

My Life

Before I begin my life story, it might be of interest to describe some of my ancestors.

My father came to this country as a child. His father was a school teacher who had gone from Spain to Cuba to teach. He married my grandmother by proxy so she could join him. Her father, an architect, had died and left the family penniless.

Abuela (my grandmother) hated Cuba. The Spanish– American War had ended only a few years before, and the Cubans openly showed their dislike of Spaniards. Shortly after my father was born (in 1904), she returned to Spain.

Abuelo (my grandfather) got permission from the Cuban school authorities to go to Spain to learn how to



Granados family in Spain about 1908, Luis, Abuela holding Rosario, Concepcion (in rear) and Clara

teach deaf and dumb students, and never returned. They lived with my great-grandmother Granados.

My great-grandfather Luis Granados was a prominent lawyer in Aracena, near Seville, and Granados ancestors going back to the 13th Century are buried in the church there.

Family members include several Inquisitors, and a number ranked as nobility. Nobility was exempt from paying taxes.

After their fourth child was born, Abuelo went to America to teach at the Berlitz school in New York. He eventually got a job teaching Spanish at George Washington University in D.C. and sent for his family.

When Abuela and the children arrived in 1910, none could speak English, so a neighbor took them to the grocery store. Abuela would then cut the labels off the cans, and the children took them back to the store for more.

After Ramon was born, the family moved first to Mt. Rainier, Md., then to Riverdale. It grew until there were 11 children, one of whom died in infancy. Abuelo founded the Spanish School of Washington, where after completing the course, he escorted his students on a tour of Spain.

My mother's family was from the Washington, D.C. area, where my grandfather was a printer working for his father. My great-great grandfather Waters, who managed the Eastern Market in D.C. for 30 years, came from Anne Arundel County, MD, and was part of the militia who helped defend the City of Washington from the British in the War of 1812. I haven't been able to find out who his parents were.

My grandmother and mother often claimed that there were no Irish in their families, however, I discovered that my grandmother's parents were of Irish decent. Their parents came from Ireland.

My grandfather was the youngest of 14, and many of the Waters family are still scattered in the D.C. area.

Some interesting Waters ancestors include Robert Alexander MacKay, an aide to General Braddock in the French and Indian Wars, who was killed with Braddock when they were massacred by Indians. His son, also Robert Alexander, served in the American Revolution.

My Waters grandparents were the first to be married in the then new St. Stevens Church in D.C. (now the old church) They were married in 1893, and moved into what was then an ultra-modern house with speaking tubes between rooms.

Eventually my grandmother decided to move into the "country", and bought one of the first houses in Riverdale Park. She drove a horse and buggy there, signed



At my grandmother's, about 1929. I'm in front row, with my father, Bootsie and Grandaddy to our left. Mother is in second row; Aunt Rosie holding Jean, Uncle Joe, Aunt Ethel, Uncle Power, Sister Ann Elizabeth & Grandma.



Me, about 3 years old

the papers, and then told my grandfather.

When the town of Riverdale was formed, my grandfather served as Mayor for three terms. He failed to be elected its first Mayor by one vote.

I was born on February 27, 1928 in my grandmother's house on Jefferson Avenue in Riverdale, the same house and in same bed where my mother had been born.

My father was a bank teller, and shortly after I was born, we lived in a house on Madison Avenue, a block from my grandmother's.

I was called Sonny (still am by family members) and my sister Anita was called Baby. A lady named Mrs. McKnew lived at the end of our block, and when I was about 4, I'd take Anita to her house where she made us Sea Foam candy.

When I was 5, Roosevelt closed the banks, and when my father's reopened, the salary they offered him wasn't enough to support a family. He obtained a variety of jobs, including driving a beer truck, in a tailor shop and selling real estate. We wound up at my grandparents' along with Uncle Joe, Aunt Rosie, Bootsie and Jean, and Uncle Power and Aunt Ethel. It was pretty crowded; I don't remember where everyone slept.

Eventually, we were the only ones left. Joe and Franny were born there. We stayed until my grandfather Granados (Abuelo) died in 1937, then moved to the house where my father had grown up.

I was two when my grandmother Granados (Abuela) died, but remember being lifted up to see her in her casket. I don't remember what she looked like; only that

there was a white gauze net over the casket to keep the flies out. The undertaker's bill was \$214 for the funeral, casket and burial!

Riverdale in the '30's

Things were a lot different then. We had an ice box to which the ice man delivered ice. My mother would put a cardboard sign with large numbers on each edge in the window, and turn it so the number at the top indicated how much ice she wanted (5 lb., 10 lb. etc.). The ice man came to the back door with a block of ice on his shoulder and put it in the ice box. On summer days, kids followed the ice truck asking for slivers of the ice left from when he divided the large blocks. Fresh vegetables were delivered by horse and wagon, and we had both milk and bread delivered.

The train and street car tracks and two grocery stores were about a mile from our house. One was a mom & pop store called Deskins. The other, called a Sanitary; later became a Safeway. Sawdust on the floor of the Sanitary kept the dust down, and fly-paper hung from the ceiling. You asked the clerk for the items you wanted. He wore a large white apron, and most items were on shelves behind him. He used a stick with a grabber to pull down what you wanted. Meat was not on display. It came from a walk-in refrigerator and was cut from a larger piece. The clerk wrote the price of each item with a pencil on a paper bag and added it up, then put your items in the bag. No credit cards or checks.

Our telephone was the candlestick type — the receiver hung on a hook attached to what you talked into. We

were on a party line, which meant you often had to wait to use the telephone until the other party finished.

People called the operator to find out what time it was or where the fire was when the siren sounded.

The train came by pretty often. It burned coal, and a huge black cloud from the smoke-stack showered you with hot cinders. You had to keep your eyes closed. Postal workers attached a mailbag to a pole beside the tracks, and a



About 1938

metal arm on the train snatched it up.

Streetcar tracks were about 50 feet from the train tracks, and before I was born, my great uncle Joe Blundon and later his son were killed when they walked in front of a moving train. He was President of the Riverdale Development Corporation, the company that developed Riverdale, and had named all the streets. His wife



Family, about 1941. Front: Franny & Chi-chi; middle Bob, mother & Joe; back me, daddy & Anita

was my grandfather's sister Peach.

The train also brought out-of-work men who frequently knocked on our door to ask for something to eat -- they would work for it. My mother would have them go to the back door and make them a sandwich. I don't remember what work they did.

From time to time, a scissors grinder stopped by. He had a large grindstone strapped to his back, and would sharpen all the knives, scissors and axes in the house.

People who lived back in the woods made plant stands from tree limbs. They painted them black with gold trim. My grandmother bought several.

My mother, her brothers Power and Joe and my grandfather all sang in the church choir directed by my grandmother. Uncle Joe also sang in a variety of other church choirs for pay. To make extra money, mother sang at weddings and funerals. She was also an election judge, and looked forward to the money she made on election day. Since ballots were counted by hand, she didn't get home until after midnight on election day.

Each morning when my grandfather got up he drank a shot of whiskey. He made a horrible face, but that may have been to discourage his grandchildren from drinking. He frequently accused my grandmother of getting into his bourbon, which made her very angry since she didn't drink. It was a game.

My grandmother taught voice, violin and piano from her home, and when I was little I couldn't wait to play the piano. Her rule was your hand must span an octave before you could take lessons. When I was able, I started, but didn't like to practice. I took lessons for about 6 or 7 years, and never did like to practice.

In later life, I played the piano for my own amusement about 2 or 3 hours each day.

When I was about 12, I started violin lessons, using the violin that had belonged to my great-grandfather. (I still have it) My grandmother learned to play on it as did my mother. Again, practicing was my problem; however, I

did play in the school band for a number of years.

When I was about 8 or 9, my mother let me walk to East Riverdale where Abuelo lived. Since I was the oldest grandson, I got special treatment. Tony, Beano and Johnny were in High School; Mary and Lola worked in a restaurant in D.C. Abuelo's English wasn't too good, so when he called me I never knew whether he was calling Sonny or Tony.

The only heat in the house came from the wood stove in the kitchen, so in the morning, my uncles and aunts dressed in the kitchen to keep warm. In the summer, they cooked on a coal oil stove in a room at the back of the house, and everything smelled of coal oil.

I loved to go there. Abuelo would let me drink coffee and eat pie for breakfast -- things my mother never permitted.

My father raised chickens, and one year had a flock of black giants. They were huge, and I liked to torment the rooster with a stick through the fence. He'd try to get at me, but couldn't fly over it.

There was no trash pick-up in those days, and one of my jobs was to burn what we could. I bent over to light the fire one day when that rooster landed on my back with full force. He had gotten out, and was getting even with me for tormenting him.

When my aunt, Sister Ann Elisabeth, sent some money to my grandmother they bought an oil burner. It was the first one in the neighborhood, and made a big difference



Anita, Jimmy Leathers and Bob & Eileen Morris in our back yard in East Riverdale

in their lives, not having to shovel coal or take out ashes. I asked if I could tear down the coal bin, and while trying to do so managed to hit a nail and my finger at the same time, causing a piece of steel to be imbedded there. My father tried to cut it out, but gave up. The steel is still there; it's a black lump on my finger.

Riverdale is next to College Park, the site of the world's first airport. We'd frequently see planes fly extremely low over the house and run to see where they crashed. One plane was an autogiro, forerunner of the helicopter. It had a propeller mounted horizontally on a tripod above the pilot.

Riding the Streetcar

My grandparents never had a car, and during the de-

pression, neither did my father. Going to church, or to school if you missed the bus, meant taking a streetcar. The station was about a mile from our house, and the fare was a dime.

Streetcars were designed to go forward or backward, since there was no place for them to turn around when they got to the end of the line. The motorman sat up front



Riversdale, the Calvert Mansion in Riverdale

and operated the car with a lever, and opened the doors with another lever.

In the back was the conductor, who opened the back doors, and when everyone was aboard, pulled a cord that rang a bell to signal the motorman to start. When the car reached the end of the line, they switched places, and moved the car a parallel track headed back the way they'd come. They reversed the seat backs making them face the other way as they traded places.

Some times when there was no conductor, we would sit in the rear and activate a switch that dumped sand on the tracks.

When I was older, I took the streetcar to Glen Echo, a large amusement park north of D.C. that had a swimming pool and roller coaster. It was a long ride there and the streetcar rocked as it crossed several bridges near the river. Coming back, when the streetcar was nearly empty, its rocking was almost as scary as the roller coaster had been.

Calvert Mansion

My grandmother's house was about a half block from the Calvert Mansion, home of the 4th Lord Baltimore. The estate, called Riversdale, included all of Riverdale, plus the towns of Bladensburg, Hyattsville and College Park. A Calvert donated the land to establish what became the University of Maryland.

My cousin Jack Waters and I spent a lot of time playing in the pond behind the mansion. It was circular, with an island in the center which at one time was reached by a bridge. The pond was covered by water lilies and had sun fish and catfish in it. We were able to catch the sun fish and spear the catfish.

The mansion was owned by a retired U.S. Congressman from Oregon named Lafferty, who lived there with

his oriental cook. He was a real character, and owned several cars which he often drove slowly through Riverdale, whistling at all girls. He installed a swimming pool -- the first we'd ever seen -- and let kids swim in it. Sometimes, when we were all swimming, he'd start yelling and kick us out.

Uncle Joe built a stable on the land behind my grandmother's and kept two horses there. Uncle Power took care of the horses, and Jack and I were allowed to ride them. One horse was old and gentle; the other, a Pinto he bought from a rodeo, was quite lively. I rode the older horse, and Jack rode the Pinto.

Holy Redeemer School

Anita and I went to Holy Redeemer School in Berwyn, about 3 miles from Riverdale. There was only one school bus, so the driver made several trips each day.

Whenever there was a big rain storm the area around Bladensburg flooded and the bus couldn't make it. We always prayed for rain. On cold days, the kids in the neighborhood who took the bus came in our house to keep warm. We had to wait in the schoolyard until our bus came to go home from school,.

The school only had four classrooms, with two grades to a room. While a nun taught one grade, the other grade studied. The lower grade learned what they'd be



Holy Redeemer School Graduation Class, 1942

taking the next year, but upper grade heard it a second time. When I was in the sixth grade they built two new classrooms, so the 7th and 8th grades each had a separate room. They didn't have any more teachers, so the same rules applied -- one grade studied while the other one was taught; no teacher during study period.

I played the clarinet in the school band. The instruments were rented from a D.C. music store that provided a teacher. I never learned to play well, but we had a good time. My father said every time he heard "Abide With Me", he remembered suffering through it while I practiced.

Years later I tried playing a friend's clarinet, but couldn't remember how to make it work.



Chi-chi, Franny, Joe, Bob, Anita and me — about 1941

My cousin Mary McKnew was in my class, and her brother Arthur was in Anita's class. One day, we were so busy playing after school that Mary and I missed the bus. Vincent Sheehy and a girl named Helen Gowan also missed it, and the four of us decided to walk home. It was over three miles, and we followed the streetcar tracks to Riverdale. We thought it was a lot of fun, but the next day Father Feeley really let us boys have it. I guess he thought we did something with the girls. It was years later before it dawned on me that that's why he got so mad.

East Riverdale

When Abuelo died we moved into his house. My mother made my father fix it up before she'd agree to move in. He installed a furnace, got city water and replaced the wood cook stove with a gas stove. The house was so drafty that when the wind blew in the winter it hardly slowed down as it came through the walls. My mother would stand on the hot-air register in the kitchen floor and her dress would blow straight out from the hot air coming up, but it was still cold a couple of feet away from it. I helped my father cover the outside of the house with asbestos shingles, and several years later he converted the heating system to hot water. It was a real improvement, but I still stood on that register. There wasn't any heat there, but it felt as if there was.

We lived on a dirt road and it was my job to stoke the fire at night and build it up in the morning. I had to take out the ashes and dump them into holes in the road or our driveway.

Whenever the fire went out. I had to find kindling and build a fire. My mother and the kids stayed in bed until the house warmed up. The furnace also heated our hot water, so during the summer I built a fire on wash days in a small stove in the cellar to heat the water. Everybody took a bath then. To take a bath at other times, you heated a large pan of water on the stove and dumped it into the bath tub along with cold water.

My father did most of the remodeling of the house, and one of his problem areas was plumbing. He was able to get hot water to the bathroom sink, but no cold water. During the winter you tried to fill the sink before the water got too hot or it would scald you, and you brushed your teeth in the bathtub.

We had city water, but the kitchen sink drained into a cesspool in the back yard. From time to time, soap and grease clogged the line and I helped my father un-clog it. It was a nasty job. The one benefit was that cucumbers and melons grew great on the land near it.

A small stream crossed the lower part of our property, and mint grew along its banks. The mint extended to about 10 feet on either side of it and was very pleasant to walk through.

Our property was close to woods that extended for 4 or 5 miles, and this was a main place for us kids to play. We cut down small trees and tried to build forts, (we never succeeded in finishing one) and played in a small stream that wandered through the woods.

Directly behind us, people kept a pony which they let run wild. Nobody rode it, and it became very nasty. We had to watch out for it while cutting across their property.

Abuelo had grape vines along one of the fences from which he made wine. On one of my visits he let me crush the grapes with my feet. My uncles Tony and Johnny usually had the job, but it was fun for me.

My father didn't make wine, but my mother made grape jelly in which the sugar often crystallized making it gritty. I still have a hard time eating grape jelly. The other fence had elderberry bushes along it.

When it flooded, the Crosswhites, who lived between us and the stream separating Riverdale from East River-



Joe, Chi-chi and Franny in our back yard

dale had no drinking water, since their well was flooded. They also had a cow, which they moved to the second floor with them. They'd row over to our house and we'd give them a bucket of water.

Later, when I got interested in pigeons, it was Bobby

Crosswhite who gave me my first pair.

Guns

When I was about 10, I got a b-b gun for Christmas, and had a lot of fun with it. Almost every boy my age had one, and I don't recall anyone ever being injured.

When I was 12, I got a .22 cal. gun. (I still have it) Since there was a lot of woods nearby, I spent a lot of time hunting. A favorite pastime was trying to kill crows. They're very smart, and almost impossible to hit with



Neighborhood friends: Roger Speck and Jimmy Leathers

a .22. A neighbor, Harrington West, and I often went squirrel hunting. He was very good, and taught me a lot about shooting. He was a paratrooper during WWII and participated in many major battles.

When Roger Speck's father asked him to kill a chicken for dinner, we decided to use my b-b gun and Roger's bow and arrow. Roger's father arrived

home to find the chicken running around with an arrow in its neck, and we both caught hell.

Earning Money

Next door to us a man named Mr. Grey had a large garden (about 3 acres) and spent most of his days working in it, watering each plant with a watering can during the summer.

When I was about 12 or 13, he asked my father if it was O.K. to hire me to help him. It was quite an honor, since no one else ever worked for him. In addition to gardening, I cut his grass.

He was very "thrifty", and only had me cut his back yard a couple times a summer. He'd let the grass grow until it was about a foot tall, and I'd have to cut it with a scythe before using the "push" lawn mower. I got 35¢ for doing the back, and 25¢ for the front yard.

Around Christmas time, several of my friends and I chopped down Christmas trees to sell. We'd make a sign and stand beside the road. Most of them remained unsold.

In the spring or early summer we picked blackberries and sold them door to door, and before I was old enough to get a regular job (16) I cut lawns for a number of people; most paid me 50¢; one a whole dollar! I had a push mower, and had to walk a mile or more to some of their homes. During the winter, I painted the interior

of houses, including my grandmother's, Aunt Ethel's & others.

Although the money I made wasn't much by today's standards, prices were a lot different. A store near us had a large display case filled with penny candy. There were jawbreakers, large tootsie rolls, licorice sticks and many other items for a penny each. Coca-cola and other soft drinks were a nickel, and the streetcar and bus fare was a dime. School kids could buy streetcar and bus tickets for two cents each.

People who commuted to DC by bus used weekly passes which had to be renewed each Sunday. We lived at the end of the bus line, and on Friday nights waited at the bus stop and asked people for their pass. We then rode into town on Saturday and visited the museums and whatever else was free.

Just about everything interesting was free. It cost 10¢ to ride the elevator to the top of the monument, but you could walk up for nothing. The stones in the lower part of the monument have the names of the donors carved in them. We'd walk to the top, and race each other back to the bottom.

There were no playgrounds in Riverdale, and since most people didn't own a car, almost no traffic. Most of our games were played in the street. For a couple of years a lady with a large field let us use it for football, but we had to clear the weeds off before we could play.

All the neighborhood kids went barefoot all summer, and playing in the woods and on a road full of gravel wasn't too good for one's feet. It seemed like I had some type of sore, cut or splinter on my feet the entire summer.

The nearest movie theater was in Hyattsville, about three miles away. When we could afford it, my friends and I walked or rode our bikes there to the Arcade movie house. Its seats were wooden and not too comfortable, but we didn't mind.

On the way home, we had to go past the Chambers funeral home which had a lighted, horse-drawn hearse on

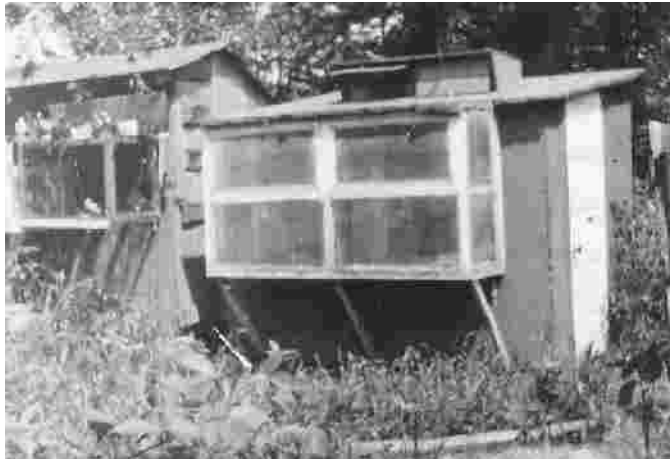
display in its front yard. It was very scary, especially if we had seen a horror movie, so when we first caught sight of it, we began to run or pedal fast, and didn't stop until after we'd passed it.



Billy Marcus and Ronald Pitcherello

On Halloween and when the mood struck us, we played tricks on neighbors. We once removed a wooden barricade someone had across his driveway, and put it across the road. We attached a sign saying Detour on it, and cars following the arrow wound up in a gravel pit. We hid in someone's basement to watch, and were afraid we might be arrested. We weren't!

Something we did a lot of was sing. On summer evenings, a bunch of us would climb a tree in the neighborhood and while sitting in it sing a lot of songs. Some of



My two pigeon houses

them were old standbys like *Shine On Harvest Moon* and *You are My Sunshine*; Others were made up, or at least I never heard them sung by anyone else.

Thinking back, I wonder what the neighbors thought, because we were anything but quiet. I guess they didn't mind because I don't recall anyone complaining.

We went swimming in the "branch" -- an extension of the Anacostia River that separated Riverdale and East Riverdale. I wasn't supposed to swim in the branch because it was not only polluted, but several people had drowned there.

There was a "swimming hole" about a mile from our house that had a rope tied to a tree to swing on to get into the water. There was no doubt that the water was polluted, since raw sewage floated by, but as far as I know, no one got sick from it. Of course I didn't tell my mother where we had gone swimming.

The town of Greenbelt, which was about 10 miles from us, had a public swimming pool, and when we were very ambitious, we rode our bicycles there. It was a very hot ride in the summer, and while we enjoyed the swim, the trip back negated the benefit from the pool.

Greenbelt was constructed by the Roosevelt Administration as a place to relocate inner city people. The problem was, inner city people didn't want to go there, so the Government made it into a cooperative. It had the nation's first shopping mall, which included the pool, stores, a movie theater, and schools. It was designed so residents could walk to the mall without crossing streets. They used tunnels to cross.

I remember seeing President Roosevelt as he rode in an open car through Riverdale on his way to Greenbelt.

World War II

December 7, 1941, was on a Sunday, and when someone in the neighborhood told a group of us boys that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor. We didn't know where Pearl Harbor was, but ran from house to house on our street telling everyone.

I started a scrapbook of clippings from newspapers, but didn't do it right — I neglected to include the name of the paper or the date of each article.

My father joined the Home Guard, the replacement for the National Guard who had been activated. He and Tom Kane used to go to meetings in their uniforms.

When a Civilian Defense Corps started in our area, I was a volunteer. You had to be 18 to be a Warden, so they made me a messenger. I had a helmet and arm band.

During air raid black-outs we went to all houses with lights on, yelling for them to turn them off. We also had regular meetings during which we learned how to identify the different types of poison gas, and what to do during an air raid.

Our Chief Warden was absolutely convinced that we'd be bombed. He had a foreign accent, and called them boms.

One of our neighbors, Mr. Detweiler, was sent to Pearl Harbor to help put the ships and docks back together after the bombing. He was a welder, and had two boys about the same ages as Joe and Franny.

