Theodore Jackson Ream
Cassander/Cassandra Hanes Ream
and
Their Descendants

(Abridged)

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Compiler

Revised 2020

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I am distributing this only for the benefit of family members. Because this contains information on living descendants, please use discretion when sharing it with others.

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PREFACE

It would be sad to see the story of the Theodore Jackson ("T. J.") and Cassander/Cassandra/Cassie (Hanes) Ream family lost to history. Unfortunately, Dave Ream, who knew their story best and travelled in their footsteps across Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas, is gone. He had planned to write up the Ream history after his retirement, but it moved down his long list of priorities.

Caitlin kindly sent me some of Dave's research papers which contained a letter from Dave describing a scene at the Dallas library when he tried years ago to get his nephew Darren interested in family history research. After an hour of digging through the 1880 Census, Darren was thoroughly bored and pleaded, "But Uncle Dave, just give me the book that tells everything about the family." "Well, there ain't no such book," lamented Dave, "there are all these bits and pieces that someday someone should put into a manageable form."

Admittedly, this is a poor substitute for what Dave or others could have written. But I feel that, as time passes, this family should somehow be remembered. Although more "bits and pieces" will undoubtedly come to light in the future, we have enough now to begin putting the family story together. I have tried to incorporate Dave's preliminary writings as much as possible.

With a special thanks to John Ream for his informative website, Chris Ream for the numerous pictures posted on John's site, Nancy Ream Rose for her encouragement and boxes of Ream "goodies," Caitlin Ream Cowan for sharing her father's research, and the many family "savers" of letters, pictures, and written memories … this manuscript is for you, Darren, and anyone else who just wants to read "the book."

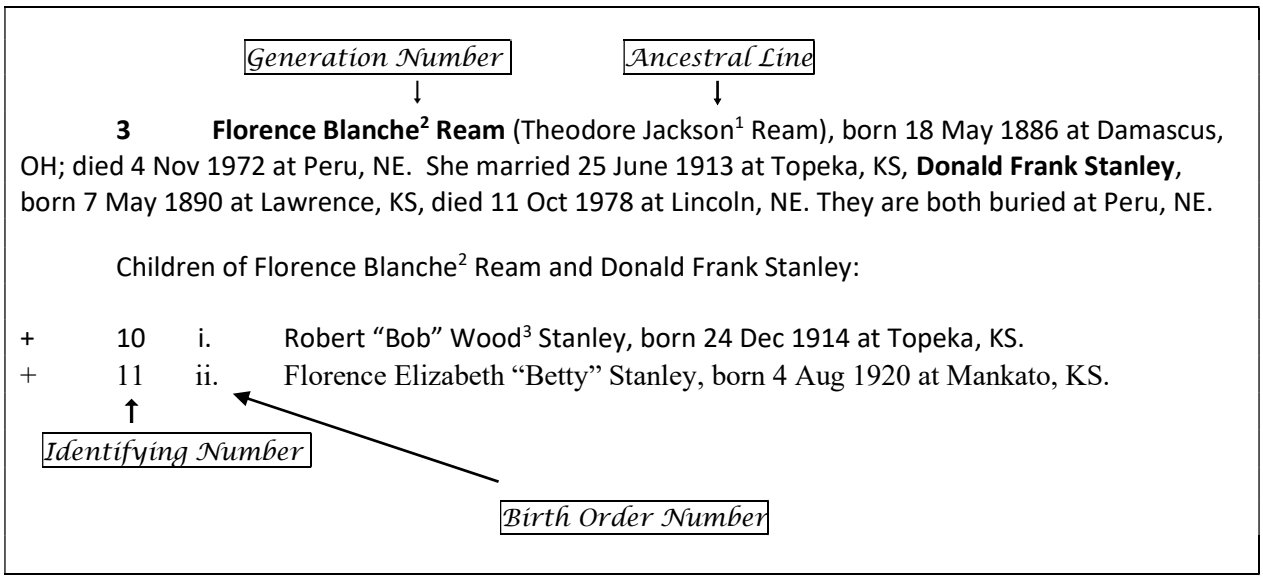
Carol Wallace Kleppinger

NUMBERING SYSTEM

I have elected to use the Modified Register System for this manuscript, which is one of the current recommended systems. It seems to be user-friendly and less awkward than some of the others.

Each generation is presented, starting at the oldest and working forward. All members of the generation are presented before going on to the next generation.

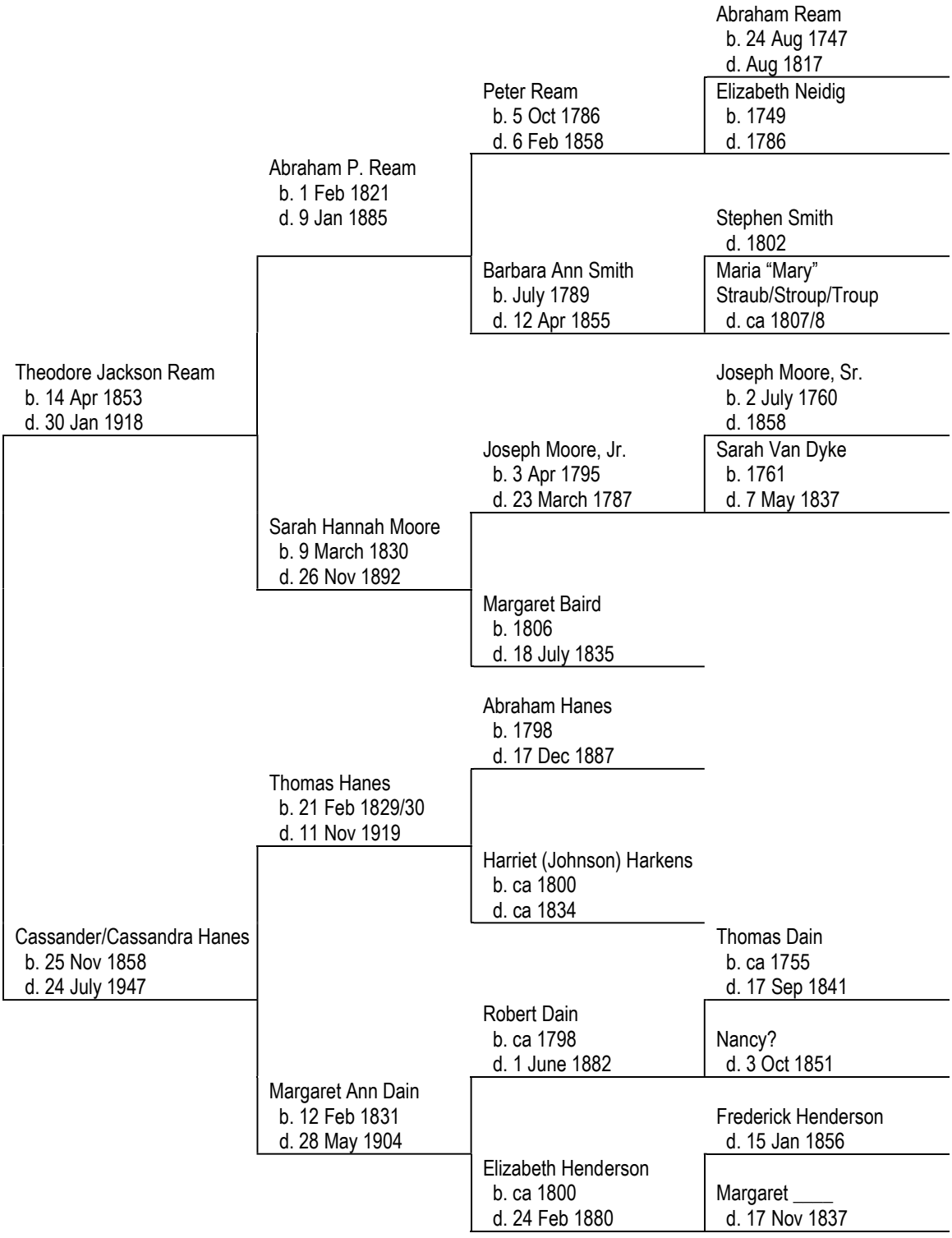
Each person is given three types of numbers: an **Identifying Number** to uniquely identify the individual, a **Generation Number** to indicate the generation into which that person falls, and a **Birth Order Number** to denote his/her birth order within the nuclear family.



A plus sign (+) beside the name indicates there will be expanded information in a later generation. Refer to the identifying number to find the name.

Don't confuse generation numbers and endnote numbers. Normally, if a superscript follows a given name immediately, it is a generation number.

ANCESTRY CHART



FIRST GENERATION

THEODORE JACKSON REAM – CASSANDER HANES REAM

By any measuring stick, T. J. and Cassie were a remarkable couple who still evoke family pride, even after many decades have passed. T. J. was a Methodist minister whose church transferred him numerous times (as was the norm) across three states.

Two of T. J.'s sons used the word "mercurial" to describe him. Jay Ream described his father as "full of sparkle, and occasionally of gloom." But he was also an innovative person as evidenced by his 1890 patent for a fountain attachment for a blacking-brush, and even performed home orthodontics on his son Jay by using a block of wood to move his teeth

Joe wrote that his mother Cassie "was the stabilizing influence in the family." Jay said his mother was "always working, going her even-tempered way." Life in the late 1800s was truly a lot of work – no electricity, no plumbing, transportation by horses which required much maintenance, heating by wood or coal stoves. (See Jay's autobiography for more details.) In addition, this family loaded all of their possessions and five children (Joe was born later) onto a wagon every 1-3 years, and traveled to the next Methodist-assigned town.

In spite of this (or perhaps because of this), T. J. and Cassie's family of six children remained close despite the 23-year age difference between the oldest (Frank) and the youngest (Joe). They all went on to have interesting and inspiring lives of their own. Even though T. J. and Cassie were the first from their families to ever see a college classroom, they stressed education. All of their children graduated from college and married college graduates, a remarkable accomplishment for a family of very modest means, at the turn of the century in an area of the Midwest just a few years removed from the frontier. Four earned advanced degrees. All thirteen grandchildren are also college graduates.

This is a broad outline of their lives. For Cassie's autobiography and additions by her granddaughter Betty Stanley Wallace, see Appendix A, page 152.

1 Theodore Jackson[1] "T. J." Ream (also called Thad as a boy), born 14 April 1853 at Greentown, OH, died 30 Jan 1918 at Topeka KS.[1] He married 16 Nov 1878, at Norwich, OH, **Cassander Hanes** (Cassie or sometimes spelled Cassandra), born 25 Nov 1858 at Norwich, OH; died 24 July 1947 at Topeka, KS. Both are buried at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Topeka, KS in the South Memorial Section. Cassie said that she was baptized Cassander, so that was her real name—she was named for a step-grandmother whose name was Cassander. They had six sons, including one who died in infancy, and one daughter.

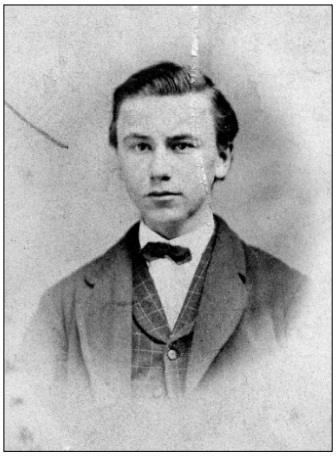
T. J. was the son of Abraham or Abram P. and Sarah Hannah (Moore) Ream. Abraham was born 1 Feb 1821, died 9 Jan 1885 at Greentown, OH. Sarah Hannah Moore was born 9 March 1830 in Lake Township, Stark Co., OH; died 26 Nov 1892 at Greentown, OH. They married 16 March 1848 at Stark Co., OH.

Cassie was the daughter of Thomas "Tommy" and Margaret Ann (Dain) Hanes. Tommy was born 21

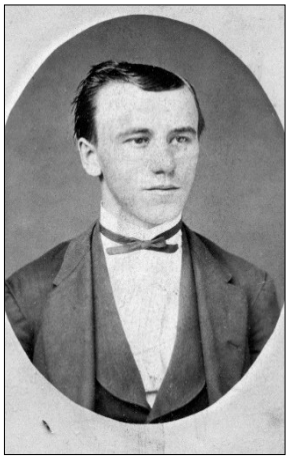
Feb 1830 in Muskingum County, OH, and died 11 Nov 1919. Margaret was born 12 Feb 1831 in Muskingum County, OH, and died 28 May 1904. They are both buried at Garden Grove, Iowa.

To begin T.J.'s story, I am using the introduction that Dave Ream wrote:[2]

> T. J. grew up on the family farm near Greentown. I suspect that his chief boyhood activities were farm chores, school, and church. His father, A. P. Ream, was a lay minister in the Methodist church at Greentown. He (and presumably T. J.'s mother) was very religious and God-fearing. It seems obvious that his father's beliefs and activities were a strong influence on T. J.; the enthusiasm and deep dedication he inherited were probably the primary reasons he decided to become a Methodist minister.

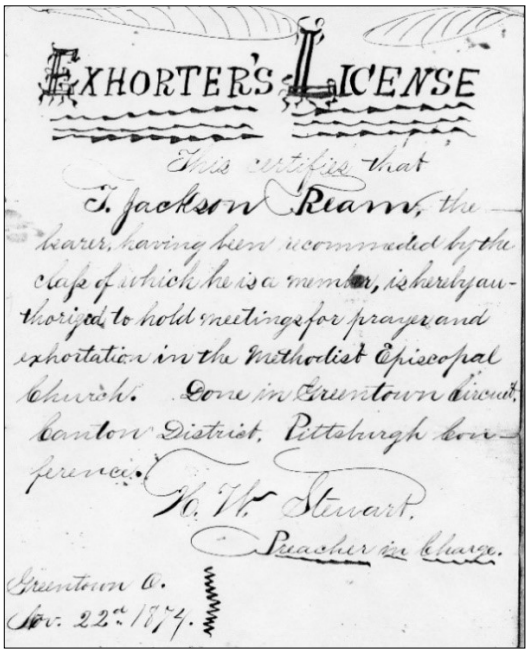


T. J., age 17, 1870



T. J., age 19, 1872

> From an early age, T. J. was immersed in Bible studies and Sunday School classes. [*As evidenced by this Exhorter's License,*] he was doing a bit of preaching by his early 20s.



EXHORTER'S LICENSE

This certifies that

T. Jackson Ream, the bearer, having been recommended by the class of which he is a member, is hereby authorized to hold meetings for prayer and exhortation in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Done in Greentown circuit, Canton District, Pittsburgh Conference.

H. W. Stewart.

Preacher in Charge.

Greentown O.

Nov. 22nd 1874.

T. J. 's 1874 hand-written "Exhorter's License" for the Methodist Episcopal Church, Greentown, Ohio.

According to a Methodist historian, The Exhorter's License was the first step in a Methodist minister's career. It was a "local" license, that is, the Exhorter was not ordained and was not a "traveling" minister. The Exhorter had passed an examination on biblical knowledge and the polity of the Methodist Church. The Exhorter was an evangelist who "exhorted " people to give their lives to Christ. Frequently the Exhorter went on to become a "Local Preacher" who was permitted to conduct services and to preach under the direction of the Preacher assigned to his circuit.

T. J. may have also taught school in addition to farm work before he began to pursue the ministry. A 1909 newspaper article states that he taught three years near Greentown <u>after</u> he attended Mount Union College. We know that timeline is wrong, but it's logical that the three years of teaching may have occurred before Mount. Union.[3]

T. J. knew that he wanted to be a fully qualified Methodist minister. To achieve that goal, he had to spend some time in a college that would offer the courses he needed for qualification. In 1876 he enrolled at Mount Union College, a Methodist school in Alliance, Ohio, 16 miles from his home town of Greentown. His studies concentrated on Logic, Rhetoric, and Hebrew – the sort of curriculum that would prepare him for the ministry; this was clearly his goal. He also conducted Bible classes for other students. At Mount Union, T. J. lived in the home of Professor and Mrs. Brush, a typical student lodging arrangement at that time.

T. J.'s chief social activity at Mount Union College was the Cosmian Literary Society. College literary societies were very popular in the late 1800s; they provided entertainment for fellow students and townspeople. Every Friday night, the Cosmian and other groups presented a full and lively program of debates on current social and political issues, oration, music, dance, and "gossip." T. J. was a charter member of Cosmian, helped organize it, and was active throughout his Mount Union career.

It was also at Mount Union College that T. J. Ream met Cassie Hanes.

Let's briefly leave T. J. at Mount Union College, and catch up with Cassie.

Cassie Hanes grew up in Norwich, Ohio, a small town in east central Ohio. The 1870 census (when Cassie lived there) reported 268 people, but the population has since dwindled to 102 (2010 census).

In a separate letter, Dave Ream wrote his impressions of Norwich:[4]

> It's a sleepy, down-at-the-heels place whose nineteenth century past is more impressive than its present-day; among other highlights, it was a stage coach stop on the National Road, with restaurants, overnight inns, stables, etc.
>
> Tommy Hanes [*Cassie's father]* was not very successful at farming, nor apparently at any other business endeavor. During the 25-30 years of his adult, married life in the Norwich area, he lost a couple of small farms, did "odd jobs" for others, and generally "hung around" Norwich. Sometime in the 1870s, he gave up farming completely and moved his family to a house on Main Street owned and occupied by Margaret Ann's *[Cassie's mother]* parents, Robert and Elizabeth Dain (who had retired from farming).
>
> The "Dain-Hanes" house was a simple wooden frame structure *[see photo below]* … It was torn down about 1980. This is where Cassie lived as a teenager, as a teacher in the school less than 100 yards away, and up until her marriage to T. J. Ream, attended the Methodist church behind the house.
>
> There is a photo of the old schoolhouse *[included in Cassie's autobiography on page 153];* now long gone, it was a barnlike structure just to the left (west) of the Methodist church. This is where Cassie and her siblings attended school, and where she taught.

Cassie went through the grades at the one-room school in Norwich. It is not clear whether she ever graduated from high school. At age 15 she became the teacher in the same one-room school with as many as 48 students under her charge. Her daughter Florence later added more details, "She began teaching in the Norwich school in September when she was 15. She taught there two years and taught grades 1 to 4, and another teacher had the grades 5 to 8. She was paid $15 a month. She lived with some relative, I think it was Grandmother Dain, and paid her $5 a month for room and board. She managed to save enough to finance a term at Mount Union College."

The Dain-Hanes house in Norwich, Ohio, owned by Cassie's grandparents, Robert and Elizabeth Dain. Cassie lived here while teaching in the Norwich school and paid rent to her grandparents. It has since been torn down.

One story told by granddaughter Betty Wallace is that Cassie wanted a break from teaching due to a

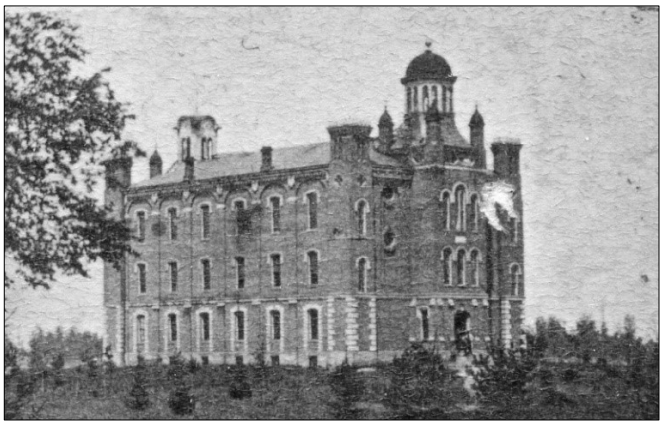
problem with some of the parents during her second year. In her class were a couple of "colored" children, to whom she devoted as much attention as she gave to the white students. This equal treatment apparently was not acceptable to the community.

Cassie spent one semester (winter 1876-77) at Mount Union in the Intermediate and Teacher's course; this short course was specifically designed to train teachers from the rural and small-town areas of Ohio. At Mount Union, Cassie took courses in algebra, philosophy, and rhetoric – and met T.J. Ream.

Dave Ream writes that Cassie was a student in one of T. J.'s Bible classes. Perhaps that was true. Their daughter Florence also tells this story, "There one form of recreation was the spelling bee, which she attended one evening. A young man by the name of Ream was a leader and had first choice. He spoke out in a clear voice, 'I choose Miss Hanes.' And she proudly headed his line."[5]

Continuing with Dave's introduction to the T. J. – Cassie story:

> Note that there is some discrepancy (as much as one year in some instances) between Mount Union records and Ream family accounts as to the dates T. J. and Cassie attended the college. The dates listed by the family appear a bit more logical to me, so for the most part I've adopted them in this account.
>
> T. J. did not graduate from Mount Union College, and he had at least one extended break from his studies (in Spring 1877). It appears that he was a student in Fall 1876, part of the Winter 1876-77 term, Summer 1877, and part of the Fall 1877, after which there is no further record of his attendance. The most logical and appealing explanation for his relatively short stay at Mount Union was his eagerness to become a practicing Methodist minister. In the fall of 1877, he was a 24 ½-year-old sophomore who knew exactly what he wanted to do with his life, and saw no reason to delay his career further. His coursework appears to provide enough academic exposure to satisfy the requirements of the Methodist church.



The Main Building at Mt. Union College in Alliance, Ohio as it looked to Cassie and T.J. It was later renamed Chapman Hall and still stands today. Mount Union College was one of the early co-educational colleges in Ohio.

> In the fall of 1877, T. J. Ream journeyed to the central Kansas frontier to explore opportunities for young Methodist ministers. He made contact with the Presiding Elder of the Kansas Circuit (a Dr. Dearborne), and apparently made whatever

arrangements were necessary to become a fully certified Methodist minister. How long he stayed in Kansas on this particular trip is not clear, but I do know that in the summer of 1878 he was serving the "Venango Charge," a pioneer area southwest of Salina.

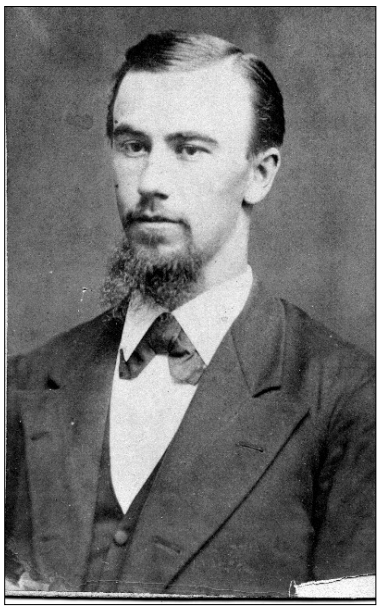
T. J. corresponded regularly with Cassie during this 1878 stay in Kansas. Meanwhile Cassie had returned to teaching in Norwich. She later wrote in her autobiography of her eager conversion from Presbyterian to Methodist at the age of 14, and her earlier interest in a different young man who aspired to become a Methodist minister. Reflecting on T. J., Cassie writes, "One day while on my knees, the Lord made it plain to me that I should accept his proposals. In November of '78, when I was not quite 20 years old, he came to claim me as his bride, so I have been Mrs. Ream ever since, a promise I have never regretted."

They were married at Norwich in 1878 by Cassie's family pastor, a Presbyterian, interestingly. Cassie heard T.J. preach for the first time, and they traveled to Greentown so Cassie could meet his family. Then they left for Kansas to begin their lives together as "servants of the Lord." T.J. had been admitted on a trial basis to the Kansas Methodist conference in 1877.

And thus began TJ's official ministry with the Methodist church, which, over his lifetime, encompassed 18 appointments in three states. In the Methodist church, ministers are appointed to individual churches by the regional conference that serves that area. The frequent reassignment of ministers was, and still is, a common Methodist practice.

Photos of Cassie and T.J. at the time of their wedding.

Cassie, age 20, 1878



T. J. age 25, 1878

T. J. REAM'S MINISTERIAL RECORD[6]

Kansas Conference		
1878	Venango, Kansas	3 ½ months
1879	Delphos, Kansas	1 yrs
1880	Russell, Kansas	1 yr
East Ohio Conference		
1881	Neeleyville, Ohio	1 y

1882	Byesville, Ohio	2 yrs
1884	Summerfield, Ohio	1 yr
1885	Damascus, Ohio	1 yr
1886	Supernumerary (inactive -- returned to Greentown, Ohio)	1 yr
1887	Columbiana, Ohio	2 yrs
Kansas Conference		
1889	Auburn, Kansas	3 yrs
1892	Topeka, Kansas – Lowman Chapel	3 ½ yrs
Des Moines Conference		
1895	Harlan, Iowa	4 yrs
1899	Corning, Iowa	2 yrs
1901	Bedford, Iowa	3 yrs
1904	Mount Ayr, Iowa	1 ½ yrs
Kansas Conference		
1906	Clay Center, Kansas	2 yrs
1908	Kansas City -- Central Ave. Church	1 yr
1909	Topeka District Superintendent	6 yrs
1915	Hiawatha, Kansas	2 yrs
1917	Field Agent, Methodist Home for the Aged, Topeka, Kansas	11 mos.

Total service (less supernumerary) = 39 years

Kansas Conference (1878 – 1881). Venango – Delphos – Russell

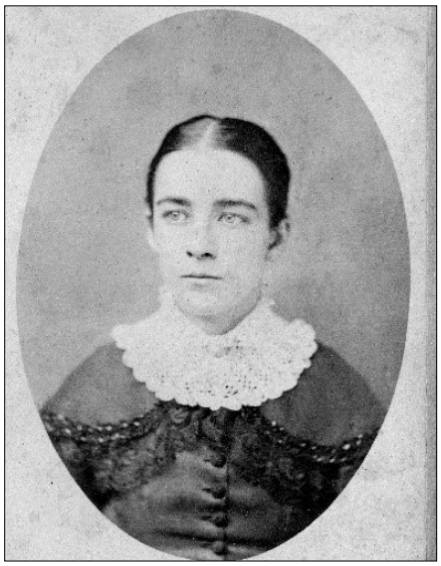
This area of Kansas was still in the pioneer years when T. J. and Cassie were there. Many of the parishioners whom they served lived in dugouts and sod houses, and Cassie later mentioned to her granddaughter Betty that they were infested with fleas.

Much of T. J.'s work in Kansas was as a "Circuit Preacher," traveling a few days from place to place to deliver sermons and minister to the spiritual needs of pioneer farmers. From a history of Delphos, Kansas: "T. J. Ream … succeeded Rev. Jones in the spring of 1879. He was not here long until a Kansas cyclone passed through Delphos and twisted the new church building on its foundation. It was soon replaced and during his pastorate of one year the spiritual life of the church was at high tide."[7]

In 1880, T. J was admitted as a Deacon to the Methodist church (the equivalent of today's ordained minister).

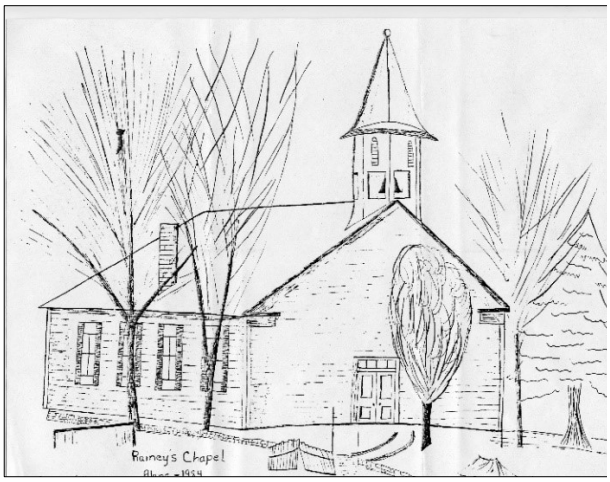
With the birth of their first child Frank in 1880, Cassie and T.J. were feeling the need to be closer geographically to their families and requested a transfer to Ohio.

East Ohio Conference (1881 – 1889). Neeleyville - Byesville – Summerfield – Damascus – Columbiana



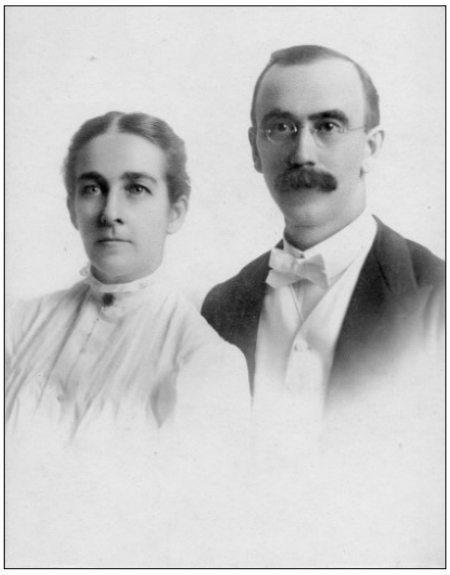
Cassie at Neelyville, Ohio, ca 1881

According to the Byesville church historian, T. J. was put in charge of the Byesville Circuit comprised of churches at Byesville, Hartford, and Lore City. Also during his tenure, the parsonage at Byesville was built for $1010.00 and used for 93 years. It was eventually torn down to expand the parking lot.[8]

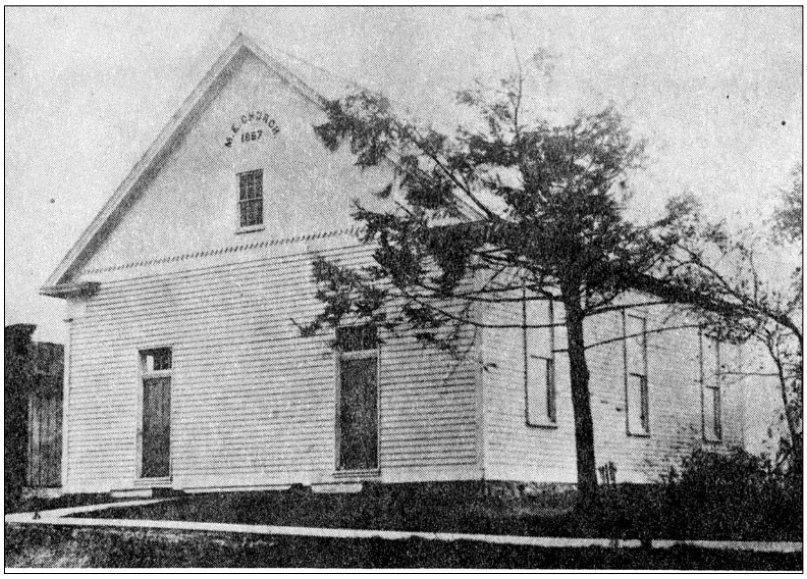


Sketch of the church at Byesville, Ohio ministered by T. J. When the new church was built in 1907, this building was moved to the back of the lot and served as Sunday School rooms. It was later torn down. The bell was saved and now hangs in the present church tower.

The women of the Byesville, OH congregation gave this cake plate to Cassie when she left Byesville in 1884.



Cassie and T.J. Ream.



Church at Damascus, OH, where T.J. preached 1885 – 1886. An early custom was that men and women entered separate doors and sat in separate pews. It's not known when that custom stopped, but the church still had two doors when T. J. was there. During T. J.'s time it was lighted by oil lamps.

The building still stands today, although it now has a basement, a tower on the right side of the building, and one center door. It is no longer a Methodist church.

The Methodist church in Damascus did not own a parsonage until 1901, so it was the custom for the ministers to live in rented houses in the village.

After these years in Ohio, T. J. and Cassie opted to return to the "sunshine and bracing breezes" of Kansas. Their son Frank later wrote, "There is always something intriguing in the wide open spaces of a new country. Father felt it and responded when he left the decadent existence of Ohio and went to the unfenced Jack-rabbit runs of Kansas."[9]

As they left the Ohio conference, T. J. received several letters of recommendation including this glowing 1889 letter from W. L. Dixon, Presiding Elder of the Cambridge Ohio Methodist district:

> "To any Elder or Conference of the M.E. Church interested in the effective ministry of Rev. T.J. Ream, I desire to speak a word in favor. He served the Summerfield circuit the first year of my supervision of this District, 1884-5. As a worker he was thorough, aggressive and moved with unabating zeal. Each interest of the church received his personal attention, and hence there was a general advancement of the work of the Master within his pastorate.
>
> Sister Ream is a model Christian lady, very efficient in church work, and supplements the work of her husband, contributing no little to his noted success as a Methodist preacher."

Auburn, Kansas (1889 – 1892).

Little is known about the family at Auburn, Kansas, although Cassie wrote it was a quiet, "peaceful"

town. Auburn lies about 15 miles southwest of Topeka. It boasted a population of 100 in the 1880 census.

Topeka, Kansas (Lowman Chapel) (1892 – 1895)

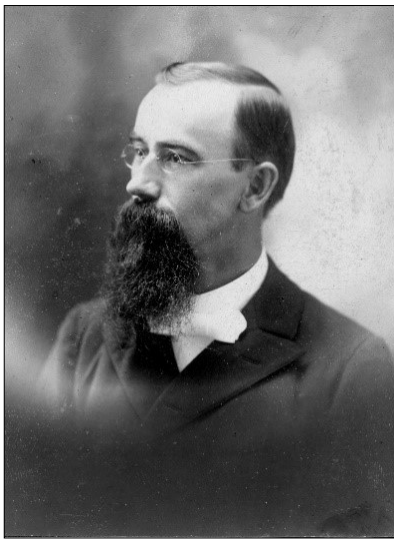
Drawing of the 1886 Lowman Chapel in Topeka, KS.

While living in Topeka, the family lived at 1124 Prospect St., which later became 1124 SW Garfield Ave. when the street changed names. Dwight was born there in 1892 and Merrill in 1893. Cassie wrote that she "never felt more tied down than at this time." This probably influenced T. J.'s decision to apply to the Iowa conference so Cassie could be closer to family support. Cassie's parents had moved from Ohio to Iowa in 1881, and were settled in Garden Grove.

Harlan, Iowa (1895 – 1899).

The Harlan Methodist church history states that "Rev. Theodore J. Ream came as a stranger to a new conference district and charge. It was decided to hire a 'chorister' at $50 a year. The church had 370 full members and 42 probationers for a total of 412 members. One hundred new Methodist hymnals were purchased for $30, along with revival books. It was noted that now was the time to build a new church."[10]

Methodist parsonage at Harlan, Iowa. One of the Shetland ponies mentioned in Cassie's autobiography can be seen.



T. J. Ream at Harlan, Iowa.

The same house as above at Harlan, Iowa, 1994.

At the end of his first year at Harlan, T. J. report to the Methodist Conference that he had "preached during the year 145 sermons, attended 6 funerals, solemnized 12 marriages, made 192 Pastoral calls, baptized 47 adults, 11 by immersion and 36 by sprinkling."[11]

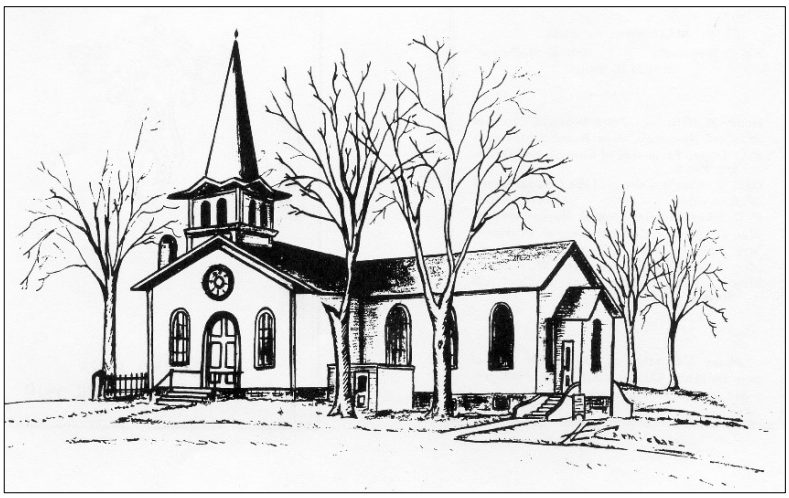
Laying the cornerstone for the new Methodist church in Harlan, Iowa, 12 Sep 1899. The building was built at a cost of $13,000. The arrow points to Rev. T. J. Ream, hatless, in the section of people standing above. The woman next to him might be Cassie.

Harlan, Iowa United Methodist Church after completion. T.J. laid the cornerstone at the end of his term, so it's unlikely he ever preached here.

A series of stained-glass windows in the church commemorates its pastors.

Corning, Iowa (1899 – 1901).

The current Methodist church in Corning was built in 1909 (after T. J. Ream left) on the site of the old church. It is located at 9th & Nodaway. It is a very pretty building and has an impressive pipe organ which dates from 1913. The one piece of the old church remaining is the old bell on display outside the church.



Sketch of the old Corning, Iowa Methodist Church where T. J. preached.

The parsonage was located two blocks west just across the street north of the high school at 9th & Washington, on land now occupied by a nursing home. According to the church history, the parsonage had been built in 1873. Cassie's complaints in her autobiography about the old house apparently didn't go unheeded, for they tore down the old parsonage in 1902 just after they left Corning, and built a new one.

Jay wrote that his father T. J. "loved to plan business ventures." Sometimes they didn't work out. A 1904 article in the Corning, Iowa newspaper supports this. T. J. sued Mary & Sarah Shelledy. T. J. had purchased a $300 note and mortgage in 1901. In 1904 the Shelledys paid off the mortgage through the Corning Savings Bank, which issued a check to T. J. In the meantime, the bank failed and the check was void.[12]

Walnut Grove Cemetery at the north end of town contains the grave of Theodore Jackson Jr., the baby who only lived two days. Dave Ream installed a marker for the baby in 1994.

Bedford, Iowa (1901- 1904).

The Methodist Church in Bedford is still a beautiful little church in great condition (1994), with a modern educational wing built on. It was built in 1887. The original building is much the same as when T. J. was the minister.

The pews are arranged in a semi-circular fashion, and there are a bevy of large stained-glass windows. Three smaller stained-glass windows decorate the podium area. The doors leading into the sanctuary have beveled and stained-glass windows, and open beams crisscross the ceiling. The church was originally built without a basement; a basement was excavated under the church in 1915. Until 1915, many of the meetings and social events were therefore held at the large parsonage, as Cassie suggested in her autobiography.

The parsonage was located one block away at 808 Madison, and it remained the parsonage until 1975. It is now broken up into apartments.

Cassie and T. J. Ream

Florence Ream and Clarence Ream

A Bedford church history says, "From the 1901 annual conference, T. J. Ream was sent to Bedford. While he was not strong, physically he was active, and with the help of his cultured wife and six interesting children the church was served faithfully and well. This family proved the fact that a minister's children are found among the best, contradicting the familiar statement that a minister's children are the worst in the world."[13]

Parsonage at 808 Madison, Bedford, Iowa, where T. J. and his family lived. Joe was born here in 1903. Cassie mentions that it had electric lights, a furnace, bathroom, but no city water. The church's social affairs were also held in the house.

Bedford, Iowa Methodist Church where T. J. preached. It has changed little since T. J. was there.

Interior pictures of the church sanctuary at Bedford, Iowa.

According to the courthouse records, T. J. officiated at 38 marriages during his Bedford tenure. These included five marriages that took place after he left Bedford for Mt. Ayr. Apparently he rode back to Bedford to perform the sacraments.

These stories written by granddaughter Betty Stanley Wallace seem appropriate for the Bedford years, "T. J. had a passion for playing games which transferred to his children. Croquet was played to win. His sense of humor was not always appreciated by Cassie. For instance, when they moved to a new town and he saw people looking at his children and commenting on how much older Frank looked than the others, he would single out the lady who looked most gossipy and whisper to her, 'That's my first wife's child.'"[14]

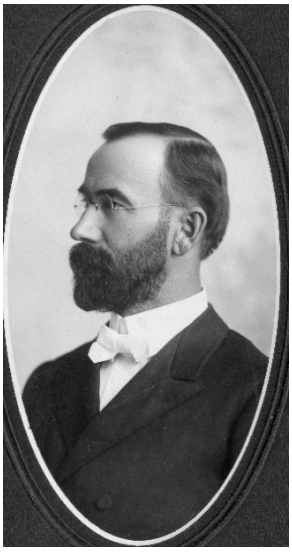
Dave Ream wrote that Cassie's parents visited their daughter often from Garden Grove, Iowa. Tommy, her father, was an affable sort – who chewed tobacco and drank a bit of whiskey. One story is that, much as Cassie hated tobacco and whiskey, she loved her father even more. When he visited, she would place a stash of chewing tobacco in the barn behind her house, and tell Tommy that he could indulge discreetly so long as Rev. Ream did not learn their little secret.[15]

Mt. Ayr (1904-1906).

The current Methodist church at Mt. Ayr is located 2 blocks west of the downtown area at Pierce & Madison. The building was built in 1911, after T. J. was there. There are 4 parsonages in the church's history, and T.J. lived in parsonage #2 just west of the church. Unfortunately, it was torn down to build parsonage #4.

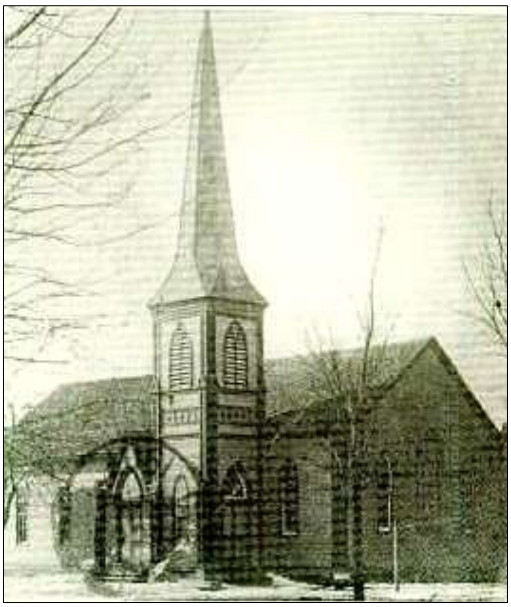
From Cassie's autobiography, they had mixed feelings about Mt. Ayr. The meetings went well, but the

church and the parsonage were poor. After two winters with only a wood stove in the living room, a month when the thermometer register -20°, Cassie frosted her feet, and T. J.'s own health was suffering, the warmer climate of Kansas looked appealing. In addition, Cassie's mother had died in 1904 so they no longer had that support in Iowa.



T. J. at Mt. Ayr, Iowa

Joe and Cassie



Mt. Ayr, Iowa Methodist Church as it was in 1904

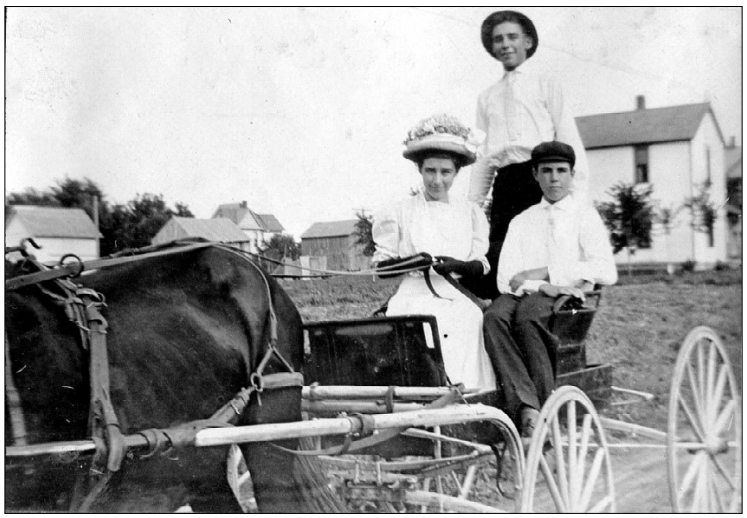
Joe and Dwight, Mt. Ayr, Iowa, ca 1905. Note the treadle sewing machine and the water pump handle on the porch. The woman sitting on the porch is not identified. It's unlikely that she is Cassie's mother Margaret Hanes. Joe was only seven months old when Margaret died. T. J.'s mother died in 1892.

