

A day to remember at Aunt Pauline's

Grandpa Benjamin J Garlock, 1877 – 1971

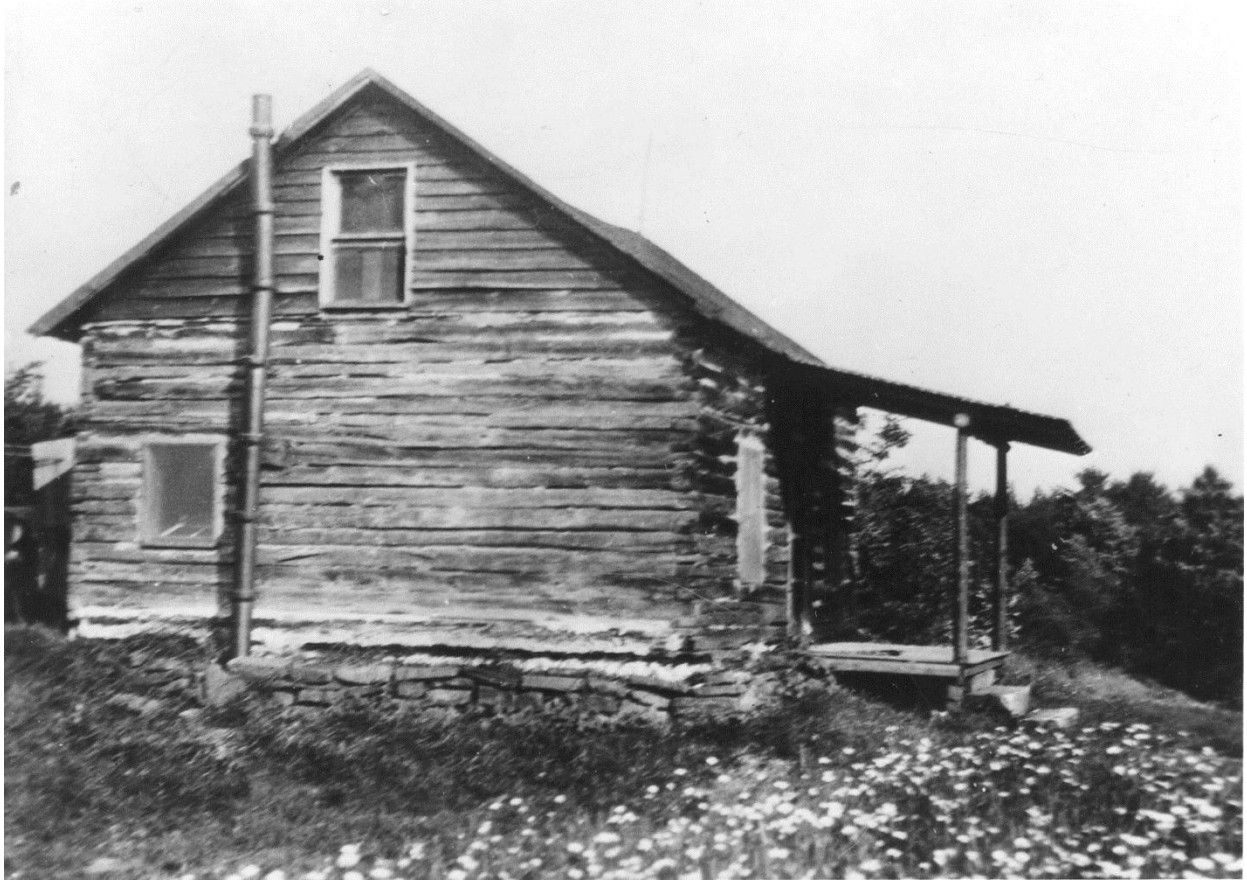
Aunt Pauline – Pauline Garlock, 1899 – 1987

In a few days it would have been my grandpa's 137th birthday. So many years have gone by since the day I'm going to tell you about. I suspect it was in 1943 or 1944 when I was 13 or 14 years old. I was too young to legally carry a firearm which for some reason I had a great desire to do. When I was at home my very law abiding father would see that I did not. Grandpa Garlock, Aunt Pauline and I were spending a few days at her old log camp in the woods over the mountain from Lake George. Usually I did not venture too far off the beaten paths since I had little sense of direction in the woods. That day I decided to follow a stream for a couple of miles to some mountain lake called three ponds. It was too far for grandpa to walk and Aunt Pauline was busy as always.



My mother, Aunt Pauline, grandpa Garlock and Skip in front of Aunt Pauline's camp

So I was to take this trek all alone. Now grandpa had a Colt 22 caliber revolver he had bought in 1941. He had always been a hunter from his youngest days. My question to grandpa was: "Can I carry your revolver along with me to Three Ponds?" Probably I was trying to see if he had faith in me to do it. Sometimes that faith and trust is very important to a young boy or girl for that matter. His reply was he could not see why not. I was ready to start when he carefully handed the revolver to me in its holster. The belt was just right to go around grandpa's ample waist but much too long for me. Putting my head through the looped belt the holster hung on my left side with butt facing out so in a real emergency I could grasp it with my right hand.



Aunt Pauline's camp in the 1800s

That quick draw position would be just right if it became necessary to quickly gun down a charging salamander, shoot a deerfly, or fire on a squadron of blackflies. There being lots of the latter pesky creatures. The gun was loaded with six cartridges. I had shot it when I was with grandpa. I embarked on my trip with the satisfaction that grandpa had the trust in me that I so hoped for. My jacket covered the revolver with its holster. The only thing that really happened that day was when a terrific thunderstorm as was common there came up. I headed for an overhanging rock cliff to get out of the rain. The thunder really rolled through the mountains but both I and grandpa's revolver stayed dry. The storm subsided and I headed for camp with the joy of knowing that grandpa had a faith and trust in me that is necessary to a young person's development.

Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, April 20, 2014