Gustavus purchased 640 acres near DeWitt, Nebraska, on the installment plan, returned to Gloucester and married Ellen Kemp on March 13, 1873. Gustavus took his bride to begin their married life on the farm in Nebraska, just in time for the grasshopper plague of 1874. With their whole crop lost, Gustavus sold his land to Russian immigrants and, drawing upon his training as a machinist, went into the farm implement business. According to genealogical records, "he was very progressive in his ideas and very public spirited, often investing money in untried enterprises if he thought it would be for the good of the city. He was especially interested in the public schools and music, and was a promoter in the broadest sense of the word." Their first child, a daughter, was born in 1874, but only lived a few months. Henry was born in 1875.

In addition to school, Henry spent his days fixing farm machinery, working in the general store, milking cows, and performing household chores. His mother died when Henry was twelve, leaving Gustavus with five sons. The father divided all the household chores among the boys, and was reportedly "a

demanding taskmaster.” But in the summers Henry took the train to visit his relatives in Gloucester, Massachusetts, where he loved to sail. The story goes that while visiting two aunts in Massachusetts, Henry was asked to bring in some stove wood. The boy disappeared, to the aunts’ dismay, for several hours. But he returned with a week’s supply of stove wood, chopped and split. Henry was less interested in doing what others expected of him than what in he expected of himself.

At seventeen years old, Henry left high school and his home in Seward, Nebraska, to attend the Chicago World’s Fair. It was perhaps the greatest adventure, and certainly the turning point, of his life.

A fellow native of Seward County, Leon Douglass, a talented inventor who worked for the North American Phonograph Company, distributor for Thomas Edison’s new phonograph, had invented a coin-slot attachment, creating the immediate predecessor to the jukebox. Douglass invited Henry to help him sell the nickelodeons at the Fair.



Tesla polyphase exhibit at the 1893 World's Fair

Thomas Edison was a major figure at the Fair, which was aglow in electric lights. In the course of his job, Henry met Edison, who quickly noted and commented on Henry’s great interest in the phonograph. Edison is quoted as having said at one time, “It is an easy matter to get some men to . . . produce goods, but it requires a considerably higher type of man to successfully sell the goods.” He saw such a man in Henry Babson.

“Well, if you’re that interested in it, would you like to sell them?” Edison asked Henry, according to Henry’s granddaughter, Nancy Tieken.

“Yes,” Henry said.

“The first shipment will go to China,” Edison advised.

“That’s fine.” And Henry went.

Other spectacles at the Fair left imprints far into Henry’s adult life. The architecture was stunning, mostly designed in classical style. The white stucco buildings around the Court of Honor, illuminated by street-lights at night, were called the White City. A notable exception to the architectural design was a polychrome proto-modern transportation building designed by architect Louis Sullivan, who sought to develop an organic American form. In fifteen years, Sullivan would design the residence of Henry Babson.

Forty-five exquisite Arabian horses were exhibited by the government of Turkey, and they caught Henry’s eye. He had encountered these horses before while working on a long cattle drive near his home. Each cowboy had brought eight horses on the drive, except for one man who brought only four part-bred Arabians. These outperformed all the other horses. In fact, they had seemed in better shape when they returned from the cattle drive than when they started. Henry was so captivated by them that he resolved to someday own such horses for himself.

Henry secured the distributorship for Edison’s phonograph for the Chicago area, and census records for the following few years show Henry Babson at home in Chicago. A passport was issued to him in January 1903, with his occupation listed as merchant. He was then age twenty-seven, had brown hair and gray eyes, and stood five feet, seven inches tall. His residence was 107 Madison Street, Chicago.

Henry traveled to the Orient with a load of phonographs and recordings. Peddling from a rickshaw earned him the nickname the Yankee Peddler. Henry's grandson, Teddy Tieken, said that Henry recorded music in Chicago's Chinatown before he left, only to discover halfway around the world that he'd recorded the wrong dialect, and so no one understood the words. He sailed back, recorded in the proper dialect, and returned to China. He also peddled recordings of Italian opera stars. The shipment sold out.

Sales of phonographs boomed as improvements were made, competitors entered the market, and prices came down. At first, coin-operated nickelodeons were novelty entertainments in saloons, hotels, and train stations. But in the early years of the twentieth century, the phonograph brought concert-quality music into the homes of Americans. This was a revolutionary change in how Americans found entertainment.

At some point Henry also took on selling a competitor's phonograph, the Victrola, produced by the Victor Talking Machine Company. Victor's disc records were easier to store than Edison's cylinder records, and Victor first employed the strategy of recording and selling top artists of the day, including Enrico Caruso.

In the story related by Henry's granddaughter Nancy, Henry traveled to Italy to make records. Crouching in an upper loft at La Scala, he recorded Italian opera singers, including Enrico Caruso, on wax cylinders.

The story goes that Henry sold such an enormous quantity of Victor Talking Machines that the sales manager refused to pay him the full amount, because it would be too much. Henry asked to see the supervisor, who fired the sales manager on the spot, paid Henry in full, and invited him to be his personal assistant.

A glimpse into Henry's travels is seen in sets of shiny steel nails twisted into interlocking loops that he carried in his pockets. He liked to sit in his favorite green armchair in his library and quickly work the puzzles, undoing them and then neatly lining them up on his desktop. Henry told his granddaughter Nancy that years earlier he'd ridden the Trans-Siberian Railroad back from China, a trip of two weeks. All he'd brought, aside from his money belt, was a grip (what he called a suitcase) with a change of underwear and a supply of nail puzzles he'd bought in Switzerland. He was the only English-speaking person on the train, but made lots of friends by sharing his puzzles. A Mongolian had taught him string tricks in return.

Henry continued to refer to himself as a merchant throughout his career, a widely used term that meant a buyer and seller of commodities for profit—a trader.

His stories from China reveal an ingenious boy who grew up in a wide-open part of the country exploring with an active curiosity. He had made kites as a child: diamond-shaped ones, box kites, and kites with wings. In China he was enthralled with the practice of attaching pieces of broken glass to the kite strings to saw competitors' kite strings in two. He also learned in China that everyone used loose tea because the staples in tea bags ruined the taste.



Henry Babson

Nancy observed that while her grandfather was a very learned man and widely curious, his learning didn't seem to come from books, but from observation and logic. In his extensive library, the only book she saw him read was *Lloyd's Registry of Yachts*, with its color plates showing the pennants of every yacht club in the world and several registered private burgees, including his own.

MARRIAGE AND A HOUSE IN RIVERSIDE

Henry married Laura Margaret Davis, who was also from Seward, Nebraska, on August 1, 1907. He was thirty-one and she was twenty-three. Little is known about Laura's early life, or what early influences contributed to her extraordinary sense of style.

Henry employed Louis Sullivan, who was to become a mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright and inspiration for the Prairie school of architecture, to build a home for his family in Riverside, Illinois, nine miles west of Chicago, in 1908–09.

At the time Sullivan was considered avant-garde, but Henry believed in him. Instead of choosing a formal garden landscape design, Henry hired landscape architect Jens Jensen to bring a more natural look that capitalized on the large trees and vistas.

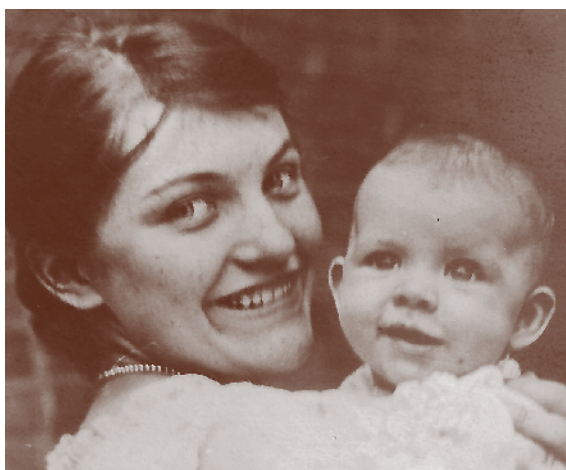
Two children were born to Henry and Laura Babson, Elizabeth (Betty) in 1916, and Henry Jr. (Billy) in 1917. In baby books for Betty and for Billy, Laura recorded the day they were brought home for the hospital—what they wore, how they slept in the car, who was at home to meet them. “It was the happiest day of my mother's life, I heard her say Laura wrote, and I guess my father felt the same way. He carried me in and we went right upstairs to my little room with all the new furniture and it was about three weeks before they ever let me go downstairs again.”

Billy, nearly two years later, was brought home on a snowy day at Christmas. “My family were all very, very happy,” Laura wrote, “so happy that they had tears in their eyes, at least my mother did. It was all so wonderful, being at home again with her boy and girl.”

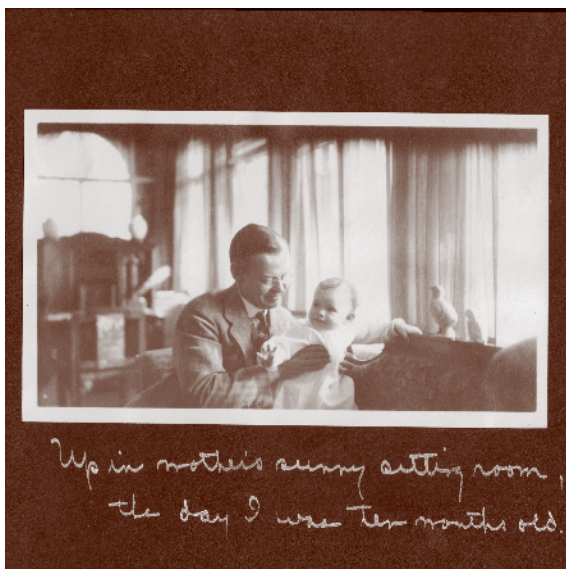


House at Riverside





Laura and Betty Babson



Henry and Betty in the sitting room

Those must have been golden years, living in the Riverside home, their family complete. In “The Story of My Life,” a story written by Betty Babson when she was twelve, she describes feeling big about starting kindergarten at four, followed by a disastrous stint in school in France the next year, during which “I did not learn one word of French.” With a successful first grade in the States under her belt, Betty and family returned to France for second grade—but not at a French school. Betty had her first donkey ride in France, and was overjoyed to find one in the stable at Riverside when they returned home. On a summer trip to California she learned to swim. “I was very happy because as I am so poor in athletics the slightest athletic accomplishment makes me feel that life’s worth living,” she wrote.

What Betty’s life story doesn’t tell is that the happiness of these years was shattered by the death of Billy from spinal meningitis in 1925, when he was seven. The family locked their grief away and moved out of the house at Riverside.

Years later, Betty’s daughter Nancy tried to sort out who Billy was—that boy with her mother in some of the family photographs. She asked her grandfather, who talked about it, and about the Riverside house, matter-of-factly. He showed her an album of photographs of the Riverside house. In the same album was a photo of a little girl with messy hair standing next to a boy dressed in a sailor suit. “Who is that?” Nancy asked.

“Betty and Billy,” her grandfather said.

She knew her mother was Betty, but who was Billy? “Have I met him?” Nancy asked.

Henry shook his head. “He died.”

When Nancy asked her grandmother about the framed photograph in her dressing room of this same girl and boy, her grandmother changed the subject. Nancy assumed she must have missed him very much.

When Nancy asked her mother, Betty, about growing up in the Riverside house, Betty became upset. She hated growing up there, she said, and didn’t want Nancy to mention it again.

But one day Nancy was with her mother when Betty received a telephone call from the Art Institute about the pendulum clock from the Riverside house. The following is Nancy’s Account.

“I hated that house,” Betty said fiercely. “I never want to be reminded about it again.”

“Why?” I spoke before I thought.

“Mother glared at me. ‘That’s the house where Billy died.’ Now she couldn’t stop herself.... ‘The house was too big and too dark. Billy and I had a whole wing to ourselves, and after he died I had to live there alone. Mother never left her room until Daddy took her away for a trip and left me with Martha



Laura, Betty, and Billy



Henry and Billy Babson



The Henry Babsons

[the cook]. I slept in her room until they got back, and then we moved to Chicago.”

In 1960, the year after Laura Babson died, Henry donated the Riverside house to the village of Riverside in Billy’s memory, for use as a community and recreation center. But it was considered too expensive to maintain, and was demolished to make way for a suburban housing development.

BETTY BABSON

Thus Betty Babson grew up without Billy Babson, an only child, who her daughters said, tried to be the son and the daughter. After leaving the Riverside home, the family eventually settled in an apartment on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago. Betty’s grandson Dave Kirkpatrick described her as a person who wasn’t particularly impressed by fame or other people’s perceptions of greatness. She grew up in a home frequented

by inventors, community leaders, and entertainers, and formed her own opinions of the makeup of a person. She made her own decisions, and wasn’t one to back down in a disagreement. “Her instincts were rock solid,” said Dave at her funeral in 2002. “She had a certain intuition and wisdom about right and wrong, and for these reasons many of us looked to her for advice. She didn’t care too much about what one pursued in life, so long as they were passionate about it.”

Betty married Theodore “Ted” David Tieken on December 3, 1936, in the Babsons’ Lake Shore Drive apartment. Ted’s father was a physician and his parents lived on the South Side in Hyde Park, an enclave of fine homes around the University of Chicago.



Betty Babson

Ted and his brother were quite the party hosts. He loved to play the piano and made Betty laugh. "He was a quiet force," said his daughter Libby. "He had a dry sense of humor, and he was very good at tennis and squash." This was in contrast to Betty's near-total lack of sports ability, except for horseback riding. He loved music and sailing and was actually more culturally sophisticated in his tastes than was Betty. Contributing to this was a year he spent working his way through Europe between graduating from high school and attending the University of Chicago.

Ted graduated from the Chicago School of Law and served as a brilliant attorney with Winston, Strawn and Shaw in Chicago, until he enlisted in the navy during World War II. Soon after Ted and Betty's first child, Nancy, was born in 1940, Ted left to serve with the intelligence division in the Pacific, attaining the rank of lieutenant commander.



Betty Babson wedding



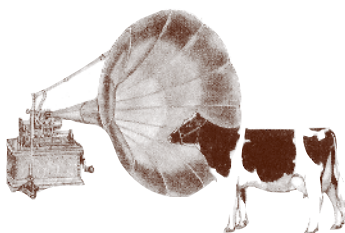
On the standard IQ test administered by the navy, Ted scored 99 out of 100. According to Nancy he missed the question “The moon is made of green cheese: true, false or improbable.” Ted answered “false”, the answer was “improbable.”

Nine months after Ted went off to war, his son Teddy was born, in 1944, and Ted didn’t return until Teddy was nearly two years old.

During Ted’s time overseas, Betty and her two young children lived with her parents, Henry and Laura, who moved to a larger apartment at 209 Lake Shore Drive to accommodate them. During these years, and afterward during Latin School when she would walk from school to her grandparents’ home, Nancy grew very close to her grandparents. She wrote poignantly and in rich detail this time in *The Way I Remember It*. (See Appendix.)

THE BIRTH OF A FAMILY BUSINESS

Henry’s brothers Fred and Gus came from Seward to join him in Chicago, and they formed the Babson Bros. Co. in 1906. They began selling and servicing phonograph equipment and records by mail, but quickly advanced into one of the first mail-order businesses in the nation, similar to Sears, Roebuck and Company. They sold several phonograph models—Victor, Zonaphone, Gramophone—very successfully.



FROM TALKING MACHINES TO MILKING MACHINES

As the business grew it diversified, selling items such as Babson records and Burlington timepieces (which were so reliable they were known as the “railroad watch”) and tailor-made clothing. They entered the dairy farm equipment market with the Melotte Cream Separator in 1913, first testing the equipment on the fine herd of Guernsey cows that Fred Babson owned at his Four Pine Farm near Hinsdale, Illinois.

The brothers took pride in the quality of products they distributed, and serviced all sales with the “Forever Guarantee Commitment.” They initiated the innovative concept of a free-trial purchase with a money-back guarantee.

Mr. Babson, as he was called by business associates and even his son-in-law, possessed, even more than indisputable good fortune, an innate sense for what would sell. He wasn’t himself an inventor, but became wealthy by selling innovative products. He predicted with amazing acumen what new designs or technologies would become successful, and none validated his judgment more accurately than the Surge Bucket Milker.

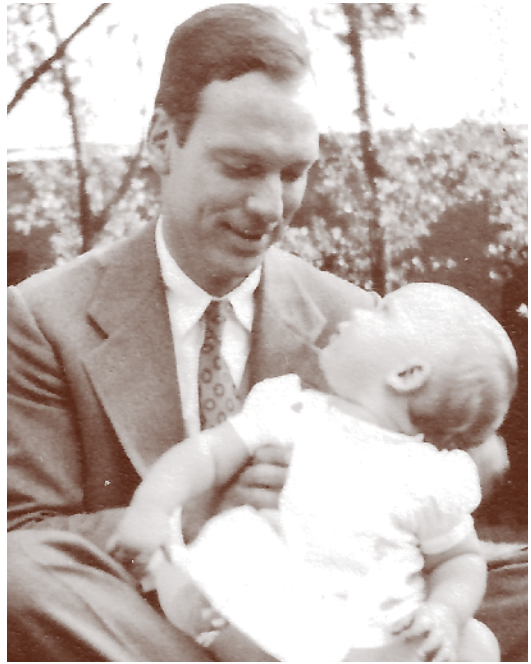
By the 1900s, dairy farmers were beginning to milk more cows in larger herds, and dreamed of a milking machine to streamline this twice-a-day, everyday chore. Mr. Babson understood this well, having milked cows on his parents’ farm as a boy. Many milking machines were being invented, but they faced the twin challenges of sterilization of the equipment and simulation of a calf’s drinking.

Then, in 1922, Herbert McCornack invented the Surge Bucket Milker. This revolutionary milker hung under the cow, suspended on a steel spring rod that was attached to a leather surcingle strap over the cow’s back. The natural surging action while milking created a movement similar to the tug and pull of a calf. Fred Babson tested a Surge prototype on his Guernsey dairy cows, and the results surpassed his expectations. In addition to effective milking, the Surge could be cleaned and sterilized easily, with no long milk tubing to keep sanitary.

Farmers had had trouble maintaining milking machines. But Babson Bros. pledged that those who bought a Surge Milker would have a dealer visit their farm at least once a year for parts and servicing.



Ted Ticken



Ted Ticken with Libby

The company slogan was “You’ll Never Get Gypped on Surge Service.” By 1930, Babson Bros. Co. maintained offices in ten cities in the US and Canada to support the growing dealer network.

In addition to dealer networks, Surge Milkers were supported with aggressive and creative advertising campaigns. According to Paul Hambly, in the 1940s Frank Hendron left the *Kansas City Star*, where he worked beside Walt Disney, to join the Babson Bros. marketing department. He drew “Johnny Surge” cartoons, electric fencer cartoons, put out a regular newsletter to customers, and produced many of the magazine ads.

The Surge line grew to include a variety of products associated with dairy farming and milking, and by the time the Surge Milker patent ran out in 1976, it held 76 percent of the US market share.

TEACHING GRANDCHILDREN TO LEARN

After World War II, the Babsons and Tickens lived in apartments close to one another in Chicago, the Babsons at 209 and the Tickens at 1500 Lake Shore Drive.

Every afternoon the Ticken children walked from elementary school at the Chicago Latin School to their grandparents’ home. Nancy remembers the great panoramic view of Lake Michigan from two large windows in the thirteenth-floor apartment, and the view of the Chicago skyline. Her grandfather kept binoculars on the windowsill, and loved to watch the boats sail by. Later in the afternoon Betty would come for a short visit and take the children home.

Nancy recalls that when her grandfather wasn’t napping they played gin rummy or a game of Battleship on graph paper. Grandfather always asked questions and posed problems, encouraging the children to figure out solutions for themselves. He taught them to shoot marbles, play tiddlywinks, and play backgammon (which led to his explanation of the odds of shaking double sixes). He asked both Nancy and Libby, as elementary school students, “Have they showed you how to derive a cube root?”

Libby, who was six years younger than Nancy, remembers that her Grandfather also gave her math and logic problems, expecting to learn critical thinking. “Grandfather was interested in just about anything,” Libby said. “And I think that would be the legacy he passed on to my mother. And my mother in

turn on to us. This incredible curiosity about life—not from formal institutional education, but rather because you just want to know how the world ticks.”

TED TIEKEN JOINS BABSON BROS. CO.

For Ted Tieken, the children’s father, life after the war did not play out as he’d expected. Others had moved up the ranks in the law firm while he was gone, and Ted found that advancement to partner in the firm was no longer available to him. Mr. Babson took the opportunity to ask Ted to join Babson Bros. Co. as general counsel. Mr. Babson had not conferred with Betty, who was livid, because the arrangement, although in some ways logical, was complicated.

Libby believes that life would have been different for her father if Billy had lived. “I think if he had had the right personality, he probably would have gone on to run Babson Bros.,” said Libby. “But since there wasn’t a man there, my father, who by trade was a brilliant lawyer, got arm-twisted by my grandfather into running the business—first, with Grandfather there, and then once Grandfather died, my dad did it alone. And in a way it’s a tragedy, because that wasn’t really where my father was suited.” She said the dynamics were difficult. In times of decision-making, her father would be caught needing to explain to his wife and to deal with his father-in-law.

Until he was eighty nine, Mr. Babson went to the office every morning, where he hung his hat on the toe of a Buddha he’d brought back from China, filled his pipe from a leather humidor, and ran Babson Bros. Co. He returned home by five, when Laura served tea.

Ted became the de facto head of Babson Farms, and served as chairman from 1964, when Mr. Babson left the office, until his retirement in 1984. After Ted retired, his son Teddy transitioned into the role of president.

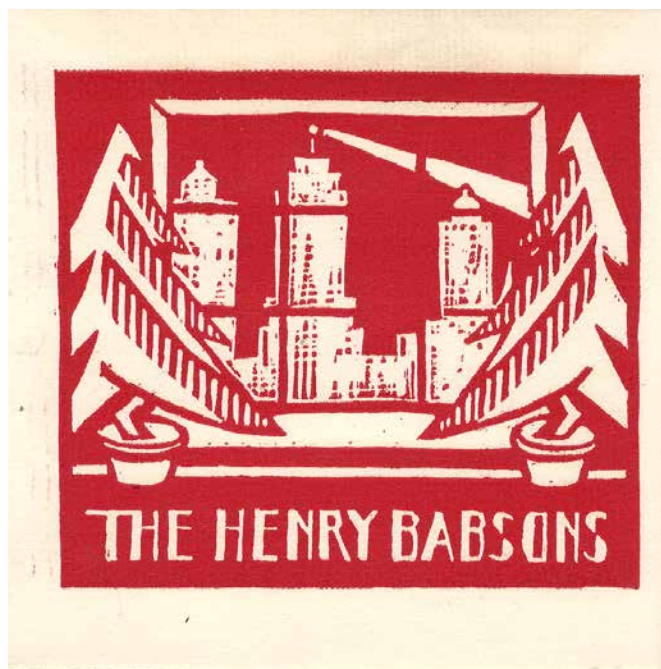
But in a less-than-perfect situation, Ted Tieken did a very good job of keeping the Babson Bros. Co. house in order. And when the business eventually divided, into Babson Bros. Co. with dairy equipment, and Babson Farms with farmland and crops, Ted’s legal knowledge was invaluable in the process.



Teddy, Nancy, and Libby Tieken



Laura and Nancy in a pony cart



Christmas card from Henry and Laura Babson



Betty Ticken



Ted and Betty Ticken



Henry Babson aboard his first boat, the *Maaroufa*

INNOVATIVE SAILBOAT DESIGN

Mr. Babson was familiar with Lake Michigan beyond the scope of his binoculars. Sailing had been his passion during his summers on the Eastern Shore. At age nineteen he sailed his first racing boat, the *Old Maid*, at Seaside Park, New Jersey, and suffered defeat only once in the two years he raced her.

In 1936, Mr. Babson commissioned Philip Rhoades, an innovative boat designer, to design a 68-foot yawl that Babson named *Maruffa* and raced on the Great Lakes until World War II. In 1946, Rhodes designed a 77-foot ketch called *Maaroufa*, which Mr. Babson sailed until he was eighty five years old. He sailed it on day cruises and on longer trips into northern Lake Michigan. The design was so popular that Mr. Babson allowed Rhodes to build three sister ships. Mr. Babson also imported the first Tumblaren International design from Sweden, and it eventually became the nucleus of the Tumblaren fleet at the Chicago Yacht Club.

The story was told by Teddy Tieken, Henry's grandson, that Mr. Babson, in search of a captain for his boat, invited two candidates to the Casino Club and ordered them each a drink. After the

first drink he said, "I think we should have another."

"I agree" said one captain.

"Let me buy that drink for you," said the other.



The *Maaroufa*

Mr. Babson chose the one who bought the drink for him, because he was looking for someone who would treat him as a peer, not as merely someone from whom to expect money.

HORSE SENSE: THE BABSON ARABIANS

Desert Arabian horses that have been bred by Bedouins for centuries not only are beautiful animals; they also have extraordinary endurance and keen intelligence. Relatively small in stature, they can gallop for hundreds of miles and subsist on small amounts of food and water. Starting with the cattle drive in his youth, and reinforced at the Chicago World's Fair, Mr. Babson had promised himself he would establish a stud and breed Arabians.