Clay Center, Kansas (1906 - 1908).

The house at 321 Huntress as it appears in 2020. Built in 1880, Cassie described it as a "big old rambling house for a parsonage." She said the kitchen and dining room were in the basement, which necessitated a lot of steps.

"A fairly good church building" was Cassie's description of the Clay Center, Kansas Methodist church.

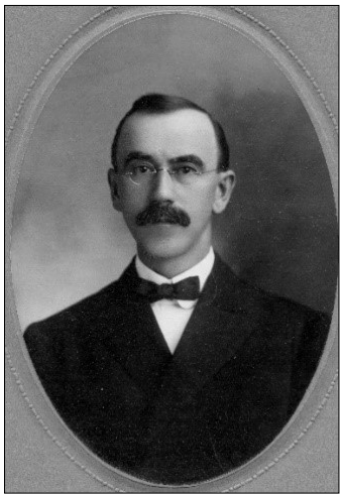
T. J. (center) sawing wood at Clay Center, KS, with W. L. Robinson, 1907. The boy on the left is probably Joe.



Florence, Dwight, and Merrill.

Kansas City, Kansas Central Avenue Church 1908 – 1909. The family lived at 647 Oakland in Kansas City, MO. Joe described their rental house as "not much." Cassie said it lacked everything, even water. Putting the place in order was "the hardest job yet." The Reams were apparently the last tenants. The current house at that location was built in 1910.

A 1909 newspaper article wrote that T. J. "enjoyed a wholesome year of gracious revival, scarcely a week passing without conversions and accessions to the church."[16] Riding this high note, he was appointed to be a District Superintendent.



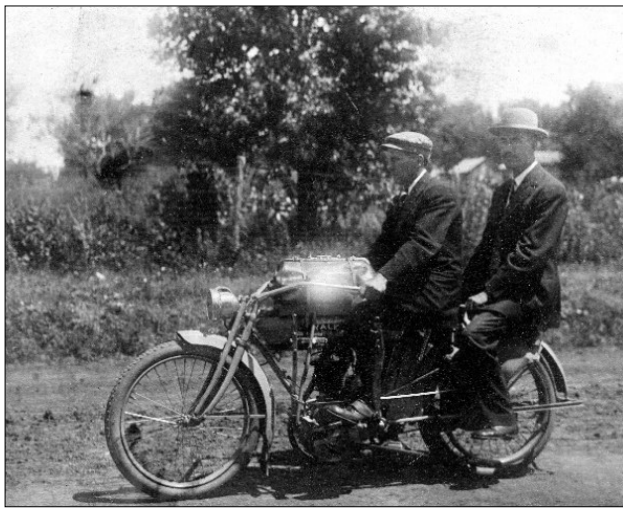
T. J. in Kansas City, Kansas

The Kansas City Central Avenue Methodist church was built just prior to T. J.'s arrival in 1908. It closed around 2002 and is now a Pentecostal church, although the name of the former Methodist church is still engraved above the door. (This church can be confused with the Kansas City Central Methodist Church which still exists in 2020.)

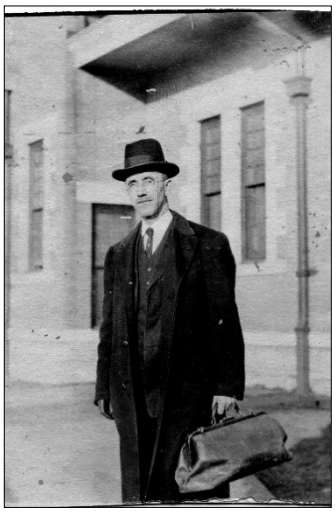
Topeka, Kansas, District Superintendent 1909 – 1915.

A district superintendent in the Methodist church serves in a supervisory position over a geographic distribution of churches, providing spiritual and administrative leadership. During his six-year stint as district superintendent in the Topeka area, T. J. hit the peak of his career. He oversaw 34 churches and 103 ministers. During his last year, the Methodist churches under his charge brought over 1,200 new members, and the Methodist Home for the Aged in Topeka (which he was later assigned in 1917) was scheduled to break ground.[17] A sense of his humor can be seen in his report to the Methodist Conference. The Rossville, Kansas Methodist Church had been left without a minister because the Methodists and Presbyterians had planned to combine. "Four months of love-making proved futile," reported T. J. So a new Methodist minister was assigned.[18]

Dave Ream wrote: "Money was almost always in short supply in the T. J. Ream/Cassie Hanes household. Pastors of Methodist churches in small Midwestern towns were never paid much. One way to save money was to be invited to enjoy Sunday dinner at homes of their parishioners. The highest annual salary T. J. Ream ever received at $1800 during the five years he was superintendent of the Topeka district. He supplemented his meager income by a variety of activities: Leasing farm land on which to grow crops for home consumption as well as sale; investing in a wheat farm in western (Greeley County) Kansas, and a pecan orchard in Louisiana; and pulling the unhealthy teeth of parishioners, using a mail-order set of pliers and other tools suitable for the purpose."



T.J. Ream is the passenger on the back.

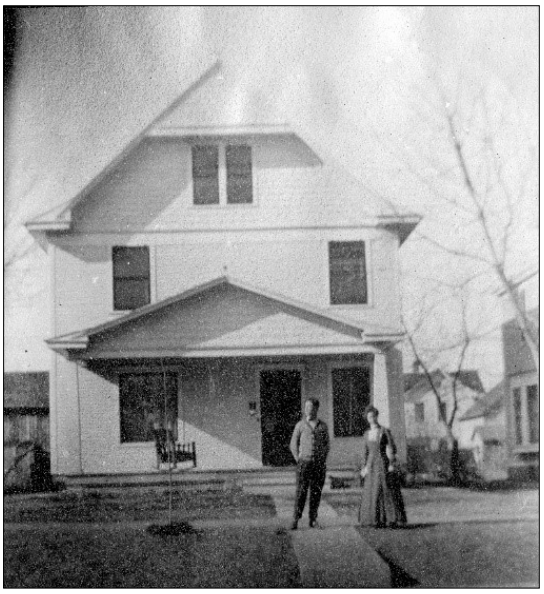


"Traveling the District"

The two pictures on the next page are of the same house, but at different locations. T. J. Ream built the Topeka house on the left around 1909. The family retained ownership when they were later assigned to Hiawatha. They returned to it in 1917. In 1923, after T. J.'s death, Cassie had the house moved.

Dave Ream explained the house move in a letter, "You will recall the house at 1111 Morris, which was the Ream family home (purchased by T. J. Ream in 1909 for $500.00[19]). We guessed that it was torn down to make way for the Sunday School Temple. But we were wrong! In 1923 the house was <u>moved</u> [including the garage]– to a vacant lot at 1047 Garfield!! I.e., the house at 1047 is the same as the house at 1111. Lowman Church had owned the lot at 1947. In a 1923 written agreement between the church and Cassie

Hanes Ream, they agreed to a straight exchange of the two parcels of real estate. In addition, the church agreed to build a "good stone" foundation "and a full cemented basement" on the 1047 lot and move the house. No money was paid by either party. So, after the move, Grandmother Ream continued to live in her house – at its new location – and the church had a vacant lot on which to build its "temple."[20]



House at 1111 Morris Ave., Topeka, KS. After many, many moves this eventually became T. J. & Cassie's last house.

The same house at 1047 Garfield after it later was moved in 1923, and Cassie had planted her spiraea, clematis, and honeysuckle.

Frank & Euphemia Ream, Cassie and T.J., on the front porch of this house at 1111 Morris Ave.. Note the same rocking chair in the picture above.

Cassie wrote the following letter from Topeka containing family news, probably to Frank, who was on the faculty at Baker University, and Clarence, who was then attending Baker.

Topeka 5-6-1912

Dear Children at Baldwin [*Baldwin, Kansas, where Baker University is located*]

How are you all this morning. Hope you are well and happy.

Merrill is about well again, though his knee is not quite well, but the Dr. says it is doing finely for a chronic ulcer. It is healing around the edges and is not nearly so large as it was.

I wonder if you have heard the news about our getting an automobile. Well he bought one last week. It is a second hand one, has been run about one year, has been well taken care of and is practically as good as new. It is a "Ford" with two seats.

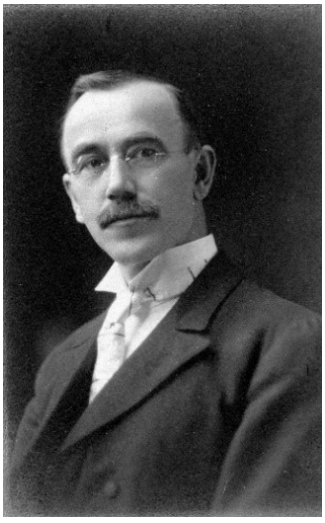
Yesterday Dwight and Merrill went to Meriden and took Papa across to Dunavant charge. They went by way of Valley Falls. They did not wait to bring him home. They traveled 76 miles and reached home at 7 p.m. Dwight is the only one so far who can drive it.

I have been wondering when you are coming through on your way to Waterville or when can we expect you to come up and have a drive.

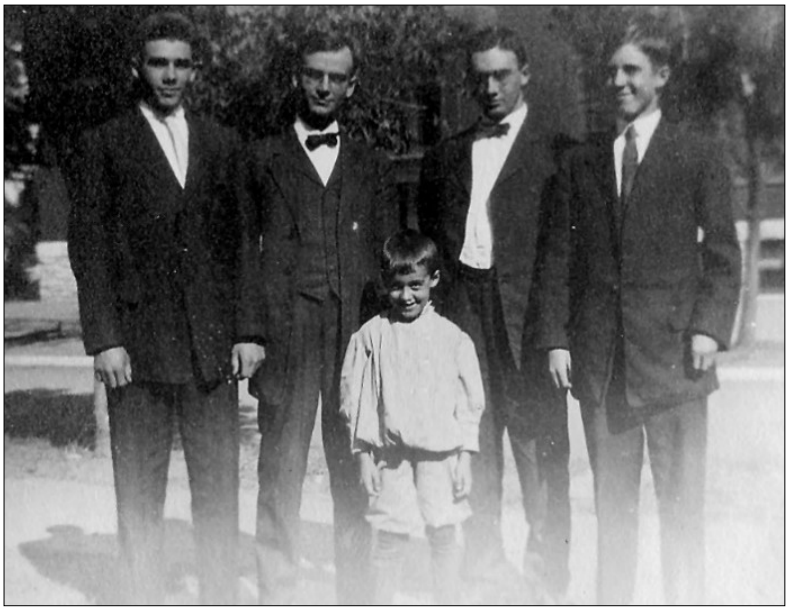
Well I am not quite through house cleaning yet. We papered all the rooms upstairs last week. I hope to be through with this work soon.

Lovingly
Mother

Over the years, T. J. and Cassie had made several trips back to Ohio to visit relatives and friends. T. J.'s siblings often held family reunions in Ohio and T.J appears in several pictures. One known trip was made in 1914 when T. J. and Joe went to New Jersey (probably to visit Frank) and stopped in Salem, Ohio, which adjoins Damascus, Ohio (one of T.J.'s previous churches) and Greentown, Ohio (where many of his siblings lived).[21]



T.J. Ream



Brothers, ca 1910, Dwight, Frank, Joe, Clarence, Merrill (Jay)

T.J. (right) checks on early progress at the site for the Methodist Home for the Aged.

Hiawatha, Kansas (1915 - 1917).

Hiawatha, Kansas, 1915. The family (without Florence) stands in front of probably the Methodist parsonage. Left to right: Dwight, Joe, T.J., Merrill, Cassie, Frank, Clarence.

The Methodist Church at Hiawatha, Ka

This chatty letter from Cassie to their oldest son Frank during the Hiawatha years survives. At the time of this letter, Frank was in New York City; Florence in Mankato, KS; Clarence probably in Iowa; Dwight and Merrill were both at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Hiawatha Kans Dec 10, 1916

Dear Frank, Euphemia & Jane M.

Well as usual, it seems I have to begin my letter with an apology for so long neglect, but I assure you it is not intentional. It seems the more we become acquainted with this people, the more we are into everything and less time we have for other things, but then we do not forget our dear ones. First of all I must thank you, Frank, for your very good and loving letter rec'd on my birthday. It surely expressed the heart-life of a noble son, for which, I, of all Mothers, should be very grateful, and I sure am.

We had not heard from Clarence for several weeks, till this last week we had a letter and a card. He said he had been about on the sick list with a very bad cold. He seems to take cold so easily. He says the climate there is so damp and it is hard to get used to, especially in cold weather. I wrote him and gave him some pointers as how to take care of himself. He and I differ somewhat as to how that should be. I hope he will soon become acclimated and can brave the winter storms.

Dwight and Merrill are very anxiously looking forward to the Christmas time when they can come home which will be only two weeks from yesterday. They have both been in Topeka twice this fall but could not come home for lack of time. Last week they were there with some of their H.S. boys attending a Y.M.C.A. [*?*].

I guess Florence and family spend their Christmas in Topeka and then come home to Hiawatha a day or two after Christmas. They think that is best on account of R.R. connections, so I expect our family at home will not be large on Christmas day but we will be thinking of all the absent ones.

I want to thank Euphemia too for her good letters. She is so faithful to write, without regard to whose turn it is to write. We all enjoy her letters. And I want to thank all of you for the splendid birthday present you sent me. The towels were very

nice and will be useful. I wish you all could be here to use them.

Florence sent me a cute little crocheted card case. Merrill sent me his picture. Dwight and Clarence each wrote me good letters. And Papa gave me the money to buy a new silk dress. I have bought the goods and it is now to be made. It is a very dark blue and I think a good piece. I will enclose the sample I had.

We are surely pleased to hear of Jane Margaret progressing so nicely with her studies. She cannot be other than an apt scholar. Tell her she must write Grandma a letter very soon.

Papa was in Kansas City last Friday attending a meeting of the board of directors of the "Best Slate Co." They have elected a new President and Sec. They think they have the right men now to make the business go. Papa says the new Pres and Sec are brothers and fine young energetic business men. [*Among Cassie's papers were certificates for $10,000 in the Best Slate Co. Apparently this company never became successful and was another of T. J.'s failed business ventures.*]

We are still having a fine time in Hiawatha. The people are so appreciative, but we are wondering what we had better do next year. Our Conf is to be in Topeka Mar 21 with Bishop Shepherd presiding. All the Ministers and wives will have to pay for entertainment. Some of Papa's friends are wanting him to take the Superintendent of the "Home for the Aged." But we do not know what Bishop Shepherd will think about it.

Did you know that Joe has the job of pumping the pipe organ. Well he is at it this afternoon. They are practicing for Christmas. He gets $3.00 per mo. for his work. We think he is doing quite well in school. His grades run principally between 85 and 90, sometimes a little above 90. But he says they do not grade higher than 95, so we think he does pretty well for a 13 yr old boy.

Hope you all will have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

With Love and Prayers
From your Mother

1917 Topeka, Kansas. Field Agent for the Methodist Home for the Aged

In 1917, T. J. and Cassie made their last move back to the house they owned at 1111 Morris in Topeka. As Field Agent, T. J. was responsible for raising the funds to finance the Methodist Home for the Aged -- a new nursing home being constructed in Topeka. The job was probably not very demanding and T. J.'s office was in his house. Dave Ream wrote, "It was the sort of job given to a minister who had served the church so loyally over the years, but who was now obviously in failing health and could not take on the responsibilities of a pastor."

In an April 1917 letter to her daughter Florence, Cassie wrote of her concerns about the approaching WWI. Eventually both Merrill and Dwight served during that war.

Dear Florence, Donald, & Robert …

Well I think the war conditions are very serious, tho I am glad to read that they are not going to draft any one at present. I hope it will not come to that. Merrill told us in his letter this week about the big loyalty meeting they had in which all the town [*of Ft.* Scott] joined including the H.S. and to my surprise, he said, that if the

country needed him he was willing to go. He seems to think that Pres. Wilson has the right of it. But I do hope and pray and trust that the U.S. will not be drawn into a big war.

Different persons have been trying to persuade Dwight to enlist. He has not yet, but says also, if he is needed he will go. I can not believe yet that they will need to enlist.

I think you are doing well to lay in supplies as you are. There does not seem to be any chance to do that here. Everything seems so scarce now. Tho I did buy an extra sack of flour last Sat for 2.75. I am going to try to lay in some more if possible…

Love Mother

T. J. lived to see two of his sons – Frank and Clarence – licensed as Methodist ministers, although they both later left the ministry. One can only imagine the pride that T. J. felt as both he and Frank together attended the Kansas Annual Methodist Conferences in 1909, 1910, 1911, 1913, and 1913.

T. J. and his eight siblings had begun a tradition in 1901 of a family letter … a circulating packet of letters. Each member wrote a fresh letter to put in the envelope, took out his/her old letter, and mailed it on to the next sibling. This gave each family member a fresh batch of letters to read when the packet arrived.[22] (Later, in 1921,[23] T.J. and Cassie's children started the same family tradition among themselves.) Occasionally the family letter would get bogged down.

The only letter of T.J.'s from the circulating family letter that seems to survive is his last one written January 8, 1918, three weeks before his death:

"Dear Brothers & Sisters, …

At Xmas time this year, all we had was Merrill, Florence & her family and Joe. They are all gone now but Joe, and he has the mumps and is out of school…

I do not want you to think I am complaining when I tell you that I have not been at all well for the last two or more weeks. The Dr. says my heart is enlarged. Says I must not work hard, nor run to catch a train, nor talk in an animated way, not get excited. Those are pretty hard conditions for me to meet, but I'm trying to observe them. I cannot walk a block without much pain at my heart. May be that my days of activity are nearly over…

Merrill & Clarence are in the draft, but we do not know when they will be called. Dwight has had no furlough yet and his Co. likely to be shipped soon to France. Pray for us.

Lovingly, your Bro T.J. Ream"

Dave Ream wrote, "One of the pervasive facts about T. J. Ream's life was his poor health. Whether it was "the grippe" or other respiratory problems, diphtheria, or nervous breakdowns, accounts of his life are filled with references to maladies that required long-term rest, changes in residence, and general disruption of the smooth flow of life."

T. J. had taken a year off from the ministry for health reasons when he was only 33 simply resting in Greentown, Ohio, probably at one of his brothers' or sisters' homes. His granddaughter Betty wrote of a short-lived experiment with a pumpkin seed diet to help T. J.'s health. In his last letters like the one

above, he talks about his heart issues; although the Mt. Hope Cemetery burial records state that he died of pneumonia.[24] Dave Ream wrote, "Someone once told me that, on the date of his death, he walked upstairs, lay down, and his heart simply gave out."

How effective was T. J.'s ministry? From over a century's distance it's impossible to know. I found some statistics from the years he was in Iowa – when T. J. was in his late 40s and should have been approaching the peak of his career. When he was in Harlan, the membership dropped from 379 to 354. When he ministered at Corning, the membership remained at 388. At Bedford the membership dropped from 407 to 372. At the same time, the total membership in those Methodist districts varied, going up and down. There may have been unknown factors happening in those specific towns as well. Cassie wrote of their extreme disappointment in being appointed to Mt. Ayr following Bedford. This might be a 120 year-stretch, but the Methodist Bishop may have looked at Bedford losing 10% of its membership at a time when the district, as a whole, had gained 2%, and assigned T. J. a less prestigious town.

On the other hand, while finances for a Methodist minister were tight, the church seemed to value T. J. While in Iowa, he was assigned churches that paid a salary at the high end of the range for the district. For example, T. J.'s salary in Harlan was $1120; the salary range for the 33 churches in that district was $410 to $1200. Even when he felt like he had been demoted to Mt. Ayr, his salary at Mt. Ayr was $1450. Only one salary among the 36 churches in that district was higher.

But these are just statistics. We can't judge the impact T. J. had on the lives of his parishioners. After T. J.'s death, a fellow minister noted, "He was always fair and careful in the administrative work, warm-hearted and deeply spiritual in his religious life, ever guarding the sacred interest of the churches under his supervision, seeking always to lead his people into the deeper experiences of the religious life."[25]

Dave Ream wrote of his grandfather:

> T. J. Ream spent a full career as a Methodist minister, mostly on the frontier and in the small towns of Ohio, Kansas, and Iowa. In religious philosophy and practice, he was definitely of the simple, traditional, fundamentalist school. He believed strongly in sharp distinctions between good and evil, between heaven and hell, and between acceptance of Jesus Christ as savior and eternal damnation for all non-believers. Among the sins and evils he condemned were dancing, card-playing, any non-religious activity on Sunday, and, of course, liquor and tobacco. T. J. was an avid student of the Bible and was convinced of its absolute truth. He put a lot of energy and conviction into his fervent Sunday sermons, and they were probably the high point of his week. Revival meetings and "conversions" were also among his favorite activities.
>
> In sum, Reverend T. J. Ream was a stereotypical God-fearing, enthusiastic disciple of the Lord and the True Word, the sort of individual who reflected and helped shape the distinctive religious and moral character of the American people in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

A fitting finale to T. J.'s life were the words he wrote when he finished an annual report at Harlan, Iowa, "I close the work of the year to go to Conference to answer my first roll-call in this Conference,

with the hope, that when my name is called, my Presiding Elder can truthfully say, “Nothing against him.” And if I should not be permitted to complete another year’s service for the Lord, I hope to hear the Master’s welcome, “Well done.”[26]

Methodist Home for the Aged, Topeka. T. J. was instrumental in its founding and construction. It became his last ministerial assignment. Cassie later spent her last two years here.

Gravestone at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Topeka, KS.

Funeral for T.J., 1918: Cassie, Don Stanley, Merrill, Joe (holding Bob Stanley,) Florence Ream Stanley, Dwight, Frank.

Brothers, 1918 – Dwight, Merrill, Joe, Clarence, Frank

AFTER T. J.'s DEATH

Cassie lived for 29 years after her husband passed away. She remained in Topeka, staying active in Lowman Memorial Methodist Church circles, the YWCA, the Child Welfare Association and teaching a business women's class in her church.[27] In 1923, she watched as her house was moved one block from 1111 Morris to 1047 Garfield. Grandchildren Bob Stanley and Betty Stanley lived with her while they attended Washburn University. She worried about living on the small widow's pension granted her from the Methodist Church.

Most importantly, she always kept track of her family. These letters are examples:

January 9, 1931
Dear Florence and family,

I seem to be in somewhat of a hurry this morning. There is quite a little going on this wk.

Last wk Mrs. Platt phoned me to know if the W.C.T.U. might have their meeting with me this Friday afternoon, and as I did not see anything in the way I said "yes." Since then the announcement has been made of the Branch Quarterly Missionary meeting to be held at the Oakland on Thursday and Friday this wk. Thurs is the meeting for the officers but Fri is open to all. Yesterday morning Mrs. Letha Smith phoned and wanted me to go with her to the missionary meeting on Fri. I thot I could not go on account of W.C.T.U. but she insisted we go in the morning and Owen would take us down and back after lunch. So I'm planning to do that way. I think I'll be home in time for the afternoon meeting here.

Dwight *[Cassie's son who lived in Topeka]* is to be away three nights this wk, so I'm planning to stay with Helen and Martha *[Dwight's wife and daughter]* two nights. Her cousin at Washburn will stay Sat night. D will be at Hiawatha tonight and back in the morning. If the weather looks favorable he will drive tomorrow, I just do not remember where tomorrow night, but on to Hayes for Sat night. If he drives he is planning to go thru Mankato some time Sat. He will only have time for a short call.

If the weather is bad he will go on the train.

I've had letters from most of the folks recently. Euphemia [*Mrs. Frank Ream*] said her sister Annabelle has been very very sick since Christmas but was some better. She was about to go to Madison to help out. Jane M *[Jane Margaret Ream – Frank's daughter]* had just gone back to school after being home 2 ½ wks. A letter from Ethel said she and Clarence *[Cassie's son]* spent a few days in Newark and N.Y. but returned on Christmas day. Had dinner one day at the Home Office. She thot it was great. A letter from Anita written from Zurich Switzerland. Joe *[Cassie's son]* was sent on business and she went with him. They wanted to be back to Paris by Christmas. Helen [*Mrs. Dwight Ream*] is coming for me by 11:30 so I must hurry and tell you I found some bargains the other day. Shoes black suede at 1/3 original price and black crepe dress at ½ price. Next wk the 14th the Farm Mortgage have a meeting. Perfect to go. Hope all is well.

Lovingly, Mother

December 9, 1941 *[Betty Stanley, Florence's daughter and Cassie's granddaughter, was then living with Cassie while she attended Washburn University.]*

Dear Florence and family,

Well this is my day to write you tho it's to be a rather busy day.

The ministers wives decided to have the Christmas party on Tuesday this time and it is to be at the Lowman Ch. And the ministers are to be there also, so we may have quite a crowd. The Luncheon is to be at 12 noon, but they are always a little late. I'm asked to take a dish of salad. I do not make salad very often but I've been making potato salad this morning with chopped celery and sweet pickles and boiled eggs, also lettuce leaves. Sems like it will be fairly good.

Well we buried Alberta Brown yesterday at 3:30 p.m. services at our church. It's a blessing she is released from her suffering and sorrows. Most of the Searchers were there. Floral pieces were beautiful. Her brother Fred and wife were there but her Sister was not. Mrs. S[*tanley]* went up with me.

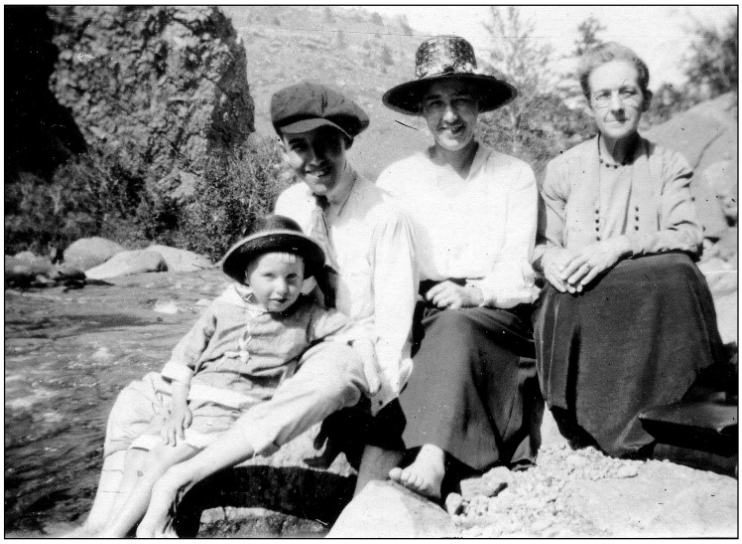
Betty's Party The Independents went off all right I think last Sat night. She was out the night before to the young Republican Convention, with a date and then last night to their regular Monday night meeting and to a BasketBall game which followed. I do not hear her come in as often as I did. Think I sleep a little better. Perhaps she will give you details of the different activities. She seems to keep well. Dwight had her car completely overhauled and repaired and now it runs fine.

Well these are busy times trying to get ready for Christmas. I am part way around my family of 24. The cards you sent me will come in fine. Betty seems now to be getting quite busy with the KAW *[the Washburn University yearbook]*. The Rogers girl of Mankato gave her the Mankato paper with the write up about Betty. It was good.

Isn't it terrible that we are in the war now. Who thought the Japs would attack us as they did. We can only Pray earnestly that we may soon have Peace.

I want to get this letter in the mail this a.m. Hope all is well with all of you. D*[wight]* & Helen had Martha's tonsils out Tuesday. Think she will be able for school this wk.

Love Mother



Bob Stanley, Joe, Florence Ream Stanley, Cassie, 1919, In Colorado.

Cassie made a 1929 trip to visit the area in Ohio where she grew up. It included a drink of the "good cool water" from the well that still existed where her grandfather Dain owned the farm.

Frank and Euphemia, Cassie, Anita and Joe holding Jack, ca 1932, at Joe's house on Staten Island. Joe and Anita had recently returned from living in Paris.

1931 FAMILY REUNION

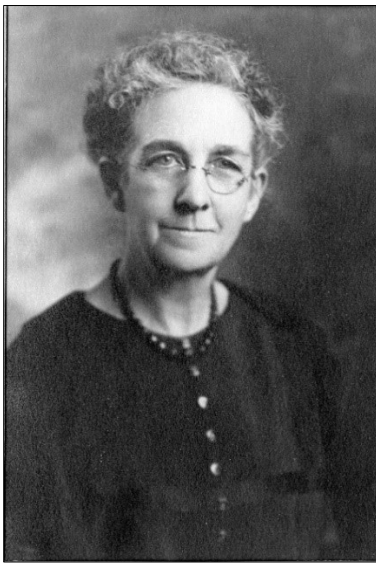
1931 Ream Family Reunion. *Cassie, Frank, Euphemia, Jane Margaret, Florence Stanley, Don Stanley, Bob Stanley, Betty Stanley, Clarence, Siddie Ethel, Dwight, Helen, Sunny. Merrill (Jay) apparently took the picture. Joe and Anita were living in France and unable to attend.*

***1931 Family Reunion**. Cassie and her children: Dwight, Merrill (Jay), Florence, Cassie, Frank, Clarence.*

***1931 Family Reunion**. The spouses: Helen (Mrs. Dwight), Sunny (Mrs. Merrill), Don Stanley (Florence), Siddie Ethel (Mrs. Clarence), Euphemia (Mrs. Frank).*

Jay, Joe, and Clarence, July 1932

Ca 1942 in Topeka
Front row: Mary Ream, Cassie, Annie Stanley (mother of Don), Florence Stanley, Betty Stanley, Hobart Wallace, Jay Ream, Don Stanley
Back row: Dwight, Martha Ream, Helen Ream



Photos of Cassie, Dates unknown

Welcoming the grandchildren.
(left) Joe's son Jackson, ca 1932.
(right) Dwight's daughter Martha,
ca 1931.

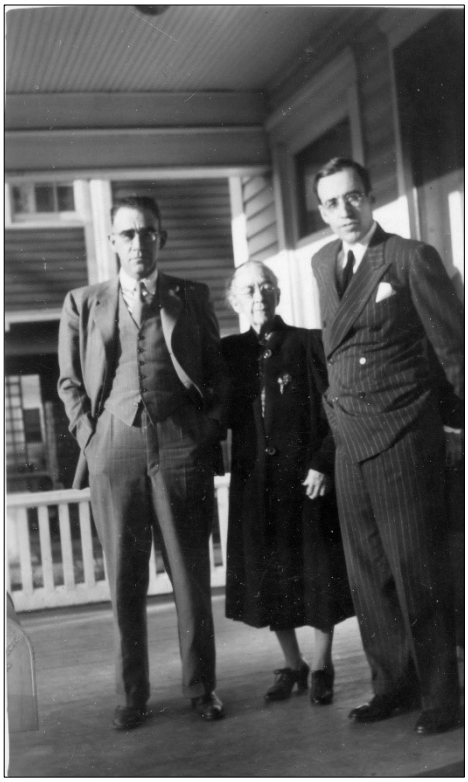
Front porch, 1047 Garfield, Topeka

Cassie, 1933, age 75

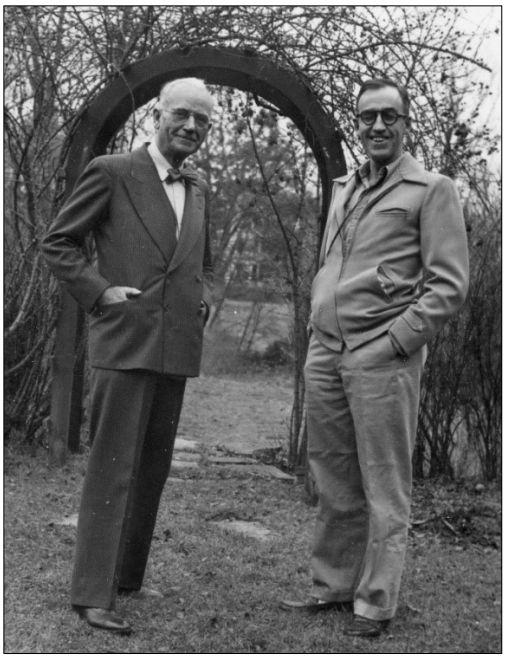
Cassie, 1945, age 87

Cassie also found time for needlework projects. She made a quilt for each of her six children. Her son Frank once wrote, "Every one of us has a tangible token of your devotion – the quilts that you have cut and pieced and stitched together, life-long creations of work-worn hands and failing eyes." She also made a quilt for each of her 13 grandchildren. That's a total of 19 quilts!
(Left) Betty Stanley's quilt. Jane Margaret's quilt was the identical appliqued flower design, except the background was white. (Right) Nancy Ream's quilt

Clarence, Siddie Ethel, Joe, July 1932



Dwight, Cassie, and Joe in Topeka, 1944



Frank and Joe, 1952. Twenty-three years separated the oldest brother from the youngest. In 1966 they traveled together to Leimen, Germany to meet distant Riehm relatives. Joe later wrote in the family letter, "All of the Riehms are good trenchermen and most of them show the effects. They like to drink. Wine, rather than beer, is the staple, and very good white Rhine-type wine it is too. Both Frank and I ate too much, but it would have been rude to refuse ample helpings of either food or drink."

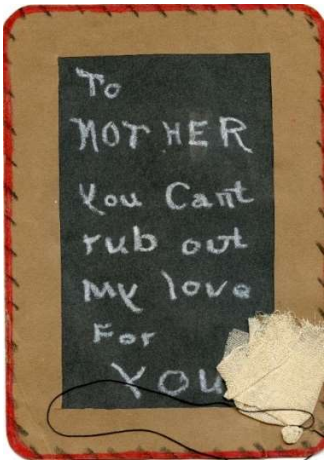
The Joe Ream family visited the Stanleys at their Peru Pointer office in Peru, Nebraska, 1949. Florence Stanley, Don Stanley, Jack, Dave, Steve, Chris (in front), Anita, Nancy, Joe, and Bob Stanley.

"Mother's shrine – we all have a place in her heart" -- Florence

Cassie continued to maintain her house in Topeka until she was 85. Her last years were spent with Dwight in Topeka and Florence in Peru, Nebraska. After suffering a stroke, her final 18 months were spent in the Methodist Home for the Aged in Topeka that T. J. had helped establish.

One of Florence's friends wrote, "We offer a moment of silence to honor Mrs. T. J. Ream. A fragile little person in her 80's when we first met her, she nevertheless retained every mark of a dominant personality capable of the strenuous life of a pioneer wife and mother. Such women have made immeasurable contribution to America's greatness. We applaud their achievements and honor their memories."[28]

Frank once wrote his mother, "Down the years of experience – now memory lane – you have traveled with a devoted heart, a serene faith, and an unexcelled devotion to the best interests of your children … We pray that you may be long with us. We shall never outgrow our need of you. But when the time comes that you must go, we know that every reward which heaven has for those who have been perfect mothers will be yours."[29]



This cute homemade card was found in a box of Cassie's memorabilia. There is no signature.

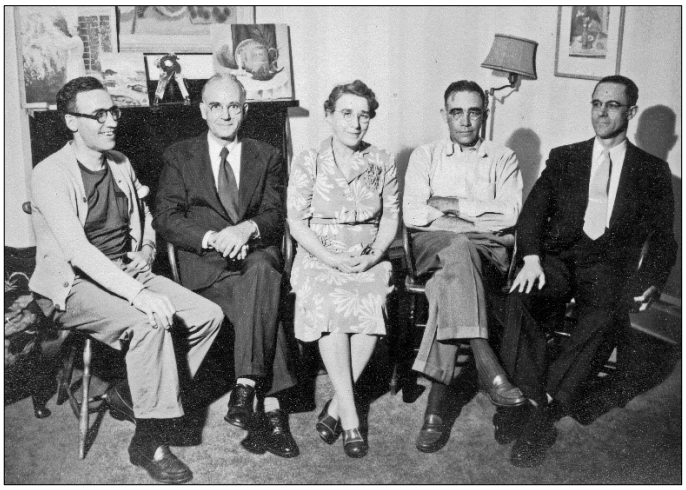
LATER FAMILY REUNIONS

1948 Ream Family Reunion *at the M. Jay Ream home in Somerset, PA. Photo taken by Anita.*
On the ground: Nancy, Dave
Standing, front row: Frank, Jane Margaret, Florence, Euphemia, Margaret, Helen, Mary, Tim? (a friend of Tom's), Tom, Barbara Jo, Sunny, Joe
Standing, back row: Dwight, Don Stanley, Jay, Steve, Jack

1948 Ream Family Reunion. *Back row: Steve, Dwight, Joe, Frank, Don Stanley, Euphemia, Jay*
Middle row: Dave, Nancy, Florence (Ream) Stanley, Sunny, Anita, Martha, Helen
Front row: Jack, Mary, Tom, Jim, Barbara Jo

1948 Ream Family Reunion

Couples: Joe & Anita, Don & Florence Stanley, Frank & Euphemia, Dwight & Helen, Jay & Sunny



Siblings: Joe, Frank, Florence, Dwight, Jay

1948 Ream Family Reunion.
Cousins: Jane Margaret Ream (Frank's daughter), Barbara Jo Ream (Jay's daughter), Martha Ream (Dwight's daughter), Mary Ream (Dwight's daughter), Nancy Ream (Joe's daughter).

1958 Ream Family Reunion

Don Stanley wrote a summary of the 1958 Reunion for the Peru (NE) Pointer:

> A two day reunion of Mrs. Stanley and her brothers, Frank of Glen Ridge, N.J., Joe of Washington, D.C., and Jay of Somerset, Pa., and their families had been scheduled. The site was the Jay Ream home at Hickory Hill, Somerset…
>
> At the wonderful Jay Ream home were the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Ream and their son Tom of Greensburg, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ream and their daughter Jane Margaret, an instructor at Hunter College, N.Y.C., plus their little dog Penny, Joe Ream and his daughter Nancy, a student at Wooster, Ohio; the Jay Reams' son Jim and Mrs. Jim, of Pontiac, Mich, Mrs. Dwight Ream of Topeka, Kans., and the Stanleys.
>
> On Saturday the party had a drive through the Allegheneys which the perfect October weather had transformed into a gorgeous tapestry of sugar and red maple, oak and laurel foliage. There was a lunch at a ski resort lodge. Then back to Hickory Hill with its many picture windows framing views of the colorful Pennsylvania hills for conversation and pictures and fine food, from roast beef and turkey to spudnuts, all under the ministry of two cooks Tom had brought from his bus terminal in Greensburg.
>
> The pictures included Frank Ream paintings of the Maine coast near his Pemaquid Point summer home, of Italy where architect Jim Ream and his family had a stay while he studied architecture, and of Australia and Samoa, where Tom had done some teaching. And the incessant conversation paced by Frank and Joe Ream was always clever, always interesting and at time brilliant. It was a wonderful get-together.

1958 Ream Family Reunion

Jay, Don Stanley, Joe, Tom (son of Jay), Frank, Bob Stanley, Jim (son of Jay)

1958 Ream Family Reunion

Nancy (daughter of Joe), Florence Ream Stanley, Euphemia (Mrs. Frank), Sunny (Mrs. Jay), Helen (Mrs. Dwight), Joyce (Mrs. Jim)

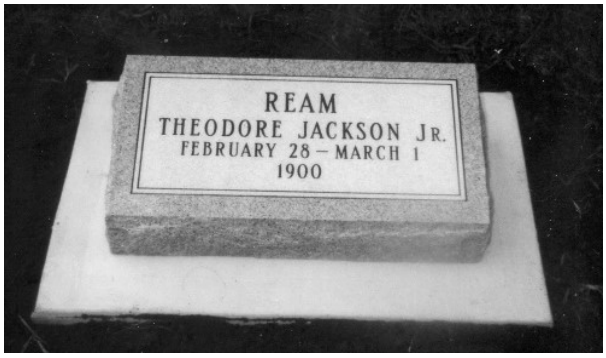
Children of Theodore Jackson[1] "T.J." Ream and Cassander/Cassandra Hanes:

+	2	i.	George Franklin[2] "Frank" Ream, born 27 May 1880 at Delphos, KS.
+	3	ii.	Florence Blanche Ream, born 18 May 1886 at Damascus, OH.
+	4	iii.	Clarence Hanes "Jack" Ream, born 8 Feb 1888 at Columbiana, OH.
+	5	iv.	Dwight Thoburn Ream, born 23 March 1892 at Topeka, KS.
+	6	v.	Merrill Joyce "Jay" Ream, born 21 Nov 1893 at Topeka, KS.
	7	vi.	Theodore Jackson Ream, Jr., born 28 Feb 1900; died 1 March 1900 in Corning, IA.

Betty Stanley Wallace later wrote, "I remember Grandmother Ream talking about this baby only a couple of times. 'Blue babies' (congenital heart disease) was a diagnosis the media picked up on when I was in college and living with her. The papers were full of descriptions of it and she read about blue babies with much interest. She said that was what was wrong with little Theodore.

Another time I was supposed to trace back family characteristics for a class, and Grandmother Ream told me all seven of her children (she volunteered talking about seven) had brown eyes. She assured me that little Theodore had really dark eyes that would undoubtedly have become the Ream brown."[30]

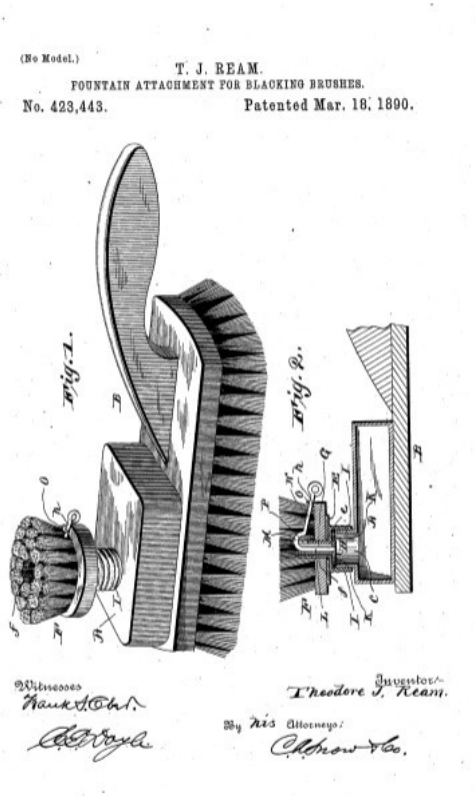
The baby's gravesite is noted in the Corning cemetery records, but there was no marker. In 1994 Dave Ream had one placed. The site is large enough for several graves, approximately 24' x 30'. It is thought Theodore's parents - Cassie and T. J. - had planned to be buried there.



Marker place by Dave Ream, 1994.

\+ 8 vii. Joseph Harold Ream, born 5 Oct 1903 at Bedford, IA.

T. J. Ream's Patent for a Blacking-Brush Fountain Attachment, 1890



(No Model.)

