Our Summer at Woods Hole

In September of 1971, I received a letter from my friend, John Cebra, asking me to consider an appointment to the faculty of the Physiology Department at the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, MA. The appointment would be for the following summer, if I could get temporary leave from my position as a staff scientist at the Argonne National Laboratory outside Chicago. John, who was at that time a professor at John Hopkins University, had just accepted appointment as director of the Physiology program at MBL for the next four summers. I was on his list of potential recruits for the faculty.

Some ten years earlier, John and I had been colleagues at the medical school of the University of Florida. In fact, we had joined the faculty there the same year. During the three years I remained at Florida, we became close friends—and we remained friends until his death a few years ago. Without taking anything away from others I have worked with over the years, John Cebra was probably the most brilliant scientist I have ever had the pleasure of knowing personally. He was also a really nice guy. I was gratified that he thought enough of my work to invite me to join his faculty at Woods Hole. It was considered a very prestigious appointment. And, I'm sure it was the prestige of the position—at least in part—that helped convince my director at Argonne to give me a leave of absence for the summer to accept the position—which I did.

The Marine Biological Laboratory is located on Cape Cod, about 100 miles south of Boston. It was, and is, one of the most highly regarded marine research institutions in the world. Also, in addition to being a primary research facility, it served as an education center for graduate students that were seeking advanced training in subjects and techniques that were not available at their home institutions. However, although the obvious emphasis at the laboratory was the study of marine life, the subject matter of the courses in the teaching programs were not necessarily limited creatures of the sea. John Cebra was an immunologist, and a major part of his work involved mammalian systems. I was a molecular biologist who worked mostly in bacterial, amphibian and mammalian systems. At MBL, of course, all of us on the faculty adapted our courses to include the use of some marine organisms.

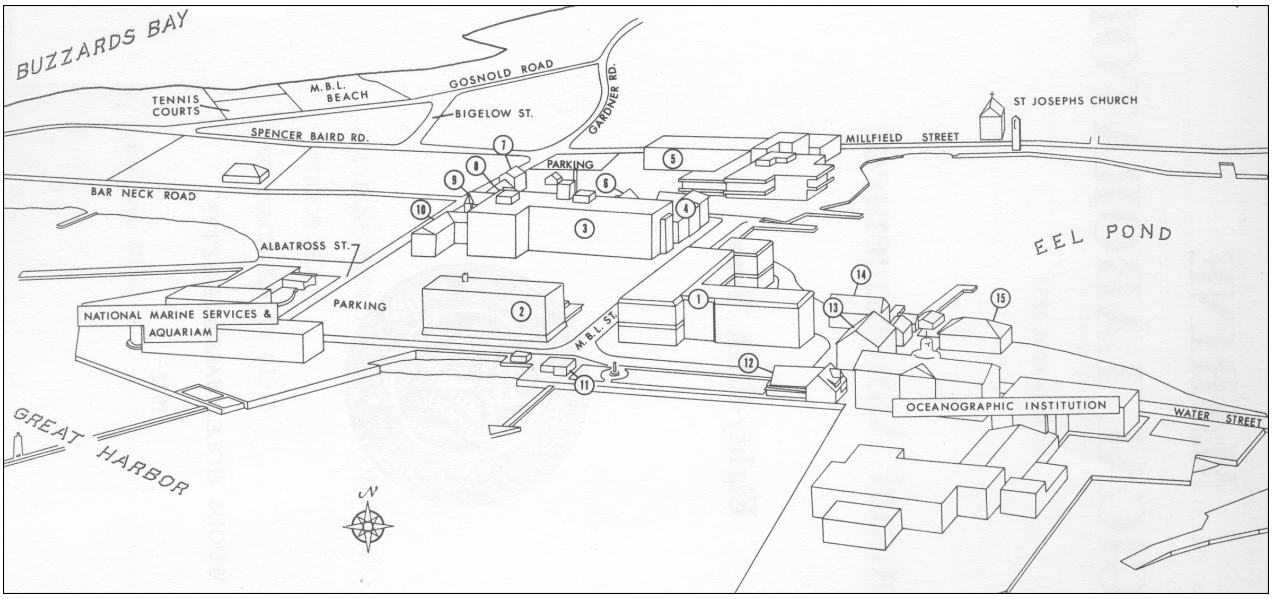
The Marine Biological Laboratory maintained a neighborhood of cottages that were available for use by temporary faculty for the summer. I was able to rent one of those cottages for my family while we were there. Below is a current aerial photo of the Woods Hole area. The housing neighborhood, called Devil's Lane, is at the far right in the photo. The buildings housing

