

# Getting to Ingalside

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Summer 2004

## Chapter I: Beyond Description

When I was 11 years old, I was introduced to a place that was to remain with me for the rest of my life. It was a magical place in a way, because you had to experience it to believe it. It was a place where I came to know my best friend and many new friends, both old and young, who have remained in my life or memory for over 40 years now. I brought my wife and children there, and we enjoyed the summer with friends and their families there. But nothing can match the summer weeks spent at Ingalside Farm between my 11<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> birthdays.

You would never think of Ingalside Farm as anything special, and, by today's standards, people would think you were crazy to go there. So what was Ingalside, exactly? It really was not a farm in the way you think of a farm. There were no animals, no vegetables, and no farm equipment, except an old tractor. They had a "barn," but I will talk about that historic building later. The only time I remember the tractor being used was to give all the kids a hay-less hayride. No, Ingalside was a "resort" in the Catskill Mountains of upstate New York. You take Exit 20 for Saugerties on the New York State Thruway and follow the signs for Greenville, NY. It was a "resort" in the loosest of terms you can imagine. Oh, yes, there were rolling hills, acres of woods, and a flowing stream. Those are the highlights. It also had bocci ball, tennis, handball, a pool, a recreation hall, and, of course, shuffleboard. In my annual treks to Greenville between 1961 and 1969, bocci ball was played on the open grass with some beat up old balls with crevices. The tennis court had the same crevices, only bigger. The handball court (wall) was down by the pool, and you were lucky if big chunks of the wall did not come flying off at you on a good serve. The pool was your standard resort pool, with a slide and a diving board. There were never enough lounge chairs, but we kids didn't care, because we put our towels on the hot asphalt roof of the pump house. A standard joke was the one Ingalside postcard that never changed in 25 years. The card had some girl (who was never identified) in a white bathing cap standing in the pool with a beachball. What can I possibly say about shuffleboard! The recreation hall consisted of a snack bar that was closed more than it was open and a back room. The back room contained one jukebox, one bowling game machine, a pin ball game, and a ping pong table. Thank God for the ping pong table. Of course, the ball and paddles had to be requested from the snack bar that was usually closed. In later years, they added an eight ball pool table and some electronic games. The back room was also used as the nightly entertainment center. The "entertainment" consisted of Bingo, an old movie, "horse racing," a one-man band (accordion player), and, on Sunday and Thursday nights, a "dance." These events were always held on specific nights, without deviation. They never had entertainment on Saturday night, so as

not to overwhelm anyone. On Saturday night, the parents would drive and take the kids to the (only) local pizzeria, called Vince Anna's.

The food was plentiful, and this is important when you are a growing, hormone-producing, male youth, but it was bland and pretty awful. We called the veal cutlets "hockey pucks" and had various derogatory names for the other entrees that never changed day to day or year to year. If it was Tuesday supper, you knew it was spaghetti, and Thursday dinner was ham, whether it was 1961, 1965, or 1969! They rang this loud cow bell to signal the food was ready to be served, and 150-plus people went running like crazy to the Main House dining room as if they may not get a seat.

The funny thing is, I loved this place. My family loved it, and all my friends and their families loved it, too. But this is only true if you went there as a kid in the 60s. My children really liked it, but they didn't love it. My wife and all my friends' wives only tolerated it. My sister is seven years older than I am, so she chose not to go in 1961. She took her family later in the 70s and had a great time, but it was not the same.

The lodging was at best simple, with modest sized rooms, most without air conditioning, and only the premium rooms had a private bathroom. If you stayed in the Main House, you shared a bathroom with about three other families on that floor. We always got a room with a private bathroom, but I stayed in the same room with my parents, as did most of the kids. So here were all these loving parents giving up sex on their vacations so their kids could have a great time. On the other hand, they always encouraged us to go off on our own for long periods during the day, so maybe they were not that sacrificial.

