

Francis F. Lincoln and His Families
(Quotes and notes by Peg Bradner 12/91)

In the papers from Dad's desk at the O Street house were a dozen or so copies of a Christmas card printed with a picture of "the place" - a house he and Mother had built, 4463 Whitney Ave, Mt. Carmel, Connecticut. On the back he had written "Might be saved for use if I should sometime write up a biographical sketch for a future family glimpse." Dad kept a journal in loose leaf notebooks during some years, starting in 1933 (Anne, Lu and I will have excerpts) but the one page biography he did write was more in the nature of a resume. Some of these quotes here are from Aunt Con's Family Glimpses, many copies of these are around. Martha, Vern and Scott are talking about scanning them into a computer disk.

Francis French Lincoln was the son of Francis Newhall Lincoln (1850 - 1903) and Mary Augusta Lewis Lincoln (1847-1917). Their children were Lewis (born and died April 13, 1883), Henry (1884-1946), Edward (1886-1959), FFL (1890-1968), and Constance (1891-1973). Family papers show something besides the vital statistics for the Lincoln family and people who were important to Dad, and second hand to us perhaps.

Uncle Ed Lincoln wrote that his father, called Frank in his time, won a large leather bound unabridged dictionary as a prize for scholarship at Lancaster Academy. He kept a broad bright red leather belt which he wore when he played outfield on the old Wadinsetts(?) of Lancaster. He went to Harvard where he graduated AB 1871. He was a member of the Pi Beta Club, played some baseball and did some rowing.

In a letter to his Harvard class secretary, Grandfather Lincoln wrote that compared to some of his famous classmates, he was a mere bubble, "If there have been any pleasing tints in the bubble, and if no unpleasant gases are let loose by its bursting, it is enough." He started out as a civil engineer and worked with the Lancaster Railroad, on a survey of Newport, R. I., and as engineer with the U.S. Dept of Rivers and Harbors," on works for the improvement of navigation on the borders of Long Island Sound."

Probably in connection with navigation on the Housatonic River up to Birmingham, now called Derby, Connecticut he made a friend, Ed Lewis. At Christmas, 1875 he was writing to his

sister about Mary Lewis and the jolly time with her family.

"They are perfectly plain people, very quiet in style both of dress and living, but very jolly. " They gave him many joke presents, including "a pick and shovel, a quizzing glass of fearful magnitude, a small cat, memorial of one I trod on and killed at the Lewis's last fall, a pinball about six inches in diameter, a pair of striped stockings, the feet of which were 2 1/2 inches long and a very pretty case of shaving paper (for the last two months, I have been raising a beard...)" Of Mary he said, "If for nothing else, the family can thank Miss. Lewis for taking me to church with regularity. You can judge something the kind of people the Lewises are from the fact that nobody has dared to joke Miss. Lewis about my going there, although of course it is an open secret in Birmingham, as I sit with them in church every Sunday, and nobody supposes I would go up once a week to visit Ed."

Frank Lincoln's brother, Ned wrote Mary from Colorado in June 1876, "Frank says no public engagement exists, but I think I am not premature in offering him my heartiest congratulations, and my fraternal knowledge enables me to congratulate you a little also."

It was a long engagement. Frank Lincoln shifted into the law book business, had two jobs in St. Louis, then in January 1880 got a job in Boston to improve his prospects and bring him closer to his mother in Lancaster. He stayed with, in the law book dept of Little, Brown, & Co for the rest of his life, eventually as head of that department. He and Mary Lewis were married in June 1881.

Frank and Mary were living in a "cottage" near the center of Belmont in 1888 when he signed a contract with builders for a house to cost \$5351.67. His "Journal of a House-builder 1888 to 1889" (a Family Glimpse) told of the construction of 27 Cedar Road Belmont from the purchase of the lot to the first dinner. He kept close track of the work, and did some bossing of the workers, especially on yard work, when he had time - he wrote of having to leave on his business trips. There were frustrations. He wrote, "The outside foreman is densely stupid and if I get through without trying to introduce an idea into his brain with a sledge hammer, it will be because a kind Providence does not mean me to die on the gallows." Unlike our Treadwell

Grandfather, Frank Lincoln wanted the latest conveniences. He and an electrician "decided to wire all the gas openings; to put in wires for instantaneous lighting in the front hall and cellar " and provide electric bells to call the servant. He and Mary went over the floor plans locating gas openings and registers.

Their two "bright faced boys" of that time, Henry and Ed, had fun on inspections visits as the house was built. Henry put pieces of wood in the ditch water and called them boats. Edward "tore his dress nearly off climbing on the lumber," -boys wore dresses at least into their third year in those days. When they moved in he wrote, "The boys are simply delighted! They race about from one room to another shouting and playing with all manner of things." In the attic there was one big room that "will make a fine playroom for the boys or a snugger for me, only I have little use for a snugger. What time I am at home, I want to be with the family."

For the yard, Frank Lincoln bought 10 types of pear trees, 1 plum, 4 apple, 6 types of grape vines, 3 hydrangeas, and one weeping each of birch, weeping willow, weeping elm, and mountain ash. He wrote, "The pears and grapes will give a good variety and a good succession. The apple trees I expect to graft to get about eight varieties. Small fruit I expect to pick up among our friends, very likely. It is hardly probable that the plums will do anything, but if they will, the fruit is good especially for preserving. Our rents I can get as cuttings from neighbors. And roses must come from the Auction Rooms in town." " He took roots of the small "Mary Lincoln" rose from the Lancaster home, eventually Dad took roots from Belmont to Mt. Carmel, and I brought roots from Mt. Carmel to Foxboro. The small, prolific pink rose now grows on the fence along the top of the dam here. His father, Dr. Henry Lincoln, "had for recreation a farm from which by scientific agriculture he coaxed unusual crops to the astonishment of older farmers," Aunt Con wrote in her memories of Lancaster.