MBL are directly above the purple spotter marking the center of the village. It was slightly over a

mile from our cottage to my office and laboratory. This aerial photo will be referred to later as I relate some of the activities of our family as we lived out our summer on Cape Cod.

At that time, "our family" included my wife Myrna and me, our five children and our oldest daughter's friend, Eileen (code name Jera), whose presence in the ensemble was a sop to Sue (code name Matt), who had just turned 17, just graduated from high school and was prepared to make a major fuss about having to spend the summer in Massachusetts with the family. So, we were faced with the task of trying to arrange accommodations for eight in a Devil's Lane cottage that was really intended for a somewhat smaller population. A photo of the cottage is shown at the right. It had two bedrooms on the ground floor plus a loft. Four sets of bunk beds were provided—one in the loft, one in the smaller bedroom and two in the larger one. We put the two boys in the loft, the two older girls in the smaller room and then arranged the larger bedroom with the two younger girls in one of the pairs of bunks and Myrna and me in a makeshift double bed formed from the other pair, separated and pushed together. It wasn't the Ritz, but we managed. More about Devil's Lane later.

Below is a graphic depiction of the laboratory area at Woods Hole at the time I was there. The Loeb Teaching Building, where I had my office and lab, is the building indicated by the number 3 in the center of the graphic. As I recall I was located on the third floor, with a window facing Great Harbor. It was not a spacious accommodation, but it was modern and well



equipped. Among the equipment in the lab was a sea table, a facility I had never encountered before—nor had any reason to experience. However, for anyone working with marine organisms, it was an essential adjunct to the lab. Just inside the door of the room were two rectangular

fiberglass tubs, perhaps two by three or four feet, arranged with one above the other. The lower one sat on the floor and was about 24 inches deep. The upper one was about six inches deep and perhaps 48 inches above the floor. These aquaria—and multitudes of others like them all over the compound—were piped with constant-running seawater. A sea table allowed the investigator to keep organisms alive for extended periods while they were being used in experiments. The upper aquarium was used mostly for echinoderms (sea urchins, sand dollars, starfish) or any other creatures that hung out mostly on the sea floor. The larger aquarium was used primarily for fish, squid and other swimming species.

Once or twice a week, boats were sent out from MBL to collect marine specimens for use in the research and teaching laboratories. Investigators (or instructors) would make out requisitions for whatever species were needed—and that were available in the area—and, on the date requested, they would appear in the requestor's sea table. The only marine animal I used in my work there (research or teaching) was the sea urchin, *Arbacia punctulata*. Although I have acknowledged not being a card-carrying marine biologist, I had in fact published one paper some years earlier on work done with a sand dollar—in collaboration with a marine biologist at the University of Florida. So echinoderms and I were at least on casual speaking terms when I showed up at Woods Hole the summer of 1972. For much of the summer, the lower tank of my seat table accommodated a number of dogfish sharks, as a favor to my colleague Bill Clem, whose students were using them in some of their experiments.

In my work at Argonne, I had been using primarily bacteria, frog embryos and mouse embryos. A major thrust of that work was the synthesis of proteins by these systems at different times and under different conditions, and it was this aspect of my investigations that I chose to focus on with the students at Woods Hole. Sea urchin embryos were an easy addition to these systems because the measurement techniques I used with mouse embryos (primarily assessing rates of radioactive isotope uptake) were pretty much identical in the two systems.