Ingalside had plenty of room for a kid to roam. There were several ponds full of fish and hundreds of frogs. A stream rambled through the woods at a place called Flat Rock, which was a two-mile walk from the main grounds. Flat Rock was the place to take the new kids and then sneak off and see if they could find their way back. It was also a great place to take a cute girl and see if you could steal a kiss. I cannot remember too many successes. If you were lucky, you got to go woodchuck hunting with Big George, but I will get to him later. The softball field received a lot of use all summer long, but it was not really a ball field. It had bases and a home plate, but, after that, any resemblance to a baseball field ended. But I can tell you that the most memorable games of summer I ever played were played right on that ragged "field of dreams."

The "barn" was actually a garage with some ancient farm stuff strewn about the bottom level. The only thing I remember using was some old scale that was supposedly used to weigh cows, only there were no cows. The stairs led up to a second level or loft. It was here that the most exalted person stayed. The revered social director got to stay here all summer and actually received money, to boot. We would have done it for free! After all, the only thing the social director did was schedule softball games, scavenger hunts, go on the hay-less hay ride, and drink beer all day. Except for one year, when the owner hired a female social director, and there was no beer.

Gerald Ingalls was the owner, and a better man I have never met. He was strong in stature and character. He really cared about people. He could be quick to laugh at your joke or just discuss world events with you. He never stopped too long, as he always had a lot of work to do. His wife, Annella, was more the disciplinarian, and we teenage boys learned that real early. If you were going to pull some prank or joke, you made sure Annella was not around. I think her bark was worse than her bite, but she kept us in line. Jerry and Annella had three daughters, Edna, Stephanie, and Paige. This is probably why Jerry sold the place years later. He did not have anyone to run the place, and the girls were not interested. Edna was a waitress in the early years, and I remember seeing Stephanie occasionally. I remember Paige because I had a crush on her, but she did not know it. Paige was one of those girls who was attractive in a natural way, but also had an inner beauty that came out in her personality. The last I heard she was working as a social worker in the Bronx. I am not surprised.

So these were the cornerstones that enveloped my summer vacations for the better part of my youth. But it was not about the scenery, lodging, food, or things to do. It was about the people, old and young, and the freedom to do "whatever," without fear of anything bad happening. The people keep the memories alive.

## Chapter II: 1961

I remember my mom telling me we were going to the Catskill Mountains for vacation in the summer of 1961. We went the last two weeks of July, which I later found out meant that we would be a part of the group of "the last two weeks of July" people. If we had gone in August, I would have met completely different people, except for the waitresses. I always wondered if August people had as good a time as the July people did. I was new in my Queens, New York, neighborhood in 1961, having moved six blocks to Palmetto Street from Putnam Avenue. I had made a few friends among the 15 or so boys living on my block. I mentioned to one boy, Bob Hoffman, that I was going to a place called Ingalside Farm for vacation. He looked surprised and said he had been going there for a few years, and it was great. He asked, "What weeks are you going?" "Oh, good, you're July people, too." Well, little did I know that summer day of 1961, I was talking to my best friend and the person who would be best man at my wedding. It didn't exactly start out that way, because I broke Bob's arm the day before we left for Ingalside. It was an accidental collision at third base, and he just fell the wrong way. He was real nice about it, except when he kept waving his arm at me in the pool every day, saying he couldn't go underwater, because the cast would get wet. Baseball was out of the question for Bob that summer, so I did not get to find out until 1962 why they called him "Freddy Flintstone."

