

CHAPTER ONE

I Was Born in Boston, I'm Just a Maniac! family joke

My name is Roger deWardt Lane. I was born at 2 P.M. at the New England Hospital, Roxbury, Mass. on March 28, 1927, weight 7.1 lbs. My Father writes that I lifted my head on the 6th day, all alone. My Mother and I left the hospital on the 15th day. I was baptized on April 16th, Easter Sunday. My Godmother was my Aunt, Helen Robinson Lane, Godfathers; John Holmes McLeod and Harry Osborn Lane, two of my Uncles. My father Andrew Hamilton Lane was the youngest of four Lane boys and had a half brother - John H. McLeod, Jr. My Grandfather and Grandmother Lane, were married in London shortly before they immigrated to the States, arriving in Boston.



Baby Roger

The family legend is that some young people were out ice-skating on a pond, during the winter. One of the people fell in the lake and my Grandfather Henry Dennis Lane (b.1848 - d.1878) rescued him. But, sadly, he caught pneumonia and died at a very young age, leaving my Grandmother Elizabeth Beal Lane (b.1851), with three young boys; Harry (b.1874), Edgar (b.1876), Cornelius (b.1878) and my Father born posthumous in 1879. The census records of 1880 show my Grandmother was a dressmaker, living with her Father Robert L. Beal (b.1834) and her Mother Sarah Elizebath deWardt Beal (b.1837 - d.1881) in South Boston. She was 29 at the time, but eventually married again to a Scotsman, John

Holmes McLeod. They had, one son, John Jr. The Lane family bible records some of these dates. I was named after my mother's family, Rogers with the s dropped. We have pictures of my Great Great Grandfather Joseph Rogers and his wife Joan Harriman.



Joseph Rogers, My Great Great Grandfather



Joan Harriman, My Great Great Grandmother

I only have one picture of my Father, when he was quite young. He attended Boston English High School, but I do have two Public Exercise programs from 1895 and 1897. Andrew Hamilton Lane had a part in both programs.



My Grandmother Elizabeth - McLeod-Lane Family

This is the only picture of my Grandmother Elizabeth Beal Lane McLeod, except a family group picture with four of her sons; Cornelius, Andrew to the left of Elizabeth and Jack standing to the right, Edgar and John H. McLeod, seated.

One of the stories my Father told me about, during the interesting discussions over dinner when we were at the Mansion House in Greenfield, Mass. during WWII, was about his first business ven-

ture. This was long before he and his brother Edgar went into the hotel business in Daytona. He was 100 Years ahead his time – What if he had invented STARBUCKS.

There was a busy corner in downtown Boston and on one side there was a very successful coffee shop. On the other side was a competitor and this coffee shop could not make it, so it was up for lease. So, Dad decided to take it over. The rent was low and the place had a great location. As the famous hotel pioneer Statler, once said “A business needs three things – location – location – location.”

Dad told me, he decided to offer two things that would bring in the crowd – GOOD COFFEE at 5 cents a cup and GREAT HOME MADE APPLE PIE at 10 cents. The coffee was easy, just keep the urn clean and buy premium coffee. Make a new pot every half hour. But the success turned on his idea to serve hot homemade apple pie. Dad, found a housewife to start making the pies every day. Soon he had two nice ladies making pies all day. And, before long he needed a dozen homemakers who spent their time baking the pies for his coffee shop. Word got around about the fantastic apple pie and great coffee. The place was always busy. The competitor across the square started noticing his business fall off. After six months and making some good money Dad, sold the business and took a profit.

My Father told me this tale of how he entered the family business - Innkeeping. It seems the McLeod-Lane family were very active with the local Parish of the Episcopal Church, the American equivalent of the Church of England. The story continues, this particular parish in Boston, some how (I never got the real details), inherited a property up in the mountains of New Hampshire. It was a closed up resort hotel. It, even, at one time had a golf course, in those days called golf-links. Well, the church leaders looked around to find someone to operate the hotel. They settled on the McLeod family; Father, Mother and 4 boys. The older son Harry, at the time was employed as an engineer (he might have even been married to

my Aunt Helen, by this time too) and therefore did not join the new family enterprise. John McLeod, Sr. who, so the family tale goes, was in the railroad business (actually I think he was a streetcar conductor) and took a leave of absence so the family could take over the, then closed up summer hotel - *The Pinicle Summer House, South Lyndeboro, New Hampshire*. The enterprise was slow going at first, but during the three seasons they ran the resort, they made improvements and operated a successful summer business.