The Physiology Course at MBL was scheduled for 11 weeks, divided into two sessions. The first session was six weeks of lectures and work in the teaching laboratory. The second was five weeks of lectures and individual research. Each of the six professors in the department was responsible for a giving series of lectures at sometime during the course and, during the first session, supervising a course of laboratory studies in his field of research. The students (limited to 30) came from all over the world and were sufficiently challenging to keep any instructor perpetually on his toes. Students could sign up for both sessions or for just the first. Not all of the students participated in both. And, because students could sign up for only four of the six lab options, we averaged only about 20 students in our laboratory sessions. As all of us had laboratory assistants, this number was not overwhelming.

Lectures were given at 9:00 am every day, six days a week for 10 weeks. My obligation in that schedule was four lectures in the second week. So, for most of my time there, I was involved in the laboratory and, as it turned out, that involvement was substantial. As I later pointed out in my evaluation of the course:

The 15 hour day, 7 days a week was a bit much, especially for the students, but for me too.

However, I do not recall being so captive to the laboratory that I couldn't find time for a few outside activities, some of which I will relate shortly.

I also pointed out in that evaluation that it was a mistake for me to try to introduce four different biological systems in the time we had available. Each system required somewhat

different kinds of equipment and procedures. As I was preparing the course, it seemed like a good idea. After all, the thrust of the course was to introduce the students to systems and procedures they were unlikely to experience in their normal training environment. However, what I threw at them was probably a bit much. It was good that they were able to gain experience with a lot of different animals and equipment but, in retrospect, I had to conclude that they were most likely not able to gain sufficient experience with any of them to gain much real proficiency.

The one procedure that was common to all of the systems we used—and which I did not regret having made a part of the laboratory work—was the analysis of our data using a computer. In 1972, computers were still mysteries to most people involved in research. Facilities were rare and not commonly available to laboratory investigators. I did find one guy at Woods Hole that had a mini-computer (a very early forerunner of today's desktops). Minis were just becoming available at that time—and I even took a shot at programming the one I discovered at Woods Hole—but they did not have the capabilities needed for the kind of analysis we had to do. For that we needed a "big" computer, called at that time a "main frame." That main frame resided at the Argonne National Laboratory, my home institution.

To communicate with the Argonne computer, I had a Teletype machine installed in my office at MBL, near where the telephone was situated. The Teletype was equipped with an acoustic coupler that accommodated the handset of the telephone. To connect with Argonne's computer, all I had to do was call the computer's input number, wait for it to respond with a steady beep and insert the handset into the coupler. From then on, it was the same as sitting in my lab back in Illinois. We inserted the data into the Teletype using a punched paper tape, and the results came back to us from its printer.

So, I spent a lot of time that summer in the student laboratory—but not all of it. I had a family over on Devils Lane and they appreciated seeing me now and then. For the kids, it was a summer holiday. Our street abounded with playmates, and opportunities for exploration were almost endless. The Cebra's lived on one side of us with their four kids and the Yphantis' lived on the other side, also with four. Dave Yphantis, a professor from the University of Connecticut, was one of our colleagues in the Physiology Department. The Ecker children (ages 17 down to 6 at the time) all have their own stories to tell about how they spent the summer at Woods Hole, so I won't attempt to trace their activities, except for some general comments and memories of family activities.

For Myrna, the adventure in Massachusetts was much less of a holiday. Although Sue and Eileen both found employment early in the adventure and were around little during the day, the other four still needed to be supervised. In addition, housekeeping on Devils Lane was no picnic. The cottages had no laundry facilities and the nearest grocery store (and coin laundry) was in Falmouth, about three miles away. That may not seem a great distance, but with a large family to feed—and to keep in relatively clean clothes—trips to town were frequent and time consuming. Also, we had only one car, so we had to coordinate transportation on a regular basis. It was only a mile to my lab, so I would walk whenever necessary—usually along the railroad tracks, which can be seen in the aerial photo south of Nobska Road.

Some of my most enduring memories of living on Devils Lane had to do with animals—both domesticated and otherwise. Both the Cebra family and the Yphantis family had a dog. The Cebra dog, as I remember it, was a rather nondescript mutt whose primary claim to fame was that it never met a skunk it didn't want to tangle with. The woods behind our cottages were generously populated with the white-striped critters and none of them seemed to be of the shy and retiring type. I can recall once coming home to find one of them parked on our back porch.