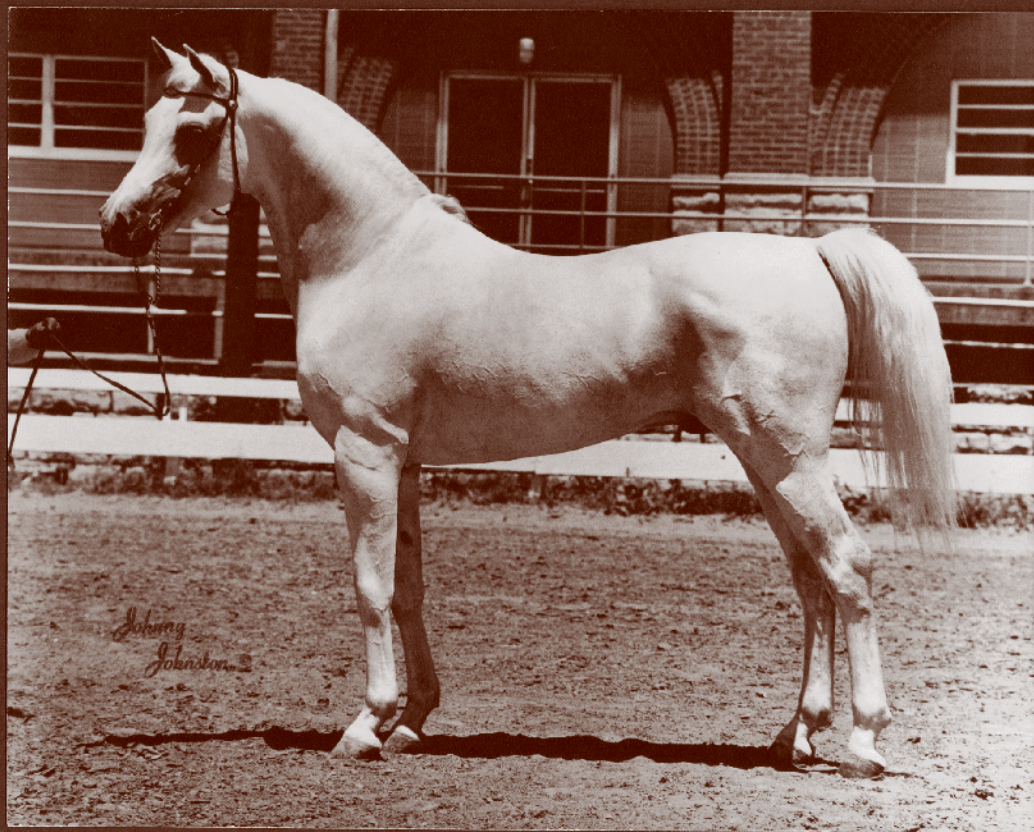
Mr. Babson lived to a robust ninety four years of age, so that his life was barely more than half over when he took on the grand project of breeding Arabians when he was fifty seven. A preliminary search in England, France, and Spain in 1930 didn't produce the quality of horses he sought, so in 1932 he traveled to Egypt and purchased two stallions and five mares from three of the primary sources of the best Arabian horses in Egypt: Prince Mohamed Al Tewfik, Prince Kemal el Dine, and the Royal Agricultural Society.

At home, Mr. Babson built a farm near Grand Detour, Illinois, for his horse-breeding operation. One of the two imported stallions died shortly after importation, but the remaining six horses, including the stallion Fadl, and Babson's favorite mare, *Maaroufa*, established a breeding group known as the straight Babson Egyptian Arabians. When World War II approached in central and northern Europe in 1938, Mr. Babson brought home five excellent Polish Arabians to breed with the Egyptian Arabians, and in the process rescued them from the turmoil to come.

Mr. Babson entrusted the breeding and showing of his Arabians and the management of the farm to the capable care of Homer Watson, with the stipulation that the farm be self-sustaining. Babson's standards were simple: an Arabian horse should look typical of its ancestry ("typey"), it should be athletic and free-moving, it should have intelligence and a good disposition, and it should be willing to do any kind of task asked of it for as long as required. These are the same standards applied to the breed by its Bedouin tribal originators, and breeders of the Babson Influence Group subscribe to these standards today. Fadl, the leading sire at Babson Arabian Horse Farm, is found in all "straight Babson" or "Babson Egyptian" pedigrees. Fadl epitomized these standards.



Homer Watson with Babson Arabian. [Animal Photography, Polly J. Knoll, PO Box 555, Beaver Dam, WI 53916]



A Babson Arabian

There was something about the Arabians that was right for Henry Babson, that resonated with his sensibilities. Betty and her husband Ted often visited the horses and helped oversee their management, and the following is how she explained the connection between her father and these horses.

"One sometimes loses track of the fact that these decisions were not arbitrary. My father had a feeling for architecture. He knew boats and was a good sailor, and he knew horses and was a fine rider. He would not have been good in the show ring. His horses were comfortable with him and didn't show off any more than he did. He could calm a fractious horse and make the whole thing look easy. He did insist that any horse he rode 'pick up his feet and lay them down,' and, he maintained, 'If you can't make a horse walk, don't say you are a rider.' He deplored riders who brought their animals in in a lather or permitted their horses to 'fret.' He liked and respected horses, trusting their instincts in matters of pathfinding, which he believed they were better equipped to handle than he; but if a horse was willful or foolish he took over. He did not anthropomorphize animals: an animal was an animal, a man was a man. Each could do certain things better than the other, and together they could accomplish things that neither could do separately.

"My father liked *Maaroufa* better than any of his other horses. She was typey and beautiful, but he wouldn't have been as pleased with her had she not been a good broodmare. That was her job. Fadl was his second favorite; he too did his job. My father's task, as he saw it, was to use his human knowledge to get the best out of his horses, and he worked at this endeavor to the best of his ability. He never foaled what he believed was the 'perfect horse,' but he had many splendid near misses and very real pleasure in his quest for perfection."



The Babson Barn
in fog [E36240
08-1998 Editorial-
Foundation Bree]

Working side of
the Babson Arabian
Horse Farm,
Grand Detour,
Illinois

Devoted to maintaining the quality of the Arabian breed, Mr. Babson served as president of the Arabian Horse Registry in America from 1949 to 1958, and upon his retirement was named honorary director by the registry.

But at the root of all this, Henry Babson bred these horses for the joy they gave him. He believed that “when you buy an Arab pleasure horse, you buy contentment.”

This poem appeared on the back of Mr. Babson’s brochure:

Arabians

from the farm
of Henry B. Babson

A pipe, a fire, a friend, a book,
A dog, a gun, a rod, a brook;
A pleasure horse of Arab breed,
A woman who admires the steed,
As son and daughter ride each day
Why care about the price of hay
Or whether stocks go up or down?
I’m on the farm, away from town.



Betty and Ted Ticken [E36241 08-1998 Editorial-Foundation Bree]



SENSE WITH ANTIQUITIES

Betty Tieken's great passion was archaeology—mending ancient artifacts. It began when she became a volunteer at the Oriental Institute in about 1955, helping catalogue pieces of artifacts brought back from overseas digs. She became an expert at reconstructing shards of pottery, and eventually could fit together pieces that might arrive in a bag in seven hundred pieces. Her fellow volunteers called her the Mummy Duster. Betty liked to keep a cigarette going next to a pot of acetone while she cleaned pottery shards, and colleagues considered it a miracle she didn't blow the place up.

About the time Libby, her youngest child, started boarding school in Connecticut in the mid-1960s, Betty's work led to invitations for her to participate on digs in the Middle East, and she accepted: four in Iraq; one each in Iran, Kuwait, and Syria; and three in Turkey, spending a month to six weeks per trip.

At the time it was not only unusual but unheard of for a woman to participate in digs in the Middle East, particularly women without doctoral degrees. Betty didn't have a college degree, but her dedication to good research and her curiosity about zoology, paleontology, and plate tectonics were legendary at the Oriental Institute. "She was interested in them not just as specific findings or discoveries, but in the way they told the story of the history of the earth," said John McCarter, president of the Field Museum. "She was just an extraordinary woman"—an extraordinary woman with a mind trained by her father to be widely curious and clear-thinking.

Betty needed a woman to accompany her on the digs, and, Nancy became her designated companion. Starting while Nancy was in college, her mother would pull her out of school to travel with her on the digs, and seemed unconcerned about her daughter's class makeup work. On one of the digs, they were invited to accompany the Iraqi government expedition and were the first Americans and the first women to do so.

Fortunately, both Nancy and Betty wrote first-person accounts of a dig. Following is a sample, written by Nancy.

"Mother and her Polaroid were an instant success that day.

After breakfast she had taken one picture of Khalid to send to his fiancé, and the ten-second interval waiting for the picture to develop was enough time to spread the word through Hatra that there was a magician in their midst. Shah was photographed next, then Shah and I, then Sami (he wanted three pictures), the housemen, and the three guards with their guns. We went to the temple next, and all the men on the scaffolding came shimmying down and arranged themselves for a group photo as soon as they saw her. Around the corner, the stonecutters had already grabbed an identifying tool, and were posing for theirs. Everyone joined in the magical ritual of counting to ten, and fortunately we had lots of film."



Betty Tieken (above) and Ted Tieken (below)



NANCY TIEKEN'S CURATORIAL EYE

Nancy was not unprepared to accompany her mother on digs. When she was growing up, Nancy had accompanied her mother to the Oriental Institute quite often. While Betty mended pots in the basement, Nancy wandered around looking at the reliefs from Syria, Persepolis, the Achaemenid Empire, and other beautiful things. This was one of a number of experiences that helped develop Nancy's curatorial eye.

Nancy's first hands-on experiences with art at the Girls' Latin School weren't very good. She didn't like to dirty her hands with clay, and says she never understood how to make art. But in the end, this may have contributed to her curatorial sense. "I'm not coming from any discipline. I mean, painters look at paintings as painters. I look at paintings as objects to be studied, deciphered, enjoyed, hated—why do I feel this way about it," said Nancy.

On visits to her grandmother's apartment, Nancy loved to "curate." Her grandmother gave her miniature tea sets and little ceramic animals that Nancy arranged and rearranged. In the sitting room Laura kept a collection of seashells beneath the glass top of a coffee table. One of Nancy's "jobs" at her grandparents' apartment was to rearrange the shells. So Nancy got into the habit of arranging lovely things at a young age.

After graduating from Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut, where she was head of school her senior year, Nancy and other girls went to Italy for a year to get "finished" and grow up. "I thought I was quite grown up," said Nancy, "but apparently not."

But all was well. The girls lived in a beautiful villa, learned to speak Italian, and took art history classes in the Uffizi



Betty Tieken restores a painted pot in the laboratory at the Oriental Institute



Archaeological dig in Middle East

Gallery or the Pitti Palace in Florence, or Rome, or Perugia or Pisa or “wherever stuff was,” Nancy said. She learned to make mosaics and played the piano. In the spring she accompanied her mother to Egypt for a month. And after that year she attended Radcliffe, studying art and medieval history.

In June 1963, Nancy married Joseph A. Wheelock Jr., an attorney, and the couple moved to Washington, D.C., and then to Los Angeles. After her next trip to an archaeological dig with her mother, Nancy returned home feeling very ill. Betty flew out to check on her, took one look at Nancy and said, “I think you’re pregnant.” Joseph A. Wheelock III (Zeff) was born in November 1965.

Some years later, Nancy took a job at the Currier Museum of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire, that combined her eye for and knowledge of art with her talent for writing. These were talents that she employed productively and enjoyably for the rest of her life.

According to Nancy, “There is a kind of emotional excitement in looking at something and not necessarily relating to it, but just being moved by it ... it wasn’t a particular scene, it was some kind of combination of form, color, rhythm, space, some sort of wonderful equilibrium of unequal forces that came together in this sort of ah-ha moment. And I see very abstractly ... Somehow [these impressions] bypass my intellect to begin with, and then I can come back and think about it or write about it.”

At the Currier, among her many roles Nancy wrote labels for the excellent permanent collection. She walked up to visitors in the galleries and asked them what they would like to know about the art they were seeing. What caught their eye in a particular painting? Was there anything they couldn’t figure out in a picture? With this input she wrote the labels, and then wrote an article for *American Art Museum* magazine about the process.

In a related sense, perhaps, Nancy, according to her sister Libby, was “the master of bringing out the passions of her conversational partners. She was so able to get people to just open up about things they care about ... and it makes everybody want to spend more time with her. I would say she got that partly from our mom, but she’s taken it to a whole different level.”

Nancy lived immersed in the art world and in the love of art, and held positions and trusteeships at some of

the country’s finest museums, including the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts; the Currier Museum of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire; and the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. Her final position at the Denver Art Museum was creative manager of collection publications, helping to launch a new program of companion guides to collections. She was gifted as a curator and in her ability to describe art to enrich its experience by the viewer.

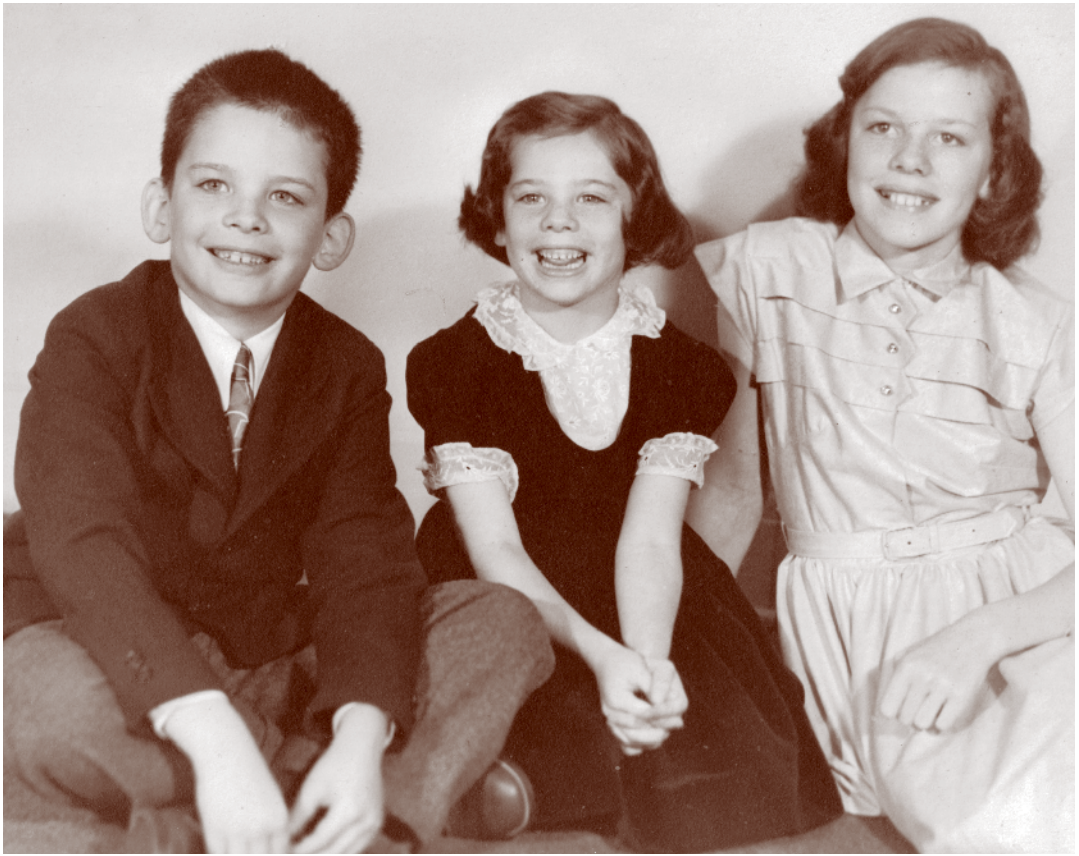
TEDDY TIEKEN’S PEOPLE SENSE

As a boy, Teddy Tieken, according to his sister Nancy, “was just literally always up to no particular good.... And Mother somehow coped.” His imagination created elaborate schemes that everyone knew wouldn’t work, but people always followed his lead and had a rollicking good time. He married a couple of times, but had no children. He remained very close to his sisters, Nancy and Libby.

Nancy lived immersed
in the
art world
and in the love of art.



Teddy Tieken



Ted, Libby, and Nancy

After Teddy graduated from Princeton, he hoped to enter the navy, but an injury from a serious motorcycle accident prevented it. He earned an MBA at Northwestern University and then worked for Rand-McNally selling textbooks and developing ideas with which he started his own *Maaroufa* Press.

Eventually Teddy became involved in the family business, and after Ted Tieken died in 1990, Teddy assumed leadership of Babson Farms. Charismatic and friendly, Teddy brought to Babson Farms the ability to develop a great team. When Teddy chose an employee, he banked not on performance or historical returns, but on the loyalty of the people themselves. Whether it was investment managers or people who worked in the office or out on the farms, he was always most interested in who they were as people, and whether they would be trustworthy when the chips were down. Were they people he could count on if things went sideways? Were they people with whom he wanted to spend time?

Teddy built a talented team of employees led by Mark Stephenitch and Geri Janecyk, and the Babson family treated their employees with warmth and great respect. He seemed to understand and share the spirit of Henry Babson, a conservative person with an orientation toward preservation and conservation, and owning and holding land.

Teddy ran the business fairly independently of his sisters. He disliked family shareholder meetings and chose to operate more autonomously.



The house at Libertyville with later additions



Libby shearing her sheep



Libby dipping her sheep

THE BUSINESS OF TOPSY AND TURVY

Libby Tieken started her own business when she was eight or nine years old. That Christmas, Libby knew exactly what she wanted.

“I want sheep,” she said.

From their apartment at 1500 Lake Shore Drive on the twentieth floor, Ted didn’t think his daughter’s request was realistic. But Libby

“I want sheep,” she said.

pointed out that they had just purchased a home with extensive open space forty-five minutes from the city. Ted and Betty’s motive was to have their children play on the 150 acres they had put under conservation easement rather than with their Latin School classmates, some of whom were the children of mafia. They called the home Libertyville.

Ted countered that Libertyville was just for summers and weekends; they went to school in the city. But he agreed that if Libby drew up a business plan, they would consider it.



Libby, Teddy, and Nancy at a retirement party for a Babson Farms employee in 2010

Libby researched the cost of sheep food, worming medicine, and other needs and calculated projected revenue. She presented the plan to her parents, and that seemed to be the end of it.

The family's Christmases were never extravagant. Typically there were three or four presents per child, and some from aunts and uncles. But that Christmas Libby received none.

"At first I didn't know whether to cry or what," said Libby. "I thought, I haven't been that bad this year. But I didn't say anything, because that's another thing in our family: everyone is sort of stoic. You just didn't complain because basically your life was so wonderful. But I was pretty quiet."

After opening their presents, the family drove to Libertyville. They walked around a bit, and gave Christmas greetings to the farmer and his wife. When they entered the barn, there, decorated with little red and blue bows, were Topsy and Turvy, a ewe and her lamb. "It was perfect," said Libby. "They did it very kind of quiet. There was not a lot of hurrah about it."

Libby became a serious 4-H participant with her sheep, and learned a great deal in her small operation, including record keeping. She learned to balance her accounting books to the penny, and learned lessons about winning and losing. She built up her small herd with different rams every year so there wouldn't be just one strain as with the Babson Arabians. Betty took Libby and her sheep to county fairs. Under a tent Libby clipped the wool by hand and dipped it so that the wool was nice and clean, earning her blue ribbons.

The county fairs always took place in the summertime. Other children in 4-H from farms in the county might be able to choose from among one thousand sheep for their entries to the yearling class or the ram or lamb class. Libby might have six or ten sheep to choose from. But she took that in stride. It was the real world, and she loved it.

Years later, when Libby started a foundation for her sons' charitable giving, she named it the Hampshire Foundation, after her Hampshire sheep. In retrospect, she considered this her first experience in being a serious person, telling herself that if she wanted to go somewhere with this project there were things she needed to do, even if her friends were off at a beach party. She grew in values she sees important for any organization.



SELLING THE BABSON ARABIANS

Good sense plays into the decision that a good thing has run its course and it's time to move on. The time came, after Henry Babson passed away, that Betty Ticken was not in a position, nor had the knowledge, to maintain the Babson Arabian Horse Farm. "It was not a gentleman-farmer place. It was a really serious place," said Libby Ticken.

As a teenager, Dave Kirkpatrick spent some pivotal summers at the horse farm in Grand Detour, Illinois, and got to know Homer Watson and his wife Janie. "Homer was one of the true legends in the industry. He was not the warmest of individuals, at least on the exterior, but was passionate about the breed and incredibly loyal to the family, and particularly to Mr. Babson and Grandmother and Grandfather," said Dave.

Dave stayed at the Watsons' house, where at noontime Janie prepared grilled cheese sandwiches for lunch and they watched *Days of Our Lives*. Then, after a nap, he'd be back out in the fields cutting grass and mucking stalls. This was a pivotal time for Dave, because for the first time he was off doing his own thing, and not in Denver with his family. It was very Middle America. After work Dave hung out with a



Henry B. Babson at eighty eight beside his beautiful gray stallion, Fay-El-Dine, aged twenty eight (eighty four by human standards)

farmhand, Scott Lowery, who was about nineteen, at the bathing cages and with his buddies and girlfriends.

As Dave became an adult, his grandmother looked to him to help determine what would happen to the farm. Dave took on a management role with the staff and began attending Arabian horse shows with John. He tried to invigorate the farm's image with some marketing initiatives in industry publications, but it was apparent that there were fairly significant problems. After a sixty-plus-year run in which Babson Arabians were one of the premier breeds, earning multiple blue ribbons and selling for a substantial amount of money, the industry had started to change. The look of champion horses changed too, and

Babson Arabians were not as desirable as they once were. After Homer died, John Vogel took charge. He was a good horseman, but did not have the industry influence that Homer did. Babson Arabians had sold well into six figures in the 1970s and 1980s, but were selling for much less in the 1990s.

It came to the point around 1995 that, unless someone in the family was very passionate about Arabians, to the extent of moving to Chicago, having a presence at the shows and investing the time and energy required to get the farm back on its feet, it was time to sell.

"It was a difficult decision, but in a way it wasn't a difficult decision," said Dave Kirkpatrick. "I knew in my heart of hearts I didn't have the necessary passion ... I would go to horse shows, and I'd have people in their sixties and seventies grabbing my cheeks: 'You need to do this. This is a historic landmark; the industry needs

There remains a core group of farms
& individuals who are
passionate
about Babson Arabians.



Bah Roufa, chestnut mare, with Betty Ticken at the Babson Arabian Farm, 1975

you and your family to step up.’ I did a lot of soul searching. I felt an obligation to the family and to the Babson breeders. But when I thought long and hard about it, I just didn’t have the passion. It was time for us to sell.

“It was a good year plus of dispersing the herd. Our priority was finding loving homes for the Babsons—hoping for decent prices, but Grandmother’s priority was getting the horses with the true enthusiasts of Babson Arabians. Of equal importance, we needed to work with John Vogel, Roger Berge and Donna Berge, and Scott Lowery, our staff who’d been with the farm for a long time. We had some very loyal, great people, and this was a sad time. But I think everybody realized that this was what needed to happen,” said Dave.

It could have meant the demise of the straight Babson Arabian breed, but there remains a core group of farms and individuals who are passionate about Babson Arabians. As of 2014, there are still more than one hundred straight Babson Arabians in the United States, and obviously many more outcrosses with Babson blood.

RAISING TEENS WITH STRUCTURE AND FREEDOM

A pattern runs through the generations of Babsons of raising children to be confident, competent, and passionate adults. The children were allowed great freedom in their teen years within an external structure that provided some degree of a safety net. Nancy lived for a year in Italy. Teddy skied in Chile. Libby was a wrangler in Wyoming at fifteen.

In the next generation Zeff attended a traveling high school. Dave worked on the Arabian Horse Farm at thirteen, Taylor swam with the sharks in the Bahamas, and Tim traveled the world. “There was an outside, sort of a final structure, but then within a tremendous amount of freedom to do your own thing,” Libby said. “And really we all, I think we all thrived on it.”



Taylor Kirkpatrick

TAYLOR LEADS BABSON FARMS: TRAINING AND TIMING

In a final transition of the leadership of Babson Farms to date, Libby's son Taylor Kirkpatrick became president of the company in 2011, and ran the company with Teddy as chairman until Teddy succumbed to cancer in 2013. In contrast to Ted Ticken, the brilliant attorney, and Teddy Ticken, the personable, Taylor had specific training and experience well suited to the role.

Although Taylor did not assume the inevitability of this role, or specifically prepare for this role, at the same time his interests took him in compatible directions, and of course he carried the knowledge deep inside that someday someone would have to carry the mantle.

By the time Taylor assumed the position, he had gained experience in investment management; business legal issues; accounting; commodities; deals, mergers, and acquisitions; private equity; and direct real estate purchasing.

Today, the Babson Farms holdings consist primarily of thirty-five farms in fourteen blocks of farms, each block with a farm manager. The farms are mostly in western or north-central Illinois on railroad lines. They grow corn and soybeans on some of the nation's richest land.

Nancy Ticken made an observation that projects optimism about what Taylor can contribute to the family business. She relates it to kites.

Nancy saw her grandfather, Henry Babson, build and fly kites. When they visited the Arabian Farm in Grand Detour, her grandfather found a kite in a closet. He sat down with a pocket knife to make modifications, attached a tail made of strips of rags, and went to the field to fly it with Nancy in tow. Nancy wrote, "On the way, he explained about balance and wind direction—he was a sailor—and when we reached the field he threw up a piece of grass to test the wind. Up went the kite, and once aloft, I was allowed to hold it and let out as much string as I wanted—and to run with it, or, more accurately, follow where it took me. What a happy memory."

Ted, Nancy's father, was an excellent kite-flier—he flew them along the Lake Shore Drive beach—but she doubted he'd ever thought of making one.

She saw Teddy fly a kite once in Libertyville. "He, too, was very good at flying them—he was good at everything—but was not a maker."

"I suspect that Taylor will be able to do both," she wrote. She sees in Taylor the ability to update the technology of the business, to bring greater transparency than in Teddy's tenure, and appreciates his efforts to build cohesiveness in the family.

One of the qualities that enabled young Henry Babson to identify innovations that would succeed can be identified in his descendants. It is a sense of what is excellent and what will work, and is manifested through a lively curiosity, an ability to take risks and be confident of one's instincts, and an ability to select capable people. That sense helped Betty Ticken mend antiques and Nancy Ticken curate art. With that sense Teddy Ticken assembled an excellent company team, and Libby Kirkpatrick developed the model for a dynamic foundation.





Folk art at Libertyville

THE BABSON STYLE: ELEGANCE AND A SMILE

ELEGANCE ON LAKE SHORE DRIVE

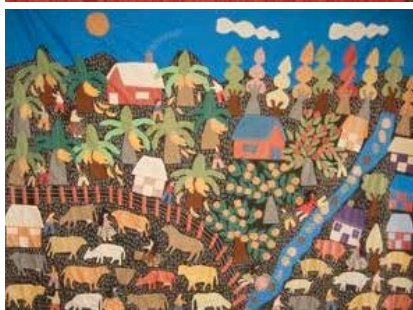
Laura Babson, according to her granddaughter Libby, had “beautiful, actually exquisite taste. And, I think, well-before-her-time taste.” Where did this come from? How much of it was ingrained, and how much was developed in her youth in Seward, Nebraska? Surely her tastes were educated and refined by her frequent travels with Henry. They sought out excellent craftspeople, valued the beauty of nature, and were not bound by traditional sensibilities in style. We know that their taste was striking, and that Nancy learned from her grandparents “the importance of beautifully made things.” And what may be called Babson style has been exemplified through the generations.