Dad told of the day when he and his brothers brought red berries from a snowball bush in their Belmont yard to the dinner table. When their father was not looking, they shot the berries across the smooth tablecloth to each other, as you would shoot marbles. That night Mary Lincoln was serving floating islands for dessert, a favorite. As their father dipped his spoon into the bowl of rich custard he said

quietly, "Henry, Edward, and Francis may leave the table."
When the Belmont Historical Society announced we had given it a copy of that house journal, their Newsletter stated "Mr. Lincoln. . . became active in town affairs serving on the School Committee from 1898 until his death in 1903. " His obituary stated he was "for some time its chairman." He was also a member of the Belmont Men' s Club. The Unitarian minister was a member too. Aunt Con wrote that the Unitarian Church was the dominant Protestant church in Belmont, "which father attended when he did not accompany Mother to the Episcopal Church."

Uncle Ed wrote of his father in memories of the two week family summer vacations with his grandmother, Mary Bond Lincoln and her daughter Mary Catherine Lincoln who taught at the Lancaster Academy.

"I can see both parents sitting on the lawn reading in the shade of the trees. Twice a week Father hired a carriage at the livery stable and we drove over the hills and by the streams ... Several times a week Father would take us to the river first to wade in the water and later to swim. He was a great story teller and could keep old or young entertained indefinitely; so he would step out on the sidewalk and whistle and boys would appear from nowhere and off we would go, he leading the way like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Down the street we went, through the Latham's barnyard and out across the level pastures beside the river. He carried a book and sat in the shade of a huge buttonwood tree at the river's edge reading with one eye on the book and the other on the boys while we splashed, chased each other and shouted as boys have done from time immemorial. When our time was up, he would call us and we would lie in the warm sun on the bank while he told us stories of the colonial times, of the west, perhaps of life on the farm while we sat enraptured."

Aunt Con wrote, "Home ties are strong in the Lincoln family and never a day went by that my father did not write to his mother. Often it was merely a post card, but always it was some word. ... Grandma and Aunt Mary many years stayed with us in Belmont during the cold winter months." The Lancaster home was cold and damp in the winter. Dr. Lincoln had died of T.B., as had that cordial Ned Lincoln before Mary became his sister-in-law.

In March 1903 Frank Lincoln was in Omaha, Neb., on one of his three month trips to sell law books. He wrote, "My dear Mary, I have forced the pace for few days and really gained some time... gained four days anyway.... From now on there will be the added incentive of pointing toward home in a general way.... Suggest to the boys that they take a day when the ground is hard to roll the barrel of leaves and cabbage up to the compost heap and dump it ... "

He must have had some warning of trouble, in June 1903 he wrote his sister, "I stood going in town perfectly and shall keep it up now probably, of course I do not do any work that requires exercise and shall not. "He died at home in mid-summer that year. Uncle Ed wrote, "It was said at the time of his death in 1903 that he knew personally more members of the legal profession than any other man in the country. He had a remarkable memory for faces."

Uncle Ed wrote of your great grandmother Mary, "From what Mother used to tell us of her girlhood they had a delightful social time, with archery, rowing on the river, croquet, charades, private theatricals ... Once they all went camping at Wood bridge on the Sound near New Haven. Other excursions to the Thousand Islands and down the St. Lawrence — " Aunt Con said of her mother, "They had driving horses and took many rides in carriages in the summer and sleighs, with the merry sleigh bells, in the winter. . . in winter the Housatonic sometimes froze over enough for them to drive on the ice "

Mary Lewis went to a girls school in Brattleboro, Vermont and she told her children about her classes in astronomy, piano, painting, and physical education. Aunt Con wrote, " I remember my mother doing setting up exercises and easily bending over and touching her hand to the floor without bending her knees. . . . My mother and I used to get quite merry and laugh as she raised on her toes, bent her knees and threw out her arms, saying as she put her hands on her hips 'Hips firm. Position. ' . . . Mother of ten spoke of enjoying skating. She knew how to do a spread eagle, and outer edge and various other figures. . . . "

Grandfather Lincoln's papers included home made valentines probably from Mary Lewis. They were typically addressed to Mr. Frank N. Lincoln, Cupid' s Office, with a construction paper heart for postage and a comic or sentimental message

inside, as "You asked me last night/ In the pale moonlight/
If I'd be your own little kitten/ But after much thought / I
don't think I ought/ enclosed please find a/ ... " [red cloth
mitten pinned to the paper]

At the beginning of The Journal of a Housebuilder Frank Lincoln writes, "Today we have made our decision and told Stone we will take the land. ... We are the conjugal we." Grandmother took an active part in the process, particularly in choosing inside finish work. The builder said they could have the mantles they wanted, although over his estimate, as he wished, "Mrs. Lincoln to have things as she wanted them." Grandfather wrote, "Sly dog to propitiate the women!". Frank Lincoln refers to her as M. in the journal, often she has a F. with her as she does house business, that must have been her sister, Fanny Lewis visiting.

In two different Family Glimpses, Aunt Con wrote of Grandmother:

"Perhaps one of my earliest recollections of Christmas is my mother leaning over my bed singing to me before I went to sleep. She had a lovely clear soprano voice...."

"I cannot help feeling what a remarkable person my mother was, level headed, well poised, not easily upset by difficulties, the one in the neighborhood who was called in at times of illness or trouble to give aid and moral support, and beloved by all. She lived at a time when people not only called on newcomers to town but when women kept calling lists and regularly made calls on their friends and townspeople each year. . . . The lady of the house in those days dressed for the afternoon ready to receive callers. My mother's philosophy was to get all the housekeeping done by noon and with the aid of a faithful maid, like Delia or Maggie, or Katy, such a procedure was possible. My mother was apt to put on a black silk dress with a little white collar or ruching at the neck."