On that occasion, I made a quick retreat to the front door. The Cebra dog, however, was not nearly as reticent about greeting the little creatures, so John and Ethel and their kids had to endure the reeking presence of their pet several times that summer after a skunk had emerged victorious from an encounter in the woods. As I recall, tomato juice was the cleansing liquid of choice in such situations, but even that didn't keep #5 Devils Lane from being a place to avoid for several days after the TJ baths.

The Yphantis dog was a very large and very friendly black poodle. Unlike Cebra's canine, his fascination was not the regional fauna, but rather, a well-chewed tennis ball. His single-minded aim in life was to chase after that ball. But, of course, he couldn't chase unless someone threw it. And he was not at all picky about who that someone was. If you were out on the street when he needed a thrower, you were fair game. The only problem was, that well-chewed ball was always generously slobbered with dog saliva whenever he dropped it between your feet. And, he could be disgustingly persistent. If you were the chosen thrower, he dogged you till you did your assigned duty. The kids didn't seem to mind picking up that disagreeable missile, but I couldn't do it. Usually I would kick it as far as I could down the street and then run for my front door, emerging only after the mutt had found another sucker.

Along with the skunks, the woods behind our cabins were also home to a bountiful gathering of raccoons. And, like the skunks, they considered their territory to include the back porches of the homes on Devils Lane—only more-so. The back stoop was where we kept our garbage cans, and the Devils Lane raccoons never encountered a trash can they were unwilling to try maneuvering their way into—no matter how secure the closure. That summer, it became a perpetual battle of wills between the residents and the coons, as we invented ever more ingenious ways to keep them out and they spent their nocturnal hours challenging our inventiveness. I can recall one evening when Myrna spied one of the critters on our back porch and took after it with a broom. I'm sure he was back later to finish his reconnaissance.

One of the facilities the laboratory provided for faculty families was a swimming beach on Buzzards Bay north of the lab. The location of the beach is indicated in the graphic on page 2. For the kids, it was a welcome retreat on a hot day—close to home and sufficiently roomy that you could always find an area of sand to call your own. The adjoining photo shows our two youngest, Beth and Karen, enjoying a day at the MBL beach.

One other memory of family life on Devils Lane was being awakened to the sound of the foghorn from the U.S. Coast Guard lighthouse at Nobska Point. We lived about half a mile north of the point, but the sound of that horn was more like it was just down the street. We got a lesson on how really loud it was when we were driving past it one foggy day when it sounded. Everyone in the car jumped a foot and I almost drove off the road. A photo of the lighthouse as it was in 1972 is shown on the left.

I have indicated that the first six weeks of the physiology course at MBL was a bit frenetic. However, even that could not prevent me from pursuing a dream I had been harboring for much of my life—the dream of becoming a wind sailor. I grew up in Iowa and, until our venture to Cape Cod, I had never lived near the ocean. Yet, I had always had a hankering to sail. I designed and built a small sailboat back in Illinois and tried it out a few times on a small lake in one of the area forest preserves. But, it was not a good design and sailing in the Chicago suburbs was not how I envisioned life as a sailor.

So, as might be expected, I was fascinated by the offers of boats for sale I found posted on the bulletin board outside the MBL lecture hall. One of them, in particular, drew my attention—mostly because its price was within the limits I might be able to get Myrna to tolerate: $250.00. The seller was offering a "18 ft. Cape Cod catboat, equipped with a new 250 sq. ft. Hood sail." The ad went on to point out that hull needed some repair work but that the rigging was all complete and intact.

At the time, I had no idea what a catboat was. Nor was I aware that Hood was one of the most highly respected sailmakers in the world. I just knew that an 18-foot boat would be a manageable size—and one that would accommodate several people—and that the price was right. The seller was on the staff of the Oceanographic Institution and lived permanently in the Woods Hole area. His home was only a short drive east of Devils Lane, so I called to express my interest in the boat and make an appointment to see it.

