

Henry Oldenwald

W14990 1 Conn. 1938-9 H. Odenwald

Henry Odenwald:

“Charley Mellor and me were over by the Movement shop one Saturday afternoon and we see Jack Wilson. It was a warm day—summer time—and Jack come out of the shop for a breath of fresh air. Charley was Jack's boss. He says, ‘Hello Jack, how's the watchin'?”

“Jack says, ‘I'm dyin' for a drink of beer.’

“Well, Charley says, ‘Come on,’ he says, ‘the shop won't run away if you leave for a while.’

“Oh, I don't want to do that,’ says Jack.

“ ‘Come on,’ says Charley, ‘I'm the boss, ain't I?’

“So we went up to the Hash House, and Charley set 'em up, and then I set 'em up, and then Charley says to Jack, ‘Now go on back to the shop.’

“After he went Charley says ‘I don't feel like goin' home, do you Henry?’ I says ‘No, by God I don't.’ So to make a long story short we hired a team and took a ride up to Torrington.

“We had supper at the Allen House and we spent most of the night there. It was a warm night and the beer was good. But finally we figured we better be goin' so we started out. We were almost out of Torrington when we see this fella standin' under a street light with a piece of paper and a pencil in his hand, looked like he was figurin'.

WWhen we got up close to him, we see it was ‘midnight’ Peck. He was just standin' there, writin' on his paper, and he had his team pulled up to the side of the road. Charley 2

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stopped and said hello and he looked up and see who it was. He knew the both of us, of course.

“How do, gentlemen,’ he says, ‘out kind of late, ain't you?’

I guess it must of been about eleven o'clock. Charley says, ‘What about yourself?’

“ ‘Well,’ says Peck, ‘you know me. I don't keep bankers' hours. What time is it, anyway?’ Charley looked at his watch and told him. Midnight acted as though he was surprised. He says, ‘Well I knew it was late, but I didn't think it was that late. ‘He says, ‘I ain't had supper yet.’ He says, ‘I come down from Litchfield, and I got this far, and I begun to think about some accounts and I stopped here and started figurin’. I guess I been here about an hour,’ he says. ‘What I need,’ he says, ‘to save me time and money is a professional bookkeeper.

“Charley says, ‘You better come down with us. We'll all stop in the Hash House and get somethin' to eat.’

“ ‘No,’ says Midnight. ‘I'm hungry, now that I think of it, and I don't want to take no chances. Hash House might be closed. I see a place back the street aways was open when I come down and I guess it's still open. I'm goin' back.’ So he says good night and gets in his wagon and turns around and that's the last we see of him that night. Charley and me come home, but the Hash House was closed, so we didn't get anything to eat either.”