T. J. REAM.

FOUNTAIN ATTACHMENT FOR BLACKING BRUSHES.

No. 423,443. Patented Mar. 18, 1890.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Witnesses

Inventor,

Theodore J. Ream.

By his Attorneys:

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

THEODORE JACKSON REAM, OF COLUMBIANA, OHIO, ASSIGNOR OF ONE-HALF TO GEORGE C. HOGABOOM, OF TOPEKA, KANSAS.

FOUNTAIN ATTACHMENT FOR BLACKING-BRUSHES.

SPECIFICATION forming part of Letters Patent No. 423,448, dated March 18, 1890.

Application filed August 26, 1889. Serial No. 321,951. (No model.)

To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that I, THEODORE JACKSON REAM, a citizen of the United States, residing at Columbiana, in the county of Columbiana and State of Ohio, have invented a new and useful Improvement in Fountain Attachments for Blacking-Brushes, of which the following is a specification.

My invention relates to blacking-brushes, and has for its object an improvement in fountain attachments therefor.

The invention will be hereinafter described, and particularly pointed out in the claims.

In the accompanying drawings, which form a part of this specification, Figure 1 is a perspective view of a blacking-brush with my improved fountain attached. Fig. 2 is a vertical section through the fountain attachment.

Reference being had to the drawings and the letters thereon, A designates the reservoir, which is secured to the back of the brush B in any suitable manner, and is provided at its front end with an externally-screw-threaded extension C, which forms one member of a hollow coupling for connecting the dauber to the reservoir.

E indicates a plate which is secured to the under side of the dauber F, and is provided with an aperture *e*, which registers with an aperture *f* in the back of the dauber. To the under side of the plate E is soldered a cap I, of sheet metal, which has a screw-thread spun in it corresponding with the thread on the extension C, and constitutes the other member of the coupling. From the top of the cap I a tube G extends up through the back of the dauber, and is provided with a valve H, seated on the lower end of the tube, and a handle h, connected to the valve and extending through the tube and beyond the edge of the dauber. Between the upper end of the extension C and the top of the cap I a washer K is inserted to form a tight joint. The valve preferably fits against the lower end of the tube G, where it will be protected against injury while the brush is in use, and be kept soft by the liquid blacking in the fountain or reservoir, and the wire forming the handle passes through the tube, as seen at L, is bent at M, and then extends outward to form the operating-arm N, which is engaged at its free end under a hook O on the dauber to hold the valve to its seat. The upper end of the supply-tube is provided with the notch or slot P, into which the arm is pushed when the valve is released from its seat.

To fill the reservoir, the cap I, carrying the dauber, is removed from the extension C, when the liquid blacking is poured into the reservoir, and the cap and dauber replaced.

The fountain attachment may be applied to any ordinary blacking-brush, and the hollow screw-coupling between the dauber and the reservoir forms a simple means for attaching the dauber to the reservoir and a convenient means of charging the reservoir without the use of any other supply-inlet.

Having thus fully described my invention, what I claim is—

1. A fountain attachment for blacking-brushes, consisting of a reservoir A, having an externally-screw-threaded extension C, in combination with a plate E, to which the dauber is secured, a cap I, secured to the plate E and having an internal screw-thread and a tube projecting from its opposite side, a dauber surrounding the tube, and a valve within the reservoir, substantially as described.

2. A fountain attachment for blacking-brushes, consisting of a reservoir provided with an extension, a cap secured to said extension and having a dauber attached to the cap, and a tube communicating with the reservoir and the dauber, in combination with a valve and a rod extending through the tube and secured to the back of the dauber, substantially as described.

In testimony that I claim the foregoing as my own I have hereto affixed my signature in presence of two witnesses.

THEODORE JACKSON REAM.

Witnesses:
J. W. HOLLOWAY,
E. S. HOLLOWAY.

SECOND GENERATION

George Franklin "Frank" Ream

2 George Franklin[2] "Frank" Ream (Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 27 May 1880 at Delphos, KS, died 7 Sep 1974 at Glen Ridge, NJ. He married 5 Jan 1909 in Madison, NJ, **Euphemia Louise Miller**, born 7 Aug 1886 at Madison, NJ; died 22 Feb 1968, at Glen Ridge, NJ. They are buried at Evergreen Cemetery, Morristown, NJ.

Frank graduated from Cornell College of Mt. Vernon, Iowa in 1902 with an A.B. in philosophy. In the 1902 Cornell yearbook, Frank's description reads, "Whose conscience was his strong retreat." Following graduation, Frank served as the minister at the Blanchard, Iowa Methodist Church from 1902 – 1904.[31]

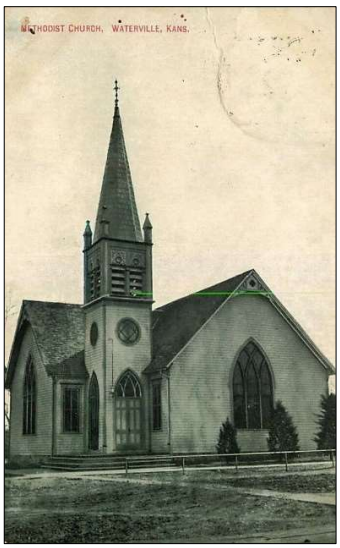
In 1904, Frank left the Midwest to attend the Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, NJ, receiving a Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1907. It was during these years that he met Euphemia who was from Madison.

In 1907 he won a fellowship to United Free Church College at Glasgow, Scotland.[32] He and Euphemia were married upon returning from Scotland. He also received a Doctor of Divinity degree from Cornell College, year unknown.

Euphemia

Frank

Frank served as a Methodist minister in Waterville, KS 1908 – 1910. In June 1910, he was elected chair of biblical literature at Baker University[33] at Baldwin City, KS, and stayed there until the summer of 1913. There was a brief interlude during the summer of 1911 when Frank filled in as a temporary pastor at the Independence Avenue church in Kansas City.[34]



Methodist Church in Waterville, KS, 1910. Frank served as an interim minister in the summer of 1906, and as its minister from 1908 – 1910.

In 1913 he left Baker University to take an appointment to the First Methodist Church of Westfield, NJ.[35] As he was leaving Baker, the newspaper reported, "To the students, Prof. Ream was more than an instructor. He was a friend and counselor in every sense of the word. He was always ready to listen to a student's troubles and quick to give words of advice and cheer. His home was always open to the students and he and Mrs. Ream were always extended with a warm and cordial welcome."[36]

While in New Jersey, he also served as pastor at the Madison, NJ, Methodist church at some point.

After two years as minister in Westfield, Frank was appointed Director of Religious Work for the Methodist Church in 1915, a high position for a young minister, and moved to New York City.

The Westfield, New Jersey Methodist Church was a new building when Frank arrived in 1913. It had been dedicated in 1911. Frank and Euphemia lived at 121 Ferris Place.

Frank, ca 1913

In January 1918, the president of Baldwin-Wallace College, a Methodist college in Berea, Ohio was

removed because he tolerated some faculty and school officers who were considered pro-German. This was during the anti-German sentiment surrounding WWI. Frank stepped in briefly as Acting President of the college, and then returned to New York City when a permanent president was chosen.

In 1920 he moved back to Kansas, becoming the minister at the Washington Avenue Methodist Church at the corner of 7th & Washington in Kansas City, Kansas.[37]

In 1922 an article about Frank refusing the Ku Klux Klan made several newspapers across the U. S.:

> (Kansas City, Kan.) A group of men, garbed in white regalia, entered a church here last night and handed the pastor a sealed envelope containing cash contributions.
>
> A committee of three of the white robed figures entered a side door at the Washington Avenue Methodist Church and when asked their names by an usher, replied they could not reveal their identity. They asked for the pastor, Dr. G. Franklin Ream, to whom they handed an envelope. After they refused to tell him who they were, he returned the envelope. Doctor Ream said the package contained a sum of money offered in appreciation for services. The trio departed quietly.[38]

Frank's brother Jay wrote that Frank had a "rich and resonant voice," and that many "considered him the finest public speaker they had ever heard." Besides his weekly sermons during the years he served as a church minister, Frank was an active and popular lecturer. From the numerous newspaper articles, he apparently reached his peak during his years in Kansas City, 1920 – 1923. While browsing through the newspaper accounts, one finds some of Frank's opinions reflecting the times he lived in; others resonate with topics still being discussed a hundred years later.

- Brooklyn, NY, 1918. The Rev. Dr. Ream deplored the decreasing number of candidates for the ministry. He departed from his subject to pay tribute to the courage of the American negro soldier.[39]

- Sioux City, IA, 1919. To properly carry on its work the Methodist Episcopal church must find 1,850 men every year to enter the ministry, G. Franklin Ream, executive secretary of the life service department, declared in an address.

  Speaking at a conference of delegates in the Chicago area, he said that the board of foreign missions is asking for 1,250 workers for the next four years, the board of home missions wants more than 1,400, and the women's boards are asking for 500 each.

  'In addition to these there must be found deaconesses, directors of religious education, and social workers,' he said…'already steps are being taken to find these young people… we propose shortly to make a visit to the cantonments of this country and find there our choicest Methodist young men. This is a vital part of the period of reconstruction.'[40]

- Iowa City, IA, 1920. Rev. G. Franklin Ream of New York City, of the Educational board of the Methodist church, stopped off here Sunday en route from the Methodists' great meeting at Des Moines. He filled the pulpit for Rev. S. E. Ellis Sunday morning. As a thinker and eloquent orator, he has few equals. He delivered a splendid discourse here.[41]

- Chetopa, KS, 1921. Quite a few Chetopa people who are keenly interested in educational work attended the dedication of the new Oswego high school Friday night. The principal address was given by Dr. G. Franklin Ream, one of the foremost educators of this state… Dr. Ream's address was one of the most impressive and interesting we have ever heard.

  'The three greatest enemies of a community and nation,' he said, 'are ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness, for out of them grow all the evils that beset a community and nation. These things are holding back every community and the community that strives hardest against them is the community that goes forward in the fight against prevailing evils. Those citizens who shirk their duties in fighting these great enemies of civilization are not worthy of the name of citizen.'[42]

- Kansas City, KS, 1921. 'Choosing a Profession' was the subject of a sermon delivered last night to a large audience of young persons by the Rev. G. Franklin Ream at the Washington Boulevard Methodist Church…

  'The industries of the nation are taking the youthful power of the land and transforming it into products, making dividends for stockholders,' said Mr. Ream last night. 'They give no thought to the personal development and uplift of the employee.'

  'The churches and schools are also open to charges of neglect. It is not enough to save souls or to enroll names. Instead, these institutions must help young men and women to attain their highest possibilities.'[43]

- Topeka, KS 1921. Despite rain a large audience was present at the convention yesterday to hear the address of Dr. G. Franklin Ream of Kansas City, Kan. The subject of Dr. Ream's address was 'The Finest of the Fine Arts.'

  Doctor Ream said a sound body was the first fundamental for living an artistic life.

  'Some people feign a disregard for material things, but they seem to find a body necessary whether they like to admit it or not,' he declared.

  'Intelligence is a second fundamental. We live in exact proportion to our intelligent possession of the facts, truths and realities of God's universe.'

  Work, character, ideals, convictions, and friendship are the other fundamentals, Doctor Ream said.

- Kansas City, KS. Young folks were given advice last night on 'Falling in Love' by the Rev. G. Franklin Ream at the Washington Boulevard Methodist Church.

  Mr. Ream explained to the young men present that he considered having a 'girl' essential. He said also that a 'beau' should and would happen into the life of every young woman. The 'spooner' was censured by Mr. Ream as being the destroyer of the finer sensibilities of life.

  'It is dangerous to believe that matches are made in heaven,' said Mr. Ream. 'We make our

own matches when busybodies do not attempt to make them for us. They say that love is blind, but that is never true unless the lovers are fools. Make your lover days so noble and refined that they will always be a delightful memory. Your engagement period should be long enough to prove that both could get along under any circumstances.

'Avoid the trifler, the flirt, and the liar who play the game of love for shameful stakes. When you get ready to marry do not do it because you are lonesome or because it is your last chance.'

- Kansas City, KS, 1922. 'The Bible never criticizes the size of a man's accumulations,' said the Rev. G. Franklin Ream, pastor of the Washington Avenue Methodist Church, in his sermon last night, 'but it does condemn some ways men have taken to obtain riches and the manner of spending.'

  'According to Christ's teachings, every man owes a big obligation to society,' the pastor continued. 'If he is unwilling to recognize or pay this obligation for the welfare and help of others, he is not fit for the Kingdom of God.'[44]

DR. G. FRANKLIN REAM
Of Kansas City, one of the principal speakers at the state Sunday School convention

- Lawrence, KS, 1922. Dr. Franklin G. Ream, pastor of the Washington Avenue Methodist church of Kansas City, Kan., was the guest of the Chamber of Commerce at the regular luncheon today and spoke on some of the reasons Lawrence should have a new hotel… Dr. Ream told his experiences in city building in Kansas City, Kan., as a member of the planning commission…'The new hotel is not merely a public building that is needed for the good of the city, it is a good investment for the stockholders…It will only take men of courage and vision to arise in the enterprise and go over the top for the project.'[45]

- Kansas City, KS, 1922. The voter who is ignorant and indifferent and makes himself a victim of a machine is a crooked voter, said the Rev. G. Franklin Ream of the Washington Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church last night in an address on 'Election Crooks.'

  As another part of the special 2-hour service last night, the Rev. Mr. Ream spoke on 'Fair Daughter of Fortune,' in recognition of the attendance of about 100 members of Jobs' daughters.

  'According to the Bible story,' said the Rev. Mr. Ream, the daughters of Job were the fairest because of their father and the training he gave them. If the daughters would be fair today, they will not become so by the use of powder and lipstick, but by developing the qualities that belong to true womanhood.'[46]

- Kansas City, KS, date unknown. The newspaper was praised and censored by Dr. G. Franklin Ream…

  'It would be difficult to overestimate the service which a great modern newspaper renders. It is a medium of public information, It brings the news from the ends of the earth to our door

every day.'

'The modern newspaper molds public opinion on every vital issue which arises. It advocates action, national and local. It advocates right and exposes wrong within the bounds of its reasoning.'

Dr. Ream moved to the other side of the scales of judgment and weighed what he called 'the sins and shortcomings of the press.'

'Like the other great influences in modern life the newspaper is not perfect,' he said. 'It sensationalizes vice and crime, playing up thrilling news in long and gruesome stories. Trivialities are elevated and embellished because they are strange or unique. The private affairs of prominent people are exploited. The facts are sometimes padded and a story must have a punch.

'It often plays the part of a political boss, setting up its own favorites in the foreground and flashing the men who dare to be opponents. It sometimes suppresses and withholds news from the public that is of great importance. '[47]

- Kansas City, KS, date unknown. Urging that a broad-minded view be taken in the matter of enforcing the Sunday closing laws as to motion picture theaters, Mr. Ream told his congregation that the enforcement of the Sunday closing law as it would apply to the closing of all motion picture theaters in the city would be a mistake, unless a 'just as good substitute' were offered.

  'Just what have we to offer persons who do not go to church Sunday, but seek recreation in the motion picture theaters?' Mr. Ream asked. 'The majority of these people do not care to listen to a sermon, do not care to attend group worship. Until we have something better to offer, let us be generous, judicious and fair.'[48]

Frank and Euphemia, date unknown

In January 1923, it was announced that Frank was leaving the ministry. He "has resigned his charge at the Washington Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Kan., to take up social service and welfare work. Dr. Ream has become associated with the General Organization Co., which puts on social service and welfare drives in various cities. He will make his home in Chicago."[49] Some family members have theorized that while Frank enjoyed giving sermons, lectures, and speeches, he was frustrated with the numerous details and committee work involved with managing a church.

There is little information about the General Organization Company and Chicago, and Frank probably worked for them only a short time, if at all. The 1926 and 1928 city directories for Cleveland, Ohio show Frank working for Mutual Benefit Life

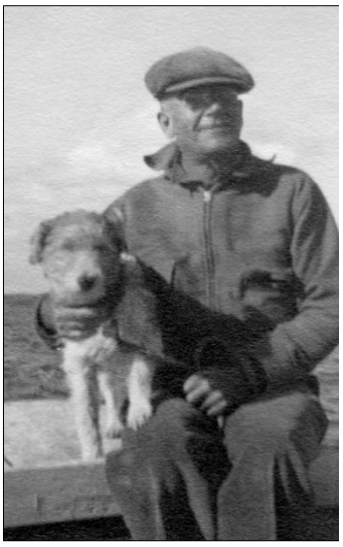
Insurance, the same as his brother Jay. He eventually became supervisor of agencies for that company in Newark, NJ, and trained personnel. He traveled extensively in his work, giving motivational lectures ("akin to sermons"), settling into a job that allowed him to do what he loved best.

Their home for many years was 22 Wildwood Terrace in Glen Ridge, NJ. Part of the lure to New Jersey may be been Euphemia's parents, who lived nearby in Madison, NJ. Frank and Euphemia also had a summer home in Pemaquid Point, Maine as early as 1933 which they named "Shore Ledges" according to a newspaper article. Frank and Euphemia kept both properties the rest of their lives, leaving them to their daughter Jane Margaret.

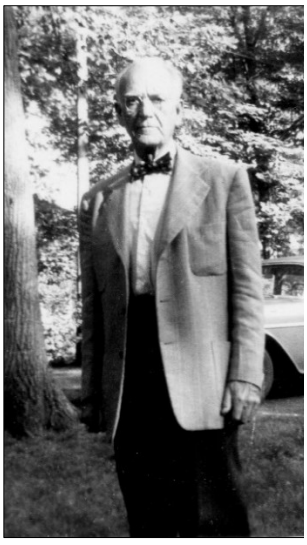
Frank is known to have made one questionable financial decision, reminiscent of his father. In 1922 he invested $2400 with other Kansas City investors in a company selling oil and gas leases in Oklahoma. It was managed by Joseph I. Cromwell. There were delays in drilling the well, the company was short on funds, and Frank became nervous. He accepted $2000 for his share of the company. Later that year, the discovery and development of the Cromwell oil field marked the start of a major drilling boom in central Oklahoma. Eventually there were 393 wells in the field; the largest producing 5,600 barrels per day. In 1934, Frank sued Cromwell, alleging fraud and won. Newspapers around the country ran this article, "A retired New Jersey minister, the Rev. G. Franklin Ream, of Madison, NJ, would have an oil fortune if he could collect. He holds a judgment for $352,272.82 against Joe I. Cromwell, developer of the Cromwell Oil Field in Oklahoma, his former partner, who, as Ream alleged, bought his interest in the firm for a fraction of its worth. However, Cromwell has filed a petition in bankruptcy."[50]

The case ended up in the Oklahoma Supreme Court who reversed the decision in favor of Cromwell. The court said there was no fraud and that "the judgment of the trial court was against the clear weight of the evidence."[51]

Frank, age 49



Frank



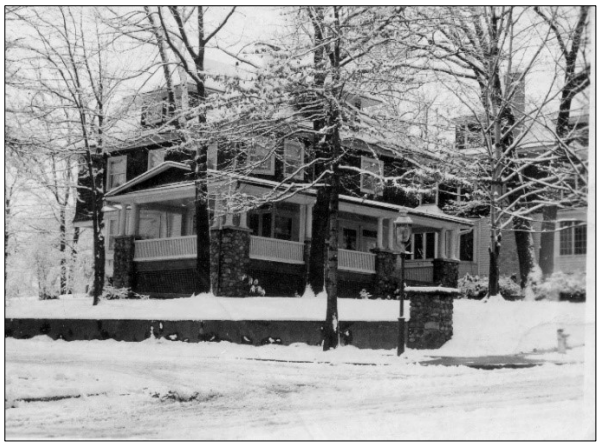
Frank, age 80

Frank retired in 1947, and turned to spending time on his many hobbies. He took piano lessons ("The first lesson began with the location of Middle 'C.' Its location is like a point in surveying from which all reckoning starts.") He gardened passionately.

His niece Betty Stanley Wallace wrote, "Frank was a man of many artistic and creative talents. In his

later years he made simple musical instruments, neckties, and other items he gave to relatives. He painted landscapes, wrote poetry, and was an excellent photographer. He sewed (on a single-stitch pedal sewing machine) U.S. flags containing as many stars as he felt like making, often less than 50. He learned German after he was eighty. He was always interested in, and wrote about, national politics, Ream family history, and a broad range of other topics."

Stanley S. Kresge, a friend of Frank's from Pemaquid Point, enjoyed Frank's poetry so much that he self-published a paperback pamphlet of his poems in 1974. It is titled, "Another Year: Random Thoughts in Verse." A few poems from this book are included in the next section of Frank's writings.

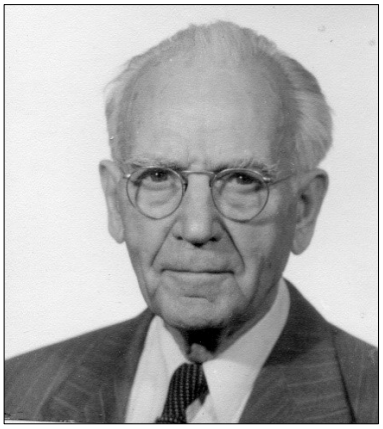


Frank Ream house, 22 Wildwood Terrace, Glen Ridge, NJ

Summer home at Pemiquid Point, Maine

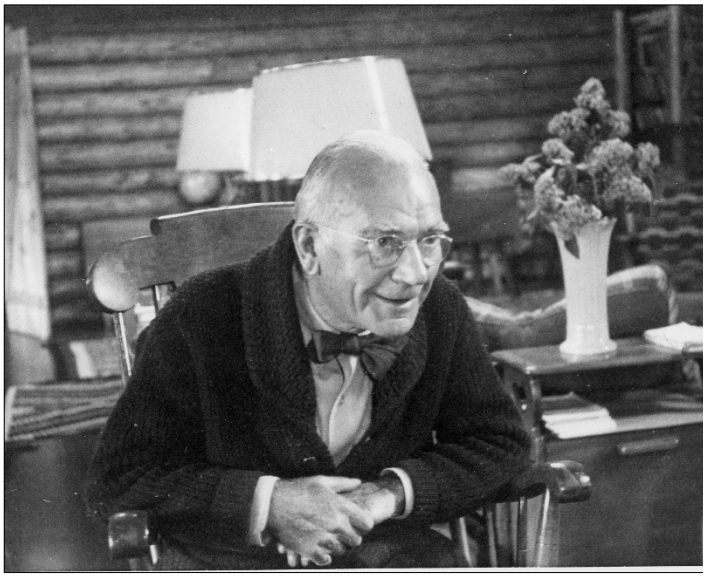
Frank, 1962

Jane Margaret and Euphemia, 1962



Frank, date unknown

Frank's sketch of the lighthouse at Pemiquid Point.



Frank inside his vacation home at Pemiquid Point, Maine.

Frank & Euphemia

A few days after Frank retired in 1974, he had attended a funeral and wrote in his diary, “One cannot but feel the empty sham of such a service. I shall direct that when my time comes, I prefer no such program attending my departure.” The following night, he wrote, “There is a full moon in a cloudless sky and the white earth joins with heaven in illuminations that make one realize our planet is in shining harmony with the silent music of the spheres.” [52]

Child of George Franklin[2] Ream and Euphemia Louise Miller:

+ 9 i. Jane Margaret[3] Ream, born 4 Apr 1911 in Kansas City, KS.

WRITINGS OF FRANK REAM

Frank was a man of words … whether giving sermons or speeches, or writing letters. His brother Jay wrote, "In his letters and speech, he could make the English language respond and do his bidding as if it were a performing animal." The following pages contain some examples of his letters and poems.

Frank wrote this letter to his sister Florence in 1913 on her wedding to Don Stanley:

First Methodist Episcopal Church
G. Franklin Ream, Pastor
Westfield, New Jersey

Residence, 121 Ferris Place
Phone 120-W

June 23-13.

My Dear Sister,-

When this letter arrives it will greet you on one of the most important days of your whole life. I know it will be a very happy day for you and I wish that we two might be there to share in the delights of the occasion. You have been planning and dreaming and working long for this day, and I do hope that everything will be in full accord with your fondest wishes.

Truly the life of a pure and noble love is the crown of all our human relations, and I am glad that this has come to you. If it is kept high and pure it will continue to be the source of truest living and nothing short of this is good enough for my only sister. I know of only one way in which the love life of two people can cintinue to be all it ought to be in its highest ranges, and that is by a complete devotion of both their lives to the over-mastery of Him who is the Source of all love, and the real inspirer of all the love worthy of the name. May the home which you are now starting never cease to be a home of Love and a home consecrated to God. If you begin that way your peace and joy will be protected from many of the dangers that have blighted so many lives and homes. I most earnestly pray the richest blessing of our Father to rest upon you both as you pledge to each the most sacred and ever lasting promise.

Here is the kiss which I wish I might give you today. Never cease to remeber that your oldest brother will always have an open heart and home for you in all circumstances. The joy of joys attend you.

Most lovingly your brother,

Frank

Frank also wrote a letter to his future brother-in-law at the same time. Don's reaction to this letter remains a mystery.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
G. Franklin Ream, Pastor
Westfield, New Jersey

Residence, 121 Ferris Place
Phone 120-W

Monday June 23-'13.

My dear Brother Don,-

Altho our paths have crossed so infrequently we are today being drawn into very close relations, and I need not tell you that Florence's older brother is experiencing some of a brother's deepest feelings. All the chivalry of which a young man is capable is called forth in the interests of an only sister. She has been very dear to me. Our comradship has been closer than with any others in our family, and we have frequently talked of the meaning of love and home.

You already know that her heart is very true, and that her ideals are very high, and that she is not likely to be communicative over disappointments. Without intending to suggest any doubts I am very eager, for the unsullied joy of you both, that this day may not have any disappointments. And may I say another word which perhaps is entirely unnecessary, but which is prompted by the devotion of my brother heart? It is this: that the feminie passiveness is very different from the masculine eagerness, and that in the matter of love's physical consummation it pays to be patient and to wait. The first cloud of a sad surprise has often come for lack of this consideration. If you realize the spirit in which I say this I know you will not reproach me.

May every joy that can come to a true noble lover be yours in these glad hours, and may your plans for the future be those of a lover-husband and Christian man.

You are entrusted with our very dearest one, and we feel you will be worthy.

Your brother,
G. Franklin Ream

Frank wrote this letter to his mother Cassie on her 80th birthday in 1938

Dear Mother:

Only once in a lifetime is it ever granted to a son to write a letter of love and best wishes to his mother on her eightieth birthday. This occasion brings up a wide vista of many remembered years and fills the way with a multitude of memories. They stretch from early childhood as the first-born in humble homes amid simple people, when you were the youthful mother, the companion of the struggling young minister, the home-maker responsible for its every care. Down the years of experience--now memory lane--you have traveled with a devoted heart, a serene faith, and an unexcelled devotion to the best interests of your children.

There were long years of sacrifice for the sake of their education; the pinch of poverty did not dim your ideals, the trials of the day did not turn you from your purpose. And well do I remember the day when you and father, looking over the pictures of all your children said, "Well, we have not been able to accumulate much for ourselves, and we have little of this world's goods to pass on to our children, but we have been able to see them all graduate with a college education and get a much better start in life than we had." In thinking today of these twenty years that you have been our only parent, altho you have never said one single word we know that these years have been lonely, all the more so because when father was here you and he were the kind of companions who joined in consultation on all the matters of common interest. How well do I recall the many conferences on plans and problems held in the kitchen as your hands continued to keep busy with the daily needs. I'm glad some of the old furniture is still there in the kitchen; it makes it easy to still see and hear father there.

And you have been mothering us all these years. Your messages of love and interest have been frequent. Our responses have been far too infrequent. You have thought about us and even continued to work for us. Every one of us has a tangible token of your devotion--the quilts that you have cut and pieced and stitched together, life-long creations of work-worn hands and failing eyes, which coverlets we may use to tuck us in at night for the quiet and restful slumber that your mother heart would pray we have--and with your own hands you would make us snug as in childhood if you could. In these gifts you have taken a visible presence to remain with us until we too shall enter our declining years.

For all you have been and are to us, we are devoutly thankful and we want our appreciation to be as boundless as your love has been to us.

We pray that you may be long with us. We shall never outgrow our need of you. But when the time comes that you must go, we know that every reward which heaven has for those who have been perfect mothers will be yours.

On this your eightieth birthday.

Mother dear,
we love you.

Your boy,

Frank.

Nov. 19-40

Dear Mother,-

In a very few days You will be celebrating another birthday. And all of your children whether with you in person or not will be celebrating it with you.

It is a great joy to all of us that you can add this one to the goodly number that have already been yours. Especially are we pleased that you can come to this one with such clear mind and such reasonably good health. These are blessings of no small moment, and they are undoubtedly the rewards of simple and judicious living through the years.

Recently I have been thinking of the peculiar privilege that is mind which is in the fact that I can remember you farther bach than any of your immediate family. I have been recalling the days when I was a child of four and you were a young mother in your early twenties. I remember the little home in Buyesville with its kitchen where you did the cooking and where we ate. I remember the living room where you sometimes played on the little organ, and at bed time you held me on your lap and sang to me "Into a tent where a gypsy boy lay". I rembmber the back yard and the back porch where Icrawled under and went to sleep and you hunted for me all over the neighborhood. I rember it was on that back porch on a Sunday after noon that I tried father's knife on a pair of your rubber shoes, and Icut my right thumb the scar of which I carry to this day. I rember it was there you dressed me on Sunday mornings with my little kilt skirts which I hated because Ithought they were girls cloths. I rember the vacant lot between the parsonage and the church where father raised potatoes, and I helped pick them up and put them into a pail. It was such fun for me that I declaired that when I grewup I was going to be a potatoe digger. I remember the little bed room up stairs and the strap with which you tied me to the bed post so that I would not run away. The floor I laid down on and went to sleep on was hard. I rembmber the evening supper when I could not eat, and you wondered what was the matter with me, until I threw up the poke-berries that a larger boy had induced me to eat in the back alley. I remember how wrestless you thought I was in church and how you would march out with me, all the way from the front seat to the door of the church, and I knew what I was going to get.

These am many other precious memories are mine because you were my young mother. But you are my mother and our mother still today with the same love and devotion as then, and we all love you for it. May your day be a most happy one, and may your health and peace of mind continue long.

As ever, your boy,

Frank

A "Happy Birthday" letter to his sister Florence in 1960

G. FRANKLIN REAM
22 WILDWOOD TERRACE
GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

May thirteen Sixty.

Dear Sister Florence,-

The most marvelous thing that can ever be presented to a human being by the hand of Infinite Destiny is the privilege of existence, and the unfolding possibilities of a developing personality.

It makes possible the acquisition of acquaintance with portions of the universe of things, the realities of experience, the exercise of thpught, the accumulation of experience, and and a treasure-house of memories.

The opportunities for exploits by thehuman spirit, the infinite variety of invitation to action, and the bequest of the months and years of time are the gateways to satisfactions and happiness which give life its supreme value.

There are certain earth-bound limitations, and economic conditions, and physical requirements which seem to set boundaries to the free flight of the unframmeled spirit, and require some attention and labors that cannot be escaped. But there is such magnificent resilience and courage in the human spirit that it can not only rise above these limitations but can actually transform them into victorious exhilaration and so make them contribute to the greater joy.

What a privilege it is to have completed almost the three-quarters of a century, of living, working, seeing, thinking, loving, and contributing from the graciousness of a friendly life to the many you have known along the way. There must be special compensation in the realization that a neighborhood and large community receive service and derive pleasure from your abilities.

And when the appraiser comes around taking note of the worthwhile work and the high quality of motherhood, not overlooking her devotion to her children and her grand-children, and love and devotion of these children and grand-children to the mother I am sure he will place a very special star of recognition on the Stanley home in Peru.

May every happiness of a day long to be remembered
be the full measure of your
celebration.

Affectionately,

Frank

For May Eighteenth. Sixty

Excerpts from another letter:

(Feb 1, 1956) Dear Florence,

… The joys of yesterday where our family circle was unbroken are slipping away into the increasing distance of the past. But they remain our sacred possessions – because our love does not permit them to grow dim.

What a blessing that we can continue to cherish our loved ones on the altar of our memories and affection.

- Frank

Frank wrote this poem to his niece Betty Stanley Wallace on her 50th birthday, August 4, 1970:

When well across half century,
Life's really just begun.
You have sipped a bit of what life is –
Its challenge and its fun.

You are ready now to do your best
To give your genius wing –
In all the projects you pursue
To do them while you sing.

May every day have sun-filled sky
A smiling helpful sun –
And when each day comes to its end
Your conscience says, "Well done"!

Uncle Frank

POEMS FROM "ANOTHER YEAR: RANDOM THOUGHTS IN VERSE"[53]

This poem marked their last summer together. Euphemia died February 1968.

Another Year

Another year of pretty birds
perched high on little tree
the theme is "joy" we always find
in summer by the sea.

Another year of rythmic tides
and often wind-blown spray
and sometimes gorgeous sunsets
in summer by the Bay.

Another year of rest and ease
and freedom from all strain
of days and weeks of life
to spend in "our beloved Maine."

Another year to spend some hours
in big reclining chair
and have the sweet solicitude
of someones constant care.

Another year of reading books
enjoying active mind
and writing letters to loved friends
so faithful and so kind.

Another year of rounded life
mature in all its ways
with mind and heart and love
and friends enriching all its days.

(written for Euphemia in summer of 1967)

Picking Blue Berries

Out in the meadow -
Sunshine and breeze
Everywhere bushes
Down on my knees
Picking the berries
Blue as the sky
Using both hands
Basket piled high.

Get out the pie pan
Sugar and flour
Hurry the process
Minute's an hour!
Famished, I'm dreaming
Of sweet bye and bye,
But heaven won't please me
Sans blue berry pie!!

Moon-Men

(composed 7/16/69 "Apollo 11)

Three men with an objective
They are aiming at the moon
While all the world is watching
We pray they are landing soon.

They teach us all a lesson
If we would win success
We must make preparation
Aim high - - take nothing less.

We may not aim at planets
Or choose some distant star
We may find noble purpose
In this world where we are.

With will-power and ambition
Devotion to What's right
We too will reach our "life-goal"
Our destiny in flight.

A Hobby

What is it brings you lots of fun
A Hobby!
and makes you proud of things you've done
A Hobby!
What is it keeps you young and spry
Puts brilliant luster in your eye
And makes the days fly swiftly by?
A Hobby.

What is it keeps you feeling prime
A Hobby
Helps you defy old Father Time
A Hobby.
What is it fills your heart with zest
Gives pleasure to your every guest
You laugh and say "These days are best"
A Hobby.

Our Spirit Nature

There is something in our nature
Says life goes on and on.
New days we take for granted, - -
Always another one.

Recoil when death is threatened, -
An instinct of the soul.
No welcome to the "reaper"
Who would collect his toll.

Is this instinct for living
A more than mortal voice?
A breath of the immortal
Beyond the realm of choice?

Do we live on forever,
Beyond the bounds of time?
Then in our full existence
There is boundless scope sublime!

Awaiting

The day is spent; the hour is late.
I now lay down my pen.
I'll sleep until tomorrow;
Then I will write again.

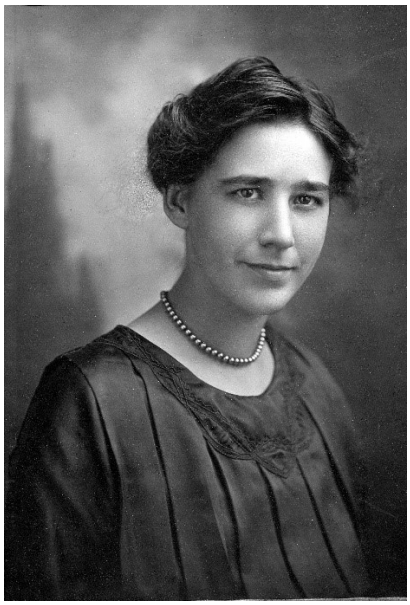
Time's ripened fields are golden.
The Harvester is near.
I know that he has promised
To wipe away each tear.

So I await tomorrow -
The day that has no end,
Where everywhere is happiness
And everyone a friend.

SECOND GENERATION

FLORENCE BLANCHE REAM

3 Florence Blanche[2] Ream (Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 18 May 1886 at Damascus, OH; died 4 Nov 1972 at Peru, NE. She married 25 June 1913 at Topeka, KS, **Donald Frank Stanley**, born 7 May 1890 at Lawrence, KS, died 11 Oct 1978 at Lincoln, NE. Don was the son of Emery and Annie Stanley. Florence and Don are both buried at Peru, NE.


PICTURES OF FLORENCE REAM

Florence was very proud of her brothers, and her brothers also wrote accolades about her. Dwight said she could have been a champion golfer. Her brother Joe said that she was unquestionably the smartest of T. J. and Cassie's children, and that if she had lived at a time when a "woman's role" was seen differently, she would have been an overwhelming success in whatever career she chose.

She took a 6-week summer shorthand course, Dougherty method, from her brother Frank when she was of high school age, using it only for college notes. Years later, she later easily picked it up again after Betty left for college. She and her brother Frank wrote letters to each other in shorthand.

Florence seldom talked of her rather itinerant girlhood spent moving from town to town. But she did leave these notes, apparently prepared for a program in Peru, Nebraska:

> Born in a little town in Ohio *[Damascus, Ohio],* a town so small that even yet it can boast only one grocery store, a drug store, and a book store. But it had four churches – a Methodist church and three Friends churches. I was born in the Methodist parsonage, the only girl in the family which finally included five brothers.
>
> Before I was old enough to comprehend what was going on we moved to another small town in Ohio, and in a comparatively short time moved again, this time to Auburn, a small town in Shawnee County, Kansas.
>
> Of this town I have a few recollections, a house with a big yard, of dogs and pigs and cows and chickens, and a vague recollection of an eccentric old man, the pillar of the church, Uncle Jimmy Quayle, the father of Bishop Quayle. Also there was a short session of school, a one-room affair, like a country school. Then came another move and we were in the city of Topeka, where the authorities said I wasn't old enough to go to school so I had another year at home. When I finally got started again, they let me skip half a grade which sort of made up for lost time.
>
> One bright spot of our stay there was a wonderful birthday party with all the children in that part of the city invited, the lovely presents, the big swing, the game of post office, and the ice cream will never be forgotten.
>
> The next move landed the family in a county set town in Iowa *[Harlan, Iowa]*. As the parsonage was really nothing to brag about, father bought a house. So we lived in our own home for a while. *[This differs from her mother's autobiography – Cassie wrote that they lived in the parsonage.]* Then came another move just as I was starting eighth grade. At the new town *[Corning, Iowa]* I found the eighth grade considerably behind the one I had left, so persuaded the school superintendent to let me into high school. Thus it came about that I missed physiology, history, the finer points of grammar and probably a lot of other things I should have had.
>
> *[As Florence left Corning in 1901, the newspaper ran this item, "Miss Helene Baker gave a farewell 'taffy pull' party Wednesday evening to the members of the Sunday school class in honor of Miss Florence Ream. Before they parted the class presented Miss Ream with a beautiful ring in memory of the good times they had passed together."]*
>
> Another move landed me in another high school with further complications, but I managed to finish at Bedford, Iowa.

Florence graduated from Bedford, Iowa High School in 1903. She then attended three different Methodist colleges including Cornell College (one year) and Simpson (one year). When her family moved back to Kansas, she transferred to Baker College at Baldwin City, Kansas. Florence's brother Joe

later wrote, “She was not too keen about this move, as she was happier in her college in Iowa.”

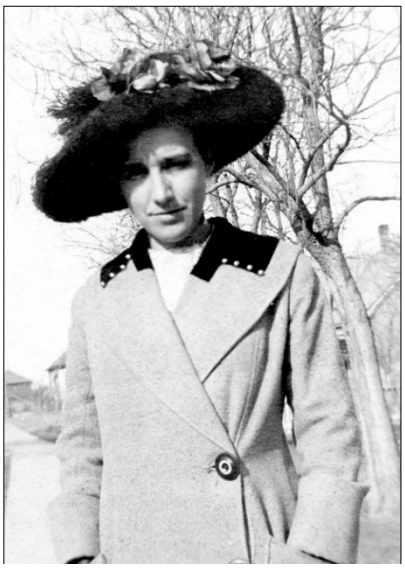
Florence graduated two years later in 1908. She garnered with all A's and 1 B in her college career. She never spoke of her grades—Betty learned this when Florence heard that one of her professors had died, and she mentioned that he was the one who had given her her one B. Once, when he called on her in class, she didn't know the answer to a question. Later, after he had lectured her and asked again, she knew the answer, but, because she was not prepared, she was given a B in the course.

During the summer between years at Baker, Florence earned money by joining friends at Palisade, in western Colorado, picking peaches.

After graduating from college, she taught in Waterville, KS, where her brother Frank was a minister. Later she taught high school mathematics in Topeka. It was probably during this time that Florence and Don began dating, as their parents lived a block apart from each other in Topeka. In March 1912, she took a $75/month position at Dodge City, KS, to finish the term of another teacher. Florence continued teaching through the 1912-13 school year. The high school at that time was connected with one of the grade schools, and located next to the cemetery on top of the infamous Boot Hill. During this year, she became engaged to Don.

The letters that Don wrote to Florence during the Dodge City year have been saved. Without knowing Florence’s responses, it is, admittedly, a one-sided conversation. In addition to the endearments between an engaged couple, they discussed many topics -- Don’s law cases, politics, Florence’s fellow teachers, entertainment they attended, and books they were reading. Examples from Don’s letters:

> Yesterday I read Ibsen’s Doll House, finished vol 1 of Vanity Fair. Concerning Dumas, you’ve read the Cream, in the Three Musketeers, try Margaret DeValor’s next. I’m surprised at your saying Dumas is difficult to read. His short snappy style makes it one of the fastest for me, and I don’t lay claims to being a record breaker at reading. I’m going to take a shot at Kant, or Hegel or Schopenhauer for tonight, that is in the intervals between dreams of you.



Florence in Dodge City, KS 1912-1913.