I don't know what I expected when I drove into his driveway, but what I found was his carport totally occupied by a hulking wooden boat—obviously one that had seen a lot of years. It was like no boat I had ever seen before. It was lying on its side because, although it was a mostly flat-bottomed boat, a keel-like structure some four inches thick was attached to the bottom extending over more than half the length of the vessel. This triangular structure, called a skeg, is one of the identifying characteristics of a catboat. It serves as a housing for the centerboard and, at the aft end, supports the rudder post.

The repair work required included replacement of some boards in the hull where it had been in contact with the ground for a long time. Also, the boat had to be re-caulked and re-painted and the canvas on the decking needed to be replaced. This image of a Winslow Homer painting shows basically what a catboat looks like when it is sailing. The sail on the boat I was looking at would be rigged somewhat differently from the one in the painting, but the boat itself was essentially identical. It accommodated a single large mast as far forward as possible and a cockpit surrounded by decking. The sail on the current boat would be supported by two additional wooden spars—a boom and a gaff. The boom supported the base of the sail, where the sail shown in the painting has no spar. The gaff supported the top of the sail, which was quadrilateral in shape.

Breezing Up (A Fair Wind) Winslow Homer 1873-76
National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC

As an added incentive to sell the boat, the owner offered to let me keep it in his carport till the repairs were completed. He also offered the use of a dinghy to get to the boat, which would have to be anchored out in Great Harbor. Also included was a 100-pount mushroom

anchor, which would be needed to secure the boat in the harbor. As I look back on it, it certainly seems to me now that this was not the sort of project to be undertaken by a busy professor on a temporary assignment. I had few of my tools with me, and whatever supplies I needed would have to be tracked down in unfamiliar surroundings. However, I remained undaunted in my quest for a life at sea, so I accepted the offer, wrote the seller a check and became the owner of a salt-water sailing vessel.

The papers I got with the boat showed that it had been built in 1941 in Kingston, MA, which is north of Cape Cod, near Plymouth. It obviously had been used as a fishing vessel because the upper end of the mast was abundant with extra pulleys, which would be needed to provide leverage in managing fishing nets. The mast was 22 feet long, 5 inches in diameter at the base and weighed almost 100 pounds. It had to be massive to support the loads put upon it over the years—both from 250 sq. ft. of sail and regular hauls of fish.

As I recall, the repairs were completed in rather short order. My two sons (ages 12 and 15 at the time) were eager to pitch in—as were a number of students and staff in our department at MBL. The prospect of having a large-capacity sailboat in the department was a considerable incentive for volunteers. What made this 18-foot vessel a "large-capacity" boat was its width at the beam. At almost seven feet—and using the time-honored formula of length x beam/15—the boat had a legal maximum capacity of seven persons.

However, our waiting to become real sailors was not limited to just time for repairs. The boat had not been in the water in years. We caulked all the seams, but it still leaked like a sieve. It needed time in the water for the boards to swell. Fortunately, the spaces under all the seats around the cockpit were stuffed with large blocks of styrofoam. It was a heavy boat, but the plastic foam kept it afloat—even if it were full of water—and it needed to be full of water for a while if the boards were ever to swell. So, I hired a guy with a truck and trailer to haul the boat down to dock and launch it into Great Harbor, where it quickly began to take on water. However, it didn't sink so quickly that we couldn't keep it afloat by bailing as we set the mast (no small task considering its size) and as we did the rest of the necessary rigging while it was still tied up at the dock.

Meanwhile, I had to visit the harbormaster, register the boat with him and receive his assignment of a mooring site in the harbor. By this time in the summer, there weren't a lot of sites left to assign, so he pointed out for us a location at the far northwest end of the harbor, about 50 feet off the seawall. At the north end of the seawall was a beach on which we could park the dinghy, so we didn't have too far to row to get to our mooring. However, as you can see in the aerial photo on page 1, the harbor was a parking lot for a lot of boats—and all of them were between our mooring and Vineyard Sound, which would be our destination for a day of sailing. A lot of those boats had motors for maneuvering through the traffic. Our boat didn't. When we wanted to go sailing, we were at the mercy of the wind to get us through that maze and out to the open sea.