He came back several months later, and gave me enough lumber to build my first pigeon house.

When I started to work for the Dept. of Agriculture in 1944, the tunnel connecting the South Building with the Administration Building had hundreds of barrels of water along its entire length. They were to be used during an emergency.

Later, when the demonstrations against the Viet Nam War or for civil rights occurred, a large area in the South Building's sub-basement was used by the Metropolitan Police, outfitted in riot gear.

St. George's Island

The prettiest girl in school was Jeanine Bauman, and while I was far too young to date, I thought a lot of her. She was a close friend of Anita, and my closest friend, Roger Speck, liked Anita a lot.

One summer, Roger persuaded his mother to take the four of us to St. George's Island for a week. She would do the cooking, and we'd have fun.

A neighbor, Paul Davis, who owned a house there, let us use it. It was a 2-story house on a lagoon with a pier and small sailboat. The lagoon was about a mile wide and a couple of miles long and quite shallow, so there was little danger if we capsized.

There was no electricity, water or telephone. We used oil lamps at night and an outhouse. A hand-operated

pump in the kitchen supplied water.

It was great during the day, but at night the mosquitoes were so bad we tried not to use the outhouse.

The chimneys on the oil lamps had to be cleaned every day, and the girls helped Mrs. Speck with the cooking.

We caught small fish, and sailed around the lagoon in the small sailboat built by Mr. Davis.

All in all, it was a great vacation, but I lost track of Jeanine and have no idea what became of her. So much for my love life.

A few years later, Roger's father bought a place in St. Mary's County near Ridge. It had 73 acres of woodland with 6 acres along St. Jerome's creek. The Speck's invited me to drive there with them. This was before they built the Naval base, and the road from Leonardtown to



This bird flew 500 miles in one day

Ridge was only one lane. When a car came toward you, someone would have to pull off the road. The trip took all day.

The house there had electricity and a telephone. In the evening, as people turned on their lights, the lights in the Specks house dimmed until you could hardly see. After about 9:00, as people along the line went to bed, the Specks lights got brighter and brighter.

The telephone was a crank type attached to the wall. Many people shared the line, and each had a special ring — i.e. two longs and a short. When you heard your ring you picked it up. Everyone else on the line knew who the call was for and could listen in.

On a number of occasions I hitch-hiked to Roger's during the summer, staying a few days at a time. After I got a car, Jimmy Leathers and I drove there one winter, and the three of us shot ducks on St. Jerome's creek.

Roger and I often dated girls from St. Mary's County, and Roger wound up marrying one of them.

Being a Godfather

My brother Joe was born when I was 8, and my father decided that I should be his godfather. I, of course, was happy to do so, but didn't know the prayers. At the ceremony, daddy whispered the words into my ear, and

thus I became Joe's godfather.

While I was away in the service, Anita wrote and said I was to be godfather of her baby, Ricky. I then became Ricky's godfather by proxy.

In time, I was godfather for a number of others; at one time I counted twelve, but am unable to recall now who they all are.

Those I do recall include: Joe's daughter Michelle; Bob's daughter Tina and son Michael; Franny's daughter Chris; and Chi-chi's daughter Julie. Our friends Ralph and Betty Esposito asked us to be godparents for their son Jamie, and the Sklaam's asked us to be godparents for their youngest daughter Colleen.

Dottie and I gave presents on Christmas and birthdays to our god-children until they graduated from High School.

Boy Scouts

When I was 12, I joined the Boy Scouts. We met at Holy Redeemer School, and our Scoutmaster was a Sergeant and his assistant a PFC in the Marines. He taught us how to do close order drill -- something that came in very handy when I went into the service. He also taught us a number of campground songs.

We collected newspapers and scrap metal to raise money to go to camp that summer, and spent a week at Camp Roosevelt on the Chesapeake Bay. We brought and cooked our own food, and slept in teepees on mattresses we had stuffed with straw. I learned later that the Scoutmaster had paid for much of the food with his own money.

After December 7, 1941, both our Scoutmaster and his assistant never showed up. We never heard from them again, and presume they went to the Pacific. The Troop disbanded after that since we had no scoutmaster.

Gardening

We had a very large garden, and since I was the oldest, I spent a lot of time working in it. My father usually had a man plow it with a horse, and this made it easy to work. One year, he apparently couldn't afford to have it plowed, so I had to dig it up by hand. This took a very long time, but I eventually got it done. Our garden was about 75 feet wide by about 200 feet deep.

Anita did the inside chores; mine were outside. We had chickens and sold eggs, and my father raised and trained beagles for field trials. I bought two baby goats, and had hoped to mate them when they grew up. During one of our floods, they spent several days floating around on top of their house, and probably caught pneumonia. At any rate, they died.

Racing Pigeons

At times we also had rabbits and pigs, and as a teenager I raised and raced pigeons. I had two pigeon houses with about 100 birds, and was constantly trying to figure how to pay for their feed.

I belonged to a racing pigeon club in D.C., and we had



St. Paul's class trip to Luray Caverns

races in the spring (for old birds) and in the fall (for those born that year). When a squab was born, I put a metal band on its foot while the back toe was soft enough to bend back. The band identified the bird for life, and was used to identify it during a race.

When the birds were old enough to fly, I would take them a block or two away to see if they came back, and increased the distance until it was a mile or more. My father would drive them to the Pentagon, and release them.

Since I was by far the youngest member of the club, the old timers helped me out. One of them was Sam Rice, a former baseball player with the Washington Senators. Another was "Dutch" Shultz who played for another major league team.

Some of them would ask if I'd like to see their birds. (It was always in the middle of winter and bitter cold) After being shown each of their many birds and learning their backgrounds and the races they'd won, they would offer me a few birds to keep. They wouldn't sell birds to each other, but since I was a kid, they gave them to me. I couldn't race them because they'd fly back to their owners; however I used them for breeding stock.

Before I could begin racing, someone from the racing committee measured the distance from my loft to the nearest street intersection. This was sent to an organization which calculated the distance in yards from the loft to the various race starting points.

The night before a race, I took the birds I wished to race to the club where, after I paid an entry fee, a com-

mittee slipped a heavy rubber band on each bird's leg and put them into a cage to be shipped. The band had a number on the inside which could only be read by taking it off the bird. The racing committee also checked my racing clock to see if it was set properly, and sealed it with a lead seal.

The birds were then shipped to the race starting point where they were released by a Railway Express employee. The first race was 75 miles away; others were farther away until the final one was from LaGrange, GA, 600 miles by air from the D.C. area. One of my birds flew 500 miles in one day.

When a bird flew in from a race, it was trapped as it entered the loft. I then removed the rubber band from its leg and inserted it into the racing clock and cranked its handle thereby stamping the time on a roll of paper, and sealing the band inside. (I still have the clock)

The committee then calculated the number of yards per minute each bird had flown to determine the winner. Without this method, people living in Virginia would have a real advantage over those in the northern suburbs.

The winner received a certificate. Pools of 25¢, 50¢, \$1 and \$5 were available, and if your bird won, you collected from whatever pools it was entered in. If your bird wasn't entered in a pool, the bird entered in that pool won whatever funds were in it.

The Pentagon

In the late 1930's my father got a job with the U.S. Government. Income from real estate was anything but guaranteed, and with six children to support he now had a reliable source. He had been an interpreter for the U.S. Government before he was married, as a member of the team led by General Pershing that arbitrated the dispute between Peru and Columbia. Getting back into the Federal service, however had been very difficult.

He worked for the War Department, and was one of the first people to work in the Pentagon, several years before the building was completed.

When I was 15, I worked on Saturdays at the Pentagon Credit Union as a file clerk. The office was closed, and the Manager, Kenny Bauer, drove me to work and back home. He was an alcoholic, and on the way home drank a bottle of wine while driving. I never told my mother, or she would have stopped me from working there. Several years later, he died from a heart attack while driving his car.

When Franny was about 6 or 7, he and a buddy were playing with matches near the rabbit hutch. My father stored hay in the empty pens, and somehow they managed to set it on fire. It was a Saturday and I was working at the Pentagon, and my father and I rushed home.

In addition to roasting all the rabbits, the fire also burned down the chicken house and dog kennel. When we got home we had to go all over the neighborhood looking for our chickens.

Our property went back a considerable way, so my father decided to put some pigs in the back. They were in

a large space, so had plenty of room to run. The original pair produced 10 piglets, and I had a great time chasing and catching them. The sow was immense, and several times when I jumped on her back she would run. A tree grew at an angle in the pig yard, and the last time I rode her, she ran at full speed under that tree at a place where only she could fit. I turned my head, and nearly tore my ear off. I didn't try to ride her again!

St. Paul's Academy

I graduated from Holy Redeemer in 1942, and my mother wanted me to go St. Paul's in D.C. My aunt,



"The Wild Rose" operetta at St. Cecilia's Academy - 1946

Sister Ann Elizabeth, was a Holy Cross nun, and they taught at St. Paul's. Most of my friends were going to McKinley Tech in D.C. (Maryland schools were considered inadequate, and if one parent worked for the government, you could go to a DC school) and that's where I wanted to go. After the first day at St. Paul's I told my mother I wasn't going back. I stayed home for a couple of days, and finally she agreed to my going to Tech, provided I tell the St. Paul's principal.

The next day, I told the principal I was dropping out because my parents couldn't afford the tuition. She said I could work in the cafeteria and mop the halls in the convent and school instead of paying tuition. I said I still wanted to go to Tech. She said she would agree if I stayed at St. Paul's for the rest of the week.

By the end of the week I had made a number of friends, so decided to stay. The principal asked if I could play any musical instrument., and when I said I could play the violin and piano she put a French horn on

her desk, and said there was an instruction manual in the case, and to take it home and learn to play it. I eventually played both the French horn and the violin in the school band. When we played for graduations, etc., I sat on one side with the brass for marches, and on the other side with the woodwinds for waltzes. There were only two of us violin players.

One Christmas, the music teacher asked me to play Silent Night as background for a Nativity pageant. Two days before the event, the gut holding all the strings on my violin snapped. When I told the teacher I couldn't play, she was furious, implying that I did it on purpose. My grandmother somehow got the thing back together, and I was able to play.

I never had to pay tuition, but did a lot of mopping and sweeping of the school and convent. There wasn't a real cafeteria; so I sold hot dogs and cokes at lunch time, and got my lunch free for doing it.

In my second year at St. Paul's, I learned that one of the girls in my class was a cousin. Her name was Barbara Talley, so I didn't recognize her as a relative. Her mother was a Stanton, a daughter of my grandmother's sister, Ella.

I signed up for a typing course and was the only boy to do so. I enjoyed typing very much, and won a speed typing contest. Typing came in handy in many ways.

During the war, an order of priests from Poland recruited young men in this country to become priests and return to Europe after the war. Two came to St. Paul's for a high school education. I became friends with one, Joe LaPelusa, and several times had dinner with him at the seminary in Hyattsville. This seminary later became Good Council High School.

I was active in the debate club, and with my partner, Penelope Mizales won every debate we entered. We received a special "debate" pin at graduation.

The Holy Cross nuns who taught at St. Paul's also taught at several girls schools in the area. Since I sang in the school chorus, three other boys and I were asked to take the male parts in musicals put on by the girls schools. It was a lot of fun, and we got to meet a lot of girls that way. In an operetta at St. Cecilia's, we sang love songs to our partners. The nun paired me up with my cousin, Mary McKnew, which wasn't too great.

After I married Dottie, the teacher at St. Mary's in Virginia asked me to come help out the boys in an operetta they were putting on. I sang a solo, *Ole' Man River*, as part of that show.

I worked part-time at Dunbarton, a girls high school & college, in Northwest D.C. I worked there after school and on Saturdays for about 2 years, where I cut the grass (several acres) with a riding mower, and planted bushes, etc. In cold or wet weather I worked inside sweeping the halls, etc. I didn't meet with the girls, but the nuns fed me lunch in the kitchen out of the huge vats they cooked in. I could have as much as I wanted -- especially ice cream.

When I turned 16, one of my first jobs was with the

Evening Star. I worked on Saturday nights, and from about 6:00 p.m. until midnight inserted the funnies and other inserts into all but the paper's first two sections. At midnight we had lunch, then inserted what we had done earlier into the first two sections. It was a very dirty job; I was covered in printers ink, including up my nose and in our ears, and didn't get off work until 2:00 a.m.

My First Government Job

In 1944, I learned that the U.S. Government was hiring high school students part time who were 16, and I was one of the first ones hired. I worked for the General Accounting Office at 119 D Street, N.E., directly across from Union Station. My annual salary was \$1,440, but I was paid hourly, so didn't make nearly that much. What I made was a great deal more than I had been earning.

At that time, government employees were paid with



**Grandma holding Ricky, my second god-child, 1949.
Back row; Press, Anita, mother and daddy**

paper checks, each of which had a carbon copy. When they were cashed, the banks sent them to GAO at the end of each month. Since many people didn't cash their check right away, it sometimes took 8 or 10 months before they all came in. Banks then sent them to GAO.

Our job was to take checks from various months and using a rubber finger, put them in order. A pink card was put in the place of missing checks. We called it "flipping checks", and worked from 4:00 until 8:00 p.m. each day, and all day Saturday. A full-time employee stayed with us after GAO closed for the day. We worked full time in the summer.

After a while, they sent me to a different floor to work by myself. My boss was Mrs. George, and when I came in each day she would give me my assignments and say she wanted me to finish my homework before starting on her work.

I was working the day President Roosevelt's funeral train came in from Warm Springs, and went on the roof with others to watch the procession. You could see all the way to the White House.

Government facilities were quite primitive in those days compared to today. There was no air conditioning -- fans mounted on the wall kept us somewhat cooler. At GAO, employees in an open room on each floor operated adding machines by hand -- not electric. Everyone had an inkwell, and they used dip pens with steel points -- no fountain pens.

On one of the floors was a large machine covered by a black plastic cover. I asked a supervisor what it was, and he said it could process checks with holes punched in them. Unfortunately the government hadn't started using such checks yet.

Because of the glare overhead, many of the women wore eyeshades made from the large desk blotters.

Each of the building's five floors was supervised by a GS-5. And although working conditions may have been intolerable by today's standards, people there were happy. One man bragged that he had sat at the same desk with the same inkwell for over 20 years. He was a GS-4. I hoped I would do better after 20 years, but didn't say so.

My second summer they promoted me to searcher. GAO at the time was located in 19 different buildings, and employees who worked on the accounts needed documents housed in different buildings. They gave me a streetcar pass and each morning I was handed a bunch of requisitions. I then went to various buildings, and came back to turn in what I found. If I was lucky and found a lot of the items early in the day, I'd drop in to the court house and sit in on one of the trials.

I once found a paycheck endorsed by President Roosevelt, and was tempted to keep it, but didn't.

I learned that if the school O.K.'d it you could go into the service and skip the second half of your senior year, and I very much wanted to go into the service. The war was drawing to a close, and I hoped it would continue until I was old enough to get in. I asked permission to skip part of the senior year, but my French teacher said she wouldn't pass me because I was doing so poorly. (St. Paul's required two years of French, and I had a hard time passing the first year) I went to see the principal, and she ordered the French teacher to pass me. I then applied for the Navy, and was told there was a waiting list, so after telling everyone I was going into the Navy, nothing happened!.

Christmas and Easter Celebrations

When I was growing up, both Christmas and Easter were very special. My parents didn't have much money, so presents were limited. We got one "good" present and several smaller ones. My "big" presents at different times included a b-b gun, a used bicycle and a 22 rifle. I always asked for and got books, and appreciated them as much as the main present.



Basic training: San Antonio, Texas, September, 1946

As a teen-ager I sang in the choir directed by my grandmother. We had many rehearsals for Christmas and Easter masses, since only the choir sang at mass.

During Holy Week my grandmother played the organ on Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Saturday, and for several years I went with her. To get there we walked about a mile to the streetcar station then took the streetcar three miles to Berwyn.

The church organ had to be pumped either by foot pedal or with a long handle at its side. I'd help my grandmother by using the handle to pump so she could rest her legs.

On Christmas, we'd sing at midnight mass, then come home to bed. Somehow my parents were able to put up the tree and display the presents in the time between getting home from church and when we all woke up.

After Dottie and I were married and my parents had moved to St. Mary's County, mother and daddy would drive up on Christmas Day and distribute presents to each of their children's families, winding up at our house. After having at least one drink at each house, my mother would be feeling no pain.

They'd have dinner with us, and afterward all my brothers and sisters would arrive with their children and we'd celebrate into the night. Mother and daddy would spend the night with Franny, since he had a room for them

Army Air Corps

I went back to GAO that summer, still waiting for the Navy to call. In September I decided to see whether I could get into the Air Corps. (it was still part of Army) I went to Bolling Field, where they gave me a written test and physical and asked a lot of questions. When I asked how soon I could get in, they said, "you're already in, you just signed up." I told them I hadn't told my parents or my employer yet, so they gave me a bus ticket to Ft. Meade and said to report there before midnight.

GAO said I had to give two weeks notice. I said, you'll have to take that up with the Army. I called my parents, and that night they drove me to Ft. Meade.

After several days processing, a group of us were put on a train for San Antonio, Texas. We were assigned to a barracks, and met our drill instructor, Cpl. Berube. He was from New York, and very strict, but we realized he was fair. He was very good at drill, and we enjoyed going through the paces. Our unit won the prize for the best drilled class.

After we completed basic training, they gave us a battery of tests to see what type position we were suited for. The tests were overly simple, so I scored 100% on them all. When I was evaluated, the interviewer said I could pick almost any job. I selected Remote Control Turret Operator or Control Tower Operator.

When our class graduated, the Aviation Engineers school needed students, so all the tests were scrapped, and 400 of us were put on a troop train to Spokane, Washington. The trip took several days, stopping for us to get off and exercise.

At one of the stops, some sunglasses and a pen were missing from the officer in charge, along with hams from the kitchen car. They stopped the train a few miles outside the base in Spokane and made everyone go outside for a shakedown inspection, (take everything out of your duffle bag) but didn't find anything. There was snow on the ground, and we were still in the summer uniforms we wore in Texas. We had to put our duffel bags on our shoulder and march to the base, where we heard a long lecture on the evils of stealing. (I think the cooks sold the hams at one of the stops; and have no idea about the sunglasses) This was my introduction to Geiger Field.

Even though we had taken a battery of tests in Texas, we were given another batch. Again, they were so simple that you couldn't help but pass, and again, they said I could have my choice of whatever school I'd like to attend. (bulldozer operator, electrician, plumber, etc.) It was cold there so I asked if any of the jobs were inside, and they said drafting and topographical drafting. I signed up for drafting, although I had no idea what a draftsman did.

The courses were 8 weeks, but you had to wait until the next course began before starting. To keep us occupied, everyone was put on K.P. This was not much fun, since you reported for duty at 5:00 a.m., and worked until after the evening meal and the mess hall was



Friends in Puerto Rico - l. to r. Sgt. Hansen, me, Sgt. Toth w/baby, Cpl. Hodel

cleaned up. Eventually, I went to school and learned to be a draftsman.

We were offered a 9 day furlough for Christmas, and I decided to surprise my parents by going home. The only way to get there was by train, which took 3 days and 4 nights.

I had enough money for train fare, but very little for food. At each stop men came aboard to sell food, so I lived off cheese sandwiches and coffee, and arrived in D.C. totally broke.

Since I had no money, I walked to Riverdale from D.C., arriving at about 2 or 3 in the morning. The front door was locked, so I climbed in the window and surprised everyone when they came downstairs.

We had a wonderful Christmas, and on the train back I was able to eat in the dining car. I travelled six days to be home three, but it was worth it.

At the end of the 8 weeks of school, I was sent to McChord Field in Tacoma, Washington, and began processing to go to Alaska. We turned in all our clothes except those we were wearing, then started through the processing procedure, which included a physical. When I got to the dentist, he said I needed to have a tooth filled, and would have to come back later to have it done. I was removed from the group, and placed on K.P. duty.

I had K.P. every day, and although I asked, never got to see the dentist. I only had the one set of clothes, including underwear and socks. After 4 weeks, another class processed through and I joined them. When I came to the dentist, the same one said I'd have to come back. I objected rather loudly, and he got a little hot at the words I was using. The Colonel in charge asked what the problem was. When I told him, he ordered the Captain to sign me out immediately, and I was put on a train to West Palm Beach, Florida.

Shortly after I arrived, they gave me a long-handled grass cutter and I joined others who were cutting grass. It was pretty hot work, so when someone asked if anyone could type, I volunteered. A big mistake -- I worked

as a clerk typist and file clerk for the next two years. I was in Group Headquarters and eventually had charge of all their files.

Puerto Rico

I was sent to a Squadron in Borinquen Field, near Aguadilla, P. R. as a file clerk. The Puerto Rican Sergeant in charge of files spoke very poor English, and when I asked him to repeat something, he said "I speak perrfect English". He had learned English from the radio. After a few months, the Headquarters moved there from Florida and merged with the Squadron.

Eventually the Sergeant was transferred and I was promoted to Corporal and put in charge. There were about 60 file cabinets in a long row, and the Sergeant had put a half inch thick folder on top of each cabinet. Before he left, I asked what the folders were, and he said they were the files he didn't know what to do with. It took me many weeks to figure out where to file them.

Our Adjutant was an old army Major who, when he found out I could type, had me type the daily orders (papers that list transfers, promotions, etc) The orders were mimeographed, and apparently there was a shortage of mimeograph stencils. Major Ludwig kept the stencils in his safe, and when the daily orders needed to be typed, he doled out only the number needed. If I made any errors, I used correcting fluid. Sometimes there was more correcting fluid on the stencil than areas without it.

On Monday mornings, the guys who had been picked up by the MP's or otherwise gotten into trouble reported to the Adjutant. He had a voice like a bullhorn you could hear all over the barracks. Those waiting to see him looked very nervous. I was thankful they weren't me.

After I had been in Borinquen Field for about a month, I



First Communion Class, San Antonio, Puerto Rico

asked what the town was like. The guys said it wasn't worth seeing. I still wanted to go, so went by myself. I found out they were right. Cuba was still the place for tourists, and few came to Puerto Rico. The people were very poor; the children didn't wear clothes until they were about 6 or 7. None of the houses in town had



Train that circled the island of Puerto Rico

glass in their windows; they closed shutters when a big storm came up. The big drink was a cubalibra -- rum and coke. It cost 15 cents -- 10 cents for the coke; 5 cents for the rum.

A weekend pass enabled us to go to San Juan, about 100 miles from the base. It was still pretty primitive, but a real city. There were no scheduled busses, only a train that looked like the Toonerville Trolley. I took the train one weekend with a pal, and we stopped at several places along the way. The train made several trips each day, so we just waited until the next time it came by to continue.

Station wagons called publicos also went to San Juan. They had no particular route. You hailed one and asked if he was going there and what he charged. He stopped for everyone along the way; some with chickens or goats. However, we usually made it.