> Yesterday I went to church at the Lowman ‘A’ME. After the Lord had been duly supplicated and harangued, your mother very kindly invited me to eat dinner with your folks, and being tempted, I fell. It’s needless to say that the dinner was about the best ever, but I’ll say it, just to make ‘assurance doubly sure.’
>
> Woodrow Wilson was in town yesterday. After an hour’s introduction by one Thos. Botkin and another short one by our mayor and near governor, ‘Little Jeff’ Billard, who spoke of the guest as ‘Professor Widrow Woodson,’ the latter made a good talk. If I vote, I’ll probably cast one for Woodrow, but I’m afraid in later years I’ll be ashamed of even having voted for a Democrat. What’s your opinion as to the

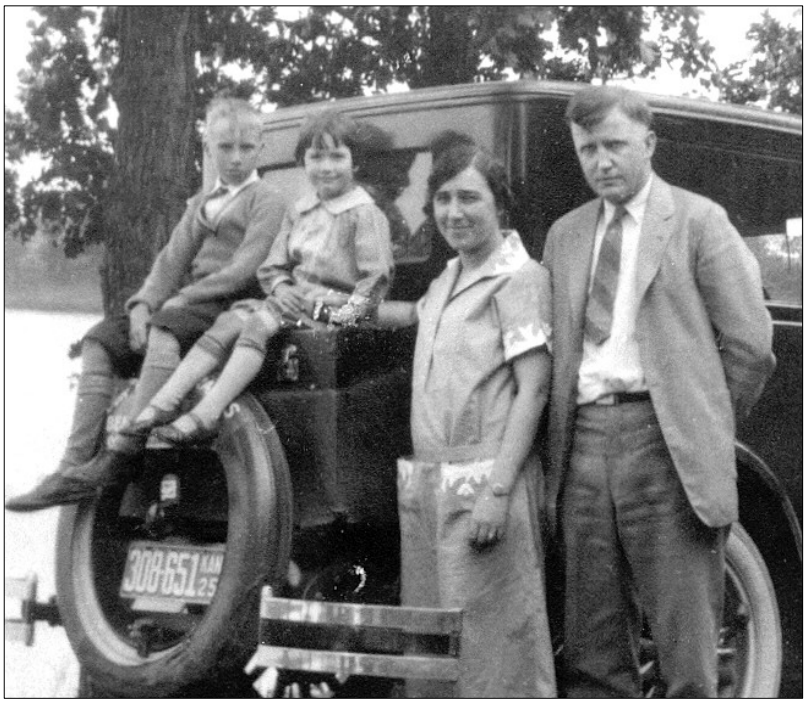
course to take?

It was quite funny, your description of the skating party, largely I suppose on account of the thoughts it engendered. I can imagine you working as seriously as any judge until you mastered the art and could skate just a trifle better than anyone else there.

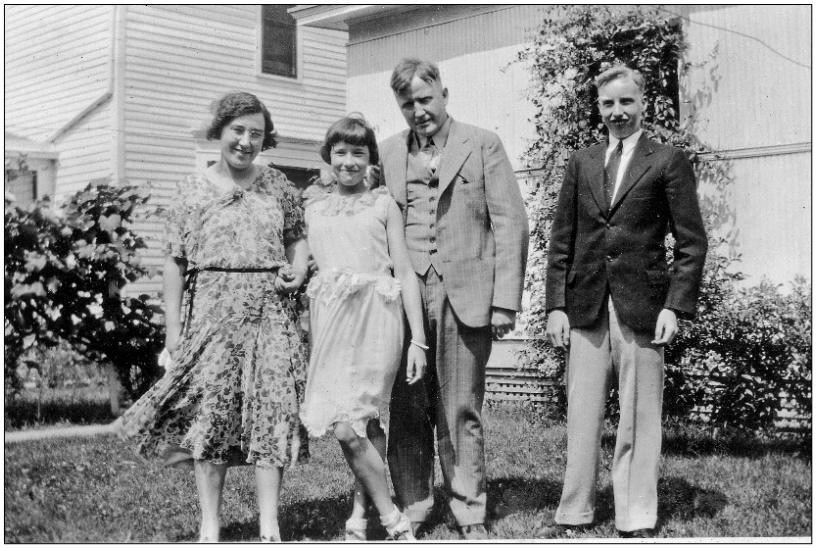
Some time ago I asked you for advice as to something to read. Up to date I don't recollect any, and so I'm sticking to a couple of text books, Graves History of Education and Tichenor's psychology together with a book by Bergson. Please help me out, it's awful.

Florence was sensitive about being four years older than Don. When they took out the wedding license, she wrote Don's year of birth as her own. Her father T. J. Ream, who officiated at the wedding, shook his head about starting marriage with a falsehood. She eventually had several official papers with the wrong year of birth, enough to get a fake birth certificate if she had wanted to.[54]

Wedding of Florence and Don, June 25, 1913, at the home of T.J. Ream. T.J is on Don's right; he officiated the wedding. Cassie Ream is on Florence's left.



Bob, Betty, Florence, and Don Stanley. On a trip to visit Florence's brother Clarence at Clear Lake, Iowa, 1925.



Florence, Betty, Don, Bob, 1931.

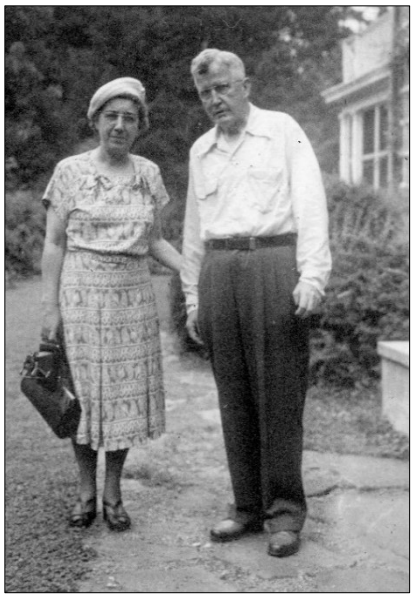
Before their marriage, Don had set up a law practice in Mankato, Kansas. They lived there until September 1, 1941. In Mankato, Florence found herself as one of only two women college graduates in that town of about 1400 population. She started the Modern Minerva Club, was County Chairman for the Republican Party, served as president of WSCS at the Methodist church, and did many more civic jobs.

Florence and Don jointly purchased the Peru Pointer newspaper in Peru, Nebraska, with their son, Robert in 1941. Robert was soon drafted into World War II, leaving Florence and Don to run the paper on their own. They lived in the downtown apartment above the Pointer, eventually purchasing a house around 1951 where Florence lived for the remainder of her life.

Florence and Don in front of the Peru Pointer, 1944.

Florence, ca 1955

Don and Florence's home in Peru, Nebraska, 1958. It was built on a hillside. Note the low height of the garage to the left of the house.



Florence and Don, 1950, outside Joe Ream's home in Princeton, NJ.

Florence assisted with the Peru Pointer and was always proud of learning to operate the linotype. She also did most of the reporting, taking notes in shorthand, and did all the bookkeeping. Advertising rates for the Pointer were 25¢ per inch. Don said he didn't believe in inflation, so they were never raised and remained the lowest in Nebraska. She worked as a bookkeeper for the Landolt Grocery in Peru until she was 85.

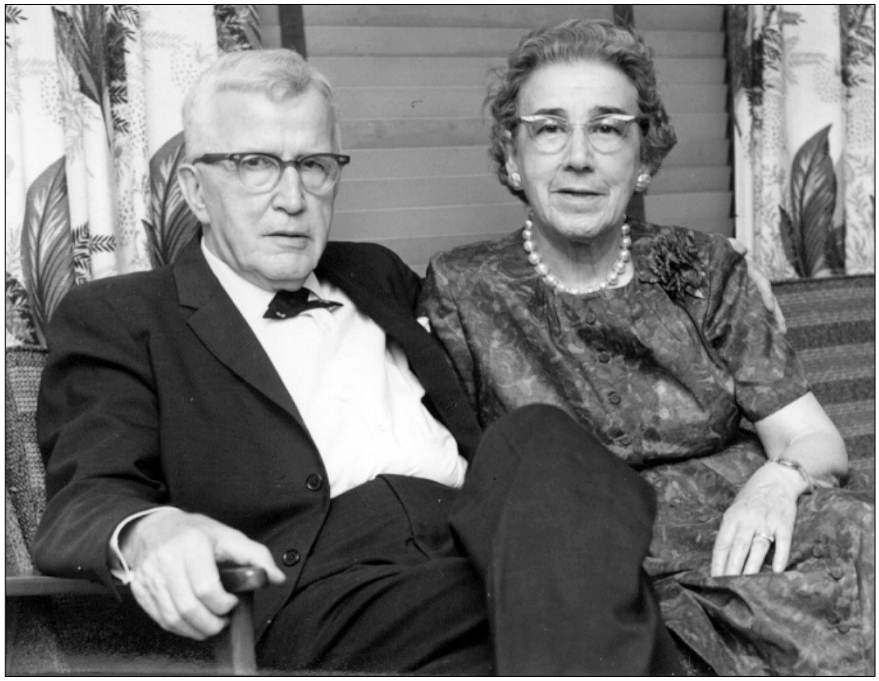
Playing canasta was a way of life in Peru with its peculiar Peru rules. Florence and Don also once kept a cumulative count of their nightly Scrabble scores and published the total on their Christmas card. They also had the custom of reading a Bible chapter each day – Florence reading aloud while Don smoked his pipe. They read the entire Bible at least twice.

Florence and Don were tied to the weekly publication of the Pointer for 20 years. When they sold it in 1961, perhaps her brother Frank, in his flowery prose, expressed it best:

> … We hope this means the realization of the long wished for freedom, and that when you take vacations you will not have to rush back for composition Wednesday and press-day on Thursday morning.
>
> You have been most faithful to the celebrations of wedding anniversaries, to the 'introductions' of the newly born, to the programs of the local clubs, to the welcomes and farewells to members of the Faculty *[at Peru State College]*, to the fishermen's luck when the spring rains are high, and to the molding of public opinion in the 'News and Views' *[Don's editorial column].*
>
> You have served well your friends and neighbors, True, some of them have expressed gratitude by bringing in big fresh strawberries, a freshly baked cake, or the tallest stalk of corn. Their names have appeared in the thank-you columns. But they will doubtless not realize the quality of service you have rendered until you are among the illustrious retired public citizens.[55]

The Pointer sale marked the end of any Peru newspaper. Florence worked as a correspondent for the Nemaha County Herald in nearby Auburn, Nebraska, reporting the news from Peru.

Florence in her dining room, 1961.



Don & Florence's 50th wedding anniversary, June 1963. They finally took that long-awaited lengthy vacation – a trip to California to visit relatives and friends. They also celebrated the day with a reception at their home in Peru.

Children of Donald Frank Stanley and Florence Blanche[2] Ream:

+	10	i.	Robert "Bob" Wood[3] Stanley, born 24 Dec 1914 at Topeka, KS.
+	11	ii.	Florence Elizabeth "Betty" Stanley, born 4 Aug 1920 at Mankato, KS.

REMEMBERING PERU

While growing up, it was a highlight of the summer for Florence and Don's four grandchildren to spend an individual week living with them in Peru. The following is an amalgam of memories from Carol Wallace Kleppinger and Don Wallace.

Peru, Nebraska was an idyllic small college town and we were so lucky to at least get one-week glimmers into its life. And we were also fortunate to have such kindly grandparents. Our grandparents certainly were not the type to stop all of their activities to cater to the whims of a child. Rather, they would invite a grandchild into their world to participate in their activities, and nothing could be better than that.

There's the topography of Peru. There cannot be a hillier town in all of Nebraska. The downtown street was originally laid out along the banks of the Missouri River (then the river later changed its course), and it's all uphill from there. The entrance to the house across the street was at least two stories above the entrance to the Stanley house. For kicks, our grandfather would sometimes take us on a drive around Peru. In the early years he drove a car with a stick-shift. First, he had to gun the car backwards out of the garage and up the hillside driveway beside the house. Then while driving up those neck-cricking hills, it was quite an accomplishment to get the car moving forward without losing to the backward momentum as he down-shifted.

Their home had that other worldly feel of a grandparents' home. There was no central air conditioning. The window in the guest room would be open. We fell asleep at night to the chorus of cicadas. The chatter of the wrens and the shrieks of the blue jays among all the other birds started the day. Our grandmother's stirrings in the kitchen making the customary oatmeal on top of the oven, joined in with the news reports from KFAB radio, would rouse us up from bed.

After breakfast, our grandmother picked up the Bible and read one chapter aloud. Our grandparents read the entire Bible at least three times in their marriage, reading one chapter aloud each day.

Their lives were structured around their week. On Monday mornings, my grandfather would have us help him wind the grandfather clock, where our help was largely to see that things were done right. Monday was also laundry day for my grandmother, and phone calls to finalize news for the Pointer. Tuesday was ironing day and faithfully penning a weekly letter to our mother in Lincoln. Sometime during the week, we would pay a visit to one of their many friends just to call on them. Sundays always necessitated a church service at the Methodist church. We often walked the few blocks to church. On a hot summer morning, the ushers would supply us with cardboard fans with Auburn, Nebraska funeral home advertising, as the church was not air-conditioned.

We would help as best we could to meet the Thursday deadline when the Peru Pointer was published. Our assistance consisted largely of staring at all the machinery -- the linotype, the printing press, the paper cutter, the job press, the vast trays of blocks of printing type, and doing our best to keep out of the way. But there were opportunities to get in on some tasks. We could help the ladies who came in Thursday afternoons to help fold the finished newspapers. But the best task was to drag those heavy

canvas bags filled with copies of that week's issue across that sidewalk past the closed movie theater and to the post office.

During down times at the house, we often played solitaire or read a book from their extensive library. Carol started Wizard of Oz many times, but never finished. Our grandmother would tell us about the possessions in the house that had come to her from various members of her family. She would get us involved in the various tasks in the garden, picking the beans, the tomatoes, the blackberries, even gathering some concord grapes for freshly squeezed juice in the morning.

There were very adult games we would play. Canasta! Ah yes, this was more than a card game. It was a way of life with its own set of Peruvian canasta rules. Scotch bridge worked at times for both grandparents and us. Scrabble was another possibility for a game for just two. Croquet was the outdoors game where our grandfather would mow the lawn in the evening and set up the game in the back yard. Our grandfather would be very quiet and deliberate with his pipe never moving from his mouth. Our grandmother would quip about how her brothers and parents were always playing the game, and no one could master maneuvering a croquet ball around and over the shallow roots of the backyard of one her childhood homes like her father.

Sunday evenings would always mean that the Mr. and Mrs. Barnes would be having a formal dinner with us or just dessert. The Barnes were next-door neighbors and their close friends, but they were always called Mr. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes. It was decades later that we learned their first names. There could be a game of canasta after the dinner. In later years the television would be turned on at the correct time for the two game shows that seemed to completely captivate these four people -- "I've Got a Secret" and "What's My Line."

We think back and realize that our grandparents were well into their 70s at this time. Yet their lives were so active and engaged. That small community and the many people in that town seemed so important to them. Our grandparents must have known how welcome it seemed to us to be made a part of their world.

SECOND GENERATION

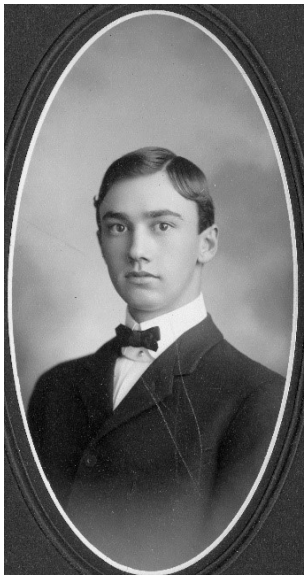
CLARENCE HANES "JACK" REAM

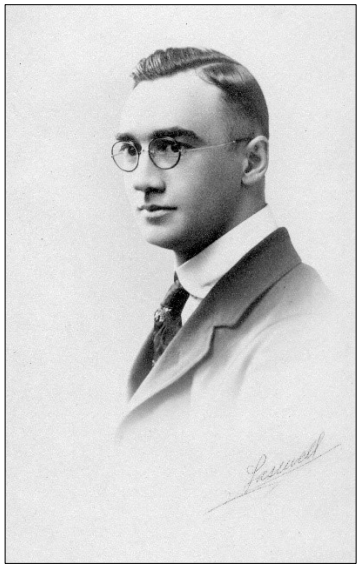
4 Clarence Hanes[2] "Jack" Ream (Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 8 Feb 1888 at Columbiana, OH; died 28 Nov 1937 at Worcester, MA. He married 25 June 1918 at Junction City, KS, **Siddie Ethel Kregar**, born 15 Jan 1891 in Junction City, KS; died 20 Dec 1977 at Amherst, MA. She was the daughter of J. R. & Elizabeth (Cox) Kregar. Clarence and Siddie are buried at Pine Grove Cemetery, Spencer, MA.

Cassie said he was her "prettiest" baby, who later turned many a young lady's head. Jack took great pride in his strong, agile physique. Dave Ream wrote, "He was a handsome, physically impressive man."

Clarence was an excellent athlete—he ran a goal-line to goal-line touchdown at Baker University which was still talked about when his sister Florence attended her 50th class reunion. Jack held the record for the 100-yard dash in Kansas for many years. Betty remembered his accuracy for throwing balls to easily win a kewpie doll at a carnival for her when she was five.[56]

Clarence graduated from Mt. Ayr, IA High School in 1905. He attended Baker University for four years, but did not acquire enough credits for graduation. He then then moved on to Washburn, where he earned an A.B. degree.[57] He later did graduate work at Columbia University, earning an A.M.





Clarence Hanes Ream

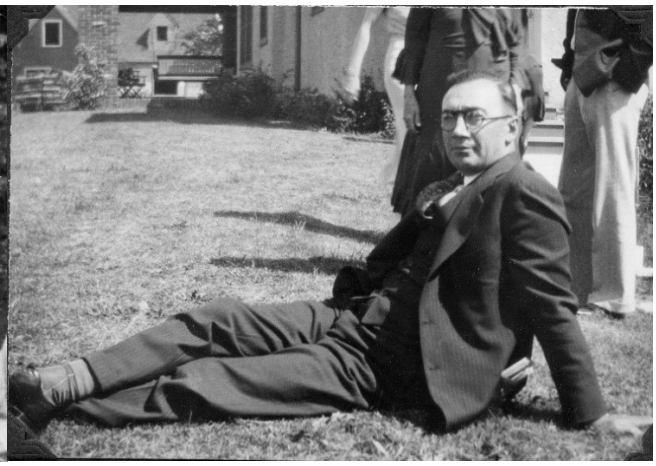
Professionally, Jack had three separate careers—as a Methodist minister, as a school administrator, and as a general agent for Mutual Benefit Life Insurance in Worcester, Mass. He served as a minister at Silver Lake, KS even while attending Baker University. In 1917 he became a licensed Methodist minister and assigned the church at Dover, KS. These church assignments were interspersed with known school positions. On graduation from Washburn in 1911, he was the high school principal at

Holton, KS. He was also principal of the Anthony, KS high school in 1915. He may have met Siddie at Anthony, because she had been a music teacher at that high school. Siddie was a native of Junction City, and her father was a cattle feeder and farmer. She also graduated from Washburn.

At the time of his father's death in 1918, Clarence was living in Center Point, Iowa. By 1920 Clarence became the superintendent of schools at Clear Lake, IA.

In 1924 he began as a part-time agent for an insurance company while continuing to work in Clear Lake, eventually turning it into a full-time position in 1928. The couple then moved to Worcester, MA. Clarence developed an interest in roses, and their home at 27 Commodore Road was known for their "exquisite" rose gardens.

Clarence and Siddie Ethel



Clarence

Siddie Ethel and Clarence at Clear Lake, Iowa, 1925

Clarence and Siddie Ethel, 1931

On November 28, 1937, Clarence picked up a revolver and shot himself in their home. According to a newspaper account, "Mr. Ream, who had recently returned from a visit to his native state, had been under treatment for a nervous condition.[58] In another newspaper article, George Dudley, who worked for the same insurance company, related that after breakfast on that day, Clarence went upstairs and began pacing the bedroom floor. Soon Siddie joined him and "tried to reason with him and quiet him.

Several times he picked up the revolver, but each time she talked him out of it. This went on for three hours. Then, when she thought everything was all right, he jumped up by the mirror and did it."[59]

Clarence's mother Cassie was never told of the manner of Clarence's death, only that he had died. She was elderly at the time. Cassie later said that she developed the funny clearing of the throat that some elderly people get on the day she was told Clarence had died.[60]

As early as 1920, Clarence's "nervousness" had been noticed. Clarence's mother Cassie Ream wrote to his sister Florence Ream Stanley on 17 Aug 1920 from Clear Lake, Iowa. Some eyebrows might rise at the thought of strong-willed Cassie taking her 32-year-old son back to Topeka and away from his wife of two years:

> "Dear Florence and family,
>
> Your letter yesterday found me in Clear Lake… Clarence met me at the Junction. I scarcely knew him at first for he does not look as robust as he used to. He is not feeling the best since his teeth operation. His principal trouble is nervousness.
>
> If he does not get considerably better in a few days, I think I'll bring him home with me for a while. He ought to pick up a good deal before school begins.
>
> I ran into a house full of company here. Mrs. Kregar has been here for more than six weeks… And Myrtle is here with her two boys. They are such lively youngsters that it is hard on one who is nervous…
>
> Lovingly, Mother"

Siddie Ethel and Clarence, July 193

In the aftermath of Clarence's suicide, his family struggled to understand. Siddie wrote this letter to the family on 10 Feb 1938:

> Please forgive me for having not written some of you before, also please forgive me for making this letter a carbon. Letters are so very hard to write it seems, but I do want this information to reach you as I know you are all asking the same

many questions that I have. If it is rather disconnected, just know that is the way I'm doing things at present.

I have felt as though I would lose my mind if I couldn't ferret the whole thing out completely. So I have had two conferences with both Jack's Physician and the Brain Surgeon who worked with him those last two hours. Jack had no financial worries at all, I believe a peaceful home and I know that no two people were ever closer than we were. So the why of it, how he could do it etc., forced me into it and I was determined to find the truth and no fairy tales.

Clarence, date unknown.

Partially through his Dr. and mostly through me this brain surgeon simply combed Jack's whole life. Yesterday at our final meeting he told me that he felt as certain of it as could be that this originated with his case of flu in 1918. You probably remember that he all but passed that first winter we were married. Infectious Psychosis. He told me there have been so many cases like it. Some were acute but most were cases of very slow deterioration of the brain and whole physical being.

I told him of his terrible upset over a letter that he received from the Home Office last spring. The Dr. used his foot to explain. He said it acted as a boot and pushed him over the edge without doubt.

I have watched him and studied him through the years. Year before last unknown to him I kept track on the calendar of cycles he seemed to have. A terrible depression would come over him. They came regularly every 5 weeks but a few ran 6 weeks. I thought perhaps it was because he worked so hard and refused to take vacations except for a few days at a time. I had noticed that through the 19 years his shirt size gradually changed from 16 ½ to 15. Last week I cleaned his personal file out at the office and we found a 3 page typewritten copy of his physical history that had evidently been written for some Dr. The girls said they had not written it for him, so he evidently went out some place to get the work done.

He used to tell me EVERYTHING, both good and bad about everything

except himself. In this report he said that he felt "a gradual but definite deterioration since the flue of 1918." I asked the Dr. if he could explain the reason for him not leaving me a note and he said if he had left me a note his diagnosis would have been entirely different. He said the brain was so gone that there were blank spaces and that when he was alright he didn't have any more thought of killing himself than the rest of us.

He ate his breakfast as usual, a big one, even to taking his psylla [*??*], then went to the bath room. When he came out of the room he began pacing. It was on him in a fraction of a second the Dr. said. He had told me that he thought of eliminating himself the night he stayed in Albany when he started to Kansas. After telling me he turned to me and said – "Wasn't that awful Siddie, wasn't that awful?"

The Dr. said that the constant being so tired was a sign of infection and breaking down of the physical. I have seen him so tired some nights that he would cry. Even with rest after lunch the past few years it seems he could hardly drag himself home at night. Every winter I would tell him that I have saved up the money to go to Florida or some place where he would get a real rest but he never would leave his business.

I asked the Dr. if we might have saved him if I had forced him to quit several years ago when I begged him to and he said that his going was inevitable, that these cases are terrible, but all end the same way. He said not to feel that he (the Dr.) was cruel, but that Jack was fortunate in going before we put him away, for it saved him untold agony and that he would have found a way out sooner or later. He was not insane as we think of it – simply blank spaces with no thought association.

Jack has told me so many times that if we had children that he would blow up completely and the Dr. agreed with him. Also the past few years I have endeavored to get him to take less physical exercise. I felt it tired him too much and he would always say, "It's the only thing that keeps me from snapping." The Dr. agreed with Jack again instead of me. He said he probably got rid of enough poison constantly to give himself much more life than he would have ever had otherwise.

In the nine and half years we have been here we went out one evening when he had to go to work next day and that was to see Ed. Winn. He simply could not go and get up next morning. But I was content to be right here so along as I had him. He was so much more than all the outside interests of superficial things of life, so you see why I went out with him.

Dwight, you mentioned the fact that Jack felt he was a burden to those around him. I asked the Dr. about it and he said that it simply ran true to form as he was perfectly sane and himself part of the time and fully realized that when he had these blank spells that he couldn't reason nor think and naturally any one would feel and know that was a burden for those in care.

He said that had it been possible to keep him much longer that there would have been nothing else but blankness. The first time it happened was last June or July when he came home one day and told me that he was sitting at his desk when all at once his mind went blank and he couldn't think at all. I of course thought he was tired out and needed a vacation but as usual that was impossible. The girls in the office told me that a number of times when they went into his room he would be sitting with his hand on his forehead and say, "I guess you would better take these things back until tomorrow for I don't think very well this morning."

I don't know whether this has explained what I know very well or not, but it

has been very hard to write for my very senses are numbed. God knows I've been trying to do what everyone tells me I must, will, etc., but so many days I feel that I can't hold out much longer. I am hoping though that when summer comes that I will hear that some of you will say you are coming to New England. I can show you his wonderful roses. Don't wait too long, for I know I will never be able to give them that delicate touch that he was able to give and that they so much need.

I shall mark this letter personal to Florence and Dwight, fearing mother might happen to be there and some word would be said.

With love, Siddie E.

Associations between influenza infection and psychosis have been reported since the 18th century and "psychosis of influenza" was an established diagnosis. Psychiatrists and researchers are still working on the exact molecular response.[61] So it is possible that Clarence may be considered another victim of the 1918 Spanish influenza pandemic.

Siddie continued to mourn Clarence. On 13 Nov 1939, she wrote to Clarence's mother Cassie:

> …The last rose of summer from his garden was picked yesterday, Nov. 12th and is in a bud vase by his picture. It happens to be Better Times, picked from the bush that he put in the first year he worked with them. He had to start a new row some place so decided west of the house would be a good place. When he came in to supper he said, "I put Better Times just around the corner!" We always laughed about its location. It has been almost two years now but I guess there is no end to my tears for Oh I love him so and want him every minute of my life. He was all I ever asked for in life, for if I had him it always seemed I had everything.

The couple had no children. Siddie never married again. After Clarence's death, she moved from Worcester to Amhurst, MA. When she died in 1977, her address was 97 Fairview Way in Amhurst.

CLARENCE H. REAM TRIBUTE

Merrill (Jay) Ream presented this posthumous tribute to his brother Clarence on 24 July 1960.

At Frank's fabulous fete, I suggested that some of the rest of us might supplement Frank's pen picture of that rare individualist, Clarence H. Ream. So here are a few snapshots of him from one who knew him as older big brother, seen from below.

His excellent physique and athletic prowess appealed mightily to a younger brother in an athletic minded family. Even when the two of us journeyed to a summer job in the peach orchards of western Colorado, he took along a 50 lb. weight. He could, of course, do far more push-ups with this than anyone else. The handle had a smooth side and a rough side. If any of the onlookers were inclined to scoff or belittle, they were challenged to try it, in which case the weight was handed them with the rough handle, which usually meant a skinned knuckle.

When he was superintendent of schools at Clear Lake, IA, Siddie remonstrated with him about his half mile run every morning before breakfast, telling him it was undignified for a superintendent of schools to be sprinting around town. He suggested that if she would run after him, people would not think him odd. They'd understand that he needed to run!

He combined dramatic ability with his athletics. Once the middle Ream boys were members of a four-man relay team. I ran second and managed to give Dwight about a 3-foot lead. Dwight of course stretched this into a 20-foot lead, then Jack, the star, took over, and to everyone's amazement the opposition overtook and passed him – at which time Jack dramatically put on the strain and easily stepped out in front to win. The crowd roared.

As far as I know he was the only Ream with dramatic talent. He was usually the male lead in school plays and did a beautiful job. In fact his attraction for gals of his age was phenomenal. His own sentiments were always under complete control, though he was a master at dishing out the compliments. In fact, he considered getting one's passions aroused at the height of stupidity. His eventual marriage, I thought, was tied into his complete pacifism – he wanted no part of war, and matrimony put him in a more remote draft list.

He was marvelously good company, with his sense of humor, love of a joke, and his love of poetry which he could quote by the hour. Browning was one of his favorites.

Once I saw his dramatic power used quite facetiously. The two of us were waiting to board a train at Christmas at Newton, Kans. The crowd was large, and as the train puffed to a stop, the populace surged toward the train steps. Then Jack, with his big powerful voice ordered, "Stand back, everyone stand back." The crowd obeyed, sensing authority, and Jack calmly boarded the train unmolested.

More than any other member of the family he liked being at home, where he could control the environment to suit him and get the food he liked. Mother once called him a hot house plant, brilliant to behold but lacking in stamina. An adverse environment was torture to him. Physically he did have one defect. He like the rhythm and emotion in music, but he had no sense of pitch whatever. I guess he would be called a monotone. But that didn't prevent his singing. Father would cringe at his off-tones.

Some of you remember our family dinner in New York many years ago. He went up, shook hands with Jack Dempsey *[a famous boxer and world heavy weight champion]*, and said, "Hi, Jack, how have you been?" knowing of course that Dempsey would assume he was someone Dempsey should know.

People were always attracted to him. He once said that as far as his enemies were concerned, they were no problem at all, he could take care of them. But as for his friends, they really got him down, they were often in his hair. Which indicates, that he, like most Reams, had an anti-social streak in his make-up.

SECOND GENERATION

DWIGHT THOBURN REAM

5 Dwight Thoburn[2] Ream (Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 23 March 1892 at Topeka, KS, died 20 Nov 1954 at Topeka, KS. He married 25 Sep 1920 at Attica, Kansas, **Helen Hunter,** born 11 Sep 1897 in Wellington, KS; died 10 Nov 1977 in Topeka, KS. Helen was the daughter of Charles and Lola Hunter. They are buried at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Topeka, KS. Thoburn was the name of a Methodist bishop.

Dwight was a tremendously gifted and successful athlete at Topeka High School, in college, and in Topeka for the rest of his life. His brother Joe also once wrote, "Dwight was the most generally well-liked of all the Reams."[62]

Dwight graduated from Washburn College, majoring in sociology, serving as president of his senior class, and being a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. His description in the KAW yearbook says, "The disposition of a saint. Incidentally, the best athlete in college." While at Washburn he was on the track team, the all-state basketball team for three years, and was chosen as half-back on the all-state football team. The 1914 KAW yearbook describes the baseball season:

> Taking the Kansas Championship in basketball with but one conference defeat chalked up against them is the record of the Washburn basketball team. Out of eleven games played, nine were victories…
>
> Exactly half of the points scored by the whole team to his credit is the record of Captain Dwight Ream. Out of 388 points Ream made 194, 140 of them by seventy field goals and 54 by free throws. Ream was guarded closely all through the season, every team making an effort to "get Ream."
>
> But despite the Blue captain's wonderful showing, the Ichabod quintet was not a one-man team. It was teamwork, fast passing and a knowledge of the game that took the title for the Blue. Every game was worked out by the team on the floor and Ream proved himself one of the best floor generals in the state.

Born lefthanded, Dwight had been forced as a child to use his right hand, a common practice for that time period, and became truly ambidextrous. This was a small part of his success as an athlete. He could throw a basketball or wield a tennis racket with either hand, to the frustration of an opponent.

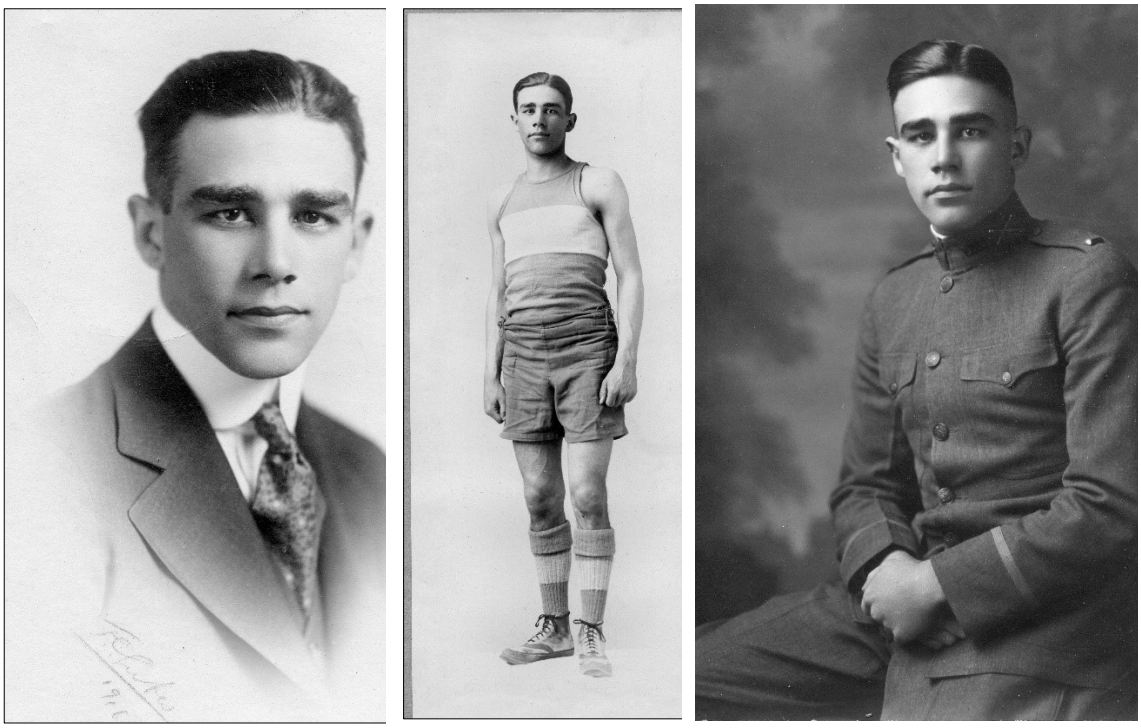
After graduation from Washburn in 1915, Dwight was the physical director at the Ft. Scott, Kansas High School where his brother Merrill also taught and later became principal. Dwight was named to succeed Merrill as principal when Merrill left for the University of Iowa in June 1917.[63]

WWI interfered with his career at Ft. Scott. Dwight joined the Washburn ambulance corps and spent nine months at Camp Pike, Arkansas. A card from Camp Pike to his brother Joe in September 1917 mentions, "Today we took our inoculations and everybody is sore. A few men fainted." In the summer of 1918, he took a three-month course at the Field Artillery Central Officers Training School in Camp Taylor, Kentucky and was commissioned as a second lieutenant. He was then assigned to Camp Jackson, Florida and was discharged December 1918.[64]

After WWI, he returned to Fort Scott High School where he coached athletics and taught for two years.

In 1920 he returned to Washburn to coach. His Washburn football team won its conference championship and had only 20 points scored against them that season – by Kansas, Nebraska and Kansas State University. While coaching at Washburn, he met Helen Hunter who was a senior. They married in 1920. Her family was in the milling business at Attica, Kansas.

After coaching for two years, Dwight was named as the first Director of all Athletics at Washburn.



Pictures of Dwight Ream

During his first years back in Topeka, he lived with his mother for he and Helen are found in the 1921 and 1924 Topeka city directories at that address. He is found later at other addresses: 1271 Pembroke (1931), 1715 Gage Park (1935), 1286 High Ave. (1937), 1514 Plass Ave. (1942). [65] They finally a home bought at 1304 SW College Ave. in 1943. Shortly after moving in, they hosted the wedding of Dwight's niece Betty Stanley to Hobart Wallace in April 1943.

Dwight undertook a number of small business ventures in Topeka, including a sporting goods store and a chicken farm. From 1922-1929 he was a partner in the Keller-Ream Sport shop at 730 Kansas Ave. It became the gathering place for athletic fans and sports writers. One writer said it was like an athletic club without dues. Tickets to all the games could be bought there; bets could be picked up; foursomes arranged for golf; and there was a ping pong table.

Beginning in 1934, Dwight was an insurance salesman for Northwestern Mutual Life, retiring around 1948.

He was a regular basketball and football official. He began refereeing high school games, then college games, eventually working more than 20 football games in a season and one year, he refereed 107 games of basketball. He worked up to the elite ranks of football officials, becoming No. 1 in the Bix Six, and then working other conferences. He officiated in the Miami Orange Bowl, the Dallas Cotton bowl, the El Paso Sun Bowl, in the New York Polo Grounds, and the 1941 Pasadena Rose Bowl. (For any Nebraskans, the 1941 Rose Bowl is legendary for it's the only Rose Bowl the University of Nebraska has played, although it sadly lost.)

(Above) Helen and Dwight Ream. Picture on right was taken 1931.

Dwight and Martha, 1931

Dwight Ream house, 1304 SW College Ave., Topeka

1304 SW College Ave., 2020

Martha, Dwight, Helen and Mary Ream, ca 1941

Dwight was obviously a beloved sports figure in the Topeka area and his popularity only grew when he began officiating. Comments from Kansas newspapers during his officiating years include:

- Dwight Ream officiated the game to the satisfaction of both teams and the fans. Not a murmur was heard from the crowd. Short and snappy decisions made the game interesting.[66]

- As a lover of peace we regret that punt in the K.U.-Aggie game had to roll out of bounds just six inches from the Kansas goal line. Umpire Dwight Ream will be about as popular on Mount Oread [*a hill on the University of Kansas campus*] for the next ten years as Eddie Cantor at a Nazi ice cream social, but his decision on the punt was an accurate one. We wus dere, not twenty years away.[67]

- Play was extremely vicious and Referee Dwight Ream was calling numerous fouls to avert impending riots.[68]

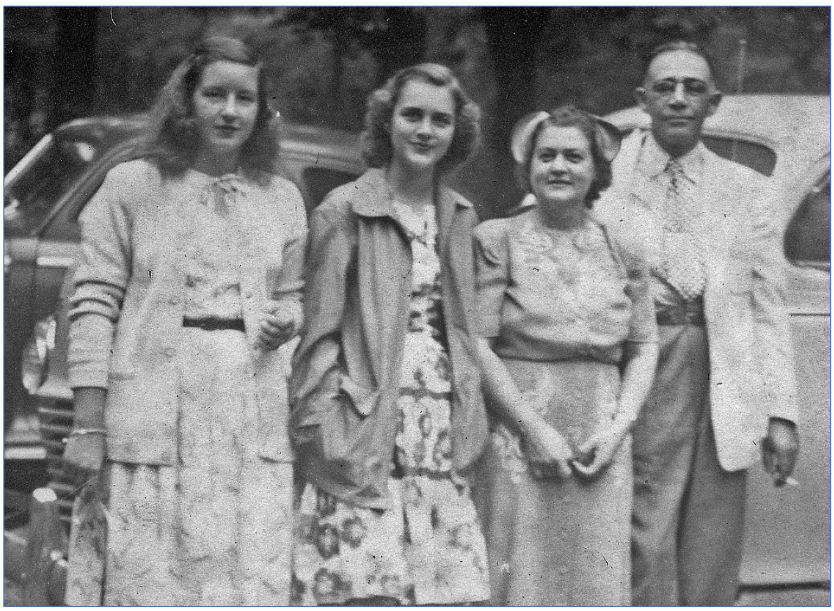
- Wives of sports officials … often must sit and take it. Surrounded by intensely partisan spectators who have no idea of any personal relationship of nearby fellow observers, the wives hear their husbands discussed as impersonally as a block of wood …In the Kansas University-Emporia game, for instance, Mrs. Dwight Ream watched the referee going about his work with the efficiency that particular referee always displays. Some woman who probably couldn't talk about the game itself because she didn't know anything about it, felt safe enough to say, "Humph! I certainly don't like that referee," was the biddy's bromide. "No?" countered Mrs. Ream sweetly – and she can be oh, so sweet – "Well, I don't find him a bad fellow at home. He's my husband." There was little comment on the officiating in that section of the stands for the rest of the game.[69]

- Dwight Ream, Topeka official, believes violation of the rules of the supposedly non-contact sport is ailing intercollegiate basketball. "Basketball, as Dr. James Naismith designed it and as the rules still provide, is essentially a noncontact sport," says Ream. "On this basis, skill and scientific maneuvering were main objectives and people flocked to see the games. In more recent years we have been permitting more and more contact until now we have a game of tugging, blocking, spills, and boos. The genuine fan does not like this counterpart of the old game."[70]

  Dwight had more thoughts about changing basketball rules in another interview. He wanted a clean, fast, fair game. To eliminate the numerous basketball fouls: when a player fouls, send him to the bench and make a substitution. The player would remain out of the game until a player on the opposing team had made a foul. He would also eliminate the free throw penalty.

When Dwight turned 40 in 1932, he decided to cut back on his basketball officiating. The newspaper lamented, "Pounding the floors of a hundred gymnasiums has gotten him down and he's just not going to do it anymore. As good an arbiter as ever heard himself booed, as keen an observer as ever chased bare-legged boys up and down a basketball court, as personable a man as was ever chosen to arbitrate the disputes that arise when teams of men clash in athletic combat, he will be missed from Ames to Norman and from Lincoln to St. Louis. Nothing seemed to disturb the unusual calm that marked his every appearance on a court…It seems unfortunate for athletics that he finds it necessary but the players and the layman who have cheered and jeered officials really have no idea of the toll taken in a season of basketball officiating."[71]

The story is told that, after one strenuous game, Dwight was so tired that his little daughter Mary asked, “Daddy, wouldn’t it be better if we paid our way in?”



Martha, Mary, Helen, and Dwight. Princeton, NJ, 1947.

He took his family to the games whenever he could. He took Helen, Helen’s mother, and the girls to the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas; and Helen and the girls to the Rose Bowl. The family made numerous trips around Kansas and the adjoining states, often inviting the girls’ friends along.

Not surprisingly, Dwight was also a champion golfer and popular golfing companion. He once explained the long time it took to paint his garage – people called him to get up a golf game and he went.

When he was president of the Topeka Lions Club and was presiding at a “going away” party for Army selectees, he announced that even though a musical program had been arranged, the musicians had to cancel. He would be happy to substitute a chorus of Lions members. While they were not very good, they would sing a few songs for the boys. The surprised “chorus,” some of whom could not carry a tune, grinned, got up and did the best they could. The meeting was a great success.

The Dwight Ream family was always close and he once remarked that he was surrounded and blessed by women – his wife, his mother, his mother-in-law, and his two daughters. “What he means,” said Helen, “is that he has five women to wait on him.”

Dwight died of a heart attack. A newspaper article at the time of his death reads:

> A referee has to decide on the instant, from a quick look at a thundering, tumbling, leaping pack of husky young men who shift about like quicksilver. He can’t stop the game and ask somebody how it looked to him. He makes his own decisions, quick, and stands by them. Over a season and over the years he must get along with the competing teams, the alumni, the sports writers, the public.

It takes a very special kind of person to be a good sports official and keep it up for any length of time. Dwight Ream was that kind of person. For more than a quarter of a century he was a popular and busy official and none was ever more respected or more loved.

He started in high school games and was soon the No. 1 official in the Big Six and worked other conferences. He officiated in the Pasadena Rose Bowl, in the Miami Orange Bowl, in the Dallas Cotton Bowl, in the El Paso Sun Bowl, in the New York Polo Grounds, and at leading games all over the nation. *[The 1941 Rose Bowl Game is famous in University of Nebraska folklore*.] …

Thru many years sports writers have mention Dwight Ream with respect and admiration and affection. One said he was 'a capable master of the game,' another said he was the type of official who 'makes basketball a game.'

