THE MAN FROM SWAN LAKE

PAUL YOVINO

HERO OF THE COCOANUT GROVE FIRE

THE CLIFFORD JOHNSON STORY

Based on the Life of Coast Guardsman

Clifford Allison Johnson

A Survivor of Boston's Infamous Cocoanut Grove Fire of November 28, 1942

All Rights Reserved to the Author

2'nd Edition

With Special Thanks to William C. Donahue, M.D. for his support and direction

In Tribute to the Doctors at Boston City Hospital's Burn Unit who performed miracles

In Tribute to the City of Boston Fire Department who fought The Cocoanut Grove Nightclub Fire on November 28, 1942

In Perpetual Memory of the survivors and the 492 patrons of the Cocoanut Grove Nightclub who did not

CONTENT

Chapter 1 01
Chapter 2 13
Chapter 3 21
Chapter 4 31
Chapter 5 39
Chapter 6 53
Chapter 7 57
Chapter 8 61
Chapter 9 71
Chapter 10 73
Chapter 11 77
Chapter 12 83
Chapter 13 91
Chapter 14 95
Chapter 15 109
Chapter 16 117
Chapter 17 121
Chapter 18 141
Chapter 19 145
Chapter 20 151
Chapter 21 159
Chapter 22 165
Chapter 23 171

Chapter 24 175
Chapter 25 183
Chapter 26 189
Chapter 27 199
Chapter 28 203
Chapter 29 211
Chapter 30 215
Chapter 31 219
Chapter 32 233
Postscript 255

CHAPTER 1

It was good to be a friend of Boston

Mayor Maurice Tobin. Growing up in the Mission Hill section of Boston everyone knew our neighbor Maurice Tobin or as we called him "Mossy" Tobin. From a young boy he had all the makings of an FDR acolyte. That was especially good for me, Cormac Louis Fermoyle. I was born in the spring of '24, April 1, 1924 to be exact. Disabled at four by what was later diagnosed as a mild case of Infantile Paralysis, or polio, I was doted upon by my parents Cillian, a local pharmacist who owned the pharmacy below our apartment, and my mother, Madeleine, who was the head buyer for Filene's French Shop, its exclusive women's department. Our mother did some modeling before she met my father so it wasn't surprising that Filene's hired her just before the war broke out now that my sister and I were old enough and responsible enough to care for ourselves. Of course, our father was always one floor below us in the pharmacy. Even outside of the store our mother always dressed in the latest fashions. In her late 30's she still carried herself like a model with her high cheekbones and auburn hair. Her parents were born in Paris that probably gave our mom a fashion edge. My sister, Kathleen, with the very Irish name, inherited all those classic Gallic French features while I clearly inherited my father's Celtic and Irish features of red hair