We met many characters that first year and somehow found nicknames for almost everyone. The social director was a guy called "Ronny the Gorilla." He really was built like a gorilla and had the body hair to match. He was replacing a guy named Alan, whom everyone liked, but who was more on the quiet side. Ronny was the type to cannonball you in the pool and then throw you about 10 feet, splashing into a group of giggling girls. Then there was Pat Riley, a kid so skinny that, when he turned sideways, you could not

see him. There was a family called the Arrigalis, who had a small bungalow down Ingalside Road, where they stayed all summer. Everyone had to honk their horn when they passed their house. To this day, I do not know why we honked, but if I went back today, I know I would honk at the spot the house used to be. Tony "The Tiger" Arrigali was the older brother and a great centerfielder. Richie was the tag along younger brother, who became a pretty good ballplayer himself. We also met the St. John brothers from Long Island. Donald and Francis "The Mule" St. John were good guys. They loved to sit around the jukebox and sing along with all the Beatles and Beach Boy songs. Francis got his nickname for being stubborn and getting mad if you teased him. One time, someone asked for a sip of his ice cream soda and then proceeded to pass it around, until nothing was left. I can still see the steam coming from Francis' ears when he got the glass back. Then there was Louis Alessio, who also was a good guy, but the butt of many jokes. He was thin with curly hair and not very good at sports. Another character I met that year was "Gerry the Frog Killer," who became a lifelong friend. You could always find Gerry at one of the ponds scooping up some slow-footed frog. The next thing you knew, this frog would be attached to a bottle rocket and propelled into the Catskill Mountains sky. Some actually survived and were the forerunners of the 1960s' space program. Mike was a long, lanky, kid with a devilish smile and sense of humor to match. He had a way with the girls, so they all swarmed whenever he came by. I learned that Mike was a good guy to hang around with, and we became friends. In later years, Mike became an exalted social director. It did not hurt that my mom and dad and his mom and dad also became friends in a weird sort of way. Mike's dad actually became an Ingalside legend over the years, and so did my father. (More about them later.) There were other sets of brothers (Bobby and Rich, Harold and Bobby) and many other characters who showed up from time to time. One boy named Ricky Mack came up the year the Martha and the Vandellas' song "Jimmy Mack" came out. Of course, whenever he was around, the lyrics became, "Ricky Mack, when are you coming back?" There was a freckle-faced guy named Tommy Marlowe, who had a good sense of humor, and a tall dude named Bobby Cherichella. Bobby kept records of how much Ingalside food he could consume. I think he claimed the record for most milk cartons drunk at one sitting and the most "hockey pucks."

It was important what table your family was assigned to in the dining room, because the waitress could make or break your week. There was one older woman named Dot, whom you never wanted to get. She was slow, with no sense of humor, and, well, "old." We strapping young men wanted to get the young waitresses so we could fool around trying to impress them with feats of how many "hockey pucks" we could eat or milk containers we could drink. The waitresses that were cool were Eleanor McAneny (nicknamed "Crazy Eleanor"), her cousin, Cindy McAneny, Linda Gridley, and Diane ("Betty Boop") Randall. We always tried to get the waitresses involved in some of the fun. One time, at the Friday night party, Diane, Eleanor, Bobby Cherichella, and I got up and sang the old country song "Going to Jackson," by Lee Greenwood and Nancy Sinatra. We were terrible, but everyone lied and said we were great.

Then there were the girls. As much as we liked playing ball, and swimming and fishing, if it were not for the girls, things just would not have been the same. At eleven years old,

you are just getting more interested in girls (I'm talking 1961 here), and this was a perfect opportunity to get initiated. After all, if you flopped, you were still going home in one or two weeks, so how bad could it get? If things worked out, you got their address, and who knows? That first year, I remember Joan Sabella, Lynn Ehrig, Linda Sullivan, Donna Sullivan, Jean and Rita Hoffman, and Cathy McKenna. There were some others, including one named April, who had the nickname "the Wicked Witch." They would sing the "Ding, Dong, the Witch is Dead" song from the "Wizard of Oz," whenever she came by. (Kids can be mean sometimes.) She was a little strange, but it really had more to do with her grandmother, who was really weird. I made friends with Joan, who was my age, but a head taller. When I finally got the courage, I asked her to dance "The Twist" at one of the recreation hall parties. I actually went out on some dates with her in later years, when I was taller than her.