It cost 50¢ a night to sleep at the YMCA in San Juan, and places like El Morro Fort which later became tourist attractions, had no admission charge.

I joined the church choir on the base, and for a while played the organ. The chaplain asked us to sing at a local church that was having its first communion. That Sunday we took a bus up in the hills to a town called St. Antonio. It had no paved streets; the church was barely big enough for the choir. We sat on a bench with our



Charlotte Amalie, Haiti — one of the islands I visited while stationed in Puerto Rico

backs to an open window when they fired off a rocket right behind us. We learned that most of the people were illiterate, and firing the rocket told them mass was starting. A rocket on Saturday reminded them the next day was Sunday.

In 1947 the Air Force was created, and a year later we all got new uniforms. This time, a tailor measured us to make certain we got the correct size.

Someone decided that men serving in the tropics should wear pith helmets, so we were all issued them. Wearing one was like holding a Conch shell to your ear, and was extremely annoying. Most of the men soon "lost" theirs, and before long you didn't see pith helmets any more.

Panama

As a file clerk, I had very little chance of getting promoted, so I frequently asked if I could work as a draftsman. After 15 months they sent me to Albrook Field, near Panama City, Panama, where I drew Radio Facili-



The stability of this arch in Panama they say was used to justify building a canal there.

ties Charts used by pilots to navigate. The charts showed where the radio beacons for each airport were located, and were updated every three months because of changes in the atmosphere. All of the other people who worked at headquarters had to wear class A uniforms, but we were permitted to wear fatigues. We said since we worked with ink, we could easily stain our uniforms. We worked in the basement but didn't mind it.

Our boss was required to put in some flying time each month, and would fly to Nicaragua, where he'd pick up an entire stalk of bananas. It cost 50¢, and they were green. He'd hang the stalk in our office, and when the bananas began to ripen, we'd have a lot of visitors from the floor above.

Panama was so humid that we couldn't draw on paper, so used a rough textured clear plastic which quickly wore out Leroy lettering sets, so we frequently had to change pen points. When we mailed out the books of charts the envelopes had to be sealed with glue, since the pre-glued type would be stuck together.

A good thing about Puerto Rico and Panama was we didn't have to pull KP. In Panama, San Blas Indians did the work. They are very short and stocky and rumors are that they don't allow white people in their villages.



Cathedral looted by Morgan the Pirate in old Panama City

The humidity in Panama was so bad that you couldn't leave anything made of leather or clothes that were soiled out. If you did so, they soon turned green.

In the center of the barracks was a long narrow room with light bulbs on the walls and ceiling. These were kept on 24 hours each day. Shoes, except one pair under your bunk, wool clothing and soiled laundry were kept there.

An industrious black man would gather all the shoes from each floor of the barracks together, shine them and put them back each day. He'd remember where each pair of shoes came from. He cost us a dollar a month, and the people who worked as KP's cost three dollars.

At Christmas they gave me a 10 day furlough, and I was able to travel on an Air Corps plane to Miami, then after waiting a while, got another to D.C.

We had a nice Christmas celebration, and my father wangled a hop for me from D.C. to Miami. It was the day of the Truman inauguration, and all planes were grounded so I was late getting started. I waited for a hop to Albroom, and was a day late getting back. The plane was a B-25, and I rode in the glass nose cone. My CO wasn't too happy when I arrived, but let me off. It was a great Christmas.

In February, they decided we needed flu shots, so they

marched us to the base hospital in the rain where we waited until every one got their shot. The next day I came down with the flu.

They sent me to the hospital where the doctors were convinced I had malaria, and kept taking blood samples. They let me out of the hospital too soon, and I was back with the same problem a week later.

I was supposed to get out of the service in September, but wanted to go to Maryland University and my discharge date would get me there too late for that term. A friend in personnel said he would add my name to those going back in June, and if they caught it would claim it was a mistake. I went to New Orleans in June, where they made me an MP, guarding prisoners picking up trash around the base. I later guarded a prisoner in the hospital. During WWII, he had complained of a bad back, and when the doctors ignored him, walked out of the base to his home and stayed there. After about 6 years they found him bedridden. He was arrested, and put into the base hospital, where he got free treatment. He was glad to be back.

At the time the Air Force had a battery of tests for new recruits they said would determine the skills they qualified for. I was given the tests as an experiment. A perfect score was 10, and the idea was that scores below 10 determined a person's qualifications. I got a 10 on all of them, so they were a waste of time. Maybe they're still using them.

One weekend, I asked a buddy to go with me to New Orleans. He said he was broke, but I said I had money, so we went. The first place we stopped was in a bar where men were playing poker. One of them asked if I'd hold his hand while he went to the bathroom. I won the pot, and when he returned, he gave me a couple of chips as a reward.

It was a set up. I was allowed to win a few pots, and then began losing. Eventually, I lost all the money I had,. The man gave me a \$5 bill, and I had to pawn my watch to get enough money for the bus back to the base. So much for gambling in New Orleans.

Maryland University

I was discharged on July 15, 1949 and entered Maryland U. in September. I applied for the G.I. Bill, and waited for the \$75.00 per month. After several months with no check, I went to the Veterans Administration to find out why. They said that on my application I had left the space blank where it said how much I was earning. I was supposed to write "none". Of course, no one notified me of my error. After filling out another application, I again waited for a check.

In December I got a job in the main Post Office in D.C., reporting for work at 6:00 p.m. and working until midnight -- supposedly. The supervisor would take the time cards we punched in on and put them in his pocket, and we had to work until the mail was out -- sometimes until 3:00 a.m.-- or not get paid. We stood in front of large cabinets with pigeon holes and sorted the mail into

them. Several times during the evening we worked under the chute where the mail trucks dumped the mail, using large wooden rakes to level the pile, and removing the air mail letters from the regular ones.

The day before Christmas Eve the V.A check arrived, and I told the supervisor I was quitting. He said, "If you quit now you'll never get another job with the Post Office." I said I didn't care.

My First Car

During my last year in Panama, I bought a 1939 Dodge with another G.I., and we planned to get discharged there and drive it up the Pan American Highway. The problem was I didn't know how to drive, and the car didn't last long enough for me to learn.

When I left Panama, one of the car's pistons was in my



foot- **My girlfriend Mac by my first car, a 1942 Pontiac**

locker. We had taken the engine apart, but hadn't put it back together. I gave the car away.

When I finally got home, I bought my first real car -- a 1942 Pontiac. It was built during WWII, and didn't have any chrome on it. A friend taught me to drive, and I learned to park on the way to get my drivers license. It took me to Maryland University every day.

The G.I. Bill then was quite different from today. It paid for everything including books and school supplies. I was living at home, so the \$75 was all mine; ex-GI's who were married didn't have it so easy. They got \$120 per month, and many lived in temporary housing on the campus, using orange crates for end tables and army cots for sofas. It took lots of effort, but paid off.

Although the Pontiac got me to school and back each day, in cold weather it would freeze up. The radiator leaked, so I couldn't keep anti-freeze in it. I eventually was able to buy a '39 Plymouth, and kept the Pontiac.

1950 Census

After completing my freshman year, I took a 3-hour test to work on the 1950 census. When I reported for work, they had me unpack boxes of census forms, tying a red

ribbon around those from individual counties and stamping them with a rubber stamp. For this I took a 3-hour test! Most of the employees were college students, and we did a lot more partying than work.

A regular Census employee was in charge of us, and most of the guys found ways to confuse him into believing they were working. For several days, a group of them tried to convince me that two wrongs make a right. It was a lot of fun, but not a lot of Census work got done.

In September, I took a day off to register for the next term in college and found a letter waiting for me saying to report for duty on October 10 for one year. When I got out of the Air Force in 1949, I had signed up for the Inactive Reserve, and the Korean War had started in July of 1950.

I went to work at the Census Bureau the next day and when they asked about school I said I was back in the Air Force.

Korean War

In October, I reported to Langley Field, Va., with a large number of others, and when we got there, they had no idea of what to do with us. They put us in a barracks at the far end of the base that hadn't been used since WWII. It was full of trash, and we had to clean it out because that's where we'd be living. We weren't allowed to go to the PX or movie theater.

A Corporal was put in charge of the inductees, most of whom were Sergeant or above, and as he would march us to a work assignment, men would drop out of line when he wasn't looking. There wasn't much he could do about it since he was outranked.

After 5 days of processing, they sent a small group of us to Bolling Field, D.C. where we were to go to each office and ask if they could use us. After every office had told us no, we were sent to Andrews Air Field to do the same thing.

After visiting all the offices there and being told they couldn't use us, we were to be sent to Long Island. I wasn't too keen about that, so looked in the base telephone directory and found that my boss in Puerto Rico was at Andrews. I went to his office, and when he saw me, he said, "what the hell are you doing here?" I told him they were planning to send me to New York, and he said, "Do you want to stay here?" I said yes, so he asked his sergeant to call the Pentagon and say he had asked that I be called back in the service and somehow the papers had gotten screwed up. The Pentagon people were glad to find a slot for somebody, so I stayed at Andrews for the rest of my year's duty. While there I was promoted to Staff Sergeant.

I was given quarters in a building that had housed government girls during WWII. It was next door to the Census Bureau.

After moving in, I walked next door to the Census Bureau and it was quite a surprise for everyone. A bonus was that I could go home at night and eat with my fam-



Dottie Barron

ily, which I did most of the time. I usually slept at the barracks because it was quicker to get to work from there.

I shared a room with an ex-professional wrestler named Gallagher who was quite a character. When he was broke, he'd sell a pint of blood to a hospital. He had cards from all DC hospitals and went from one to another.

When I reported for work at Andrews, they

were laying for me. The CO wanted a large organization chart made and none of them wanted to do it.

It was on heavy poster board 40" x 80", too big for a drafting table. I had to do the lettering on the floor.

Several weeks after I finished and it was hanging on the wall I noticed I'd misspelled the name of the organization. When I left nearly a year later, it was still there. No one else had noticed, or said anything.

My work at Andrews Field was quite interesting. We charted the locations of the radar sites in the U.S., among other things. Since our work was for the most part top secret, we operated literally inside a safe. A guard was stationed outside our door, and I frequently had trouble getting in in the morning.

The door to our workplace was hidden behind a curtain at the rear of an adjacent office. A peephole was at the top of the door, and when you rang the doorbell an eye would appear at the hole, along with a voice ordering you to identify yourself.

Everything we were working on during the day had to be locked in our safe overnight. Once, when the chart I was working on was too large to fit in our safe, I took it to another location where a large vault was located. The next morning when I went to pick it up, the guard said, "I don't know you," and refused to let me in. I said, "I don't know you either," and called my supervisor to come and identify me so I could get the chart.

My boss was a civilian, and the only person I ever knew who was ambidextrous. An artist, when he got tired drawing with one hand, he used the other.

We had probably one of the very first Xerox machines. It was very large, and in two different parts. To make a copy, you inserted a drawing (we never used it for type-

written copy) into the machine which copied it in black powder. You then used a q-tip to make corrections, and inserted it into an oven. After it baked for a couple of minutes you had a copy. All together it took 2 or 3 minutes, and we thought that was amazing! Before we had the machine, we had to make a new drawing for each copy, and several Generals wanted copies.

To make extra money, I worked part time in a furniture store on Pennsylvania Ave. owned by a man who had been a travelling salesman. He had two big easy chairs in the middle of the store, one for himself; the other for visiting salesmen.

One of his friends came in sporting a Masonic pin in his lapel, and he said, "I didn't know you were a Mason." He replied, I'm not only a Mason, but a Knight of Columbus, and many other things, and lifted his lapel. Behind it were 8 or 10 membership pins. "I joined them all to learn their secret handshake, and when I visit a customer I wear his membership pin and give the secret handshake.

Three Cars

My father had a '39 Plymouth he wanted to trade in, and I bought it from him. I now had three cars; two Plymouths and a Pontiac, some of which ran. I used parts from one Plymouth to fix the other.

One day when Daddy was ready to go to work all three of my cars were behind his in the driveway, and I couldn't get one of them to start. He was quite upset, to put it mildly, so when I mentioned that I had an opportunity to buy a '48 Mercury, he said, "not until you get rid of all three of these cars."

I was able to sell them all, however, I got my brother Bob to meet the buyer for the Pontiac, since it wasn't in very good shape. I then bought the Mercury.



Billy Marcus with Jean, one of the three telephone operators

PatMacorJean

My close friend Billy Marcus introduced me to a girl who worked as an information operator for the telephone company. Her nickname was Mac, and she lived with

two other information operators named Jean and Pat. Billy was going with Jean, and I began dating Mac.

When either Billy or I wanted to contact one of the girls while they were working, we'd dial Information and quickly say, "PatMacorJean. If the operator was one of the girls, she'd talk. If it wasn't, we'd hang up.

I went with Mac for over a year, and we had a great time together. Her family lived in Herald Harbor, a beach near Annapolis, and we visited there several times. Unfortunately, Billy started dating Pat behind Jean's back, and when she found out, the resultant fight also ended my relationship with Mac.

One Spring day, we went on a picnic with several other couples, and seeing some Sassafras, I dug up its roots to show where root beer comes from. I dug with my hands and the next day had poison ivy so bad I couldn't bend my fingers.

The base doctor had me soak my hands in very hot water for 15 minutes, then he applied calamine lotion. I repeated this throughout the day, and by the next morn-



On the way back from New Orleans. Dottie, Jean & Joe Dezbor

ing the poison ivy had disappeared.

In October 1951, I was discharged from active duty, and went back to Maryland University. Since I had done poorly as an engineering student, I switched to Agriculture, where I learned how to butcher a pig or sheep, among other things. For my second semester I decided to study Architecture, since I was a draftsman. Maryland didn't offer such a degree, so I took some applicable courses with plans to transfer to Catholic University in the fall.

Sugar-bowl Trip

Before leaving Andrews Field, I joined a church bowling league, and a very pretty girl named Dottie Barron was on my team. I started going with her, and when Maryland got to play in the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, asked her to go there with me. Two couples we palled around with wanted to go, so Billy's sister Jean and Joe Dezbor, and Billy and his date joined Dottie and me in my car. We got as far as South Carolina when someone said "Route 1 doesn't go to New Orleans." No one had

bothered to look at a map. We headed west, and spent the first night in Macon, Ga. (There were no interstate highways then, only 2 lane roads)

Our plan was to get to New Orleans in time to celebrate New Years Eve, and heading the wrong way didn't help.

Someone told us you couldn't get a room in New Orleans, so since we were in a great hurry to get there before midnight, we stopped at a tourist camp somewhere between Biloxi and New Orleans (there were no motels) and booked a cabin for the boys and one for the girls.

We had painted a gallon jug black, added a Maryland U. decal and filled it with whiskey sours. As soon as we could all get showered and changed, we set out for New Orleans, arriving shortly before midnight. We drank the jug dry and about 4:00 a.m. decided to head back to the tourist court. All we had were the keys of the two cabins. There was nothing on them to identify the name of the place, and nobody remembered. Billy Marcus drove, and we shuttled between New Orleans and Biloxi several times before someone recognized it. (most of us were sleeping) By now it was 8:00 a.m.!

We again rushed in to get showers, and headed back to New Orleans for the game. (there was no time for sleeping) We made it, and Maryland won, even though they were very much the underdog.



Our Wedding Day

Marriage to Dottie

The trip paid off, for in early June Jean and Joe Dezbor got married. Dottie and I were members of their wedding party, and on June 21st 1952, Dottie and I were



On our Honeymoon at the Commander Hotel in Ocean City

married at Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Takoma Park.

We tried to get married in our parish church, but they were holding services in the movie theater and didn't have room for the number of people we expected in the chapel they used at other times.

Our Lady of Sorrows Pastor was in the hospital, and ours would be the first wedding the Assistant Pastor had officiated. When Dottie asked if we could have it recorded, he didn't know what to do. Eventually we were able to have it recorded — something nearly unheard of at the time.

My mother sang, and I have a CD of her singing the Ave Maria and two other songs.

We held the reception in the house in Takoma Park and went to Ocean City for our honeymoon. We stayed at the Commander Hotel on 12th Street and the ocean. It was the northern most hotel on the beach, and had a fence from the hotel to the water's edge so only guests could swim there. The boardwalk ended there, and beach walkers headed north had to go around the hotel.

The Commander was on the American Plan, which meant that all meals were included. Waiters were formally dressed, and our private waiter was named Alphonse. When we arrived, I asked him to refrigerate a bottle of champagne. A year later when we returned, I asked them to heat a bottle for Lui.

I planned to register at Catholic University in the fall, and called the Veterans Administration to see what jobs might be available. They said there were two jobs for draftsmen in the Government, and since this would only be for the summer, I asked which was on a streetcar line, since I had sold my car to pay for Dottie's engagement ring. They said Agriculture, so I went there, where I stayed for the next 32 years. I started out as a GS-5 with the Farm Credit Administration for \$3,410 per year, and thought that was very good.

Before the summer was over, Dottie became pregnant, so I kept working at Agriculture.

When I started, Truman was President, and after 20 years of Democratic rule, the government had become

top heavy -- more chiefs than Indians. I was one of two draftsmen and we had multiple bosses. Our boss had a boss, and he had a boss, and all of them had only three people to supervise in our division -- the two draftsmen and a secretary.

There was very little to do, so I'd kill time by reading a newspaper. Each day, my boss would say, "don't you have anything to do?"

When I'd reply no, he'd tell me to go help the guys in the mail room. I didn't mind this at all, since it was better than being bored.

When Eisenhower took over, he reorganized the government, and all three bosses were forced to retire.

Farmer Cooperative Service

I was included in a new agency, called the Farmer Cooperative Service created from a Farm Credit division. Supplies and equipment in the two Information divisions were supposed to be equally divided, but Farm Credit employees decided how they were divided. They gave us what they didn't want, including broken cameras and obsolete equipment. I made frequent visits on Saturdays and stole the things we needed. They knew what was going on, but couldn't prove it, so we eventually had a division that worked.

I became responsible for the layout and design of all FCS publications along with a monthly National magazine, *The News for Farmer Cooperatives*. I also worked with the Government Printing Office and private printing contractors to make sure our publications were printed the way we wanted

The magazine was contracted to private printers, some



Dottie and Lui (about 2 months old)



Lui's 6-month Birthday

of whom were in Baltimore, so I travelled there.

I was also responsible for exhibits and motion pictures, and travelled from time to time with camera crews while they filmed footage.

When one of our major exhibits was to be displayed at a conference in Columbus, Ohio, I drove it there in a USDA truck and set it up.

I stayed with FCS for ten years, and was promoted to the highest grade level for that position. I enjoyed the work, and had a private office and assistant, but was pretty much stuck at that grade level. I began looking for ways to move up.

Appalachian Craft Show

Beryle Stanton, my boss in FCS, had visited the Appalachian region and was impressed with the many Craft Cooperatives she saw there. Unfortunately, their members had very little opportunity to sell their creations.

She got permission from the USDA to let the Co-ops use its Patio to display their handicrafts. It was extremely successful, and many visitors came. Exhibitors included an apple doll maker; a lace maker and people who made children's toys from sticks.

Although I had moved to another agency, they asked if I'd take Kindergarten groups through. I escorted many such groups, and have several books of drawings the kids sent me later.

After several years, the show became so popular that the Smithsonian decided to hold a much bigger event on the Mall. This has now become a major tourist attraction, but it began because Beryle Stanton wanted to help a few rural co-ops make some money.

804 Kennebec Avenue

Our house on Kennebec Ave. had an apartment on the second floor, and I decided to build an efficiency apart-

ment in the basement. This proved to be a major undertaking. The garage under the house became the kitchen, and what had been a coal bin I converted to an outside entrance. This involved knocking out a wall and installing a new cement floor.

My cousin, Arthur McKnew, who is an electrician, did the wiring, and I installed a gas heater. Everything was done without a building permit, and I learned later that the gas heater was illegal.

It became an efficiency apartment, taking up the front half of our basement. Our furnace, laundry room and my workshop were in the back half.

The rent we received from the two apartments was more than enough to cover our mortgage, and by carefully managing our finances, we paid it off in about four years.

The second floor apartment was quite small, and we often had difficulty renting it because people couldn't fit their furniture there. Also, when we moved into the house on Flower Avenue, tenants began quarreling with each other and complaining to me.

One of the second floor tenants was a heavy drinker from Tennessee. I once found him laying on the back lawn asleep in a drizzling rain, and noticed that the bottom panel of the aluminum storm door on his unit had been kicked out. I woke him up and asked, "what happened to the storm door?" He looked up groggily and said, "I guess the sun must of drawed it out."

I told him I didn't care how it happened, but he'd better

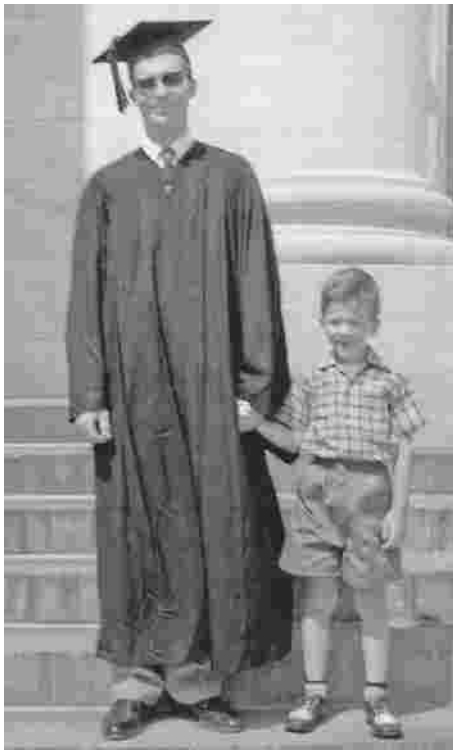


Lui and his dog Sandy

fix it. He did, in a few days.

After seven years, we decided to sell the house, retaining the portion of the property adjacent to ours.

Lui



Graduation from American University—1959

On April 10, 1953, Lui was born in Garfield Hospital in D.C. At that time, they didn't allow the fathers on the same floor as their wives, so while Dottie was in labor, I had to stay in the lobby on the ground floor. Billy Marcus, who was in college, joined me, and we waited nearly 24 hours for the event to happen. During the night, the receptionist went home, so Billy used her desk to do his homework. People would ask directions, and he

would tell them where to go. (he didn't have any more idea than I did)

When I went to see Lui, he was behind glass in the nursery. I had taken a movie camera there, but the nurse said it was against the rules to take pictures, however, if I hurried she'd turn her back. (times certainly have changed!)

Dottie's Great Aunt Deb lived with us, and took care of Lui during the day. She also cooked our dinner and did most of the housework. Our house was very small -- two bedrooms and a bath -- and privacy was out of the question. After several years, Aunt Deb became ill and we hired a practical nurse to take care of her and Lui.