Ream could conduct a banquet as skillfully as he could a game, and was a popular speaker and toastmaster. Somebody said that he would rather 'pull' a good joke on his friends than sell an insurance policy, and he always enjoyed selling policies.'

Friends who drove with him to St. Louis to see the Cards and Dodgers play ball said his lively chatter on the way was better than the game. [72]

Another obituary said:

Dwight's legacy is not in money or material things but something infinitely finer – that of chivalry on the playing fields. … Many hearts are bowed in grief at the passing of this gallant knight. But so long as men gather around in groups and discuss thrilling action in football, in baseball, or in most sports, the name of Dwight Ream will always be recalled as an exponent of clean athletics.

Of his passing it can be most truly said the world is far better for his having lived. More cannot be said of any man.[73]

Children of Dwight Thoburn[2] Ream and Helen Hunter:

+	i.	12	Martha[3] Ream (adopted), born 11 Feb 1930 in Topeka, KS
+	ii.	13	Mary Ream, born 10 July 1932 at Topeka, KS.

SECOND GENERATION

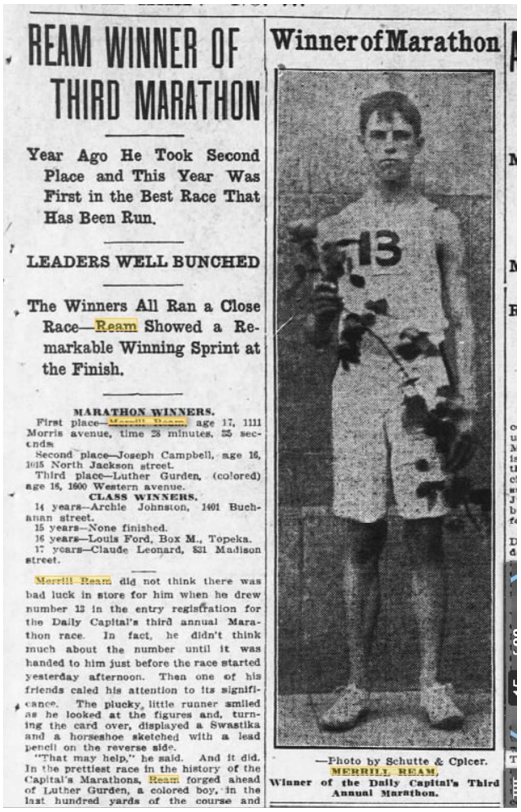
MERRILL JOYCE "JAY" REAM

6 Merrill Joyce[2] "Jay" Ream (Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 21 Nov 1893 at Topeka, KS; died 1 Sep 1973 at San Miguel de Allende, Mexico; He married 5 Apr 1927 in Canyon, TX, **Catherine "Kay" or "Sunny" Ada Terrill**, born 19 Nov 1899 at Denton, Texas, died 15 Dec 1993 in Mexico. Catherine is buried in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Jay is thought to be buried with her, but no stone was found in a 2019 cemetery search. (There are no records of the cemetery prior to 1990.)

Merrill wrote a comprehensive autobiography found in Appendix B, page 171.

Merrill and Joyce were names of Methodist bishops. During induction in World War I, Merrill refused to provide his middle name, instead insisting on only the initial J. When told he had to give a middle name, Merrill did not back down and "Jay" was inserted by the U. S. military which became the name he used thereafter.

Merrill was a fine athlete like his brothers. He was also a champion marathon runner, taking second in the five-mile Topeka Marathon of 1911 and first in 1912 to great celebrity throughout the state.



REAM WINNER OF THIRD MARATHON

Year Ago He Took Second Place and This Year Was First in the Best Race That Has Been Run.

LEADERS WELL BUNCHED

The Winners All Ran a Close Race—Ream Showed a Remarkable Winning Sprint at the Finish.

MARATHON WINNERS.

First place—Merrill Ream, age 17, 1111 Morris avenue, time 28 minutes, 35 seconds.
Second place—Joseph Campbell, age 16, 1015 North Jackson street.
Third place—Luther Gurden, (colored) age 16, 1600 Western avenue.

CLASS WINNERS.

14 years—Archie Johnston, 1401 Buchanan street.
15 years—None finished.
16 years—Louis Ford, Box M., Topeka.
17 years—Claude Leonard, 831 Madison street.

Merrill Ream did not think there was bad luck in store for him when he drew number 13 in the entry registration for the Daily Capital's third annual Marathon race. In fact, he didn't think much about the number until it was handed to him just before the race started yesterday afternoon. Then one of his friends caled his attention to its significance. The plucky little runner smiled as he looked at the figures and, turning the card over, displayed a Swastika and a horseshoe sketched with a lead pencil on the reverse side.

"That may help," he said. And it did. In the prettiest race in the history of the Capital's Marathons, Ream forged ahead of Luther Gurden, a colored boy, in the last hundred yards of the course and

Winner of Marathon

—Photo by Schutte & Cpicer.
MERRILL REAM,
Winner of the Daily Capital's Third Annual Marathon.

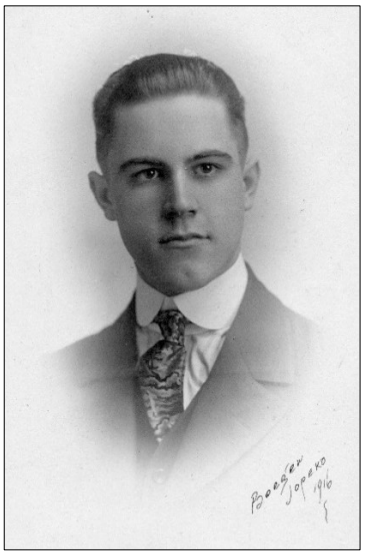
The Topeka newspaper reported that 7,000 people witnessed Merrill's win in the Topeka marathon in 1912. The "marathon" was actually a 4.3 mile course that he completed in 28 minutes 35 seconds.

Washburn University 1914 basketball team. Merrill is standing on the left, holding the trophy. His brother Dwight is seated in the center.

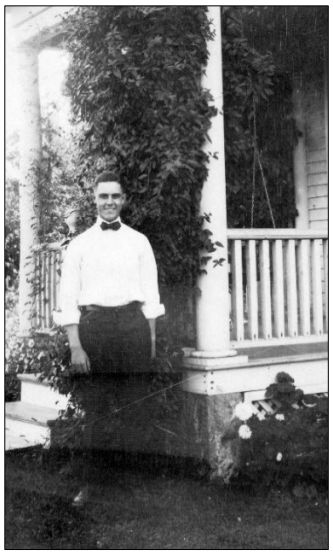
At Washburn Merrill pledged Kappa Sigma like his brothers Dwight and Clarence. The three brothers—Merrill, Clarence, and Dwight—were once three-fourths of the Washburn College track relay team and won consistently. Merrill and Dwight were both starters on the Washburn basketball team and both graduated in 1915.

Working in a wheat field near Anthony, KS, 1915

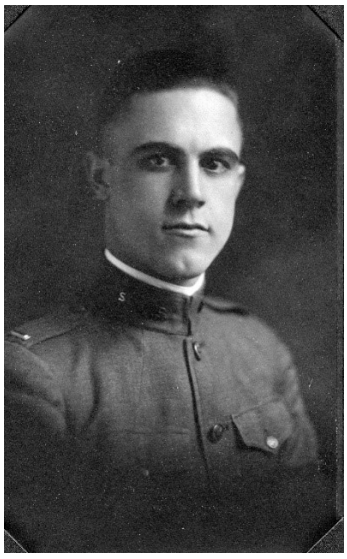
After graduating from Washburn University with a major in philosophy, Merrill taught high school English at Herington, KS for a year, then became high school principal at St. John (KS) High School. He enlisted for WWI in March 1918. He served as a sergeant in the Sanitary Corps at Camp Humphreys, Virginia, then as a Second Lieutenant at the U.S. Army Hospital in Denver, CO. He was discharged July 1919.[74]



Merrill, 1916



High School principal at St. John, Kansas, 1916 - 1917

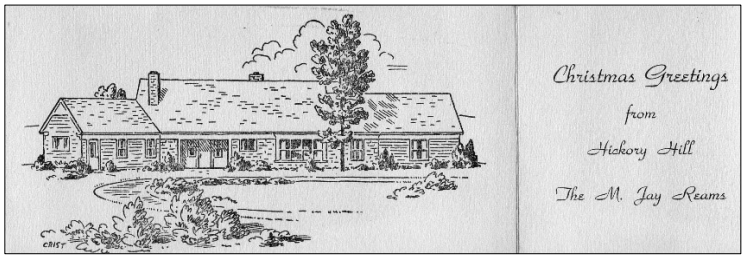


World War I

Jay did his master's work at the University of Iowa under Prof. Seashore where his thesis was on timing the tapping of a telegraph key. He went on to further study at Carnegie Tech University (now Carnegie Mellon) in Pittsburgh, PA, where he met Sunny. Sunny earned a master's and Jay his doctorate in psychology. Jay's doctorate thesis was about the mental profile of a successful life insurance salesman. It was published in a book, "Ability to Sell." After working in the insurance industry for many years and acquiring on-the-job practical experience, Jay wrote in his autobiography, "It *[the book]* was a brainchild I would like to disown." He would probably be surprised to learn that it was republished in 2010.

Sunny and Merrill were married in 1927. Sunny grew up in Canyon, Texas, and once was the women's tennis champion of West Texas. She was also a star forward on the University of Texas women's basketball team at Austin.[75] Merrill tells the story in his autobiography of how the males in the wedding party padlocked a ball and chain on Jay's leg, so that he had to rout a blacksmith out of bed to cut the thing off.

Because of his doctorate thesis, Jay attracted job offers from insurance companies. He accepted a job offer from Mutual Benefit Life, working first in Newark, NJ, then as the General Agent for the Pittsburgh office, where he had a very successful career. Respiratory illnesses in the family caused by living in the smog of Pittsburgh motivated the family to move their home to Somerset, PA. The home they built there was named "Hickory Hill." Jay stayed in Pittsburgh during the week and drove home on weekends.



Pittsburgh, the Steel City, was also known as the “Smoky City” and “Hell With the Lid Off” in the 1940s. On some days, the sun was not visible. Jay’s niece Betty Stanley worked in his office in 1942. She later wrote of walking around Pittsburgh over her noon hour and returning to the office with grey streaks from her nose. In Betty’s rooming house, the landlady would wipe down the table at night, then have to repeat wiping in the morning to remove the accumulated soot.

Jay quietly decided to tackle the heavy polluted smog that hung over the city and became president of the United Smoke Council, a position he held for ten years. This became the committee that forced industry and railroads following World War II to clean up the air, and successfully lobbied the state legislature to change its pollution laws. A Pittsburgh columnist wrote, “The community could not get in any other way the service M. Jay Ream has performed in the anti-smoke crusade … Mr. Ream, an insurance man, spent several of the war years quietly laying the ground work for a county-wide smoke law. He traveled around the state at his own expense, interviewing men in high places, answering their questions, enlisting their support. Others helped, but to him should go most of the credit for the enabling act passed by the legislature.”[76]

Sunny and Jay, 1931, in Topeka.

Sunny, Jay, Barbara, and Tom, 1948, at Somerset, PA.

Jim, Barbara, Jay, Sunny, and Tom, ca 1950.

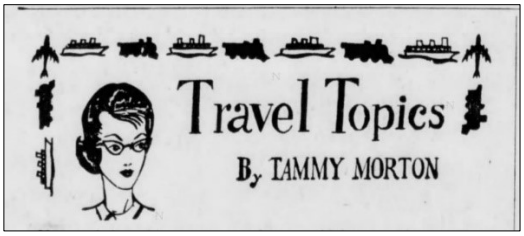
Sunny was active in civic affairs and won prizes for her flower arranging. She was an unflappable hostess and party-giver, once hosting a house-party weekend for her son Tom's entire preparatory school class and dates.[77]

In 1948, Jay quit as General Agent for the Pittsburgh office, to do financial planning with his clients.[78]

A major tragedy struck in November 1951. Eighteen-year-old Tom was injured in a car-truck collision with a fractured skull, brain injuries, and lay in a coma for ten weeks. Jay left his successful career at Mutual Benefit; he and Sunny spent the next approximately ten years devoted to Tom's rehabilitation. They concentrated almost exclusively on taking care of Tom and searching the country for the best medical specialists who might be able to improve his condition. Jay gives details of these years in his autobiography in Appendix B, page 171.

Sunny and Jay, date unknown.

In 1960 they moved to Warren, PA, where they opened a travel agency as one of their efforts to find a suitable career for Tom. They used the agency as a springboard for a round-the-world cruise, but the agency didn't work for Tom. Jay's autobiography ends around 1963. They eventually moved to San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, sometime in the 1960s to join Tom and to pursue their interest in Mexico and Mexican art.



To promote his travel agency in Warren, PA, Jay wrote a column for the local newspaper under the by-line Tammy Morton.

In San Miguel Jay was president of the public library and juvenile literacy program financed by the American residents of the town. It included providing meals for poor children through the library system. Jay didn't believe in freebies—they had to pay the tiniest amount. [79]

Jay in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, 1968

Joe Ream (Jay's brother) lived for a time in San Miguel de Allende and wrote, "About six hundred Americans live in San Miguel more or less permanently. There are also a considerable number of tourists and students coming and going most of the time, as San Miguel is a little Mecca for artists and writers, and it has preserved its Colonial charm quite well. With the permanent American colony, composed mostly of retirees, there is a plethora of cocktail parties, and the social life can be a little wearing at times. Perhaps the best thing about the town is the weather. Never gets down to freezing, never any snow, hardly ever rains in the winter. At 6,500 feet elevation one feels peppy when he isn't short of breath."

Jay, like his siblings, had a very creative mind. He played contract bridge and created "Bridge Rules Simplified," a system to score the cards in your bridge hand, and how to bid and answer bids based on the score. See page 101.

Nancy Ream Rose writes, "Uncle Jay and Aunt Sunny were the most fun couple. They loved and lived life to the fullest and were wonderful host and hostess to all visiting family. They were always very positive and so much fun to be around and always made you feel so welcomed. They always offered something fun to do. Creative party givers. I really liked them a lot. I spent a lot of time with them in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico when they and my father lived there. Aunt Sunny threw great Mexican parties."[80]

Joe Ream was in San Miguel at the time of Jay's death and later wrote, "Jay was confined to his wheel chair, but apart from that was in good spirits and in command of things. We played a fair amount of bridge and a game called Schmeiss – don't ask me to describe it. *[Jay says in his autobiography that he learned Schmeiss while in Samoa and thought it the 'best two-hand card game ever devised.']* The last week in August, Jay had arranged to have his children down for a visit – so the place was enlivened by Barbara Jo and Bob, Jim and Joyce, and Tom and Maria Teresa came over from Celaya (30 miles from San Miguel). Jay responded to the occasion, and at a family dinner Thursday evening he even pulled

himself to his feet and delivered a little speech and recited a poem. After seeing them all the next day (their planned last day here) he passed away in his sleep Friday night. It was as though he had scheduled it all that way."

Jay's family, ca 1973.
(Standing) Tom, Jim, Sunny
(Seated) Barbara Jo, Jay

Children of Merrill Joyce[2] "Jay" Ream and Catherine "Sunny" or "Kay" Ada Terrill:

+	14	i.	Barbara Jo[3] Ream, born 20 Apr 1928 in NJ.
+	15	ii.	James Terrill Ream, born 8 Sep 1929 in Summit, NJ.
+	16	iii.	Thomas Jay Ream, born 5 Feb 1933 in Pittsburgh, PA.

BRIDGE RULES SIMPLIFIED BY M. JAY REAM

BRIDGE RULES SIMPLIFIED

Balanced Hand: Has no singleton, no void, and not more than one doubleton

Unblanaced hand: All others

Point Count: Balanced Hand: Ace-4, King-3, Queen-2, Jack-1. Nothing for distribution
Unbalanced hand: Same as above for high cards, but add 3 points for a void, 2 points for a singleton, 1 point for a doubleton.
Exception : Do not add a point for these doubletons: QJ, Qx, Jx.

OPENING BIDS

1. With an Unblanaced hand:

0-12	Pass
13	Bid if you have a rebidable suit (5 cards) or two biddable suits of 4 each.
14-15	Bid 1 of a suit
16-18	Bid 1 of a suit. Jump raise yourself or partner on second bid
19-21	Bid 1 of a suit. Jump SHIFT to a new suit next time around.
21	With a 7 card suit Bid 2 of a suit
23	With a 6 card suit bid 2 of that suit
25	With a 5 card suit bid 2 of that suit

Less than 13 but a long suit that guarantees 7 winners if it is trump - Bid 3 of that suit

2. With a Balanced Hand

0-12	Pass
13-15	Bid 1 of a suit
16-18	Bid 1 No trump
19-21	Bid 1 of a suit then jump in No trump
22-24	Bid 2 NT
25-27	Bid 3 NT

RESPONSES

1. TO OPENING SUIT BIDS

a. With an Unbalanced Hand:

0-5	Pass
6-9	Bid 1 of a suit or raisepartner once, or bid 1NT if your points are in high card
10-12	You can bid twice. If possible bid a new suit first
13-15	Your partnership has game. Jump raise or keep bidding new suits till game.
16-18	Bid your own suit. Then jump raise yourself or partner.
19	Jump-shift in a new suit. You probably have six.

b. With a Balanced Hand:

0-5	Pass
6-9	Bid 1 NT. If there is an intervening bid, you need stopper in that suit
10-12	You can bid twice. Bid new suit first.
13-15	Bid 2 NT. You have game.
16-18	Bid 3 NT.
19	Jump shift in suit. You probably have six.

RESPONSES * CONTINUED

2. TO OPENING NO*TRUMP BIDS

a. With an Unbalanced Hand

0-7	Pass
8-9	Bid once in a suit or bid 2 NT if points are in high cards
10-12	Jump in a suit. Head for game.

b. With a Balanced Hand:

0-7	Pass
8-9	Bid 2 NT
10-13	Bid 3 NT
14	Bid 4 NT
15	Bid 5 NT
16	Bid 6 NT

3. TO OPENING 3 BIDS:

With only 2 sure tricks - Pass.
With two sure tricks plus 1 possible: Raise once if bid is in major suit
With 3 sure tricks: Raise once
With 4 sure tricks: Raise to game

4 TO OPENING 2 BIDS

With 0-6 Bid 2 NT
7 Respond positively in a suit

OVERCALLS

1. Overcall at the one or two level when you are not strong enough to double(see below) and when you have a good solid suit
2. Response to overcall: Bid only when you are good and strong.

DOUBLES

1. Informative doubles
   Double a 1 or 2 bid if your partner has not bid and you have an opening bid yourself
   Bid 2 in cue bid(same suit as opposition has bid) if you have an opening 2-Bid.
   Response to Informative Double: Treat as a regular opening bid.

2. Penalty Double
   A double after partner has bid shows desire to set the opposition (a penalty double)
   Failure to respond to an informative double means you think you can set ~~him~~ opponent
   When partner of opener doubles, he is counting on 2½ defensive tricks from opener.

THE BLACKWOOD CONVENTION

If your partner thinks there is a possibility of slam if you have the right number of Aces he will bid 4 NT. To show no aces Bid 5 clubs
1 " Bid 5 diamonds
2 " Bid 5 hearts
3 " Bid 5 spades
4 " Bid 5 no-trump

If your partner needs to know the number of Kings, he will then bid 5 NT. The response is the same as above. To show no ~~aces~~ Kings Bid 6 clubs etc.

OPENING LEADS

1. Against a suit bid:

a. If your partner has bid: Lead his suit, ace if you have it. If a doubleton lead high
If you have 3 or 4 in his suit - lead low.(Unless 1 is Ace)

b. If your partner has not bid: Lead King from AK unless it is a doubleton
Lead top of sequence if headed by an honor.(A sequence is 3 touching cards headed by a face card)
Lead 4th best in longest, strongest suit.

2. Against a No-trump bid:

a. If partner has bid: Lead high of doubleton in partner's suit
If you have 3 or more of his suit - lead low.

b. If partner has not bid: Lead top of sequence (headed by honor) or 4th best

3. If your hand has no possibilities, lead an unbid major - hoping to hit partner
4. Lead a singleton if it is in your partners suit, or if you have trumps stopped.
5. Avoid leading away from a Queen

KEY NUMBERS

With correct bidding from partners, thefollowing is point estimation of hand possibilitie

If total points in both hands is:
26 There should be game in NT or major suit
28 There should be game in a minor suit
32 There should be a small slam
37 There should be a Grand Slam

SECOND GENERATION

JOSEPH HAROLD REAM

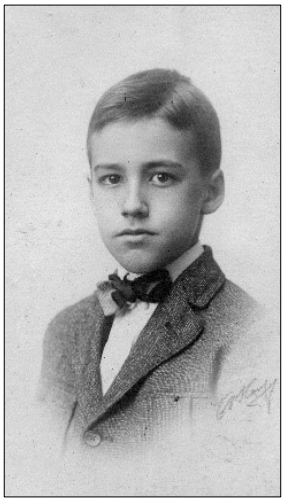
8 Joseph Harold[2] Ream (Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 5 Oct 1903 at Bedford, IA; died 20 Jan 1988 at Mobile, AL. He married 1) 27 July 1929 at Tonawanda, NY, **Mary Anita Biggs**, born 3 Oct 1906 in Buffalo, MO; died 17 Apr 1955 in Tallahassee, FL. She was the daughter of Rev. John Quincy and Nancy Arizona "Zona" Biggs. Joe and Anita are buried together at Oakland Cemetery, Tallahassee, FL. Joe married 2) 1 March 1958 in Washington, DC, **Virginia Brown Miller**. Divorced 1958. He married 3) 13 March 1973, in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, **Pauline "Polly" ____.** Separated 1976; divorce proceedings in Hawaii. He married 4) 2 May 1981 at Birmingham, AL, **Barbara Dunham**, died 19 Feb 2009, age 96.

REMEMBERING THE OLD MAN
BY DAVE REAM

Dave described this tribute to his father as "a brief biography and remembrance by his son Dave Ream." For this chapter about Joe Ream, I am using Dave's biography as the basic story. Additions to Dave's story are added in italics.

See Appendix C, page 249 for Joe's autobiography.

Joseph H. Ream was born on 5 October 1903 in Bedford, a small town in southwestern Iowa. He was the youngest of seven children of Theodore Jackson Ream and Cassandra Hanes. T. J. Ream was a Methodist minister who moved every few years from one church to another in rural Iowa, Kansas, and Ohio.



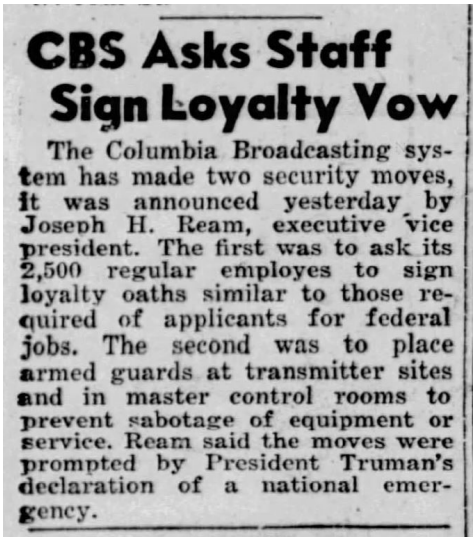
Joe Ream

When Joe Ream was five, Reverend Ream was appointed the Methodist church's district superintendent in Topeka, Kansas. This was the family's final move; the Reams put down roots in Topeka, and Joe's parents lived there for the rest of their lives. Joe always considered Topeka to be his "home town." *Joe was called "Harold" by the family as he was growing up in Topeka until the fifth grade when he insisted on "Joe."*

Joe went through the public school system in Topeka. *An entrepreneurial story not included in Joe's autobiography is the summer he raised rabbits for sale. An ad appeared regularly in the 1918 Topeka newspaper. He sold pedigreed Rufus Red Belgian hares, 5-pound does for $2.50 each. Two-month-old does were $1.50.*

He entered Kansas University in 1921, majoring in economics and graduating in 1925. He won a varsity "K" in cross-country running, and was a member of the Kappa

Sigma fraternity. Right after graduation, he traveled east to Yale Law School, from which he graduated in 1927. For the next seven years, Joe practiced law with the Wall Street firm now known as Cravath, Swaine & Moore; two of those years were in Cravath's Paris office.



CBS Asks Staff Sign Loyalty Vow

The Columbia Broadcasting system has made two security moves, it was announced yesterday by Joseph H. Ream, executive vice president. The first was to ask its 2,500 regular employes to sign loyalty oaths similar to those required of applicants for federal jobs. The second was to place armed guards at transmitter sites and in master control rooms to prevent sabotage of equipment or service. Ream said the moves were prompted by President Truman's declaration of a national emergency.

New York Daily News; Dec. 21, 1950, pg. 246

While at Cravath, Joe did a substantial amount of legal work for a young but growing radio company called the Columbia Broadcasting System. In 1934, he joined CBS as its first in-house lawyer. For the next eighteen years, he climbed the CBS ladder in New York City into increasingly important management positions, becoming Executive Vice President and a member of the Board of Directors in 1947. His particular areas of responsibility included CBS's relations with its owned and affiliated radio stations throughout the nation, negotiation of contracts and other dealings with performers and CBS employees, representing CBS before governmental bodies such as the Federal Communications Commission, and general legal advice. He also played a role in developing the "loyalty oaths" that were common in the broadcasting industry during the Cold War anti-Communist era around 1950. *At CBS he was also known for his folksy humor and corncob pipe, which he habitually took to board meetings.*

In 1945 Joe was one of 16 radio people invited by the U.S. Army on a exclusive four-week tour of England, France, Germany and Italy at the close of World War II.

Equipped with this special uniform, Joe was in London during V J Day (Victory over Japan Day – August 14, 1945.) He saw King George read a speech from the throne and Winston Churchill speak to the House of Commons.

Paris was "quite a shock … business seemed at a practical standstill and the people filled with defeatism and lassitude."

In Germany they found serious bomb damage in Hamberg and Berlin. "For example, Unter den Linten, which was perhaps the richest looking street that I knew anything about, was so completely plastered with bombs that every building was either a mass of rubble or so damaged that repair seemed impossible." Joe wrote prophetically, "In Berlin we saw our first Russian soldiers, and to my unpractised eye they were not very impressive. The control area by the Russians, British, and Americans seems to be working pretty well, but it will continue to be an interesting and informing experiment in international relations."

In Frankfort they had a conference with General Eisenhower, and looked at the "loot" taken by the Nazis from their victimsin including gold and silver fillings.

An audience with the Pope highlighted Rome. "Incidentally, several people remarked how closely I resembed him, as as he bears the name Pius XIII some of the boys thereafter referred to me as Josephus Reamus I.

"I arrived home considerably fagged out, physically and emotionally, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the problems facing Europe today."[81]

PREDICT END OF PETRILLO'S TELEVISION, FM BAN

PREDICTING that James C. Petrillo will lift his ban against musicians' participation in television and frequency modulation broadcasts, spokesmen for four radio networks testify before the House labor committee in Washington. From left are Mark Woods, president ABC; Theodore Streibert, vice chairman MBC; Frank Mullen, vice chairman NBC; Joseph Ream of CBS. *(International)*

After Joe was promoted to Executive Vice-President at CBS in 1947, many of his speeches and appearances were covered nationally by the press such as Congressional testimony against the ban against using music on television. This picture appeared in many newspapers including this one from the Petoskey (Michigan) News-Review on January 27, 1948.

CBS Executive Says Editorial Comment Is Needed on Air

NEW YORK—Radio's service to the nation could be greatly expanded if broadcasters were given a clear-cut right to editorialize on the air, says Joseph H. Ream, executive vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

He spoke to the Radio Executives club of New York meeting in the Hotel Roosevelt.

He challenged the argument that editorializing by broadcasters might create a monopoly of editorializing. He maintained that "a large number of different individual broadcasters, many of them competing with other broadcasters, will inevitably guarantee a diversity of viewpoint in the radio editorials which will be available to listeners."

# # #

Moreover, he added, it is in the self-interest of the broadcaster himself to provide his audience with a wide range of opinions, or else "within a short time the situation would produce a new competitor in the field."

# # #

Mr. Ream said radio stations and networks, like newspapers whose editors and staffs deal daily with news and information, "have the means and the qualifications to recognize and evaluate the pros and cons of the various issues of interest to their audience."

(Left) The report of Joe's speech about radio editorial comment was even carried in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin April 3, 1948.

(Right) The Item of Milburn (NJ) and Short Hills reported on Joe's forecast about the future of television April 8, 1948.

Large Television Audience Foreseen

Vigorously accelerated expansion of television broadcasting capable of reaching audiences of 65,000,000 within the next two years is foreseen by Joseph H. Ream, executive vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

After carefully enumerating the technical, economic and artistic hurdles still to be taken by the rapidly growing medium, Mr. Ream announced that by the end of 1949 the CBS network plans to have a line of video communication running from Boston to Richmond on the East Coast, and west to Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis.

Simultaneonusly with this growth in visual broadcasting, Mr. Ream pointed out, an unprecedented multiplication of set ownership is taking place. In one year, from February, 1947 to February, 1948, the number of sets in the country has increased eight times. The monthly rate of set production is also climbing steadily, to a current rate of about 35,000 per month, he noted.

"Within five years television set ownership will have reached 50 per cent of the saturation point in the larger markets of the country having a television service," Mr. Ream predicted.

Many program production problems, notably in sports and special events broadcasts, have already been solved in television, the speaker said, but he designated production of dramas as Number One item on television's list of unfinished business.

"Production of the ordinary dramatic or variety show for television is infinitely more complex and several times more expensive for television than for its radio counterpart," said the CBS executive. "Lighting, scenery, costumes, casting of characters for visual as well as auditory excellence, and the necessity of learning lines rather than reading from a script are just a few of the complications. Nevertheless it is in this field, we believe, that the greatest strides will be made and perhaps the greatest satisfactions achieved."

Joe Ream married Anita Biggs in 1929. *She was an outstanding student, skipped a few grades in school, and graduated from Fort Worth High School at age 15. She graduated from Washburn College with high honors in 1925 at the age of 18.* Anita also was the child of a Protestant minister from the Midwest, a music teacher who, like Joe, had come east to enjoy the excitement and opportunities of New York City in the 1920s. *She played the pipe organ in churches and silent movie houses, and taught piano to children.*

Joe & Anita's wedding, July 27, 1929. (From left) Jane Margaret Ream, Cassie Ream, Joe, Anita, Frank & Euphemia Ream.

Joe and Anita in New York City, 1929

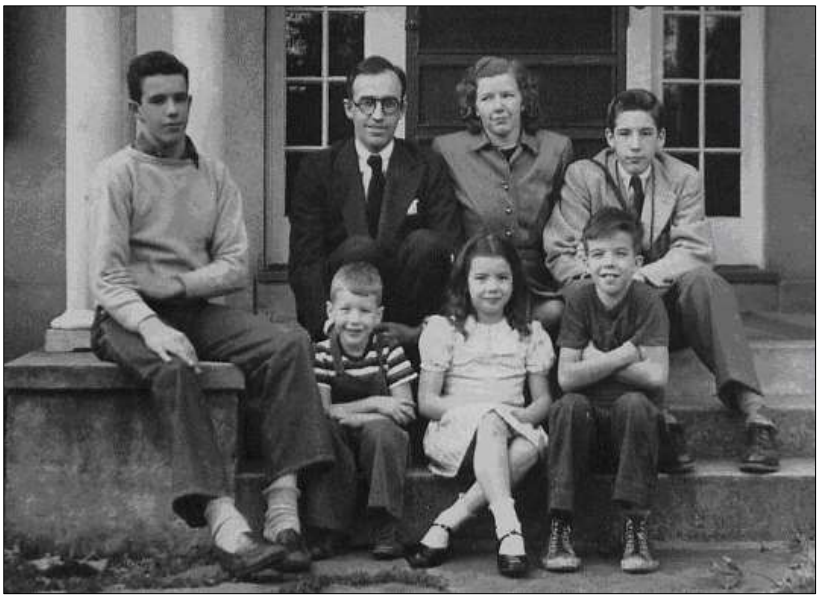
Joe and Anita on the morning of their wedding day. July 27, 1929

They spent the first couple of years of their marriage in Paris. *(Actually, they had two back-to-back trips to Europe. In May-June 1930, they had a seven-week delayed honeymoon across Europe. At that time Joe was still employed by the Craveth law firm. On returning, Craveth asked him to be a junior law partner in the Paris firm. So on October 1, 1930, Joe and Anita sailed again for an 18-month stint in Paris.)*

Departing on their honeymoon cruise, 1930

Paris, 1931.

Back home in the United States, they had five children: Jackson (born in 1932); Stephen (1934); Davidson (1937); Nancy (1940); and Christopher (1942). During the CBS years, the family homes were successively on Staten Island, in Ossining, New York, and in Millstone and Princeton, New Jersey.



Joe Ream family, 1946

Joe (left) and Gene Autry (right).

Gene Autry, "The Singing Cowboy," hosted the Gene Autry Television Series between 1950 and 1956 on CBS. He also had a weekly CBS radio show, Gene Autry's Melody Ranch, from 1940 to 1956. His shows were very popular, and he was a pioneer in developing country music.

Joe "retired" voluntarily from CBS in 1952, and moved the family to Tallahassee, Florida. Why did he decide to leave a high-level position in the corporate world at age 48, probably in the prime of his business career? The mixture of reasons would include the failing health of his wife and a desire to spend more of his time with her, a long-standing ambition to be a full-time farmer/rancher, and an increasing disenchantment with the fast-paced and high-pressure atmosphere of CBS and New York.

Joe and Anita at their newly constructed house at the Florida ranch, 1953.

Joe established a 628-acre beef cattle ranch near Tallahassee on abandoned and overgrown land *they named the "Rocking Chair Ranch."* There were no structures on the land, other than a shack dubbed "the Negro cabin." Joe did all the work himself, with some

assistance from his sons. The project included clearing the land, planting and nurturing pastures, selecting and tending to livestock, building barns, corrals, and fences-and lots of hard physical labor. It was the sort of vigorous activity that he truly loved. Joe and Anita worked with an architect to design the ranch house. Construction began quickly. By April 1953, the house was ready for occupancy.

Anita had been diagnosed with breast cancer in 1945. Dr. Adair at Sloane Kettering did the mastectomy and pronounced her cancer free at her five-year check-up in 1950. But the cancer came back anyway. In 1953, she was referred to Dr. Charles B. Huggins at the University of Chicago for an adrenalectomy. (Dr. Huggins later went on to win a Nobel Prize in medicine.) Dr. Huggins and Anita continued a weekly correspondence until her death. He recommended that Anita go to Berkeley, California, where Dr. John Lawrence was beginning the use of a cyclotron on cancer patients. In the fall of 1954, Anita became one of the first patients to receive "atomic radiation" with this cyclotron. All in all, Anita received the highest level of medicine available at the time, and, most importantly, the family felt her treatments enabled her to remain relatively pain-free for the ten years after she was diagnosed.

Joe Ream family, 1953. Nancy, Steve, Anita, Dave, Joe, Jack, Chris

During the years of her marriage, Anita wrote most of the letters to the "family letter" that circulated among Joe's brothers and sister. This last upbeat letter was written three weeks before she died.

ROCKING CHAIR RANCH
THOMASVILLE ROAD
ROUTE 1, BOX 38J
TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

March 26, 1955

Dear Family:

I am so overwhelmed by the easy flow of words in Frank and Euphemia's letters, that I feel incompetent to add my bit. But I must say that their visit was a most enjoyable one for us - they were stimulating and helpful guests. We never cease to marvel at Frank's youthful zest for living and his interest in everything that comes his way.

A card from Jay a few days ago reminds me that he and Barbara Jo were flying to Houston today for a visit. Guess I've picked the wr ng day to write - but the letter will be waiting for him when he returns to Pittsburgh. We are impressed with the bridge experts down there - Tom was playing a good hand when he was here a year ago.

This is a happy season for us when we have our boys home for their spring vacations. Dave and a friend from Andover came last Sunday. They have helped Joe with some of the heavy work, furnishing good backs; we have matched wits on the current newspaper puzzle and hope to share the prize; and they have EATEN. Yesterday they left for Ft. Lauderdale to be with Al's parents for the remainder of their holiday where they hope to spend some time skin-diving and spear-fishing. They tried out their equipment in our little pond.

Jack and Skip, Steve and a boy friend will be coming next Saturday for a week. We will have a party to introduce Skip to our friends. This week-end Joe and I are very much alone. Nancy has gone to a house party at the "Coast" and Chris is off on a camping trip with the Boy Scouts. We are not enjoying this foretaste of life when all the children will be gone. Nancy has been accepted at Emma Willard and in Troy, N.Y. and will be going there in September. We are very reluctant to have her go, but know that our schools are completely inadequate.

I spent ten days in Berkeley the last of February. I haven't been quite as well and there is a possibility that they will want to give me more treatments. The time for my return has not been set as yet. Joe is improving and does considerable work, but admits to some weakness and pain in his back, so I try to keep him lazy. We are building a tenant house and hope to be able to find a good couple to occupy it.

We did count the cattle last Sunday and saw 35 little calves all nicely marked. We need rain badly. Love to you all, Anita

After Anita's passing on April 17, 1955, Joe wrote the following letter to his brothers and sister. The events he describes in this letter vary somewhat from the account he wrote many years later in his autobiography (Appendix C). Their daughter Nancy Ream Rose vouches that this letter is the accurate

description.

April 27, 1955

My dear family,

I think it may be appropriate if I write about Anita, so this letter will sort of be one for the record.

When Anita came home from Berkeley the middle of January, she was in pretty good shape and in excellent spirits. She said they had noticed evidence of increased pituitary activity, but had decided against further atomic radiation at that time as they told her that she was not a critical case, and they could determine better what to do on her next visit in about three months.

She continued relatively well (and was able to enjoy fully the visit of Frank and Euphemia) until perhaps the middle of March, when she began to notice pains in the top of the head. These were kept pretty well under control by aspirin and codeine, and neither of us thought much about it, as she had had numerous pains here and there over the years.

She enjoyed Dave's visit during the latter part of March, and Jack, Steve, and Skip the week of April 3rd. We gave a little party on Wednesday of that week in honor of Skip, and Anita had a wonderful time – in fact the entire week was gay. We went to a cocktail party on the 10th, and went out to a dinner party on Wednesday, the 13th. Everything seemed fine, although Anita did tell me that some day she was going to embarrass me by falling down in public, as she felt faint and dizzy when she first stood up after sitting in a chair. We were both convinced that this and the headaches were due to a hormone imbalance, and that all that was needed was the right combination of cortisone and doca.

On Thursday morning after the dinner party, Anita got up as usual to get breakfast, but came back to bed without finishing it, and said she thought she had better take a rest that day. She had no appetite and did a little vomiting and in the afternoon suggested that I call Dr. Garmany, our Tallahassee doctor. Before he could get out to see her, however, she suggested that perhaps she should go to the hospital where they could take better care of her – for shots, etc, -- so I called Dr. Garmany again and we met him about 7:30 in the evening. They gave her some doca and, as she was not able to hold food down, they gave her nourishment intravenously.

It was not until the next afternoon that I began to feel any concern at all. Dr. Garmany told me then that some of the preliminary tests did not look good, and that there was some evidence that the cancer had got into the brain and the bone marrow. I told him that this was hard for me to believe, and suggested that he consult with Dr. Huggins in Chicago. When I saw him that evening at the hospital, he told me that he had talked with Dr. Huggins, who agreed with his treatment and diagnosis, and that I should alert the boys that they might have to come home rather quickly.

I left the hospital about nine in the evening and began putting in calls to the boys and the grandparents. I was able to reach only Dave before I got a message from the hospital at 11:00 that Anita had taken a turn for the worse, and that I should come.

When I got there she was in an oxygen tent, but fully conscious and

bewildered by all the fuss being made over her. I then called Nancy at home and told her to complete the calls, and to call Dave again, and to tell them all to come immediately. The boys (and Skip at my invitation) were able to get planes the next morning, Saturday. The grandparents arrived at 2:00, Jack, Steve, and Skip at 4:30, and Dave at 10:00 – he got bumped off his plane at Columbus, Ga., and had to take a bus from there.

Anita was able to recognize and greet each one, although by this time she was dozing a good deal of the time. As none of the three older boys and I had had any sleep to speak of the preceding night, we took turns in being with Anita Saturday night. Jack was there from 4:00 a.m., and at seven he called and suggested we hurry down. We all got there by eight, and were at her bedside until 10:05. She suffered very little pain, and the end was completely peaceful.

Everyone here has been wonderfully kind and helpful. Anita's brave and cheerful fight had gone to the heart of everyone who knew about it, and toward the end that included nearly everyone who knew us at all.

We are all proud and happy. Proud of everything Anita was, and that we can link our name with hers. Happy that she was spared to us for so long, and happy in all our memories of her.

Affectionately,
Joe

After Anita Ream's death in 1955, and with the completion of the project to develop the ranch and the departure of his children for their own school and business pursuits, Joe became a bit restless and bored. Thus, he was receptive to the overtures of the National Security Agency in 1956, eventually agreeing to be the agency's Deputy Director.

Joe continued to spend weekends on Rocking Chair (lots of air commutes). By the summer of 1957, he decided that he wanted to stay in D.C., and he sold the ranch.

He left NSA late in 1957 to rejoin CBS as the vice president in charge of the company's Washington office, a position involving lobbying and hobnobbing with government leaders. Two years later, CBS transferred him to New York, where he organized and was the first director of the Program Practices division. The new division was a response to the intense public criticism stemming from the TV "quiz show scandals" *and especially over rigging of the CBS show "The $64,000 Question."* Joe's office was charged with ensuring that all programming was on a level that was at least "honest" and not misleading to the viewing public. He retired from CBS for good in 1965, on his sixty-second birthday.

CBS to Quit Identifying Canned Laughter, Applause

Special From the New York Times

NEW YORK—The Columbia Broadcasting system announced Monday night that it was discontinuing its policy of identifying canned laughter or applause used on television programs.

The policy had been introduced three months ago as part of a broad revision of network standards following the scandal over rigged quiz shows. Neither the National Broadcasting Co. nor American Broadcasting Co. followed the CBS innovation.

Joseph H. Ream, CBS vice president in charge of program practices, said that the network believed everyone was now aware that audience approval may be artificially provided or implemented.

Abandonment of the announcements on canned laughter and applause constitute something of a victory for the comedians working on the CBS network, notably Jack Benny, Red Skelton, Danny Thomas and George Gobel.

When the issue of canned laughter was originally raised by Frank Stanton, CBS president, the comedians ridiculed the legalistic announcement and maintained they interfered with their preparation of comedy offerings.

At the time of the introduction of the policy announcements it was understood CBS hoped they might lead to a general curb on canned approval.

In some quarters, however, it was noted that Stanton may have achieved at least a limited reform. Because the matter has been brought out into the open, greater care is being employed in not overdoing the use of canned laughter.

With his return to CBS, Joe was once again in the media spotlight.

CBS Eliminates Deceit In TV

By CYNTHIA LOWRY
AP TV-Radio Writer

NEW YORK (AP) — At the end of last week's Harry Belafonte show, a CBS announcer informed viewers the show had come to us live, except for five minutes which had been pre-recorded.