It was strange at the end of the last week when everyone was getting ready to go home, because all the girls were crying. The boys stood around and tried to look macho but, if truth be told, they felt like crying, too. Ingalside had cast its mysterious spell.

### Chapter III: Tricksters

I always knew my father liked to have fun, but it was at Ingalside that I saw a completely different aspect of his personality. He made friends with George Mooring and Harold Erhardt. These were two big fellows, who also liked to have fun. My dad was not big, but he liked to instigate and agitate in a good-natured way. I remember that first year, when my dad bet George and Harold they could not each drink three large ice cream sodas. If they did, he would pay for them. Well, they did finish the sodas, but both had to go lie down the rest of the afternoon. When they arrived at the dining room for dinner, they both had stuffed pillows under their shirts and proceeded to eat and blame my father for their "inflated" condition. This was the start of many gags and tricks over the years.

For instance, we got a big send off when we left the very first year. About 30 people stood all around our car, wishing us well and to have a safe trip. I thought, "What a great bunch of people we just met!" As we drove down the road, we felt pretty good about all of this. However, as we continued on to the New York State Thruway, we noticed a lot of people looking at our car. Some were pointing, and others were shaking their heads. My dad decided to pull over, thinking there may be something wrong with the car. We walked around the back and found a large sign that read, CAUTION: THIS DRIVER IS A NUT.

Over the years, my dad had dead owls thrown at him and dead woodchucks dressed in my mom's scarf and sunglasses propped up on his bed. My dad got even by short sheeting the tricksters' beds and putting 15-watt bulbs in their bedroom lamps. I remember being part of the plot when we put rocks in George's hubcaps. Sometimes, they got together and performed at the Friday night dance dressed in their wives' dresses, smoking cigars, and dancing to some 1940s music. We would copy them when we could. One time, we convinced "Gerry the Frog Killer," "Invisible Pat Riley," and Bob Hoffman

that we were all dressing up as girls to dance at the show. Of course, this was a ruse dreamed up by Mike Mooring, and only these three would show up dressed as girls. After a brief scare (when Gerry pulled out his BB gun), they all were good sports and danced anyway.

I think one of the best triple jokes ever pulled off was the “I’m leaving ....No, you’re not” episode. My father kept telling George he could only stay the first weekend, because he had to go back to work, and that he would return to get the family the next weekend. (This was not true, of course.) When he tried to leave on Sunday afternoon, George recruited several other men to grab him and tie him to the big tree outside the main house, on the front lawn. They then proceeded to pile wood branches at his feet and start a fire! People just stood around and laughed, while my dad yelled and screamed in mock pain. Even the owner, Jerry Ingalls, came by and just laughed. After they let him go, he packed his bag and left in the car, only to sneak back later. That night for dinner, my dad dressed up as a waitress and served George his soup. The double-take George gave when he saw my father proved that he was truly fooled. My mom put up with a lot of stuff on these vacations. As much as they played tricks on each other, they really were good friends, and that became evident later on, at a ballgame.

George was truly a character. He was known as “George the Trickster.” He loved fun gadgets and fooling all of us young kids. He actually invented the first cordless phone in the 1960s. He had this plastic phone and a box that attached to his belt. The box would ring, and George would answer the phone. After a brief conversation with himself, he would bring it to some kid and say, “Here, it’s for you”. The kid would be baffled. However, this was not as outrageous as his bubble trick. He had this plastic bubble that fit into his nostril. Usually, while he was at the dinner table, he would fake a sneeze and dip his hand in the water glass. All in one motion, he would flick the water at you and insert the plastic bubble in his nose (an amazing feat in itself). Then, he would ask for a tissue, while the bubble looked like nasal mucus, waiting to fall. He usually did this once or twice before people caught on. I know he got me several times before I knew what he was doing. Sometimes he would remark, “You may think this is mucus, but it’s not (snot).” Last year, I was re-telling this story, while my daughter Laurie listened. She remembered George and said, “I always thought he just never carried a handkerchief!” She was 22 at the time.