The nurse was a very large black woman named Barbara. Her job was to take care of Aunt Deb and Lui, and prepare the food ready for us to cook for our dinner. She adored Lui, and anything he asked for was immediately provided.

At first, Barbara was great; in addition to what we had hired her to do, she'd mop and wax the floor, wash and iron curtains and have our dinner ready for us when we got home.

Unfortunately, this didn't last. Aunt Deb had to call Barbara many times before she'd come to see what she wanted. She spent most of the time sitting on our sofa, watching TV. After several warnings, we fired her.

Dottie and her aunt had many heated arguments so we looked for a nursing home for Aunt Deb, and found a great place called Carol Manor that agreed to take her

even though she wasn't Catholic. The day after she went there, Dottie wanted to bring her back home, but we talked it over and realized she was in the best place. She lived at Carol Manor for several years, and although ill, had all her faculties and became a favorite of the nuns. (most patients were senile.) Before she died she became a Catholic.

Government Printing Office

Dottie worked at the Government Printing Office as secretary to the Deputy Public Printer. When the Administration changed, the incoming Public Printer wanted to keep the Deputy even though he had been hired by a different political party. So much pressure was put on the Public Printer that the Deputy retired (he had over 30 years service).

The Public Printer decided he wouldn't fill the position, so for a year Dottie came to work each day with nothing to do. They couldn't admit that they weren't going to fill the Deputy's slot. Finally, after much more pressure, he made an assistant night manager the new Deputy and didn't give him anything to do. For the next year, he and Dottie used to study the racing forms each day to figure out which horse would win.

After Elaine was born Dottie stopped working and took care of a boy about Elaine's age. She said she wanted to earn enough money to buy a dishwasher, and saved every penny until she had enough to do so.

Lui was a very healthy child until he was about 7, when he developed asthma. At first, we didn't know what his problem was; we'd take him to a doctor in D.C. where he'd get a shot of penicillin. He'd be good for a couple of weeks and we'd have to do it all over again.

Finally, I called the AMA and asked if they could recommend a doctor who would come to the house. They said Dr. Glick, and when I called him, he said, "will this be a one-time deal or permanent." I said, that depends on you; We liked him, and he became Lui's doctor from then on.

St. Camillus

When Lui was old enough to attend school, we sent him to St. Camillus, which by that time had built a school and was holding mass in its auditorium.



Elaine and Lui — her first Christmas

It was at the height of the baby boomers influx, and all schools were extremely over-crowded. Lui's first grade class had over 70 pupils, and they used the auditorium since no classroom would hold them.

When Lui finished the 2nd grade he was awarded the prize for having the highest marks in the class. He said he could have done so in the first grade, but didn't know they gave a prize. He went on to get the award for the rest of the years he was there.

St. Camillus decided to have an elected school board as a way of involving parents in the school's operation and I was elected to the first board. It was interesting,



Lui, Elaine and Dottie — about 1964

but after serving a term, I decided not to run again.

When Lui was in the fifth grade, the school began the Great Books program, and Dottie and I volunteered to be teachers. Fifth graders interested in participating came in on Saturdays to do so. Simplified versions of many of the great books, including those by Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, and Shakespeare were read and discussed.

Dottie taught one class and I had another. It was a lot of fun and both we and the students got a lot out of it. I still have the books.

Bicycles

Dottie and I had bicycles and did a lot of riding around the neighborhood. My bike had a large wire basket attached to the handlebars.

When Lui was about a year old I cut holes in the front of the basket and using a padded baby blanket and

strap made a bike seat for him. In this way, the three of us rode together.

After Elaine was born, Dottie decided to surprise me with a bike for Christmas. She bought one unassembled and hid it next door.

Our custom at Christmas was to decorate the tree in our basement recreation room, and after the kids had gone to bed, put their presents out. In the morning, I would take movies of them coming down the steps to see what they'd gotten.

This particular Christmas eve, after the presents were out, Dottie said she'd like to spend a little time alone there and suggested I go to bed. I did so, and after about an hour, heard her stomping up the basement steps. Coming into our bedroom, she said, "this is the worst Christmas I've ever had."

When I asked why, she took me downstairs to see my new present. She'd gone next door in the snow and dragged it over, then tried to assemble it only to realize that it was a girl's bike.

The day after Christmas I exchanged it for a boy's bike.

I added a child's seat for Elaine, and with Lui on his bike the four of us went riding together. A favorite place to ride was the Canal towpath that runs along the Potomac River.

When Elaine was about 6 we got her a bike, and we all went to the towpath. She was quite wobbly, and it was very scary. The towpath is quite narrow in places with a drop-off on either side. Fortunately, Elaine was able to keep to the path, and didn't go over.

In addition to the towpath, we also rode on the trail to Mt. Vernon, and on a bicycle path in Montgomery County. Eventually, both Lui and Elaine got 10-speed



Dottie & Elaine pointing to the stickers showing some of the places where we had camped.



At a campsites in our Apache camper

bikes, but I still have the bike Dottie got me for Christmas.

Back to School and Flower Avenue

Although I liked my job, I realized there was no possibility of promotion. I was designing a monthly magazine, many other publications, and drawing charts, and wanted to get into writing and editing. My boss said if I took a few courses at night, she would give me writing assignments.

I enrolled in a Public Relations course at American University, and enjoyed it so much that I decided to go for a degree. Most of the Maryland credits I had were not accepted. It took six years going 3 nights a week in winter and 2 nights a week in summer to graduate.

We had watched a house whose back yard bordered ours being built around the corner on Flower Avenue. When a couple of years later we saw a for sale sign on it we decided to find out what it looked like inside. The elderly couple who owned it had decided to move to Florida, and said it was sold and the buyers were supposed to return in 45 minutes with a down payment. Since they had been so nasty, they said if we wanted to buy it for the same price we could have it.

They set the timer on the stove, and Dottie and I sat on the basement steps trying to decide whether to buy or not. When the timer rang, we said we wanted to buy it, and when the prospective buyers showed up they were told that the house was already sold.

We then put our apartment up for rent, and got a tenant right away. Unfortunately, the owners of the new house were unable to get into their Florida residence, so we had a problem. The basement apartment in our house was vacant at the time, so we moved all our furniture into the basement of the new house and began living in our own basement. This lasted for a couple of weeks, until finally we were able to move to the house on Flower Avenue.

D.C. National Guard

A man I worked with who was a Colonel in the D.C. National Guard asked if I'd like a Commission in the guard. They met one weekend each month, and got paid. Since I could use the money, I said yes.

When I reported for duty, they said since I had been in the Air Force, I'd have to take some courses before getting a commission, but could enlist as a Sergeant.

There were ten courses, each requiring considerable study, and although a friend gave me all the answers, it took a long time to complete them.

In the meantime, I came to the meetings, and since I had been in the service twice before didn't have to participate in their classes. I just sat around with the First Sergeant until the meeting was over, and went home.

On one of the holidays, the Guard marched in a parade in D.C., and Dottie brought Lui down to see it. When I came by, he said, "There's my daddy, I can tell by the face."

In the summer, the guard spent 2 weeks in camp near Lewes Del., and I was Charge of Quarters nearly every night, which meant I had to stay up most of the night.

On the first weekend, Dottie and the wife of a Lieutenant whom I had gone to high school with came to visit.

We



Elaine — about 2 months old

stayed in a motel, and went to the beach together. On Monday, the Lieutenant got into trouble for fraternizing with an enlisted man.

That did it for me. I could see they weren't ever going to give me a commission, and told the Captain I wanted out. Within a few weeks they sent a letter asking if I'd come in to sign for my discharge. I ignored it, and they sent me the discharge anyway.

I now had three discharges from the service.

Elaine

Dottie and I wanted very much to have four children, but this was not to be. Dottie had two miscarriages, and we spent a lot on doctors trying to have another child.

After about 6 years, we gave up.

When Lui was 7, Dottie learned she was pregnant, and on August 24, 1961, we had a lovely baby girl, born at Suburban Hospital in Bethesda, MD. I wanted her to be named Dorothy Elaine after her mother, and Dottie decided to add Luisa Girarda when the hospital asked her. Luisa is a feminized version of Luis, and Girarda is her feminized version of St. Girard, patron saint of mothers.

Elaine had coal black hair and black eyes, and a nurse said she was the prettiest baby in the hospital.

When I told Dottie how happy I was to finally have a



On a Dune Buggy riding over the Oregon Dunes. The driver would go full speed up the dune, then go just as fast in reverse back down.

daughter, she said, "just give her time, she'll do things that will make you mad." I said, "nothing she could ever do would make me mad," and Dottie got mad.

When Elaine was two, we went to the New York World's Fair. We stayed in Manhattan for a week and drove each day to the fair. People had said we shouldn't do this because there was no place to park, but we took the subway the first day and decided to chance it with the car. We had a great time, and with Elaine in a stroller were able to go to all the pavilions.

Tent Camping

In 1962, we bought a tent that attached to a station wagon, and had our first outing in October at Washington Monument State Park near Boonesboro, MD. It was on top of the mountain, and our campsite slanted downward. We zipped Elaine into a one-piece bunting with a lot of clothes underneath, and she rolled from one side of the tent to the other. If the door had been unzipped, she'd have rolled down the mountain. We spent most of the night keeping her warm in the station wagon.

The next summer, we traveled to upper New York state

and camped at Lake Meachum. We found a campsite next to the lake, and couldn't understand why most of the campers were back from it. We soon found out. We had arrived on the only day when the wind wasn't blowing hard. It was so strong that the towels on the line were horizontal the whole time we were there.

We visited Montreal and got lost and while trying to find our way came close to hitting a white Cadillac. After going a few blocks, the driver of the Cadillac waved us over, claiming I had hit him. I asked where, and couldn't see any mark on his car. He wanted me to pay him right there. I said to get a policeman to settle the dispute. He came up with one who didn't speak English. The guy who claimed I hit him translated my side of the story to the policeman. I said I had insurance and they would pay if I was at fault. When I got home I called my insurance agent who said to forget the whole thing. I never heard any more about it.

We learned that tent camping is O.K. when the weather is dry, or you're going to stay in the same place for a while, but there's nothing worse than packing a wet tent when you want to move to another campground.

Dottie's Carpool

Elaine went to the local public school for kindergarten, and we decided to send her to St. Camillus for the first grade. Lui had graduated from St. Camillus the year before, so Dottie planned to drive Elaine to St. Camillus and Lui to where he could catch a bus to Georgetown Prep.

After a little more than a week, as Dottie returned home a man in another car followed her into our driveway. He was Stuart Sklaam, and said he had a daughter in St. Camillus and asked Dottie if she'd alternate with him in driving to school.

He said he'd tried to get a Chinese lady to carpool with him but she had refused. She said she was afraid to do so, be-



At the Circus museum in Sarasota, Florida

cause "all white children looked alike" to her.

Dottie accepted, and the Sklaam's became good friends. Stuart had been a child radio actor until his voice changed at age 29, and had lots of stories to tell.

Roger Meersman

Elaine's closest friend in kindergarten was Solange Meersman, whose father headed the Maryland University drama department. On opening nights of plays by his students, Roger invited a large group of friends to the play as his guest, afterward joining the cast at his home. We went several times and it was a lot of fun,



Elaine with one of the guides at Stone Mountain, GA

especially to hear what the actors had experienced during the play. One play was the Barber of Seville, and the students had a lot to say about the rape scene.

Roger and his wife Delight took in a foster child in addition their four, and always got a black infant. Delight was very blonde, so the contrast was striking.

Cub Scouts

When Lui was 9 he joined the Cub Scouts. Each year a Cub Scout from the D.C. area is selected to present a pin to a National leader, and Lui competed for the honor. A Scout was supposed to look the honoree in the eye, shake his hand and say he wanted to present the pin and why. Lui and I practiced for a very long time, and at the meeting attended by Cubs from all over the area he was selected to present the pin to Secretary of State Dean Rusk. When the time came, the Cubans had shut the water off in the Guantanamo base, causing Rusk to cancel. They asked Lui to present the pin to Ambassador Sevilla Sacasa from Nicaragua, who was the Dean of the Washington Ambassadors.

Sacasa was a real character. I had my camera and he asked if I could send him a picture of Lui presenting the pin. He then showed us several shelves of albums of himself. One album was of him and Presidents; another was of him and Popes; yet another was of him and Kings. I thought it quite unusual that he wanted himself

and a Cub Scout, but sent him the picture anyway.

In a couple of weeks, Dean Rusk's office called and Lui gave a pin to him too. He showed us the red telephone used for an international crisis, and his wife took us on a tour of the State Department.

Camping in the Apache Camper

In 1965 we bought an Apache camper, and decided to see the country. The camper was small, with 2 beds that pulled out on the sides. I made boxes to fit under the beds when we travelled; a large box at one end for our clothes; smaller ones for pots and pans, camping gear and canned goods. A camp stove and heater were also stored there, and our ice chest stayed in the car.

After trying it out in several local areas, we headed for Yellowstone National Park. We spent the first night at Indiana Dunes State Park, and drove through downtown Chicago the next day. When I asked someone where the loop was, he said, "you're in it."

One of the most impressive sights was the Badlands in South Dakota. We visited Mt. Rushmore, and stopped to look at a buffalo herd by the side of the road. Missy (Elaine) who was 4 years old, ran up to one of the buffalo who ignored her. That night we heard a Park Ranger say never to get out of your car near a buffalo herd because they were so unpredictable.

We drove to Deadwood, visited where Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickock are buried; walked around Devil's Tower and went to several rodeos. We took a tour of the Homestake Gold mine in Lead. It's the largest operating gold mine in this hemisphere.

We finally camped in Yellowstone Park and saw all the sights — Old Faithful, Mammoth Springs Yellowstone Falls, etc.

We drove to Gardner, Montana, where I had to tie the



Elaine & Dottie on the Boston Freedom Trail walking tour



Elaine and me in front of the Apollo 11 moon shot just before it took off

trailer to the car to keep it from blowing away, and visited with my closest friend in the service -- Dave Langevin -- who worked in Yellowstone National Park.

While there, Dave asked me where I worked. When I said REA, he went into a tirade, claiming that co-ops were all communist. Apparently the electric co-ops in Montana were encroaching on the gas company he worked for.

We drove to Grand Teton National Park in Idaho, then to Salt Lake City, where we visited the Mormon Tabernacle and swam in the Salt Lake. We drove through Colorado, saw the Air Force Academy and camped in Red Rock Amphitheater. We stopped in Dodge City and Boot Hill, then to Springfield Illinois to visit where Lincoln lived and is buried.

In Zanesville, Ohio our muffler conked out on a Saturday, and after unsuccessfully trying to locate someone to fix it, we decided to drive home without a muffler.

About midnight we arrived at Ft. Necessity, Pa. and woke a lot of campers with our muffler, but I was too sleepy to drive further. The next day we headed home.

In 1966 we drove to Oak Ridge, Tenn., and visited the Atomic Energy Museum. We toured Andrew Jackson's home, *The Hermitage*, in Nashville and saw a reconstruction of the Parthenon in a park there.

We drove to Memphis before the Interstate Highways were built, and it was so hot I made sure the campground we stopped at had swimming available.

Lui was our navigator and did all the map reading. He also picked out where to camp for the night, and said

T.O Fuller State Park had swimming.

We set up camp there but couldn't see any place to swim. A fellow camper said there was a pool, but all the lifeguards were black. However, a Park Ranger would be there. We arrived at the pool to find that the lifeguards, all the other swimmers and the Park Ranger were black. We were the only white people there. We went swimming anyway and enjoyed it, although we got some dirty looks.

We drove to Dallas and saw where Kennedy was shot. There were still many wreaths on the bridge there. You couldn't get into the schoolbook depository, but we drove to the jail where Ruby shot Oswald.

We went to Carlsbad, New Mexico and stayed with Betty Esposito's parents, the Oliver's. They took us to El Paso and Juarez, where I bought a large Aztec Calendar and Lui got a big sombrero. We had dinner at a great restaurant called The Virginia, and when the cab driver dropped us off at the border, I discovered I'd left the Aztec Calendar in the cab. About a half hour later the cab driver returned with the calendar. It cost 2¢ to cross the bridge to Mexico and 1¢ to return.

We toured Carlsbad Caverns and went swimming in the river there. When we got ready to leave we discovered that Mrs. Oliver had packed our ice chest with home-made food and dessert.

We went to White Sands, N.M. and rolled down the dunes there. The gypsum sand is so fine we couldn't get it off in the campground, so we checked into a motel for a real shower,.

We visited "Old Town" in Albuquerque, the Painted Desert and Churchill Downs racetrack on our way home. In Beckly, W. Va. we toured a working coal mine.



Dottie, Lui & Elaine at a Grand Canyon overlook

In 1967, we headed north to Niagara Falls. While we stopped at one of the overlooks, Dottie's purse was stolen from the car. We went on the Maid of the Mist boat to the base of the falls. Everyone had to wear a raincoat and boots because of the spray. We also went through a tunnel behind the falls, where you could see them from behind.

We camped at Sault St. Marie where large ships seemed to come right through the campground. It was on the bank of the canal used by the ore ships coming through the Great Lakes.

We took a ferry to Macinac Island, where autos are not allowed. People there ride bikes or horse and buggies. We rented bikes and toured the island, and said we'd like to return and stay at the Grand Hotel there.

We took a 2½ hour boat tour of the Wisconsin Dells, and toured the Kellogg plant in Battle Creek, Mich. The Ford plant employees were on strike so they opened the River Rough plant where they manufactured steel, to tourists.

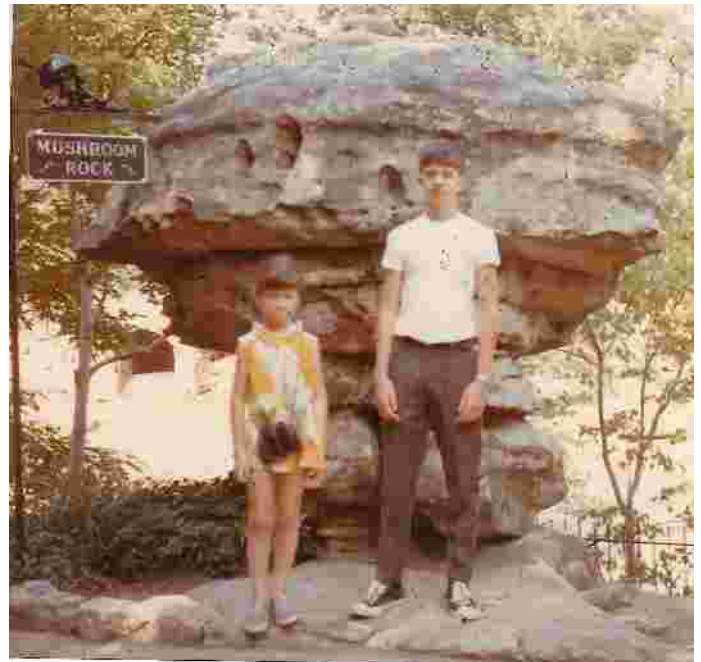
A trip highlight was a visit to Greentree Village, where Henry Ford had moved famous buildings from all over the country. Thomas Edison's workshop, the Wright Brothers garage and many other places are there.

On the way home, we stopped at Harpers Ferry, and walked to a large rock overlooking the Potomac which Thomas Jefferson said offered a view that was worth the trip from Europe to see.

In 1968 we headed for the Grand Canyon and spent



Elaine in her Brownie uniform with Dottie



Lui and Elaine at Blowing Rock North Carolina

the fourth of July in Flagstaff, Arizona, where we attended an all Indian parade, pow-wow and rodeo.

While waiting for the rodeo to start, an old Indian began talking to Elaine. I thought he wanted money; instead, he offered to get us into the rodeo. Indians sat on one side of the arena and got in free. He asked us to be his guest and sit with the Indians.

After the rodeo, dancers from all the tribes demonstrated their tribal dances. The next day, we flew down into the Grand Canyon, and tried to walk down the trail to the bottom. Lui and Dottie went the farthest.

We toured Hoover Dam and stayed in a motel in Las Vegas, where I hit the jackpot on a quarter machine, paying for our motel bill and breakfast.

We went to Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm; toured Universal Studio and drove through Hollywood.

On the way north, we toured the Hearst Mansion, and stayed with Bobby Barr and his family in San Francisco.

Bobby is an adopted son of Margaret and Richard Barron, Dottie's aunt and uncle. He gave us a great tour of San Francisco.

We then visited Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks and drove thru Oregon to the rain forest in Washington. The Oregon state parks were outstanding. One evening we stopped to eat, and I asked how big their large size pizzas were. They said 12 inches, so I ordered three. When they arrived, they were 2 feet across. The 12 inches was the radius!

We took a dune buggy ride over the dunes there. The "buggy" was a pickup truck and we sat in the back. The driver would go full speed to the top of a dune, then full speed in reverse back down.

We headed east to Spokane and I visited Geiger Field, where I had been stationed. We stopped at the Little Big Horn Battlefield, where Custer had his last

stand, and stopped at Boys Town in Nebraska on the way home.

In 1969, we headed south, and stopped at Gatlinburg, Then in an Indian Village in Cherokee. We took the Incline Railway to the top of Lookout Mountain, and



Lui celebrates winning a \$1,000 Hearst scholarship

toured Rock City near Chattanooga. Drove through Montgomery, Ala. and camped near Selma. It was so hot we spread our sleeping bags on the ground, but were awakened during the night by cows grazing around us.

We toured the Vicksburg battlefield, and drove to New Orleans where we stayed in a motel. Had dinner at the Court of Two Sisters, and the kids watched TV while Dottie and I celebrated our 17th Anniversary on Bourbon Street.

Drove along the Gulf Coast to Lillian, Ala. Where it was so hot that I bought an electric fan. (It was the hottest place we'd ever camped.)

Drove down Florida's west coast to "Weeki-Watchee" where beautiful swimmers put on a water ballet. Drove to Tampa's Busch Gardens, where you ride in cars where elephants, lions, giraffs, etc, roam. Toured the Circus Museum in Sarasota and camped in Ft. Myers.

Took an airboat ride through the Everglades, and spent several days in Key West.

On the way north, stopped at the Seaquarium in Miami, then Titusville and a tour of the Kennedy Space Center. Drove to St. Augustine; shopped in "Old Town"; then to Savannah, where Missy visited Juliette Gordon Low's birthplace. (she got a special Girl Scout pin for visiting there) Stopped in Charleston; had lunch at Andre's Restarant on Folly Beach. (later learned it was listed among the top 10 in the U.S)

Took a boat trip to Ft. Sumter and visited Boone Hall Plantation. Camped at a great campground in Myrtle Beach.

Drove to Cape Hatteras and visited the Wright Brothers museum in Kitty Hawk. Camped at Sand Bridge and walked to the top of one of the immense dunes. (we all suffered from sand flea bites that night)

Stopped in Norfolk and visited McArthur's memorial there. Stopped in Williamsburg for lunch and then headed home.