This is the sort of thing we will be hearing often, at least from CBS. Yesterday Vice President Joseph H. Ream, in charge of his network's "standards and practices," issued his first office communication on broadcast standards of entertainment programs, a major move toward the elimination of what might be called electronic deceits.

The memorandum specifically spells out procedures to be used in cases where film, tape and canned laughter are used.

Generally, when tape or film is used the audience will be told the program or portions of it were pre-recorded. When canned laughter is used, the phrase will be "audience reaction technically produced." When canned laughter is used to increase the sound of live audience reaction, the announcer will say, "This program was performed (or filmed or taped) before a live audience with audience reaction technically augmented."

"Participants on this program were selected in advance" means they were not chosen at random or interviewed spontaneously. The business of pre-recording a song which a performer can mouth while dancing (this is called lip-sync) will be explained by "the voice in the song (number or whatever) was previously recorded."

Ream's job, of course, is the elimination of such notorious practices as show-fixing, plug dropping, kickbacks and payola. At the moment, however, he is concentrating on cleaning up entertainment programs. Later he will turn to other areas.

"It's all very well to say 'drive carefully' to car drivers," explains Ream, "but that isn't going to do any good unless you also have some traffic rules, with penalties for disobeying them. Then, if you are caught doing 55 in a 20-mile-an-hour zone, you are violating something specific and there's no argument. We're working out the traffic rules for CBS."

CBS Places New Curbs On TV Commercials

New York (UPI) — The Columbia Broadcasting System placed new curbs on television commercials yesterday.

Orders issued by network Vice President Joseph H. Ream will limit the number of interruptions on news and entertainment shows and tone advertising considered objectionable.

Ream said that commercials for cold and headache remedies and antacids must not emphasize human suffering. Commercials advertising remedies for such ailments as foot disorders should emphasize good grooming as a result of treatment, he said.

News commentators will be freed from delivering sponsor blurbs except for the introductory phrase, "now for a word from . . ." Only one interruption for a commercial will be permitted during the main news portion of a 15-minute program. The limit for entertainment shows of the same length will be two interruptions.

Three commercials will be permitted on half hour programs, but Ream said only one interruption will be allowed during the main part of the show.

The new rules will permit only the name of the sponsor or product on printed cards appearing on the TV screen. They also have carried slogans and descriptive phrasing in the past, which often lingered on the screen for 10 seconds. The cards will flash off and on rapidly in the future.

CBS Institutes New Cleanup

NEW YORK (AP) — Starting Jan. 1, the Columbia Broadcasting System will eliminate from television shows commercials advertising products other than the sponsor's.

The ban — latest CBS cleanup move — strikes at a little-publicized but profitable practice of charging manufacturers for having their products used as show prizes.

The new rule, issued Wednesday by Joseph H. Ream, CBS vice president in charge of standards and practices, ordered that all prizes be paid for out of a show's budget.

Also barred are free plugs for airlines and other transportation facilities.

The new rule is also expected to stop television personalities from using their programs to promote other commercial activities in which they have an interest.

A main program affected by the CBS policy will be Art Linkletter's "House party," which identifies donors of gifts.

Joe spent the remaining 22 years of his life enjoying himself. He traveled the world and visited frequently with his children and grandchildren. He built and lived in rustic cabins in the backwoods of New York State and Northern California. He also had homes in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico and Fairhope, Alabama, w*ith his fourth wife Barbara. Barbara had graduated from Howard College and had taught elementary school in Alabama for 37 years.*

Joe's five children (including Steve, who died in 1979), have all had happy and prosperous lives, thanks at least in part to his role model and insistence on higher education attainment, hard work and dedication in a field of endeavor one enjoys, and pride in self and family. They produced eleven grandchildren, all of whom are now adults and college graduates. There are, at last count, nine great-grandchildren.

Joe's children, 1968, at the wedding of Jack and Joan.
L to R: Steve, Nancy, Dave, Chis, Jack.

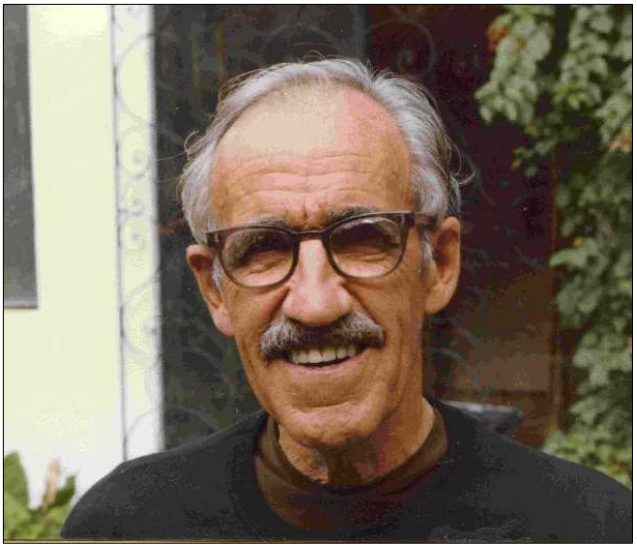
A niece, Betty Wallace, wrote, "Joe was an interesting, complex personality. In spite of his many years in the urbane, cynical, super-sophisticated world of powerbrokers in Manhattan and Washington, he never lost sight of his humbler roots. His favorite "leisure" activities were farming and building simple structures in rural areas, personally doing the physical labor; these were the focuses of his life whenever he was not earning a living in the city. He was known in Manhattan as the 'Barefoot Boy of Wall Street.' He truly enjoyed the challenges of helping to build CBS into a corporate giant, but he loved much more the quiet countryside, traveling all over the world, and most especially his family."

While this narrative refers to him as "Joe," it bears mentioning that he was always known to his family as the "Old Man." This label, whose use he encouraged, was not an allusion to his age. Rather, it reflected the fact that, like a military commander, he was always in charge -- the boss. Due to his dynamic personality, he was the dominant presence in any family gathering, the leader to whom we all paid respect.

But the Old Man was much more than merely a respected patriarchal figure. He was also boisterous, full of vigor, and a restless risk taker who lived life to its fullest. In personal relations with his family, he was warm and loving, deeply concerned about the well-being of each of us. We all have our own fond memories of this unique and very strong character.

Joe's relatives gathered in Mexico as a surprise to celebrate the Old Man's 75th birthday.

L to r: Steve, Joe, Nancy, Chris, Jack, Dave

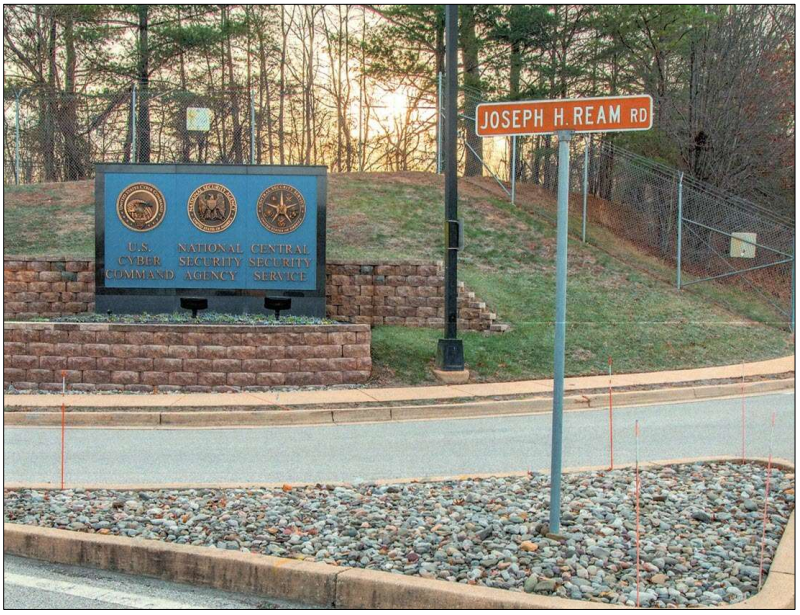


Joe at age 75.

On 10 January 1988, just after his daily diggings -- in his large garden in Fairhope, Joe Ream suffered a massive aneurysm. He died ten days later in Mobile, at age 84. Joe is buried with Anita in Tallahassee.

In a 1931 letter to his mother Cassie, Joe once wrote, "I was much interested in the clipping you enclosed in your last letter – on the 'afterlife.' I believe of course that there is some sort of immortality, but its exact nature is still a puzzle to me. Whatever we believe as to the afterlife, I am sure we must agree that the best way to be happy in that state is to lead the best possible life here on earth and to use our best efforts to do good as we see it."[82]

In 1998, ten years after his death, Joe's descendants gathered at Ft. Meade, MD, as the Joseph H. Ream Road was dedicated in tribute to Joe's service as the National Security Agency's first Deputy Director in the 1950s.



Children of Joseph Harold[2] Ream and Mary Anita Biggs:

+	17	i.	Jackson[3] Ream, born 19 July 1932 in Buffalo, NY.
+	18	ii.	Stephen Ream, born 3 Feb 1934 in Staten Island, NY.
+	19	iii.	Davidson Ream, born 2 May 1937 in Ossining, NY.
+	20	iv.	Nancy Cassandra Ream, born 3 Apr 1940 in Ossining, NY.
+	21	v.	Christopher Ream, born 31 Oct 1942 in Somerville, NJ.

THIRD GENERATION

9 Jane Margaret[3] Ream (George Franklin[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 4 Apr 1911 in Kansas City, KS; died 6 Apr 1999 at Glen Ridge, NJ; buried Evergreen Cemetery, Morristown, NJ.

At Pemiquid Point, 1970

Jane Margaret Ream

Jane's mother Euphemia had graduated from Goucher College of Baltimore, MD, and enrolled Jane Margaret at the same school when she was born. Jane did graduate from Goucher College in 1933 with honors in psychology.[83] In 1934, she earned a Master of Arts in psychology from Columbia University, and did graduate work in applied psychology 1934-35. During both of her known years at Columbia, her parents took an apartment in New York City and lived with her.[84]

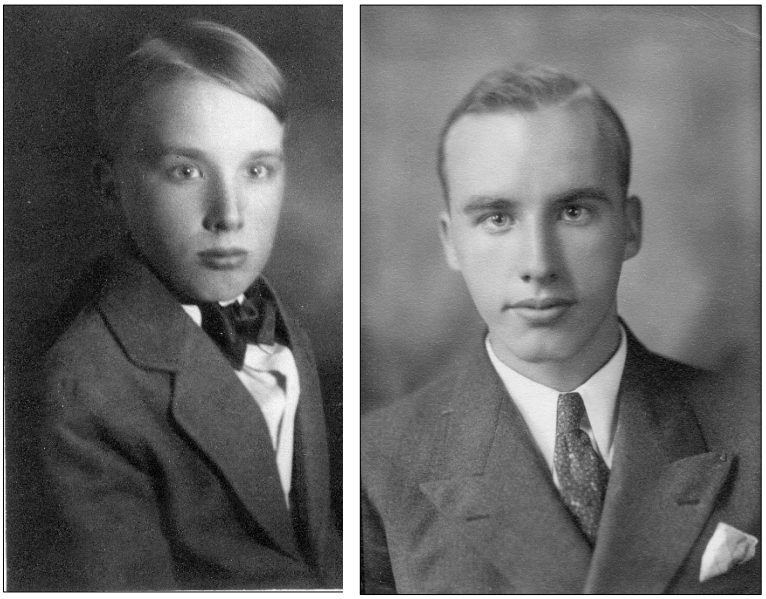
According to family members, Jane Margaret had a boyfriend at Princeton. When he became serious about their relationship, she felt she could not leave her parents to marry him. She became very dependent upon Frank and Euphemia and lived with them her entire life, never even learning how to drive a car.

Jane Margaret was a part-time professor of photography at Hunter College in New York City, and took the train into New York City to teach the class. She was noted for helping her neighbors and Ream family members. She never married; she collected cats and dogs.[85]

After her parents died, Jane Margaret continued to live in their house in Glen Ridge. Her dependence on Frank and Euphemia left her unable to cope in many ways. After Jane Margaret's death it was written, "She let her house fall into disrepair. The house was basically unheated; when the coal company stopped delivering, she never converted to oil or gas… The lawn that was wild with underbrush had been checked daily for dandelions [*when Frank was alive*]. As an elderly woman, she was that enduring stereotype, at least to the neighborhood children. 'She really did look like a witch …

a bag lady, hunched down, skinny face.' And yet somehow a sense of intelligence pierced through. 'Everyone who took the time to talk to her knew that she was very, very sharp. People who took the time to know her adored her.'"[86]

10 Robert "Bob" Wood[3] Stanley (Florence Blanche[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 24 Dec 1914 at Topeka, KS, died 21 Jan 1994 at Madison, WS; buried Hillside Cemetery, Columbus, WS. He married 15 May 1964 at Dodgeville, WS, **Florence Cutler Ast**, born 1912; died 1985.



BOB STANLEY

Bob attended three years at Washburn College, and one year at the University of Kansas, but didn't finish his degree at that time.

He went on to work as a printer's devil for free at the Jewell County Monitor to learn the newspaper trade. Next he went to Sweet Springs, Missouri, where he was hired as a printer, which turned out to be a temporary position to knock some sense into the head printer. From there he went to Republic, Kansas, leasing the newspaper for a year, operating it all by himself, and working under very primitive conditions. The paper was fed into the press one page at a time, followed by a mad dash to the other end of the press to catch the printed sheet. While there, his meager supply of coal was stolen, so he had to go the rest of the winter without heat. He spent about two years in Delphos, Kansas, (also the place where Cassie and T. J. had once lived), working for the Delphos Republican as a linotype operator.

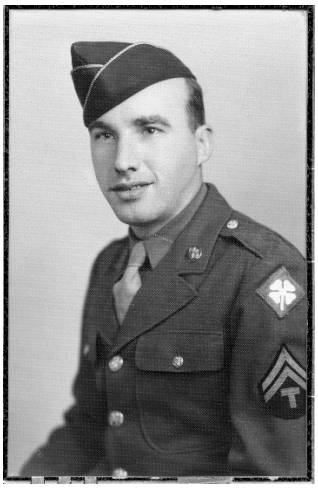
An article in the Delphos newspaper:

> As for the new minister, he seems to be taking "aholt" very nicely. His sermons have been good, and as Bob, our linotype operator says, (in printer's lingo) 'He delivers them in boldface."
>
> Incidentally, Bob (Robert Stanley) has a connection to the local M.E. church, for it was here that his grandfather, the late Rev. T. J. Ream, began his ministry – in

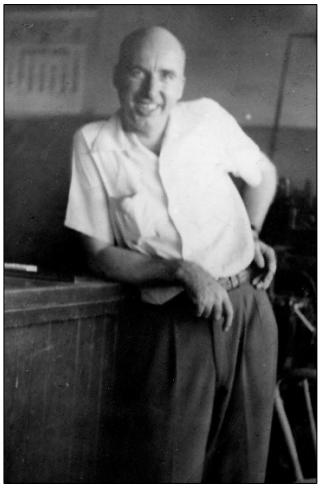
1879. He was the first minister to serve at the local parish and it was his first charge. Bob's grandmother, who now lives in Topeka, apparently remembers well those cold winters in Delphos, for this week she mailed Bob a pair of bed sox![87]

Bob then arranged with his father to buy the Peru (Nebraska) Pointer newspaper, and his parents moved from Mankato, KS to Peru.

Bob had been rejected in the first WWII draft due to a poorly set arm broken when he fell from the top shelf of a closet as a boy. (He had been climbing in the closet and could not get down. Seeing no other alternative, he deliberately fell.) But, a year after coming to Peru, he was drafted into the Army, leaving his parents to run the Pointer. His father Don explained in the newspaper, "Robert Stanley has gone to the army. The Pointer as it has been developing during more than a year was being built by, for, and around him. He was the experience and the artistry. And Peru seemed an ideal place for a home. But business can be as usual. This is war. The paper will carry on until he comes into his own again. Till then may it and its problems be received in a spirit of understanding."



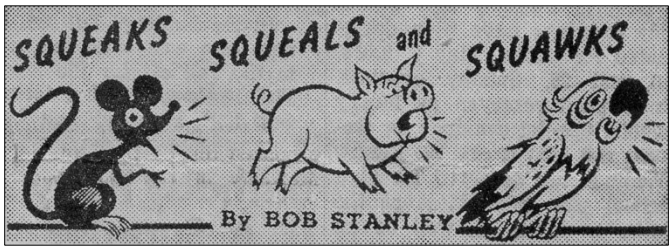
World War II



At the Peru Pointer Office, 1953

Bob was sent to Camp Adair, Oregon; Seattle; Moscow, Idaho to study psychology; Bethlehem, Penn., to study engineering where he was close to graduating before the army decided it had enough engineers; to two camps in Louisiana for Signal Corps training; to Ft. Monmouth, N.J., to repair teletypes where he sprained a finger playing softball and so was released from drills and could spend every afternoon in New York City until he ran out of money; back to Louisiana; another trip north; then to Texas to ship out by way of Seattle to Hawaii on a Liberty ship where he spent some months repairing teletypes. Then on to Saipan on a Victory ship to complete his tour of duty. While in New Jersey, he met and later became engaged to Florence McGrath.

After the War, he went to Kent State, Ohio, graduating cum laude with a Bachelor's degree in journalism in 1948.[88] He returned to Peru to work at the Pointer, and also bought a clothing store in Peru. He earned a teaching degree from Peru State Teacher's college, and taught a printing class at that college. He moved to South Sioux City, NE in 1955, and taught English/journalism in the high school one year.



The banner for Bob's newspaper column

In 1956 he moved to Columbus, Wisconsin, where he was the editor of the Columbus Republican and associate editor of the Modern Milk Hauler. His position at the Republican included writing a column titled "Squeaks, Squeals, and Squawks." In an interview, Bob said that when the deadline for the column approaches, finding the right word to convey his thoughts "is much akin to carving marble with bare hands."[89] Two of the quips from his columns were reprinted in the *Reader's Digest*, a prominent national magazine:

> I can't help but wonder just how many commencement speakers dressed in identical black suits stand up before graduates in identical robes and square hats and exhort them not to follow the crowd, but dare to be individuals.[90]
>
> An informal survey shows that what most people want for Christmas is two more weeks to prepare for it.[91]

Some other quotes from his column:

> Recently the Columbus City Council held a special meeting to consider, among other things, the matter of pay raises for members of the police department. Some of the Council members apparently forgot that the parking meters were in operation that night, Anyway when the meeting broke up, they found their cars which had been parked in front of the city hall had all been neatly ticketed. Now the question is: Will the Aldermen fully appreciate the conscientious work of the policemen when they vote on the pay adjustment?
>
> As long as there seems to be an inborn desire to gamble, couldn't it be put to some practical use? I might suggest to the local library board that they change the name of the Public Library to "The Bookie Joint." That would bring in a lot more readers of the sporting type.
>
> Here is a thought left over from the Columbus June Dairy Month celebration. One sure way to live to be 100 years old is to drink a quart of milk every day for 1,200 months.
>
> My parents who live in Nebraska made their first visit to Columbus last week end and even though it was a hurried one, they seemed impressed by the community. In fact, people here were so hospitable I am afraid my people gained a false impression. They must surely think that I spend my entire time in feasting and visiting.

To err is human, but I'm always wearing out the eraser before the pencil, and that seems to be overdoing it.

The American way to face any problem is to appoint a committee. To get the most work out of a committee, it should consist of three persons, two of whom are absent.

Looking at the dresses worn at the Junior Prom last Friday night reminded me that while men may be as brave as women, they don't have as many opportunities to show their backbones.

But stylewise, this year's prom made a lot more sense than some others of recent years. At least the girls could sit down. There is also the matter of hair styles. Last year it looked like the majority of the participants were walking around under a strong magnet. This particular style, while it is dying slowly, is definitely on its way out. If the prom can be used as a measuring stick, hair will once more look like hair in another year or so.

And what happened to Bob's fiancé?? In 1956 Bob's mother wrote in her family letter, "Soon after we came home we had a visitor from New York City – Miss Florence McGrath. We found her quite a charming guest. She came by plane from Omaha and Robert brought her to Peru. It was her first trip west and her first plant trip. We showed her Peru, the print shop, the park, the college, and she spent a couple of days at Betty's in Lincoln. And that is that."[92] Bob's mother later said that Bob and Florence spent their down time reading books separately and never seemed to talk. Bob's sister Betty chuckled often over "And that is that" in the family letter. Eventually when the wedding date was set, Florence missed the train to the wedding and the marriage never took place.

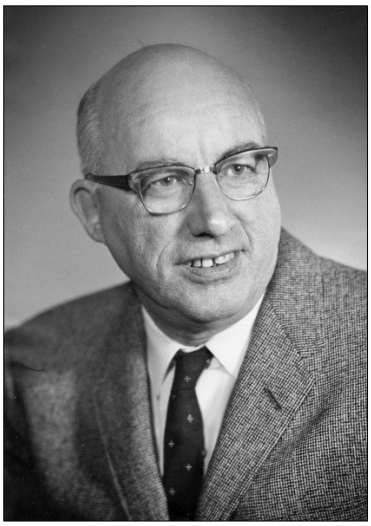
In 1964 Bob wrote his parents:

Dear Folks,

Mother's letter came today and as usual I was very glad to get it. I also realize that I should write more often but it seems there is seldom anything going on out of the ordinary that I am involved in personally so I'm generally at a loss for anything to say.

However this time I think I have some news worthy of mention. I'm planning to get married on or about the 15th of May. The girl's name is Florence Ast. Although that's a Swiss name, she isn't Swiss. She is a widow with three grown children. She lives in Dodgeville, Wisconsin. I hope that you will like her when you have a chance to meet her and I think you will.

His mother Florence Ream Stanley subsequently wrote in the family letter, "We really have some surprising news for this issue of the family letter. Robert writes that he plans to be married about the middle of May. He just dropped this news on us like a bombshell after we had become reconciled to his being a confirmed bachelor. Her name is Florence Ast and she is a widow with three grown children, but we don't know much more than this. Surely hope everything works out nicely for him."[93]



Bob, date unknown

Marriage to Florence Ast, 1964

Bob's mother wrote in another family letter about meeting her new daughter-in-law for the first time at the wedding.

> We made the 450 miles to Dodgeville in about nine hours and got located in a motel. At the restaurant we inquired where we could find Florence Ast and what kind of a person she was. We were told, 'they just don't come any finer.'
>
> We called on her that evening. We found her to be about Robert's age, about my height but not so big around. Dark hair, blue eyes, and easy to visit with. The next morning Robert came in from Columbus, about 60 miles away, we all had dinner together, and that evening came the wedding…
>
> The ceremony was short and simple and Robert beamed as he walked down the aisle with his wife. We all hung around to see them leave for pranksters had decorated his car, and then jacked up the back wheel so that it wouldn't start. But after everybody had a good laugh, they took pity on him, and he was able to leave, while one of the attractive little youngsters called, 'Good-bye Grandma.' … They may be coming to see us in July, and we'll have a better chance to know our new daughter-in-law.[94]

So, yes, Bob's mother was named Florence; his sister's legal first name was Florence (although she went by "Betty"); the fiancé was named Florence; and his wife was named Florence.

After retiring, he continued to work part-time setting type in the Columbus area. He died in Wauconda, WS, and was buried at Columbus, WS.

Bob had no children.

Excerpts from the tribute written by his sister Betty that was read at Bob's funeral:

> To have an older brother is to be blessed with a special gift. Bob was a Christmas present, born on Christmas Eve five-and-a-half years before I came along. There

were only we two. He was enough older that I always looked up to him, learned from him, and reveled in his good nature and quiet humor.

He pulled me in his wagon; he taught me his games; he took me on his bike the summer he plastered our county seat Kansas town with campaign posters – my introduction to politics. He acquired a horse which took care of most of our summer afternoons. He taught me to drive. Another summer he wrote and directed a set of one-act plays produced in the local opera house that involved all the community's teenagers in acting and production while I provided the musical background and fill-ins. I envied the fun he had in school while I diligently completed the exercises the teachers assigned.

After he became a printer's devil at the local weekly newspaper (that is one who works for free to learn the business), we spent every Thursday night on the floor with a fresh off-the-press paper studying line-by-line and word-by-word what was good and what could be improved in writing, in style, in format, in ideas. It was a tremendous journalism course for both of us.

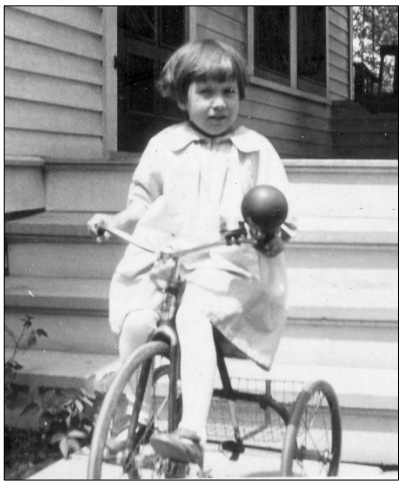
He printed my blockprint calendars for me when he already had more work than he could handle, a project to help with my college tuition which needed his professional touch…

In Wisconsin he eventually found himself a new family – a marvelously loving and supportive group to whom I am forever grateful for the richness they brought to his life.

It's been a great journey, Bob.

With love always – Betty Stanley Wallace

11 Florence Elizabeth[3] "Betty" Stanley (Florence Blanche[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 4 Aug 1920 at Mankato, KS; died 20 Oct 1994 at Lincoln, NE. She married 3 Apr 1943 at Topeka, KS, **Hobart Eugene Wallace**, born 20 May 1920 at Gardner, KS; died 23 Aug 1999 at Lincoln, NE. They are both buried at Fairview Cemetery, 84th & Adams, Lincoln, NE.



Betty, 1925, age 5 in Mankato, KS

Betty, 1942

Betty and Hobart, 1947

Betty was raised in Mankato, Kansas, graduated from Washburn University in Topeka with a major in English and a minor in music. After graduating from college, she spent a year in Pittsburgh, PA working for her uncle Merrill (Jay) Ream, returning to Kansas to marry Hobart whom she had met at Washburn. They married in Topeka at the home of her uncle Dwight Ream.

Betty worked as a linotype operator to support herself and Hobart until Carol was born, first in Kansas City while Hobart was in medical school, then Atlantic City, NJ where Hobart did his internship, then Milwaukee, WS, where Hobart completed his residency in pediatrics.

Hobart first worked as a pediatrician for two years in Peoria, Ill. In 1951 they settled in Lincoln, NE, where Hobart established his private pediatric medical practice.

After two rental houses in Lincoln, they purchased their first house at 2644 Ryons St. In 1953, Hobart's practice was flourishing; they were just settling into their own home; Betty was pregnant with her third child (Nancy); and Hobart suddenly found himself drafted by the Army into the Korean War. They managed to delay Hobart's induction date until after Nancy's birth. He was assigned to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. They moved their family to nearby Rolla, Missouri for the next two years.

Returning to Lincoln and the Ryons Street house in 1955, most of Betty's time was consumed by her growing family. She led 4-H clubs, Campfire Girls clubs, taught music, and any other children's activities she could promote. She took an interest in rose culture, and became president of a local rose society, published its newsletter, and became an accredited rose judge. But she never forgot her interest in art and her earlier sporadic art classes. She continued to draw, sketch, paint, and she organized several children's art classes.

In her art room

Betty, 1970

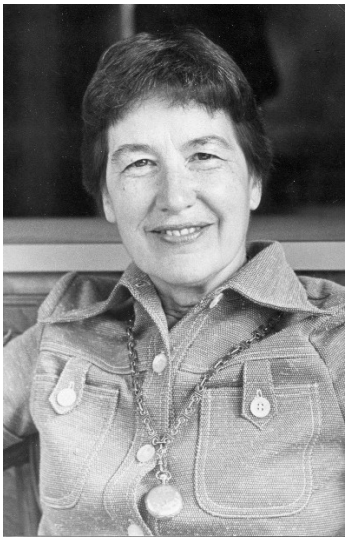
Faculty art show, 1981

After her four children were in school Betty solidified her art education by attending the University of Nebraska and earning BFA and MFA degrees, with an emphasis on ceramics.

In 1962 Betty and Hobart built their house at 420 Lakewood Drive in Lincoln, overlooking Wedgewood Lake. They set aside a separate "Art Room" for Betty to pursue her interest in pottery. She started with an electric kiln. Eventually Hobart built a large gas kiln just outside the door to this room. She hosted a few adult pottery classes, which morphed into an art teaching career.

She taught for 24 years—two years of pottery classes at Southeast Community College, 18 years at Nebraska Wesleyan University where she was Head of the Department of Art and Director of Elder Gallery as well as handling a full teaching load from 1976 to 1986. While at Wesleyan she was honored by being named a full professor, was named Bankers Life Great Teacher in 1985, and held the Peterson Endowed Chair in Art.

Betty was one of the founders of the Haymarket Art Gallery, serving as president and guiding its development for 10 years. She originated the University Place Art Center/Wesleyan Laboratory Gallery, served as president, and oversaw it for 10 years. This was created to serve a need she felt for art students so that they could learn about the business of art and how to compete in the real world. She was the organizer and founder of the Central Time Zone Sculpture Symposium, which met first at Nebraska Wesleyan in 1988. She created a considerable body of sculpture and ceramic work.



1984

Betty and Hobart on their 50th anniversary, April 1993

After retiring from Nebraska Wesleyan University, Betty taught art history part-time at the University of Nebraska for four years. From 1990 to 1994 she was an art reviewer for the Lincoln Journal-Star.

A former Wesleyan student, Becky Copple, on learning of Betty's diagnosis with cancer, launched a fund drive to enlarge one of Betty's small sculptures into a life-size bronze public work. "The Watchful Citizen" was installed in the Haymarket area of downtown Lincoln in March 1994 in a large gala celebration. Its name comes from an engraving on Nebraska's State Capitol building also located in Lincoln, "“The salvation of the state is watchfulness in its citizen." The rotund fellow has been watching so long, he has melded into his park bench.

(I see on the internet that several individuals and civic groups now use the phrase, "The Watchful Citizen." But I like to think my mother first coined it.)

Betty and The Watchful Citizen. The sculpture was installed seven months before Betty's death in 1994. The interactive sculpture has become a popular Lincoln photo-op.

In a newspaper interview, Betty said, "I hope it will be the kind of sculpture that people climb on and interact with and feel good about, something that people will take pictures of with their kids sitting next to the man."

Betty went on to say that a good artist "helps you see a little bit better. We don't see a lot of what's out there. We edit out too much."

Betty wrote a separate autobiography.

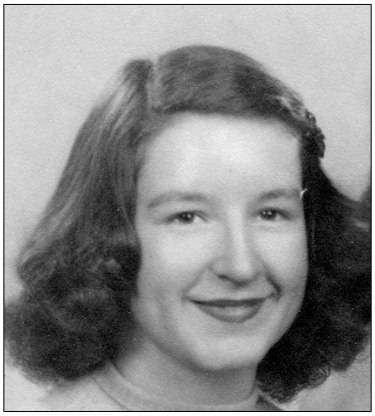
Children of Hobart Eugene Wallace and Florence Elizabeth[3] "Betty" Stanley:

i. Carol Jean[4] Wallace, born 2 March 1948 at Milwaukee, WS
ii. Donald Hugh Wallace, born 18 Apr 1952 at Lincoln, NE.
iii. Nancy Beth Wallace, born 13 July 1953 at Lincoln, NE.
iv. James Stanley Wallace, born 25 Aug 1957 at Lincoln, NE.

12 Martha[3] Ream (adopted), (Dwight Thoburn[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 11 Feb 1930 in Topeka, KS; died 14 Feb 2018 in Salina, KS. She married 27 Aug 1949 at Lawrence, KS, **Harry Albert Shimp**, born 1 July 1926 in Minto, ND; died 21 Aug 2007 at Salina, KS.

Martha earned a degree in English from Washburn University. She taught English in Topeka, and briefly at Salina South High School. For the majority of her working life, she worked for the offices of the Salina Orthopedic Clinic.

Martha, age 8 months



Martha

Scott, Harry, and Martha in Salina, KS, 1966

Harry served in the Marine Corps in the South Pacific during WWII as an amphibian tractor operator, including Guadal Canal. He graduated from Washburn University, and did graduate work at Fort Hays State University and the University of Missouri at Columbia. Harry was employed by the State of Kansas Vocational Rehabilitation in 1955 as a counselor in Iola, Kansas, and from 1958 to 1966 was a supervisor of local Vocational Rehab offices in Topeka. He took possession of Schilling Air Base Hospital for the State in 1966, creating the Vocational Rehabilitation Center in Salina, and was its first administrator until his retirement in 1988. He also worked extensively throughout the United States as an evaluator for the Committee for Accreditation of Rehabilitation Facilities.

Son of Harry Albert Shimp and Martha[3] Ream:

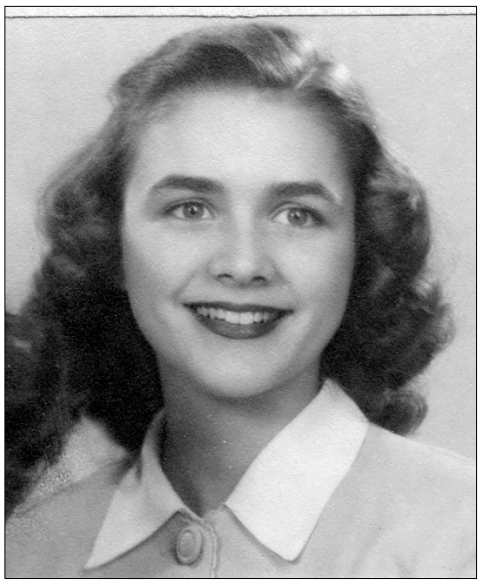
\+ 26 i. Harry Scott[4] Shimp, born 19 Jan 1959 at Topeka, KS.

13 Mary[3] Ream, (Dwight Thoburn[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 10 July 1932 at Topeka, KS; died 2 June 1990 at Gaithersburg, MD, buried Sunset section, Mt. Hope Cemetery, Topeka, KS. She married 1) 2 Feb 1952 at Topeka, KS, **Robert Ransom Cox**, born 11 Nov 1927 in Arkansas City, KS. Divorced 18 Oct 1978 at Harris, TX. Mary married ca 1978, 2) **Jacob A. "Skip" Dickinson**, born 13 Oct 1932 at Topeka, KS; died 2 June 1990 at Gaithersburg, MD.

Mary graduated from Topeka High School in 1950 where she was both high school queen and valedictorian of her class. She finished her college degree after she was married to Bob, and first taught school in Houston. After three years, she returned to Topeka, teaching in the Auburn-Washburn district for 12 years, at Pauline South Middle School for nine years, and three years at Jay Shideler Middle School. She was named Teacher of the Year in 1988.

Skip and Mary had been high school sweethearts. He had three children from a previous marriage. Skip was a veteran of the Coast Guard and a retired commander in the Kansas City Coast Guard Reserve. An architect, he designed several retail office buildings and private homes in Topeka. He established and was president of Delta Designs, a company that manufactured specialty museum

cases, and had 12 employees.

Mary Ream

They died together in a private airplane accident in Gaithersburg, MD on a flight enroute between Richmond and Arlington, VA. Skip was piloting their Beechcraft Bonanza A-36 and attempting to land at the Montgomery County Airfield. Officials there noticed that the landing gear was improperly extended and tried to notify the pilot. The airplane cartwheeled and burst into flames.

Michael Ondaatje dedicated his 1992 book *The English Patient* partially in memory of Skip and Mary. The book features a plane crash.

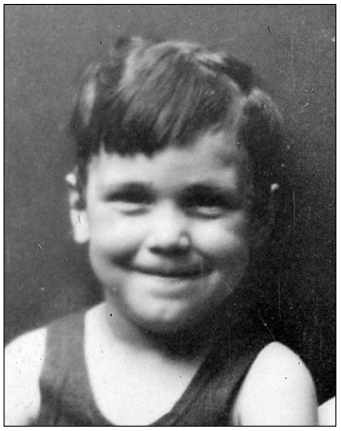

Mary and Skip made a motorcycle trip to San Francisco in 1980, visiting her cousin Nancy (Ream) Rose.

Children of Robert Ransom Cox and Mary[3] Ream:

i. Deborah Kay[4] Cox, born 14 May 1956 at Fort Collins, CO; died 26 May 2019 at Spring, TX. She married 1) 28 Apr 1979 at Harris, TX, Jay T. Rosel. Divorced 29 May 1990 at Fort Bend, TX. The divorce cites two children. She married 2) 26 Nov 1994 at Harris, TX, Richard P. Henrikson; divorced 16 May 2000 at Tarrant, TX. She married 3) 17 June 2006 at Montgomery, TX, Michael Wayne Hardin.

ii. Michael Blair Cox, born 27 Aug 1959.

14 Barbara Jo[3] Ream, (Merrill Joyce [2] "Jay", Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 20 Apr 1928 in Summit, NJ; died 30 July 2020 at Ann Arbor, MI. She married 26 May 1955 in Somerset, PA, **Robert Earl Debrodt**, born 23 June 1925 in Detroit, MI; died 22 Jan 2018 at Ann Arbor, MI.



Barbara Jo, age 4

Barbara Jo, age 20

Barbara graduated with a B.A. in psychology from the University of Michigan in 1949, and a master's

degree from Boston University, 1953. She then moved to Chicago and on to Detroit in her career in publishing sales. During one sales call in 1955 she met Robert Debrodt. Her early work was in the field of public relations – *Modern Bride* magazine in Chicago, the Pittsburgh Red Cross, the National Educational Television Network, and a Detroit bank.

Barbara Jo and her family visited her uncle Frank Ream at his vacation home in Pemiquid Point, Maine in 1970.

l to r: Barbara Jo, Frank Ream, Bob, Donna, and Carol.

Barbara Jo authored the book *How to Put Your Husband through College: a practical guide for the college wife*, Harper & Row, 1970. It was featured on "The Today Show," and she was interviewed on live television in New York.

She returned to graduate school herself, earning a law degree from the University of Michigan in 1979, passing the bar exam on her first attempt. Her first law job was Assistant Legal Counsel to Michigan Governor William Milliken. She moved on to become an assistant prosecuting state attorney in Ann Arbor for the rest of her legal career.

Barbara Jo

In 1993 she reported that she was now retired and was enjoying piano lessons and kayaking. She also traveled widely, enjoyed singing, and the New York Times crossword puzzle.

Bob served in the US Navy during WWII, playing trombone in the Navy Band. He attended Wayne State University and the University of Michigan, earning both his B.A. and M.A. degrees in history. His career was spent at the University of Michigan, first in the television broadcasting department, then in fundraising, alumni relations and the Office of Legal Counsel. He earned his J.D. degree in his 50s,

commuting to the University of Toledo to finish it. In 1993 he was serving as Director, Development Legal Services, University of Michigan.

On learning of Barbara Jo's death, her cousin Nancy Ream Rose wrote, "Barbara Jo was a very special person -- fabulous smile and laugh, which she used very frequently. Interested in everybody she met and she was great fun to converse with…I was very lucky to spend time with this exceptional lady and I always enjoyed her company tremendously. The world has lost one of the great ones."

Children of Robert Earl Debrodt and Barbara Jo[3] Ream:

i. Donna Catherine[4] Debrodt, born 21 March 1958.
ii. Carol Jean Debrodt, born 8 March 1961.

15 James Terrill[3] Ream (Merrill Joyce [2] "Jay", Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 8 Sep 1929 in Summit, NJ; died 10 Aug 2010 in San Francisco, CA. He married 1) 9 June 1953 at Smith College, Northampton, MA, **Joyce Kimball Johnson**. Divorced 1976. He married 2) 1 Jan 1980 at Berkeley, California, **Nancy Buford Maguire**, born 23 July 1938 in St. Louis, MO, daughter of Anthony and Ann Buford.

Jim graduated from the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn., 1945-47, Cornell University 1947-53 with a Bachelor of Architecture degree, Pratt Institute Department of Industrial Design 1953 -54, and received a Rotary Foundation Fellowship to the University of Rome, Italy, in 1956-57. He served required military service 1954-56 at Wright Air Development Center with U.S. Air Force with rank of 1st Lieutenant. His architectural apprenticeship was served at the office of Eero Saarinen in Michigan, followed by work in Denver where he began private practice in 1962, moving to San Francisco in 1966 where he was in continuous practice. In 1979 he was made a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects for his contribution to American architectural design.

Nancy grew up in Ladue, St. Louis, Mo., attended Mary Institute (1941-1954) and graduated from the Madeira School in Greenway, Virginia (1956). She graduated from Briarcliff College (1958) and studied art at Washington University in St. Louis (1958-60). She served on the Board of Directors and as president of the Friends of the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco. She is a practicing artist and graphic designer.

Jim, age 20

Jim and Joyce, 1973

Jim and Nancy, 1980

Jim Ream

His obituary reads:

> James Ream, FAIA, an award-winning architect, who from his arrival in San Francisco in 1966 to the present, was active in civic design issues. As an energetic member of civic organizations, he initiated proposals directed at the improvement of the quality of urban design and planning in his adopted city.
>
> Born September 8, 1929 in Summit, New Jersey, his education included the Choate School in Connecticut, his architectural degree from Cornell University, graduate studies in industrial design at Pratt Institute, and postgraduate studies in structural engineering at the University of Rome, Italy.
>
> He was active in civic affairs serving as vice president of the Landmarks Preservation Advisory Board 1974-78 under Mayors Joseph Alioto and George Moscone; board member 1979-1991 and president of the Foundation for San Francisco's

Architectural heritage; board member 1977-1989 and chair of the Advisory council, San Francisco Planning and Urban Research Association (SPUR); board member 1985-2005 and president of the Presidio Heights Association of Neighbors (PHAN).

His role in San Francisco planning issues started in 1969 when he directed the 1970 master plan update for the expansion of San Francisco International Airport for John Carl Warnecke and Associates. He led a consultant team to propose a change in the proposed concept for the pending Moscone Convention Center from large boxes covering two south of Market blocks to placing it underground with parks above which later became Yerba Buena Gardens. In 1989 he proposed a glass pavilion design as a stimulus to hold an international design competition to replace the existing dilapidated Cliff House with a structure to maximize the visitor's views of this dramatic site.

His architectural career began in the office of Eero Saarinen in Michigan, 1957-59; the firm of Muchow Associates in Denver, 1959-61; and his own practice in Denver, 1961-66 specializing in residential projects, highlighted by his winning the competition to build the Currigan Convention Center. He joined the firm of John Carl Warnecke and Associates in 1966 as Chief of Design for the San Francisco office, 1966-1969. Projects he designed during this period included the Bell Telephone Company Broadway Building in New York, the Hennepin County Courts Building in Minneapolis, and the Pasadena Conference Center in Pasadena.

He established his own San Francisco practice as James Ream and Associates in 1969. Projects included the First Presbyterian Church sanctuary in Berkeley, the Vail Transportation Center, Vail, Colorado, Stapleton Plaza Hotel in Denver, Canaan Taiwanese Christian Church in Mountain View, Colma Recreation Center, Julius Kahn Recreation Building in San Francisco, and Asbury United Methodist Church in Livermore. Residences include 2776 Broadway, 243 Holly Park Circle and 250 Walnut Street in San Francisco. In association with Jack Robbins as Robbins and Ream, Architects, he designed the Oakmead Office Building in Mountain View. He also designed the Lionshead Parking Center and the Cascade Sports Club in Vail.