Their apartment on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago was stunning. Libby described a room her grandfather called the Black Room. The walls were black and the furnishings covered in silver. The room featured a chess set Henry brought from China. And beautiful stone—all very black and white.

The powder room was done in wall-length mirrors set at different angles. Nancy remembers that her grandfather sometimes practiced casting his big brown bamboo fly-fishing rods in the front hall of this apartment, where a wall of silvery mirrors reflected his every move, and there was a fountain and goldfish pond at the end with koi living in it.

Although the apartment was full of Chinese and English antiques, Libby remembers that nothing said to her, as a child, “Be careful.” “That wasn’t their style, so we knew to be careful,” Libby said. “It was just great fun.”





Henry showed the grandchildren a magic book he owned: a fore-edge book. It looked like a regular, beautifully illustrated book, but when you thumbed the pages, a picture appeared.

Every room on the front side of the apartment building had a view of Lake Michigan and was equipped with binoculars. Every day you could watch the sailboats. “Two large windows overlooked Lake Michigan from the 13th floor, and I could see the Chicago skyline all the way from the question-mark pier at North Avenue to the curve at 999 Lake Shore Drive, where the shore turned north again,” wrote Nancy. “Grandfather’s sturdy armchair was covered in moss green brocade. His desk with a tooled leather top stood between the windows. A couch faced the fireplace and a card table to one side held Grandfather’s pantograph, which he used to design sailboats. It faced a gaming table where two people could play backgammon or chess.”

Henry’s favorite room was the library, which was lined on all walls with bookcases framed by wood panels carved into exotic animals and swags of fruit.

Nancy loved to play dress-up in her grandmother’s clothes, which were mostly made by Worth in Paris. Even in later years when Laura had Parkinson’s, she always beautifully dressed. Her nightgowns and bed jackets were lace and silk with monograms. And she wore lavender talcum powder.

Laura’s kidney-shaped dressing table held little glass bottles and a fancy inlaid hairbrush and mirror. The whole back of her dressing room was paneled with mirrors so you could get a good look at yourself.

When Nancy spent the night with her grandparents, one of her jobs was to help her grandmother lay out her grandfather’s clothes for the next day. “Looking back,” Nancy wrote, “I doubt if Grandfather cared how he looked, but Grandmother, always beautifully dressed and groomed herself, did. So did I.”

On Saturdays, Nancy had a standing date with her grandmother at the Art Institute, where they had lunch and looked at one or two rooms. Nancy’s favorites were the Chinese figurines of women playing polo and doing wonderful things; the

plates, because her grandmother had such exquisite china; and the Thorne Miniature Rooms, which were miniature rooms of interiors in Europe from the thirteenth to twentieth centuries, and American in the seventeenth to twentieth centuries. “Probably more than my parents, my grandparents set me on this road to looking and appreciating.... It was just all curiosity, and both of them gave me that,” wrote Nancy.

Down the street, the apartment where Ted and Betty Tieken lived at 1500 Lake Shore Drive seemed like stepping back into the 1920s to their grandson Taylor Kirkpatrick when he was a child. He remembers a formal dining room with linens and silver chargers and salters and peppermills for each individual place setting, and that the silver was polished every day. Individual ashtrays at each place held two cigarettes each and a monogrammed matchbook. “For me, as a six-year-old,” Taylor said, “it felt like I really moved uptown.”

A strategically placed buzzer under the carpet could be used to summon someone from the kitchen. One evening a servant kept entering to ask Mrs. Tieken if anything was needed. Finally she said, “Taylor, I’m afraid you need to move your right foot.”

Libby’s sons Dave, Taylor, and Tim all have fond memories of their grandmother Betty, including dinner parties in her apartment. “Whether it be the doorman in her building or a CEO, whatever it may be, she treated people equally with respect. As a kid I remember really admiring that, because not everybody is that way. Dinners with her at Lake Shore Drive were very special. She told great stories. She had such an elegance to her. She was definitely not one to back down. She wasn’t afraid of picking a fight with somebody, and I admire that about her. Just many, many great memories with her,” said Dave.

Betty had many stories. As an adult, Taylor wanted to write them down, but Betty would have none of it. Therefore Taylor decided to write a children’s book that captured some of the magic of his grandmother. He asked her what she had wanted to be when she grew up, and she said, “Worthwhile”, with a twinkle in her eye. Taylor wrote a children’s book inspired by her, and titled it *Worthwhile*.

Libby said that her mother was “absolutely down-to-earth with everybody, interested in other people’s lives.” She sees Taylor’s book as a tribute to her mother as a listener.

A SHIP NAMED MAAROUFA

Just as he worked collaboratively with Louis Sullivan on the Riverside house, Henry worked with Phil Rhoades on the design for the 77-foot ketch, *Maaroufa*. His designs were innovative; he had a keen sense of what he wanted, whether it had been done before or not. According to Nancy, he liked to invite three or four of the best-known men in a field to draw up designs, pay them \$100 apiece, and choose the best one. She remembers that while Nancy sat at the card table in the library drawing Arab horse heads, her grandfather worked with his pantograph to design better boats. She was well-acquainted with the *Maaroufa* before she set foot on it, because her grandfather commissioned a scale model, which was in the library: “It was a ketch with two wooden masts and a teak deck, pegged and polished, and a steel hull painted white, a radical departure in the 1940s from traditional wooden boats. The tan doghouse, an enclosed room in front of the cockpit, had real windows, not portholes, so that Grandmother could sit comfortably out of the sun and wind and enjoy the scenery.”

BUILDINGS TO MATCH THE ARABIANS

The care taken in the design of farm buildings at the Babson Arabian Horse Farm matched the care taken of the magnificent horses. The buildings were on a grand scale, of beautiful construction, and pristinely clean. Libby remembers that the barns were all of tongue-and-groove cypress wood, and you wouldn’t find a horse dropping anywhere, except in the pasture. “The stalls were on either side of the really long barn. And then in the middle was a special kind of dirt. I remember it being more the color of mahogany. This was their indoor exercise area in the winter. And then they had lots of corrals they could use the rest of the year,” said Libby.

In *The Way I Remember It* (see Appendix), Nancy describes the farmhouse as both huge and cozy, and soothingly dim even on sunny days. Henry had a lookout built where Laura could sit and enjoy the peaceful view of the Rock River and activity at the farms below.

LEVITY AT LIBERTYVILLE

In addition to housing Libby’s sheep-raising venture, Libertyville was a happy family place. The art collected there makes people smile, especially Betty’s extensive folk art collection. Libby remembers that her mother loved to shop on Rush Street in Chicago and in Mexico for the pieces. There was no rhyme or reason to what she collected, except that it had to make her smile. Ted would roll his eyes, but the folk art made him smile too. The house holds an entire carnival with moving pieces that is bigger than two ping-pong tables, with working fountains and Ferris wheels and carousels with lights and music. Totally

eclectic, Betty's collection includes old tintype toys, a car horn from an early Model A, acrobats, John Philip Sousa music, Spanish conquistadors, and lots and lots of papier-mâché. It looks now exactly as it did when Libby was a child. Betty was a big fan of Adam and Eve, so she placed several Adam-and-Eve motifs throughout the house. But



Libby Kirkpatrick's ranch

she was partial to Eves with crossed eyes. Libby said that when she and her siblings got bored, they would go through the house and try to find something military and something religious in each room.

Betty designed needlepoint rugs that brighten the house. Every stair riser—probably fourteen or fifteen stairs—is a needlepoint of a different archaeological dig. It was her way to remember them. There are rugs of the Libertyville house, of Libby's sheep, of horses, and lots of American flags. Libby has two little rugs her mother needlepointed of statements Libby made when she was a child. One says, "Dot wary nice" and the other, "Is it good or bad."

The style of Libertyville is whimsical and fun.

LOVE OF NATURE AND OPEN SPACE

It is a Babson trait to love open country—whether farmland around Grand Detour, Dekalb, and Libertyville; personal property owned by Zeff Wheelock at Loon Mountain Resort in Lincoln, New Hampshire; or ranchland in western Colorado. A true rancher at heart, Libby owns a ranch that borders the Flattops mountains near Toponas, Colorado, about a forty-five minute drive from Steamboat Springs in the desolately beautiful northwestern corner of the state. All its buildings are from the early 1900s, and Libby hasn't changed the place at all except to add a kitchen and toilets, keeping the two-holer out back. "All I've really done is upgrade it by good fences and putting linseed on all of the old buildings," Libby said.

It's a summer-only operation, and Libby commutes there from Denver about weekly during the summer months. After October, the place is closed up and a ranch manager snowmobiles up once a week to feed the chickens.

"I give Mom a lot of credit," said Libby's son Dave. "She is a legitimate rancher. She goes to the irrigation ditch meetings, negotiates hay prices.... She's very in tune with what is required to run a ranch. From the beginning, in 1974, she has been involved with every phase of operating the ranch. I have vivid pictures of her in my head, wearing a bandana, fixing barbed-wire fence, painting a fence, moving an irrigation dam."

Although Libby works hard on the ranch, her sons see in her a certain tranquillity. "I think she's able to really get focused in on the moment and block out some of the static of the city.... She really enjoys nature and life's simple pleasures: a chicken running across the road or a deer crossing a meadow," said Dave. Taylor agrees. "When you think about where somebody finds their peace, for her it's definitely her ranch," he said.



Bunkhouse and house in Routt County

Libby loves green space, and attributes this love to her grandfather Henry Babson, who bought properties in Craig, Colorado, and Grand Detour and his house in Riverside, and in each place landscaped not with formal gardens but with forest, pastures, and views. In fact, a description of the Riverside house indicates that placement of the house was determined by three large elm trees, one rising out of the south terrace. The house was built to appear as if it had grown on the spot.

“Land is something that can never be replaced,” said Libby. “So I value land more than I value buildings.”

DENVER OASIS

In 2004 during her long illness, Libby’s friends brought her issues of *Architectural Digest*, suggesting that she think up a house that would work for her. She liked the location of the home where she had raised her sons in Denver, so she reimagined a new home there, tore the old one down, and started over.

The important thing for Libby was “to have the inside come out and the outside come in.” In every room you now feel as though you’re in the landscape. Typically people spend 10 percent of a new-home budget on landscaping, but Libby spent 25 percent, because that’s how much she cares about it. Although she’s a five-minute drive from the bustling Cherry Creek shopping area, “I feel ... in plenty of ways that this is my own little sanctuary. So it’s very, very peaceful for me to come home to,” Libby said.

She’s passionate too about the green oasis of Libertyville, which she now owns, including the herd of about seventy sheep that Topsy and Turvy began. So much is under easement at Libertyville that she owns outright only about forty acres. The property includes barns, a house, a tennis court, and a



One of the oldest outhouses in Routt County

swimming pool. “But when you sit out on the back porch there, you are looking at nothing but fields and trees—and you know, huge trees. The man who manages the place gathers the maple syrup coming from the trees. It’s just very family, very uncomplicated, very peaceful. And that’s what open space tells me. As I say, it’s the one thing we can’t replace.” Living well with nature is the Babson style.

CELEBRATING THE MODERN AND MINIMALIST

Until her death on December 18, 2013, Nancy Tieken lived in Denver, in an elegant apartment overlooking the treetops of Cheesman Park. Having spent her life immersed in excellent art, she lived quite simply, surrounded by art that she loved.

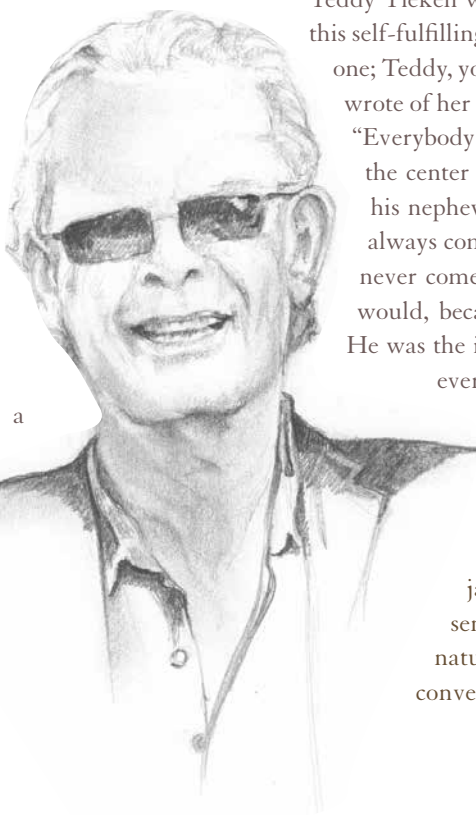
An avid needlepointer like her mother, Nancy created needlepoint pillows for her living room by tracing the outlines of paintings by Frank Stella and Piet Mondrian and then choosing the yarn colors closest to the colors in the paintings.

Her walls were filled with drawings and prints, because “the hand of the artist is so present.” For her home she didn’t collect from a particular period of art, but rather whatever appealed to her. She described her furnishings: “Unusual, beautifully made studio furniture—just a few pieces like my dog-table: a glass top supported by the noses and tails of two elegant hounds, my silver teapot with a curvy tail, the inlaid wood blanket chest, the ‘curvy lady’ clock with tiny shaped drawers—but the basic usable furniture is plain, comfortable, gray or black. And I love white rugs and fern-green walls to set off the black-and-white that predominates.

“Placement is key,” she wrote. “I know when something is not where it looks the best—and I think I began to understand how things work together when I lived with Grandmother and Grandfather. Every room had its own personality, every room was inviting, and the entire apartment—as well as the log cabin in Grand Detour—all were just right. I don’t know why, but I knew they were.”

BABSON STYLE IN LIVING WELL

THE CHARISMA OF TEDDY



Teddy Tieken was a charmer. In fact, Libby said that Henry Babson gave this self-fulfilling prophecy over his grandchildren: Nancy, you’re the smart one; Teddy, you’re the charmer; and Libby, you have horse sense.” Nancy wrote of her brother Teddy that he would be the perfect dinner partner. “Everybody loved him, and when he walked into a room he was always the center of attention, and I think people loved his spontaneity. As his nephew Tim Kirkpatrick said, “He was a creative guy who was always coming up with harebrained ideas that everyone knew would never come to pass. But it was sure fun to make the plans as if they would, because Teddy was having so much fun with the creativity. He was the instigator. He would come up with these ideas and just let everyone else participate and add to it, so he was an instigator in great way that brought people together,” said Tim.

Teddy was a unique human being with incomparable style. He was a sharp dresser. “Growing up in Denver, I had never seen anything quite like it,” said his nephew Dave Kirkpatrick. “Whether it be the Henry Poole sports jackets, outdoor gear, his bathing suits—he had a great sense of style and everything fit perfectly. Everything came naturally to him: his golf swing, fly-fishing cast, striking up a conversation with a complete stranger.”

Taylor Kirkpatrick saw Uncle Teddy as a Great Gatsby figure. Teddy attended St. Paul's boarding school, as did Taylor, who could picture Uncle Teddy there: "[At St. Paul's]," said Taylor, "it was almost an art to see how little work you could outwardly project that you were doing in order to achieve what you were achieving, and you could have toiled for hours behind the scenes, but you wanted it to appear that you naturally gracefully just through osmosis had achieved whatever it was that you'd done. Aced the test or done well on the sports field or done whatever the thing was. Teddy was a master at that, and it was almost like he always kept one ace in the hole, where if you thought you were going to outsmart Teddy or beat him in a game or do something like that, he always had one last card to play that somehow upped it."

Teddy was very comfortable in his own skin and had a unique charisma and sense of style. Dave found that he could be a bit intimidating to a kid, or even to adults. When Dave was about to graduate from college, he had a special time of connection with Uncle Teddy. Dave had thought hard about moving to Chicago, so he went to visit and stayed with Teddy. He helped Dave set up interviews and think about different career paths. "He wasn't one that was checking in very often," said Dave, "but whenever you were with him, he was engaged and interested. But more interested in the moment than in hearing how's your job, how's this—he wasn't as concerned about that. I think he felt like, if you have a problem, tell me about it. Otherwise, let's be in the moment. And I enjoyed that."

A few years before Teddy died in 2013, he had decided to build a home in Steamboat Springs. Tim Kirkpatrick had the opportunity to spend more time with him. Teddy never had children, and Tim found that Teddy could act like a dad to Tim, or he could go out and have a beer with Tim and just talk.

Teddy spent money on living well and having a good time: houses, trips, clothes, sports equipment, cars. Nancy, Teddy's older sister, was a participant in many Teddy adventures. One of her favorites involved an evening out together in Chicago with Teddy, "the perfect dinner partner." Both Nancy and Teddy were divorced at the time, in the early 1970s. Nancy's date was John Coleman, who owned, among other real estate, a restaurant in the Pearson Hotel, a lovely boutique hotel on the near North Side. Nancy wrote.

"The dining room was small and paneled, and of course John knew the manager and everyone, so when they saw him, they would say, 'Hello, Mr. Coleman,' and bring him a bottle of champagne and a bowl of caviar....

"Teddy knew John Coleman, so he took one of his beautiful Swedish girls who didn't speak English, but obviously had many other charms, and the four of us had dinner.

"About half-way through, Teddy said, 'I think I have a splinter in my foot.' And so John said, 'Oh dear, let's take a look at it.'

"So at this perfectly nice restaurant, Teddy pulls up his pants leg, takes off his shoe and sock, and puts his foot on the table. And indeed there was a splinter in it. So John called the headwaiter and said, 'Could we please have the butcher? And we need some light.'

"So the butcher comes out with a large knife on a silver salver. The headwaiter brings over a candelabra, and here's Teddy with his foot on the table, and the butcher removed the splinter.

"At this point everybody at the restaurant is absolutely spell-bound. And so we watched: The splinter came out and band aids were provided, and then of course everybody in the dining room got free champagne, because it was such a grand sight. And that's sort of the way Teddy was."

At Teddy's memorial service, Taylor bemoaned Teddy's death as "the loss of Teddy's special magic that I knew first as a young boy. Ted floated. Quirks and witticisms and the sparkling eye of a long-standing inside joke. To be loved by Teddy and on the inside of the joke was the thrill, and he was deft at making many feel like insiders."

KEEN ON COLLECTIONS

Henry Babson was the collector of many amazing things, not only Arabian horses but also cars. Several family members since then have been collectors too. There's something in the genes regarding preservation of things of value.

Henry was fond of cars, and kept different cars for different purposes. They included a pre–World War II Lincoln that he kept up on blocks, a push-button Lincoln Continental, a white Cadillac for Laura, a black Lancia that was usually in the garage waiting for parts from Italy, a gray Bentley for city driving, a dark blue Ford for driving to Coleman Lake, a Citroën for Betty in which “you did something with the gears and the whole car rose up in the air, like an automatic jack,” (according to Nancy), and a Ford Town Car for driving to work in order to look inconspicuous in the part of Chicago where his office was located.

Other family collections include Betty's folk art—the things that made her smile Nancy's fine art, and Libby's penguins, from a six-foot-tall penguin punching bag to a tiny Murano glass less than an inch tall. “I'm sort of anthropomorphic about penguins,” Libby said. “They remind me of people, of individuals, either their walk or just their manner, and I've always been kind of nuts about penguins.”

Zeff Wheelock is a baseball card collector and die-hard Boston Red Sox fan. Zeff and Dave liked to trade baseball cards.

Taylor Kirkpatrick collects first edition books and manuscripts, particularly of the early twentieth century, as well as watches and clocks, and Surge Milker and Babson Farms memorabilia.

Tim Kirkpatrick likes old fishing gear, such as bamboo rods, wicker creels, and lures and flies.

FAVORITE PLACES TO PLAY

The favorite vacation spots of the Babson clan have been places loved and frequented over many years, and are the settings for some of the best generational memories. And they're places that have fostered the legacy of favorite family hobbies, including sailing, fly-fishing, and horseback riding.

SAILING THE GREEK ISLES

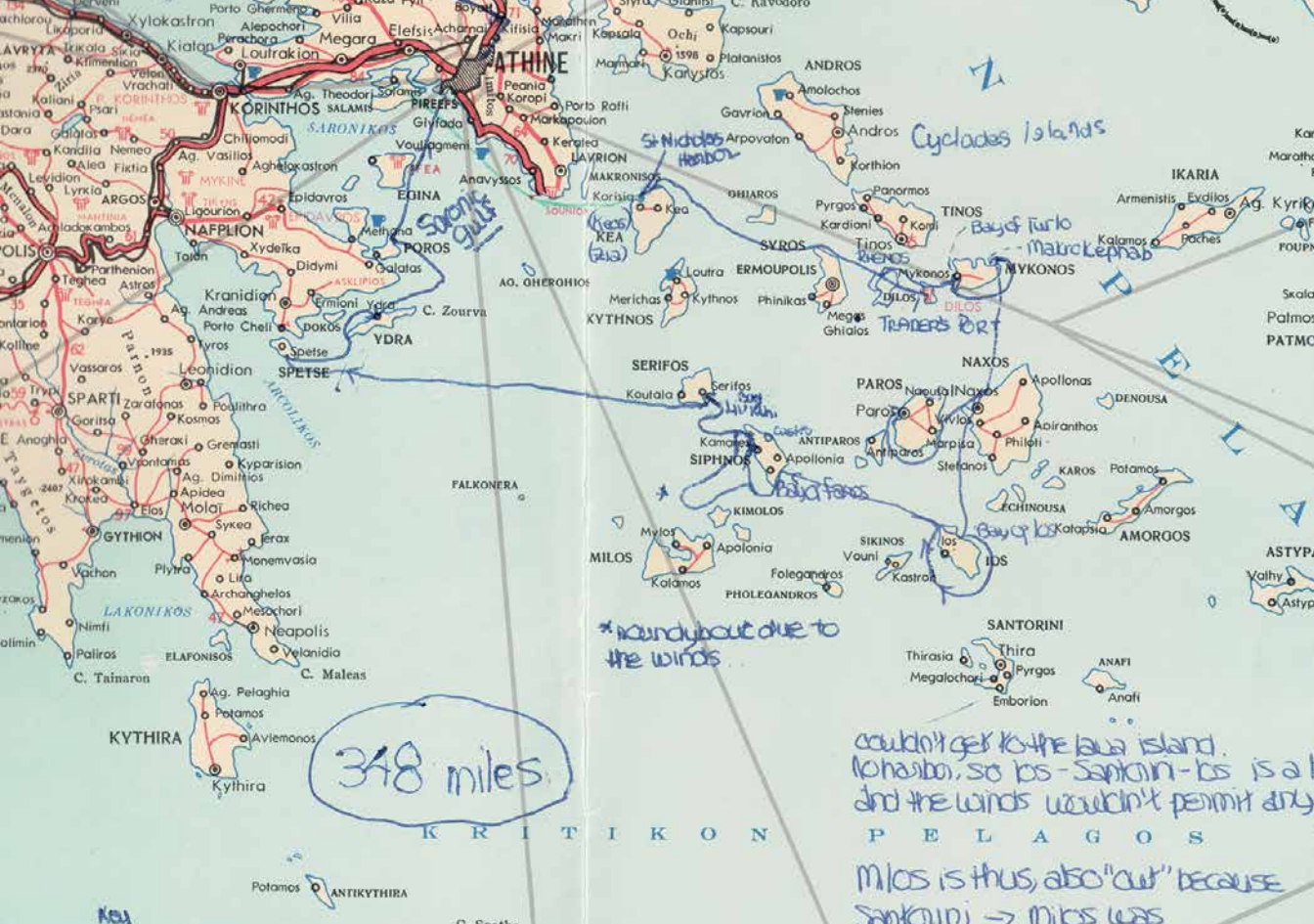
Ted Tieken traveled on business to Europe and Betty traveled on her digs to the Middle East. Sometimes they were able to rendezvous in Amsterdam. But sailing trips through the Greek Isles were family travel. Libby remembers these trips at the ages of about fourteen through nineteen. Ted loved the sailing, and Betty the antiquities. “Mom was very interested in all the archaeology parts of it, and so whenever we'd go on the little islands, she was always trooping off to see the gods and goddesses, the worship altars...” said



Teddy sailing in Greece, 1964



Ted Tieken, Greece, 1964



Libby Tieken's map



Betty exploring ruins in Greece, 1964

night, we reached Piraeus safe but exhausted. A launch came to take us back to the hotel—except for Daddy and Mr. Rowe, who settled the bill for less, I imagine, than the original price, since they did all the hard work.”

The highlight of the Greek Isles trips for Libby was their stays in the Hotel Grande Bretagne in Athens.

Libby. Their favorite trips were on the *Velila*, a ketch of identical build to that of the *Maaroufa*, with Hod Fuller as captain. They discovered this by surprise. Ted stepped onto the boat and said, “Oh my gosh, this is Henry’s design.”

One particularly memorable trip took place in May 1967. Nancy, Teddy, and Libby were on board a different ship with a different Captain. He and the crew spoke little English. As they set sail for the Greek Isles and Turkey, a storm came up after dinner. The furniture in the lounge began to slide around, and they clung to whatever they could find that was stable. The captain panicked, and according to Nancy, “Daddy and Mr. Rowe brought the boat under control. At last, mercifully, after a long, hard

CHARLEVOIX

From just after World War II in 1947 until after the Tiekens purchased Libertyville in 1954, the family summertime at Charlevoix, which is on Lake Michigan halfway between Traverse City and Mackinac Island. Henry put Betty and the children on the train in Chicago, and Ted drove there to meet them in the family station wagon. They stayed in a clapboard cottage at the Chicago Club—Betty and the kids for the summer, and Ted joining them on weekends by train.

Families at the Chicago Club knew each other, and the summer days were rounds of sailing, golf, fishing, and reading. They searched the beaches north of Charlevoix for Petoskey stones. In the evenings the adults had cocktail parties and then the families ate dinner in the club dining room. Days were simple and uncomplicated, and even Teddy couldn't get into much trouble.