I don't recall now how we got the boat and the mushroom anchor out to our mooring site, but we got it there and dropped the anchor where we were instructed by the harbormaster. The anchor was attached to a sturdy nylon rope, which we adjusted in length to give minimum drift when the boat was tied to it—and to which we attached a tightly capped bleach bottle at the surface. The bleach bottle kept the anchor line from sinking when it was detached from the prow of the boat—although it was normally attached to the dinghy when we were away from the mooring. Now all we had to do was wait a week or so to allow the boards in the hull to swell sufficiently to allow us to sail without having to bail perpetually.

Actually, it took considerably more time than that before we could leave the boat overnight without finding it full of water when we returned the next day. However, a little bailing was considered by most enthusiasts—in the family and in the department—a small price to pay for an occasional opportunity to spend an afternoon sailing on Vineyard Sound. Typically, we showed up at the dinghy with a number of wastebaskets from the lab so that, by the time the last of the passengers were ferried to the boat in the small dinghy, much of the bailing was already completed. And, in a few weeks, the leaking was reduced to a manageable rate—although we still had to do some bailing before we could set sail.

Of course, I didn't know the first thing about sailing when I bought the boat—except for what was dictated by common sense and some education in physics. As it turned out, that was an adequate background to keep us from colliding with any of the other boats moored in the harbor as we maneuvered our way through that parking lot and into open water—and to find our way back after our seafaring adventures. The details of those adventures, however, will be a story for another time. As memorable as those experiences were, they were still just transient diversions from my primary purpose for being at Woods Hole. In the Physiology Department at MBL, work continued at a pace I have already described as frenetic.

After the first six weeks of the course, that pace moderated somewhat as some students, who had enrolled for just that term, completed their work and left for home—and the remainder began individual research projects for the final five weeks. However, before we closed out the first term, there were a couple of memorable events worth mentioning. The first was a lobster cookout on the beach of one of the Elizabeth Islands, shown on the map, extending southwest of Woods Hole, between Buzzard Bay and Vineyard Sound. Everyone in the department—including family members—was invited. Several (at least two) large boats were used to transport the participants the considerable distance to and from the site. I'm not a lobster eater, but it was a great outing—and the family enjoyed it immensely.

The second event was the annual softball competition between the Physiology Department and the Embryology Department. Notably, an inexhaustible supply of beer was available to all participants in the contest—which, according to some sources, had a definite influence on the outcome of the game. Embryology won.

There was a "final exam" for the course, a tongue-in-cheek document intended to poke fun at the course and some of the people involved. Following is an extract of a couple of questions from that exam:

12. *The reason why the embryology softball team edged out the "Physiology Nine" in 1972 was:*
    (a) the "embryos" were, in fact, zygotes.
    (b) the physiology coach was inebriated.
    (c) the "Physiology Nine" were really the "Physiology Thirty-one."
    (d) Fleetfoot Clem was saving himself for the Falmouth dance contest.

14. *True or False? John Cebra should again receive the coveted UMBRELLA award (for throwing the most at, while getting the least on, his students) becoming, thereby, the only person in recorded history to win it twice.*

I chose these two questions as examples first because I was the coach of the Physiology softball team and, although I had had a fair number of beers, my managerial skills were never affected. It was my coaching philosophy—not my alleged lack of sobriety—that contributed to our defeat. I was a democratic manager and made sure everyone in the department had an opportunity to play—hence the correct answer (c) to question 12. The reason for including question 14 is that I was on hand when John Cebra first received that award several years earlier from the second-year medical students at the University of Florida.

During the final five weeks of the course, I had responsibility for supervising the individual research of one of the students that had registered for that part of the term—and I was also expected to do some work on a research project of my own. Until I read back through my file from that summer, I had forgotten which of the students had chosen to do her research project work with me. I'm surprised that I had forgotten that fact, because I remember the student very well. She was our only class member from France and, on the 14th of July that year, she insisted that everyone in the department join her in the celebration of Bastille Day. I don't remember how we celebrated, but I have never forgotten her patriotic enthusiasm—or what she reminded us happened in Paris on July 14, 1789.