He served as chief design consultant to the San Jose Arena. His work was reviewed in 60 professional publication and popular journals and received 19 awards for design. He was awarded his fellowship for the quality of design by the American Institute of Architects in 1979.

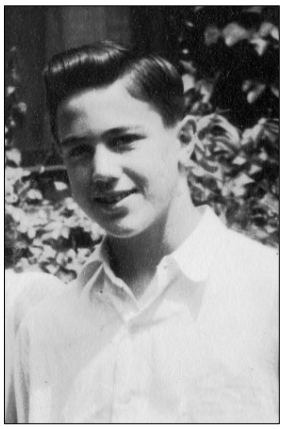

Examples of Jim's architecture: (above left) Asbury United Methodist Church, Livermore, CA; (above right) Currigan Exhibition Hall, Denver, CO, 1969; (below left) Pasadena Conference Center, Pasadena, CA; (below right) Vail Transportation Center, Vail, CO.

He is survived by his wife Nancy Ream, three children, Claudia Powell, Sarah Ream, Benjamin Ream and wife Lauren, two stepchildren, Katie Candland and husband Kevin, Annie Barnes and husband Jeb, and 9 grandchildren. Mr. Ream took great pleasure in his family. He and Nancy traveled widely, both abroad and in national parks, chronicling his trips with his fine photography. He also enjoyed attending the opera, symphony and theater. He was a kind and loving man who will be missed enormously.

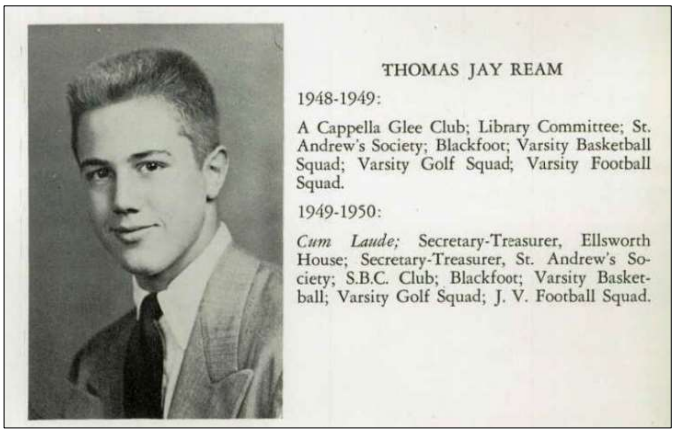
Children of James Terrill[3] Ream and Joyce Kimball Johnson:

i. Claudia Powell[4] Ream, born 5 July 1955 in Fairborn, OH.
ii. Sarah Peyton Ream, born 18 Nov 1957 in Pontiac, MI.
iii. Benjamin Terrill Ream, born 24 June 1961 in Denver, CO.

16 Thomas Jay[3] Ream (Merrill Joyce [2] "Jay", Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 5 Feb 1933 in Pittsburgh, PA; died 20 June 2006 in Celaya, Guanajuato, Mexico. He married 5 Feb 1970, **Maria Teresa Villalobos Ramirez**, of Celaya, Guanajuato, Mexico; born 2 Feb 1940; died 27 Nov 1988 in Leon, Mexico.



Tom, age 15



THOMAS JAY REAM

1948-1949:

A Cappella Glee Club; Library Committee; St. Andrew's Society; Blackfoot; Varsity Basketball Squad; Varsity Golf Squad; Varsity Football Squad.

1949-1950:

Cum Laude; Secretary-Treasurer, Ellsworth House; Secretary-Treasurer, St. Andrew's Society; S.B.C. Club; Blackfoot; Varsity Basketball; Varsity Golf Squad; J. V. Football Squad.

1950 Yearbook for the Shady Side Academy, Pittsburgh

Tom's freshman year of college was at Oberlin College. He transferred to the University of Pennsylvania his sophomore year. At Thanksgiving time in 1951, Tom suffered serious, permanent injuries in an automobile accident. He was driving north on Route 219 with Lois Lape (who, incidentally, was the 1951 Maple Festival queen). A trucking heading south rammed into the rear of another car and that accident caused the truck to swerve into Tom's lane.

Lois Lape eventually recovered, but Tom sustained a fractured skull and spent ten weeks in a coma. He went through years of therapy which his father Jay describes in his autobiography (Appendix B, page 171). Tom also wrote his experiences in a pamphlet, "I Choose to be Challenged."

After his lengthy rehabilitation, Tom was left with a very sharp mind, but an uncoordinated body. Eventually, he moved to San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where he married and raised a family. Maria Teresa was an interior decorator.

After Maria Teresa died of liver disease, Tom lived with his mother in San Miguel until her death. He then moved to a Catholic mission retirement home in the nearby town of Celaya.

Tom Ream

On his death in 2006, his cousin Dave Ream wrote, “Thus ends a long sad saga, which began on Thanksgiving weekend in 1951 with that terrible automobile accident. Tom never really recovered and was never able to assume the sort of place in American society that a handsome, vigorous, athletic, intelligent young man should have taken. That was all destroyed when that truck swerved over into Tom’s lane. As Barbara Jo *[Tom’s sister}* put it, ‘he really died two deaths.’ … On the other hand, she points out that he did have the love of a woman, and two children who gave him some degree of satisfaction.”

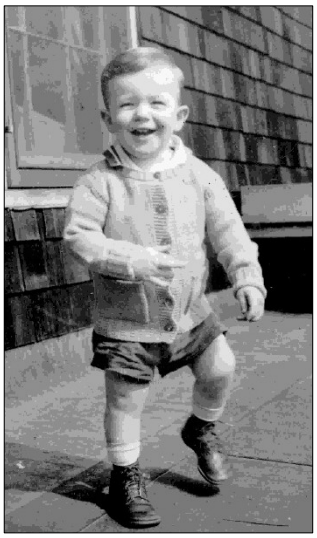
Tom concluded his pamphlet “I Choose to be Challenged” with these paragraphs:

> I concluded there WAS a quick and best way to successful human relations. To be popular and to have others like you, you must perform SMALL services for them.
>
> You must greet them with cheery salutations as you see them through the day, and above all, you must make the mental effort to remember their names. A person’s name is the closest thing to him, and, accordingly, he values it the most. Do these three simple things that cost no money, only a second’s thoughtfulness, and I guarantee you a lifetime of happiness. Ultimately, we seek not money, worldly possessions, nor power, but happiness.
>
> In conclusion, may I say that although it appeared impossible to me as I lay paralyzed in bed, I decided that if I maintained positive thinking, and didn’t allow one negative thought to cloud my mind, success and happiness would eventually be mine.
>
> And to all people who think that you have all the mysteries of this great Universe solved by intellectual reasoning, and do not believe in God, let me be one to assure you that He DOES exist, that He is a REAL force in this world, and that so long as He is with you, you cannot be afraid or fail.

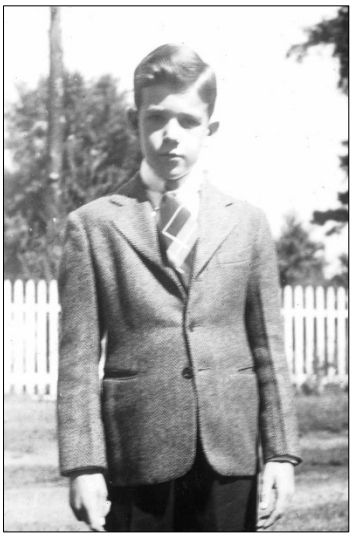
Children of Thomas Jay[3] Ream and Maria Teresa Villalobos Ramirez:

i. Tomas Manuel[4] Ream, born 25 Nov 1970.
ii. Maria Catherine Ream, born 1972.

17 Jackson[3] Ream (Joseph[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 19 July 1932 in Buffalo, NY. He married 1) 18 June 1955 in New York City, **Storm Davis "Skip" Small**, born 25 Jan 1935 in Chicago, IL; died May 19, 1966 in Birmingham, AL. He married 2) 28 Dec 1968 in Florham Park, NJ, **Joan Chicko**.



Jack, age 2



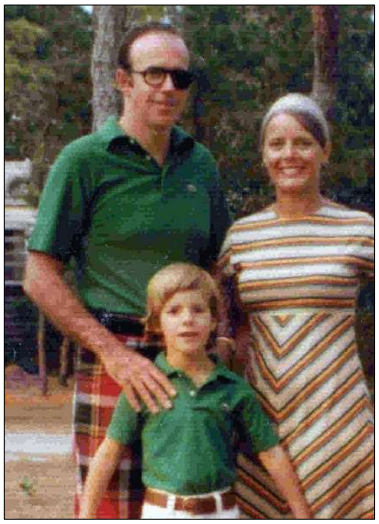
Jack, age 11

Jack and Skip, 1955

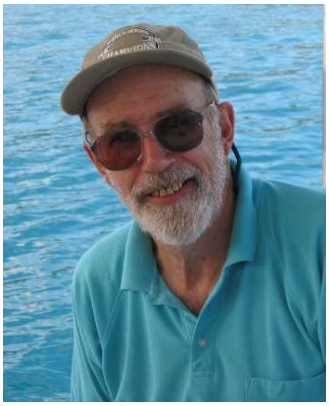
Jack graduated from Princeton University in 1954, and the Business School at Columbia University in 1956. In his career as a banker living in New York City, New Jersey, and Dallas, TX, he specialized in corporate banking credit policy. His banks have included Irving Trust, United States Trust, and Nations Bank.

After retirement from the Bank of America in Dallas, Jack and Joan moved to Heath, TX, 30 miles east of Dallas and near a lake. They have travelled extensively with wife to Europe, Asia and throughout the U.S. Jack says he keeps busy with rental properties and a 160-acre farm. He says, "I am still trying to learn how to sail my 30-foot sailboat."

Bill, Jack, and John, 1968



Jack, Darren, and Joan, 1977



Jack, 2010

Children of Jackson[3] Ream and Storm Davis "Skip" Small:

i. William Kelley[4] Ream, born 17 Sep 1957 in Glen Ridge, NJ.
ii. John Lawrence Ream, born 4 Nov 1959 in Glen Ridge, NJ.

Child of Jackson[3] Ream and Joan Chicko:

iii. Darren Ream, born 30 Oct 1970 in Summit, NJ.

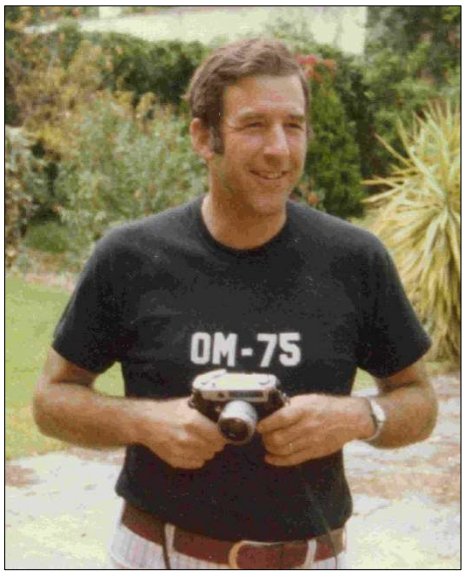
18 Stephen[3] Ream (Joseph[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 3 Feb 1934 in Staten Island, NY; died 30 May 1979 in Lawrenceville, NJ. He married 4 Aug 1956 in Princeton, NJ, **Mary Jo Smith**, born 1935; died 12 Aug 1992.

Steve, age 9

Steve and Mary Jo, ca 1955

Steve was a graduate of Princeton University and Harvard Business School. He had a career as an industrial production consultant for major manufacturers such as Cummins Engine, Mack Trucks, and ITT. He died in an automobile accident in 1979. Mary Jo died of cancer in 1992. They spent most of their lives in the Princeton, N.J., area, and are buried together there.

Steve, Stuart, Pat, and Mary Jo, 1963



Steve, 1978

Dave Ream wrote the following as a tribute to his brother in 2009 when Steve would have turned 75:

> Sorry I'm a day late in responding to this important anniversary. In addition to Steve's birthday, it is now nearly thirty years since that fateful rainy night near Pine Knoll Drive when the Volvo skidded into the ditch. Mentioning Steve's name pulls out a multitude of memories of my big brother. I'll share just a few.
>
> When we were boys and young men, I suspect that I had more contact with Steve than with my other siblings, probably because of our closeness in age. But he was always the big brother; I was never really his equal, or his match in size, strength, knowledge, or experience. Much of our working together was centered on projects of the Old Man, such as the farm in Millstone, the rented acreage near Middlebush, and the ranch near Tallahassee. On the latter project, the OM had so much confidence in Steve that he was the only one allowed to drive the Cat D4 in our land clearing and ranch development efforts. To witness Steve using the bulldozer to uproot trees was to watch an expert in action.
>
> In Middlebush, he and I—and the OM on weekends—spent a good part of each summer for several years around 1950 raising wheat, barley, and oats. In harvesting, Steve would drive the F-20 tractor while I rode the bagger platform on the combine. I would fill each burlap bag with harvested grain and slide it onto the ground. Then, at the end of the day, Steve would load the several dozen 60-pound bags onto the large truck and stack them according to a precise pattern for transport to the grain elevator in Hopewell. This was all hard physical labor—which Steve relished.
>
> When the Ream family moved from New Jersey to Tallahassee in the summer of 1952, the first step in the move was for Stef to drive the truck (and me riding shotgun), loaded with farm equipment, all the way for 1,000 miles. After offloading, we drove all the way back together. The trip was quite an adventure for a couple of teenagers! I believe that Jack and Steve then did another round trip together,

followed by Steve and me on the final one-way trip in the truck.

Steve was always a hard worker. He was the strongest close relative I ever had. He loved to show off his physical prowess, as well as embarrassing others he considered snobs and stuffed shirts. Some considered him a bit rough and boisterous, but I always preferred to see "Horse" as a big friendly bear, warm and cuddly. He was also quite a party boy, beginning at Princeton High and continuing through Princeton U. I recall spending a football weekend with him at the Cannon Club—rarely have I seen so much beer being sloshed around! But there were certainly other sides to his personality.

Steve was a highly intelligent and creative man—even as he pooh-poohed intellectualism in general. To recognize his intelligence required only a glance at his academic and career achievements. He had a way of artfully turning a phrase for others' amusement (and don't forget his classic cow call!) He occasionally accused me of being a "professional student," with my nose stuck in a book. Politically, he loved to flaunt his conservative beliefs; I recall his tongue-in-cheek comment in 1964 that Barry Goldwater was just a bit too far to the left.

He was also a great family man. He loved getting together with his close relatives—especially if there was a party. He was a most capable best man at my wedding in 1966. He and high school sweetheart Mary Jo raised a couple of fine children and stayed together for life. I regret that he never had any grandchildren; he would have been the best grandfather ever. After Caitlin was born, Steve made a loving fuss about her whenever we were together.

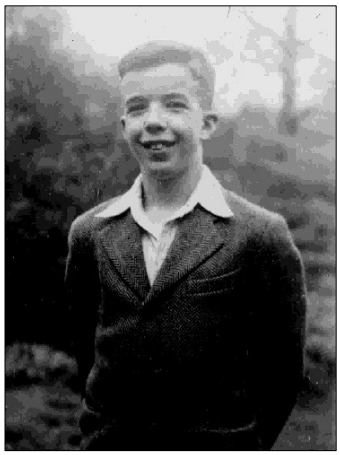
Here's how a couple of non-Reams who knew Stef described him: "Oh, Steve, you are so BASIC!" (Virginia Miller, the OM's #2.) "He's just a big ol' honn-gree boy." (Elizabeth, our cook for a while in Tallahassee, on witnessing Steve's appetite.)

I shall never forget Stef as a loving big brother, a very positive role model, a truly smart guy, and a wonderful pal. I still think of him quite often in my musing about the past. It was such a shame that he died as early as he did.

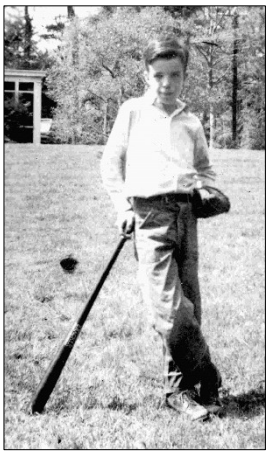
Children of Stephen[3] Ream and Mary Jo Smith:

i. Stuart[4] Ream, born 20 May 1957 in Columbus, Indiana.
ii. Patricia Ream, born 1 July 1961 in Newton, MA.

19 **Davidson[3] Ream** (Joseph[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 2 May 1937 in Ossining, NY; died 21 Aug 2017 in Evanston, IL; buried Oakland Cemetery, Tallahassee, FL. He married 1 Oct 1966, **Judith Ann Krampitz**, born 21 July 1941. Divorced 1985.



Dave, age 11

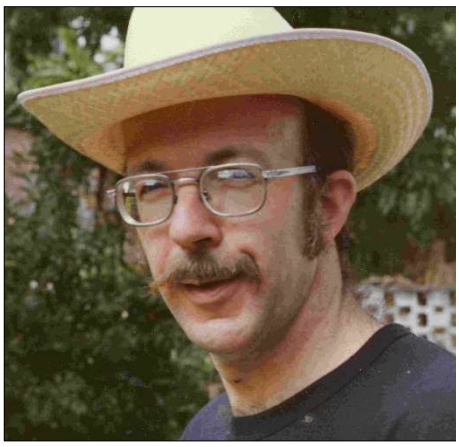


Dave age 13

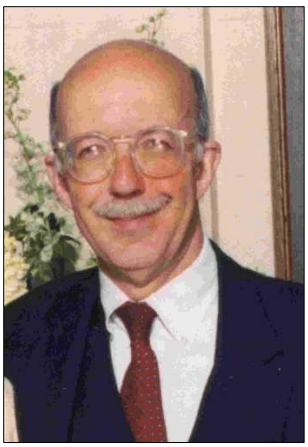
Dave, date unknown

From his obituary:

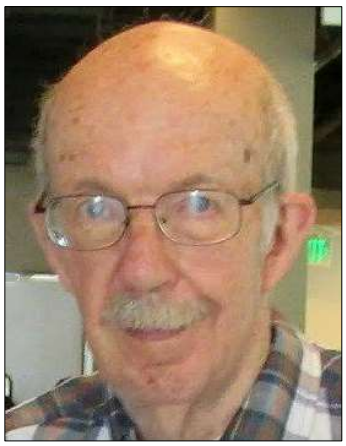
> Dave will be remembered as someone who loved his family, his work and his community, and who lived his life with enthusiasm and joy. He was a loving father, husband, partner, son, and sibling who gave generously to people and organizations dear to him. Everyone who met Dave found a friend who was always there to lend a sympathetic ear, helpful advice or encouraging words.
>
> A legal writer and editor at firms in San Francisco and Chicago, Dave authored numerous books and articles with fine-tuned logic and a love of the law. Throughout his life, Dave maintained a great zest for living that manifested itself in deep discussion of everything from the finer points of the U.S. Constitution to finding the best Indian food in Chicago to the Cubs' chances in the upcoming season.
>
> Dave was born May 2, 1937 to Joseph Ream and Anita Ream (Biggs) in Ossining, New York, and raised in Millstone, New Jersey, Princeton, New Jersey, and Tallahassee, Florida. From an early age, Dave had a fascination with the far corners of the globe, leading to a lifelong love of travel that included multiple journeys to Latin America, Europe and Asia, as well as all over the United States to indulge his passion for genealogy or "digging up bones" as he called it; he was never happier than when he discovered a new branch in his family tree.
>
> A veteran of the U.S. Army, Dave was a graduate of Phillips Academy, Yale University, University of Virginia School of Law and Boalt Hall School of Law at University of California, Berkeley. He maintained strong ties to Yale throughout his life, including interviewing prospective students, volunteering at Yale Elementary School in Chicago, and attending regular luncheons of the "O.F.C." of fellow Yale alumni. He served one term on the Evanston City Council; spent many years volunteering with the Mental Health Association of Evanston, the Democratic Party of Evanston, and Keep Evanston Beautiful; served as the president of the Ridgeville Neighborhood Association; was a marshal in the Evanston 4th of July parade; and played a key role in establishing First Night Evanston, at one point driving the truck that led celebrants to the fireworks display.



Dave, 1978



Dave, 1994

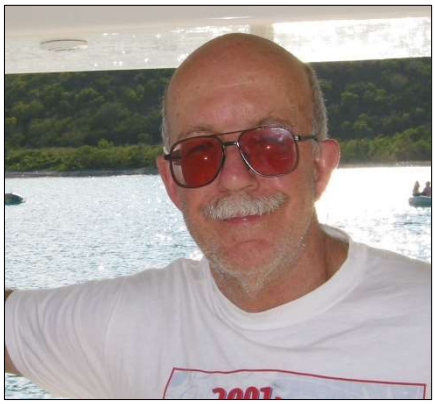


Dave, date unknown

Dave wrote this to Yale University to celebrate his Class of ’61:

> I prepped at Andover for two years before Yale. I was so restless at Yale that I took a leave of absence in sophomore year. Two years in the Army was the medicine I needed. When I returned to Yale, I was a serious student who stayed on the Dean’s List.
>
> In my last year at Yale, I had to make a tough career choice between my true passion – American History – and going to law school. I chose the latter, primarily for the practical reality of three years in school versus six or seven in a Ph.D. program. I have never regretted the choice.
>
> I earned a law degree at the University of Virginia in 1964. Even though I am a member of the bar, I do not practice law. I decided early on that my temperament was more suited to research and writing about the law than dealing with clients’ problems or arguing cases in court. Thus, my professional career has been in legal publications—developing law book projects, and writing and editing materials aimed at practicing lawyers.
>
> I enjoy U.S. and foreign travel. Right after law school, I spent three years working on law development programs in Pakistan and Sri Lanka. Truly an exotic experience.
>
> I moved from Berkeley to Evanston in 1975, and have lived in the same house for 35+ years. I have been heavily involved in community and political affairs, including a term on the Evanston City Council. I believe that every American who has personally benefitted in some way from the greatness of our nation has an obligation to “give back”—contribute time, talent, and energy to the general good.
>
> An even more important obligation, for all of us who have been blessed with children, is to love, nurture, and prepare those children for responsible adulthood. We owe this to society as well as to our kids.

I was married for 19 years, before my wife decided that she wanted to do something else with her life that simply could not involve me. I eventually recovered, and have enjoyed the companionship and love of one special lady for 26 years.



Dave, 2010

I have two children: Michael, a writer, is 40 years old; Caitlin, 35, is a librarian. Three grandchildren.

Thoughts of world peace? The terrorist threats that seem to plague the U.S. and other countries frankly have had no effect on my own sense of security or my overall positive attitude; perhaps this reflects some naivete, but I am confident that, for at least a few more decades, the efforts of national leaders will ensure that the United States remains at peace.

I have had a wonderful, full life—and I still have a bit of gas left in the tank. My general health is excellent. My children are now beginning to present me with grandchildren. I'm still active in legal writing, community organizations, and family history. And I have just enough material wherewithal to allow me to travel and otherwise do whatever I please. I am a privileged and damned lucky guy![95]

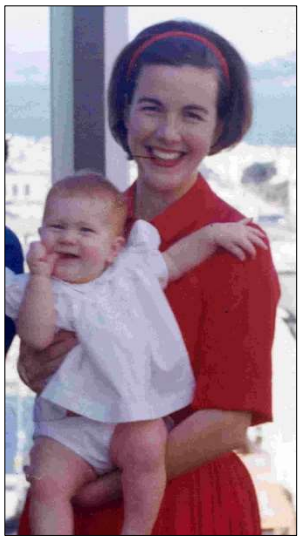
Children of Davidson[3] Ream and Judith Ann Krampitz:

i. Michael Eberhardt[4] Ream, born 11 Jan 1971 in Berkeley, CA.
ii. Caitlin Delia Ream, born 26 July 1975 in Oakland, CA.

20 **Nancy Cassandra[3] Ream** (Joseph[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 3 Apr 1940 in Ossining, NY. She married 1) Feb 1963, **Robert Paul McGrath**, born Oct 1933. Divorced. She married 2) 18 Oct 1981 in Belvedere, CA, **John "Jack" Byrne Code Rose**, born 25 Sep 1931 in San Francisco, CA; died 26 June 2015 in San Francisco, CA; buried Tallahassee, FL.

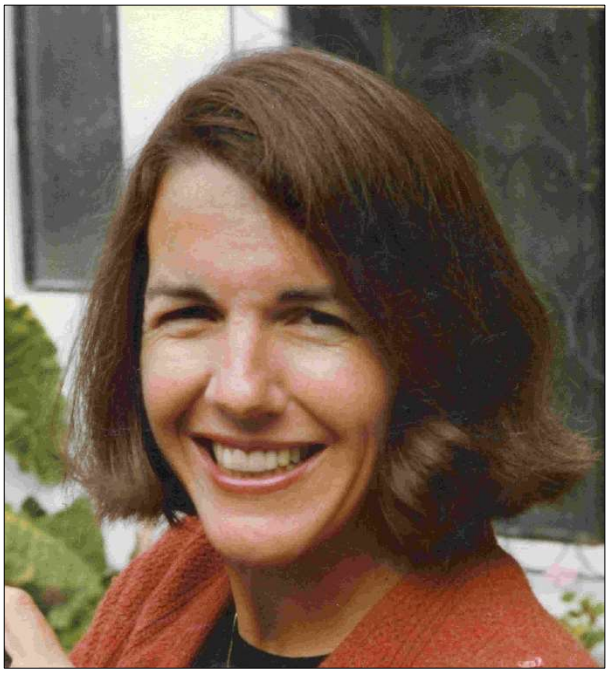
Nancy, age 7

Nancy, age 13



Nancy and Casey, 1964

Nancy is a graduate of the University of Florida. Jack worked his way up the men's clothing business to become president of Roos-Atkins, a major West Coast men's clothing retailer, and later was named a partner and president of Grodins, another major men's clothing retailer in California.



Nancy Ream Rose

Nancy and Jack Rose, 1999, dancing at the wedding of her daughter Casey.

After Jack retired in 1986, they traveled, taking courses at the British Museum in London to learn about antique prints and engravings. They eventually had a business purchasing, framing, and selling antique prints from Europe to buyers in the United States.

Nancy and Jack began a love of chamber music after a Danube River cruise in 1997. In 2003 they

moved to Reno where they became sponsors of the Nevada Chamber Music Festival, one of the country's top chamber music festivals which is held in Reno between Christmas and New Year's each year.

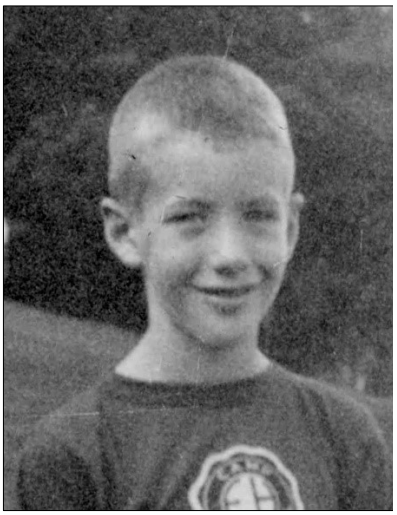
Nancy, her daughters, and granddaughters celebrate her 79th birthday on April 3, 2019.
(l to r): Cassandra "Casey" McGrath Giarman, Miranda Lis, Nancy, Cecilia "Cece" Giarman, Amelia Lis, and Mary "Molly" Alison McGrath.

Children of Robert Paul McGrath and Nancy Cassandra[3] Ream:

i. Mary Cassandra[4] "Casey" McGrath, born 12 March 1964 in San Francisco, CA.
ii. Mary Alison "Molly" McGrath, born 28 Sep 1966 in San Francisco, CA.

21 **Christopher[3] Ream** (Joseph[2], Theodore Jackson[1] Ream), born 31 Oct 1942 in Somerville, NJ. He married 11 Aug 1968, **Margaret Anne Kelleher**, born 1943.

Chris, age 2

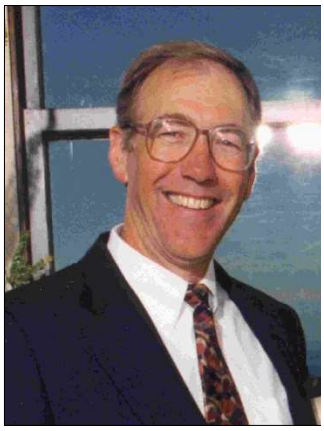


Chris, age 8

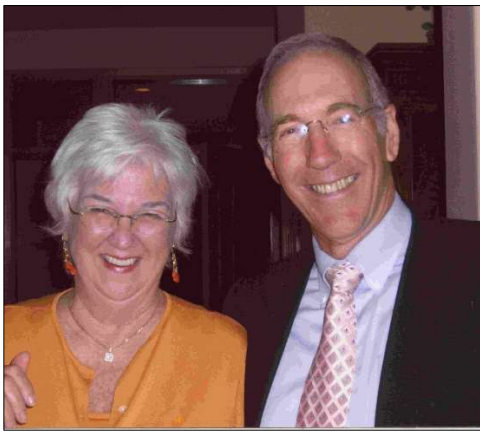
Chris, 1967

Chris is a graduate of Yale University and the University of California Law School. A Vietnam Navy veteran, he has practiced law in Palo Alto since 1971. After many years as managing partner of his own 20-lawyer firm, he is now a solo practitioner, specializing in business law (1993). Anne is also a lawyer.

Chris, 1978



Chris, 1994



Chris and Anne, 2007

Children of Christopher[3] Ream and Margaret Anne Kelleher:

i. Jason[4] Ream, born 17 Dec 1971 in Palo Alto, CA.

ii. Anita Elizabeth Ream, born 29 Dec 1974 in Palo Alto, CA.

APPENDIX A

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY LIFE AS A MINISTER'S WIFE

CASSIE REAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Written for the Searchers Club of Topeka, Kansas, 1934

[Cassie chose the included pictures.]

I was a minister's wife almost 40 years but to know one's life, I think, we must go back to the beginning. I was born in the hill country of southeast Ohio, a Buckeye by birth. This was in Muskingum Co., Zanesville being our county seat. The background or environment has a good deal to do with one's life. My people were farmer folks, upright and honest and my childhood home one of the humblest of homes. My ancestors on my mother's side were of Scotch-Irish blood, having emigrated from north Ireland several generations before my time. They were not noted for their wealth or high social positions or for their Letters, but they were rugged, conscientious, and church-loving people. They believed very confidently in the creed their church accepted. I think some of them experienced a fine sense of the Divine. These people of mine were strait-jacket, Sabbath-keeping Presbyterians. My father's people were no so ardent church members, but I think they believed in truth and right living. My father was left motherless at one year of age, and there was also a baby brother. He was cared for by a step-mother whose chief interest was to "work hard from early morn to late at night," as she was wont to say. The care of her own little brood as they came along did not leave much time for the care of my father. His nationality was said to be the Spotted-Dutch. My father, whose name was Thomas Hanes, and my mother, whose name was Margaret Ann Dain, were married in the early fifties and formed their humble home in Muskingum Co., Ohio. I was the third child, as well as the third daughter to come to this home. This step-grandmother of mine had often said in my mother's hearing that none of her people had thought enough of her to name a child for her, so my mother thought to please her, she would give this little baby girl her grandmother's name. So I was named and baptized "Cassander." If they had spelled the name and pronounced it correctly, "Cassandra," I would have carried it with better grace.

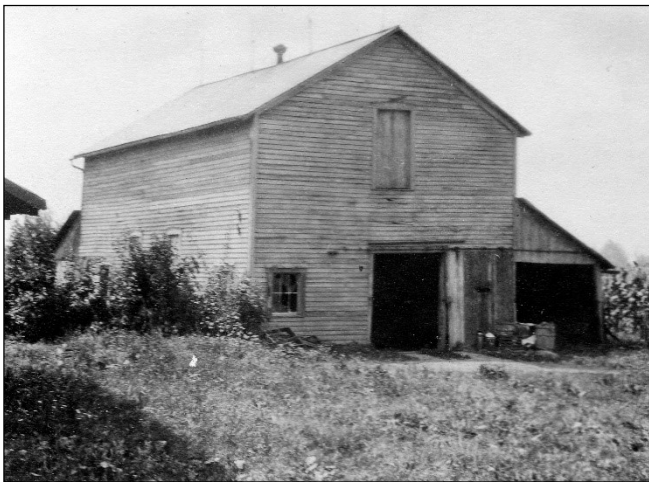
Just why the Lord ever chose a Minister's wife from such common people has always been a mystery to me. Most of my early life was spent in the little town of Norwich, 12 miles east of Zanesville, attending the public school, with all grades and one teacher in one room. One good thing about my home training was that I was required to attend school regularly.

The main street of Norwich was the national pike and is now No. 40, as it runs from coast to coast. I began teaching school in this same little town, a few days before I was 16 years of age, in a new schoolhouse of two rooms, with the handsome salary of $15.00 per month. The pupils ranged from the ABC class up to the fifth reader. I had 48 pupils that winter and I must have succeeded fairly well as the Board hired me for the next winter's term at an increase in salary of $5.00 per month. We received our pay at the end of the term. I taught full time for four years, except one winter when I was 18. I decided I'd go to college that term. I traveled north 100 miles, alone. The train zigzagged

around the hills and finally reached Alliance, Ohio, the seat of Mt. Union College, where I roomed with three strange girls, doing our own cooking. At the college I met a young man who was attending his only winter term. He became my friend. He was preparing for the ministry.

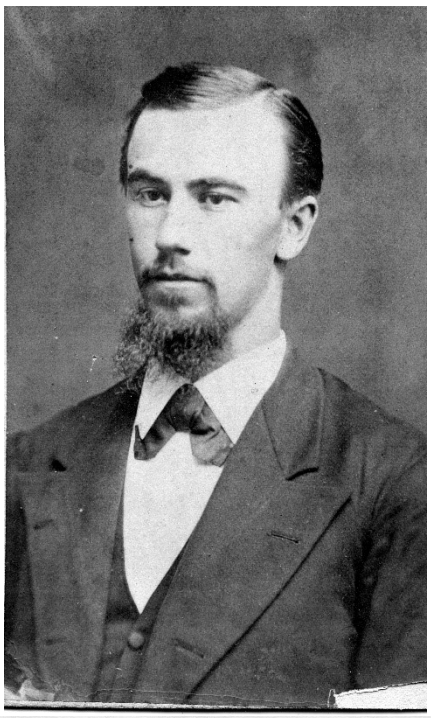
But going back to my religious life, I will say I was cradled and baptized in the Presbyterian Church where my mother's people had always worshipped. When I was almost 14 the Methodist Conference sent a new minister to our town. The Methodist Church at this place was not very popular, but this young, married minister seemed to grip the hearts of the people almost immediately. In October he began a revival meeting. He was a good preacher and drew crowds to hear him. This meeting was one of the rather emotional and noisy revivals the Methodists used to have. Nevertheless, it carried conviction of sin to the hearts of the people and there were many conversions. As a schoolgirl I went with other girls to the protracted meeting. Immediately I was under conviction. One evening my mother went with me and on our way home I asked permission of her to go to the altar the next evening. She said, "Yes, you may go. Why did you not go this evening?" The next evening I went alone to the altar. The second evening the Lord graciously rolled the burden of guilt away, but I was not one of the noisy kind. Then I felt I must join the Methodist Church, though one of the girls wanted me to join the Presbyterian Church with her. My mother was willing I should join the Methodist Church. Her pastor and some of the members thought she did wrong to allow me to stray away from their ranks. At this meeting there was a certain young man who was joyously converted and he decided he was going to be a minister. He afterward became my special friend and, of course, I had visions of being a minister's wife, but later developments proved this was not to be with him.

Where I became a Methodist at 14yrs.

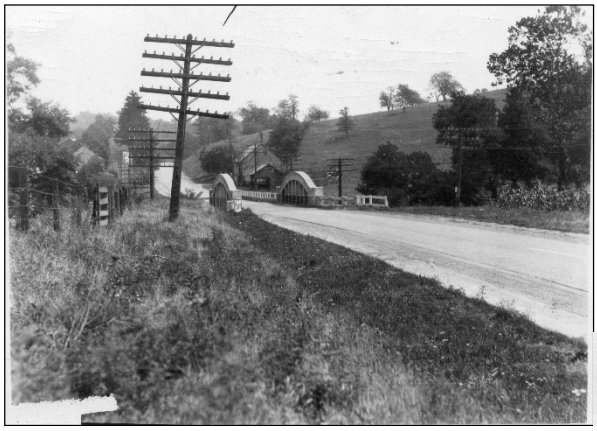


The remains of the schoolhouse at Norwich, Ohio where I taught school at 16yrs of age

Returning to my college friend, who chose me to become a member of his Bible class and whom I had met only a few times, when he was obliged to go to his home on account of illness. At the close of this term I returned to my home and my teaching. He obtained my home address through one of my roommates and during the next year we exchanged letters occasionally. In the fall of that year he thought he wanted to come down to our part of the country for a short visit, but somehow I managed to sidetrack that visit. He then went with a party of excursionists to Kansas, partly on account of his health and also to find work as a minister. He found pioneer work in central Kansas under the Presiding Elder, Dr. Dearborne. After this we corresponded more regularly. Then, one day while on my knees, the Lord made it plain to me that I should accept his proposals. In November of '78, when I was not quite 20 years old he came to claim me as his bride, so I have been Mrs. Ream ever since, a promise I have never regretted. We were married by my mother's pastor, a fine Presbyterian minister who never could preach without shedding tears. Before we were married I had not heard my husband preach, so on this first Sabbath we were at home he was persuaded to preach in the evening in our Methodist Church. It was a cold, rainy evening but the old brick church was filled with folks. Some were, perhaps, curious but I think also my friends. I have never forgotten that first sermon, the text of which was, "The Word of the Lord Is Tried." In a few days we went north for a visit with my husband's people whom I had never seen. They were Pennsylvania Dutch people, kind hearted and religious; though they had never known any other church than the Methodist church I never had occasion to feel other than at home with them.



Cassie Hanes at 18 yrs. Rev. Theodore J Ream at 25



No. 40 9 miles east of Zanesville, Ohio. near where we were married.

After a brief visit we journeyed on to Kansas and landed at Brookville, where we were greeted by a Kansas blizzard. We were cared for by some friends, Hogabooms by name. As soon as the weather moderated we were driven in a lumber wagon, with our trunks, ten miles south to the Venango charge, which my husband had served the previous summer. This charge had six appointments and was 75 miles around. During the winter we attended four revival meetings. On this pioneer charge we visited the people, some of them living in dugouts and sod houses. We ate with them of their very common fare, also slept there. They made us very welcome.

We had some experiences crossing the Smoky Hill River, or rather, fording it, dangerous on account of quicksand. Once we ventured to cross on the ice with our faithful pony, Dexter, and a buckboard

buggy. Before we reached the farther shore the ice broke. The Preacher stepped out lightly and managed to reach the shore, leaving me to drive out. We crossed safely and on that side of the river we visited an English family by the name of Merryweather, who served us tea and –among other things—boiled eggs in little wooden-stemmed cups. It was some art to open the shell and eat from those little cups.

On this charge, one cold day, we went calling with some friends in a big, white, covered wagon. We called on one very poor family living in a one-room shack out on the prairie. They had nine children, all under ten years of age; no twins, but one set of triplets, two boys and a girl. They were named Leaf, Bud and Blossom, and were two and one-half years old when we saw them. There was s cook stove and a small table between the beds on either side. The children's feet were wrapped in rags to keep them warm.

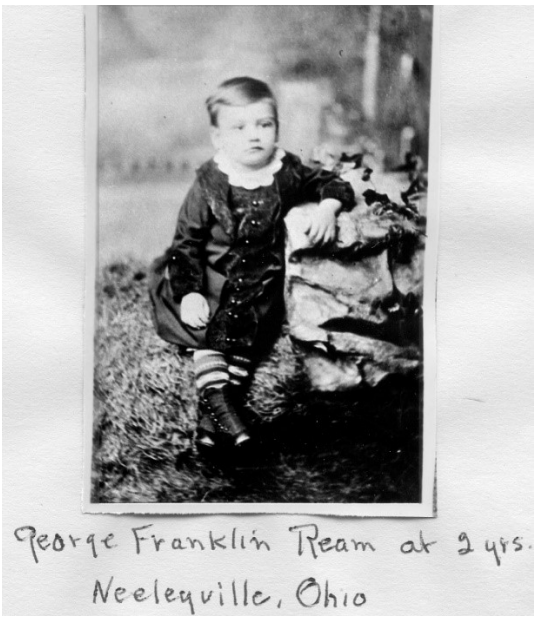
From Venango we were sent by the Conference to Delphos, 50 miles north. We moved in a lumber wagon, with a hired man and his team and our pony tied behind. It took us all day to drive that distance, arriving there about 9 P.M. after fording the Solomon River. This little town had almost all gone to bed, though we did find one man just closing his place of business. He happened to be the next door neighbor to the parsonage. This man, Jimmie Clark, was a Presbyterian and always a good friend. They kept us overnight. We had some outstanding experiences while in this place, which might be interesting. One warm and sultry afternoon in May we were driving home from a District Conference in Salina. They sky was very heavily overcast and the air oppressive. About 5 P.M. it seemed like a severe storm was near. I insisted on stopping at a farmhouse where we could watch and wait developments. While we were looking, all at once the heavy cloud came down in a funnel-shaped form, and began moving away from us. It crossed the Solomon River, drawing up mud and fish, and by its great whirling power broke the tops from trees, which looked like a great flock of birds. This mud from the river was plastered over the waving wheat fields. The cloud moved on to the northwest, wrecking houses, killing some people and stock as it traveled on and east of our town. We followed the trail and saw the destruction and the excitement of some of the people. Two weeks later another storm struck Delphos at 9:30 in the evening. We were having a committee meeting at the parsonage, arranging for a Children's Day program, when all at once a large barn door from across the street came broadside against the front of our house. The house began to move and we all rushed for the door but could not go outside. To keep our footing we all held together amid the crashing of windows and falling plaster. We could do nothing but sing our prayers: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and "Rock of Ages" were precious to us then and since. We miraculously escaped injury. There was much destruction and this left us a little nervous about storms.

Next, I want to speak of a very interesting incident in our family life. Just about a year after these storms our first child and son came to bless our home. After some warm weather and dust storms, he came on a cool Thursday noon, the 27th of May, with neighbors and a grandmother in attendance. We knew nothing of hospitals at that time. We named him George Franklin. A note in the local paper said Rev. T. J. Ream was the happiest man in town, simply because an 11 lb. boy had come to his home.

In traveling this charge and going to one of the preaching places, a schoolhouse, it was quite interesting to drive through a prairie-dog-town. The little, tan, fat animals would sit up very boldly on the edge of their ground homes and bark, but when we came near they would drop out of site. My husband shot one once and was very proud of his prize. We spent two pleasant years at Delphos and enjoyed the "Peace of the Solomon Valley." My husband worked very hard in the interests of the

Prohibition Amendment to the Kansas Constitution. The salary at this place was $400.00 plus $50.00 missionary money. Some of the best people we ever knew lived in this pioneer charge.