She did not only sit in silk, in March 1903 Frank Lincoln wrote his sister, "You should see Mary's cabbages! They are big and very good and we eat them." Help was not always at hand, in June he wrote, "Mary is plugging away at her cleaning, getting ready for a new servant when she may happily find one."

Mary Lincoln, the Historical Society Newsletter noted, was one of the founders of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Belmont. In a letter, Nov, 1902 Frank told his sister, "Mary is full of good works and charity aprons, but I guess she will hold out until' after the fair'." In that March 1903 letter he wrote that she had "a party of ladies to cut aprons and such. " She mentions in a letter that she was on the vestry about 1914, I wonder how many years? There is a memorial to her at the church, a stained glass window. She was a member of The Woman's Reading Club, a purely literary club, whose president was a Browning devotee.

Uncle Ed wrote, "Mother was very careful with us as children and took her parental responsibilities most seriously. She had a beautiful calm, even disposition and was always thoughtful and considerate and instructed us in the graces and kindnesses of her age . . . She was firm in her instruction but not severe. With my father's death, suddenly of apoplexy, the year my older brother had finished his freshman year in college and I had finished high school Mother faced the baffling problem of living and educating four children. I went to work for a year and as I was only sixteen it put me back but little. Then with some financial help from Father's classmates, by taking people into our home to board, by strict economy and by all the children doing what they could and earning what they could, and by drawing on what she had inherited from her father, she did it."

Aunt Con said that in the school year the borders these were school teachers, "women of education and culture," paying \$8 a week. They came back year after year. In 1946, Gertrude Miller wrote Aunt Con, "I was thinking how pleased the bunch of violets made your mother on her birthday, and I thought why have hundreds of little episodes lingered in my memory? I decided, of course, it was because your mother and all you young people made my fourteen years in the Lincoln home so happy. " There are some pictures of Mary Lewis Lincoln looking very happy with Uncle Ed & Aunt Margaret's first baby, Leonora. Aunt Con saved a letter her mother wrote "June 24" probably some time after the second granddaughter, Elizabeth, was born - in 1914.

"Edward's card came telling of your getting there, with all the family on the piazza watching for you. There is little to report here. ... Mabel [a servant] stays until the tenth. . . . I have quietly worked at the sewing and feel much

better. I can eat with some comfort and have an appetite.
. . . Aunty [her sister Fanny Lewis?] went in town for shopping all of Monday and to Marablehead yesterday. ... Josephine has an electric runabout! She came over in it, to show it, Monday when she was taking her lesson, she expects to run it, I do not know who will take care of it. She was greatly excited. It seems to me she would have been more sensible if she hired Dunnsford when she needs to ride, but she knows best You will be interested in Charlotte's letter which I enclose. Clifford [Birch] forgot to telephone from New Haven, when he reached Mt. Carmel he hid his suit case and went on. Charlotte did not know him at first he wrote his mother. I telephone her about him, she says he expects to come back early in August That makes it necessary for Francis to get his vacation that last week in July and the first in August if Clifford will stay. . . .

"Thursday 6:30 a.m. ... I remembered the cookies were left ... What a shame we never thought of it. I forgot the vestry meeting too. ... I played cards at Mrs. Harris yesterday ...
... The mercury was 95 yesterday. ...
Lovingly your Mother."

Uncle Ed wrote, "She died of pernicious anemia a disease which usually makes people unreasonable and out of sorts, but the doctor said of her that he never entered her room even in the most trying times when she was not always a perfect lady in her graciousness and good cheer."

Dad stayed close to his brothers and sister all his life, writing regularly to them, phone calls were for emergencies in his outlook. Of Dad's oldest living brother Henry, that same teacher, Miss. Miller, wrote, "Even as a young man, I admired him for his fine mind, his vigor, wisdom, and for that big kind heart of his." As a boy he was very fond of birds. Aunt Con wrote, "I can hear Henry now tearing downstairs one morning, through the house and out of doors to scare away the cat which had climbed the pole and was just ready to reach its paw into the birdbox and pull out a baby purple martin. Henry and Edward took bird walks before Francis and I were big enough to go on such long walks."

In 1945 Uncle Henry exchanging memories with his sister about their Belmont neighborhood wrote, "The wilderness was a hangout of spring birds. Do you recall how we kept track of the arrivals each spring? It is my recollection we tied to

spot forty or fifty varieties each year. . . . The Lane was a convenient place for thatch huts where we could bake potatoes or roast corn and the trees tempted to practice to rival Tarzan! I have of ten recalled the little pond in the flat lot on the corner of Washington and Common Streets. It grew top grade celery, something California lacked until the past few years. I used that lot to tell some of our farm 'experts' what they should look for”

He and Aunt Janet lived in San Mateo, California. A letter he wrote in 1934 shows he worked for The Union Ice Co. as Manager of Plants. Someone once told Dad that Henry Lincoln was the U.S. refrigeration engineer who made it possible to ship California's fresh vegetables across the country by rail. I only remember one time they visited. I think they had come East for Uncle Henry's Harvard Reunion. We have a picture of the three brothers and their brother-in-law, Uncle Farley Townsend, sitting under the trees looking as replete as if they had just finished a Thanksgiving Dinner. On this visit, Dad was driving them in the Plymouth area and apologized for the stunted, scrub trees along the road. Aunt Janet said, "Francis don't ever apologize to Californians for green trees, they are beautiful."