I recall hearing about one event, when a Boston newspaper reporter was invited up for a weekend to write a travel story about the property. Sitting on the sun porch, looking out over the meadows, he said to my Father, "I understand you have a golf-links." At this point my Father pointed to the hay field over yonder, saying, "As soon as we cut the grass, it will be one of the finest in New Hampshire." They had a big barn on the property, and on inclement weather days, would have activities there for the guests. I've never seen the original family hotel as it is no longer there. The closest I came was one summer I spent working at the World Famous - Mt. Washington Resort in the White mountains of New Hampshire. I do have a brochure my Father handed down to me of the Pinnacle Summer House in the late 1890s, showing a picture and great descriptions.

After the McLeods returned to Boston, my father Andrew and his brother, Edgar Lane, continued in the resort business. Andrew gravitated to the front or business side of innkeeping, while his brother concentrated on the back of the house - the restaurant end. This partnership and eventually as A.H.Lane, proprietor continued to run the winter resort and summer hotel on the North Shore above Boston until after the Florida Crash of 1926.

My Mother's family came from the State of Maine, just south of Bangor. The Rogers' family had owned the family homestead, a large farm at Orrington Center, for six generations.

My Great Great Grand Father was Joseph Rogers and his wife Joanna Harriman. I have found on the Internet some of the Rogers

and Harriman family records. Joseph Rogers b.1784 - d.1865. His Father and Mother - Moses Rogers and Thankful Freeman. His son was my Great Great Grandfather Joseph Rogers b.1817 - d.1890. His wife Joanna Harriman Rogers b.1822 - d.1890.



Rogers' Family Home - Orrington Center, Maine

More family genealogy, using the Internet, found other interesting information. The Rogers' line, my Grandmother's family of Orrington, Maine traces back generation after generation, to the "Mayflower" at Plymouth, where they came over from England and prior to that, all the way back to Italy with King Roger II of Sicily.

The Harrimans start with - Joseph H. Harriman b.1834, his wife Mary J. Harriman b.1837. All the Rogers lived at Orrington, Maine as farmers. The family legend was that the Harriman line was traced to the Harrimans of New York. We have a picture of my Grandmother's Uncle Captain James H. Rogers. My Grandmother's Uncle Joseph Sumner Rogers established the Michigan Military Academy in 1877.

My Grandfather William Babbidge Smith, married Susie Rogers in 1883 and eventually purchased the farm from her Father Sydney L. Rogers. Before this, Will had worked at several jobs; store clerk at age twenty, coastal seaman, haberdasher, and telegrapher before he took up farming. The farm had several long sheds, two big

barns, hen house, pig pen, cow stalls, a milk separator room in one of the pantries, two sheds for cordwood and when I was very young I can remember being taken on a buggy ride with the one horse they had at the time. About the only other animals there, when I was two or three, were chickens. In fact, when they wanted to have someone baby-sit my Brother and I, on summer visits to Gram & Gramp Smith, they would lock us in the chicken pen under the crab apple tree. I use to tell my baby brother, "Don't eat the little apples."

I've gotten way ahead of my story. My Mother was the younger of two children, both very musical as my Grandmother Smith use to play the organ. Flora Belle Smith, was sent to Philadelphia to study voice at the Philadelphia Musical Conservatory. Her Brother Ralph Smith, later taught music at a school in Pennsylvania.



Flora Belle Rogers-Smith, Singing at a church musical

Well, as the family story goes; one autumn, my Mother was talking to her accompanist who usually went to Florida for the winter and she was invited to go down to St. Petersburg with her.

The first winter my Mother spent in Florida was also the year my Father had started operating the Edgewater Inn in St. Petersburg. My Mother related to me, how the resort would put on pageants and entertainments for the guests. One was a beauty contest to select Miss New England. She entered and won!

I have a picture of her in her costume, which she made herself, dressed as a Pilgrim. My Mother sang at the weekly Sunday Musicals at my Father's hotel.



Miss New England - St. Petersburg, Florida 1925

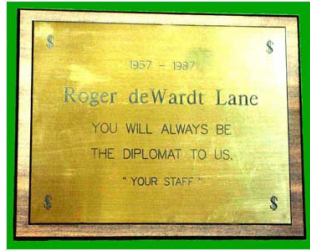
My Father Andrew, finally gave in and asked Flora Bell to marry him. Anyway, there had been a long romance with my Father Andrew, lasting three seasons. In 1925 he finally broke down and proposed. They were married in Clearwater in 1926. Roger was born in Boston the following year. My Mother was 39, never before married. My Father married at age 48, a bachelor until then.



