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page 8, line 22

My best boyhood friend Fairbank Carpenter

page 10, line 8

at one enormous table, a present to father from the builder of the house, . . .

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Table manners were often less formal than those we taught had been ~~but the~~ in Winnetka. With new guests we followed the convention, when we were not served by the maid, of passing plates from person to person along either side. The main course was served by father at the head of the table and the dessert by mother at its foot. The twelve foot table built of two inch thick cypress was oiled and waxed to a high gloss. Mother never used ~~but~~ a table cloth so that dishes slid easily on the polished surface. As geniality gradually broke down the constraints of formal relations between ourselves and out guests, and with young children present who were apt to spill the dishes passed to them, father would often scoot the plates down the table to each one ~~as~~ he served. He became skillful at giving just ~~the~~ enough shove for the distance the plate had to go, and we all helped to intercept those plates that were inadvertently pushed to hard. When ^{some} one wanted a dish passed ~~to him~~ he would ask the person nearest to ~~it~~ give it a shove in his direction, and it would come sliding across. to by-pass the long way around, / Of course, there were accidents: glasses of milk would get spilled or other disasters happen^{ed}, but ^{was never} ~~the custom~~ the custom / abandoned on that account.

At the noon meal with the dessert ~~the~~ a large box of candy was often passed around. Father had a sweet tooth and frequently during the summer he bought five pound

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 Whitman/Sampler boxes. Guest brought us candy too so there was almost always a supply on hand. No sampling, no "spit-backs", - and no lingering over our choices or digging into a bottom layer was the rule. If one of us/^{children}took too long the others would call out, no fair. Our motto was, "One swift glance and select the largest". This system worked very well except when the box contained chocolate-coated marshmallows, which though big none of us liked. Sometimes, Nougats and caramels were our favorites. ~~Sometimes, with~~ in spite of mother's disapproval of practical jokes, ~~father~~ when good friends were visiting who had not yet been fooled, father would place in the box as a decoy a smooth, chocolate-colored piece of jasper resembling a nougat that he had found on the beach. As the box was passed around we all watched eagerly for the unsuspecting guest to fall into the trap by following our example of selecting the largest piece. No one ever broke a tooth on the stone as mother feared he might, but many were chagrinned by the greedyness of their choice that the deception revealed.

The big table had rails connecting the corner legs at such a height that the temptation to put our feet on them and tip back in our chairs was almost irresistible. Until we were grown up, mother never allowed us this pleasure, and whenever we succumbed to the temptation would order us to sit up straight and stop tipping. The adults, however, often sat that way during conversation around the table when the meal was over.

Among the friends of my parents who visited us for several weeks one summer before the first world war were two marine biologists from Boston. They had been invited to make the Island their headquarters during a marine invertebrate collecting expedition to Penobscot Bay. Because ^{of his own} ~~he was himself~~ ^{put} interested in the project, father ~~offered them the use of the Squid~~ ^{at their disposal} for dredging ^{purpose}. Every morning, weather permitting, they would set out with Captain Green for the deepest places in the upper bay where ^{to} they would spend hours dragging back and forth at slow speed. They ^{had} ~~used~~ a small ~~scollop~~ ^{net of} drag like those used for ^{catching} ~~scollops~~ but with a finer mesh ~~net~~ ^{which}, and every twenty minutes or so ~~it~~ was raised to remove whatever had been scooped up. Only once was I allowed to go on a dredging trip and I remember the fascination with which I watched the dumping of the dredge into buckets in the stern of the boat. All sorts of new and strange marine animals were brought up. There were various species of mollusks whose shells we never found on the beaches, delicate, pink calcareous fan-like things suggesting a tropical sea, new varieties of echinoderms and crustaceans, classes of animals whose names I can only guess today, and once, unbelievably, a small octopus. These creatures were sorted out and embalmed in jars of alcohol; all of the most interesting specimens going to the gentlemen from Boston, but father was allowed to keep some of the surplus which for years occupied space on a shelf in his room until the alcohol had all evaporated through the seals ~~on~~ the jars.

When it was too rough in the bay for dredging, collecting was carried on along the shore at low tide. One of the biologists, ~~was an old friend of my parents~~ who had been in Harvard with father, was an old friend of my parents. ~~When~~ ^{when} ~~got~~

From
~~by himself~~ collecting alone, on those occasions when dredging
was not feasible, he never once ^{returned} ~~came back~~ to the house in time
for meals. Mother was very good natured about it, accepting
his tardiness as an inevitable consequence of his preoccupation,
but she and father were amused that every time he came back ~~to the~~
~~house~~ he offered a different excuse, as though he had been aware
of his lateness and was prepared with an apology.