Nancy took sailing lessons, and Teddy putted around in a three-horsepower outboard motorboat until his grandfather bought him a 16-foot black fiberglass outboard with which he could take kids waterskiing. Libby inherited the three-horsepower boat from Teddy and thought it was “the berries,” tooling around. And Teddy's boat? “It went about as fast as you think,” said Libby. “Teddy was very pleased with his boat.”

Henry Babson sailed the *Maaroufa* up Lake Michigan while the Tiekens vacationed at Charlevoix, and it was a thrill to see Grandfather's beautiful boat arrive. “He'd stop at Charlevoix on the way to the Georgian Bay in Canada,” Nancy wrote. “When his boat arrived in Round Lake from Lake Michigan the bridge had to be raised, and people got out of their cars to admire it.” (See Nancy's “Charlevoix Stories” in the Appendix.)



Libby Ticken fishing at Charlevoix



Magic show at Boca Grande

BOCA GRANDE, FLORIDA

The Tiekens spent many of their children's spring vacations at Boca Grande, an island off the coast of southwest Florida, which in those days was unconnected to the mainland, “meaning that Teddy couldn't get into much trouble,” said Libby. “Because he was very imaginative.”

However, Taylor related that one Christmas, Teddy and a friend, who were about age thirteen, had had a few too many drinks at the Pink Elephant. Walking back to the main lodge, for some reason they were particularly taken with the lovely array of potted plants out front. At Teddy's instigation, no doubt, they decided to hold a plant sale and dragged the plants into the main hallway. They announced it on the PA system and, offered the merchandise at cents on the dollar.

Two factors boded ill for this venture. First, they were not their plants. Second, it was 2:00 AM.

Not only did the boys receive a severe reprimand from the hotel management, but Betty demanded that the boys stay elsewhere for the duration of the vacation. They checked into a seedy dive at the far end of the island and continued their fun thereafter.

By the time they were empty-nesters, Ted and Betty spent Christmases at Boca Grande with whichever of their children's families could come. Betty disliked the trappings of Christmas, and staged a family magic show each year at Boca Grande. She assigned family members their magic tricks. "The first year she started everyone at level one except six-year-old Taylor, whom she started at level two, which bummed us all out," said Libby. The assignments were made according to aptitude, because some family members were good at their magic tricks and some were not. Libby claims she remained a level one until her mother died.

Betty shopped well ahead for the gag gifts, tricks, and props, and mailed each family member his or her assignment. They practiced in their rooms until they had the patterns down and could do their trick with a little flourish. "It was just a very funny, happy experience," said Libby.

Eventually Boca Grande was connected by bridge to the mainland and became a destination place for weddings and conventions. It no longer had the same laid-back, family atmosphere, and the family gave up their regular vacations there.

COLEMAN LAKE, WISCONSIN

A long and satisfying family legacy of fly-fishing started with Henry Babson at a private fishing club called Coleman Lake. It was an unadorned men's fishing club, but to Nancy's surprise her grandfather took her with him to the club, which was near near Goodman, Wisconsin, when she was eight and he was seventy-three. In Nancy's story "Fishing with Mr. Babson," she recounted her fishing rite of passage with a bunch of fishermen to whom she was introduced as "Betty's child."

But the person who inspired the largest cache of fond family fishing memories was Betty. The Kirkpatrick brothers and Zeff Wheelock all have treasured memories of fly-fishing with their grandmother.



Coleman Lake Club



Betty with 19-pound, 43-inch northern pike

Taylor spent at least a week each summer at Coleman Lake with his grandmother. She always fished with the same fly, a Mickey Finn, a yellow and red attractor fly, that Taylor said didn't look like anything. He considered himself a more scientific fisherman, so he experimented with different flies and usually had more success than she did. "But days that she was on, she was on," said Taylor.

One day he kept changing flies and couldn't catch anything, but Betty's Mickey Finn was on fire. In the dining room that evening people commented "We saw your grandmother catching all these fish, and you weren't getting anything," Taylor replied, "I'm a good grandson. I would get them on the line for her, and then I'd give her the rod so

she could get the fun of bringing them in." She was so mad about that. But it became a great story for her.

Dave Kirkpatrick has a favorite fishing memory of his uncle Teddy. "I will never forget one night at Coleman Lake," Dave said. "I was probably eleven. We were out fishing about 7:00, and we found ourselves in the middle of a mayfly hatch. One minute the water was still. The next minute literally tens of thousands of mayflies were coming to the surface and then thousands of trout were coming up to feast.

"At first I thought this was going to be a fishing bonanza. But we quickly realized that we didn't have a prayer, as our flies were up against thousands of competitors. Teddy and I put down our fly rods and took in the scene. The first thing I thought was I don't know if this is once a year, once every five years, or once every one hundred years, but this may be the most surreal experience I ever have in my life. My second thought was, this is the type of thing that only happens when you are in a rowboat with Ted Ticken."

Tim Kirkpatrick's memories of Coleman Lake include roughhousing with his brothers in rowboats, mint chocolate chip ice cream with chocolate sauce sundaes in the dining hall, and lots of fly-fishing. He remembers vaguely that it was a men's club. He believes men could bring their spouses, but his grandfather wasn't really interested in fishing, and his grandmother was.

Tim said that he and his brothers didn't know how to filet fish. The standing joke was that his brothers would say, "Oh, gosh, if we catch something, Tim, you're going to have to filet it." Tim also remembers the boathouse where they'd pick up the canoes and little rowboats. People had carved their initials and details of the big fish they caught, leaving history all over the walls.

That satisfying something about fly-fishing has come down through the generations of Babsons, and is a bond to family members past.

Now that Tim owns a fly-fishing business in Steamboat Springs, it is much more to him than a sometimes-in-summer pastime. He describes what he loves about fly-fishing as a connection with nature. "It's quiet. There's some science to it that you can think about as much as you want to. If you really want to take it seriously and try to analyze why this fish is eating this thing, you can do that. Or you can stand in the river and space out and look at things—you can do it that way too. Whatever your mood is, whatever

is on your mind, it's giving you plenty of time to process. It's healthy. It's a good way to spend time with friends and family."

The summer he moved back to Denver from France, before he started graduate school, Taylor spent the summer with Tim in Steamboat, doing lots of fly-fishing. Being eight years older than Tim, Taylor was used to thinking that he needed to take Tim under his wing and teach him things. But now Tim was a "very serious fishing guy" and Taylor a "not very serious fishing guy," and Tim had quietly and completely eclipsed him.

"This was something that was really meaningful to him," said Taylor, "so when I fished with him, it felt like we were ESP, that we would have conversation even though we weren't talking. But it was more fun for me to watch him fish than it was to fish myself, which is saying something, because I really liked to fish."

To Taylor, fishing is when he experiences the unfettered joy of being a kid. "When you're fishing, I don't care how old you are, when you're holding the rod, all of a sudden you get that little tickle. You still get that jump in your stomach. You get that this might be something! I might have a fish on!"

LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS

After Ted and Betty bought the farm at Libertyville, family summertime centered there. Its location forty-five minutes from Chicago made it easy to get to, yet it seemed a world away.

Libby remembers Libertyville from her childhood as a sort of continual open house. Friends came from Lake Forest or Chicago to visit all the time, to swim, play tennis, and ride horses. She said, "It was a very spontaneous life there, just filled with a lot of fun, and great spaces to run around, so you were always tired in the evening." Her father went nuts, according to Libby, when Don DuMont, the ice cream man, made his weekly visit. Ted stocked the stand-up freezer with coconut crumble, and for the Fourth of July the coconut was red, white, and blue. And tons of popsicles.

Libertyville was no doubt the setting for many of the activities the Tiekens did for fun. One was a family band with Ted on violin, Teddy on the trombone, Libby on the flute, and Nancy (and sometimes Ted) on the piano. Betty fancied herself a sort of torch singer.

They played lots of rounds of backgammon, bridge, scrabble, crosswords, and crypto quizzes. Betty's claim to fame was writing bad limericks, and jumbles, in which there are mixed-up letters and then a solution. "Certain letters are selected and those letters, when you rearrange them, will give you the surprise answer. Mom never wrote down the letters that were circled, and



Teddy and Nancy Tiekens



Mary Jane and Dave Kirkpatrick



Tim Kirkpatrick, Becky Quist, and Zeff Wheelock. Becky's husband Dave Quist, is manager at Libertyville.



Mary Jane Kirkpatrick and Andronica Wheelock (above); Libby Kirkpatrick and Nancy Tieken (below)



so she always won the award. She had a memory to do it," said Libby. Taylor said he would look over Nancy's shoulder when she worked *New York Times* crossword puzzles, and she always solved them using only the "Across" words. Recall that Henry Babson loved to carry a puzzle of twisted steel nails in his pocket.

Libby also remembers her father's insistence that his children use correct language. "He really would correct us a lot in our speech," said Libby. "If we said, 'Oh, damn it' Daddy'd say, 'You know that's just sloppy. What is it you really are thinking?'" It got to be a family joke, but on the other hand, the Tiekens raised articulate children.

They collected hats at Libertyville: construction hats, berets, Turkish fezzes—all types. In the evening they'd frequently put on a fashion show with hats and turn it into a play.

Taylor's favorite memory of his grandfather at Libertyville was catching Ted playing the upright piano. Ted didn't play when he knew people were around, but if he thought he was alone in the house, he'd play "Alley Cat"—quietly, with the felt muting pedal down. Taylor hid around the corner and listened. Taylor never heard his grandfather play the grand piano in their apartment in Chicago, but only at Libertyville, when Ted thought he was alone.

Dave has vivid memories of being with his grandparents in Libertyville: Grandfather going to the library, reading the newspaper, and doing the crossword puzzle in his little golf hat. Grandmother reading or playing solitaire. They were larger-than-life characters, and it was the perfect setting for quality family time. Dave remembers legendary croquet matches, catching fireflies, and hours and hours in the pool. He finds that now it's a sort of retreat for family where they can see each other and have special talks.

Dave Kirkpatrick and his family try to make the trip every summer from their home in Atlanta to Libertyville. Particularly in August, it's a great place for them to recharge their batteries before a busy fall and the start of school. Their children swim in the pool and eat flavored ices. "It's innocent, healthy Middle America living that gets you in the right frame of mind," said Dave. "There are so many great memories, and it's fun to see a fourth generation fall in love with Libertyville living!"

The first-ever family reunion was held in Libertyville in the summer of 2012, and Taylor hopes to make it a biannual event. “It was spectacularly successful,” he said. For the next one he hopes they can spend some time in Chicago, spend a little time in Libertyville, then those who are interested can take a bus to DeKalb, Illinois, to look at the Babson farms and some of the equipment. “I’ll tell you, Henry [Taylor’s son] is going to go crazy. He’s a big tractor fan.”

The family is well aware of Libby’s love for the house in Libertyville, which she bought after her parents died. However, she holds it loosely. She knows that her children love the place too, but realizes that if it becomes a financial burden to maintain, it will need to be sold. Yet as long as she’s alive and can get there, she’ll go. Often. “But I think my kids know that I would never assume that because I loved it and have such fond memories, they should feel as strongly about it as I do,” Libby said.

Zeff Wheelock combines his memories of Babson family special places. “I actually enjoyed all my visits. Every place was special: Chicago, Libertyville, Coleman. I had a lot of fun just visiting Grandmother and Grandfather. I enjoyed watching and helping my grandmother play solitaire, watching my grandfather play the piano, playing bridge or backgammon with both of them and my mother. Fishing on the big pond at Coleman or along the streams nearby. In Chicago, looking out the twentieth floor of 1500 Lake Shore Drive at Lake Michigan, with a pair of binoculars to look at the boats passing by. So many good memories when I was growing up.”

FLATTOPS RANCH, TOPONAS, COLORADO

Tim’s enjoyment of his mom’s ranch at Toponas was key in his decision to settle in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. He and friends spent a couple of summers at the ranch doing manual labor. He enjoys northwestern Colorado, and said he decided he would prefer to “live in the mountains and visit the cities rather than live in the cities and visit the mountains.”

Dave remembers summertime at the ranch as very special family times: fishing, riding horses, playing waffle ball in the hay meadow—doing things that were different than they would be doing in Denver. They spent at least one entire summer there together, and other summers went to the ranch, a three-hour drive from Denver, about three out of four weekends. Sometimes Dave felt like he was missing out on things in Denver, but looking back, that time at the ranch really helped “shape our core.”



Libby riding at Flattops Ranch

THE REST OF THE WORLD

One of the most magical things Ted Tieken did for his daughters was to take them each on a trip when they were about twelve years old. Nancy's trip was to London, Holland, and Paris. Sixty years after the trip she could remember where they stayed, what they ate and drank, where they shopped and what they wore. One highlight was a tennis game with her father. "We went to the place in the hotel and I got this nifty pleated tennis dress with a green belt which was divine, and he got whatever he got, probably Izod, and we played. It was clay court and I was playing with the wind behind me, and he was playing with the wind coming at him, so we could almost play equal because the wind was so strong. It was the best tennis I've ever played, because Daddy was very, very good and I was, you know, whatever you are at twelve But this was the game of all time," wrote Nancy.

Libby's trip with her father was to Austria, where they visited museums, attended concerts, and visited jewelers who specialized in creating beautiful emerald pieces. "Vienna was famous for emeralds," said Libby, "and I remember going up these wobbly stairs in Vienna to find jewelers all hunched over with their little eyeglass."

One of the most magical things

that Ted Tieken did for his daughters was to take them each on a trip.

Tim Kirkpatrick, Libby's youngest son by eight years, took a number of substantial summer trips with his mom when he was a teenager. They plotted together where to go, and for what purpose. There was always a cultural or educational component to their travels. Over the summers they took Alaskan cruises and hiked around Denali. They went on African safaris and lived on a farm in New Zealand.

FLOOR HOCKEY IN THE BASEMENT

On the list of favorite Kirkpatrick family places, a deserving one was Libby and her husband Sandy's home basement. The room had concrete walls and a green rug that was basically wood.

"We played—not exaggerating—thousands of hours of floor hockey in that basement," said Dave. "We all became experts of the configuration of the basement, the angles of the walls. We each knew how to make passes off the walls, how to strategically use the pool table as a pick. And beyond hockey we just invented games. There was a game called Piranhas—many, many bloody knees, bloody lips," said Dave. "So many good times."

On Friday nights Dave and Taylor had friends over and played floor hockey two against two, or one against two. As Tim grew older he got into the act, and their dad played a lot too. "Nobody ever really got that hurt, even though games were competitive and rough. Tim really earned his stripes in those games. He was ten years younger than me, but he could keep up. He never cried in spite of some very painful moments. I think he thought he might lose his



Taylor and Libby at Flattops Ranch

playing privileges if he cried. I remember being a very proud older brother. He was a good hockey player and a tough kid,” said Dave. Miraculously, they never broke a window. When they started playing lacrosse, they’d throw lacrosse balls in the basement too.

“They were a competitive bunch,” Zeff Wheelock said. When he visited his cousins they played indoor soccer, baseball, and Categories—a swimming pool game in which someone jumps off a diving board and someone else yells out a category and the person must think quickly and answer before landing in the water.

Taylor tells a story that to him epitomizes the extreme competitiveness of his brother Dave. They were playing caps, basically beer basketball but with bottle caps. Teams of two sit on the ground, eight feet apart, teammates side by side, cross-legged, with cups between their legs. You try to flick a bottle cap into the cup either opposite from you or diagonal. The punishment for sinking a cap is a drink of beer.

On this occasion, they ran out of beer with eight points remaining in the game. To Taylor’s thinking, it was game over, but Dave would have none of it. “Let’s eat that really gross potato salad,” Dave said, “in place of the beer.” And so they took bites of potato salad for the remaining points of the game.

Dave also has vivid memories of Friday nights in Denver in the early to mid-1980s. The boys and Libby donned their pajamas, folded out the couch into a bed, and Libby made popcorn. Then they watched *Dallas* together. *Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island* were also favorites, but *Dallas* their favorite.

Tim includes their mom Libby in great family memories of sporting events. The brothers played sports themselves and were big Denver Broncos and Avalanche fans. They attended the Olympics in Salt Lake City in 2002. Tim said that Libby probably knew more about the teams than the boys did. But in addition, she was a pretty darn good sport about dealing with three boys, knowing what they were interested in, and going to games because the guys enjoyed it. And she enjoyed being with them.



GENERATION FOUR MAKES ITS WAY



Zeff and Andronica Wheelock



Teddy and Nancy at Dave and Mary Jane's wedding, 2004

With the transition of leadership of Babson Farms to Taylor Kirkpatrick, and the passing of Teddy and Nancy Tieken, the next generation, represented by Zeff Wheelock and the three Kirkpatrick brothers, comes to the forefront.

ZEFF WHEELOCK

Zeff Wheelock, son of Nancy Tieken and Joseph Wheelock, was born in California in 1965. After Nancy and Joe divorced, Nancy moved to Chicago to be nearer her family, and to find the right schools for Zeff.

Zeff had a unique educational experience in the ninth and tenth grades. It was basically a traveling education. For a month in the fall and two months in the spring he traveled with other students to many historical sites: from the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the Alamo, and others. "We traveled in a station wagon with four to five bikes on top and a Doberman pinscher in the back to keep the gear safe. Biking around was a great way to go between some places and get some exercise—along with playing pick-up basketball games," wrote Zeff.

Zeff has been employed for several years by Dell Services, working at Harvard Pilgrim Health Care as a messaging specialist. He enjoys computers, especially Macintosh, and is fascinated by the almost immediate communications of email and instant messaging. Zeff is the undisputed techie in the family, and the go-to person for computer-related questions. "Personally, I just hope that I am a good father and a contributor to the entire family," Zeff said.

DAVE KIRKPATRICK

All three of the Kirkpatrick brothers attended Graland Country Day School in Denver, where they were highly involved in sports. Dave attended Taft in Watertown, Connecticut, for high school, and then Denison University in Granville, Ohio. He called football games on the radio, had a sports talk show, was head of the club lacrosse team, and was very involved on the fraternal council. Denison was a good place for Dave. “It was a small school where you had the ability to get involved in a lot of things if you raised your hand,” said Dave. He majored in **English**.

After college and a first job with McCann-Erickson Event Marketing, Dave settled in to build a life in Atlanta, taking a job with Battle Enterprises and the Collegiate Licensing Company (CLC). In December 1994, he started on the NASCAR side of the business, where Battle Enterprises managed the licensing programs for NASCAR and a number of tracks. In mid-1995, NASCAR elected to bring their licensing program in-house, and Dave moved over to CLC. In the nineteen years Dave has been with CLC, annual revenues have grown from \$15 million to \$200 million.

The work is a great fit for Dave, who oversees the non-apparel side of the business, which represents about 40 percent of revenues: categories such as video games, domestics, sporting goods, gifts, and novelties.

“I like the college side of it—being around campuses is fun—and I like the sports side of it. I like the entrepreneurial spirit of our licensees. We are working with all these different companies who are trying to build businesses ranging from clocks to mugs to video games. It’s fun to be around people who are passionate about what they do, and CLC plays a critical role in this interdependent food chain. It’s our responsibility to help manage these categories and maximize the business on behalf of the schools,” said Dave.

Dave is married to Mary Jane Glasscock of Louisville, Kentucky.



Dave Kirkpatrick



Mary Jane, Sarah, Dave, and Mary Elizabeth Kirkpatrick

Mary Jane is an accomplished rider and has won sixteen Saddlebred World Championships. They were introduced by friends who thought they would enjoy each other because of their connection with horses. On their honeymoon in Costa Rica, they had a very memorable six-hour ride.

Dave described Mary Jane as very dedicated to good health and fitness, involved in their daughters' schools, family-oriented, and a great friend to Dave. "We are aligned in the most important places in terms of character, hard work, treating people with respect, and raising our kids to be kind, good people," said Dave. "Mary Jane is beautiful on the inside and out. I am very fortunate to be partners with her." Their two daughters are Mary Elizabeth, born in 2005, and Sarah, born in 2008. Mary Elizabeth has loved to perform from an early age—she loves to sing and to act. Sarah's primary passions at the age of five are soccer, gymnastics, and horseback riding. "We have a busy household, but we spend a lot of time together. Mary Elizabeth and Sarah really look out for one another," Dave said.

In his life and in his extended family, Dave could be called a connector. He likes to get people together and values a positive attitude.

TAYLOR KIRKPATRICK

Taylor, two years younger than Dave, attended St. Paul's after Graland. He found it academically rigorous. Taylor said that he once wrote home, "Mom, there are people here, in fact there are even girls here, that are smarter than I am."

Dave tags his brother Taylor as "very bright, probably the brightest of the three of us. He has a unique mind and is very savvy when it comes to finance. Taylor has taken the reins at Babson Farms, and we are excited by his new ideas, not to mention his ability to navigate us through financial decisions. In addition, Taylor has a one-in-a-million memory—invaluable as we think through family trips and occasions. We all love Taylor's ability to recall certain names and individuals who helped shape the memory."

Until high school, Taylor knew little about his family's story, largely because his parents did a masterful job of not crowing about or dwelling upon it. He remembers the following conversation at home:

Mom: "Well, Daddy had this because my grandfather had a horse farm."

Taylor: "What's the horse farm?"

Mom: "Oh, it's just a horse farm."



Molly, Henry, and Taylor Kirkpatrick



Taylor Kirkpatrick

And Taylor would find out later that it was a meaningful horse farm. At St. Paul's, with students of intellect and family wealth, Taylor became more curious about his family's story.

With a good facility with language, Taylor knew even at Graland that he wanted to attend Middlebury College in Vermont. He majored in French at Middlebury and took a junior year in Switzerland. He played football and rugby, and coached a high school lacrosse team.

After college Taylor moved to Boston, where he had friends from St. Paul's and from Middlebury, and worked in financial services. He spent five years in Boston with mutual fund companies, lived in France for a year, then moved back to Denver in 2001, and earned an International MBA at Daniels College of Business at the University of Denver.

Taylor met his wife, Molly Burns, an opera singer, at the mutual fund company where they both worked in Boston, she as an inbound sales desk person. Taylor said that Molly was a terrible phone rep, but there was something about her that was intriguing to him. They took a walk around Boston Common one lunch hour, and Taylor said that in sixty minutes they got into "some incredibly deep stuff." Some years later he proposed, and they were married at a special place in the Berkshires, Old Inn on the Green and Gedney Farms, where they still go sometimes when they need to recharge and rest. Taylor married Molly on her birthday, October 1, 2005, but said she still requires two gifts, and if he forgets the day, he's really in trouble. Taylor and Molly live in Denver and have one son, Henry, born July 28, 2011.

TIM KIRKPATRICK

The youngest of the Kirkpatrick brothers, Tim was born eight years after Taylor. He was the best athlete of the "pretty sporty family," according to Taylor. "I think he still has scoring records in his high school for lacrosse and was a great hockey player." After Graland, Tim attended Taft, as had Dave.

"I had a different experience, I think, than Dave [at Taft]," said Tim. "But not necessarily better or worse. It was good for me at that time to go and be independent and live on my own. Dave probably retained more lifelong friendships than I did, but I think we both left there feeling pretty prepared for whatever the world had in store for us. We knew we were smart, independent, we could problem-solve when we needed to."

It impressed Tim that the mottos of Graland and of Taft were similar. "I think Graland's was 'Climb every mountain,' and Taft's was 'Not to be served, but to serve,' so both of them were kind of, 'You need to go and make the most out of situations and be a humble, hard-working member of society and don't expect anything, but try and create things,'" said Tim.

Tim chose an unconventional academic path. After a year at Vanderbilt University, Tim returned to Colorado and spent a year working in Steamboat Springs, figuring out what he liked to do. Discussions with his parents about the importance of college led him to the University of Colorado's continuing education program, where he could create his own schedule. He attended class in Boulder Tuesdays through Thursdays, then worked in Steamboat the other days, and eventually completed a political science degree online.

Tim now owns a fly-fishing business in Steamboat Springs, offering retail products, guided fly-fishing trips, and vacation planning for fishing-related



Tim Kirkpatrick



Cho and Tim Kirkpatrick

trips. A satisfying part of his work is watching families finally relax and have fun together, where their cell phones don't work and there's no Internet connection.

"In my day-to-day life, everyone comes into the fishing store happy," said Tim. "Without wanting to sound sexist, it's kind of like a male hair salon. So everyone comes in and they can talk about fishing, and they can tell funny stories about whatever, but everyone comes in in a good mood.... As long as you take care of them, treat them well, make sure they have a safe experience, they come back really happy, and they want to do it again."

Tim married Cho Tin Tun in April 2013. Cho is a teacher in hospitality and resort management at Colorado Mountain College, and also an IT consultant. She was born in Burma, but her parents, both successful doctors, were run out of the country. Her father went to Australia, and her mother took Cho and her two sisters to Malaysia. She was very young when this happened, but remembers great stress and upheaval.

Cho is a big thinker, according to Tim. She's creative and handy at gardening, knitting, crocheting, and painting. He enjoys her work ethic, her sense of humor, and traveling with her.

In the context of his extended family, Tim said, he tries to be anti-drama: to not cause stress, to give straight answers, and to not blow things out of proportion.

Dave said, "Tim is incredibly selfless with his family and friends. He doesn't care about getting credit; he wants things done and done right. He's content being behind the scenes. He gets a great sense of pleasure and enjoyment in seeing things come off well."

One thing that came off very well was a surprise fifty ninth birthday party for the boys' mom, Libby. The brothers didn't want to have a sixtieth birthday party that would be too emotional, so Tim organized this one for her fifty ninth. The setting was a private dining room in Strings, a restaurant in Denver. The brothers emailed friends from Libby's childhood and asked them to send stories about her for a scrapbook. They sent one hundred invitations, and hoped to receive fifty responses. Instead they received close to 100. "Everyone had a pretty cool story," Tim said. "I think she was genuinely surprised."

Libby seemed happiest that her sister Nancy had flown out from Boston in the midst of battling health difficulties. Friends came from New York and Chicago. Nancy wrote the book of stories that appears in the appendix, *The Way I Remember It*, in honor of Libby's birthday.