Aunt Con saved two of her brother's letters. In 1943 he wrote, "The mention of Lancaster Academy reminds me that the first doctor in the bay region studied there and his teacher Mary Lincoln is mentioned in the story of his adventures -see "John Marsh Pioneer." In July 1945 in San Mateo Uncle Henry wrote, "The new attraction of the year is a flock of vesper sparrows that enjoy some bird seed I place on the porch at meal times. After dinner this evening Janet and I sat out there for nearly an hour, the seeds only four feet from the chairs. Three or four of the birds continued their dinner looking at us very inquiringly every three seeds. . . . ‘

Uncle Ed was a very familiar, kindly uncle. I visited his family in Portland one summer and Uncle Ed made up a book of photographs for me as a record of my visit. He worked in the personnel dept of the S.D. Warren Co. When we visited Portland he took us to the paper mill to see the huge pulp vats and great rolls of the paper machines. Also he and Aunt Grace would take us on drives, to the twin lights on Portland harbor, to Kittery, for a picnic. He liked to travel for vacations, and to visit family on the way. One of my favorite photographs is of Dad and Uncle Ed in 1946, side by

side hoeing my garden in Walpole. They worked well together, smiled broadly up at us, and enjoying the chance to talk frankly to each other and listen sympathetically. Uncle Ed's first wife, Margaret Scott died in the flu epidemic and by the time of the photograph he and Aunt Grace had lost a son, Richard, to flu also. Uncle Ed and Aunt Grace went on spring trips driving about the country, generally touching bases with Dad, Aunt Con, and Cousin Elizabeth Lincoln on the way. After Aunt Grace and her three sisters had such a good time travelling abroad, Uncle Ed joined them in a trip the next summer. My cousin Ed Lincoln's memory of family trips and Uncle Ed's enjoyment of the countryside make me think of Dad. Uncle Ed's branch of the family has flourished. He had a flock of grandchildren to visit: Connie and Dick Sweetzer's three nearby in Cumberland Center, Leonora and Dick Estes three in Bala-Cynwood outside Philadelphia, and Elizabeth and Byron Fairchild's three in Alexandria Virginia. Aunt Grace took painting lessons. At her 90th birthday party in 1981 she told about repainting designs on a table top, and commissions for about her 16th painting of Portland Head light and other specials for family.

Aunt Con, was just one year younger than Dad, the family called them "the twins" when they were little. In her Family Glimpses she speaks of Dad frequently, how she liked playing with him, how reassured she was to have him for company in strange places. All her life as her own problems worried her she did lean on him and he gave her the warm concern and attention she seemed to need. With three brothers and mostly boys in her class at school, she was happier playing with boys than girls. Her father called her a tom-boy. Remembering her grandmother, Aunt Con wrote, "She and Aunt Mary kept us all supplied in warm mittens and gloves. I remember when they thought a little girl should wear mittens that I insisted that I wanted to have gloves like the boys so that I could make snowballs too."

Aunt Con herself could be called on in time of need. After graduating from Radcliffe, and a Simmons secretarial course, she worked for a year in White Plains, New York. But in mid 1916 she came back to live at home and work at the Harvard student employment office, to be available while as her mother was sick. In 1918, a year after her Mother died when her brother Edward's wife died, Con went to Portland to keep house for him & his daughters, then about 6 and 4 years old.

When Aunt Con married Uncle Farley Townsend in 1921, she gained another big circle of nieces and nephews to cherish. She sent me a large box of apples when I was at Hood causing a sensation in the mail room and delight to many. In New Haven at 278 Canner St, she and Uncle Farley had three bedrooms they rented out to Yale students at times, but they always seemed to have room for family for longer or shorter visits. In my mind's eye I can see so many details of their house. In the kitchen they had a toaster with the side door action and top plate for keeping toast warm and homemade apple sauce always in the refrigerator. Then there was the slippery horsehair sofa in the living room, Lincoln silhouettes and samplers on the hall walls and the sunny enclosed porch over their garden. Rev. John H. Townsend, Uncle Jack told us, in a brochure he wrote on Farley for Trinity College said, "He and Constance were "Honorary Uncle and Aunt 'to many young people." Uncle Jack's three daughters were always cousins to us. I remember details of visits to their Deep River house (where Tia Townsend Burns) still lives, and Aunt Mary's teaching me about coffee milk and housekeeping standards that dwarfed Mother's.

Aunt Con worked for the Bureau of Appointments - arranging jobs for students - for seventeen years, also in a Civil Defense position, at a housing authority, and at the Yale Divinity School. Uncle Farley worked for the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station for 28 years as an entomologist, he was an expert on corn borers, pests in orchards, apple trees. Uncle Farley played the guitar - Mary has his now. Uncle Jack wrote that Farley once "rigged up a 'contraption' so he could either play the mouth organ or whistle or sing while he played the guitar, clog danced at the same time."

They both enjoyed reading, using a lending library at a bookstore on Whitney Ave. for new titles. Uncle Farley wrote us once that "Waterbury Record" and "Williamstown Branch" by R.S. Duffus, "Are excellent in the vivid pictures of small town life 50 years ago and in their understanding character studies." Also on "The Town and the City" Uncle Farley said, "The author (Kerouac) is a keen observer, and has a great ability in putting his observations into words. I am amazed at the wide range of his observations, whether of people or places."

Both enjoyed country dancing, and took me to energetic sessions. Aunt Con did beautiful tray painting. She made one

for me with tiny mice running around the edge. She decorated tiny tin boxes for all eight of us and filled them with treasures – little Indian arrowheads, quartz, and a ciastolite product of Lancaster. They were always building, refinishing, repairing and growing things. We visited them in Westwood, near New Haven where they renovated a barn into a house and had huge bachelor's buttons plantings. In one of her romantic poems, "Our Garden", Aunt Con' s wrote of ageratum, red geranium, sweet alyssum, petunias, zinnias, and nicotiana. She made Christmas cards with pressed pansies and coral bells.

