

SILVER BAY

by

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My earliest recollections of Silver Bay are of a visit I made with my parents in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd whose summer home was known many years later, as the "Urice Cottage."

The imposing, stone house was awe-inspiring for me and the servants, with their starched uniforms, were a new experience. We had always lived much more simply and when we had help, it was of the maid-of-all-work type. The real truth of the matter is that I was scared.

Many years passed, and the beginning of a long love affair with Silver Bay began when Charles and Miriam decided to make Pudding Island Farm their summer home. They were always more than generous with their hospitality and we were invited to spend a week or two with them each summer.

As World War II clouds gathered over Europe, a new dimension was added for us. Charles hired Howie to help with the farm chores. This was the first time that Howie had been away from home for any length of time. We were apprehensive and, when Charles telephoned us to report on Howie, our fears were not immediately allayed. What he said was, "I think you sent Howie up here on false pretenses." I could not imagine what he had done. Then Charles said, "When you sent Howie up here, you said that he did not eat much. As a matter of fact, he is eating us out of house and home. Last night at dinner, he passed his plate up for his fourth helping of string beans saying, "I think this is one of the things I don't like.' "

Because of the shortage of 18-year-old boys during World War II, Howie began to work at Silver Bay Association when he was only 16. Then Charles offered Johnnie a chance to work at Pudding Island Farm. Johnnie desperately wanted to go but he had always found it difficult to be away from home.

The plan was for us to drive Johnnie to Englewood where he would join Charles for the trip to Silver Bay. Johnnie did not eat much breakfast and looked very white around the gills, but he was deter-

mined to go—so off we started. As we approached the limits of Englewood, I thought I would encourage Johnnie by saying, "Here we are in Englewood!" That was all his stomach muscles needed to start a revolution. However, he still insisted that he wanted to go on.

When we finally arrived at Charles', everybody greeted us heartily. Charles handed Johnnie a box of Kleenex and put him in the front seat beside him. They were soon humming along with Charles, in his inimitable style, holding Johnnie spell-bound by his infinite fund of fascinating tales. When they reached the half-way mark, Johnnie was so amazed that he had "made it", that he relaxed, discarded the Kleenex, and began his own love affair with Silver Bay in general, and Pudding Island Farm in particular.

When Johnnie was considerably younger, he was afraid of loud noises and dreaded the approach of July 4th. Charles always made a big celebration out of this day, furnishing sparklers for the little folks. Roman candles and larger fireworks were carefully supervised by adults.

Somebody had an idea! Since Johnnie did not want to set off any roman candles himself, but still wanted to participate, it was suggested that he and his father ride in one of the rowboats, trailing a small gun-boat with a Japanese flag. (The militarists of Japan were in disfavor at this point!) The idea was for those on the shore to aim their roman candles at the gun-boat which was filled with cotton and fire crackers. All went well as long as the gun-boat was directly opposite the roman-candle-throwers, but as it moved along toward the dock, the angle brought Johnnie in direct line of fire. What a spot for a boy who did not like loud noises! With everybody on shore rolling with laughter, Howard managed to get the boat, and Johnnie, safely up to the dock.

By the time Don was old enough to be hired as a helper, the war was over and older boys were again available. He came frequently as a visitor and laid the foundation for an affection for Silver Bay which brings him back with his family every summer, and influenced him to accept the job as Treasurer of the Silver Bay Association.

Since Howie, Johnnie and Don all married girls they met at the Silver Bay Association, we consider it the most important influence in their lives—next to home, of course. Charles and Miriam made this all possible and the entire Sanborn Clan owes them a deep debt of gratitude.