BABSON SERVICE: DOING WELL BY DOING GOOD

To be a Babson is to understand that the family has been presented with a great opportunity, doesn't need to brag about it, and need's to give back. "I think we all feel a sense of responsibility and obligation to carry the traditions and the values forward, to be respectful of our good fortune, and to pay forward the generosity and the good fortune that we've had," said Dave. The best giving back is done without fanfare. In the Babson spirit, these examples are not included to boast, but to show how family members have chosen to live out this responsibility.

A LEGACY OF GIVING BACK

Henry and Laura Babson, although not philanthropic, set in motion a generative dream. Henry's business ventures provided for generations to come, with money placed in trust, and also through a family business that would continue to generate income. In short, they accumulated and preserved funds that would offer succeeding generations the great pleasure of giving.

The best

giving back

is done

without
fanfare.

In the next generation, Betty and Ted Tieken generously invested their time and resources in institutions important to them and significant to the vibrancy of the city of Chicago. Many of these institutions continue to reap benefits from the Tiekens' giving. Betty was seriously engaged not only with the Oriental Institute, where she was awarded the Breasted Medal, but also at the Field Museum, the Art Institute, the Chicago Symphony, the Chicago Historical Society, and the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Ted served as chair of the Chicago Historical Society, as a longtime trustee of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, as a founder of the youth orchestra (a note in his obituary says that he was known as a fine pianist but insisted he couldn't read music), and on the boards of Rand

McNally and Co., Arabian Horse Registry, Latin School of Chicago, and Infant Welfare League.

Teddy Tieken, in the following generation, was a long-term board member of the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago, a board member of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, and a board member of Graceland Cemetery, a historic cemetery in the middle of Chicago. Ted and Betty Tieken are buried there, and now also Teddy. Teddy enjoyed the big formal dance they held each year among the tombstones and statuary, with a big band and lots of good food. That was Teddy's style.

GIFTS OF ART

Giving became both an art and a science with the women in generation three. Nancy Tieken took great satisfaction in donating significant art to museums. "I don't just give, I give because I know," she said. What she meant is that she liked to know the director and curator of a museum and to understand what they really needed. She was interested in art, but also in the museum as an organism. And Nancy only gave art that she loved. Libby said that she thought her sister's greatest joy lay in discovering talented new artists and giving them the seed money to get started.

Nancy has given most significantly to the Denver Art Museum, where she was curator of modern and contemporary art and wrote catalogues for their collections for many years. She was most interested in building the minimalist collection at the DAM. Two large pieces of sculpture she donated are the great orange Mark di Suvero piece on the cultural arts plaza, and *The Yearling*, a statue by Donald Lipski of a huge red chair with a horse on it that sits on the lawn of the Denver Public Library.

For the hundredth anniversary of the Denver Art Museum, Nancy and her colleagues had a grand idea. They sent a sheet of 8.5x11-inch paper to each of the living artists in the collection and asked them to make a birthday card. Nancy wrote a cover letter and sent 150 of them with self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

"They started coming back two or three, then eight and twelve, and then word got around," wrote Nancy. "Other artists who thought they had works in the collection believed they'd like to send them. Well, the cards were incredibly good. They were exactly who the people were. Verner Pantan, who designs furniture, liked his card so much that he asked if he could have it replicated to note cards for his own use."

The museum displayed approximately 620 of the cards on the walls of the old Ponti building of the museum, as one enters Palettes restaurant, with a grid identifying the cards and artists. Nancy persuaded the museum to make notecards of about fifteen of them, and they sold out. "That was tremendous fun," she said.

THE HAMPSHIRE FOUNDATION

Libby Kirkpatrick is passionately involved in several social causes, including women's rights, animal welfare, and politics. In fact, the time she spends at Libertyville and at her ranch in Toponas provides opportunities to leave the phone calls and volunteer work behind and to be quiet and outdoors.

In addition, Libby is responsible for initiating a creative vehicle for giving. "We knew we were very fortunate, but not because we were hit over the heads with that information, but rather when we were very young Mom and Dad, who were very civic-minded, got us involved with the same thing. And it doesn't take a rocket scientist to realize you are very lucky. Private school, places to go visit, etc.," said Libby.

The sense of responsibility to give back was huge. It was so strongly ingrained in her that when her sons became adults, Libby started what she calls the Hampshire Foundation, named for her Hampshire sheep, as a philanthropic vehicle for her sons to use to improve the communities in which they live and work.

Libby provides the money, and her three sons are required to choose organizations in their own communities that will receive seed money. And they must be involved as volunteers in the organizations they want to support. Each June, Dave, Taylor, and Tim must send their proposals for that year to each other: how much money, where it's going, and why it's a good cause. Then they meet in Denver in July, and theoretically each can say yay or nay to the others' projects. "They take it very seriously, and I think it's fabulous, because that's what you should do. It seems to me if you live in a community and you're lucky enough to have a little bit of disposable income, you should give it back, no strings attached," said Libby. "What I'm most proud of is that all three boys are productive with their own lives. I never would worry that they would squander opportunities. I don't think they would. And I'm extremely lucky, because I enjoy them all and I think they enjoy me. You can't ask for more than that."

Taylor sees the Hampshire Foundation as something that keeps his generation together. "It's an excuse to get together at least once a year and talk about things in a very formal setting, about causes that are important to us," he said. Dave agrees that they know they'll be together in Colorado each July and talk about things they feel strongly about. "I think we really are a closer family as a result of this and really care about what each other is doing," he said.

Currently Dave's projects in Atlanta are geared toward the environment and education, Taylor's interests in Denver deal with early childhood education and literacy, and Tim's projects in Steamboat Springs focus on people with special needs. Tim thinks what his mom has created is "pretty darn cool," because the emphasis is not on getting names on a plaque or being honored at an event but on getting actual work done that is effective.

THE LEGACY OF HENRY B. BABSON



Having a great-grandfather like Henry Babson fuels Tim Kirkpatrick's curiosity about new technologies and what could be. "He was so ahead of his time—for a nineteen-year-old guy to say that we need to have music in our homes, so that he was going to sell these phonographs so that families could have good times listening to music at home together. It was like the original iPod. He was the guy who made music accessible." Tim wonders what his great-grandfather would have thought about digital records or cell phones. How could we make them better? Considering his sort of creativity and his dreams, how exciting it would have been to have dinner or just a conversation with Henry Babson!

It is as a risk-taker that Henry Babson most inspires Dave Kirkpatrick. "He was very confident of his own instincts, be it the story of going to China at a young age

and pursuing the phonograph records opportunity or in taking money out of the stock market at just the right time. When it came to Arabian horses, he was confident of the look that he thought was right." Although Dave is confident about his own instincts and has taken risks in life, he said, "From what I can tell, Henry Babson possessed that very rare combination of vision, confidence, and drive. Some people have it; most don't.

Leading a family business in its fourth generation that has not imploded, hasn't been run into the ground, but on the contrary has been stewarded well by preceding generations, Taylor is excited by the opportunities ahead. There is potential, of course. It comes with risks, but what excites Taylor is the possibility to generate something new again and not just live off the prior generation's dream. Taylor hopes that focusing on a new dream at Babson Farms, rather than on the past goal of "stewardship," will empower the youngest members of the Babson family to bring their own dreams to life.

Henry Babson wanted to enhance journeys for each family member. He wanted to provide an opportunity for each person to become a light in the world. The family trusts were a gift of love and were designed to improve the lives of the beneficiaries—not for their benefit only, but for the communities around them. There is a tremendous foundation to build on for generations to come.

A newspaper article on the Babson Arabian Horse Farm quoted Mr. Babson as saying, "Ideals are like stars. We can never reach them, but, like ancient mariners, we chart our course by them. Who knows what will be possible with a legacy of Babson sense, style, and the commitment to serve others. It's a legacy filled with opportunity."



FROM THE WAY I REMEMBER IT

By Nancy B. Tieken, July 2005

GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER

Learning to Learn

One of My Jobs

The Horse Farm

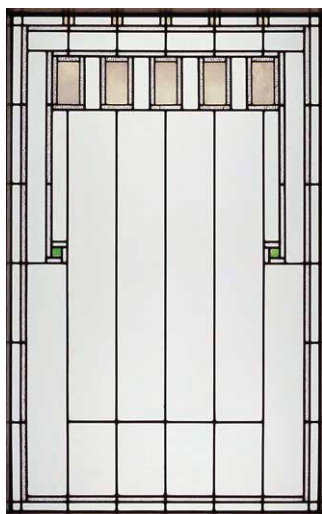
The *Maaroufa*

The Louis Sullivan House

Fishing with Mr. Babson

Charlevoix Stories

George Grant Elmslie for
Louis Sullivan: Leaded Glass
Light Screen for the Henry B.
Babson House, Riverside, Illinois.
c. 1907-1908.



FOR LIBBY, ON THE OCCASION OF HER 59TH
AND FOR MY WHOLE FAMILY

These short pieces—five about my grandparents, one about Charlevoix, and one about me—have been germinating since the 1980s. I wrote them to remind myself about my growing-up years, with no intention of inflicting them upon anyone else. But I’ve come to realize that Libby and Teddy don’t share the same memories I have, and that our children, and their children, can never have known about the Babsons and about Charlevoix—so maybe sharing them would be a good idea.

Memory can be highly unreliable, but as I’ve gone over these pieces I’ve found little to change. The point of view is that of a child, me, and—with the exception of “The Louis Sullivan House,” which I’ve learned about long after I’d heard of it—I’ve tried to write what I saw, did, and felt at the time. Happy, sad, scared, bewildered—even if hindsight doesn’t merit those emotions—it’s all there.

For the record, I’ve also included an appendix containing a brief Babson genealogy and the reprint of a brochure about Surge milking machines.

I feel very lucky to live in the middle of five generations of such an enterprising, independent-minded family who truly cared, and continue to care, about each other.

Love to all,
Nancy

LEARNING TO LEARN

I learned a lot from Grandfather. From the time I was two—when Mother and I lived with my grandparents during World War II—until he died thirty years later, he asked questions and posed problems and encouraged me, without my realizing it, to figure out solutions for myself.

My grandfather, Mr. Babson, was a sturdy, laconic man who always wore a jacket and tie and smoked a pipe and told me about things that interested him. Until he was 89, he went to the office every morning, where he hung his hat on the toe of a Buddha he'd brought back from China and filled his pipe from a leather humidior and ran Babson Brothers Company which made milking machines. He was always back by five in the afternoon when Grandmother served tea.

Grandfather never asked if I could read. He assumed I could when I was about three, and he'd give me part of his newspaper when I'd join him in the library after breakfast. I could spell out the headlines, but figured that reading was something I'd have to learn on my own, so I did.

The library was his favorite room. It was lined on all four walls with bookcases framed by wood panels carved into exotic animals and swags of fruit. Two large windows overlooked Lake Michigan from the 13th floor, and I could see the Chicago skyline all the way from the question-mark pier at North Avenue to the curve at 999 Lake Shore Drive, where the shore turned north again. He kept binoculars on the windowsill so he could watch the boats sailing by.

Grandfather's sturdy armchair was covered in moss green brocade. His desk with a tooled leather top stood between the windows. A couch faced the fireplace and a card table to one side held Grandfather's pantograph, which he used to design sailboats. It faced a gaming table where two people could play backgammon or chess.

"Can you shoot marbles?"

Although I was five by then, I wasn't sure what it meant to shoot marbles, but I knew where Grandfather kept his marble collection—in a white cardboard box labeled "Fannie Mae Chocolates" in the bottom left desk drawer, right below the wooden boxes of dates that came from Egypt. They were glass with swirls of color inside, amber and rose and deep blue. "Get the twine, too," he said.

He cut off a length with his silver penknife and told me to make it into a circle on the rug. The big amber marble, he said, went in the center and I arranged the others around the perimeter. The small black marble, Grandfather told me, was my shooter. He showed me how to hold it just so, resting between my thumbnail and index finger, and how to snap the marble in a straight line to knock the amber one out of place. Because it was hard for him to sit on the floor, he coached me patiently until he was satisfied that I'd got the hang of it.

We went head to head on Tiddlywinks, which we played on the desktop. He took the black chips and gave me the white ones and set a crystal shot glass between us. Grandfather pressed gently and precisely on the edge of one black disk with the edge of another and almost never missed the target. I tried to copy him, with more force and less finesse, and at first mine splayed erratically in all directions. We played frequently over the years and, though I improved, I never beat him.

After the War, when I lived with my parents again and had a brother and sister, I'd visit my grandparents in their library after school. If I arrived early when Grandmother was napping, I'd open the marble box to see if there were any new ones, or move the pegs around the ivory cribbage board, or watch the boats through the binoculars.

"Have they showed you how to derive a square root?"

Grandfather first asked me this when I was in the second grade. We hadn't learned about cube roots yet—as I remember, we were still memorizing the multiplication tables—so he said he'd show me the

easy way. Since he'd left high school in Nebraska to work at the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago, I asked cautiously when he'd learned about square roots but he just shrugged and said "common sense." Reaching for a leather tumbler of sharp green drafting pencils stamped "No. 3, Faber" and a pad of paper, he drew a little square and put a diagonal line across one corner, and pointed out to me that the diagonal was proportionate to the sides. As long as I remembered that, he said, I'd never have to worry about learning the formula. I nodded. I had no idea what he was talking about, and still don't.

"Try to take these apart."

"These" are two shiny steel nails twisted into interlocking loops, which Grandfather kept in his coat pocket. It looked pretty easy, because the loops didn't quite meet in the middle and there was just enough room, I thought, to slip them apart. But they wouldn't budge. I tried to force them but the nails were stronger than I was. Meanwhile, in his green armchair, Grandfather was working on several other interlocking nails, and when next I looked up he'd undone three sets of them and lined them neatly up on the desktop.

"Maybe you got a bad one." He took mine and separated the nails instantly.

I asked if it was magic but he said no, it was patience. Years ago, he'd ridden the Trans-Siberian Railroad back from China, which took two weeks. All he'd brought, aside from his money belt, was a grip (that was what he called a suitcase) packed with a change of underwear and a supply of nail puzzles he'd bought in Switzerland. He was the only English-speaking person on the train but he made a lot of friends by sharing his puzzles. A Mongolian had taught him string tricks, in return, which he said he'd show me another time. He did show me how to undo one set of nails—by positioning them in a certain way and twisting one halfway around—but that system didn't work on the other puzzles. After watching me struggle for a while, he put them all back in his pocket.

"Do you know the odds of shaking double sixes?" I shook my head.

We were sitting across the backgammon board from each other. I didn't know how to play backgammon but I'd seen Grandfather play Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell had lost, and plunked his dice cup down on the table with disgust. "I know better than to take your doubles, Henry," he said. "You always play by the odds."

Grandfather reached for the dice.

"How many faces on a die?"

"Six."

"How many dice?"

"Two."

"How many possible combinations?"

"Twelve?"

"No."

He wrote out the number in two columns on a slim tablet with HBB at the top and showed me why the right answer was 36. I nodded because I sort of understood.

"Then how many chances of rolling two?"

I paused and prayed. "One."

"And twelve?"

"Same," I said confidently.

"Then what are the odds of rolling seven?"

I didn't know. All I knew was that he'd be disappointed if I hadn't followed his explanation.

"Think."

I froze. I couldn't think of anything except how dumb I was.

Grandfather pointed at the numbers on his pad, and wrote down all the possible combinations—one and one, one and two, all the way to double sixes.

“Count.” There were six ways to roll seven.

“Six,” I said. It seemed like a lot.

“Then what are the odds?”

“Six in 36,” I replied.

“One in six,” he corrected.

Now, I was ready to play backgammon.

“Can you make a kite?”

My kites came from the dime store. I knew how to assemble them, but had never thought of making one. Not by coincidence, the pantograph had been removed from the card table, and in its place were a roll of tissue paper, string, glue, and long strips of balsa wood. As Grandfather rolled out the paper and marked it with a pencil, he told me he’d made kites when he was a boy: not only diamond-shaped, but box kites and ones with wings. The Chinese, he said, made the best kites and were very competitive. He’d watched Chinese boys glue broken glass onto their kite strings and try to saw everyone else’s in two. While he worked, Grandfather also told me about the tea plantations he’d visited, and how he’d tasted the buds, and that everyone used loose tea because the staples in tea bags ruined the taste. By the time he’d finished his China stories, the kite was ready to fly.

“You and your father can take it to Oak Street beach,” he said. “Then I can watch you out the window.”

“Can you draw a horse?”

I got his pad and pencil and drew a third-grade horse—a couple of ovals supported on four long poles with a broom for a tail.

“What kind of a horse is it?”

I hadn’t thought about that. “Just a pony.”

“Can you draw an Arab horse?” I shook my head.

“Wide-spaced eyes, a dished-out nose, and flanged nostrils. A close-coupled body and an arched tail.”

He motioned for the pad and pencil and drew the profile of a horse’s head in short, sharp strokes: a curved neck with a long mane, a prominent forehead, and nostrils like diamonds.

I recognized the profile at once. It was Fa-Serr, the prize stallion of the Babson Arab Farm, whom I’d admired whenever my grandparents took me there. Unlike mine, this drawing was a real horse.

Grandfather could also draw boats. With quick strokes, he showed me the difference between a yawl and a ketch and a sloop, a Marconi rig and a gaff rig. He drew the plan of his own boat, the *Maaroufa*, which was moored at the Chicago Yacht Club, and the plan for the *Old Maid*, which he’d sailed 50 years ago in Barnegat Bay.

I don’t know where Grandfather learned all the things he knew, but I was pretty sure they didn’t come from books. I don’t think I ever saw him reading a single volume from his library shelves except *Lloyd’s Registry of Yachts*, which had colored plates showing the pennants of every yacht club in the world as well as a number of registered private burgees, including his. But he admired books, especially ones with leather covers and gold letters and tissue paper between the color plates. He owned a tall sixteen-volume set of the *Encyclopedia Astronomica*, bound in red with gold stars and crescents stamped on the spine. For Grandmother, he’d bought *The Illustrated History of Chinese Export Porcelain* that was so big it had to lie sideways on the shelf. He’d also bought her a magic book, edged in gold. When he riffled the pages, a picture appeared where the gold had been, a painting of a town and a river with windmills on the horizon. When the book was closed, the painting disappeared.

And Grandfather knew people who wrote books. His copy of Willa Cather’s *My Ántonia* had a note from her written inside the cover. He said he’d met her in Arizona, and she knew as much about Nebraska as he did. One about Louis Sullivan said “For Henry Babson” on the flyleaf; Grandfather said he’d hired Sullivan to build their house in Riverside.

And Grandfather told me to keep a diary. By then, he was over ninety and I was a married woman living in California and had flown to Chicago to have tea with him before Mother and I left to join a group of archaeologists in Iraq.

Why? I wondered. As far as I know, he'd never kept one; although he drew and computed, he seldom wrote. In fact, the only letter I ever received from him was three lines long. The first sentence posited a group of round tables of unknown circumference and a square room of known dimensions. The second sentence asked, "How many tables will fit into the room?" The third said, "Try it." There was no signature.

I did keep a diary, every day for a month, and worked hard when I returned to write up my notes. It had been a remarkable trip—among other adventures, we were the first women foreigners to see the Iraqi excavation at Hatra, and were detained in Mosul during a Kurdish uprising—and I was glad I'd taken Grandfather's advice. I had it typed and bound into a black folder and flew to Chicago to deliver it, knowing it might be the last time I'd see him. I especially wanted to show him the dedication, "For Grandfather," but he motioned for me to put the folder, unopened, on his desk.

Three months later a large brown carton arrived at my door in Los Angeles. Inside were 100 slim books with blue covers and yellow bindings. Printed in gold on each spine was the title, "Watching them Dig," and my name.

I called Grandfather immediately, to share my surprise and delight, but sadly he couldn't come to the phone. All I could do was to open my first book to the dedication page and write "With thanks for teaching me how to learn," and send it to him Air Express.

Mother said he'd asked to have it shelved right next to *Lloyd's Registry*.



ONE OF MY JOBS

When I stayed the night with my grandparents, one of my jobs was preparing Grandfather's clothes for the next day. Grandmother supervised, in case I forgot just how he liked his things laid out, even though I had been helping her since I was four. Looking back, I doubt if Grandfather cared how he looked, but Grandmother, always beautifully dressed and groomed herself, did. So did I.

We started with his shirt. All his shirts were white cotton broadcloth, ironed smooth as ice. The monograms on the sleeve—HBB inside a little wreath—were different colors, blue for blue suits, white for gray suits. One monogram was maroon but Grandmother never chose it because he'd never liked it. The French cuffs were starched and Grandfather had a whole box of cufflinks from which to choose, all gold. It was tricky to find two of the same shape, and hard to work them through the stiff material. His collars were even harder to prepare. Stiff white bands of polished cotton with one slit in back and one on each front tip, they were stored in a separate drawer along with an assortment of ivory collar studs. One short stud went in back and one longer stud went in front, because both sides of the collar had to go over it. I gently eased the back stud through the shirt and the collar and the longer stud through just the shirt, because Grandfather had to fasten his own collar before he could put on his tie.

The hardest part was choosing a tie. There were so many—some striped and some with paisley prints. I was always afraid Grandfather wouldn't approve of my selection but Grandmother assured me he always did. He probably never noticed.

Then Grandmother selected his suit. I hung the jacket and its matching vest over the wooden valet stand and draped the trousers over a special bar. All the jackets had Grandfather's initials inside and were made, she told me, by Mr. Natterney. I think he shined his own shoes when I wasn't there because they were never dirty. They had wooden shoe trees and were either black or brown with wing tips and his initials stamped inside in gold. Clean underwear and socks and two handkerchiefs got piled neatly on a nearby chair. On weekends, I knew to substitute an oatmeal cashmere V-necked sweater for his vest.

Grandfather preferred Elgin timepieces. He said they were so accurate that every railroad conductor carried one, and he had one too, gold, on a golden chain with little charms. I'd never had a chance to look at it closely until one day I found it in the little dish where he kept his loose change. (Grandmother said he'd worn his new wristwatch that day, to see if it was equally accurate.) The back of the watch was inscribed HBB with a date, and one of the charms was in the shape of a dog looking into the fluted horn of a Victrola. I had seen the design before; it was the same as the one on the records my parents played in the evening. Grandmother confirmed my identification and said Grandfather might enjoy telling me the story behind the charm. After dinner that evening, he did. It was a short story. "I worked," he said, "for the Victor Talking Machine Company."

Over the years, Grandfather told me more. He'd been born in Seward, Nebraska, in 1875, but wasn't sure whether his birthday was November 30 or December 1, because the courthouse with all the records had been burned up. He had four younger brothers and their mother had died when he was fourteen. Grandfather hadn't much time for school, what with fixing farm machinery, working in the general store, cleaning house, and baking angel food cakes (thirteen egg whites) for Sunday socials. Most summers, he took the train East and sailed with his relatives in Gloucester, Massachusetts. During his travels, Grandfather'd heard about the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, so at age seventeen he went to see for himself. Curious, practical, and looking for opportunity, he was intrigued by Thomas Edison's remarkable new invention, the phonograph. On the spot, he introduced himself to Edison and volunteered as a sales and service representative. Why Edison took him on I cannot imagine, but Edison was no fool and neither was Grandfather.

For five cents, Grandfather offered Exposition visitors an opportunity to put on headphones and listen to a phonograph record. Edison's invention soon became a major attraction, and its success convinced Grandfather that the potential market reached far beyond Chicago. With Edison's blessing, he traveled to Italy to make more records; crouched on an upper loft at La Scala, he recorded Italian opera singers, including Enrico Caruso, on wax cylinders. When Grandfather returned, Edison agreed to let him set off for China with a boatload of Talking Machines and Italian opera records. The shipment sold out.

The trip gave Grandfather bigger ideas. Eager to manufacture and distribute his own and other inventions, which in time would include watches and Surge milking machines, he resigned from the Victor distributorship but agreed to stay on as director. The watch fob was to honor his 50 years of service to the company.



THE MAAROUFA

The last sailboat Grandfather owned—the one he had when I was growing up—was the *Maaroufa*.

The *Maaroufa* had been designed by Phil Rhoades, but it was a collaborative process—the way Grandfather had worked with Louis Sullivan to design the house in Riverside. Grandfather had definite ideas about design. “Ask three or four of the best-known men in the field and pay them \$100 apiece to draw up plans, and then choose the best one,” he told me. Whether the “one” referred to the design or the designer he did not say but I’m pretty sure it was the latter.

I knew exactly how the *Maaroufa* looked well before I ever saw it because Grandfather had commissioned a scale model which was in his library. It was a ketch with two wooden masts and a teak deck pegged and polished, and a steel hull painted white, a radical departure in the 1940’s from traditional wooden boats. The tan doghouse, an enclosed room in front of the cockpit, had real windows, not portholes, so that Grandmother could sit comfortably out of the sun and wind and enjoy the scenery. I learned about the mainsail and the mizzen and the staysail which had its own boom, and the jib which was loose-footed. The *Maaroufa* was named after Grandfather’s favorite Arabian mare who had died some years before but whose offspring continued to win prizes.

Soon after the *Maaroufa* “came down” in the spring of 1945 (from where I did not know), it was moored at the Chicago Yacht Club in Monroe Street Harbor, and when I was old enough my grandparents asked if I would like to come aboard for dinner. Luckily, Mother said yes. I dressed carefully, in a wool skirt and two sweaters and rubber-soled shoes. Grandmother wore a long-sleeved dress woven from grosgrain ribbon with a matching hat and shoes. Grandfather had changed his suit coat and vest for a cashmere V-necked sweater and a tweed jacket, but he still wore his fedora and smoked a pipe.

I had no idea the *Maaroufa* was so big. Grandfather said it was 77 feet long and had to moor the farthest out, where the water was deepest. We three stood on the long dock while a man with a brass megaphone called out “Ahoy, *Maaroufa*.” That was the signal for Johnny, a sailor in a white uniform, to launch the dinghy, also white, with varnished wooden oars and shiny brass oarlocks. From the dock, Grandmother and I were handed into the stern and Grandfather sat himself in the bow. We were off for dinner.

Captain Hascal’s weathered face creased into cordiality as he welcomed us aboard. Another sailor in white and a steward in a black jacket were right behind him. While Grandfather and Captain Hascal went down to inspect something in the engine room, Grandmother took me below decks for a tour.