Martha Bond Lincoln wrote to her granddaughter in September, 1900, "My dear little Constance, Do you remember the fagots you and Francis made sitting on the back piazza after Mr. Locke trimmed the apple tress? Well for more than a week we have had a fire in the parlor so those fagots make good bright kindling's." Aunt Con remembers they had wheelbarrows to pick up the twigs and "sometimes we took our wheelbarrows and ran just as fast as we could from the front sidewalk to the kitchen door." Also she said, "Aunt Mary loved Dickens and when we were older used to like to sit by the North door where there was a faint breeze and read David Copperfield to us." Dad would have been ten then. In her letter his grandmother added, "Tell Francis with my dear love, I shall be much disappointed if he does not have an honorable promotion next term. I know he can if he makes an effort for it." Three years later, a month before he died, Dad's father wrote, "Francis is playing a little at algebra, as he has an examination to come on some work the teacher did not quite drive into them in the term."

For a work biography Dad wrote "After the Belmont public schools I went to Harvard and received an A.B. degree in 1910 as of the class of 1911." He did make an effort and completed the four year course in three years, majoring in economics. He lived at home and walked -and practiced his running – to Cambridge. Dad used to sing the Harvard football songs with enthusiasm. We loved to hear him sing about the man, surely from Cambridge, who could only afford "one meat ball."

From 1910 to 1911 Dad taught mathematics and physics at Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt. Our family account was that in college Dad developed asthma. Doctors advised outdoor life. Dad decided on farming. In his write up for his 25th college

reunion Dad said, "In 1913, after getting a little experience here and there, the farm was found in Mt. Carmel Conn, ten miles north of New Haven. For a dozen years we farmed; we were much interested in breeding hens to lay eggs and in farm co-operation. The hens did lay eggs and I had a hand in organizing what has proved to be one of the most successful egg selling cooperatives in the east."

Dad and Mother were married May 19, 1913. Their first farm was on Tuttle Ave, north of the Sleeping Giant Mountain. Aunt Con wrote that some of the furniture from the Lancaster Lincoln home was sent to Nethemuir farm to be ready for them. Uncle Jack Townsend in that brochure about his brother, wrote of his family's move to Hamden, "We had a wonderful time with the Lincolns . . . we had Homeric discussions, of all sorts. " He wrote me many years later, "When we moved to ... Hamden (Centerville) . . . Mother told me of a lovely family coming to Church from Mt. Carmel . How I loved the trolley trip up to the corner & got off at that brick house & walked to the house & the farm where Lincoln's leghorns were. Your Dad was so interesting and friendly - had a good baritone voice (do you recall him singing the Gypsy Trail?) & the noisy bubbling brook going past the house? And your dear Mother with her beautiful playing & whipping up omelets soufflés for unexpected guests & her esprit de la societe. ... All of us loved all your family. ... Farley & I & my uncle Towne (Townsend Cox jr.) were frequent visitors. . . . "

The farm house had white clapboards and looked as though it had had random additions over the years. A small poach was tucked in the south-east corner. The front of the house was only about ten feet from the road. Besides the chicken house, a barn provided for the wagon, a horse and at least one cow. A corn field stretched south towards the Mountain. I think the Lincoln land extended to the mountainside ravine where wild flowers and mosquitos grew and a brook ran, a place we were to come back and visit - and slide splashing down mossy rocks.

Perhaps it was in the early years that Mr. Wilder, an editor of the New Haven Register newspaper came walking by one day and visited. The families came to be friends and over the years the Wilders were a source of delight and interest to us. Besides Clifford Birch, various young people came to help on the farm. Dad said one young women, though considerably crippled, (was she cousin Harriet English, after

an Episcopal Deaconess?) insisted she could do whatever he might ask a man, and mucked out the bedding and manure from the stalls. Flossie Blackwell may have been another who came for heal thy farm life. I seem to remember, but have not found yet, a photo of a Boston terrier, an ex-circus dog climbing a ladder, as the farm pet. There are pictures of Fritzie -perhaps that's the one.

Mary Brewster Lincoln, was born June 4, 1917. A photograph shows her in 1918 held by a proud Dad in his Home Guard uniform. At this time he wrote a letter to his brothers about a Home Guard Company meeting. Dad's stationary was headed:

S.C.W. Leghorns Barred Rocks
Nethermuir Farm
Francis F. Lincoln. PROP.
Mount Carmel, Conn Jan 13, 1915

At the meeting a Lt. Peppier a Canadian was introduced as having 42 wounds from a bomb. He protested and wished introductions "were in Hell." At that the few ladies present departed and we continued serene. " Peppier gave graphic descriptions of the mud and blood of trench warfare, "every fight eventually is settled man to man with bayonet or bomb, hand to hand." He "was asked about atrocities and said he had personally seen two [instances] ... babies transfixed by bayonets" . . . Dad concluded, " I don' t pretend to think i t pleasant, but I would not have missed hear ing Peppier for anything and don't want to forget it - I don't think there is much danger. If you want to show this to Margaret and Janet of course, I have no objections. I haven't told all that he said, but don' t call it very nice reading for ladies eyes at that. It is life as she is and a life we don't see and perhaps won't see, as such I don't want to pass by without knowing about it. ... "

Dad's asthma continued. Perhaps the cold and damp of the location was the problem? They sold the Nethermuir Farm to Frank S. Butterworth. He continued it as a horse farm -as it is today with handsome barns and fences, but the house sadly commonplace sheathed in wide, rippled synthetic (?) shingles. Dad commented once with a mixture of admiration and scorn that Frank Butterworth had the pull and the self importance to get the town to relocate Tuttle Ave so it would not run so close to his front door. I think the ravine was included in land Frank S. Butterworth, jr. gave to the state for the

Sleeping Giant State Park in 1978.

Dad and Mother found property with open fields on the east side of Whitney Ave, just at the Cheshire line, and bought 30 acres in the spring of 1919. Dad told me once, "If you start with an open field, you can plant it for three years, then you have to prune it every year thereafter." I was born June 6, 1919 in time to claim a brief residence on Tuttle Ave. Dad said Mr. Spencer, a carpenter, built the new house for us, from a classical pattern book. Also on the place were a garage with a generator, a bungalow built over an incubator to hatch chicks, three long chicken houses, and at least five brooder houses for the chicks. Dad bought and built at the height of the market, but then he said he sold Nethemuir Farm at the height too. Now his stationary read:

single comb white leghorns
Carmelot Farm
Francis F. Lincoln. prop.
Mount Carmel. Conn.