In 1970 we drove to New England to tour colleges Lui might attend. Stopped at Haverford College, then to University of Pennsylvania where we had tours and Lui was interviewed. Went to New York City and to mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. While there, someone broke a window in our car and stole our movie and still cameras.

Took a ferry to Statue of Liberty, then to Princeton, where Lui had another interview. Toured Yale, then Brown, where we visited the Watson's at their camp.

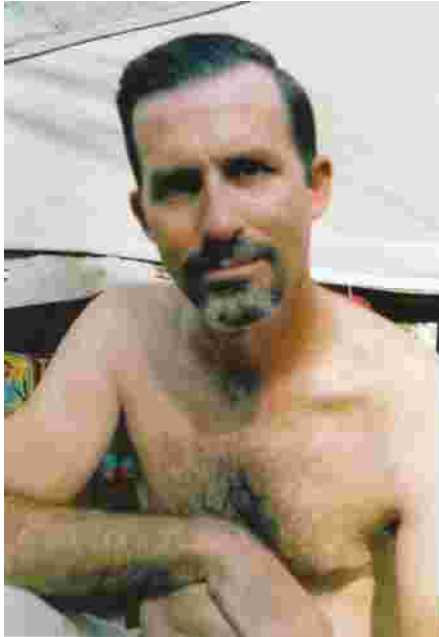
Norman Watson had lived in Aunt Deb's boarding house during the war, and he and his wife looked on Dottie as a daughter. On one of our trips to Providence to



Elaine and Dottie in 1982

see Lui, they insisted that we stay at their camp on a lake nearby, stocking the refrigerator with food and insisting that I use their car. In their late 80's, they both graduated from Brown University, and their Providence home was across the street from the campus.

After leaving the Watsons, we toured Harvard and Amherst, then drove through New Hampshire and hiked in the White Mountains. Saw the Old Man of the Mountain and visited the Flume. Drove to the top of Mt. Washington; camped in Acadia National Park and climbed South Bubble Mt.; We stopped at several lobster pounds, where they cook lobsters and clams over an open fire in large barrels. Dottie and Elaine had



My first and only beard

lobster; I had steamed clams. Went to St. John's to see the Reversing Falls rapids, then to Nova Scotia where a kilted man playing bagpipes greeted visitors. Drove to Halifax; then to Iona to see Scottish dancers and singers. Drove around Cabot trail through Cape Breton National Park. Went to a Gaelic competition in St. Ann's where we saw the Highland

Fling and Sword Dancers.

Went to Ingonish Beach, where the current is so strong it hurls rocks at you. Dottie lost a flip-flop there. There was a fresh water pool where we were able to swim.

Drove to Louisbourg and toured the fort, then to Shediac, the Lobster capitol of the world. Couldn't find a lobster there. Drove over the Gaspé Peninsula and camped in the most northern point of our trip.

Camped just outside Quebec and walked through Chateau de Frontenac, the Old Basilica and Old Universite Laval. Took a horse and buggy ride thru the city and walked down the steps outside the city walls — all 300 plus of them.

Watched changing of the guard at the Citadel and took a ferry boat trip across the St. Lawrence and back. Headed for Montreal to see what was left of Expo '67. Took Metro subway and visited many of the exhibits which were still there.

Drove to Cornell for another interview, then home.

In 1971, we headed to Florida for the moon shot. Stopped at Boone, NC to ride the Tweetsy Railroad. Visited a trout hatchery, then to Stone Mountain State Park in Georgia, where likenesses of the four greatest Confederate generals are carved into the side of the mountain.

Found a camping spot in Titusville, FL, two days before the moon shot. Drove to Cypress Gardens the next day, toured the space center and saw the moon rocket close up.

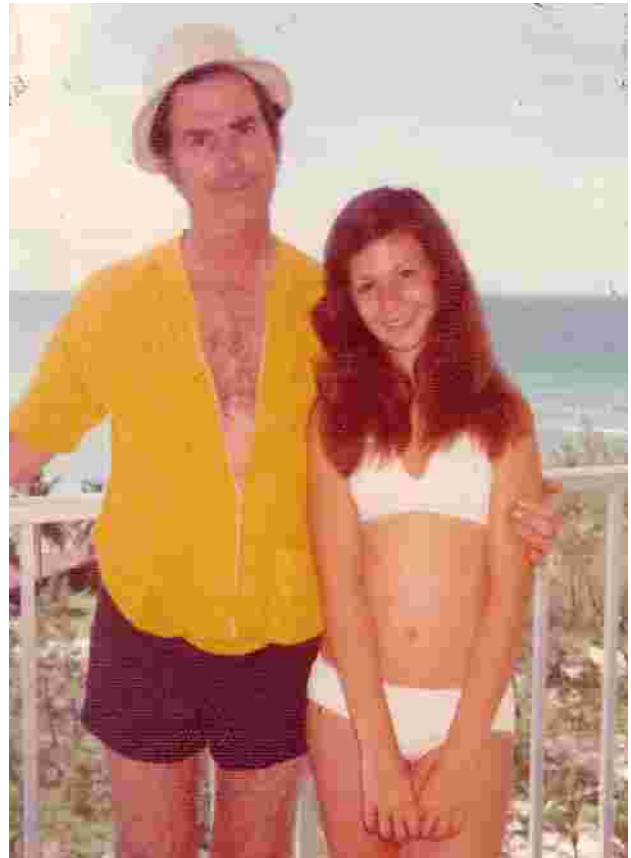
Went to bed early and set our alarm for 4:30 so we could leave to see the space shot. Drunks kept everyone awake, and when the campground owner tried to quiet them, they jumped on him. His wife asked me to stay with him until the police arrived. The police came, and things quieted down, it was too late for any

sleep.

When we arrived at the space center there was a long line waiting to get in. I had a pass and drove to the head of the line, and the guard said, "everyone has a pass". We went to the back of the line.

When we finally got in, we were told to park on the side of the road, just across some water from Apollo 15. After a couple of hours it went off with a great ground shaking roar, and it was worth the trip to see it go.

Drove to Jeckyl island, then to Savannah. Had lunch at the Pirate House and shopped in Factor's Walk. Decided to return to Myrtle beach campground and got a site right on the ocean. During the night a strong wind blew the canopy off our camper and injured Dottie's leg. Saw a musical review at Pirate Land the next evening,



On the balcony of our room at the Holiday Inn Resort in Nassau, Bahamas

and headed for home the next morning.

In 1972, Lui was working in the John Kerry campaign in Lowell, Mass. We drove to Providence, and visited the Watsons, then to Lowell to pick up Lui. Took a ferry to Martha's Vineyard and had a bus tour. Rented bikes and took ferry to Chapaquiddick Island. Rode to Dyke's bridge, scene of the Kennedy-Kopeckne incident. Kennedy undoubtedly was headed there, and responsible for the girl's death.

Drove to Hyannis, and took water tour of the Kennedy

compound. Took ferry to Nantucket and visited about 6 houses once occupied by whalers.

Drove to Plymouth Rock, and then to Plimouth Plantation where replicas of pilgrims' houses are being constructed. People in costume similar to Williamsburg.

Drove to Concord, then to home of Louisa May Alcott.



Ralph and Betty Esposito

Met John Kerry at a fundraiser, (he was running for the U.S. Congress). He had a lot of praise for Lui. Lui had discovered he hadn't switched his registration from Independent to Democrat.

Drove to Salem and toured Witch Museum and House of Seven Gables. Drove to Boston, and took Heritage trail of famous buildings. Lunch at Durgin Park. Drove through Pocono's and Pennsylvania Dutch country on the way home.

In 1975, Elaine, Dottie and I flew to Paradise Island in Nassau, where we stayed at the Holiday Inn Resort. The hotel is on the water, and has a large pool with a bar on an island in its center. We could swim in the Caribbean, then walk to the pool to get the sand off and have a drink at the bar.

Unfortunately, I developed hemorrhoids and was unable to do a lot of travelling around the island, so Dottie and Elaine went by themselves. Elaine took water skiing lessons.

The hotel employees put on a great stage show with dancing and music.

Ralph and Betty Esposito

Our closest friends were Ralph and Betty Esposito. We were godparents for their son, Jamie, and when Elaine was born, Ralph was her godfather. Betty wasn't Catholic, so couldn't be her godmother.

For about 20 years we went to New Year's Eve dances with the Espositos, and the four of us took Polka lessons at Blob's Park near Jessup, Md. We would come back from the dance class and practice what we'd learned.

The Chevy Chase Country Club invited a group from the dance class to show their members how to dance the Polka. We went, but the trip proved disastrous. A

man in our group accidentally hit one of the country clubbers in the forehead. She shouldn't have been dancing with us, and didn't know the steps, but it quickly ended our demonstration. We left soon afterward.

Betty died shortly after Dottie, and Ralph remained single for many years. When he was 79, he married a lady who was 82. Ralph's wife died a few years later, and he followed her a couple of years after that.

Brownies

When Elaine was seven or eight, she joined the Brownies, and Dottie became her Troop leader. My job soon became hauling little girls around in my station wagon. Elaine later became a Girl Scout, and a lot more bigger girls needed rides in our station wagon. At one of the ceremonies I was presented a pin and made an honorary Girl Scout.

While still a Brownie, Elaine spent a week at a Girl Scout camp in Montgomery County. When we visited her I noticed the girls wore a large tag with the name of their section on it. When I asked about the tag, I was told it was so when the girls got lost on their way back from the bathroom, some one could guide them.

A major Girl Scout outing was a field mass attended by all the area troops. It was a hot summer day, so I sat under a tree for shade while the troop leaders decided where the altar was to be. As I watched, they moved it from one place to another, each time after much discussion. They finally decided that it should go under the tree where I was.

By the early '70's the kids had lost interest in camping. Lui was at Brown University in Rhode Island, working summers in political campaigns.

Georgetown Prep

Lui took the exams offered by local High Schools for scholarships, and won half scholarships to Georgetown Prep, Gonzaga and St. Johns. He chose Georgetown Prep, but when we went to register him they said they wouldn't honor it because my salary too high.

I told the Admissions Priest at Prep I thought this unfair, since that hadn't been made clear when he took the tests. After a while, he said the Order had funds for



A farmer taking sugar cane to market on Lombok, Indonesia

scholarships and Lui would be given one. The other half of the scholarship cost more than the tuition at St. Johns.

Georgetown Prep had a Fathers Club that met every few months. They offered a fully stocked bar and free dinner. One of the fathers I became friendly with was Judge Sirica, who later was the presiding judge at the Watergate trial.

In his sophomore year, Lui was selected by the Hearst Foundation to represent Maryland as part of a youth group studying the political process. He met with many high-ranking political figures in D.C. and was awarded \$1,000 toward a college scholarship.

Holy Names Academy

Elaine went to the Academy of the Holy Names, a girls high school in Silver Spring. Before the Civil War the



Dottie, decked out in Hawaii, with new hairdo and lei

Convent had been one of the stops on the Underground Railroad. It too had close relationships with parents and Dottie and I made frequent visits there.

The Principal was Sister Barbara King, and the girls called her BB King (behind her back). The father of one of Elaine's friends dubbed the school "The Academy of Homely Dames," which wasn't too fair.



In front of the National Museum in Jakarta

Cooperative Congress

The grocery store we used was part of the Greenbelt Consumer Cooperative, and when they invited us to a free dinner, we went. GCS operated four stores and was governed by a Board of Directors nominated by a Congress of members from each store. Since there were never other nominees, this meant the Congress decided who served on the board.

I was asked to run for Congress from our store and was duly elected. (very few people ran) Shortly thereafter, the Chairman moved out of the area and they elected me chairman. Within a couple of years, they made me Member Relations Chairman for all the stores.

The co-op ran into big trouble when they opened three new stores in the same year. Their first four stores had been created because the people in their areas wanted a store and worked to get one. It didn't work the other way, and the co-op eventually closed all three stores, plus the one in our neighborhood.

REA

Although I had a degree in Public Relations, I was still working as a visual information specialist in the Farmer Cooperative Service, with little hope of getting into writing. They needed a visual person more than another writer.

A friend I'd met at the co-op worked for REA, and when I told him I'd like to be a writer, he asked if I'd like to work for REA. I said yes, and he took me to their Personnel Director where I was offered a job as a writer at a higher grade. I transferred to REA in 1963, and was put to work answering correspondence.

I eventually wrote speeches for the Administrator and others, and within a few years was made a Branch Chief in charge of publications and visual information. I

was responsible for TV, Radio and exhibits, and Editor of the monthly magazine, *Rural Lines*, which was mailed to 40,000 subscribers.

The Department of Agriculture made a 10 minute TV show called "Across the Fence" and a 30 minute show called "Down to Earth". These were filmed by the crew from Channel 4 TV, and aired by them each morning for the 10-minute show and once a week for the 30 minute one. After they were aired, the Department got tapes of them, made multiple copies, and sent them throughout the country. Agencies such as REA were asked to participate in these programs, and I was constantly looking for people and ideas to do so.

Publications: One of the "stars" I used for many of the TV productions was a lady named Louiseann Mamer. Her ability to show how to use lighting; sharpen knives, etc. fit right in with the Department's programs. She was hired by REA in the early 1930's to encourage people to use electricity, and had many stories about the early days, many of which I used when revising the History of REA. I interviewed a number of retired REA employees and included their stories as well.

I later did a history of the REA telephone program and prepared a manual setting forth the responsibilities of managers and boards of directors.



**Celebrating our 25th Anniversary
aboard the Song of Norway**

TV Shorts: To help borrowers with problems, REA engineers and economists who visited them found that problems that were similar might be solved with a TV short rather than sending an employee there. I bought a TV camera and lights and began making short tapes on a variety of subjects. Using our conference room for a studio, we made about 25 or 30 programs. I couldn't afford a color camera, so programs were in black and white. I'm not sure how successful they were, but we had a lot of fun making them.

Workshops: During the Carter years I helped conduct workshops for electric cooperative member relations employees. Workshops lasted 3 days, and my partner and I took turns speaking. His specialty was power use, or how to increase electricity sales; mine was member relations. (The term Public Relations was not used.)

Co-op employees from throughout each state came together at a central location to meet with us. I eventually helped conduct workshops in 30 states, with two different partners.

My first partner liked to restore old wall clocks, so we spent a lot of our free time going to second hand stores, where he'd buy old clocks for parts. My second partner came from Hudson, Wisconsin, so whenever we had a layover in Minneapolis, his parents would meet us at the airport with lots of local cheese.

We put on workshops in two different locations in Ohio, and I recommended that they set up an organization of member relations people. A year later, I was invited to be the guest speaker at the new organization's first meeting.

An official who specialized in Rural Development asked to deliver a speech for him in St. Louis. He would be in South America at the time. I was to speak to a group of cooperative Managers, and tell them about the government's new policy, which was to promote conservation of power rather than increase its sales. Since their salaries were based on the amount of power sold, my talk wasn't too well received. I suspected my friend's "trip" had an ulterior motive.

Yearbooks: Each year USDA published a yearbook on some relevant subject, and many employees collected them.

While wandering through the department's sub-basement, I discovered where they stored back issues, and when asked where I worked, said "Information". They let me in, thinking I worked for the Department information division, and I returned several more times to get back copies wanted by others.

A friend from another agency went with me the next time, and when asked, said he worked for FCS information. The attendant said he couldn't come in, and asked me if I worked there too. I said I worked for REA, and was also refused entrance.

Later my FCS friend worked for USDA Information, in charge of all Yearbooks, among other things.

Employee Association: The REA employee association published a monthly newsletter and sponsored a picnic each year. My supervisor asked if I'd be our division's representative on the association's board, and I agreed -- he didn't leave me any options. Attending my first meeting, I found that it had been rigged. They elected me President, although it was my first meeting.

When the Treasurer gave his report, he stated that the organization would be \$300.00 in the red next year, and



**Celebrating our 25th & my parent's 50th Anniversaries
at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception**

seemed the think that was O.K. I said we'd have to come up with some money-making ideas.

We began selling candy, bought popcorn in 100 lb. bags which we re-bagged into 10 lb. lots, and found a source for vitamins. We could get 100 tablets of a multi-vitamin that sold in the drug store for \$7.00 for 50¢, so we ordered several hundred bottles and sold them for \$2.50 each. We sold lots of vitamins!

When it was time for the picnic, I suggested that instead of our supplying potato salad, to have a potato salad contest, stipulating that each entry must be enough for 6 to 8 people.

The Agriculture Department newspaper, which went to employees across the country, ran an article on the idea and I got a letter from the National Potato Council in California offering to supply cookbooks as a prize.

Symphony Orchestra: At about that time, I was invited to join the Agriculture Symphony Orchestra Board. Again, I was suckered. They made me Treasurer, and said they didn't have any money. We held a sale of various items offered by vendors and made some money, and I had what I thought was a great idea.

I asked the Conductor if the orchestra could play a selection no matter who waved the baton, and he said yes. My idea was to have a drawing where for a \$5.00 donation the winner would have the opportunity to conduct a Symphony Orchestra. I thought it was a great idea until the USDA legal department stepped in. They said it was a raffle and illegal in a government building. Although I argued, I lost, and we had to forgo the idea.

STC: I joined the Society for Technical Communicators, an organization of Federal and private industry employees who worked in the writing or art fields. STC had chapters in nearly all the states, along with some in Canada, Mexico and the far east. I joined the Washington, D.C. Chapter and was asked to judge the Chapter's entries in the national competition held each year.

REA paid for me to attend national STC meetings in Dallas and Los Angeles, and I was National Chairman of the publications competition for several years. This

meant receiving magazines, newsletters and books from throughout the country. So many arrived that they filled our basement rec room. Also, there was no provision for returning them, so I had to figure out what to do with them after the judging.

To judge them, I got about 12 to 14 volunteers who met in the National Press Club. STC gave me enough funds for coffee and donuts, but the judges had to buy their own lunch. The judging took all day, and after doing it twice, I talked someone else into taking the job.

Each year we received an entry from the Association for the Blind written in braille. I didn't know how to read braille, nor did anyone I knew, so they never had a chance to win a prize.

Prizes were awarded each year at the National Convention, however, although I entered, I never won one.

One year the guy in charge of the Art competition asked me to take his place, since he'd be out of town. He had already selected the judges, so I didn't have to



**Our new Ocean City lot after Dottie and I filled in
behind our new bulkhead**

be an art expert.

When the judges arrived, I was astounded at the variety of get-ups they were wearing. Some had berets on, others wore huge bow ties. They looked like they were going to a costume party.

I became chairman of the Washington, DC chapter, but eventually had to drop out when my workload took up most of my time.

Appalachia: A Farmer Cooperative Service official offered me a job they were planning to create. They wanted someone to go into the Appalachian region and after interviewing ministers, bankers, shop owners, etc., develop a plan to improve local incomes. I would need to get a degree in Economics, which they would pay for.

I thought it a great idea, and after talking it over with Dottie, decided to get further advice. The FCS Deputy Administrator, a good friend, said, "It's a great opportunity, but who knows what will happen when the administration changes? As a writer, you can get a job in nearly any government agency, but as specialized as this job will be, you'll have little chance if they decide to scrap the idea." I told them I couldn't accept the job, and as far as I know, no one ever filled it.



One of the stops on our 25th Anniversary cruise was Duns River Falls, Jamaica

Joint Energy Task Force: When the Department of Energy was established, someone decided that all government agencies dealing with energy should meet together to discuss how they could coordinate their activities. I was selected to represent REA, and went to several of the group's meetings.

The only topic of interest to the group was how to increase their budget. They ignored any suggestions dealing with the better utilization of energy.

Since REA was highly thought of by the Congress, we didn't have any problem getting a budget. Actually, the Congress usually gave us more than the White House would let us spend.

I told our Administrator what went on at the meetings and asked him if I needed to continue, since it was a waste of my time. He agreed, so that ended our participation in the task force.

Martin Luther King March: In August, 1963, everyone who worked in downtown D.C. was worried about the upcoming march on Washington by the followers of Martin Luther King. On the day they were to hold a march from the Capitol to the Lincoln Memorial nearly everyone at Agriculture stayed home. When I got to work, the only other person in my division was Bart Stewart, our photographer and artist.

Bart asked if I'd like to go with him to take pictures of the march. I agreed, and we walked up 14th Street to

the parade route.

The marchers, many of whom were white, were all singing, clapping hands and smiling. Bart said, "Let's get into the parade," so we did, and marched with them to the Lincoln Memorial.

When we got there, Bart said, "Let's go back and do it again," so we did. This time, when we got to the Memorial people were making speeches, and since Bart was taking pictures and had a large camera bag we were taken for the press, and allowed to push to the front.

I was there when Martin Luther King made his famous "I've got a dream" speech, but at the time he hadn't become famous, so I wasn't impressed.

A couple of years later the blacks marched on Washington again, but this was not so pleasant. They set up camp on grounds near the monument, and stayed there several months. We had a lot of rain, and the grounds became knee-deep in mud.

The Agriculture Department was one of their targets. They surrounded our building and tried to keep people from entering or leaving. The South Building where I worked has six large courtyards, and people were able to exit through these.

I served on a committee made up of a representative from each USDA agency to meet with the marchers. We agreed to let them use our cafeteria, but when several hundred of them came through and filled their trays to capacity, each said the bill would be paid by the person behind. When the last person came through, he said he didn't have any money.

The cafeteria was employee owned, so the USDA employees took the loss. We said they couldn't use the cafeteria again, so they retaliated by urinating and defecating in the department doorways.

Indonesia: In 1980, I was asked to go to Indonesia to edit a feasibility study being prepared by NRECA (National Rural Electric Cooperative Association) to bring electricity to several of the islands. My expenses were paid by the State Department and I stayed in the Mandarin Hotel in Jakarta. I worked on the proofs of the report; correcting errors, etc., and was supposed to be there for three weeks, when Dottie was to meet me in Hawaii.

It was interesting work, and I had a car and driver. The office was on the top floor of a department store, and riding the elevator up was interesting. The Indonesians are very short, and although they wash a lot, don't use deodorant. Standing taller than everyone in a crowded elevator was a real experience.

The team leader said they were planning to turn the electricity on for the first time on the island of Lombok, and asked if I'd like to be there when it happened. I took a plane to Bali where I had a 5 hour layover and took a taxi tour of the island. I was met in Lombok by a retired co-op manager from the states. He and his wife were the only Americans there, and I stayed at their house.



Betty Esposito with Dottie and me on the first Bay Bridge walk

He said he had had trouble teaching the natives how to climb an electric pole, no matter how often he showed them how to use climbing irons. He was in his 70's, but strapped irons on himself and went up a pole. They immediately got it..

For the next couple of days, I toured the island with an interpreter; went into people's homes and interviewed them. My boss in D.C. had insisted that I take a very expensive camera with me, and I took a lot of pictures, however none of them came out; I guess I didn't know how to use the camera.