I told you that story to get to this one. George was a hunter, and he always brought his guns to hunt in the woods surrounding Ingalside. I went with him several times to hunt the “dangerous” woodchucks that were plentiful. I was always amazed at how he could whistle and get the dumb varmint to stand up right before . . . well, you know. I actually took up hunting woodchucks when I got older, and I had my taxidermist brother-in-law, Lou, stuff one for posterity. This stuffed woodchuck is now over 30 years old, and it went to grammar school every Ground Hog day with all three of my kids. My wife, Lynn, who works as a teacher’s aide, continues to take it to school every year, for another generation to enjoy.

So, one summer, when George brought out a large trap with an animal he supposedly caught in it, no one was suspicious. He would make up this long story about how hard it was to catch this dangerous “wolverine,” which could bite your hand off in a minute. Then he would get the unsuspecting “mark” interested enough to take a peak at this lethal varmint. He had rigged a furry tail with a spring-loaded cable, which he would release as soon as the person got his head close enough. The furry tail would shoot out, and the “mark” would jump three feet in the air and run about 20 yards before he heard all the laughter. George got my dad and several other people before he started scaring the bejeevers out of us kids. But every year, the kids would beg him to get out the trap and scare some other unsuspecting 10-year-old out of his or her wits. This was really fun!

#### Chapter IV: The Games

For me, and most of the other kids, playing softball against other resorts was one of the week’s highlights. We usually had a very good team. It consisted of boys about 15 years old to old timers in their 50s. The girls all came to cheer us on with lines like, “Knit one, purl two, fancy legs, woo woo woo!” When we went to play other resorts, the boys would all pile in the flatbed of the old pick-up truck while the social director drove 60 MPH trying to knock us out of the back on the way. We loved it. It was great to beat some of the other resorts in the area and even the “local yocal” team, as they were called. We had to be careful with the locals, because they usually brought beer with them. The main game of the week was always against the hated Sunny Hill Farm team. They always had a good team, but they were arrogant and poor sports. We usually played them twice in a week and, some years, three times. The games were intense. My dad added some comic relief by umpiring, and he always had some remarks for the Sunny Hill players who did not have a sense of humor. He actually was a good umpire, but I did not like him to do it. Every time I batted, I had to swing at almost everything, because he did not want anyone to think he was favoring me. Of course, when he did not ump, he was in the stands embarrassing me by shouting, “Thatsa my boy,” in phony broken Italian. Actually, I did not mind so much, because it got the girls’ attention. One game, he made a close call of an out at first base against one of the more nasty Sunny Hill players. This guy started yelling some foul language as he approached my dad on the field. He did not get to take another step before Big George Mooring and Harold Erqhart interceded. All of a sudden, this guy was not so angry any more. Sometimes ice cream sodas save your fanny!

Over the years, a tradition of a Father-Son softball game developed. It was a BIG deal to the entire place. Signs were made days in advance for both sides. The day of the game, the boy’s team was announced over the loudspeaker at dinnertime. Each of us crashed through a paper-covered doorway as the line up was announced. After supper, a parade was held so that everyone could march down to the field with flags, drums, cheerleaders, and even the owner of Ingalside. George was the honor guard with his rifle, and my dad led the parade trying to twirl April’s baton. It became such an event that we had to wait for the waitresses and kitchen help to finish before we could start. They did not want to miss it, either. Once we got to the field, the National Anthem was played on a record player. For those not familiar with this device, it consists of a vinyl disc that spins under a

needle evoking sound. Jerry Ingalls threw out the first ball. Over the years, I think the boys won more games than the fathers did, but that first year I know the fathers won. I was very depressed. Not only did we lose, but I had only one bloop single in four at bats. My dad had two singles and scored a run. I liked him better when he just umpired. Actually, I was surprised and impressed, but I would not admit it then. He never played in another Father-Son game due to his health, so I am glad I can remember that game.