Young Roger and Brother Bob

I have a younger Brother, Robert William Lane born the following year. My first name being from my Grandmother's family name Rogers with the "s" dropped. My Mother always told me the Rogers Lane would sound like Roger Slane, which would have been too Irish for her. My middle name *deWardt* traces back to Andrew's Grandmother's family name.

The deWardt story will be told in a separate chapter, then more of the Rogers family genealogy. Other chapters cover my early years with my Brother Bob in Orrington, my years in Greenfield with my father, and the Army Years with service in Germany right after WWII ended.



Plaque for 30 Years at the Diplomat

My life story continues with my move to Florida, meeting Marilyn, the homes we bought, the sixteen hotels I worked at, before the thirty years with the Diplomat Resort.

Then follows the last dozen or so years; The Doral Saturnia Resort & Spa, a summer up north at the Mt. Washington Resort and then the Lago Mar Resort, before retirement at age 75.

I became very active with my two coin clubs. I had been running the Gold Coast Coin Club monthly show for more than a dozen years, already. I soon was elected Vice President, then, Treasurer of the Fort Lauderdale Coin Club. I was already Treasurer of the Hollywood club. As an accountant and good with computer skills, I provided them with excellent reports.

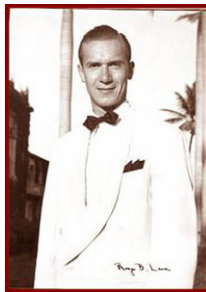
The last half dozen years have been busy with my hobbies; numismatics, computers and coin club meetings. We have lots of pictures of Andria with Shanera, the years Andria, Kirk and the boys lived in Florida and the years back in Hawaii. Roger Jr. and his girls are pictured in Hawaii. We end this family history with some of the stories of the Adventures of Mutt and Jeff and a visit of Andria and her trip to England and Scotland. Then Andria moving back to Hawaii.

Each holiday season the two coin clubs hold banquets in December at Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale. Roger, Sr. always shows up with his *white jacket*.



Roger, Sr. - Christmas 2008

The white jacket has had an important significance for Roger ever since he first arrived in Florida in fall of 1948 and applied for a room clerks' position at the famous Boca Raton Resort. The story goes something like this: An agency sent him up to Boca Raton on a Saturday for an interview. The Reservation Manager thought he was quite young and said, "We have an older more experienced man to interview this afternoon." Roger drove back to Miami, where he was staying with Bob at a rooming house. But by the time he had driven back the 50 miles to Miami, there had been a phone call from the hotel, to report for work on Sunday morning. He had the job. Months later, during a conversation with the Reservation Manager, Roger inquired, "Tell me, why did you hire me rather than the older more experienced man?" The responding answer, "**You had the *white jacket.***"



Roger - Boca Raton Resort 1949

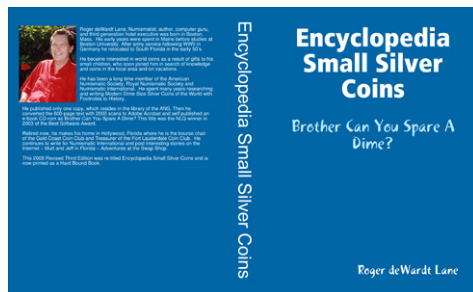
A few years back, Roger and Marilyn were making one of their usual trips up coast. We had stopped for lunch at a deli in Delray, which was located by a heavenly populated Jewish section, west of the city. Walking from the auto to the restaurant, Roger, Sr. passed a men's clothing store having a summer sale. In the window was a white jacket and the price was right. After lunch, he tried it on and just had to buy it. This is the **white jacket** he still has for all the Christmas Parties.

In closing this summary chapter, I would be remiss if I did not mention my success as a published author. Over forty years ago, as part of my coin hobby, I started a checklist of small silver coins minted around the world from the period of Queen Victoria c.1850 to 1970.

At the time, I had just taken over the specialized collection of my daughter Andria, **Modern Dime Size Silver Coins of the World**. For the next fifteen years, I copied the information on notebook paper, until I had three large binders full of notes.

Then, I was given my first Apple PC at work, so I started transcribing my notes. Twenty years later, with new computers every few years and 1000 scans of the best of my coins; I was ready to publish "My Book." At first publishing costs were out of sight, so I had to self produce the work as a CD-rom titled - **Brother Can You Spare A Dime?** This title was the NLG (Numismatic Literary Guild) winner in 2003 of the **Best Software Award**.

Last year, I self published the hard cover edition of 600 pages with a revised title through Lulu.com a print on demand publisher.



Encyclopedia Small Silver Coins