It was like stepping back in history more than a hundred years. The people threshed their rice by having donkeys walk on it; then throwing it in the air to blow away the chaff. I asked one woman how she would use the electricity, and she said, "to keep the demons away." They believed having a light on all night protected them from demons, and they only wanted to light a 2 watt bulb to do so. They were using kerosene lanterns and thought electricity would be cheaper. They still hadn't turned the electricity on when I returned to Jakarta.

The final proofs of the feasibility study arrived the afternoon before I was to leave, so I worked all night, finishing by morning. Unfortunately, the printer didn't understand my directions and I learned later that they were all screwed up and had to be done over.

Division Director: When the director retired, I became Director. However, the incoming Carter Administration expanded the division and put a political appointee over me. I had the basis for a Civil Service suit, but even if I won, would have to work in the same Administration. I was allowed to do whatever I wanted so long as I didn't make trouble.

Hawaii

I flew to Hawaii, and waited for Dottie to arrive. She had gotten a new, much shorter, hair style, so when she got off the plane I didn't recognize her.

We had two great weeks in Hawaii; on Waikiki beach in Honolulu, and at a beachfront condominium in Maui. We also visited Kauai and the big island of Hawaii.

A trip highlight was a visit to the Polynesian Cultural Center on Oahu. It's operated by college students from the many Polynesian islands who earn their tuition by dressing in their local costumes and demonstrating how people live there. In the evening, they perform the native dances from the various islands.

Ocean City Lot

My brother Joe had a mobile home in Ocean City, and Dottie and I visited there several times, spending a week while Joe and Mickey were away.

During one visit Joe showed us a lot he had purchased in a newly developed area called Caine Woods. It was on the water, and although streets were in place, only a handful of houses had been built.

Franny had also bought a lot, and Joe said if I bought one we could all retire there. Dottie and I talked it over, and proceeded to buy one of the waterfront lots.

Since only small wooden stakes determined the lot boundaries, I stipulated that permanent markers be put in as part of the sales agreement.

A month later, Dottie and I went to settle on the lot, only to discover no permanent markers there. I told the lawyer we wouldn't settle since there was no guarantee of where our lot's boundaries were.

He said he could place our deposit in escrow for 90 days with the provision that permanent markers be installed. About a week later he wrote that they had been installed and sent us a copy of our deed. Ours is one of the only Caine Woods lots so marked.

Shortly thereafter, the owner of the lot adjacent to ours called and offered to buy half of our lot. She suggested I sell the other half to the owners on the other side. I refused and asked if she planned to install a bulkhead, since all the lots were severely eroding.

I suggested that we ask the owner of the lot beyond hers to join us, thereby getting a better price for bulkheads and piers. She agreed, and I contacted the owner of the other lot who said he'd join us.

When Dottie and I next visited our lot, we discovered that our next door neighbor had installed a pier and bulkhead without going through the permitting process.

Shortly thereafter, the owner of the next lot said he was selling it because his wife couldn't stand the sight of the house across the street.

I then contacted a builder and had a bulkhead and pier installed.

We went there to find that the bulkhead was in line with the one next door, but about 3 feet from our shoreline.



Dottie by Philippine Exhibit at Nashville World's Fair

I had several loads of fill dirt delivered to the lot, and Dottie and I spent most of a day filling in behind the bulkhead. It was raining, and we both were soon cov-



A Clown helped celebrate our 30th at a surprise dinner arranged by Lui and Elaine

ered with mud.

The Sheks, next door, asked us to come in for a drink, but we refused, since we were both so muddy. We drove to a secluded area and changed clothes in the car before heading home.

Consumer Co-op Bank: Shortly after returning from Indonesia I was asked to help get a new government agency called the Consumer Cooperative Bank started. Its purpose was to finance consumer cooperatives such as credit unions, grocery stores and group health asso-

ciations. A group of government employees were "loaned" to the bank to get it started, and my job was to organize its public information program.

I reported to an old building on 14th street, and the "office" for all of us was a large room with no windows. At one end was a pile of mostly broken furniture, and we were told to use what we could.

My desk had only three legs; I used some books to prop up the 4th, and my chair was missing all its casters. Actually, I was one of the fortunate ones.

My secretary, Linda Hu, was Chinese and could speak English, but with a very distinct accent. When she made a mistake, she'd look at me with her eyes crossed, making me forget what I was correcting her for.

Eventually I was able to set up a program, establish a photo file, start a newsletter and write many press releases. I hired a photographer and visited all of the consumer cooperatives I could find in the D.C. area to let them know the bank was operational. I had an assistant who was to take over when I returned to Agriculture.

My assistant kept urging me to have an "event" to get a lot of press attention. I said this wasn't the best way to introduce a new bank, and vetoed the idea. After I left, he invited me to the "event" the bank was holding. The street was blocked off, and they had balloons, etc. The next day they fired him.

I returned to my regular job after four months, and as far as I know, the Consumer Cooperative Bank is still operating from its own building near Dupont Circle.

When Reagan took over, I again became the Division Director, and travelled with the Administrator.

Dealing with the White House: When organizations we dealt with wanted something from the President, they usually went through our office, and I was affected by this in a peculiar way.

Correspondence came to our Administrator asking us to contact the White House for something they wanted, and he got me to write the letter for him. The White House staff would then ask us to prepare a reply for



Our new Ocean City house under construction. I later added a Sun Room on the back



Ann Horner, shortly before our marriage

them, and again it became my job to write it. I was then in the position of both writing a letter and answering it.

Jimmy Carter:

When Carter was President, the Electric Co-op Association wanted to present him with a plaque honoring his father, who had served on an electric co-op board. I was asked to get more information

on his father, and called the co-op manager in Georgia.

While Carter was Governor, he vetoed a bill authorizing co-ops to pay board members for meetings, saying his father had served for many years on a co-op board and never got a cent. The manager I spoke with said, "Mr. Earl got paid for every meeting he attended, he just didn't tell Miss Lillian about it."

Acting Administrator: Each year, REA held a field conference where employees in 27 states who worked out of their homes got together with the Washington staff to discuss problems and report on progress. Since my job didn't have anything to do with the field staff, I was left in Washington and made Acting Administrator. I signed loans and correspondence and testified before a Senate Committee in the Administrator's behalf. When the Committee Chairman asked me a question about something REA was doing, I said I'd have to ask the Administrator. He said, "You are the Administrator when you're before this committee."

During my time at REA, I wrote speeches for four Presidential appointees. (REA was one of the few agencies headed by one) Two were Democrats and two were Republicans. Both parties had the same motives, but different ways of achieving them. I wrote speeches, or parts of them, for the Secretary of Agriculture, and the White House.

25th Wedding Anniversary

When our 25th wedding anniversary was imminent, my parents came for a visit and took Dottie and me to dinner. I had a flat tire on the way, and eventually made it back to the house to discover it full of people. Lui and Elaine had arranged a surprise party; issued invitations and done all the cleaning and decorating while we were at dinner.

It was a great event and we got lots of silverware. My

parents gave us a silver soup tureen my grandparents were given on their 25th anniversary, engraved with a large W and the date. In 1952, their 25th, my parents received it with a G added, and a second G, 1977 was now on it. I plan to give it to Lui and Pat if I live long enough for their 25th.

After the party I asked why they had only invited one of the people I worked with, and they said they thought he was a relative.

Shortly after the party, Dottie and I took a Caribbean cruise aboard the Song of Norway. We visited Jamaica, Cozumel and Grand Cayman islands. On Jamaica, we climbed Dunn's River Falls, a 600-foot waterfall. On Grand Cayman, we visited a turtle farm and the ship's crew served turtle burgers on the beach. Cozumel offered ancient Mayan ruins. We became close friends with our dinner companions and kept in touch for several years.

In August, my parents celebrated their 50th Anniversary, and the four of us attended a special mass for couples married 25, 50 and 60 years at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. The Cardinal presided, and afterward held a reception for honorees and their families. A local newspaper published our picture along with a couple that had been married 60 years. When my father died, he and my mother had been married 65 years.

Dottie's Depression

Shortly afterwards, Dottie went into a depression, and stayed home from work. She refused to eat, and lost so much weight she looked like a skeleton. This lasted for about a year, and all she did was sit and stare into space. Eventually, a woman she had worked with who had also been a depressive came to see us. She told us of a doctor with radical ideas who had cured her. We went to see him, and he began giving Dottie massive doses of drugs, increasing the dosage each time she went until she was taking far more than enough to kill



On our Wedding Day

her. He then reduced the drugs until she wasn't taking them, and her depression went away.

I don't know whether this contributed to Dottie's death a few years later, but it may have.

Bay Bridge Walk



The Mayor and his wife greeted us at the airport in Santorini; later had us to lunch at their home

In the Spring of '82, Maryland held its first bay bridge walk, and Betty Esposito, Dottie and I decided to go. The older of the two spans was closed to traffic and people were taken by bus from the Naval Academy parking lot to the far side of it. After completing the walk, we were given a Certificate and taken back to our car. All kinds of people participated in the walk: in wheel chairs, on crutches and with canes.

Porta-John's and water fountains were placed along the bridge, and when we were about half way across, we decided to make a pit stop at a porta-john. There was a line to get in, and I followed the two women. When I emerged, Betty and Dottie had cued everyone in the line to clap and cheer. It was somewhat embarrassing, but a lot of fun.

Nashville World's Fair

In June, Dottie and I went to the world's fair in Nashville. It would be our last trip together. The fair was interesting, but not what we had expected. It was mostly companies trying to sell their products. We made a side trip to the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson, which was more interesting than most of the fair. On the way home, we stopped in the blue ridge mountains and hiked up one of the trails. The weather was great. We considered staying another day, but decided not to.

Shortly after we returned, Lui and Elaine had a sur-

prise 30th wedding anniversary party for us. We had dinner at a nice restaurant where a female clown had been hired to entertain us. It was great fun, and we both enjoyed it.

It was the last party for Dottie and me, but we didn't know it at the time.

Dottie's Stroke

On August 5, 1982, I was preparing vegetables from our garden for freezing while Dottie was in the basement washing clothes. I called her, and when she didn't answer, went down. She was on the floor, snoring. I called 911 and the ambulance crew said she had suffered a stroke, and took her to the Seventh Day Hospital down the street. She remained in the coma for the next several months. I visited her three times each day -- before work; at lunchtime; and in the evening. By the first of October she had improved enough where they let her sit in a chair. (she still couldn't talk) Shortly thereafter, she suffered another stroke, developed pneumonia and died on October 5. She is buried in Ft. Lincoln Cemetery Washington, D.C. (Crypt G, Row 3 of Alcove T Section of the Garden Mausoleum)

My aunt, Sister Ann Elizabeth, came to the funeral, but had become quite heavy and somewhat infirm. While I waited in the limousine for the procession to the graveyard to start, the nun accompanying Sister Ann asked a pallbearer to help get her into their car. He was Buck Hoyle, in his early 20's, who attempted to lift her from behind by her arms. Her companion said, "grab her by the butt", and poor Buck later said he'd never "grabbed" a nun by the butt before.

After the funeral our friend John Hinkel gave me the keys to his house in Ocean City and suggested that I stay there for the next week. I did so, and was very grateful.

House in Ocean City

Before Dottie became ill, we planned to build a house in Ocean City. Although the plan had been for my two brothers and me to retire there, by the time I started building, they had both sold their lots.

I drew the plans, made a model, and contacted a builder. When Dottie had the stroke, I cancelled the contract. After she died, I decided to go ahead, and was told that the house would be ready by March.

I put in for retirement -- I had 36 years in the government -- on February 28, expecting to move into the new house. It wasn't until June that this happened.

There was a huge snow storm at the end of February, which, according to the TV weather, ended at the other side of the bay bridge, so I decided to go see how the house was progressing.

The TV weather was wrong! The snow lasted until I was nearly at Ocean City, and for most of the way I was the first car to go through the roads, and couldn't tell where they were. Going through Delaware, I used the electric and telephone wires on both sides as a guide.



In Park by Grande Bretagne Hotel in Athens, Greece

After the snow melted, I realized that there are very deep ditches on each side of the road. Luckily, I didn't go into one.

The first floor of the house had been built, but the wind had blown a lot of it down. The hotel was so drafty I had to put my overcoat on top of the blankets to keep warm.

The contractor built the shell, and installed the electricity, plumbing and insulation. He applied plaster board to the ceilings, bathrooms and Elaine's room (she didn't want paneling)

and I installed paneling

in all the rooms, tile in the three bathrooms and hallway; fans, switches, etc. and painted. Ralph Esposito helped a lot, and Lui and one of Elaine's boyfriends painted the living room ceiling.

Post Cana

After many requests I agreed to meet for dinner with a group of widows and widowers called Post Cana. The man who invited me said women brought covered dishes while the men brought wine. He said to bring "cheap" wine.

I arrived with my bottle of "cheap" wine to discover that the hostess had a fully stocked bar and bartender, and had hired a clown to entertain. I was embarrassed but made to feel welcome, since women outnumbered men by about 15 to 1.

I met Betty Kramer at the Post Cana group who had a townhouse near Ocean City, and we began seeing each other. She was a widow, who had been born in Germany and was married to a German officer during WWII. He was a doctor, and when he was captured by the Americans, became an officer in the American army.

When Betty's house in Bethesda was robbed, I marked items like her TV with an engraving tool, and helped put things back in order. I wasn't sure how much older she was than me, so I said I needed her drivers license number. She handed me the license, but before I could see her date of birth, pulled it away, saying, "the print is so small I better write it out for you."

I never did learn her age.

After Elaine and I were living in Ocean City, a group of ladies from the group came to see me. I was very flattered, until after they left, until Elaine said, "they're all the grandmothers of my friends."

When Lui and his friend Katy came to visit in Ocean

City, Betty let them use her townhouse. And when Ann and I became engaged, I had a terrible time telling Betty, who assumed that I had marriage in mind for her.

Ann Horner

By the fall of 1983 most of the house was done. A lady in the neighborhood asked me to join the National Association of Retired Federal Employees and drove me there in her car. After one of the meetings she invited me to a bull roast at the American Legion where I met Ann Horner who was sitting with her date at the next table. We got to talking, and the four of us went to hear Dixieland music being played locally.

I asked Ann to dance, and she congratulated me on my engagement. Her date had said I was engaged to the lady with me. I straightened her out, and after discovering that she had a son about Elaine's age, invited her and her son to dinner, and that's when it all began.

After one of my frequent visits she slipped an audio tape of the song, *Through the Eyes of Love*, from the movie Ice Castles into my coat pocket. That was all I needed.

When I told Betty Kramer about Ann, she was more than a little upset. She had expected me to marry her



Phyl Shek, our next-door neighbor, and Kate Bunting

and let me know in no uncertain terms. Eventually, she calmed down, but we did not continue as friends.

On New Year's eve, Ann and I announced our engagement, and on April 21, 1984 were married at St. Paul's by the Sea Church in Ocean City on Easter Saturday by Father Holly Barton.

I was concerned about marrying Ann because she was divorced, so we both went to see a Catholic Priest in Ocean City. He said the procedure for getting approval for such a marriage from the Church was very involved and would probably take a long time. His advice was to go ahead and get married and worry about getting approval later. Since I had already decided to do just that, I welcomed his advice.

When Ann said she wasn't walking down the aisle, Fr.



Path to wedding chapel where Dawn James was married. I helped cut the grass here

Barton said she would if she wanted to be married in his church. John and Jamie escorted her down the aisle; Elaine was a bridesmaid and Deeds her Maid of Honor. Lui was my best man. And although we wanted it kept simple, many guests, including Ann's sister Barbie and Furn attended.

Ann's friends put on an elaborate wedding reception at Sea Watch, and when we left a lot of tin cans were tied to the back of our car.

We spent our wedding night in the Robert Morris Inn in Oxford. The next day was Easter Sunday and we couldn't find a place for dinner. (you needed reservations) We finally found a crab house that let us in.

In the morning, Ann called to me to do something about the ducks outside our window. She said "they're killing the female". She had never seen ducks mating before, and was a little disconcerted..

Greece

On Monday we flew to Athens, and when I registered at the Grande Bretagne Hotel I was presented two very large bottles of wine. (A man I worked with had alerted his relatives that we were coming.)

We decided to walk around the town the next morning and when we got to a park near the hotel I remembered I'd left my sunglasses behind. Ann sat on a park bench to wait for me, and when I returned, a man was trying to pick her up. I think she was flattered. Anyway it gave us something to talk about for a long time.

We walked to the Plaka that evening to see the men do the dances where they break dishes by throwing them on the floor. We arrived too late to see the dance,

but saw a lot of broken crockery. When we started back to the hotel, we realized we were lost, and hailed a taxi. He drove two blocks and announced we were there. He then offered to take us on a tour of Athens.

The next day, the taxi driver gave us a great tour which included all the tourist spots and a lunch on the sea steps in Piraeus. When we started back to the hotel Ann asked him to stop at a florist to buy a dozen roses. He said if they were for a Greek, 12 was unlucky; she should get 11 or 13. When we got to our hotel, she gave him the roses for his wife. He was astonished, and refused to take any money for the tour. We insisted, so he asked when we'd be leaving because he'd be there.

In the morning, he took us to the airport, and wouldn't take any money. We flew to Santorini for two weeks, and when we returned he was at the airport with a bottle of brandy insisting that we have dinner with his family. We were to leave for England early the next day so didn't have the time. He was waiting for us when we checked out in the morning.

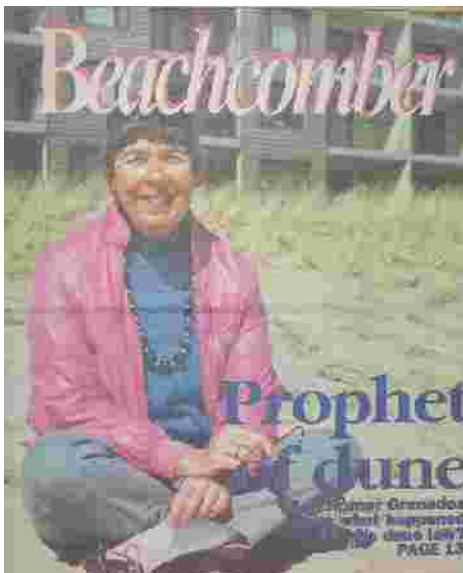
When we landed at Santorini, the Mayor's wife and daughter greeted us with a big bouquet of roses. (another of my friend's relatives) When we said we were going to Oia they said if we didn't like it to call them and they'd find us a better place.

We took a taxi to Oia, and after checking in were escorted by two large girls who carried our luggage about a quarter mile to our building. Cars can't enter the town

because the streets are built with steps. Only people and donkeys use the streets.

The buildings there are 500 years old and designed for a lot shorter people. When it rained, the water came rushing in the front door and I bailed it out with a dustpan. When I complained, they said "they all leak".

When the elec-



Front page of local newspaper with long article featuring Ann

tricity went off one night, we used candles, and the next morning there was no hot water. I again went to the office, and they sent a very old man who carried a very large wrench. He looked at the hot water heater which had many wires sticking out of it's top, and went to an ash tray, where he retrieved one of the matches we'd



Waiting for the Inauguration of W Bush in front of the Capitol

used to light the candles. Cleaning the match off with his fingers, he stuck it into the tangled wires and said "all fix". Whatever he did worked, for we had hot water.

We were the only American couple in Oia, and enjoyed the finest dinner along with a bottle of wine for about \$8.00. Of course there was little else to do there. After four days we called our new friends and they got us a room in the hotel in Thera.

I went to the office to check

out and asked if there was anyone to help with our luggage. They said no.

We carried what we could to a shop, and asked the owner if we could leave our bags there until we got the rest of them. When we returned, the shop was locked. Within a few minutes a funeral procession came by led by the shopkeeper, who gave us the key. We got our bags.

The next day we flew to England, and as I was going through customs, the agent asked if this was my first trip to England. (he appeared to be from India) When I said yes, he said, "You won't like it. The food is terrible. They boil everything."

Ann's British friends Wendy and Jimmy James were furious when I told them. They took us on a tour of Portsmouth where we saw Nelson's flagship, and to a play in Chichister. The next day, they held a garden party for us, and I met a number of the people Ann had known when she lived in Turkey.

Shortly after we returned we held a cocktail party for Ann's Ocean City friends, and probably 40 or 50 came.

Living in Ocean City

Our life in Ocean City was anything but dull. Ann had been Chairman of many City committees, and still chaired the Ocean City Noise Control Board and the Dune Stabilization Committee. She was a member of the Governor's Commission on Cooperatives and Con-

dominiums and the Tax Assessment Appeals Board.

One of our closest friends was Kate Bunting, who owned a restaurant, two hotels and a motel downtown. She was property poor, however, and each year her properties were listed under "foreclosures for non-payment of taxes", but somehow, she was able to hold on to them.

Our friendship with Kate helped alleviate the suspicion Ocean City natives had of "newcomers" in the north end, and we were included as part of Kate's family, joining with them at Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Kate's stepfather was a retired Marine Corps General who died at 103, and they always sat me next to the Gen. so I could yell in his ear. At one event, he sang barracks songs to me he had learned while stationed in Haiti before WWI.

The Gen loved curry, and when Ann invited him and Kate's mother to dinner, he supplied the condiment dish which had places for 21 different condiments. We had a heck of a time figuring how to make 21 different ones, but were finally successful.

Several years later when Kate was having a particularly hard time raising funds for taxes, Ann and I invited all of Kate's friends to attend a dinner in her behalf without letting her know what we were doing. After her hotel had closed for the Summer, Ann called Kate saying a busload of gamblers returning from Atlantic City wanted a place to eat, and could she handle it. Kate said no, she didn't have any help, and Ann said she'd be a waitress and I'd be the bartender. Kate agreed reluctantly, and when all her friends showed up was totally amazed. Ann went to each man there and demanded money for a tip, and handed Kate \$1000.00.

A City Commissioner who owned several gas stations we believed was using City funds for his own benefit. We also suspected he was bringing in outsiders to vote in his behalf.

We formed a group to defeat him at the next election. We had cards printed citing Maryland election laws and advertised that we'd be passing them out at the polls and noting who tried to vote. We didn't know what we'd do if we caught



At the Ball celebrating the inauguration of Governor Ehrlich or Maryland



Aboard the Good Ship Lollipop, our second boat

any, but the plan worked and he was defeated.

After the election, the group became the Concerned Citizens for Good Government, and I was their spokesman.

A representative of the Councilman we had defeated tried to disrupt one of our meetings, and the case was brought to court. We won!

Cutting Grass in England

In 1993, we went to Dawn James' wedding in England. Dawn is the daughter of Jimmy and Wendy James, who live in Rowland's Castle. The wedding was held in a chapel built in the year 800, and the town that once surrounded it has disappeared, leaving it in the middle of a field.

I offered to help and was asked to help Dawn's brother Clive cut the grass in the path to the chapel. We spent most of a day doing so, and I managed to get stung on the lip by some insect.