## Chapter V: The Later Years 1966 – 1967; 1976 and Beyond

Sometimes, as we got older, we made our own entertainment. After all, you can only take so much Bingo as a teenager. As some of us got drivers' licenses, we ventured out on our own. Bob Hoffman was two years older, so he was driving "the night the lights went out in Greenville." We had gone to Vince Anna's and were returning back to Ingalside, when Bob made a wrong turn. As he attempted a U-turn on a pitch-black road, he asked me if it was all clear. I was in back seat, but, when I looked out, all I saw was darkness. My now infamous words were, "Looks clear to me." Bob continued to back up, until the rear end of the car was hanging over a four-foot deep ditch. Now Bob has this and the broken arm to hold over me.

If we were not going for pizza, we went to the local drive-in movie theatre to see some picture that had been showing back home the previous year. We really did not care what was playing because it was something to do. We used to get an unannounced discount by stuffing the smallest people in the trunk, until we paid at the entrance. When all else failed, we hiked down to the old cemetery with April and her Ouija board, to scare each other.

By the time I was 17 years old, I started to go to Ingalside just with my friends, or sometimes on my own. I had met a local waitress one year, and we hit it off pretty well. As a matter of fact, some other Ingalside guys had been dating some of the waitresses. One eventually married a waitress, only to get divorced later. I was able to take the Short Line bus to Greenville, and Jerry Ingalls let me stay in the "barn" for free. He just charged me for the food, so I guess he still made out. The food was really bad, but I don't think I really cared then. The waitress was named Diane Randall, and she had a younger brother named Bobby. Diane was nicknamed "Betty Boop" by Mike Mooring years earlier, and the name stuck. She lived in town, right next to the historic Greenville Arms. The problem was that she was 20, and I was 17. She was thinking marriage, and I did not know what I was thinking. Eventually, the romance faded, and I was basically relieved. Immaturity strikes again. However, coming to Ingalside on my own and staying in the "barn" became a really cool vacation idea. We relaxed and swam all day, followed by drinking at the local tavern, when the beer ran out in the "barn" refrigerator. Later on, we would go to the local "club" to dance and drink some more. There was basically only one "club," called "The Triple C," and one tavern, called "The Cabin." I guess these experiences made up for my commuting to college and missing the "dorm experience," where you go to school during the day and drink all night. Now I must point out that



times were different then in regard to drinking and driving, so all you youngsters out there should not try this today.

Going to Ingalside on my own was fine, but as I look back, it was not as much fun as going with my family during the peak years of 1961 – 1965. It was just part of growing up. Donald St. John put together an Ingalside picnic reunion in 1981 at Eisenhower Park on Long Island. About twenty people came, some with wives and children. I came with my son Christopher, who was four at the time. I remember talking to Joan Sabella and the Hoffman sisters, the St. John and Sampson brothers. We reminisced about old times, and we all said we should do this again, but we never did.

I met my lovely wife Lynn in 1969, and we got married in 1972. My friends Bob, Chet, and Gerry (“Frog Man”) also got married. We used to discuss our Ingalside stories when we got together, so much so that eventually our wives could finish the stories. Bob still had his super 8mm film projector to show the classic “Charlie Chaplin-” like film footage of the historic Catskill Mountains retreat. In spite of all this, we convinced Mary Hoffman and Kathy Urban to pack up the bags and kids and go to Ingalside for another vacation. This was in the 1980s, and we were going in August. Now this may not mean much to the normal vacationer, but going to Ingalside in August was something we had never done before. It would be a whole new world. We did not know any August people. We were July people.