I remember the oblong incubator with drawers full of little yellow chicks just drying out fluffy; and remember the pile under the stairs with other little yellow fluff balls dead and discarded. The brooder houses had lamps for warmth, and older chicks scurrying about. The chicken houses featured a long bench all along the back wall, with a chicken wire suspended over it. There the chicken roosted, their droppings below easy to clean out and nourish those thriving plantings and gardens. The hens had nesting boxes to encourage them to lay eggs -and hens did not take kindly to anyone reaching under them to gather the eggs. I remember being afraid of the aggressive peckers. In front of the chicken houses were yards fenced in with chicken wire. The chickens came out of little doors and down a narrow ramp to peck in the dirt. Dad had planted fruit trees in rows in one chicken yard. Fruit and bugs from the trees were teats for the chickens; we found the trees a treat where we could pick fruit and watch the chicken world below.

Dad was active in the Farm Bureau – looking after the interests of farmers. I remember going with him to the feed store, probably on Whitney Ave. at Sherman Ave. as I look at a map now. There was a long, dark, mysterious, tunnel-like ramp where the feedmen slid the bags down to the shipping platform. Dad seemed to know everybody and have lots to talk

about. He was interested in everything and talked to us about his enthusiasms. Across the street from the feed store was an old house that had a door studded thickly with ancient, handmade nails. Below Levine's grocery store on Ives Street, there was a bit of the old Farmington Canal. On the head of the Sleeping Giant mountain, the side towards Whitney Ave, was a jagged cliff, bare of earth, once quarried by a trap rock company. Willow Street, just south of our house, was started as a cart path, a half circle from Whitney Ave to Whitney Ave, people used it, crossing the brook at a Ford to avoid the toll collector at the original bridge across Willow Brook.

When Dad's sister, Constance - Aunt Con - was married to James Farley Townsend June 25, 1921 in Belmont Mary was the flower girl, Leonora and Elizabeth bridesmaids and Grace Stone (a year later Aunt Grace) the maid of Honor. Aunt Grace trying to remember this 50+ years later wrote, "Where were you? at home? as you were only two years old." Yes probably, and probably being taken care of by Miss. Babcock of Harts Corner, Plainville CT. A practical nurse, she was the large comforting reliable presence in time of need. December 1, 1921 Aunt Con's photos show their new house had cellar stone walls in place. Dad had sold some of those 30 acres to the "Falcons" so they could start chicken farming too just North of us on Whitney Ave. From August 1921 to June 1922 they lived in our bungalow, handy to supervise the building. Aunt Con and Uncle Fal had cleaned out the Lincoln Belmont home and I remember being fascinated to look into big barrels of china left in a bungalow cellar room beyond the incubator.

Anne Tappan Lincoln was born May 13, 1922 to start a series of winsome, three-some pictures. In 1948 I asked Dad if he could remember what we were like when little? His answers give his parental perspectives. " Mary had learned - and forgotten and learned again her alphabet before school. [She] was not interested in marks, other things were more important to her, people especially - everybody liked Mary, boys, girls, old and young, but though she went along with a C or a C-average, she could do better, up around B., if she wanted to. Mary was more dreamy than Anne during grade or high school, not concerned or interested in subjects.

"Anne", he said, "had a very precise way of doing things, did things with a nice little style of her own, and she was

quick, very quick in her general movements. Anne was in the top ninth of her class. She was intent on good marks, and gave the teachers what they wanted no matter what she herself felt."

Peg? "You were less precise in way of doing things than Anne. You did not learn your letters before school as Mary. I cut out big cardboard letters and had two sessions, but you were just not able to distinguish." Ned and Aunt Con tried too. "The first grade teacher at Mt. Carmel told us you were mentally deficient and would have to be in an institution. Miss [Ruth] Washburn and her group [Yale - Gesell clinic] made tests and said you were normally intelligent, but had some block on learning to read and should be given special teaching - hence Foote School. " [A private school, just starting to teach the new see and say method as I remember] " The Yale people [also] said maybe [difficulty] due to pressure from Mary, or fact Mother had read you good stories and you were bored with early readers. ... Before you learned to read we used to hear Mary asking, "Tell me a story, Peggy. ..." You liked to be alone. When you used to have your friends out from New Haven, we used to find them playing with Mary and you reading off in some corner. ... You made your own decision ... sometimes you did not give the teachers what they wanted."

In a photograph showing workers with a crate of chickens before one of the Townsend's new brooder houses, one man -probably Dad - seems to be wearing a dust mask. In his 25th reunion write-up Dad said, "Asthma, and dust, and pollen do not mix agreeably, and I stopped farming." This was 1925. About the same time Aunt Con and Uncle Fal gave up the chickens, moved to New Haven, and sold their house to Edward F. Webster. Dad went to work for Sperry and Barnes Co, a meat packing company in New Haven. Soon he was running their bond department. So he got into the securities business, working for a several brokers: Myron S. Hall Co - Feb 1927 to Oct 1930, Minsch Maxwell & Co October 1930 - March 1932, and Eddy Brothers March 1931 to February 1935.

Dad used to drive around Connecticut calling on bank officers trying to sell them bonds. During school vacations, we would take turns riding with him for a day. We had his at tent ion, hi s conversation and his enthusiasms. He would point out the farms, the height of the corn, the field of alfalfa and the herds of Holsteins cropping the grass, or

standing in the pasture brook, or lying under trees chewing the cud. While he was in a bank, I remember sitting in the front seat of the car playing with my doll, "Charlotte" looking at people going by, and watching the bank door for Dad to come out. Then he would find a pretty spot for a picnic. My favorite was a lake up a steep hill over a town. We drove the road that circled the lake, splashing through water flowing right over the road at two[?] outlets.