I was then able to be introduced to Ann's British friends with a badly swollen top lip.



Our rowing shell; mostly rowed by one of us

The reception was held at Stansted, a large estate near Rowland's Castle, and another private reception was held at the James' home.

John and Jody and Valerie were at the wedding, and after spending a few days with the James family, we drove to Dover, where Valerie took us on a hover-craft to Belgium. While there, we visited Brugge and took a canal boat tour.

Wendy joined us, and we toured Louvan, the oldest university in Europe. Had lunch at Nick's club in Brussels, and visited Patricia and Roger Malengaus for lunch. Roger was a hero in the Belgian underground during WWII.

Drove to Calais, and took the ferry back to Portsmouth where Wendy met us.

Ocean City's Dunes

When the high-rise condos and many ocean-front homes were built, the existing sand dunes were bulldozed away. Nor'easter's and other winter storms then began flooding and undermining the buildings.

As Sea Watch Manager, Ann talked with the local USDA Conservationist and became convinced that restoring the dunes would solve the problem. She persuaded other condo managers to form a committee to



In one of our skits, Ann was Sonny and I was Cher

restore the dunes.

The Committee ordered dune grass from suppliers and the City provided dune fencing at its cost, and the dunes began replacing themselves.

When we were married, I joined the committee and became its spokesman. I prepared articles for the local press describing the committee's activities and helped construct a demonstration dune in front of the boardwalk near 3rd street.

To encourage property owners to care for the dunes the committee published *The Utility and Beauty of Coastal Dunes*, which showed in full color the types of plants that could be grown on dunes and how to care for them.

Bruce Nichols, the USDA Soil Conservationist pro-



To raise money for Ducks Unlimited, Ann and the Mayor were auctioned off as maid and bartender for an evening. They brought in \$1,600.00

vided the technical expertise; a USDA photographer took the pictures; I wrote it; and Ann got the money to print it.

Although Ann was able to get donations to finance it, we decided to charge \$5 per copy, which was below what it cost us to produce. It was in loose-leaf form, and we planned to use the money to update it when the need arose.

Inaugurations

When George H. W. Bush was elected President, our friend Kate Bunting said, "why don't we go to the inaugural ball?" Ann said she could get tickets since she was on the Central Committee, and Kate's husband Coleman who had worked in the Delaware Senator's campaign said he could too. Peg Hall said she could get us rooms at a hotel in D.C. where she was a Director.

It turned out that Ann's contacts didn't work, but Coleman got eleven invitations to the Inaugural Ball.

We sent in our money, and waited for tickets.

When the time came and the tickets hadn't arrived, we decided to go anyway. Peg had arranged for two rooms in a hotel on the parade route.

When we arrived, Coleman and I spent most of the first day at the Convention Center trying to get our tickets. We realized later that anyone with the stamina to do so could have gotten tickets even if they hadn't paid for them. By days end, we had our tickets, and the next morning stood in front of the Capitol to witness Bush's swearing in.

After watching the parade for a while we went to our rooms where we could have a drink while we watched.

That night we took a bus to the Inaugural Ball and had a great time. We had adjacent rooms in the hotel, and Ann and I shared ours with Peg Hall. The only problem was that they'd set up the bar in our room, and we

couldn't get them to leave.

As an aside, I attended every inaugural parade starting with Roosevelt (my father carried me) with the exception of Kennedy's. The day before Kennedy was inaugurated it snowed so heavily that they let government workers off early, and it took us until nearly midnight to get home.

Eight years later when George W. Bush was elected, Ann had connections and we were given seats up front by Congressman Gilcrest. We stayed with Lui and Pat, and Lui drove us to the ball at the Armory. It was interesting, but there was little dancing. People just stood around until the President showed up. It was a great experience, and we got to see the Bushes close up. It was snowing heavily when Lui came to get us, and Ann had forgotten her gloves at our table and had to go back in to get them. Lui had to drive around the Armory again before picking us up.

We got tickets to Bush's second inaugural, but decided to skip the ball. Our seats were in front of the Capitol, but on the side of a hill, so everyone had to lean in order not to fall off. We were late getting to our seats because of the many security lines we had to get through.

When Bob Ehrlich was elected Governor of Maryland



Crossing the Rhine on a ferry. We toured castles and towns along the river

we got very special treatment. Ann was asked to rate the food they'd be serving at the ball, and I went along to help. We stayed with Lisa and Dave Mallory who lived near Annapolis.

Ehrlich had two inauguration ceremonies, one inside the Capitol and the other outside for the public at large. We were invited to both, but our seats inside the Capitol were at the end of the House Gallery where you couldn't see Ehrlich. After a reception, we went outside, to find that our seats there had been taken. It was bitter cold,



Marge & Ellen Mumford at a one of the costume parties in Puerto Rico

and we stood to hear Bob's speech again. Afterward, we went with the Mallery's to a restaurant to warm up.

That night we attended the Inaugural Ball being held in two places in Baltimore. The VIP Ball, which we had tickets for, was held in the new sports stadium, and the other ball was in the Convention Center. Although we knew a lot of the people in the VIP group, many of our close friends were in the other building. We tried to walk over, but didn't, because we were afraid the guards wouldn't let us in, and we also might not be able to get back into our building.

Several years later, we got tickets to see the President close up at an Ehrlich fundraiser. Our tickets were free, but we weren't included with those who paid \$10,000 to meet with the President. We had to wait until he and Bob Ehrlich came into our room.

When we went in, everyone was given a nametag, and mine said Lois Granados. The lady at the reception desk asked if I wanted it changed, and I said it didn't make any difference.

When the President spoke, we were about 4 feet from him. He was flanked by photographers, and in the next day's Baltimore Sun our picture appeared, identified as Lois and Ann Granados.

Our Boats

Before the house was completed I bought a 16' in-board/outboard boat and named it the Dottie B. It had a 125 hp. engine and worked great for several years. When the salt water corroded its intake I had it repaired and put up for sale.

With the proceeds I bought a 20' pontoon boat we felt

would be safer for use with grandchildren. We named it the Good Ship Lollipop, and our friends Fred and Ronnie Schneeman, who worked for Channel 11 TV in Baltimore got a tape of Shirley Temple singing it. Ronnie lettered it's name at front and rear, and we drank mimosas and played the song at its christening.

At one of our family reunions, Jamiie printed shirts with crossed lollipops as the boat's logo.

The Lollipop lasted for 6 or 8 years, when we took Annie and Reid for a ride. Annie stood in the bow imitating Titanic when the stern began to sink. The pontoons were leaking and too expensive to repair. I sold the motor, giving the buyer the boat if he would carry it away.

Our third boat was a 19' outboard with a 125 h.p. motor. It had belonged to our next door neighbor, so I didn't have to go far when I had questions. It lasted until 3 years, and cost about \$900 a year to winterize, store, paint and de-winterize. It was used a total of three times in each of its last two summers.

Shortly after we were married, Ann wanted a rowing shell, and I bought a 2-person Alden. Two of us rowing didn't work; so one or the other would take it out. Eventually, the shell remained under our deck.

A friend of Ann's going through a divorce needed cash, so sold us her wind surfer. It has two sails, however neither of us learned how to use it. It also went under our deck.

Ann and I joined the members of the board of Furnace Town for a canoe ride on Nassawango Creek, and enjoyed it. We later rented canoes to go there with Barbie and Furn and with other friends and decided we had to



When we left Puerto Rico, our friends gathered at the "Wailing Wall" to see us off

have our own canoe. We finally bought one, but rarely used it. It sits on our pier.

Skits

At family gatherings we often put on skits. One year, Deeds did all the voices for Scarlett O'Hara, where Reid (4) was Rhett, Annie (2) Scarlett and the dog Toomie



At Valerie and Nick's in Belgium. Wendy James, Valerie, Nick and Daisy

(with a wig on) Melanie. Deeds was Mammy and all were in costume. Ricky, who had long curls at 2 was dressed as Shirley Temple, and held by Rick danced while everyone sang the Good Ship Lollipop.

At another gathering Ann and I did Sonny and Cher. She was Sonny and I was Cher. My wrap-around skirt didn't quite make it, causing a lot of laughs by the grandchildren.

When they were older, the grandchildren put on skits, using costumes and wigs from our attic.

Ducks Unlimited

Shortly after we were married Ann got me to join the Ducks Unlimited Committee, a fun group which raised money to finance habitat for migratory wildfowl. She was a former Chairman. The group met at members' homes and after meetings had its own travelling bar.

We operated a booth at Sunfest each year to sell T-shirts and hats, and held an annual dinner where we auctioned off shotguns, hunting trips and other sporting items. The dinner was so popular we limited attendance at 300 -- the maximum number the Carousel Hotel could handle.

I was elected Chairman, and at one of the meetings brought in chairs from our deck to accommodate the large number who attended. While I discussed plans for our next event, the canvas in one of the chairs broke, dumping its occupant on the floor. He wasn't hurt, but it took a while for the laughter to subside. As I tried to get back to the business at hand, another chair ripped. This time I called off the meeting and we set up the bar.

Our annual dinner/auction was our biggest money-maker, and a live puppy brought in a lot of revenue. One year I found a kennel in Easton that would have a puppy available, and asked someone coming from Baltimore to pick it up.

He called shortly before the meeting to say the kennel

was locked up and no one was there. After he left for Ocean City, I was able to contact the kennel owner who said she thought our dinner was for the next night, but that a man from Ocean City had just picked up a dog and if we could catch him maybe he'd bring ours.

Our county Sheriff was at the dinner, so I asked him if there was any way that car could be stopped. He said no, but if I'd pay for some telephone calls he'd get us the dog. He called the Sheriff of Dorchester County, asking if they could pick up the dog and bring it to the County line. Then he called the Sheriff of Wicomico County; then one of his staff. We got the dog just before it was scheduled to be auctioned.

Another time the auctioneer got drunk and dragged the auction considerably past midnight. A hotel guest came out on the balcony in his underwear shouting that he couldn't sleep with all the noise. This, of course, made everyone laugh. However, the microphone soon went dead.

Furnace Town

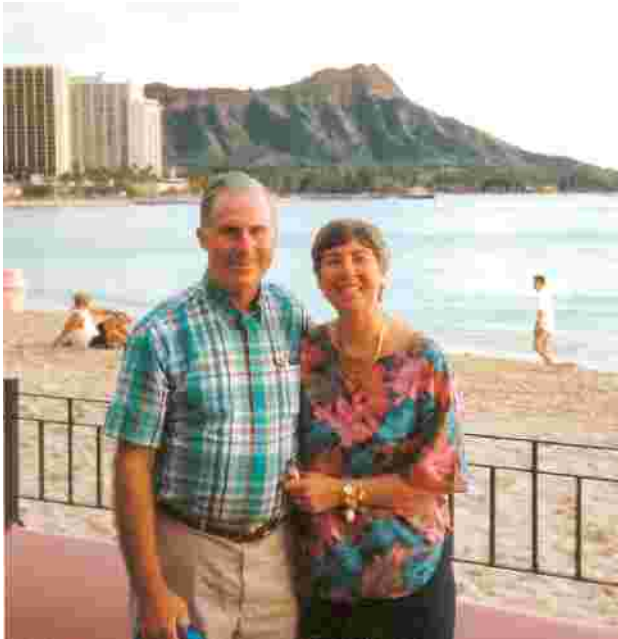
About 3 miles North of Snow Hill is a restored Colonial village called Furnace Town. I was elected to its Board of



Pony Express rider. I had to move out of his way fast, or he would have run me down.

Directors, and at the time, conditions there were somewhat primitive. Buildings, donated by local citizens surrounded a furnace used prior to the Revolution to smelt bog iron. We met in a church heated by a pot-bellied stove. In winter, only those seated near the stove kept warm, so it paid to get to meetings early.

During the warm months artisans such as blacksmiths, a broom maker, printer and Colonial gardener greeted tourists. I remained on the board for about 8 years, but



On the beach in Honolulu.

got tired of driving to Snow Hill for meetings.

Events such as the county fair and the Celtic festival paid to use its grounds.

Eventually someone endowed funds for a new visitors center with a flush toilet and heat, and it's still going strong as far as I know.

Our Travels Together

During our 25 years together Ann and I made many trips to Europe and elsewhere. We traded houses twice, living in England each time for two months, and spent three winters in Puerto Rico. One year we drove to the west coast; stayed with Ann's friends in California and flew to Hawaii. We also drove many times to the southern states for reunions and to visit Ann's children and to Pennsylvania and D.C. to visit mine. Following are some more interesting highlights.

Rhine River -- In 1984 we flew to Paris, and after sight-seeing drove to Switzerland and followed the Rhine River to Mulheim, Germany to meet Valerie and Nick. We stopped at Pouilly and Dijon, and while in St. Louis met an American couple who insisted that we visit Shaffhausen. After touring Zurich, we went there and thought it well worth stopping. It's a restored medieval city with castle. We bought a coo-coo clock in St. Gore and toured several castles along the Rhine.

As we approached Mulheim, we were supposed to call Valerie for directions, but Ann had visited there several years before, and led us straight to the house. I met Nick and Valerie and saw the sights.

On our return to Paris we had trouble finding a place to stay. We were in an industrial area in Belgium and it was getting dark. I spotted a bar that was lit up and went inside to ask directions. When I asked if anyone

spoke English, no one volunteered. The barmaid asked me to step outside where she held up three fingers and said red, yellow, green. She pointed to her right and said tres and pointed straight ahead. I drove to three stoplights and turned left and there was a hotel.

Our room was above where they kept the animals and the toilet was in the middle of the bedroom with a shower curtain around it. When I tried to pay the next morning they wouldn't take VISA and I didn't have any Belgian currency. So I left Ann as security and tried to find a bank. It took a long time, and Ann was very uncomfortable by the time I returned.

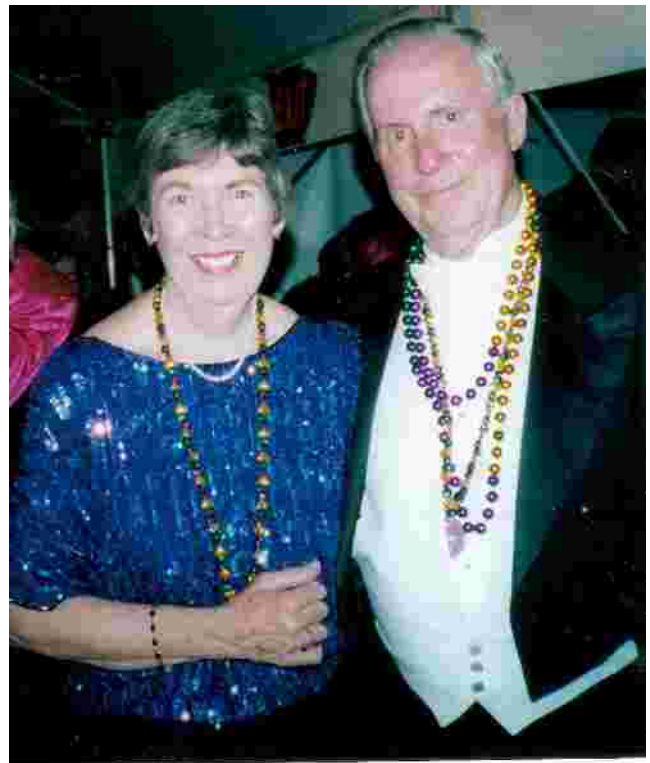
On our first visit to Paris we stayed at the Sax Residence and the maid couldn't speak English. Two weeks later when we returned she forgot and spoke English very well.

England Wales & Scotland: In September 1995, we flew to England and stayed with Wendy and Jimmy James. Wendy took us to Arundel Castle, home of the Duke of Norfolk, where we talked with the Dutchess.

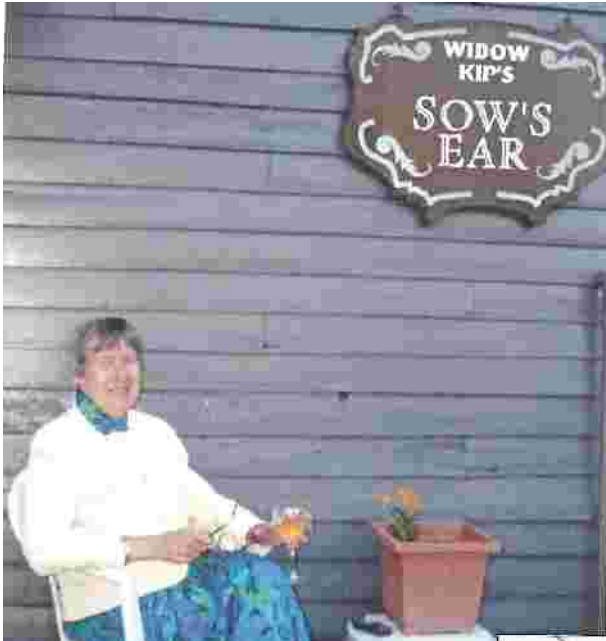
Barbie & Furn arrived, and the four of us rented a car in Portsmouth and toured Salisbury, Sidmouth and Dartmoor. We stayed in Bath, and after seeing the sights there, the Peards returned to the States.

Ann and I then visited the Wildfowl Trust, in Slimbridge, where thousands of ducks, geese and other wildfowl are grouped by Continent. We drove to Chester, an ancient walled city, staying in a B&B on top of the City wall. We walked completely around the city on top of the wall.

We drove to Llanduono in Wales and toured the huge



At the Mardi-Gras Ball in Alabama.



On our front porch at the Widow Kipp's Country Inn

castle called Conwy. We stopped at Ruthwell to see its ancient cross. The little church there was locked, but a lady nearby gave us a key.

We stopped in Moffat in Scotland where I bought a hat and Ann some sweaters, then moved on towards Edinburgh, where we stayed at the Carleton Highland hotel. During the night, the fire alarm went off and we had to evacuate. In the rush, I put on Ann's raincoat, and she put mine on.

We toured Edinburgh and Holyrood Castles, then took a train back to London.

Puerto-Rico: An Ocean City group went to Puerto Rico each winter and we were persuaded to join them. A similar group from Wisconsin shared the same high-rise condominium and the two groups got together to drink, have dinner and have costume parties. Each party had a theme, and everyone was expected to make a cos-



Main Street, Charmouth, England. Originally a Roman road. Our house is to the right and higher up the hill

tume to carry it out. The only store nearby was a K-mart which the group referred to as Neiman Marcus.

It was also our first experience with spaghetti on the boards, where a number of tables are placed end to end and covered with oilcloth. A roll of wide aluminum foil is run down the center and the hot spaghetti dumped down its length. Sauce is added and small paper dishes of salad; rolls and plastic utensils. There were no plates; you merely pulled the spaghetti toward you and ate. When everyone finished they rolled everything up and put it into the trash.

One couple there was Marge and Hoby from South Point near Ocean City. Marge was 79, and liked to go to people at the pool with a tube of Preparation X, saying put this on for your sunburn. She also had a baggie of powdered sugar which she offered to those who'd like to "do a line". Both Marge and Hoby played the Ukelele, and entertained us with all the old songs.

While most of the others gathered at the condo's swimming pool each day, Ann and I toured the island, staying at Paradores -- former coffee plantations now used for visitors. During several winters there we visited just about every part of the island.

A group custom was to collect at the building's front



Cerne Abbey, home of the Fulford-Dobsons in Cerne Abbas, where we stayed. About 1,000 years old.

wall when anyone left to go home. They called it the Wailing Wall, and pretended to cry.

Belgium -- After retiring from the British army -- he had been commander of the Black Watch Regiment -- Nick and Valerie bought a converted sheep barn in Grez Doiceau, Belgium near Brussels. Ann and I visited there several times where I helped Nick clear off a large lot adjacent to theirs. They referred to us as their migrant workers, and we called them the sheep herders. We toured Namour and Brugge, visited a German Concentration Camp and Bastogne, site of the Battle of the Bulge.

On one of our visits we took the Chunnel train over and decided to drive to Calais on the way back, sightseeing along the way. We'd then take the ferry to Portsmouth, where Wendy would meet us. Nick and I thought we



Gold Hill in Shaftsbury. One of the most photographed scenes in England

could make the trip in a few hours. We were wrong! We were able to stop at Utah beach, site of the Normandy invasion, but barely made it in time to catch the ferry.

After Nick died, we went there with Wendy and Jimmy James to help Valerie. This time we took the hover craft across the English Channel to Oostend, where Jimmy bought cases of beer to take home..

Cross-country -- In January, 1993 we planned to drive via the southern route to California, sightseeing along the way, then, after visiting Ann's California friends, fly to Hawaii for a couple of weeks.

We packed clothes to wear in cold and warm weather, and Ann bought a new wardrobe for Hawaii. I bought a VCR camera to record the trip.

Our first stop was Charlottesville, VA,. The next morning we woke to find the widow in our car smashed and all contents taken — all of Ann's clothes and the new movie camera.

I called our insurance agent who said to buy new clothes and camera and a check would be waiting for us in California. We spent the rest of the trip shopping at department stores for Ann's clothes.

On most of our trips we picked up state maps, and on entering Holbrook, Arizona, I saw a sign that said free maps and decided to get one. Ann stayed in the car while I went in. When the lady at the desk handed me a map, she asked if we were going to attend the Sheriff Posse's swearing-in. A group of riders was to re-create the Pony Express the next day by carrying the mail for 200 miles to Phoenix.

Ann and I agreed to stay, and they made us their tourists of the month and invited us to dinner with the riders. They were a rough and ready bunch, and one with a long handle-bar moustache was quite taken with Ann. After dinner they invited us to go drinking with them, but we declined.

The next morning we had breakfast with the riders and watched them start. Each rider carried the mail 10 miles

(it was official mail) and handed it off to the next rider. The first rider's horse was then loaded on a trailer and driven ahead to take his turn again later. After 100 miles, they rested for the evening and completed the trip the next day.

We drove to San Diego, staying with Ann's cousins, Don and Bev Edge, then flew to Hawaii. Highlights there were the Polynesian Cultural Center on Oahu and our ocean-front condo in Maui, where we saw whales leap out of the water and slap their tails loudly as they dove back. We went to the Don Ho show in Honolulu and had our pictures taken with him.

One of our stops on the way back was Dallas, Texas to see where Kennedy was assassinated and tour the schoolbook depository where the shot was fired from.

The trip took seven weeks, and by the last week we were thoroughly tired of traveling.

Mardi-Gras -- In February, 2000 John asked us to join him for Mardi-Gras in Alabama. He would be on one of the floats, and had reserved a cottage for us on the parade route. The tradition is if a Mardi-Gras participant invites someone, he pays for everything. We visited the building where they were decorating the floats, then in the evening watched the parade. I had mentioned that I'd like some beads to take back to grandchildren, and I got beads -- enough to fill a large grocery bag!