The model had given no hint of what lay below. The doghouse, down a few steps from the cockpit, was huge. A wooden table flanked by comfortable high-backed benches with sea-blue cushions was built into one side. A built-in couch faced it. Forward, down some more stairs, was a dining room that could seat eight, and beyond the mahogany door, Grandmother told me, was a galley (the name for a boat’s kitchen), a room for the Captain, bunks for four crew, and a head (the boat word for bathroom). Down the aft stairs, two guest rooms with bunk beds opened on either side of the passageway with a head for them both. At the end of the passage, the main stateroom with two beds and built-in dressers had its own head. All the rooms had portholes, which opened by turning a wing nut, and could be covered with little curtains suspended on brass rods. The towels were monogrammed with crossed burgees—Grandfather’s with two white circles on a field of blue and the Chicago Yacht Club’s red, white, and blue one.

Suddenly, deep inside the boat, the motor began to throb and we hurried back up to the cockpit. Grandfather, with his hat and pipe, stood at the wheel. The anchor chain began to clatter and the *Maaroufa* glided away from its mooring toward Lake Michigan.

Leaving the concrete breakwater in our wake, we passed the harbor beacon and soon the skyline began to recede. The buildings dissolved into a field of sparkling lights, brushed by the revolving rays of the

Lindbergh Light on top of the Palmolive Building. Ahead, the stars began to appear. The steward arrived with cocktails, ginger ale for me in a blue-rimmed glass with crossed flags on the side, and we sipped in silence. Gimbale holders were placed conveniently around the cockpit, so our glasses never tipped even when the boat did.

The steward appeared to announce dinner, and Captain Hascal took the wheel. The candles flickered in glass chimneys. The white plates had flags, too. I sat on a sea-blue leather banquette, my grandparents sat in real chairs with blue cushions, and the steward served us one by one, from silver dishes—my favorite lamb chops. After dessert, Grandmother asked to have coffee served on deck.

The *Maaroufa* had turned back toward shore without my even noticing. The colored lights at the base of Buckingham Fountain shot upward like stationary fireworks. The city lights gleamed brighter in the dark night. Closer and closer we came, guided by the harbor beacon.

I heard the anchor clatter downward. Johnny brought the dinghy around to the gangplank. On the way back to shore, Grandmother and I shared a lap robe. The *Maaroufa*'s hull disappeared into the darkness and all I could see were the red and green running lights and two white lights at the tips of the masts.

I must have proved my seaworthiness (Grandmother told me later that she was afraid I'd feel ill on boats, as she usually did) because soon thereafter Grandfather called Mother and told her he was taking me for a day-sail. I cannot remember if my parents came too, but I know that Grandfather came to pick me up on a Saturday morning and we drove again to the Chicago Yacht Club. In my earlier excitement, I'd forgotten that, as well as everything else, the *Maaroufa* had sails.

Again, the uniformed man called "Ahoy, *Maaroufa*" from his megaphone and Johnny came to get us in the dinghy, and Captain Hascal was waiting—but this time the sail covers were off and I could see the sails folded neatly over the booms and tied with lengths of cotton ribbon. The engine gave its now-familiar growl, and we were off.

Once past the breakwater, everyone got very busy except Grandfather. Johnny and Captain Hascal went aft and Ben (Grandmother had told me his name) went forward to untie the sails. At a signal from them, Grandfather turned the boat a bit. As the crew winched up the halyards, the mizzen and the stay-sail began to rise. They made a terrible flapping noise but Grandfather didn't seem concerned, because he said you had to head into the wind to raise sails. The canvas snapped louder. The sails rose further. "Falling off now," Grandfather called. I must have looked alarmed, because he said that falling off meant heading away from the wind so the sails would fill. They did. Grandfather cut the motor. The only sound was the water slapping against the hull. We were sailing.

The wind swept us forward effortlessly and silently. The crew stayed by their sails and Captain Hascal returned.

"Good seven knots," he said.

Grandfather gestured with his pipe toward a group of dials. "Doing five now," he replied.

I wondered if I were dreaming: the wind in my face, the wind in the bellies of the sails, the wind on the water making lines of ripples as far as I could see. Grandmother looked happy, too.

Then I saw Captain Hascal looking at me skeptically. "She know about the life rings?" he asked Grandfather. "She know if she falls overboard we throw her one and she hangs on until someone picks her up?"

I nodded. It seemed a very sensible plan.

Again, silence. Grandfather hardly moved the wheel. *Maaroufa* seemed to be sailing herself.

Before long, Grandfather signaled again, and Johnny went forward. The sails started flapping again. "Time to raise the main," said Grandfather.

The mainsail was so big that Johnny and Ben both had to pull on the halyard, alternating rhythmically, while Captain Hascal winched. The noise was deafening. Grandmother went below. I watched as the

bottom of the sail dropped over the boom onto the doghouse but no one else seemed worried. The sail rose higher and higher, vaster than I could have imagined. At last, it reached the top of the mast, the halyard was cleated, and we fell off again into welcome silence, broken only by Grandfather again motioning to the instrument panel. “Eight knots now,” he said.

The rest of the day is a happy blur. At some point, the steward brought up sandwiches for Grandfather and me. Several times, Grandfather called, “Ready about,” while the crew hastened to their sails. “Hard alee,” he’d say, as he turned the boat. Sails flapped. The crew pulled. As the sails filled, the flapping stopped. Grandfather showed me how much the red line on the compass had moved.

After a long time, the wind died. The crew lowered the sails and while Grandfather motored back to the harbor, they neatly folded and tied them and coiled the lines. No one on land would have thought they had ever been raised. The sun had sunk low in the sky. I had been sailing for a whole day.

I was lucky. The next summer, when my grandparents cruised up Lake Michigan into Georgian Bay in Canada, they stopped in Charlevoix to pick me up, and I spent a whole week on the *Maaroufa*. When we crossed into Canada, Captain Hascal gave the harbormaster a bottle of whiskey. Once when we dropped anchor near some little islands, Johnny took Grandmother and me exploring in the dinghy and we collected mosses in a wet newspaper. In Little Current, we spent a day shopping; Grandmother bought me a rose-colored Shetland sweater and Grandfather bought two boxes of maple sugar candies shaped like leaves.

Of course, I thanked them very very much and wrote them a long letter which could be waiting when they got back to Chicago. But I could not have known that it was the last summer Grandmother was well enough to be on the *Maaroufa* and that Grandfather would sell the boat. And almost 60 years later, I am still thanking them—for our trips together, and for the memories, and for my own love of sailing.



THE HORSE FARM

Fadl. Fa-Serr. Fay-el-Dine. *Maaroufa*. Bint-Bint-Saba. The names sound like a litany from the *Arabian Knights* and, in fact, they were the names of Grandfather's Arabian horses. He'd gone there in the 1930s to buy a stallion called Fadl and two mares from the prince, and by 1940, when I was born he had at least 40 Arabs. I knew Fadl. He was a plump white stallion with wide-set black eyes and nostrils like diamonds and when I was six I was allowed to ride him—on a lead rein—whenever my grandparents and I visited. Then, I had no idea that Fadl had sired nearly all the prize Arabs that made the Babson Arab Horse Farm an important stop for Arab breeders from all over the world.

The Horse Farm was a long drive from Chicago, all the way past Dixon and Oregon and Grand Detour. Grandfather drove with Grandmother beside him, and Martha the cook and I sat in back. The brown portable icebox was in the trunk, along with our suitcases.

We rode for hours through Illinois farmland and I knew we were close only when I saw the Dr. Pepper sign beside the Grand Detour general store. Finally, I spotted the neat post-and-rail fences that marked the boundaries of the property, and soon after passing the Aurands' house we turned onto a long white gravel drive.

The stud barn was a cathedral in the woods. Silver-gray cypress walls and a gambreled roof rose higher than the tallest trees. The doors, portals really, were drawn open and an avenue of tanbark stretched from one end of the barn to the other.

Mr. Watson, the manager, looking neat in khaki pants and shirt, came out of the barn to welcome us all. Grandmother waited by the car to talk to Mrs. Watson while the men strode into the barn to inspect the stallions in their box stalls, stopping often to talk business. I tagged behind, peering up at the bars, trying to see the horses inside. When I was very little, Grandfather used to lift me up but now that I was six I could stand on my tiptoes and see their smooth flanks and their name plates hanging on the stalls—gold letters engraved into polished wood.

Fadl's stall was at the far end of the barn, next to a glass case with silver cups and blue ribbons. In his photograph Fadl wore a tasseled saddle and bridle and his rider wore a white robe with a flowing scarf tied around his head. Down a short corridor, away from the other horses, was Suleiman and his favorite goat. Suleiman was Polish, not Arab, Grandfather said, and needed a goat to gentle him down.

After touring the stud barn, we walked out past the long, wide grassy paddocks to inspect the barn where the mares lived. This was a lower, cozier building which opened out onto acres of green pasture where mares and their foals grazed. Grandfather pointed out Bint Saba with Bint Bint Saba beside her and told me that, in Arabic, *bint* meant daughter and *ibn* meant son.

Off the mares' barn was a carriage house, and I could see inside through the windows. I longed to ride in the black sled with curved runners and a sturdy shaft in front, but we never visited in the winter. Grandmother and I used to ride in the pony cart, a big wicker basket with two shafts that fit around the horse. Mr. Watson would hitch up a gentle mare and Grandmother would be handed in, me beside her, and we'd set off for a pleasantly bumpy adventure. If the horse was "feeling her oats," as Mr. Watson would say apologetically, we'd pick wild flowers instead.

By now it was late afternoon, and time to go to the log cabin for the night. The unmarked road lay just beyond the Aurands' house. (The Aurands, who worked for Grandfather, raised chickens and vegetables and a cow and tended to the log cabin. Grandmother always took me to visit and sometimes Mrs. Aurand and I would look for eggs in the chicken coop.) In the apple orchard past the blueberry bushes, a rope swing hung tantalizingly at just my height. Then, just around the bend, the log cabins came into sight.

The first one belonged to the Silverthornes. The little pump house farther on belonged to both families, and at last we arrived at Grandfather's house.

The cabin was built of huge logs so closely fitted one to the next that there was no need for chinking; Grandfather'd hired a man from Norway to make it. The logs crossed each other at the corners, and were neatly cut out to make windows. Several mossy slate steps led to the kitchen door, which was closed but unlocked, since Mrs. Aurand had gotten everything ready for our arrival.

The smell of pine and lemon oil welcomed us in. Sunlight streamed into the low-ceilinged kitchen, bouncing off the diamond-shaped panes of glass cabinets filled with blue-and-white china and cut-glass goblets. Fresh fruit filled the wooden bowl on the trestle table. Martha bustled about, unpacking the food we'd brought and lighting the gas stove, and my grandparents and I walked through the door to the living room.

It was both huge and cozy and even on sunny days it was soothingly dim. A high peaked roof rose above the varnished log walls. A bay window with glass doors opened to the outside and facing it was an enormous fireplace so big I could stand up in it. It was made of enormous stones and the chimney went right up through the roof. A black iron kettle swung on a chain over a ready-laid fire and once on a rainy day Grandmother and I boiled water in the kettle for tea and made popcorn in the black iron popper that hung nearby. When I went to bed that night the stones on my side of the fireplace were still warm.

Indian rugs that Grandfather had bought in Wyoming covered the wooden floors and hung on one wall. The upholstered chairs and couches were sweetly musty. A long refectory table with eight chairs stood against the log wall nearest the kitchen, and its four brass candlesticks had bells that rang when I pulled their chains.

First, I had to reassure myself that certain treasures were as I'd remembered them: the painted woodpecker that pecked like a door knocker when I wound him up, the white porcelain rabbit with pink glass eyes on Grandmother's dressing table, the witch hazel bottle in the bathroom medicine cabinet, the end table with narrow drawers that held dozens of dried butterflies, each one laid carefully on a bed of cotton-wool. Then Grandmother would unlock the glass doors and we'd walk across flagstones down to a narrow path which led to the Lookout.

Grandfather had the Lookout built especially for Grandmother because she loved the peaceful view of the Rock River far below. Its wooden floor and railings were built from the same logs as the house, and the benches were logs too, split in half and varnished smooth. Way below us, the river wound in lazy curves as far as I could see. Beavers swam from bank to bank, leaving tiny wakes behind them. Hawks and crows glided silently overhead. On the far shore, tiny white houses and red barns and silver silos dotted the green fields. Tiny men with straw hats drove red or green tractors and combines when the hay was ready to be cut and baled. It was a miniature world but it was very real.

There was so much to do. In the mornings I'd watch Grandfather making baking powder biscuits or johnnycake in a black iron skillet while Martha fried eggs and bacon. He didn't need a recipe because he said you learned to bake by feel. If it had rained the night before, Grandmother'd wash my hair with pure water from the rain barrel and brush it dry in the sun until it was smooth and silky. When we went exploring in the woods, I was reminded to put on Calamine lotion so I wouldn't get poison ivy. We usually found violets for a bouquet, and always hoped to find a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, with stiff white petals and slender orange stamens. They were very scarce and I knew not to touch them because they might die.

Grandfather didn't care much for flowers, but he liked to pick blueberries and sometimes he'd fly a kite in the open pasture beyond the Silverthornes' house.

And, when I was six, he took me to the Horse Farm to ride Faddl.

I had mixed feelings about riding. I knew that everyone else in our family did; I'd seen photographs of Mother and Daddy riding at the Horse Farm before I was born, and of Grandmother and Grandfather riding in the desert, with Grandmother sitting sidesaddle. When I was younger, Grandfather'd bought me a Shetland pony called Midnight who lived at the Aurands and he was the right size, even though I had to kick him to make him go. But Grandfather's horses were very big and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to get on and even more afraid that I'd fall off. Nonetheless, dressed in my twill pants and jodhpur boots, I pretended as hard as I could to be pleased.

Mr. Watson offered to saddle and bridle Fadl, but Grandfather did it himself, putting the bit right into the horse's mouth. Fadl never minded when he did it. I tried once and Fadl just tossed his head. Mr. Watson lifted me into the saddle and buckled up the stirrups as short as they'd go. "Heels down," he reminded me. Then, he attached the lead rein and walked over to the big exercise ring across from the barn.

I felt very far off the ground. At first I held on to the saddle, which wasn't much help because it was an English saddle without a pommel. For the first few times, Mr. Watson led Fadl around and around while I tried to get the feel of the seat and the reins. "Gentle hands," Grandfather'd remind me. The more we walked the more confident I became and I was almost sorry when it was time to dismount. Grandfather gave me a lump of sugar for Fadl and he ate it right off my hand with his rough tongue.

Trotting was harder. Because my legs weren't quite long enough, it was difficult to stand up to post. But I knew Grandfather'd be disappointed if I didn't get it right so I kept at it long after my seat was sore.

Cantering was even worse. "Pretend it's a rocking chair," Grandfather'd say. Rocking chair? I felt as if I were inside a cement mixer. But by the fourth or fifth time I began to enjoy myself. I could post without getting spanked by the saddle, and, while it didn't exactly feel like a rocking chair, I could relax into a canter. I envied Mr. Watson, who seemed to be part of the horse, but he said he'd been riding a long time. And Grandfather, even in his 70s, had "a seat," which was the highest form of praise.

"She'll be a good little rider," Mr. Watson said to Grandfather.

"At her age, Betty already had a set," Grandfather replied.

I enjoy riding to this day, but unlike Mr. Watson or Grandfather or my mother, I've never had "a seat."



THE LOUIS SULLIVAN HOUSE

I'd known about the house in Riverside that Louis Sullivan built for Grandfather ever since I was a little girl, but when I asked Mother about it she got very upset. She'd hated growing up there, she said, and didn't want me to mention the house ever again.

I felt bad and I was confused. When I was a little girl, Grandfather'd always spoken to me about Riverside quite naturally. The very tall clock in the front hall, which gonged solemnly every quarter-hour, had been especially made for the Sullivan house, he said. Grandfather wound it on Sundays, and as soon as I was old enough, he showed me where he kept the keys. A long pendulum swung behind its glass door, along with chimes of different lengths, and its gold face had three keyholes. I'd hand him the keys one by one, while he told me about the Riverside drawing room Sullivan had designed and Elmslie had furnished. The tan carpet runners speckled with blue and brown rosettes had been designed for the house by Elmslie, too, but they were so long that Grandfather'd had to have them cut down when they moved to Chicago. Once he got out the photograph album marked "Riverside" and showed me pictures of a very long house with a pitched roof. It was big enough, he said, to have a bowling alley in the basement. There were pictures of the grounds, too, with lots of trees and bushes and a three-hole golf course. Grandfather had met Sullivan at a place called The Cliff Dwellers, and he said Sullivan was glad to have the work. I guess Elmslie was, too.

In the same album, I'd noticed a picture of a little girl with messy hair standing next to a little blond boy dressed in a sailor suit with a model boat. "Who is that?" I asked. "Betty and Billy," he said. I knew my mother was Betty but she'd never mentioned Billy. "Have I met him?" I asked. Grandfather shook his head. "He died."

Oh. That explained why, when I'd asked Grandmother about the children in the framed photographs that hung in her dressing room, she said they were Betty and Billy and then changed the subject. She must have missed him very much.

I must have been about four when Grandmother said that May Day was coming, and would I like to drive to Riverside with her to deliver May baskets to Martha and Adolph? Of course I said yes. Mother said she was busy.

On the appointed morning, I dressed very carefully and Grandmother looked very pleased. When we went downstairs, the two wicker baskets filled with fresh flowers that she'd ordered from Blome's were already in the car next to the chauffeur. During the drive, she tried to guess which flowers might be in bloom in Riverside when we arrived—the trillium, she hoped, and certainly the lilacs. She told me how Martha, the Norwegian cook, had been with them since Mother was born. Although Martha had retired to Riverside, she came to Chicago from time to time and made lemon meringue pies and angel food cake for special dinners and birthdays. Adolph the old chauffeur had retired to Riverside, too. Grandmother said he'd wanted to marry Martha but she wouldn't have him, so he married someone else.

The surprise visit was carefully planned. We stopped along the long, winding driveway behind a lilac hedge just as the two cottages came into view. The gabled roofs had long overhanging eaves and the windows were made of stained glass. Grandmother and I each took a basket and tiptoed to the front doors. I hung mine on Martha's wrought iron doorknob and, at Grandmother's signal, raised the knocker. "Surprise!"

Of course, Martha and Adolph and Adolph's wife were surprised, and Martha just happened to have a pitcher of lemonade and a plate of her cookies on a tray by the front door, so we all went inside.

Shafts of colored light streamed through the windows. Everything smelt of lemon and anise. The floors shone, as did the long kitchen table. Grandmother asked if I'd pass the cookies. Martha hugged me. I could feel her happiness and I think Grandmother could, too. I wish we could have stayed longer.

The Louis Sullivan house was there, too, somewhere beyond the lilac bushes, but I never saw it. I think Martha and Adolph cared for it, though they never said so.

When we returned, Mother asked Grandmother if Martha and Adolph were well, and then changed the subject.

From time to time, I brooded about the mystery of the Sullivan house and Billy's death and finally, when I was about nine and in a melodramatic phase, the pieces came together. In English class at the Girls Latin School, each of us had to choose a poem to recite and we competed to find the saddest one. I briefly considered "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*."

At daybreak on a bleak sea morn

A fisherman stood aghast

To see the form of a maiden fair

Lashed close to the broken mast

But it was too long, so I decided on "The Last Leaf," and on my assigned day I intoned in properly solemn cadence:

I saw him once before

As he passed by the door

And again

The paving stones resound

As he totters o'er the ground

With his cane....

And when I live to be

The last leaf on the tree

In the spring

Let them smile, as I do now,

At the old forgotten bough,

Where I cling.

Everyone agreed it was very sad.

The next week, Joanna Fortune recited a portion of "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," which reminded me of Riverside, but it didn't seem very sad until she told us that it was really about Abraham Lincoln's death, and then we agreed that it, too, was very sad.

Alice had been bragging that she'd found the saddest poem of all, and on her day she recited "Little Boy Blue" by Eugene Field.

The little toy dog is covered with dust

But sturdy and stanch he stands;

And the little toy soldier is red with rust

And the musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,

And the soldier was passing fair;

And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise."

So, toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! The years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in his same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of the little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Everyone else looked very sad but I was crying. I knew now that Billy's little model boat was still standing in the Sullivan house and that he'd never come back to get it, and that Mother had been grieving for him ever since.

Time passed. I grew up and was married and moved to California and had my own child. I also read everything I could find about Louis Sullivan, who had been one of America's greatest architects, and George Grant Elmslie. Sullivan was born in Boston in 1856 of Irish immigrants and came to Chicago in 1875, fresh from a year of art and architectural study abroad. He soon found work as a fresco painter, specializing in abstract botanical motifs painted in rich colors. The power of life itself—the cycle of birth, bloom, and decay—would continue to be embodied in his architectural ornament throughout his career.

Sullivan and his partner, Dankmar Adler, had designed several Chicago buildings I knew well: Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., the second nicest department store after Marshall Field, and the Auditorium Theater, which was restored to its original luminous glory while I was growing up. The theater interior was Sullivan's masterpiece—he had worked for years on the elaborate interior design, with the help of (briefly) Frank Lloyd Wright and then the teenaged draftsman George Grant Elmslie, who was to remain with him until Grandfather's house was completed in 1909. Sullivan was a stubborn man, unwilling to compromise his beliefs about "Nature's superb drama" even if the consequences were financially ruinous, and by 1895, he'd broken with Adler and gone out on his own. Though he was commissioned frequently to create designs, many remained unbuilt. He would have welcomed Grandfather's proposal in 1907, especially because Riverside itself was a model of idyllic nature; the town itself had been laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvin Vaux in the 1860s.

Wright was also building in Riverside that year, and Sullivan, aware—and perhaps jealous—of Wright's popular Prairie Houses, designed Grandfather's to be long and low, too. According to Robert Twombly (*Louis Sullivan: His Life and Work*, Viking, 1986):

"(T)he \$40,000 residence was in the main one hundred by thirty feet, noticeably horizontal on two stories, its lower walls in tapestry brick terminating at one end with a magnificently arched breakfast porch.... Under a low-pitched broadly eaved roof, the upper walls were dark-stained board-and-batten cypress with strips of leaded glass casement windows in crisp white frames.... The plan mirrored the horizontal exterior, with one downstairs room flowing into the next along a lengthy axis. Upstairs, a gallery on the rear wall connected three bedrooms—two with baths—separated for privacy by a den and the sitting room. Each bedroom opened on a balcony, the master bedroom on two. ... It was certainly the most handsome residence Sullivan ever did."

I was visiting Mother soon after Grandfather died in 1970 when she received what had obviously been an upsetting telephone call. “It’s that man from the Art Institute,” she said. “He wants me to give the clock for a permanent exhibition about Sullivan and Elmslie. He also wants to have the plans and the correspondence about the house. I told him I’d thrown them all out after Father died.”

She had. I was with her when she dumped them all out of the drawers in Grandfather’s desk into a trash barrel.

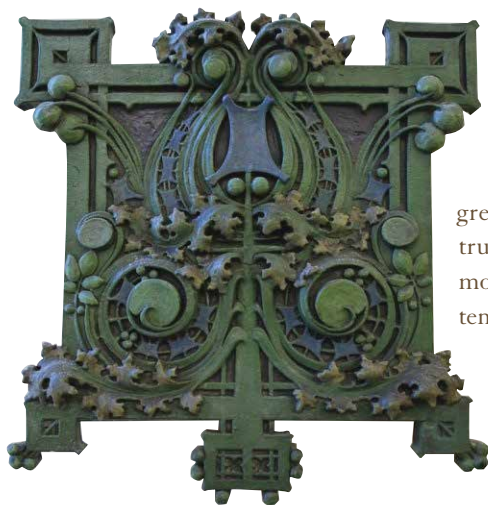
“I hated that house,” she said fiercely. “I never want to be reminded about it again.”

“Why?” I spoke before I thought.

Mother glared at me. “That’s the house where Billy died.” Now she couldn’t stop herself. “Daddy gave the commission to Sullivan, that awful drunk he met at The Cliff Dwellers, because he felt sorry for him. It was a cruel joke. The house was too big and too dark. Billy and I had a whole wing to ourselves, and after he died I had to live there alone. Mother never left her room until Daddy took her away for a trip and left me with Martha. I slept in her room until they got back, and then we moved to Chicago.” Her anger died away, leaving only grief. “Daddy sold it to a nunnery. Then it was torn down, thank God. I still have nightmares about that house. So did Mother.”

I went, alone, to the Art Institute. Grandfather’s clock stood at the gallery entrance, newly cleaned and as tall as I’d remembered it. The label read: “Pendulum Clock, George G. Elmslie, c. 1908, various woods and brass, donated anonymously.” No further information, not even the name Babson, was given. “I remember that clock,” I told the gallery guard. “It belonged to my Grandfather.”

Halfway through the exhibition, I spotted several panes of stained glass that looked like the ones in Martha’s cottage, but the label was vague. Then I noticed a garish green plaque heavily ornamented with vines and berries, as intricate as a plate from a medieval manuscript. As I stared at it, the design began to look like a monster—with leaves for eyes and acorns for nostrils and tendrils of ivy twisting into a beard and mustache. I looked at the label.



“Architectural ornament for the Henry Babson residence (destroyed). Designers: Louis H. Sullivan and George G. Elmslie. One of many inset polychrome terra cotta panels, used as accent marks upon the façade of the dark mass to provide color.”

I tried to imagine a long, low, dark house studded with green monsters. A father whose architect was unsparingly true to Nature’s cycles. A child crying in her bedroom. A mother standing on a balcony, overlooking a lilac arbor, listening for a little voice.

Ornamental detail from the Henry Babson House,
Riverside, Illinois



FISHING WITH MR. BABSON

It was a treat, Mother said. My grandfather, Mr. Babson (as nearly everyone called him), was to take me fishing at Coleman Lake. I was eight and Grandfather was 73 and Coleman Lake, Wisconsin, was seven hours by car from our home in Chicago.

I knew Grandfather was a very good fisherman. He'd showed me the trout flies he'd tied himself. He'd let me hold his Hardy rods—big brown bamboo poles—which felt stiff as a broomstick to me but in his hand they lashed like a length of rope. He'd sometimes practice casting in the front hall of his apartment—an enormous room with a wall of silvery mirrors that reflected his every move and a fountain with real goldfish at one end. He told me about founding the Coleman Lake Club years ago with a group of friends, how they bought lots of land to keep it safe for fish and animals, and about Oz Matson, who had managed the club for years. But it never occurred to me that Grandfather would take me fishing. Nor had it occurred to Mother. It was Grandfather's idea. "She's old enough to learn to fish," he told her, and that was that. He and I were going to Coleman Lake.