All seemed okay at first. The place looked the same, of course. There was a new owner named Franklyn, who liked tennis. Therefore, the tennis court had a new surface. Otherwise, everything was in place, with the same cracks and bad food we all knew and loved. Jerry Ingalls had sold the resort, but he still lived in his house next door.

Then we met some people enjoying the daily afternoon cocktail hour at the picnic tables outside our building. We noticed that several of the men wore hats that said “lieutenant,” while one wore a hat that read GODFATHER. We were advised that the “Godfather” was just that, and he pretty much ran things at Ingalside in August. This guy really thought he was a big shot, and all the other people gave him utmost respect. But we were July people, so we did not give a rat’s tail about this August “Godfather.” A plan was devised to steal his hat and hold it for ransom. This was accomplished, and a phone call from the pay phone outside of the “barn” was made. In my best broken Italian, I demanded three eggplants before his hat would be returned. The “Godfather,” we discovered, did not have a sense of humor. We secretly returned his hat, but we were just beginning our diabolical plan. After all, we had learned from the best Ingalside tricksters in history.

The plan was to imitate a mob hit on the “Godfather” at the Thursday night dance. We had learned through one of his lieutenants that he was the emcee for the event, and he dressed up in full “Godfather” attire. Even with this information, we were not prepared for what took place. The “Godfather” always entered the room wearing a white suit and cape, with a big Panama hat. His men formed an arch that he walked through, while the band played (what else?) the “Godfather” theme. Now, when we learned this, we were a little nervous, but our plan was a good one. We had gone into town and bought gangster

hats, water pistols, and one water pistol machine gun. We then joined the mob giving the "Godfather" all due respect, while gaining his confidence.

As per our plan, we had entered the talent contest and were to sing "That's Amore" (when the moon hits your eye like a big-a pizza pie). It took us about 20 replays of this song on the jukebox at Vince Anna's while our wives wrote down the words to get all the lyrics. At the end of our song, we would sing, "That's a murder," instead of "That's amore." At the signal, Bob and I would pull the water pistols out of our hats and "assassinate" the "Godfather," while Chet machine-gunned all his men at the table. All went as planned that night, and the dirty deed was done. The only problem was that Bob got a little carried away and continued to shoot the "Godfather" in the face, until the poor man was dripping wet and everyone was laughing. This was not good. The "Godfather" was mad.

Later on, we discussed the events with his "lieutenants," who were all good-natured about our little scheme. However, they said the "Godfather" was not happy, and he was talking about putting some smoke bombs in our cars. So we worried all night about this guy's revenge. After all, we did not know for sure that this guy was not "connected." We were July people, not August people! On Saturday morning, nothing happened. So much for August people. My dad, George, and Harry would have been proud.

## Chapter VI: Memories

These are just a few of my many recollections from Ingalside. It is a time that remains in place in our hearts and memories. I still remember watching on the TV in the Main House as Gus Grissom took off into space on that fifteen minute suborbital Mercury flight on July 21, 1961. We all learned how to get along and forget the everyday worries that sometimes can consume us. Along the way, we had fun and found lifelong friends. One person in particular who had a very profound effect on everyone was the owner, Jerry Ingalls. I never met a finer man. He was always sincerely friendly to everyone. You considered yourself honored if he stopped to talk to you. Not because he was important, but because he made you feel important. I felt sorrow when I learned of his passing some years ago.

This was a place where I feel I grew up, even if it was only for a couple weeks each year. My family and I have gone on many vacations to better places with much better food and scenery. Nothing can take the place of enjoying a vacation with a loving family and/or close friends. But then nothing can ever take the place of Ingalside, with all its imperfections. It was a place where good friends met and children grew into adulthood. Bob Hoffman's parents met at Ingalside. Maybe it is sad that it is now closed down, probably never to re-open again as a resort. But I am sure it lives on in the memories of all those good people that came every year. Even the August people.

This story, of which every word is true, is dedicated to my dad, Jerry Ingalls, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, George Mooring (my computer pal), and all of my Ingalside friends.