The stock market crash on October 29, 1929 and the growing depression meant Dad and Mother had to scramble for cash. I remember he sold the hill behind us and the fields south of the house to Mr. Walter [?] Paton, our next door neighbor, who had a big apple orchard and cider press on Willow St. Mr. Kirby, the jeweler who had the fancy brick house across the street, bought the field between our house and the one Aunt Con & Uncle Farley had sold to the Websters on the north. Mr. Levine let us, as many others, run up a tab at his grocery store in Mt. Carmel. Anne and I left private schools for public. We ate lots of dried lima bean casseroles, ugh!

Lucretia Holt Lincoln was born Sept 12, 1930. Our foursome photographs were fewer - perhaps because the Townsend camera was not so handy. There is a picture of Lu toddling along the beach holding Mother's hand that typifies the high point of our summers. We would have a week at a friend's cottage at the shore, or go through North Haven to a beach. On the drive, Dad would lead us in singing and guessing games: My word rhymes with . . . ; or I'm thinking of something - and we'd start: animal, vegetable or mineral?

Dad did like games and he was happy doing many things. Gardening he did almost all his life, having a community garden plot in Washington up by the Cathedral. He got each of us growing our own garden plot, for flowers and vegetables. On a rainy day, he might turn out wooden boats to float in the big puddle at the bottom of the circle. He let us use the old brooder houses as play houses and later helped us set up our "platforms" in the bungalow, - boards across the rafters where we each had a private space, stored treasures. Often, he took us on for walks on Sunday: down Old Lane Road, back to the flat bridge over the brook, up through the woods and over ledges, down the power line, back over another bridge and home through Paton's orchard was a typical route. Along the way, he knew just where to look for

each kind of wild flower in season. He showed us a place to wade in that brook - with a dam to repair. He came with us to swimming holes, below the Willow St. bridge and behind the Vose's house across Whitney Ave. When Uncle Ned Treadwell had made a tennis court in our back yard, Dad played with us some, and took time to watch us. On holidays he often got up early and baked corn bread in round layer cake pans, for breakfast.

Dad started to keep his notebook journals in 1933. He speaks for himself there. I have typed 29 pages of excerpts from his journal, both as a picture of him and as a record of our family for Anne, Lu and me to share with our families. Anyone is welcome to look at the journals themselves. Someday I may get around to contacting the Truman Library about them.

For about a year, the fall of 1933 to fall 1934, Dad worked in the Eddy Brother's office in Hartford on a \$200 per month salary, away from home a lot, often staying at the YMCA during the work week, especially during the pollen season. Back in New Haven, he did rather better back on commission selling again; he did not have expense of the Y, and he was reimbursed for mileage. But he was not satisfied with his job and started to look for something better.

February 1935 Dad started to work in New York city in a group headed by William O Douglas looking into problems with securities business revealed by the 1929 crash and the depression. Dad's part was to study the "protective committees" which solicited funds from holders of defaulted foreign bonds, the committees promising to try to get some of the bondholders' investment back. But the protective committees in their turn were questionable in practice and performance. One major study was of a protective committee set up on defaulted bonds of Kruger and Toll. Dad said, Kruger, known as the Sweedish Match King, "Was a most astounding scoundrel and about the smoothest crook ever." But Dad had to tear himself away from that absorbing story. His group fought battles for files of the protective committees, those involved fearing scandal. Dad wrote, "Personally I keep away from the sensational and try to keep after the facts that will help rebuilding the system by which property in default is protected." In July 1935 information from these investigations were used in hearings conducted by William O. Douglas and Samuel O. Clark Jr. Dad was one of

those staff people feeding papers to government lawyers as they questioned witnesses. By February 1936 Dad was starting what would be another two and a half years away from home living in Washington. He helped write volume 5 of the Protective Committee Study Reports dealing with foreign default.

Mary's death with her fiance, Jim Webb, July 27, 1936 at the grade crossing next to his home on Brooksvale Ave is not covered in Dad's journals. Pasted inside the front cover of the earliest journal is a note "F.F.L. Diary notes on one thing and another in 1930s & 40s - Maybe some are of interest. 10/19/64" Perhaps he looked them over and only left in what he wanted others to see. From Feb 1936 to April 1937 there are no entries in his journal.

I partially remember one thing Mary did that Dad spoke of with special delight. I believe Prof Eliot Dunlap Smith was teaching a course in personnel management. He wanted his students to act out a dealing with a young woman who deserved to be fired for some infraction of factory rules. Mary played the young woman and she did a very persuasive bit of dramatics, I don't think the students were able to fire her. He was proud of her at her graduation in 1935. In his journal he wrote, "Mary graduated from New Haven High this last week, and was chosen in her class of 1400 to march with the class president as they entered the arena, where the ceremonies were held, at the head of the procession." She went on to Stones' secretarial school in New Haven in the fall.

July 27 1936, a Monday according to a perpetual calendar, we were having a picnic supper with company -was it an Underhill gal? -under the big tree to the North of the house. Carrying things out to the picnic table, we had to dodge around Mary and Jim oblivious to passers-by as they embraced in the front hall. As we started to eat under the canopy of branches, I could just see Mary's skirt and Jim's long legs as they strode briskly (were they late?) to the Webb's car, parked on the back circle; they were going to his home for a family picnic. After a half hour or so we heard the phone. It was for Dad. He came out serious and purposeful, someone had called from the Webbs, "Mary and Jim had had a quarrel, they want me to go and bring Mary home." When he came back, our guest, Anne and I, maybe Lu? were doing dishes in the kitchen. Dad said brusquely that there had been an accident

at the railroad crossing, Mary was dead and Jim on his way to the hospital badly injured. Then Dad went off quickly to tell Mother and take her to the scene. Though it was a regularly scheduled train, this was a partially blind railroad crossing and the car must have rattled noisily on the rough road. The coroner investigating found no one was criminally negligent, a moment of carelessness or forgetfulness on Jim's part was responsible. The coroner did recommend that the possibility of installing a flashing signal be considered, and that the railroad keep its right-of-way in the immediate vicinity of the highway crossing free from underbrush.