In the matter of my own research, it became pretty much a casualty of the frenetic pace of everything else going on in the department. As I wrote in my evaluation of the summer's activities:

"…I found it impossible to do much effective research on my own while I was there (except for the few days I hid out in Embryology and did some experiments)…"

I "hid out in Embryology" because the research I was endeavoring to undertake was in collaboration with my friend and Devil's Lane neighbor, Fotis Kafatos, who was a Harvard professor and member of the Embryology faculty at MBL. I had first met Fotis a couple of years earlier at a symposium held in a ski lodge in Park City, Utah. We even took some ski lessons together on a couple of afternoons off during the symposium. The research report I submitted to MBL at the end of the summer was long on imagination, but decidedly short on results.

Of course, we couldn't have spent the summer on Cape Cod without taking a little time as a family to explore some of the area geography. Two notable Sunday excursions were a road trip to Provincetown and a trip on the ferry to Martha's Vineyard. None of these excursions included our eldest, who had become a nanny for a couple on the summer faculty and she crossed paths with us rarely as the summer progressed.

The map of Cape Cod shown on the page 8 shows the location of Provincetown, at the northernmost tip of the cape. To get there, we had to pass by the Cape Cod National Seashore, which included both a swamp trail through thick woods and miles of sandy beach. As the photo at the right indicates, the beach offered extensive opportunities both for loafers and builders.

The highlight of our visit to Provincetown was an opportunity to climb the tower called Pilgrims Monument, built early in the 20th century to commemorate the first landfall in the New World by the Pilgrims in 1620. At 252 feet in height, the tower is the tallest all-granite structure in the US. It took a while to climb the tower (it has no elevator), but no one balked at the challenge, and the ascent up the interior was made easier by the arrangement of ramps rather than stairs over much of the elevation.

The view from the top of the tower (well, not really the top, because there is a campanile above the observation deck) was well worth the climb, as can be seen on the right in the view of the harbor (and beyond). However, I can't recall that there was much else in Provincetown that could entice us that day to delay our departure for home as the sun began to set over Cape Cod Bay.

Woods Hole was the primary point of embarkation for ferryboats heading for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. On weekends—and particularly on holidays—the town could become a teeming mass of tourists seeking an opportunity to visit those islands. On one of those weekends, our family joined the "out-of-towners" and boarded the ferry for Martha's Vineyard. On the right is a picture taken from the ferry as it embarked. The Nobska Point

lighthouse can be seen on the left and the coast of Martha's Vineyard is in the distance. Although it was possible to transport your automobile to the island, we planned for a walking tour of the areas around Edgartown. So we explored the waterfront, visited some beaches, and looked around town. The picture on the left shows our arrival on the ferry and some of our activities that day.

All in all, in spite of the demands on me by obligations at the lab, we were able to take advantage of a lot of what Cape Cod had to offer before the summer was over and had to make our way back to Illinois. Yet, one question remained as I wrapped up my work at the lab and we began to pack up our belongings for the trip home. *What was I going to do with that boat?*

That was not an easy question to answer. I liked that boat, and I was really getting the hang of how to sail her. Obviously, I was tempted to try to take the boat back to Illinois, where I had visions of being able to sail it in the Great Lakes. However, it was a cumbersome craft out of the water and could not be fit easily onto a standard boat trailer. In the end, the temptation was too great and I devised plans to transport the vessel back home.

I acquired a new boat trailer and, with the help of many ropes, we were able to balance the boat on it to be transported to a local site where a permanent supporting structure could be built. This was accomplished in a day or two, but I had an even bigger problem with the trailer. I was a resident of Illinois and, as such, I was not permitted to license it in Massachusetts—and it had to be licensed before I could take it off the lot where it was purchased. My savior in that regard was my friend and colleague, Fotis Kafatos. He was a Massachusetts resident and he kindly consented to become the temporary owner of the trailer during the time we were driving back to Illinois. Back home, I would execute a title transfer and re-license the trailer in Illinois.

So, with a boat in tow—and missing two of our original passengers (Sue and Eileen had decided to remain with their summer employers)—we took to the road for points west, stopping along the way in Boston—to view The Commons and its surrounding area and to visit Old Ironsides—and in Sturbridge Village to get a taste of life in colonial New England. We have no pictures from Sturbridge, but the adjoining collection contains some memories of our stop-off in Boston.