After the parade we attended a white-tie and tails formal dance -- another tradition. It was great, but since John had been drinking go-cups of vodka on the float, he was so drunk he could hardly stand up. Apparently Jody had locked him out of their hotel room and at 3:00 a.m. he was knocking on our door to see if we could lend him a key. Everything was straightened out by



The garden behind the MacDonald's home in Burcot-near-Abingdon

morning, and we had a great breakfast with the Mardi-Gras bunch.

Antietam -- On one of our trips we toured the Antietam battlefield, later taking a walk along the nearby C&O



Main Street in Dorchester-on-Thames. Originally a Roman town, it's where Christianity began in England

canal. Ann stopped to go to the ladies room in a sheet-metal outhouse while I walked along the canal. I soon heard banging coming from the outhouse. She couldn't get the door open. I let her out and she said if I hadn't been handy she would probably have stayed until the next hiker came along.

Bermuda — In June, 2005, John and Jody gave Ann a week at the Waterloo House in Hamilton, Bermuda for her birthday.

We drove to Tony's house in Levittown, and after checking in to a very fancy hotel, courtesy of Tony, we helped celebrate his grandson's graduation from high school.

The next morning, we flew to Hamilton where our quarters were an ocean-front cottage. Our stay included breakfast and afternoon "tea." Waterloo House is a short walk from downtown Hamilton, where the ships dock and restaurants and shops are located.

Over the next week, we toured the island by ferry-boat and bus, visited parliament in session and enjoyed a complimentary dinner on Elbow Beach at the Horizons Beach and Cottages.

We arrived at the airport in time to catch the 2:10 plane to Philadelphia to learn that the flight was cancelled.

We caught the next flight at 5:25, and when we arrived, Tony was waiting with our car.

Anniversary Kidnapping -- As time got close to our wedding anniversary in 2007, Ann wouldn't commit herself as to what she'd like to do. The day before our anniversary she said to get into the car because she had a surprise. I found she had packed my suitcase, and when I asked where we were going she said it was a surprise.

We drove across Virginia to the Shenandoah Valley, and then she told me the town to look for. She had purchased a weekend package at the Widow Kipp's Country Inn near Mt. Jackson. It was a lovely place, and had two buildings in addition to the main house. We were in

one called the Sows Ear, next to the Silk Purse.

We toured the New Market battlefield and ate at some great restaurants. Breakfast was served at the Inn, and it too was great. It was a great anniversary, and we both had a lot of fun.

Trading Houses

Charmouth -- Our first experience trading houses was with the Briscoes in Charmouth, England. We had met them in Puerto Rico and they had relatives in Ocean City. When we arrived in London, Bob Briscoe met us at the airport and drove us to Charmouth (about 3 hours) When we arrived, he gave me the combination to his safe so we could store our valuables. Unfortunately, after they left for the U.S., I couldn't get the safe open, and our travelers checks & passports were locked up. After I gave up Ann was successful in getting it open. Our "valuables" went under a couch.

Several times we visited Ann's friends Barbara and Michael Fulford-Dobson, who lived in a 500 year old Abbey in Cerne Abbas. Michael was the Queen's



Culham Court, home of Paddy & Annabelle Nicoll. They've since sold it and moved to a smaller place

Leftenant for Dorset (sort of honorary governor) and they introduced us to many of their friends. We did a lot of walking throughout the countryside, particularly with Wendy and Jimmy James.

Charmouth was built on the side of a hill, and our house was near the top of it. We looked down on the house in the next block. It was about a mile (downhill) to the post office and grocery store, and we walked there each day. The streets are so narrow, I was a little leery about driving the car.

About half way back to our house was a WWI Memorial and we stopped there each day to read the names. We were really resting from the walk, but didn't want the Brits to know it.

We did our major grocery shopping in Bridport, about 10 miles away, famous for making ropes and nets. I had always wanted to make my own crab nets so asked if there was a place that sold items to make them. I was directed to a building supply company, and after crossing a large open area filled with piles of sand and gravel, saw a door on the second floor, and going inside found

people weaving nets.

I asked what the nets were for, and they said it was a special order for the University of Maryland. Small world! They sold me a net weaving needle and book of instructions but I never got around to weaving a crab net.

On the Fourth of July, we were headed for Lulworth Cove when we passed a British Army camp. The tank corps was shooting their cannons into the side of a hill. We figured they were celebrating the 4th of July, but knew they weren't.

We drove to Plymouth and after asking many people who didn't know, found the site where the Pilgrims had left for America.

We visited Sidmouth and had lunch with Clive and Jenny Moore who had a beautiful home there.

We spent several days in Cornwall, where many Brits go for their holidays, and stayed at a farm B&B owned by an opera singer.

One of the restaurants had a special on hot apple cake, and when I asked for it, they asked if I'd like cream on it. I said yes, and was quite surprised. Their big specialty is clotted cream, which has the consistency of butter. They put what looked like a stick of butter on top of the cake.

We met Valerie at her son Fergie's house and she drove us to Belgium by putting her car on a train which went through the Chunnel.

It was very late when we arrived in Grez-Doiceau, but Nick greeted us with a pizza made with fruit.

The next day we drove to Bruges, where we took a canal boat tour of the city. We also visited a concentration camp called Ft. Brudlunk and toured the area where the battle of the bulge was fought. They have a very interesting museum there where animated figures tell the story of the battle from both the German and American perspectives.

Coming back, we took the Euro Star train through the Chunnel. It was like going on an airliner, with a drinks cart and stewardesses. Our plan was to take the train to Rowlands Castle where our car was parked, and

Jimmy was to meet us at the station.

When we tried to get off the train we discovered that the platform didn't extend as far back as our car. It was a 10 foot drop to the ground.

We rode to the next station, and took the next train back, and Jimmy was still waiting.

One of our trips was to Shaftsbury, famous for Gold Hill, a very steep road that's been there since medieval times. It's also a very beautiful city.

Ann held a party for her British friends that had been stationed with her in Turkey. About 20 came, and it was the first time most of them had seen each other since Turkey.

On our last day in Charmouth Ann said goodbye to the lady at the Post Office. Soon all of the shop owners -- the grocer, the baker, etc., came out in the street to bid her goodbye.

Our plan was to have the Briscoes drive our car to the Baltimore airport and leave the keys at the British Airways desk.

We arrived at Heathrow early to find our flight had been cancelled. The ticket agent said if we hurried to the next terminal a Virgin Airways flight was about to take off. We arrived there just in time to discover that the plane was going to D.C.. They offered to take us to Baltimore by limousine, and put us in first class.

When we arrived, the limousine got us to Baltimore before the Briscoes left. Ann paged them and Bob answered the phone in the next booth. He said British Airways had refused to hold the car keys and he didn't know what he was going to do. Thankfully, we got to him before his plane left.

Oxfordshire -- In July, 2000 we traded houses with Connie and Alistair MacDonald in Burcot, England, near Oxford. This was our second trade, and the MacDonald's came to OC first, where we introduced them to



Ann was a Delegate to the 2000 Republican National Convention



Md. Governor Ehrlich, Ann, me & Congressman Wayne Gilchrest at one of the many political events



Pat's house in Naples, Florida

our friends. We held a big party, and Ann severely injured her back. It was too late to cancel the trip, so a doctor friend wrote her a prescription for pain, and we left, Ann with an ice pack stuffed in the back of her panty hose.

The MacDonald's son George was to meet us at the airport and take us to their home. George was unable to come, so he asked a friend to do so. The friend couldn't come either, so he hired a cab to meet us, and the cab driver had no idea how to get to their home. He couldn't even find his way out of the airport parking lot.

After about an hour, I saw the same signs repeated and realized he was lost. He phoned George, we found their home, and George instructed Ann on how to get in. We were to go behind the house and look back of the third fence post for a key to the house across the street. (the "street" was a gravel drive in front of their home, and they owned both houses) We were to open the door of that house and find another key in the desk. This was the key to the main home.

We were then to open the door, and quickly turn off the burglar alarm by entering a number into its keypad. The number was wrong, and there was a loud buzzing followed by the telephone ringing. Someone demanded to know our code number. When Ann said she didn't know, two policemen showed up. After we got things straightened out the cab driver demanded payment, and we told him to collect it from George.

The next day, we decided to scout out the train station since John and Jody were to come in a few days. We got lost, and I pulled into a shopping area to check our map when a policeman knocked on our car door. She asked if I had been drinking, and when I said no, said either we were under the influence, didn't know how to drive or were lost. I told her we were lost and she said

about 15 cars had been behind me and road rage was not uncommon. She showed us how to get to the train station. A sad note: A few years later, George was murdered while attending a bachelor's party at a bar in London. He left a wife and two children.

Just as we had done for them, the MacDonald's had alerted their neighbors to look after us, and we were invited to dinners, boat rides, etc. On one occasion, the man who invited us lived a little over a mile away so we decided to walk. After an enjoyable evening, our host asked if we had brought torches (flashlights) with us. When we said no, he said you may have trouble finding your way back. We laughed and said we didn't think so, but were we ever wrong. There are no street lights, and it was so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. The curb was very low, so we couldn't tell whether we were walking in the street or not. A lighted telephone booth about a quarter mile away was our only guide. Each time a car would come by we'd go as fast as we could. Ann dropped her pocketbook and all its contents spilled out. We began to laugh, and laughed all the way home. We also didn't go out at night again without a torch.

With John and Jody we visited Windsor Castle and drove to Culham Court, home of Valerie's son Paddy and his wife Annabelle. Annabelle's father, one of the richest men in England, gave them an estate for a wedding present which included a huge mansion and 600 acres of land. Her brother had stocked their large wine cellar. The 17th Century house had to be extensively remodeled, including removing the roof, and they had added a swimming pool. We visited them again with



The lake in Naples I walked around each day

Wendy and Jimmy, and toured all of the rooms in the mansion.

Our next door neighbor was Scottish, and apparently didn't get along with the MacDonald's. He had a number of pet roosters, all of them named Fred, Freddie, Frederick, etc. We soon became good friends, and when Ann's friend Jenny Stack invited us to spend a few days in London we told our new friend. He said it was impossible to find a place to park in London so we should take a bus. The nearest bus stop was in Oxford, about 6 miles away, so we said we'd leave our car there. He said this was unwise since cars were often broken into, and offered to take us to the bus stop.



Ann's ashes were put in the water at "A", in front of Sea Watch

Three days later he was waiting for us when we returned.

In London, we went on the London Eye, a giant Ferris wheel next to the Thames river, and took a river cruise to Greenwich, where all time zones begin. We learned that Buckingham Palace was to be open to tourists for the first time for the month of August, and when we told Jenny we wanted to visit there she said we'd never get in. We arrived at Buckingham early in the morning and went right in. Apparently most tourists were unaware that it was open. We also visited the War Room used by Winston Churchill during WWII.

Before we returned home, Ann again held a party for all her Turkish friends. This time we had drinks with the former British Ambassador Rod Sarrell, and met the folks in Pangbourne, which was more centrally located.

Politics

Shortly after Ann and I were married, a friend asked us to join a Republican club being formed. Since I had always worked for the Federal government this would be my first political experience.

Our club president had big ideas, and one of his first projects was to hold a training seminar for people interested in running for office. I got training manuals from four different organizations and combined them into one we could use, tailoring it to local races such as County Commission, School Board, Town Council, etc.

The workshop was very successful, and people from all over the state participated. After it was over, our President got in an argument with one of our members and quit, leaving me as President. I remained in the job

for the next couple of years.

When Wayne Gilcrest ran for Congress the first time, Ann managed his campaign in Worcester County. She continued to do so for the next seven elections, and we became close friends with Wayne and his DC staff.

Ann was Chairman of the Worcester County Republican Central Committee and had been elected President of the Maryland Federation of Republican Women. She felt it improper to hold both offices at the same time and submitted her resignation from the Central Committee. The committee members asked if I would take the job and I said I would if Ann would agree to stay on the committee.

One of the committee members then resigned and I was appointed to take her place. I was then elected Chairman. Ann only had a year to serve on her term of office, so I didn't run for re-election when the term ended.

Although Ann continued to be active politically, I decided one of us was enough, and confined my efforts to helping her. When George Bush ran for a second term, Ann was made his campaign director for the State of Maryland. She had a great committee, and I agreed to be her publicity chairman.

It was obvious from the start, however, that the campaign had written Maryland off, and we not only got no help, but a number of our volunteers were persuaded to help out in Pennsylvania. I was told that all press releases had to be cleared in advance by the Bush people, and written to guidelines they supplied. A press release was to be seven pages long. Our "boss" was 21 years old! I quit the campaign, and Ann resigned shortly thereafter.

I believe that with some cooperation on the Bush people's part Maryland could have come in as Republican, but we'll never know. At any rate, that finished me with politics.

Naples, Florida

In the winter of 2007, Ann and I spent a month in Naples, Florida, courtesy of Pat Granados, who had purchased a duplex house there. The house is in a gated community, and nearly everything is within easy walking distance. Pat was in the process of buying furniture when we arrived, and we spent our first night on an air mattress; shortly thereafter the furniture arrived.

On my birthday Ann made reservations at one of the best restaurants in Naples. We didn't now how to get there, but decided to use our GPS device to find it.

We were creeping along in bumper to bumper traffic looking for it when my telephone rang. Our friend Becky Lynch was calling and said her two little girls, age 5 and 7 wanted to sig Happy Birthday to me. Although we were late for the appointment, there was noting to do but listen while they sang two choruses.

We had a great time visiting thrift shops, meeting with Joe and Mickey and Tony's daughter, and Ann's cousin Joe Downey and close friends Jeanne and John Rotherth

had winter places there. We also discovered a number of her Baltimore friends were in town, and planned to go back in the winter of 2008.

Ann's Illnesses

In 2005, after a routine mammogram Ann was diagnosed with breast cancer. She had a lumpectomy, followed by chemo-therapy and radiation treatments and was deemed in remission.

In October of 2008, we drove to Atlanta for a surprise birthday party for Deeds. Ann complained of tiredness and possibly coming down with the flu. On election day in November, I went with her to set up a tent at the polls, expecting to spend most of the day there. She again complained of tiredness, and we drove home three different times so she could rest.

The next day, she said she was going to see her doctor. I asked if she wanted me to go along, and she said no. The doctor sent her to the hospital for some tests, and they moved her to the hospital in Salisbury for further tests. They announced she had leukemia, and after a few days, sent her by ambulance to Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore.

The doctors at Johns Hopkins asked her to participate in some experimental procedures and sent her home. After looking them over we agreed to participate in two procedures, each a month long, with a month in between.

During the first month's stay, she felt great and knitted hats, one of which she gave to the nurses. Patients were asked to do laps around the ward, and she was the champion. She came home and we had a quiet Christmas together.

In January, she went back to Hopkins for the second procedure, and everything went wrong. Instead of having the same doctor throughout as had been done the first time, various doctors took turns, and one, in my opinion, was totally negligent, only giving Ann cursory attention.

She developed an excessive amount of fluid which her heart was unable to cope with. I watched a doctor drain about a gallon of fluid from her lung.

After more than two months, they let her come home, but her heart was fatally damaged. After several weeks she complained of shortness of breath and they put her in the local hospital. She was there for a short time until going into a coma.

We brought her home. Hospice provided a hospital bed and oxygen generator along with medicines to keep her comfortable. John, Jodie, Deeds and Jamie took turns giving her morphine every three hours around the clock. She died on July 5, 2009, and we were all with her.

She wanted to be cremated, her ashes put in a tennis ball can and be buried at sea in front of Sea Watch.

John bought four cans of tennis balls made for Wimbledon and the funeral director distributed her ashes in them so each of us had one. I donated the tennis balls

to the local High School tennis team.

We held her funeral on July 8 at Holy Spirit Episcopal Church in Ocean City, followed by a reception at the Carousel Hotel. The church was packed -- they brought out many folding chairs. Among those there were Governor and Mrs. Ehrlich, Republican National Committee Chairman Michael Steele and Ocean City Mayor Rick Meehan. Valerie and Fergus Nicoll came from England. Ellen Sauerbrey gave the eulogy and an Episcopal Priest from Johns Hopkins was there.

On Saturday, September 12, John & Jody, Deeds, Jamie and Paula and I went on a boat provided by Lloyd Lewis, owner of M.R. Ducks, to a spot in front of Sea Watch. It was a beautiful day, and we had no trouble. The four of us placed Ann's ashes in the water; John determined the GPS point where her ashes were put into the water; and Deacon Carl Mosely read from scripture. Pat Marshal and Phyl Shek accompanied us.

Return to Naples

That fall, Pat Granados asked if I'd like to spend the winter at her house in Naples as Ann and I had planned to do. Pat said she'd drive me there, and Elaine said she'd fly down in the Spring to drive me back.

We left on the day after Christmas, and soon discovered our mistake. We encountered several traffic jams, and at first thought they might be due to an accident. They weren't! There were too many people travelling.

We stopped at a Holiday Inn Express and were told



The lake at Islandwalk which I walked around each day.

they were totally booked up. They suggested we try a local Days Inn, and when we arrived there, a line had formed of people seeking a room. Pat and I got the last available room, and had to share it.

It was lovely in Naples, but cold. That winter was a severe one, particularly for those who stayed in Ocean City. Phyl Shek looked out for my plants, and when Elaine asked if she could use the house for a weekend I called Phyl, who said she was unable to walk over because of all the ice.

When Elaine arrived, so much snow was piled up in front of our driveway she couldn't park, and had to stay at a motel.

While at Pat's, I bought a number of things I thought she could use, including a vacuum cleaner, toaster oven and iron. And although I walked about a mile a day I

still suffered from back pain.

I visited Joe in Venice, and met a lot of his friends there. I also had dinner several times with Pat's brother Bill, and Lui and Pat came to visit on my birthday. I visited Pat's father several times, and had dinner with him and his lady friend at a restaurant.

Dee Hodges flew to Naples on her way to a college reunion, and she and a classmate met me for dinner one evening.

Elaine and Merry flew down a little before Easter, and after Elaine and Merry went to mass on Easter Sunday, we left Florida. Elaine drove all the way, and we had an uneventful trip and got back to Lui's in time for me to drive to Ocean City.

In September, Dr. Semmes found a melanoma on my back and said I should have it removed immediately. When I said I was going to Naples, she made an appointment with a doctor there to perform the surgery.

Back to Naples in 2011

On Thanksgiving day, 2010, I had dinner with Lui, Pat, and Beci; Elaine and her family. The next day, Lui, Pat and I set out for Naples. I had enough points on my VISA account to let us stay for two nights in Holiday Inn Expresses.

Lui and Pat stayed for several days, and Pat's brother Bill said he would take me to have the melanoma removed. In December, Dr. Zack removed the melanoma, but it was in an area I couldn't reach, and the dressing was supposed to be changed daily.

The doctor's office made arrangements for a visiting nurse to come daily until the stitches were removed.

While Lui and Pat were there, I had complained of shortness of breath, and it seemed to get worse. I made an appointment with a doctor the visiting nurse recommended.

At first, the doctor thought my heart was the problem, so I saw a heart specialist. They gave me an echocardiogram and said the cause was probably in my lungs, and recommended a pulmonary specialist.

After an extensive breathing test, the doctor said I had pulmonary fibrosis and recommended medications that could be obtained without a prescription.

In February, Elaine, Merry and Jacob came for 5 days, and Pat came for the following week. While Elaine was there we visited the town of Ave Maria, and Elaine and Jacob toured Naples.

While Pat was there, she and I went to see *The King's Speech* — something I probably wouldn't have done otherwise.

Suzie Browne visited on the 16th thru the 18th.

The last of February and first part of March, Al Bridgman came for a visit, and one night I took him to a restaurant I liked. I dropped him off at the door and the only spot I could find to park was in an adjacent parking lot, where I had to jump over a ditch to get back.

I felt something give in my back when I jumped, and within a week my back was hurting so bad I got Bill

Donovan to take me to the hospital emergency room. They took x-rays and said I should see a bone specialist. The doctor said I should get an MRI from a hospital downtown.

I asked if I couldn't have it done there, and he said I'd have to be admitted to the hospital. He called the emergency room and they agreed to admit me. I was in the hospital for a week.

Lui flew down and visited me every day, and when they finally let me out, he bought a walker for me.

When the doctor gave the O.K., Lui put me on a plane to D.C., and Pat met me there and drove me to Ocean City. Lui drove my car up from Florida and arrived the next evening.

Life in Ocean City — Again

Back in Ocean City, I had to make a choice between moving my bedroom downstairs or getting a chair-lift. I chose the latter, and had an Acorn chair lift installed. It is very slow, but gets me up and down the steps. I use Ann's walker upstairs, and the one I got in Florida downstairs. When I go out, I use a cane.

I had a number of visitors over the summer. During the month of May, Ricky stayed with me while he worked at the Carousel Hotel. Fergie's son James spent a week in August, and Morgan visited several times. Elaine and Jacob also visited several times, and Lui and Pat came for the day.

From time to time I had dinner with Al Bridgman, usually at a restaurant we hadn't eaten in before.

In September, I got a call from Sally Hinkel, who I'd known for many years. She said her husband John had died on August 20th, and asked for the e-mail address of Elaine, so her son David could contact her.

I had lunch with Sally from time to time, but she was occupied with taking care of her daughter, who was suffering from cancer.

Before long, Sally was diagnosed with Lymphoma, something she had suffered from several years before. Eventually, her son David talked her into coming to live with him in Indiana so he and his wife could take care of her. I kept contact with Sally by telephone.

Cancer

A routine X-ray of my chest caused the doctor to send me for a PET scan in Salisbury. It revealed that there was cancer in my lung and colon.

I underwent a biopsy of the lung which confirmed the Pet Scan's diagnosis, and on May 3rd had a colonoscopy. The colonoscopy doctor said that the cancer was in a difficult place to reach, so my best bet was to do nothing and keep track of it.

Sally Hinkel

Sally Hinkel and her son David visited me, and Sally was extremely weak. When they returned to David's home in Indiana Sally continued to fail. In August, she died, and David brought her body back to Ocean City

for a funeral, after which she would be buried with her husband John.

I attended the funeral but did not go to the gathering afterward.

My condition continued to worsen, so I underwent a series of radiation treatments where I was required to lie on my back with my arms over my head. Since I wore suspenders my pants would fall down. One of the women there then became my "pants holder upper".

At the end of the treatments I was presented with a diploma signed by all of the women there. (about 10 or 11) and each of them gave me a hug.

After a number of visits to the pulmonary specialist I went through more tests. I then visited my primary doctor and asked to stop taking tests. She recommended that I go under Hospice care.

Hospice provides all my medicines and their nurse visits me two days each week. They also have a minister and social worker, and will provide volunteers to help in other ways.

In mid-July, 2013 I developed severe pain in my chest and back which the nurse believed to be caused by the cancer virus migrating to my bones.

I called Lui and he reviewed my will and financial papers. Pat said she would take a leave of absence when it became necessary to care for me.

Elaine called and also offered to take time off to care for me. I thought I'd ask Morgan to stay with me until school began.