For Dad being able to face the worst in life was important. When he first came to the accident, the car had been carried down the tracks. People told him Mary and Jim were both dead. Mr. Webb could not bear to go down the tracks. Dad did, confirmed Mary was dead, but could feel Jim's breath on his cheek. Dad ordered the Webbs to get an ambulance for him. Dad never had any use for Mr. Webb after that. At sometime Mr. Webb said, "But you did not loose your car." This compounded Dad's scorn. I understand Mother and Dad sued the railroad and settled out of court. In 1954, he was still unforgiving, when he heard Mr. Webb had died, Dad did not write Mrs. Webb or inform me. Perhaps finding some target worthy of anger helps deal with catastrophe. Mother was angry with Dad over the way he told her the news. Anne and I went off walking in the woods, our separate ways. Mrs. Theodore Sizer visited, then said, "Your Mother will be all right, she is bearing up. You must do all you can for her." A wise woman to give us a role. Once Dad said "The time I almost broke down was at Jim's service at the church when they played * Rock of Ages •, this hymn always meant a great deal to me."

Dad returned to Washington and the family was split again. After his work on the Report was finished, he worked on a stop order on securities issues proposed by the German government. By June 1937 he was writing about his job analyzing the registration statements which corporations and foreign governments filed to obtain permission to sell new issues of securities to the public. Dad wrote in his journal, "From the 1928 viewpoint, which is still probably the attitude of the underwriters, the prospectus [given the customer] should be a sales document; from a broader philosophical viewpoint it should be a fair statement of the

business into which the purchaser of a security is to place his money." I think Anne and I drove to Washington to visit him in the summer of 1937. He was living in an apartment building on S. Street N.W., just east of Connecticut Ave. We enjoyed the tourist days and living an elevator's ride up in a city.

By the fall of 1938, the family had rented a row house on Decatur Place, a short distance west from Connecticut and a block from Massachusetts Ave. and its elegant embassies. On one government form under Organization Memberships: Dad listed Torch Club [?] and St. John's Church, Lafayette Sq. He was in the church choir, in the men's study group and wrote of lunches with the rector, Dr. Glenn. Being a full time resident family man again may have absorbed Dad's energies, no journal entries appear between July 1937 and May 1940 when Dad started to write about the war. Anne and Lu can give a better picture of Dad at this time. I was mostly away at college or jobs from then on, and not yet saving his letters. Anne had her senior year in D.C., graduating in 1939, and Lu graduated from her high school in 1948. Dad continued work with the S.E.C. in Washington and in Philadelphia, where it was relocated in March 1942 to free space for war related offices. In December wrote that he wanted to get back to Washington and do something "real and interesting" during the war. In April 1943 he was back there on a temporary assignment.

Someday I may go over the rest of Dad's journals and files of letters to mine them for his ideas, his comments on the family, and an out line of his retirement travels. Now I will close this with a few notes, vital statistics, and most of a one page "Biography" he did write about himself.

In 1944 Mother and Dad rented a house at 3348 Prospect Street in Georgetown near the Potomac River. They bought the house at 3265 O Street in Georgetown in the fall of 1945. Mother died July 6, 1955. Dad and Katherine B. Fite were married January 31, 1957. His journals cover some of their many trips on vacations, up to see our families in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, stays at Pemaquid Maine and many weekend and winter vacation trips in the southeast. From December 1961 to March 1962 they were in Europe. Dad took part in the "Dillon Round" of a GATT conference and Katherine in a Laws conference in Switzerland. They made their own Grand Tour of places in Switzerland, France, Italy

and Greece. Back home and retired, they continued their traveling and bird watching. The Atlantic Naturalist of January-March 1964 published Dad's article "Birds on a Trip to Florida." By July, 1966 Dad had finished writing his book "United States' Aid to Greece 1947-1962" and worked to find a publisher. He died August 5, 1968. Katherine prepared his book for publications and eventually published it herself. Katherine died June 20, 1989.

In Dad's own words:

"After a year's temporary assignment to the Board of Economic Warfare I transferred in 1944 to the Department of State. There first worked in the Office of Financial and Monetary Affairs on problems to be expected with the end of the war in Italy, Greece and some Balkan and Near Eastern countries. Soon circumstances resulted in a concentration on Italy and then Greece. In the summer of 1946, I was a member of the group that received a Greek delegation asking for large scale U.S. aid, and in January 1947 was a member of the U.S. Mission, headed by Paul A. Porter, sent to Greece to get a better idea of the situation there.

In September, 1947 I went to Greece as a member of the American Mission for Aid to Greece (AMAG) sent to administer American aid, and remained there when the Marshall Plan replaced the economic side of AMAG, being there, in all, two and a half years. In the Mission I was head of the export section of the trade division, and later the director of the division. I was also a member of a small group that met frequently with the Mission Director on problems and policies.

In June, 1950, I returned to the Department of State and for the greater part of the time until retirement in 1962 I was officer in charge of Greek, Turkish and Iranian economic affairs in the Department's Office of Greek, Turkish and Iranian Affairs. Much of my time during these years was spent on questions relating to Greece. In the spring of 1952 I was a member of a small mission sent to Greece by MSA, headed by Samuel Weldon, to look over the Greek economic situation. I have also been in Greece on three other trips.

In the 1950-62 years I was a member of three successive U.S. delegations to prolonged GATT [General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade] in Torquay (England), 1950-51, in Geneva I took part in tariff negotiations with Greek, Israeli, Indian and Japanese delegations."

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