Learning to fish was not a priority of mine. In fact, fishing was one of the things I thought you didn't have to learn. For me, fishing meant getting a spool of line and some hooks from the hardware store in Charlevoix, digging night crawlers from the flowerbed, and sitting on the bridge waiting for a fish to bite. All summer in Michigan, any time I wanted to, I could go fishing by myself. Now I was going to have to learn fishing, but since I didn't have any say in the matter I pretended to be pleased.

Early on the morning we were to leave, I was wakened, fed, handed a small suitcase, already packed, and taken down the elevator to wait for Grandfather.

Grandfather had three cars. The black Lancia spent most of its time in the garage waiting for parts to come from Italy. The gray Bentley was for city driving. The dark blue Ford was for Coleman Lake. The Ford, with Gordon at the wheel, arrived early—Grandfather was always early—and the doorman waved us goodbye.

It was a long trip. All morning we drove through towns I'd never heard of. After Appleton, where we stopped for lunch, we saw only fields and forests and an occasional gas station attached to a general store, and a saloon. Late that afternoon, just after Pembine, Grandfather spotted the unmarked turnoff for Coleman Lake. We crossed a rushing stream on a rattling bridge and the gravel road turned to dirt. Grandfather pointed out a beaver and a porcupine and three deer. We stopped for a sluggish turtle crossing in front of us. At last, I saw a clearing ahead of us, ringed by three weathered wooden buildings. Nets and creels hung on the outside of the first one. A screen door marked "office" clattered on the one behind it. The third building, two stories tall, was—Grandfather told me—the lodge and bunkhouse.

We arrived as the fishermen and their guides were returning. I was introduced to Mr. Matson and to Grandfather's friends, Mr. Blair and Mr. Ryerson, as "Betty's child," and we followed them into the fish house to watch them unload their catch.

The fish house, with all the tackle outside, was a large walk-in icebox with wire bins along the walls, each marked with a member's name. A wide wooden table stood in the middle, with a scale hanging over it. "Anyone going to have fish for dinner?" asked the fish man. To my surprise, no one was.

Our suitcases were waiting at the bunkhouse door, and I followed Grandfather and his pipe up the stairs into a dim room lined with tall lockers. Grandfather opened his—none of them were locked—and hung up his brown felt hat next to a canvas vest and his rods and reels and a bourbon bottle. Then we went up some more stairs and down a long hall to a white door, number six, with two black iron bedsteads and white spreads, one dresser piled with plaid blankets, one naked light bulb hanging from the ceiling, and a shadeless window. The bathroom was down the hall.

As soon as he'd stowed his suitcase, Grandfather left to make arrangements with Walter, his guide, and after unpacking my few things I took my book and tiptoed down to the big room opposite the fishing lockers, where I'd spied a deer head nailed to the wall. The place was huge, with a massive stone fireplace, clusters of brown chairs and yellow-shaded lamps, and a menagerie of stuffed fish and animals hung on the wooden walls. I found a half-hidden window seat, hoping to stay out of the way until dinnertime. But soon the room began to fill with fishermen, dressed like Grandfather in shirts and ties and twill pants and tweed jackets, all carrying glasses and bottles. Grandfather followed them in, looked to see if I was there, and since I was, paid me no further attention. Everyone seemed to know everyone, and stopped chatting only when a loud bell rang. "Drink up," someone said, and soon we were on our way to dinner. A few people noticed me. "Betty's child," Grandfather said, and they nodded.

The dining room was long and narrow, with rows of trestle tables covered with checked oilcloth and centerpieces of paper napkins and salt and pepper and catsup. I sat between Grandfather and Mr. Bard. No one talked much. Two waitresses brought out platters of fried chicken and mashed potatoes and canned peas. Dessert was green jello. Grandfather finished quickly, pushed back his chair, and headed for the door, where Walter was waiting. The plan suddenly became clear. We were going fishing right then.

Walter greeted Mr. Babson and nodded at me. He was very big and wore a khaki shirt with sweat stains under the arms and khaki pants and a plaid cap. "First time she's fished?" Walter asked Grandfather. "We'll try Harvey," Grandfather answered. "Harvey," agreed Walter. We were never introduced so I guess he already knew I was Betty's child. Who, or what, was Harvey?

Harvey, it turned out after a short drive, was a small pond in the middle of a large pine grove. Dead logs floated along the edges and clouds of gnats rose from the reedy shore. "Plenty of keepers here," Walter said. "Stocked," said Grandfather dismissively. I waited to be told what to do next.

Half-hidden in the reeds was a green wooden rowboat with three seats and a pair of oars. Grandfather got into the stern and motioned me into the bow. Walter handed him two rods and a creel and a net and a tackle box and then, with powerful, quiet strokes, he rowed toward the middle of the pond. "What are they biting?" Grandfather asked, looking into the tackle box. "Squirrels," said Walter. "Gray?" "Brown," said Walter. Squirrels? I said to myself, but didn't dare ask.

Suddenly, I heard a splash of water behind me. Over my shoulder I saw ripples where a fish had jumped. "Move slowly," Grandfather said without looking up.

Walter passed me Grandfather's rod and motioned for me to stand. Moving very slowly, I gripped the *Hardy* nervously and felt the boat tipping beneath my feet. This was not at all like casting in Grandfather's hall.

Walter must have felt my anxiety. He reached for the rod and, with relief, I handed it back.

Standing solidly amidship, Walter stripped a length of line from the reel with his leathery hand. He raised his arm, cocked his elbow, and flicked his wrist. The line coiled out and floated obediently over his head. The tiny fly darted back and forth in the air, then flew a great distance across the water and floated for a second on the surface, the line straight behind it. Then it rose again, sailed behind him, and lit again upon the pond.

The third time, the fly disappeared abruptly below the surface. Droplets of water flew off the line as it hissed off the reel. Slicing through Harvey, it snaked away from us in a drunken S. "He's got one," said Grandfather, busy tying a fly onto the other line.

Got one! I almost shouted with excitement but remembered to keep quiet. The line swaggered off toward the far bank, paused, then doubled back toward us. Calmly, Walter stripped in the line with his free hand, cradling the filament back and forth between his agile fingers, holding the tension between the catch and himself. Grandfather moved between the oars to keep the boat broadside to the fish. Aware of this impropriety, Walter handed the rod to Grandfather and the two men changed places. Patiently,

Grandfather played the fish in and out, back and forth. I held my breath as the distance between them narrowed. Suddenly the fish jumped, a flash of silver come and gone. “Rainbow,” said Walter. “Planter,” said Grandfather.

At last, how long I do not know, the fish came near enough for me to see him—pink and brown with a silver belly, a forked tail, and glass-black eyes. Walter reached for the net and caught him in one clean scoop. Our first fish.

Grandfather looked at Walter and shook his head. Gently, Walter held the fish behind the gills, eased the hook out of his mouth without disturbing the fly, and tossed him back into the water. I was shocked. “Not a keeper,” said Grandfather.

Now I was handed the rod and Grandfather stood in the stern to try his own luck. I looked nervously at Walter, who told me to watch Mr. Babson. “Ten o’clock,” Grandfather said, cocking his elbow. Like Walter’s his line curled out behind him until Grandfather flicked his wrist. “Two o’clock.” The fly darted forward and dipped down forty feet away. In one tiny move, he’d made the fly go so far.

Walter nodded at me. With dread, I stood and stripped out line until it fell onto my shoelaces. Tentatively, I raised the stiff brown pole and flicked my wrist from ten to two. Nothing happened. I followed Walter’s eyes to the tip of the rod. The line and the fly had wrapped themselves into a tight ball.

I don’t think Grandfather noticed while Walter undid the tangle and handed the rod back. I don’t think he saw my fly hit a tree behind me. Maybe he didn’t even see when I snagged some weeds the first time I managed to drop the fly into the water. He stood with his back to us—casting and stripping, casting and stripping—until he felt a tug. Walter signaled me to reel in while Grandfather played his catch. Before long, the fish was close enough to net. This one was brownish with spots on his back and bigger than Walter’s. “Native,” said Grandfather. “Native,” agreed Walter.

It was nearly dark and the mosquitoes were beginning to bite. Before I had a chance to cast again, Grandfather had laid out his line toward a sunken log, and immediately we saw his rod curve downward. This time he handed it to me.

Both men watched my clumsy fingers try to take up the slack, and watched my **line droop** into the pond. Grandfather turned away to light his pipe. Walter oared the boat into a better position as I began to pull in the limp filament. To my surprise, it resisted—there was something still attached to it. Walter took the rod and I used both hands to hold the line. The fish pulled and when he paused I pulled. My fingers strained to keep from slipping. At last, he came within arm’s length of the boat and Walter scooped him up. In the twilight, we all peered into the net. “Keeper,” Walter said. “Must have swallowed the hook,” said Grandfather.

I held the creel while Walter moored the boat and hooked the rods to the side of the car. As we pulled into the driveway, light streamed from the fish house door and in we went to join the others. I handed over our creel.

Mr. Ryerson had trolled for bass in Coleman Lake and got two nice ones. Mr. Bard had gone up to Railroad. “Skunked,” he admitted. Then the fish man dumped our two onto the table. The harsh light made them look even bigger. “Who got that?” asked Oz Matson, pointing to the one who might have swallowed the hook. “She did,” said Grandfather, pointing at me with his pipe. “Betty’s child.”

We all tramped back to the bunkhouse, and I was ready to go to bed, but the evening wasn’t over. The fishermen always had a nightcap and played backgammon before turning in.

Grandfather and Mr. Blair chose a board near the fire and pulled up a third chair for me. I knew how to play backgammon because Grandfather had taught me, so I watched knowingly. Grandfather was ahead, but when he was rolling off Mr. Blair got a lucky streak of doubles and beat him. They toted up the score, laid out the men again, and Grandfather handed me his dice cup. “You roll,” he said.

I rolled, and Grandfather moved the men, and we beat Mr. Blair.

Grandfather told me to go upstairs and brush my teeth, so I curtsied my goodnights and by the time I got back to number six he was already in his pajamas. “Breakfast at seven,” he said, and turned off the light.

Grandfather was a loud snorer but it didn’t matter. I included Walter in my prayers and fell sound asleep.

I don’t know how long Grandfather and I stayed at Coleman Lake. It was long enough for me to fish Railroad and North Pond and the Hemlocks. With Grandfather’s thoughtful neglect and Walter’s patience, I learned to cast a passably straight line and keep it taut. When Grandfather fished with the men, Walter took me to Harvey and told me about “planters” which were raised in a hatchery near Goodman and “natives” which weren’t. He told me how to estimate the length of a “keeper.” He taught me the names of different flies—muddlers and nymphs and wooly worms—and how he knew when to use which one. I became a regular member of the fish house conference. “What’re they biting at Moon?” Mr. Bard would ask. “Muddlers,” I’d say. “How’d you do at North Pond,” Oz would inquire. “Skunked,” I’d reply.

One evening, Grandfather said to pack because we were going home in the morning. At breakfast, regretfully, I said my goodbyes to Grandfather’s friends. Walter was waiting outside. “Good little fisherman,” he said to Grandfather, who was lighting his pipe and didn’t seem to hear.

Along with our suitcases, Gordon loaded a brown cardboard box with our fish, cleaned and carefully wrapped in newspaper and ice cubes, into the Ford’s trunk, and we started down the dusty road toward Pembine and on to Chicago. I wanted to tell Grandfather how proud and happy I felt, but he was discussing the Lancia with Gordon and was not to be interrupted. Not until we reached Chicago, and my suitcase and the fish and I were entrusted to the doorman, did I finally have my chance.

“Thank you, Grandfather,” I said. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, he leaned over and brushed his stubbled chin across my cheek.



FROM "CHARLEVOIX STORIES"

Charlevoix is on Lake Michigan halfway between Traverse City and Mackinac Island. In the 1940s, it was a modest town sustained mostly by boatyards, a sugar beet factory, a Coca-Cola bottling plant, and a cherry-canning operation. It was also a summer home to about fifty families, evenly divided between Chicago and St. Louis. The Chicago people belonged to the Chicago Club and the St. Louis people belonged to the Belvidere Club. They saw each other as little as possible.

Our family started coming to the Chicago Club in 1946, the year after my father got out of the Navy. We didn't belong, in the sense that we weren't related to the Smiths or the Scotts or the Stuarts, who were somehow all related to each other, but my parents knew them all. The first year the Club houses were all full of Smiths and Stuarts, so we stayed up the hill at the Withers cottage, a huge stark white wooden house with six bedrooms and two bathrooms and a wood-burning furnace. We ate at the Club and played tennis and sailed and swam there, but we never really belonged until the next summer when we were able to rent the Adams cottage on the Club grounds.

Summers in Charlevoix revolved around adult cocktail parties, family meals, sports, and Sunday evening hymn sing. This unchanging ritual was observed by a collection of remarkable people who, for a decade, were part of my life from June through September. Many of them seem larger than life as I write this now, fifty years later.

Summer began before we even got to Charlevoix when in early June, as soon as school was out, the janitor brought the wardrobe trunks up from the basement. Two of them were as big as closets, and the first summer, when I was six, I could stand upright on the side where the hangers were. Packing took about a week, since three months of clothes for three children (Teddy was two and Libby was a baby), and for Mother and Daddy, had to be assembled. When everything was ready, Daddy called the Railway Express agent and two men in a truck picked up the trunks and footlockers and the bicycles and golf clubs, and the next time we'd see them was in Charlevoix.

The first passenger train of the season, the *Père Marquette*, left on the third Friday in June at 8 pm from the La Salle Street Station. Grandfather and his driver would pick us up at least an hour before Mother asked him to. (My father had left for Charlevoix that afternoon in Mother's Ford. The fathers took the family cars to the Milwaukee-Ludington car ferry at night and met us in Charlevoix the next morning.) I always wore my traveling coat and hat, and never wore it again until we returned in September when it was too small. Lillian, our nurse, didn't have to wear her uniform until we got there. The station was brightly lit and very busy, even though it was past my bedtime. I stayed very close to Lillian. We waited a long time, and my grandfather kept checking the tickets in his inside coat pocket. At last, the uniformed attendant would call our gate number and slide back the iron gates, and the loudspeaker began to reel off the multiple destinations of our train: Michigan City, St. Joe, Muskegon, Manatee, Traverse City, Charlevoix, Harbor Springs, Petoskey, and Mackinaw City. All six of us crowded through the gates, Lillian carrying Libby, Mother holding on to Teddy and me, and Grandfather in front looking for our Pullman car.

We always had three bedrooms, one for Mother and the dogs, one for Teddy and me, and one for Libby and Lillian. The berths were already made up and Teddy was supposed to sleep in the bottom one. I showed him how to pinch the window shade up and down, and how to turn on the blue nightlight, and where he could put his shoes so that the porter could polish them while he was sleeping, because I'd been on lots of trains before. Mine were black patent and I always put them out for an extra shine.

We looked out the window and waved at Grandfather until the porter called out “all aboard” and the engine hooted and the train began to jerk forward. Then Mother came in and made us put on our pajamas. We took turns brushing our teeth in the flip-down sink and stepping on the round pedal that made the toilet flush, and after Mother left we turned on the blue light and Teddy climbed up the ladder to join me. I didn’t think we slept at all, but the porter woke us up when he pounded on the door and called out, “Char-lee-voy fifteen minutes.”

Waiting for us on the platform were all the fathers, looking sleepy. Daddy ferried us up to the Club for breakfast and the Club station wagons took care of the luggage. Daisy, the head waitress, greeted us by name and showed us to our usual table by the windows in the far corner of the very large, green dining room. My father would order for all of us except Mother—shirred eggs and bacon, because that’s what he wanted. Mother asked for toast and coffee.

It was a short walk to our cottage. We were reunited with the steamer trunks and the bicycles, Lillian found my shorts and a white blouse and my new white sneakers, and I had the morning to myself. I had to be sure that everything was as I’d remembered it.

The Chicago Club was a collection of turn-of-the-century clapboard cottages, arranged on two tiers, bounded by neat lawns and pine trees, and strung together by narrow sidewalks—all of which, eventually, led to the Club itself. None of the cottages looked alike except that they were all big—two stories and an attic—and had screened porches on two sides. The Adams cottage—ours for the summer—was white and homely but comfortable, with a gray roof and gray steps and lots of wicker furniture and faded chintz upholstery. The Smiths owned three rather plain ones, all white with green trim. The Johnson cottage was shingled in brown, well-weathered like the Johnsons themselves. The Lynns’ was the most exotic, black with white trim, and Mrs. Lynn was exotic too—tall and silver-haired, with a throaty voice and beautiful jewelry which she wore even to the beach and the golf course. She must have been seventy, and it was said that she had a number of men friends as well as Mr. Lynn.

The Clubhouse itself was long and low and white with a green roof and a porch that ran the length of the building. It was lined with several dozen white wicker rocking chairs which were almost always occupied. Mr. Schwartz, who walked with two canes even on the golf course, read the *Wall Street Journal* there after breakfast. Grandma Grate, who was missing part of her nose, sat beside her mother, old Mrs. Smith. At seven in the evening, when the children, including me, assembled to wait for their parents to finish cocktails at one or another of the cottages, they were there too, sipping iced tea, because they were teetotalers.

From the porch, standing by the water cooler and the box of pleated paper cups, I could see the tall white flagpole on a grassy mound surrounded by petunias. The tennis courts and another tier of cottages lay below. Farther away, hidden by a stand of pine trees, was the swimming beach and Lake Charlevoix, blue or gray depending on the weather.

DINNER, SUNDAY HYMN SING, AND SAILING WERE THE CHICAGO CLUB TRINITY

The dining room had its own peculiar code of traditions: dinner no later than 7:30, coats and ties for men, and a menu mimeographed on Chicago Club stationery at each place. Daisy, short and sixty-ish with a white uniform and graying hair held in place by a hairnet, was in charge. My father called her Pansy, no matter how many times Mother corrected him. The waitresses, many from the

University of Michigan, were young and pretty and wore short yellow uniforms with white collars and cuffs and aprons.

The best dinners were on weekends when my father was there.

Though the menu was extensive, with phrases like “beef maitre d’hotel” and “chicken Lyonnaise,” we knew that meant roast beef or fried chicken. Soups and salads, no matter how described, were consommé or vichyssoise and hearts of lettuce.

Daddy always wrote down our orders on a green-lined pad and studied the menu as if it were the first time he’d seen it. “Oh my,” he’d exclaim in high humor, fortified by Scotch and soda, “tough choices tonight. Vichyssoise? Consommé?” If it were Saturday, the choice was steak, and he always asked how rare we’d like ours, although they all came out the same. “Pickled beets? What kind of salad dressing? Roquefort?” Teddy made a rude noise. “Thousand Island?” Mother nodded. We children all wanted Russian but Daddy didn’t ask. “Well, Amy (or Susie or Linda), that does it except for dessert,” he’d nod. A chorus of protests caused Mother to make sssshing sounds. “Oh my, Amy, I almost forgot,” Daddy’d say. “Russian dressing for the other three.” (He never called us his children.) Once, I looked at the pad when he was writing the salad orders. He’d already put down three Russians.

Both Mother and Daddy were very fond of blueberry pie, and Daddy had his à la mode. I only tried it once because it turned my tongue purple which embarrassed me (my parents didn’t seem to care about theirs), and from then on I stuck to cocoanut cake or vanilla ice cream.

My father always ordered iced tea with dinner because the Chicago Club didn’t allow wine. It was said that years ago Mr. Solomon Smith had complained that the Talbots had brought their own bottle and were making too much noise (this was before Mr. Smith got deaf), and he declared wine off limits permanently. Even after the Talbots apologized, Mr. Smith wouldn’t change his mind (though some people put the blame on Mrs. Smith, who disapproved of alcohol). As a result, no one ever had wine and the Talbots’ table was moved as far from Smith’s as possible. However, it was rumored that Mr. Smith’s bottles of Poland water, which were sent by the case from Chicago, were regularly filled with Charlevoix tap water, which seemed a suitable revenge.

One year, the Club hired a French chef who provided lavish Sunday evening buffets, with caviar for the adults and lobster claws for everyone. What a change! All the adults, including the junior Smiths, went back for seconds, but the senior Smiths were dubious because they said the Chicago Club wasn’t that kind of a place. The chef lasted for three Sundays before he was fired. It was said that he’d run through the entire food budget and pocketed a good deal for himself.

The most sacred rite for the less-than-holy members of the Chicago Club was Sunday evening hymn singing. The old upright piano stood on a stage in the Casino, an extension of the dining room, where the bellboys had set up rows of folding chairs and piles of black Methodist hymnals. I doubt that many Club members were ardent churchgoers except for weddings and funerals, but they all came gladly to hymn singing. The men who had to catch the Sunday train back to Chicago stood in the back by the screen doors so they could leave when the whistle blew, and the engineer always waited for them.

Mrs. Dixon played the piano. Her honky-tonk flourishes added extra flavor to “Nearer My God to Thee,” and she could make “Onward Christian Soldiers” sound like a college marching song. When the train whistle sounded, she’d segue into “Eternal Father strong to save, whose arm hath bound the restless wave,” because most of the men had been in the Navy....

Nearly everyone at the Chicago Club sailed. Each family had at least one boat moored in Round Lake by the Club boathouses. Old Mr. Wilson had the biggest one, the 66-foot *Comet*, a white ketch. It was supposed to be a treat to be asked to go out on the *Comet*, with Mr. Wilson barking orders at his captain and Mrs. Wilson giving you a choice of Coke or ginger ale, but it was no big deal for me. My grandfather owned a 77-foot ketch called *Maaroufa*, which he sailed up from Chicago each summer, and he'd stop at Charlevoix on the way to the Georgian Bay in Canada. When his boat arrived in Round Lake from Lake Michigan the bridge had to be raised, and people got out of their cars to admire it. The *Maaroufa* had to drop anchor farther out than the *Comet*, because it drew more water. Grandfather called Mr. Wilson "Mr. Wilson" and Mr. Wilson called Grandfather "Mr. Babson," and Mother told me not to ever mention that the *Maaroufa* carried a crew of four, including a steward.

Not counting outboards, there were two powerboats in the boathouse. The Dickinsons had an open boat with a cranky motor that could seat at least twenty-five. Sometimes the Dickinsons had cruising cocktail parties for their friends and on those nights the children went to the Club early and ate by themselves. The other boat, the *Thistle*, was a beautiful teak Chris Craft with shiny brass fittings which belonged to the Pooles. The Poole boys, Mickey and Shummy, sometimes took people water-skiing—usually girls, all older than I, and especially pretty ones from Belvidere. I know the Poole boys took the *Thistle* out at night because I could hear the motor from my bedroom window.

However, the pride of the Chicago Club was a fleet of 30-foot keep-hulled sloops, Northern Michigan One-designs, which were smaller versions of the noble six-meter class. They had needle-nosed bows and long, tapered transoms and brass winches that were always polished. They were strictly adult boats and were raced on weekends. My parents and the Talbot brothers, Tub and Connie, sailed the *Ojibway*. Though my father and Connie always called my mother Betty, Tub called her "Bets" and seemed to have known her forever. The Dickinsons had inherited his father's boat, the *Laughing Allegra*, and the Sudlers had the *Pagliacci*. (I had no idea what all the names referred to until much later, but I loved the sound of them.)

Three things about those boats stick in my mind. First, how beautiful and "adult" they were, and how far I was from being able to sail in one.

Second, how they were an endless source of stories among the adults. "Remember the time when Jack Stuart set the spinnaker upside down?" "... when Bill Dickinson ran into the Coast Guard boat?" "...when Betty got hit by the boom and Ted just shouted, 'Get up and trim your jib?'"

Third, how they made the Belvidere boats look like second-class citizens. Belvidere had a fleet of Rockets, "floating bathtubs" as we called them, too small to carry a spinnaker, with a moveable fin called a centerboard. I knew them well because the Rockets were the only boats the children were allowed to sail in. Mother and a few other parents bought Rockets to be polite, but we kept them at Belvidere. Three times a week, I had to row across the harbor to race with an adult advisor until I was old enough to crew for a junior skipper and finally could take the helm myself.

Sadly, all the bits of silver I collected over the years were won in the "floating bathtubs," so I was never very proud of them.

More often than not, I was alone. I didn't have any friends my own age—Chicago Club children, by chance, were either older or younger and I was excluded from both groups. So when it wasn't raining, and Teddy and Stanley McDonald were fixing their outboard motors or putting pennies on the railroad tracks, and Libby and Annie Borland were trying to catch sunfish in the Little Channel, Mother arranged tennis lessons for me with Don Novak, the high school principal, and golf lessons with Frank, the assistant pro at the nine-hole municipal course, and diving lessons with Don, the Club lifeguard. On rainy days and after dinner, I read.

The Chicago Club was a wonderful place to read. Each cottage had a library of books, randomly collected, and the Club library had whole sets of novels by once-popular authors. My only literary guidance

came from an unimaginative summer book list provided by the Girls Latin School, which I finished as soon as possible. My book reports duly completed and mailed back in a Chicago Club envelope, I was free to choose.

Drums Along the Mohawk, from the Adams cottage, explained about Charlevoix long before the Chicago Club had been there. It told about Père Marquette (who was a priest as well as the name of a train) and Joliet going down the Mississippi, and the Indians who settled in Petoskey, and helped to explain the odd mixture of French and Indian place names that we encountered. Another book, the name of which eludes me, told the story of Beaver Island, which I'd visited during a trip on Grandfather's boat. The original settlers were disciples of Captain Strang, a devout polygamist, who'd fled the mainland with his wives for committing a crime so dastardly it was only hinted at, and became a prosperous bootlegger. When we'd visited the island, it was scrubby and nearly deserted but for a handful of odd-looking old people and dirty children living in wooden lean-tos. Many of them were cross-eyed and toothless and none of them was glad to see us.

