

in her name.

After Marion sold the Bald Peak Cottage to Edith Fredericks Jones, she bought "The Chalet" in Watch Hill, Rhode Island, where she is a member of the Misquamicut Club, and the Watch Hill Yacht Club, and is treasurer of the Watch Hill Improvement Society.

Marion and Bill were probably the precursors of Scuba Diving in that early in the 1930s they spent many hilarious moments around the Club Float experimenting with a home-made contraption consisting of a large biscuit tin, a piece of garden hose and a bicycle pump. In this manner, with Bill pumping from the raft, Marion was able to explore the mysteries of the lake's bottom near the float. There were many good-natured quips from on-looking friends suggesting other way of "doing away" with one's wife, but there were no casualties.

LOVE

Planes in 1930 over our golf course were something new. One quiet day that summer John Love and three friends were on their way "in" coming along the 18th, and were disturbed by a plane circling overhead. They were definitely annoyed when it dropped down behind them (without tail wheels) for a landing on the fairway gouging out great pieces of turf with the tail skid.

John Love, then Club president, walked back toward the plane to remonstrate. The pilot stepped out and the irate player was appalled to recognize his son, Bob.

The latter's sister, Margaret, writes: "Bob had learned to fly during his first year at Princeton without telling his family. This was his first cross-country solo flight, and he was triumphant at having achieved it. Father did not know whether to rejoice at his safe arrival or to confine him for

the misdeed. One thing he did know was that *he* would have to make amends to the Club for the damage to the fairway."

Bob always called that plane *Maxwell—Good to the Last Drop*.

The Loves originally came to Bald Peak as the Columbus week-end guests of William Hamlin Childs in 1927. John Love had an air of distinction, and his wife, Bertha, was a charming and gracious woman. They were both delighted with the Club as one feels certain the Club must have been with them, and so they became members. They never owned a cottage but annually rented the one now owned by the Houston Youngs which for years was identified as the *Love Cottage*.

John was elected to the Board of Directors and as third vice president on August 25, 1928, and on August 23, 1930 he succeeded Darwin Kingsley as president and remained so for three years.

During his last year as president the Club made an operating profit of \$5,162 as against a deficit of \$11,718 the preceding year. John gave all credit for this to Mr. Norris, the new manager.

On his retirement from the presidency (September 3, 1932) he refused a gift which the members wished to give him. However \$300 was pledged for the building of a Bowling Green as a tribute to him. This was finally built twenty-nine years later in 1961.

A few years after Bob's landing on the 18th fairway, by which time he had his own airplane business in Boston, he wanted to entertain his latest love at the Club one October week-end.

Margaret writes: "The parents had to leave but gave their permission if I would chaperon them. The weather was cold and dismal which left little to do for entertainment, and Bob hit on the idea of taking his girl on a tour of the lake in his hydroplane. They started up toward

Wolfeboro flying low over the water and came upon the Cases' cabin cruiser, the Marydor, heading in the same direction.

"Bob flew up over the boat and turned to salute them whereupon a wave caught a pontoon and the plane sank, settling on the side on which was the only door—the passenger's side. The window on the pilot side opened on an arm, pulled his girl out by her hair which fortunately was long enough for a good grip. The horrified Cases coming alongside picked them up when they emerged, administered blankets and whiskey and returned them to the Club."

Bob and his wife, Nancy, who is also a qualified pilot both became famous during World War II ferrying planes across the Atlantic. They now live on Martha's Vineyard where he is president of the Vineyard Enterprises Inc., a very successful and growing aviation charter service.

Margaret's stage career started with the Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village in 1925. She finally joined Eva LeGallienne's Repertory Theatre in which she played as a character actress for nine years. Later she played in several productions of the Theatre Guild, meanwhile having become a member of a very well-known summer stock company at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Owing to overwork her father persuaded her to give up the theatre.

Bob, being a normal and typical brother, during her stage career named his Outboard for her—*Noises Off Stage*—her finest part, he insisted, which, though amusing, her record shows was not justified.

Margaret has a tale about one beautiful autumn day shortly after her retirement at Bald Peak.

"Father was playing golf and Mother was to entertain at bridge. A climb up Mount Shaw seemed enticing, but I could find no one to go with me. Having been assured that Mr. Plant allowed the Boy Scouts to use the trail, and of its location, I started out alone. About noon I arrived