Over subsequent summers, I worked my way through the complete works of Louis Bromfield, Somerset Maugham, and J.P. Marquand. The Bromfield books, with light green covers and gold tooling, were deliciously depressing. Maugham's books smelled pleasingly musty, and for months I traveled from sports to meals with an aura of sophisticated ennui. Marquand's world was one I yearned to be part of. Instead of my white pinafores, I imagined myself in something long and black, escorted to Saturday night dinner by a worldly beau in dinner clothes.

One year I found a well-thumbed copy of *Gone with the Wind* sandwiched between two old telephone book. I read it at night in the bathtub, so Mother wouldn't see any light in my bedroom, and I suspect one of its charms was the clandestine circumstances under which I shared the lives of Scarlet and Rhett. Another good find was *Green Mansions*, where, with Rima, the jungle girl, I swung vicariously from vine to vine across the treetops....

But the only Charlevoix story that rivaled my fictional ones was the rumored love affair between Mrs. Whiting and Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson, by then in his 80s, lived two cottages down from the Whiting cottage. He was a charmer. His face was tanned tobacco-brown and his hair was white and his voice was deep and gravelly. Mother liked him a lot, and played golf with him during the week when Daddy was in Chicago. She said that he shot his age, even though he needed two canes to walk the course. He was married to Mrs. Johnson who taught Sunday school and was tall and stringy and wore oxford shoes and drab cardigans. She did her own gardening and never wore lipstick.

I'm sure Mrs. Whiting had never taught Sunday school. Even as an older woman she was beautiful, and men of all ages enjoyed her company. Mrs. Whiting always got her ice delivered first (we had iceboxes with picks stuck in the wall to chip off ice for drinks), and always had a full woodpile, and her petunia bed never showed a weed. A woman came twice a week from town to wash and wave her hair and polish her nails. Her dresses were silk or linen and she always wore pearls.

I was vaguely uncomfortable every time I saw Mrs. Whiting walking over to the Johnsons' for cocktails. (Mrs. Johnson didn't drink.) Though the affair had, apparently, been common knowledge to everyone, including Mrs. Johnson, I felt guilty, the way I'd felt one Christmas when I found out by mistake that I was going to get a bike. On the other hand, I was very curious about the circumstances of their meetings. Mr. Johnson had a green pre-war Lincoln Continental, and had owned a very nice sailboat. Perhaps he'd taken Mrs. Whiting to the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island where the taxis were horse-drawn and the bellboys wore top hats, and waiters served tea on the long porch overlooking the harbor. I was torn between wanting to know more and wishing I knew nothing at all.

Teddy had no such inhibitions, and he and Mr. Johnson became good friends. Mr. Johnson taught him how to play checkers, for money, and before Teddy went to visit he'd ask Mother for enough nickels to get him through the afternoon. "That Oscar Johnson," she'd say fondly, as Teddy slammed the screen door behind him.

Once, their checker games extended into the cocktail hour, and Lillian deputed me to retrieve Teddy so she could get him ready for dinner. Mrs. Whiting had preceded me, and was sitting next to Mr. Johnson. They already had drinks and Teddy had accepted a Coke. Mrs. Johnson was in another room pressing flowers. "Tell your mother not to worry," Mr. Johnson said, dismissively. "I'll send him home after I've won this game."

The three of them seemed very happy together. Mr. Johnson never let my brother win, but at the end of the summer he gave Teddy a gold pocket watch that had belonged to his father.

Every summer, my father talked about taking a canoe trip and several times we actually took one. Daddy liked the idea—he told us he'd been a top-ranked canoeist at Camp Highlands when he was a boy. But he had a hard time deciding exactly when we were going to go.

First, he had to talk to some other fathers. They had to agree on a date that didn't conflict with golf or sailing and sometimes they couldn't find one. But when the appointed Sunday did arrive, four or five carloads of parents and iced drinks and Club box lunches would head for the Jordan River, an hour's drive. Our canoes were waiting, but first the fathers would walk round the bend in the river to see how high the water was and to plan a strategy for negotiating the first big rapids. Since most of the fathers had been in the Navy, the discussions were lengthy, and they'd return musing about current speed and angles of approach.

Because I was a child, I had to sit in the middle of our canoe with Teddy and wear a puffy orange life preserver with a strap around my chest and two between my legs. Older children got to wear khaki life preservers without leg straps. Adults sat on flotation cushions.

The canoes headed for the rapids one by one, fathers in the stern, mothers in the bow. As each one disappeared around the bend, the others waited for the shout of triumph that signaled a successful maneuver. The first year, the Dickinsons capsized but luckily they'd put their extra clothes in our canoe.

Beyond the rapids, the river resolved into a series of lazy bends and children were told to watch for submerged logs. The Compton children were allowed to trail their hands in the water. We greeted the occasional fisherman wading in the shallows, and one warned us sternly to stay away from his line.

When the adults got hungry they beached the canoes and the children swam while the adults drank martinis. Lunch was ham or turkey sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs with a twist of salt wrapped in waxed paper. After lunch the older children got to paddle while the adults relaxed and we all sang several choruses of "Cruising down the Jordan on a Sunday afternoon." My mid-afternoon, around a big bend in the river, we saw our cars waiting next to the canoe trailer. The children thanked the men for a lovely day and the fathers reached for their wallets. I wished I'd been able to paddle.

Two annual events punctuated the summer routine: the picnic at Michigan Beach and Venetian Night. I looked forward to both with anticipation and dread.

Michigan Beach, unlike the Club beach and the public beach on Lake Charlevoix, bordered Lake Michigan. Though both lakes were linked by the Round Lake harbor, the beaches—and the lakes themselves—were entirely different. Lake Charlevoix, where we swam and sailed, was an inland lake with a narrow rim of gravelly beach and a predictable wind. Lake Michigan was wild and perverse, with sudden squalls and crashing waves.

Lake Michigan was off-limits to children unless they came with their parents. It lay beyond a range of immense sand dunes, and the broad, sandy beach stretched infinitely in both directions. The water was bitter cold and, unlike our swimming beach, there was no beach house for changing clothes. There were no buildings at all.

The mothers arranged everything and we went during the week when my father was in Chicago because everyone knew Daddy didn't like picnics. Preparations began the day before when Mother would take us to the Blue Bell market in town, the only time we ever went. I helped to choose hot dogs and rolls and yellow mustard and Cokes and ginger ale and a watermelon, even though I didn't like hot dogs or watermelon. The brown paper bags sat on the back porch and the hot dogs went into the icebox until the next morning.

The red leather seats in Mother's Ford convertible barely held five people. Whoever rode in back had to sit on a towel because she usually forgot to put the top up when it rained and over the summer the seat got pretty spongy. After I'd double-checked to be sure we hadn't forgotten the bottle opener, we'd drive to the Club gate to meet the other cars.

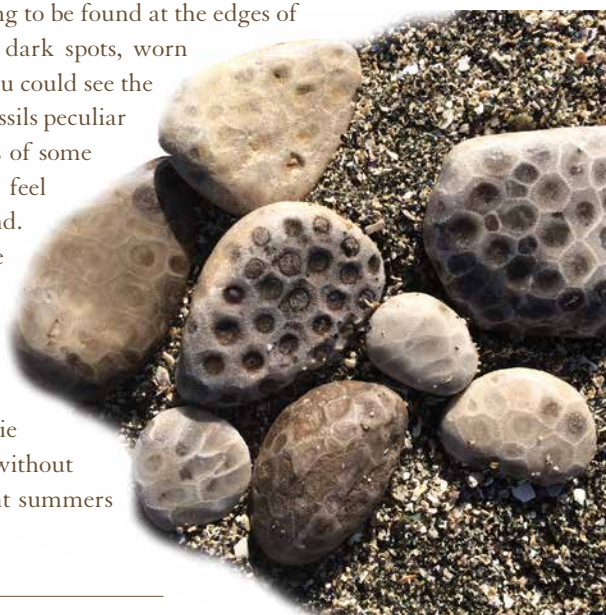
The road to Michigan Beach was very sandy, so all the mothers brought boards and shovels to get their cars going again when they got stuck, which was frequently. The road wound through groves of scraggy pines until it ended at the dunes, where we unloaded the cars and started the long trek upward, looking for the perfect picnic site. Children stood laden and impatient while mothers debated the merits of one sheltered spot or another. When at last they agreed, the mothers unpacked the bags and the children took the drinks down to the water to bury them in the cold sand; we never brought ice.

Mother made me wear my bathing suit under my shorts and shirt, which I hated because after I'd swum I didn't have any underwear to put on. I also hated having to go to the bathroom behind a sand dune. The fire for the hot dogs usually went out and the Coke bottles got gritty, and I got cold in my wet bathing suit. The only redeeming value of picnics at Michigan Beach was the sand dunes and the Petoskey stones.

The dunes were huge. It took forever to climb a big one, but once I was on top I could see for miles—an occasional sailboat, sometimes an ore boat on the way to Soo (which I discovered, much later, was a nickname for Sault Ste. Marie), and flocks of sea gulls. After a moment, I'd take a deep breath and jump, and roll all the way to the bottom. Sand got everywhere, in my eyes and ears and down my bathing suit. I'd lie at the foot of the dune in the warm sand, shaken out of place and time, until my head stopped spinning. Then brushing myself off, I'd scramble back up the slope and do it all over again.

The Petoskey stones were treasures waiting to be found at the edges of the water. They were brownish gray with dark spots, worn smooth by millions of years of waves, and you could see the spots only when they were wet. They were fossils peculiar to that part of Michigan, preserved remains of some pre-vertebrate form of life, and you could feel their magic when you held them in your hand. Each year, Mother allowed me to bring three of my best to the man at the drug store, who polished them so the spots would show even when they weren't wet.

Years later, I met a man at a cocktail party with a small, mottled pebble set into his tie clip. "That must be a Petoskey stone," I said without hesitating. He smiled. "You must have spent summers in Northern Michigan too."



Venetian Night took place on a Saturday evening in August, and the grand finale was a parade of boats of all sizes in Round Lake and fireworks. It was a town tradition of uncertain origin, and one in which the Chicago Club members participated enthusiastically. There were cocktail parties for adults both before and after dinner. Costumes for everyone were mandatory.

Our costumes came out of an old trunk of clothes in the attic of the Adams cottage. The possibilities included Mr. Adams' long red underwear, Mrs. Adams' white organdy camisole and petticoat, a Navy pea jacket, an engineer's hat, and a black derby. One year, Mother chose the red underwear and the derby. In her bathroom, she made herself a mustache and a stubble of beard with a burnt cork. Inspired by the transformation, she even put a piece of black electrician's tape on her front tooth, to make it look as if it were missing.

When she walked out of her bedroom, we children hardly recognized her. I stared, horrified. Teddy and Libby giggled. "Wait till Daddy sees you," I said nervously, because Daddy was very proud of her looks.

My father was downstairs making a drink. He had already dressed in his nice linen jacket; Mr. Adams' engineer's hat was his only concession to the occasion. He disliked costume parties as much as he disliked picnics. Hearing the commotion, he started upstairs—and stopped. Nobody said anything. Mother's gap-toothed smile faded. At last my father spoke. "Betty," he said quietly, "go and wash your face."

We crept out of the room. Daddy didn't even notice us. Silently, I dressed Libby in a white pinafore and pinned the tinfoil halo I'd made onto her headband because she'd asked to be an angel.

After a long time the bedroom door opened. My father had nearly finished his drink. Mother was wearing a long, turquoise blue silk dress embroidered with peacock feathers. She'd draped the matching stole over a cardboard cone to look like a medieval queen. The only color on her tanned face was red lipstick.

We all walked, very quietly, to the Club for the cocktail party.

The parade of boats and the fireworks began after dinner, when it was nearly dark. The best vantage point was the boathouse dock. The older people would be driven down in their Cadillacs, escorted by their sons and grandchildren, and the rest of us walked down the hill.

The parade was magical. All the sailboats were strung, bow to masthead to stern, with Christmas tree lights, even the small ones that had to be towed. The outboards had lanterns bow and stern. The only sounds were the lap of the water and the hum of the motors. Round and round they went, tip to tail like circus elephants, until, one by one, they would break formation and return to their moorings.

That was the signal for the fireworks to begin. Depending on the dampness of the evening and the sobriety of the fireworks crew, there were more oohs and ahs than uhhhs. I loved the white woolly worms that burst high in the sky and zigzagged downward until they fell into the harbor. I really loved the red, white, and blue sprouting mushrooms. The adults were even more enthusiastic than the children, and reminisced about fireworks past.

"Remember the year that Teddy and Stanley McDonald went out to watch in their outboards and didn't come back?" I remembered that night, too. The boys had been allowed to motor over to the town dock on the other side of the harbor to watch.

After a reasonable interval, they had not returned. After another reasonable interval Daddy and Mr. McDonald drove into town to look around but came back to our cottage without the boys.

Then the phoning began. All the cottage telephones were wired to the Club—you dialed 3 and asked the operator to be connected to an outside line. While Mother and Mrs. McDonald waited for the operator, Daddy and Mr. McDonald made themselves a drink. After a while, Captain Heyze, the Charlevoix chief of police, rang back. No boys. Finally, Mr. Bellinger from the boatyard telephoned. Yes, the boys were there. Yes, they were fine, in fact they'd been asleep in their boat, with an empty beer bottle in the stern. Yes, he'd put them in his jeep and bring them home.

The boys were sent to bed. Mr. Bellinger stayed for a drink....

RED HOT AND CANDY

By Ted Tieken, Jr.

In this excerpt from an essay, Teddy sheds light on his guiding philosophy of life. The essay is about growing up with horses, and horseback riding. His sisters were avid riders; Teddy could'nt care less.

One summer while the family was on vacation in Wyoming, Teddy was assigned the horse Red Hot, and just when Teddy thought he had soundly proven his superiority to Red Hot, she tossed him into a stream. Afterward he was assigned to ride Candy.

I was demoted to Candy. People sometimes look back on their lives and single out an incident that while seemingly insignificant at the time comes to be recognized as a turning point. While Candy was not an incident (she was, after all, a horse), she was definitely qualified as a changer of futures. We became instant best friends and companions and thus Candy carved indelibly on my mind the notion of a kind of cause and effect relationship that had been triggered by my demotion from her predecessor.

I had, after all, fallen, literally, from the good graces of my fellow riders who could not imagine that anyone would ever need a mount more pitiful than Red Hot. I can only imagine the depth of their disdain when Candy, the ranch joke, was assigned to me.... How wrong they all were! For Candy was my secret, proof that life's true pleasures were open only to the fallen, and the poor souls who were destined to proceed through their days in the upper quintile of life were victims of a cruel fate. Last was not only not least; it could be the very best! All these thoughts came upon me in short order and engendered other, equally dangerous, principles that I came to embrace as my working philosophy of life. My demotion, or should I say Candy, put me on a line of least resistance course into a land where the underachiever could reign, not only unmolested, but also in a state of supreme happiness.



BOXING WITH TEDDY

REMINISCENCE BY PHILIP ARMOUR AT TEDDY'S MEMORIAL SERVICE, 2013

There were many early intersections between Teddy and me: Latin School; 1500 Lake Shore; “Saintly” prep-schools; then Princeton—Cap & Gown Club, English major, Charles Ryskamp as thesis, and life, advisor—and many, many resultant stories. Teddy was a story-making wonder, powered by his humor, intelligence, creativity, and joie de vivre. But before all that was the Racquet Club where Teddy first came out of the mist of childhood and sharply to my attention.

CHICAGO—WINTER OF 1951–52

I was eight, Teddy was seven. Our mothers, concerned that their beautiful little boys needed some manly toughening up, sent us to The Racquet Club and into the capable hands of Red, the club's trainer. Red was a delightful Irishman with a sparkle in his eye. He always made me feel welcome at the club, which is a good thing since it was my second home; it was of course Teddy's too—his for the better part of six decades. So started the boxing lessons. At first I had Red all to myself, just he and I in the squash court. We wore those huge, puffy boxing gloves and it was my job to see if I could hit Red in the nose. He never really hit me back.

Then one day Red informed me that young Mr. Ticken would be joining our sessions and that we would be “sparring.” Teddy and I of course knew each other from the 'hood and Latin School, even though he was just a kid, a whole year behind me. I think at that time the Tiekens still lived around the corner on Astor Street, not yet having made the move up-town to 1500, my pad. But Teddy and I shared more than location; we shared the special agony of being the middle boy between two sisters—Yuk!—hence the need for toughening.

I was not particularly happy having to share my time with Red. I walked apprehensively into the squash court, lugging my puffy gloves. Young Mr. Ticken did not seem particularly happy to see me either. Red positioned us face-to-face, gloves up, and informed us it was time to spar. Teddy proceeded to hit me right in the nose. What the heck! I didn't sign up for this. I looked at Red plaintively; Teddy hit me again. So I started hitting back which, while better than just being hit, was exhausting and somewhat terrifying. We smacked each other harmlessly for what seemed like forever until Red mercifully told us that the lesson was over. Teddy looked as relieved as I was. But it would happen again, every week that winter, as Teddy and I got manly. Thus a special bond was born between us: brothers in arms, having survived together the horror of the trenches.

And now my brother is gone. How I wish I could give him one more puffy punch, right in the kisser.



ON COMING OF AGE

By Nancy Tieken

“Yes?” said the salesgirl in a tired voice. “May I help you?” My twelve-year-old sister blushed and looked away.

“Go ahead, Libby, and tell her what you want.”

“No, please,” mumbled Libby. “You tell her.”

The salesgirl looked puzzled. Libby turned redder.

“What she wants,” I explained, “is three pairs of nylon stockings size 10-1/2 and a garter belt.”

The salesgirl smiled. “Your first stockings?” Libby was too embarrassed to answer, so I explained that yes they were and that Libby needed them for a Christmas dancing school party.

“Isn’t that nice,” encouraged the lady. “Will you be wanting seamless or seamed?”

“Seamless, I think,” said I, and Libby nodded. We were given two shades to choose from, and all three of us decided on “Shell Beige.”

“Now if you’ll step over here for garter belts,” said the lady. Libby bit her lip at the mention of the word and could hardly move her feet.

“Pink or white?”

“White,” I said.

The salesgirl looked at poor Libby and smiled again. “What’s her waist measurement?”

“Bigger than my sister’s,” blurted Libby.

“Medium will be just right, then. We have three or four different types. Would you like to try them on?”

“Oh, no,” said Libby, aghast.

“You’d better,” I advised, “to be sure you get a comfortable one.” And we followed the salesgirl to a fitting room. If we had been going to the execution cell, Libby couldn’t have suffered more. The saleslady pulled the curtain shut behind us, and Libby and I and the three garter belts were left alone.

“Oh, please, I really don’t want to wear stockings. Let’s just leave,” she said.

Libby had been looking forward to wearing stockings all fall. She and her friends, after much serious discussion, had all decided to wear them for the Christmas dance, and they all giggled every time they spoke about it. Libby had asked me two weeks ago to come with her today for the big purchase—but now, confronted with the situation, she was confused.

“Oh, go ahead and try,” I encouraged, handing her one like the one I used to wear.

We got it fastened without too much trouble, and then I opened the box of stockings. “Take off your socks.”

“But, how do I put them on without getting runs?”

“Here,” I showed her.

She fastened the front garter and I did the back one. With one stocking on, Libby sat down to appraise the effect. She stretched out her thin leg and big foot. “Oh, I look awful.”

Her leg did look bare without its white sock. “No, you look fine. Now, put on the other one.”

We got the second stocking adjusted, and Libby smoothed down her skirt and put on her flat leather shoes that strapped across the insole. She looked leggy and embarrassed, and she looked very nice.

“How do you like yourself?”

Libby looked in the mirror. “They itch,” she said proudly.

I picked up her white socks and put them in my purse. “Shall we go?”

“But I can’t wear these home.”

“Why not?”

"I'm too embarrassed. Suppose they fall down?"

"They won't." I helped her on with her coat and we went to find the salesgirl. She was waiting behind the counter.

"My goodness, you've changed into a real young lady," she smiled. "Don't you feel grown up?"

We paid, and Libby and her stockings and I started toward the elevator.

"Shall we have a soda to celebrate?" I asked.

"Sure," said Libby, and giggled.



ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIGS

Fortunately, both Betty Tieken and Nancy Tieken wrote first-person accounts of archaeological digs in the Middle East. Nancy's is in the form of a journal she kept while traveling with her mother in Iraq and Turkey in winter 1965. It was published by Henry Babson, as a gift for Nancy, and is titled Watching Them Dig. His insightful gift has preserved their experiences for their descendants. The first excerpts below are from this book. The final excerpt is from an essay by Betty, written longhand, that answers questions about her experiences with archaeology and digs.

NEW YORK

Thursday, January 28

The start of a long trip gives me butterflies in my stomach. I am delighted, excited, and frazzled. The last-day preparations have been hectic. Twenty-four hours ago, Mother was at the Turkish Embassy in Chicago and I was at the Turkish Embassy in Washington with visa trouble. Then we had to strain our respective memories and imaginations in order to gather together what we would need for a month—digging clothes, camel-riding clothes, city clothes for day and evening, medicines to counteract every conceivable malady, camera film, soap—and to fit it all into a medium-size suitcase, a large satchel, and a voluminous purse. Finally, there was the worry about our plane connections into Idlewild. However, everything worked and we are launched.

This is going to be quite a trip. Although our itinerary is sketchy, we know we are going to Baghdad and thence to Nippur in southern Iraq, and from then on we will see what happens. I hope we will be able to see Turkey, but at the moment I can hardly wait to get to Nippur where we will be living on the desert with the Oriental Institute Expedition for a while. Mother is especially anxious to get there, because she is wearing \$5,000 in unsigned travelers' checks in a money belt, which is the expedition's payroll for two months. If all goes as planned, Carol Haines or Jim Knudstad will meet us in Baghdad and Mother can unload her burden of wealth at once.

KLM offered us enough dinner for six people, but unfortunately we had already eaten at Idlewild. I finally had some wine and cheese to make the steward happy. He gave us each a large bottle of Eau de Cologne and a little kit containing soap, Kleenex, and mouthwash. We haven't really room to pack them but it seemed ungrateful to refuse the presents as well as the dinner, and we are sure to need them somewhere.

Now begins a long, restless night. Thank goodness we will be stopping over in Amsterdam for a day before flying on to Baghdad.

Thursday, January 28

We borrowed the Land Rover and went to Isin. This is a famous unexcavated site, one of the two capital cities in the Isin-Larsa period after the fall of Ur III (twentieth century B.C.). It is a series of broad tells littered with potsherds, and you can see where a few "unofficial" diggers have been treasure-hunting. As no one has shown any interest in formally excavating the site, I can't see why the U. of C. doesn't ask to dig here, except that it is miles from water. Jim said they were thinking of bidding for it.

It was a very windy day, and the "road" was one previous car track. A policeman showed us the way; he brought an unloaded (we hoped) gun slung over his shoulder which pointed directly at our heads for most of the way. (As it turned out, there was no need to worry because every Iraqi policeman is issued five bullets a month and has to account for each one, so he keeps them safe in his cartridge belt. We were flattering ourselves to think that we were valuable enough to merit his loading his gun on our behalf.)

As we approached the tells, we saw what looked like a fringe of palm trees stretching along the horizon as far as one could see in either direction. When we came closer we realized we were wrong. They were camels, hundreds of camels, on the move across the desert.

We wandered over and around the tells for several hours, despite the stinging gusts of wind and sand. I picked up a variety of potsherds and asked Bob what I had found. He was able to identify the period of time from which each had come, and told me that I was holding in my hands a record of more than two thousand years of civilization beginning back in 1900 B.C.

Tuesday, February 9th ...

After a week in the desert, the amenities of civilization such as hot water, soap and clean clothes assume a disproportionate importance. I had hardly noticed the accumulation of grit, dust and sand about my person until I got to the hotel, but once there the process of getting thoroughly clean again was sheer joy. We ran out of soap and towels twice, to the bewilderment of the chambermaid. We sent half of our clothes to the laundry, the other half to the cleaners, and all our shoes to the bootblack. Then we wrapped ourselves in towels, ordered tea and talked about our adventures thus far.

In an essay on what it's like to dig, Betty first set the record straight: she was not an archaeologist. She wrote, though, "I have buzzed around the fringes of Middle Eastern Archaeology for the past 28 years and I do have many acquaintances in the field, and they have been good to me so I have had many dandy trips." Betty was not daunted by much in her Middle East adventures, as she shows in this story about an unfortunate choice of taxi driver.

... I was on my way from Assuau to Shelal in Egypt—This was a short haul and I wasn't careful—The tip-off came when we pulled up to a shack in Assuau and picked up another man—I considered abandoning taxi there, but thought better of it because of the neighborhood. Anyway when we were about halfway to our destination on a deserted road the taxi stopped—Both men got out—So did I—I went to the front of the car, swirling and clicking my tongue, opened the hood and looked inside—I know as little about motors as you might think, but apparently this maneuver threw them off their stride—I jiggled a few items and wondered what next?—Fortunately a plume of dust was visible coming from the Shelal direction—I went to the middle of the road and flagged down an army jeep—After heated conversation of which I understood nothing I offered the army cigarettes and pointedly did not offer them to driver and friend. They got in the car which mysteriously started. The jeep turned around and followed us almost to Shelal and all was well—This points up another important point—Even if you don't have the slightest idea what you are doing—act as if you did.



CROWING IN THE WIND

To be sung to the melody of bob dylan's "BLOWING IN THE WIND"

this tribute was written by dave kirkpatrick to libby for her 59th birthday party.

How many car pools must one mom be forced to drive, before her kids get a license?

Yes, and how many car pools must one mom drive, before her kids learn to drive?

The answer my friend is two thousand twelve—the answer is 2012.

How many French dialogues must one mom endure before her son gets it right?

Yes, and how many French dialogues must one mom suffer through before her son
is ready for Madame Altman's class?

The answer my friend is two hundred five—la réponse est deux-cent cinq.

How many practices must one mom attend before her kids win a Championship?

Yes, and how many practices must one mom sit through before her sons win State?

The answer my friend is too many to count—the answer is we never won State.

(Although Taylor's football and soccer teams were dominant!)

How many fireworks can one mom order over the phone—until the moon travelers
lose their novelty?

Yes, and how many bottle rockets can one mom order—until the UPS man gets suspicious?

The answer my friend is tanks always stay fresh—the answer is Mom secretly like's the tanks.

David

5/30/05

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