From this place we were sent to Russell and moved by train. My husband decided to pack our few belongings in one large packing box. When unpacking this box at Russell we found so many things broken that plans were changed and I was made mistress of the packing boxes. At Russell we found a good parsonage, a nice church and a fine people. That summer of '81 was similar to this one of '34. It was dry and hot and crops burned and storms threatened on the far horizon, which kept us a little nervous. We naturally became a little homesick for our native state. So in August we decided to take a trip east and visit the home folks, and possibly transfer. At the Conference in September the Bishop transferred us to the East Ohio Conference and appointed us to Neeleyville.


George Franklin Ream at 2 yrs.
Neeleyville, Ohio

We went by boat down the Muskingum River to McConnellsville, then out six miles farther among the hills. Here we found folks big-hearted and kind, especially some of the Irish people who were rather demonstrative with their kindness. In those days it seemed the most important part of a minister's work was to hold revival meetings at all of his appointments. One of these was at a schoolhouse near the county Farm. The house was built up on stilts, to be out of reach of high water and sometimes the people would come in boats. One man from the County Farm always came and sat on the front seat. When asked if he were a Christian his reply was, "Yes, I always make a start at every big meeting." At the Hopewell appointment on this charge I taught a class of girls. At Christmas they gave me a purse which, I think, contained a little more than seven dollars with which I bought the first silver I ever had, also a gold pen for my husband. I have two of the spoons yet, which I prize. We were at this place one year and then were sent to Byesville, a little mining town five miles south of Cambridge, which is on No. 40. We moved into a small rented house and tried to paper it ourselves, but failed. Soon we moved in with a druggist whose wife had recently died. A little later it seemed necessary to build a parsonage, which we did, and also enlarged the church building. At this place I first came in contact with the W.F.M.S. and was happy to join. I also taught in the S. S. As a remembrance from the class I have a glass cake stand. One little incident at this place stands out very clearly in my memory. We were visiting at a country home and while dinner and being prepared I took my knitting and began to knit. The host looked at me and said, "Why, do you work?" I guess he thought that ministers' wives

lived in ease and luxury on about seven hundred dollars a year!

Another little incident at Byesville, our small son and only child at that time insisted on visiting the neighbors. An elderly lady next door had died and Frankie (as he was then) went over, perhaps to sympathize. He said to the niece there, "and your mamma died." She said, "Yes, what would you do if your mamma died?" He replied, "We'd just go over to Macedonia and get another." He had been to Sunday School.

We spent two pleasant years at Byesville; then the Conference moved us to accommodate another minister and we were sent about 30 miles across country to Summerfield. Our Presiding Elder at these places in southern Ohio was Dr. J. R. Mills, whose wife was a member of the Thoburn family and sister of Isabella of missionary fame. Mrs. Mills was a lovely woman with a fine family of children. She wanted me to accept the position of President of the District of W.F.M.S., but I declined. At the four different appointments on this charge my husband spent the winter in revival meetings. At one of the places there was a man who said he had been seeking the Lord for 15 years and was not satisfied. He was graciously blessed at one of these meetings. He rode on horseback over those hills through rain and mud for days, constantly shouting.

There were two incidents which occurred while we were serving Summerfield, of which, perhaps, I have a more vivid recollection. On Thanksgiving day the preacher was invited to perform a marriage ceremony a few miles out in the country. His wife was invited as a guest. It was a grey, cold afternoon, and I reluctantly consented to leave our small son with one of the neighbors. Just at the edge of town we were about to cross the railroad track, a narrow gauge, when to our left the train was approaching around the hill, near the crossing; a shrill whistle from the train scared our horse. He was frightened and ran. He jumped and kicked as we rode rapidly down the hill. In a very short time, by some miraculous power, the horse and harness were loosened from the buggy and he scampered on down the road. The buggy was overturned and Mr. Ream was underneath. I, somehow, was gently lifted up and out by some unseen power and was placed by the side of the road, on my back, without a jar. It seemed that I was as light as a feather. I got up and went to the buggy and lifted it so my husband could crawl from under. The horse had kicked him on the shin and it was very painful. Otherwise we were not hurt, for which we were thankful. I came back home; my husband went on to the wedding, riding a borrowed horse which stumbled and fell with him on the way. He was just able to read the ceremony, and almost fainted by the grate fire.

Another memory was a trip across the country to our former home, to attend a District Conference. Someone conceived the idea of raising $20.00 for the W.F.M.S. and with this money the Conference conferred the honor of Life Membership on this minister's wife, the certificate of which I've had in safe keeping ever since. After the winter's work Mr. Ream was on his back with what was afterward called La Grippe, and nervous breakdown. Also about this time I nursed the other two members of the family through a siege of diphtheria.

At the conference in September we asked for a lighter work and were sent north to Damascus, O. This was a more fertile part of the country and the small town was noted for the Society of Friends or Quakers, of which there were two organizations, the Gurneys and the Hixites. They also had the yearly meeting there which was the Mecca for a large number of Friends. The Methodist Church at this place was rather weak but here was the home of Mary Carr Curtiss who has been nationally known in Missionary circles. At this noted town of Damascus, the next May, our daughter Florence Blanche was born.

My husband did not fully recover his health, so the next year we were supernumerary, and we moved to Greentown, his old home. This is a close neighbor to Canton, Ohio, President McKinley's old home, and where the bodies of President and Mrs. McKinley lie side by side in a vault. One can see the caskets through a glass front and they are guarded by soldiers.

Frankie 9 yrs. Florence 3 yr. Clarence 1 y
Columbiana, O.

After a year's rest we were sent to Columbiana which is the birthplace of our second son, Clarence Hanes, who began life with 12 lbs. avoirdupois. Here we found friends in the family of Esterleys, who later came to Kansas, and a part of the family to Topeka. Their three sons were educated dentists. Those little towns were rather staid and not very progressive. About this time we began to think of Kansas again, of her sunshine and bracing breezes and a good time to return.

We arrived in Kansas again in the next spring of '89 and almost immediately met our former P. Elder Dr. Dearborne, who sent us to Auburn which is almost a suburb of Topeka. This was a quiet little town and a good place to rest our nerves. Here was the home of Bishop Quayle's father, a very loyal Methodist, whose home the noted son often visited. It was during our pastorate at Auburn that the Epworth League came into existence, and we were happy to organize a League at Auburn. We spent three pleasant, restful years there, then at the Conference the next March we were appointed to Lowman Chapel.

On March 16 we moved our goods by wagon and the family by carriage, or surrey. It was a frosty morning and our young horses were high-spirited. Our son, who is Frank by this time, hitched them

up, and they thought to have some fun with him, staging a runaway. He was not seriously hurt. Some of the men of the town quieted the horses by driving them around for several hours till they were tired. After this we felt safe to drive on to Topeka where good friends were waiting for us at 1124 Prospect Street—now it's Garfield Avenue. We were soon made comfortable and could stay overnight at the parsonage. Just one week from this date, on March 23, our son Dwight Thoburn was born, as Mrs. Colvin can well remember.

I think the outstanding work of our ministry at this time was the Revival held at the Sutherin School House on West 6th Street. It was two weeks' duration and there were fifty conversions. Most of these joined Lowman Chapel and that seemed to necessitate the enlarging of the church building. The Prayer Meetings at Lowman were always a source of power.

Dwight 3½ yr.
Topeka, Kans.

Merrill 2yrs

Clarence 5yrs. Frank 13yrs
at Topeka.

While we were yet at Lowman, and Dwight was just 21 months old, another baby boy—Merrrill

Joyce—came to join the family circle. I think I never felt more tied down than at this time, with an increasing family and a salary of $900.00 or less, we could not have much hired help. I did manage to attend the Sunday morning service, as some of the folks now living will remember Mrs. Ream with her brood of five children, all sitting in the seat together, a custom which continued as long as any of the children were at home.

We spent three and a half pleasant years at this place. Then the lure of moving seemed to call again. We transferred to the Des Moines Conference, within the bounds of which my parents had moved. We exchanged with Rev. Goddard who came to Lowman, and we went to Harlan, Iowa, a county seat where we remained four years. Harlan, in southwestern Iowa, was surrounded by a very fine farming community, with splendid people. The work prospered and progresses so that a new church had to be built. We lived in an old parsonage on one lot. It was some job to keep five children at home on this lot. Of course they had some visitors, but when I thought it was enough I would call my children in the house; then the visitors would disperse. The children's father thought they would be interested in Shetland ponies, so he bought three, and a carriage to fit the ponies. No doubt we were a spectacle taking our drives around the country with these ponies. We found many good people here as we did everywhere. You know the good people are the salt of the earth. Our ministry in Harlan was marked by revivals.

But moving time came again and this time we were sent to Corning, another country seat. A fine class of people were here but the church property was rather poor. The parsonage was old and cold. This was the first place where we had a bathtub. We bought it from our predecessor, and paid him two dollars for it. It was movable and was placed in the kitchen on a raised platform, and we heated the water on the range. This first winter in Corning we were given another little cherub, but were allowed to keep him only two days when his spirit went back to Heaven. We thought to name him Theodore, Jr. My husband carried the little white casket on his lap to the cemetery, where his little body waits alone to join the family some day.

The family at Harlan, Ia.

This moving which usually came near the last of September, in Iowa, about three weeks after school had started, was rather hard on those in school, especially in the seventh and eighth grades and high school. This was a pleasant place to live but we moved on, this time to Bedford, in the southern part of the state. Here we had a nice brick church and a fine congregation, and a good parsonage with eleven rooms, electric lights and furnace, but not city water—a bathroom but not equipment. In three rooms and on the front stairs there was lovely red velvet carpet. There was also old parlor furniture. The parsonage was used for church social affairs, and with no maid it was some work for the minister's wife. Then, here, in October, Joseph Harold arrived. That winter I felt that I had just about reached my limit.

However, there were a number of pleasant occurrences. It had been the custom in the Ream family to celebrate the fiftieth birthday anniversary. That time was approaching, in April, for my husband, and he could not well go to Ohio to celebrate. I decided to have a surprise party for him by inviting the Official Board for a dinner. We had some chickens we were wanting to sell, and while he was out one day a neighbor and I cut the heads off of four fine hens. She was good enough to clean and cook them and make pressed chicken. He was a little suspicious of things happening, but said nothing about it. The guests arrived, much to his surprise and also enjoyment. We served the dinner and

instead of trays we used lap boards, which the ladies kept in the parsonage basement. This was really a BOARD meeting. A happy climax to this party was a surprise to me, also, when the Official Board presented to us a dozen pearl handled knives and forks. Later in the evening a brother and two sisters from Ohio arrived to add joy to this birthday anniversary.

Florence B., high school graduate at 17. Bedford, Ia.

Bedford was quite a little city for clubs and I was invited to join the 20th Century Club. I declined the honor of being president on account of family cares. While we were the minister's folk at Bedford our son G Franklin graduated from Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Also, while here, our daughter, Florence Blanche, graduated from high school. We were here three years and the minister's work seemed to prosper but the Conference wheel turned again and we were down for Mt. Ayr, another county seat, 30 miles across the country.

I think this was the first and only time when Mr. Ream felt hurt when the Bishop read his name off for a place of which he knew very little and had not been advised with in regard to it. This place, Mt. Ayr, seemed at that time to be having a depression, as the principal bank had failed and the president, who was a leading member of the church, was on trial for his business operations. The church had sent word to the Conference that the salary would be cut $200.00. It seemed that the bottom had fallen out. My husband was scarcely able to get home. He told some of the preachers that he was not sure that he would go to Mt. Ayr, but would decide when he got home and talked with his wife. I said to him, "Certainly we will go, there is nothing else to do." So, again we moved by wagon. He decided to go work with new energy and at the first quarterly conference they fixed the salary at $1200.00, which was the largest salary we had ever received up to that time.

The work was rather pleasant here, the meetings were good, but the church property was very poor and the winters severe. Mr. Ream's health was not good. We spent two winters here, with a wood

stove in the living room. While in Mt. Ayr, Bishop McDowell wrote my husband saying, "Bro. Ream, you are a brick." I think he meant that we would pull through all right. The second year, in March, the thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero, when I frosted my feet. About this time my husband decided he would visit the Kansas Conference. Before leaving this town I want to say that our son, Clarence Hanes, finished high school, also taught a rural school one year.

By some manipulation of the itinerant wheel the Conference at Olathe received us again, and we were appointed to Clay Center. We were glad to return to Kansas sunshine, after having spent eleven winters in Iowa. While we moved in March, Florence remained at Cornell College until June. In September of this year Florence and Clarence enrolled at Baker University, while Dwight and Merrill entered high school. We found very cordial people here and a good church organization, with a fairly good church building, and a big old rambling house for a parsonage, with three acres of ground to cultivate. The parsonage had a basement kitchen and dining room, also two other large rooms in the basement. One day I counted 97 steps from basement to first and second floors and porches. It was good exercise trying to keep this house in order.

It was from Clay Center that G. Franklin, after having finished his theological course at Drew Seminary and receiving a scholarship to the Free Church College of Glasgow, Scotland, started east to New York and to cross the Atlantic. My heart sank within me with this new experience. He had fine sailing going over and enjoyed the year at college. He visited on the continent a few weeks and returned in March, in time to encounter one of the worst storms the Captain had ever experienced. He was very seasick on the return voyage, but arrived safely and begin his work in the ministry in Kansas.

Joseph Harold Ream. 3yrs.
Clay Center, Kans

We were sorry to leave Clay Center after two pleasant years of service. The boys in high school were especially sorry to leave, but the conference wheel turned again and we were placed at Central Avenue in Kansas City, Kansas. The church people were fine and enthusiastic. We moved into a rented house which seemed to lack almost everything, even water. I think this was the hardest job

yet, to put this place in order. This was one of the years of a flood; there was plenty of water in the valley but we were high and dry. One day when three of us were on the streetcar going over to the Missouri side, my husband said, “How long will we be able to stand this noise and confusion?” Clarence said, “How soon can we get used to it?”

It was while we were here that Joseph Harold started to kindergarten. He had to cross several streetcar tracks and go uphill and down for several blocks, but he made it all right.

While in Kansas City we had the pleasure of attending the Gypsy Smith Revival Meetings in Convention Hall. Both cities appreciated the work of this evangelist.

It was while we were here that Florence graduated from Baker University. Our stay at this place was short, only one year.

When at the next Conference Bishop Quayle appointed Rev. T. J. Ream District Superintendent of Topeka District, we accordingly packed again and moved to the Lowman Hill Community, leaving Dwight and Merrill to finish third year high school in Kansas City, Kansas. Harold was the only child to move with us this time and he started the long trek by entering first grade at Lowman with Miss Schenck as teacher. She at one time was an honored member of this club, the Searchers. Mr. Ream enjoyed the work of the District, especially the associations with his preachers and visiting the rural churches and people. He was not strong physically, but completed his full six years. Since I was not the resident minister’s wife, I felt a sense of rest and retirement. It was during our term on the District that we built our house, in which I am now living and have lived all these years except the two years we were the minister’s folks in Hiawatha. It was while on the District that Mr. Ream and I decided to take a trip east, taking Joseph Harold with us. We visited our son, Dr. G. Franklin Ream, who was at this time pastor of a church at Westfield, New Jersey. We enjoyed the trip to the shore, as well as a number of noted places. On this trip was our first visit to Niagara. On our return we stopped at the old home in Northern Ohio and attended a Ream family reunion near Columbus, Ohio. After our return and Harold had entered the fifth grade, he decided he wanted to be called by his first name, Joseph, so now he is Joe Ream. It was during this term on the District that Dwight and Merrill finished high school in Topeka and entered Washburn College, graduating four years later. Clarence came home from Baker and took his last year at Washburn. It was also while here that our daughter Florence and Donald Stanley were married. Our oldest son had married an eastern girl, Euphemia L. Miller, four years before.

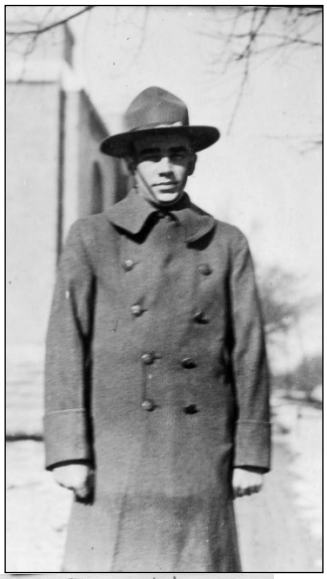
After the District work was completed, we served two years at Hiawatha. This is a lovely little town but we were glad to come again to the Lowman community, and my husband was happy to take the work of financial secretary for the “Home of the Aged,” a place he occupied less than a year, when his health finally gave way and he was called to his Heavenly rest and reward.

It was during Joe’s first year in high school that his father went away. After high school Joe decided that he wanted to go to K. U. where he could make his own record. From there he went to the Law School at Yale, where he received his degree and a position in New York City.

The family at Hiawatha, Kans.

Standing: T. J., Cassie, Frank, Clarence. Seated: Dwight, Joe, Merrill.

I should have said that while I was a minister's wife our son Dwight enlisted in the army, joining the Washburn Ambulance Corps, which very much depressed his father, but I felt that the Lord would take care of him.



Merrill J Dwight
Our soldier boys - 1918

Joseph H. Ream, our baby at Yale 1926, Law school in rear.

So ends my life as a minister's wife. I appreciate the prayer of Moses when he said: "We spend our years as a tale that is told," but I cannot agree with the Wise Man when he said, "All is vanity and vexation of sprit;" but rather appreciate the spirit of the Prophet Zechariah when he said, "At evening time it shall be light."

MISCELLANEOUS ADDITIONS TO CASSIE'S LIFE STORY

By Betty Stanley Wallace, 1993

A few recollections of stories Cassie liked to tell but did not put in her autobiography include her embarrassment at being seen barefooted in front of their house by the other young man in whom she was interested and who also was planning to become a minister.

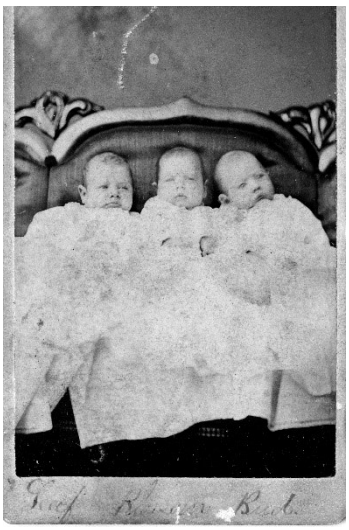
She described the exceedingly strict observance of the Sabbath her Presbyterian family followed, much stricter than the Methodists. There was no visiting or pleasure ever, only church, prayer, Bible reading, and meditation.

She was released by the school board from teaching at the end of her second year. The reason was that they believed she favored two little black children who came to the school. She insisted that she did not favor anyone, that she treated them all the same. And that she didn't care about not having her job renewed as she had been saving her money to go to college.

The courses she studied in college were algebra, philosophy, and rhetoric.

Staying with various families in their dugouts on their first charge in Kansas was a trial because the dugouts were always infested with fleas.

She kept a picture of the triplets that Grandfather Ream was fascinated with. On the back of the photograph he wrote: "David Billington born in O. Aged 36 yrs. Eliza Billington B in Penn. Aged 31 yrs. They have 9 children, 6 girls and 3 boys. The oldest 10 yrs. in Oct. 1878. The youngest 2 1/2 months old the 4th of Jan., 1879. Have a set of triplets 2 yrs and 8 mos. old named Leaf, Bud and Blossom. They live in house 12 x 14. Jan. 4, 1879."



The triplet picture that fascinated T. J. Ream. The Billington family was pioneering in Kansas. They eventually moved to Iowa.

Grandfather Ream became interested in pulling teeth at one charge where a dentist was not available. He acquired a full set of forceps and his patients told him he had a real knack for figuring out the best twist to get the offending teeth out quickly and with less pain than other dentists they had gone to. This led to a small business—Mother remembered the lines of patients in the parsonage on Saturday and Grandmother Ream serving as dental assistant with her basin. Eventually at one of his charges which had practicing dentists in town, the dentists told him he could not practice dentistry without proper training. Dentistry in those days consisted of little more than pulling teeth. So T. J. took a correspondence course in dentistry and completed it, but somehow in the process lost his enthusiasm and did not engage in dentistry again.

T. J.'s health was never robust and he looked for various cures. One he tried that someone recommended was a diet of only pumpkin seeds. Cassie and the youngsters spent a day cracking and separating out the edible centers, but wound up with only a handful of food. T. J. was quick to give up on that one.

Grandmother Ream's life went on for a long time after the end of her biography. She was always active in her church; she always supported the ministers even if she did not agree with them. Lowman Church, her neighborhood church where T. J. had once been the minister, was much inclined to give its ministers a hard time and she was always their champion. She remembered when the membership censored T. J. because Clarence played tennis outdoors in shorts.

She also liked to tell how Uncle Dwight tried to please his father by not playing football in college but couldn't resist going along with the team just to help the coach. At one out-of-town game Washburn ran short of players and the coach talked Dwight into playing. After it all came out, Dwight got permission to continue playing.

She wrote all the members of her family regularly, keeping them close. Christmas was a major effort for her, as the budget was extremely limited and she sent presents to all the family members. To the men she always sent two pairs of socks. No doubt her boys and socks were more connected in her mind than usual, for when she washed men's socks, she turned them all inside out; then after they were dry, they had to be turned again. For the six men in her life that must have been a major time-consuming chore.

Her house, which she and T. J. built at 1111 Morris next to Lowman Church, was moved to 1047 Garfield, a block away when the church added an educational building. It sat on the corner just across from Lowman Hill Elementary School. It was a great house—porch clear across the front with porch swing, a large entry with closets for coats and crokinole board, ancient platform rocker, marble topped table, and open stairs leading up. The living room had an Epworth piano with pictures of all the family on top, another square decorative oak table, a black leatherette horsehair stuffed couch that no one ever sat on, her rocker and radio. The dining room had a long table, a built-in cupboard that held her cut glass and Haviland china of which she was immensely proud, a daybed that Uncle Dwight napped on after every meal at this house, a buffet which held linens and her gleaming silver. She always gave every piece an extra rub every time it was dried, so that even the German silver kitchenware always carried a high shine. The kitchen was large and impractical and made for much running to prepare any meal. The back porch had a second stairway that led to the sleeping porch, a necessity in Kansas before air conditioning.

The light fixtures had been originally gas, then converted to electricity. They were an elegant, whirling form of brass tubing.

In the dining room was an automatic thermostat. The temperature went up to 70 degrees at 5:30 a.m. and down to 55 degrees at 9:30 p.m. I found the best study hours were after that but in no way did I dare touch the thermostat; Grandmother would be out of bed instantly. I bundled up and learned to study cool.

Upstairs were four bedrooms, two large ones that she and I slept in, a smaller one she rented, and one that led to the sleeping porch that was mostly used for storage. My bed was a wondrous brass affair that has been imitated but not duplicated in modern times. This house, unlike my Stanley grandparents' earlier house less than half a block away, had a bathroom included as part of the original design. And in the basement was an extra toilet, an antique contraption with a high-water closet and a chain to pull. There was an enclosed stair to the attic, which was completely floored, had a tall ceiling and was divided into two rooms. Here were trunks, pictures Uncle Frank had drawn of ancestors, school books from all the children through most of their education. It was a heavenly place to visit.

She was proud of her clematis vine and spirea in front, the honeysuckle on the north, the wild petunias in back which she culled the whites out of every year to help them keep their bright color. She planted pin oaks around the perimeter and once had me cut off side branches when they were

tiny, long before I started to college, so that they would grow straight. They did, and huge, too. The house in 1993 is still there, all painted and in excellent repair.

She rented a room to J. R. Billings who worked for the Santa Fe for many years but he eventually moved to Santa Fe. He would come in the evening, listen to Amos and Andy and then Frosty Flora, the Topeka weatherman who was predictably wrong, and go to his room. My brother Bob Stanley lived with her during his first year at Washburn. I lived with her for all four years, summers too, that I attended Washburn. I can remember lots of cinnamon toast and cocoa, fried parsnips and turnips. Dinners came earlier and earlier in the afternoon as Grandmother Ream liked to get the kitchen put away so she could relax in her rocker with her radio. She didn't miss any of Dwight's officiating that was broadcast.

Finances were tight. The Methodist Church prided itself on taking care of its ministers and their widows always, but frugally. T. J. twice accumulated enough money to make investments—one was to buy a wheat farm in Greeley County in western Kansas. Grandmother was convinced she had a chance of having oil discovered there which is still to be found, and I don't believe she ever received a penny from the crops all through the dry years. The other investment was a portion of a pecan farm in Louisiana. From that she received a large bag of pecans every winter, which she carefully counted out into six portions and sent to her children as part of their Christmas.

We recently discovered among Cassie's papers certificates worth some $10,000 in the Best Slate Company and a letter from the company discussing T.J.'s list of prospects for sales. There was also a certificate for one share, $100, in the Vehicle Signal Company. I don't remember ever hearing about these transactions so they must have been dead issues before my time, but apparently T.J. was actively pursuing investments as he could.

From Cassie's limited resources as a widow she set up the Reverend Theodore J. Ream Memorial Fund of $500 with the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions to help educate boys in a mission school of India. Presumably there are still boys there receiving scholarship of $30 a year. It would be curious to know if this is so.

She could be extremely domineering when she felt it was necessary. One time she decided Hobart and I were starting for Peru too late in the day for safety, and in spite of all our protestations that we knew what we were doing, she had her way.

She looked over my boyfriends carefully, and if she didn't approve, she put on an obnoxious old lady act that chilled them from ever coming again. Hobart had a way of showing up for a date very early which she liked. He spent the time visiting with her while he waited for me, and got her hearty approval.

She was amazingly tolerant coming from the background that she did. For example, she was aware that the college functions I attended that I called "parties" were sometimes "dances" as they were written up as such in the Topeka Capital. And in spite of the Methodist line against dancing, she did not ever comment or criticize.

One of her values which endures to this day is the importance of a formal education. All of Cassie's children graduated from college, some with advanced degrees, and all married college graduates. All of her grandchildren graduated from college. An in looking over the list of further descendants,

apparently this emphasis continues to hold.

On her 75th birthday the children collectively gave her a white gold filigree pin set with a diamond and two emeralds. It was the pride of her life. She gave it to me when she could no longer manage to lock it and was afraid of losing it.

Cassie's children gave her this pin on her 75th birthday.

She suffered a most unfortunate stroke which left her bedfast and speechless for her last two years. She spent them in the Methodist Home that T. J. had worked for.

She was a strong-minded, sturdy character, one we can all be proud of. Thankfully she is the one grandparent who wrote about her life so we can know her as a little more of a complete person than the others.

APPENDIX B

MERRILL JOYCE (M. JAY) REAM MEMOIRS

Topeka

On November 21, 1893 a new baby was born in the Ream family at 1124 Garfield Avenue, Topeka, Kansas. The arrival of this little boy was not a very happy event because there were already three older boys, and one older sister. Even before the meager salary of Rev. T. J. Ream needed strict management to feed them all and make them presentable at school and church. More important, the new arrival added to the problem of education, as Father's chief ambition was to see that each child got a college education.

The house on Garfield was from another century. There was a big coal stove in the living room called the parlor, and a coal or wood stove in the kitchen. In winter time, the heating stove was banked at night, so that a vigorous shaking of the grate in the morning started the heat, which slowly made the house comfortable. To avoid the discomfort of a frigid bedroom in winter, flat irons and soapstones were heated in the kitchen stove, then wrapped in flannel and placed under the covers at the foot of the bed, where they warmed the feet until sleep solved all problems. The kitchen stove had to be lighted anew each morning with paper, kindling and wood. Since the house had no insulation, it was cold in the winter and the bedrooms were ovens in the summer. A hot fire in the kitchen stove in the summertime made cooking an ordeal. Hot water was obtained from a small reservoir which was built into one end of the kitchen stove and heated by the fire in the stove.

There were no prepared foods. Even cooking oatmeal required half an hour. Therefore Mother got up some time before the rest of the family.

There was no electricity. Oil lamps furnished the light. There was no indoor plumbing except a drain from the kitchen sink. At each bed was a pot urinal. The family used an outside privy until I was in High School.

Washing clothes was a whole day's chore, as each garment was scrubbed in a tub on a washboard. The family's first washing machine rocked back and forth like a cradle. At either end were air chambers which, when the washer was rocked, would send air bubbles and soapy water through the clothes. Father had an inventive streak, so he attached seats to either end of the washer, thinking that two boys would enjoy playing teeter-board while washing clothes at the same time. Ten minutes of such teeter-boarding was more than enough. It was quickly no game, just another chore. The boys were glad that wash day was on Monday when they were in school. Nothing except a severe illness was allowed to interrupt school. Ironing was another day's task; the flat-irons were heated on top of the kitchen stove, a stifling chore in the heat of a Kansas summer.

There was no electric refrigerator, but an ice box which needed a new block of ice every other day, and a drain pan to be emptied each morning. There were of course no radios, telephones, T.V. or automobiles.

The barn and garden were Father's department. With a family of seven, a cow was indispensable. Raw milk was the most important food of the growing family. Father did the milking. He took pride in owning a fine cow. Mother churned the butter. As I grew older, caring for the chickens was usually my chore. I like this best in the spring when we would set two hens and had the excitement of waiting for the new chicks.

Transportation was by horse and buggy. Father was a good judge of horse flesh and he knew how to drive a horse with style. The boys took turns cleaning the barn, currying the animals and chopping wood.

The garden was primarily a vegetable garden. Spring was welcomed with rejoicing as it meant fresh rhubarb, radishes, lettuce, onions, fresh peas, beans, sweet corn and tomatoes. Father cultivates tomatoes with loving care and had the finest ones in town. Summertime meant extra kitchen work in canning of vegetables and fruits for the coming winter.

Father had other tasks which he enjoyed, and which saved money. He owned good clippers to cut each boy's hair. With a cobbler's outfit he half-soled and stitched leaky shoes. He bought a set of forceps and successfully pulled teeth that had outlived their usefulness. He carefully watched his children's teeth. In my case there was a tendency for the upper front teeth to strike exactly on top of the lower front ones, or even a little on the inside. He saw this would never do, so he prepared a small smooth piece of wood and insisted that I bite on it at an angle several times a day. He thereby made sure that as my teeth and mouth grew, the upper front ones would assume their proper place, slightly outside the lower ones. He was an amateur but good orthodontist. All my life dentists have complimented the placement of my incisors.

A minister's family bought their groceries from the grocer who was a member of their church. Mother occasionally groaned over the quality of the merchandise which was given a captive customer. Likewise all clothes were bought from a church member. Growing boys cared little about clothes but our one sister, Florence, did not take kindly to the clothes to be had on a parishioner's shelves. Her clothes were more than once a cause of intense family discussion. I remember particularly the serious matter of her high school graduation gowns. She must have a net one over light chestnut for Baccalaureate and a white one for commencement, both full length. Try and find these on a parishioner's shelves!

Father was mercurial, full of sparkle, and occasionally of gloom. He loved jokes, could mimic parishioners to the gleeful enjoyment of all of us. He had a good singing voice and occasionally helped the choir when it was in difficulty. On a trip to town he loved to chat and visit with everyone he knew, unmindful of the fretting small boy who was holding his hand in complete boredom.

Mother was always working, going her even-tempered way. Father was persuasive in proposing many wild schemes for financial gain. Mother would listen carefully, but her good judgement usually vetoed them. Whenever she was persuaded against her will, the project was always a failure. There was much talk at the table. Mother seldom joined in but at decision time her voice was final. As far as I can recall she was never ill, though often up during the night to tend a sick child. Her soprano voice in church was on the shrill side, but fortunately her speaking voice was low and pleasant.

At 10 p.m. or shortly thereafter, Father would start winding the clock in the dining room. This was a signal for everyone to start getting ready for bed. If one had not finished his school work, he was told firmly, “Very well, we’ll call you early so you can get it done before breakfast.”

SCHOOL

One of my earliest recollection was being left at home while my older brothers and sister went off to school. My competitive instinct was easily aroused. Naturally, I was anxious to go, too. My continuous inquiry about this was early practice in persuasion by persistence, and it was apparently successful as I entered the first grade (there was no kindergarten) in September before I was five years old. I enjoyed school work immediately.

However when we moved from Harlan, Iowa to Corning, I entered a different grade I. The first morning I did not like it and at recess left for home. My absence was not discovered till almost noon. My father took me by the hand, and sternly led me back to school and made it clear that, like it or not, school was not to be trifled with.

In Bedford, one teacher had the questionable idea that I move up to the grade ahead and join my brother Dwight. I was able to do the classwork, but I was outclassed physically and in games during recess, my physical disadvantage was for all to see.

The move back to Kansas, when we were in the Eighth Grade, was made in March. Not only was it a new school in a new state, but we had to delve into and pass a course called Kansas History. It was a torture for one who usually handled class work easily. The Bishops of the church did not give much consideration to the children in school when each year they transferred ministers in March.

In High School I met a new language, Latin, for the first time, and was captivated by it, continuing it throughout High School. Dwight didn’t care for it at all, so before each class he would ask me to go over the lesson with him. He was so desperate that I was able to demand from him many concessions. Nothing could persuade him to join me in two years of German. Our first German teacher was a Prof. Radke, a delightful character, newly arrived from Europe. His English was so sketchy that more of the class time was used in his learning English than in our learning German. He offered a prize for the student making the most progress, which I won. It was a book of large pictures of Berlin.

However, High School was not all roses. I could do algebra and was average in geometry, but solid geometry called for visualizing in three dimensions. This was beyond me, and I just managed to pass. Physics also left me completely cold, so no vocational adviser was needed to steer me away from engineering. Father thought my penmanship a disgrace and insisted on my enrolling in that course. Writing rolls of circles across a page, and practicing each letter one hundred times, bored me excessively and I made no progress. It was the only course I ever failed.

On graduating from Topeka High School (I had been 16 the previous November) I determined not to go to college for another year. I was still small even for my age, and I wanted to

participate in athletics, where my older brothers were so accomplished. Strangely, Dwight stayed out of school the full year also. Aside from earning all the money we could at odd jobs, I took piano lessons, even a course in harmony. While I made some progress, no talent was uncovered.

On entering Washburn College, we had great difficulty in getting parental permission to pledge Kappa Sigma. Father was against it on principle, and besides, it was expensive. Mother was on the fence, so eventually we had our way.

College was a real joy. I was able to made straight A's and win a place in athletics. Because of my brother Jack's influence, his love of poetry and his vast store of memorized classics, I took many English and philosophy courses. But never did I find as inspiring a teacher as my own brother. One science course was no bore. Public Hygiene was taught by a very able and demanding lady professor. Since Flies multiplied in manure piles, she required each of us to a survey four square blocks in the city of Topeka, and report to the public authorities the exact location of every manure pile in the area. In a few years Topeka was practically a town without flies.

Besides athletics, I made the debating team. Father came to hear my first intercollegiate debate. Previously he was annoyed with my careless speech, consonants not pronounced distinctly and voice tone hurried. He was pleased with my performance. We won the decision and he decided that perhaps I could learn to speak after all.

I was elected a cheer leader and was one of two managers of the Annual. Our job was to solicit advertising, hire the printers, and sell the book. "Sticky" Logan and I made such a handsome profit as managers that the authorities decided to make the financial profit for the college thereafter. "Sic transit private enterprise."

In our Junior year Dwight and I were both elected to Sagamore, the Senior Honor Society, the only brothers to be elected simultaneously. Dwight was President of Student Council and I was Senior class president. I also was elected mid-year to Tau Delta Pi, the local equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa.

For Dwight scholastic work was far down on his list of interests. In our Sophomore year we were both taking a course in Bible, one of the snap courses and well patronized. About midway in the fall term, Dwight decided that it was time he evinced some interest in the subject matter and he publicly asked the professor where would be found the book in which specific reading were listed on the blackboard. The Professor looked at him in amazement, "Young man," he said, "that's the text book we have been studying all fall!" The whole class laughed. Nonetheless Dwight passed the course with his usual paper thin margin.

My next collegiate work was a summer school at Columbia. Being a somewhat cocky young man, I was annoyed at that cold machine, New York City, No one would take my word for anything. My baggage was delayed. My room at the Dorm had bed bugs. When I remonstrated with the Renting Office, they insinuated that I brought them with me. The courses were overfull with school teachers. I disliked the whole damn place.

When I was High School Principal at St. John, Kansas, my old philosophy professor, Dr. Hefelbower, wrote that the State University of Iowa was inquiring about capable graduate

students in psychology, and that a possible scholarship was available for which he was recommending me. Since I liked teaching I decided to make it my profession. I followed up his suggestion promptly and the next fall I was at Iowa City. Professor Seashore, head of the department, was a national authority on the psychology of hearing and music. But I found the courses disappointing. We tested the thresholds and degrees of sensation in every field. My Master's thesis was on tapping a telegraph key. I measured, in hundredths of a second, people's variations in the number of taps they could make in ten seconds, both normally and under the most intense stimulation we could supply. With references and scholastic gobbledygook my thesis ran 150 pages! The one course I enjoyed was Statistics, which demonstrated that the tossing of coins and any other game of chance, has its laws like anything else.

Here I met my life long friend Pete Hanson. When we came back to finish our academic work, interrupted by World War I, I tried to get Pete to join me in Statistics. He replied that I didn't come back to college to learn anything, I came back to get a degree! (Ph.D.)

While in mid-year exams, I was shocked with a telegram telling of Father's death. I didn't know he was seriously ill. It was a long lonely trip back to Kansas through a winter blizzard. As I had been on my own since I started to teach, I was able to return to Iowa.

Since I had been in a fraternity all during college I decided to stay out of it at Iowa. But one day a chap with whom I played handball invited me to the A.T.O. house for dinner. After the second visit they began singing their songs. I guessed what was up and went no more. Eventually I looked up the Kappa Sigmas but never lived in the house or participated in their affairs. In my last semester at Iowa I was made one of four Proctors in the new Quadrangle Men's Dormitory. This gave me free a fine tower room.

Pete had been delving into hypnotism and one evening he tried it out on two Freshmen in my Quadrangle room with great success! However, news of this got around, the authorized were shocked and we almost terminated our academic careers then and there.

Also at Iowa I succeeded in getting certified in French and German. French was not too difficult as at Washburn I had become an assistant to the French Professor, but my two years of High School German were a pittance in this field. But at the time of World War I, all Germans and German professors were on the defensive and with tactful pressure plus some cramming, the much desired authorization was achieved.

Prof. Seashore tried to keep Pete and me at Iowa and as bait elected us to Sigma Xi, national honorary scientific society. But I had heard of more practical Psychology at Carnegie Tech and successfully negotiated a fellowship paying the magnificent stipend of $750.00. Meanwhile my old paper route in Topeka had been sold for about $350.00 so I was in good shape financially.

I arrived in Pittsburgh January 1920 with two suitcases. I asked about a trolley to Carnegie Tech. One man said, "Go to the right two blocks and take a care going left." Another said, "Go to the left three blocks and take a car going right." Later I learned they were both right but the streets of Pittsburgh, winding and turning with no reference to the compass, were baffling and annoying to a straight-angle trained Westerner.

At Tech both classes and fellow students were refreshing. Soon five of us, including Andy Kenagy, another lifelong friend, and Pete who followed me to Pittsburgh, were able to get a faculty suite in the Dormitory. We got our own breakfasts and on weekends Andy produced a fine home cooked meal. Occasionally we invited our professors, one at a time, to one of these fine meals. Knowing them in this way did no harm at all in our class work. Carnegie had been able to attract outstanding men in each department of Applied Psychology.

An accessory attraction was the Bureau of Retail Training in which were enrolled female graduate students from various parts of the country. Our dates with these sparkling personalities were very sketchy because we all worked hard and because finances were meager.

Since Tech had never given a Ph.D. degree, it was decided that I should go to the University of Chicago summer school and take a course in Neurology, a laboratory course in nerves. It was a complete waste of time for me. But I also added a course with Dr. June Downey who had developed a unique system for measuring personality traits. This I was to add to the research being done for my Doctor's thesis.

At that time, our group had a great dream, that with perfected scientific testing and evaluating, everyone could be directed to his proper vocational niche. My research was done on the succeeding classes in the School of Life Insurance Salesmanship at Tech. I really thought for a while that I had found the mental profile of the successful life insurance salesman and my thesis was put out (not at my expense) in a little book called "Ability to Sell."

This work attracted home office men from life insurance companies and before long I had two offers to join their Agency Departments. Meanwhile I had decided I would abandon the Ph.D. degree project since I planned to go into business but brother Frank came by and persuaded me that since I was so near the goal, it would be foolish not to complete it. After all I might some day want to return to college teaching.

So one June day I took off two hours from my life insurance work and donned the plaid lined Doctor's hood of Carnegie Tech.

SPORTS

From my earliest recollection, there was always a musical instrument in the house, first a pedal pushing organ, later an upright piano. Each youngster was encouraged to learn to play, but none showed any special talent, even with music lessons. Father was disappointed as he enjoyed music.

Later in military service, while waiting month after month after the armistice for my discharge, I took lessons on the mandolin, and succeeded in playing for my own enjoyment, but not for others.

In winter time in Iowa, every boy had a sled and my older brothers built a bob sled, the biggest one in town. Six or seven youngsters could ride it. The speed it developed downhill then seemed like lightning.

When spring came mud was everywhere, and boys walked around on homemade stilts. The foot blocks were usually two feet above ground, but Jack, with his flair for the dramatic, had a pair five feet above the ground! When the mud passed, marble playing began. Most youngsters played for "keeps," but Father considered this a form of gambling, and it was not allowed at our house. Still later in the spring, when the grass was up and the ground had lost its winter chill, we were allowed to go barefoot. What a thrill this was! The grass had a delicious feeling to feet imprisoned winter long, in hard shoes.

Summer time meant trips to the "swimmin' hole," where after weeks of trying, without any instruction, we in turn learned to swim "dog fashion." Occasionally we took a tent and food supplies and went camping. Once Jack and I went alone, but after the first night, he, who loved comfort, decided he would rather be at home. We had been out only one day and I was so disgusted with his preference for home that I refused to go along. So I camped several days by myself. I was the only one in the family who cared anything about fishing.

Summer time also meant croquet. Father loved this game and was quite good at it. For nothing else were we allowed to continue after meal time was announced.

With three boys as a starting nucleus, our house was usually the game center of the neighborhood. The dining room table was set up for ping pong and many a tournament was run. It was pretty tough on the dining room rug, but Mother resigned herself. This was one of the few games where I was the equal of my brothers. The neighbor children were always also rans. Ping pong was continued with our own children both in the big brick house in Pittsburgh and at Hickory Hill in Somerset. But by this time my standing near the top had tumbled. Also indoors we played Jenkins Up when we had eight or more available. It is a delightful and hilarious game, but in no other family was it played, as far as I know. At our son Jim's rehearsal dinner before his wedding, he asked for a game of Jenkins Up.

In the game, the players divide themselves into two teams and take places on the long sides of the dining room table, from which all cloth has been removed. Each team selects a captain. Only a 25 cent piece is needed. A coin is tossed to see which team gets the quarter to start the game. This team passes the quarter between the various hands under the table, until the opposing captain calls "Jenkins up." Then all hands are raised with elbows on the table. One hand, of course, holds the quarter. When the opposing captain says "Jenkins down," all hands come down together, spread out flat on the table. If this is done in unison, the resulting noise makes it hard to guess which hand covers the quarter. The object is to pick up every hand without the quarter first, leaving the hand covering the quarter till last. If the opposing captain succeeds in this, helped by advice from his team mates, his side takes the quarter and proceeds as above.

If he picks up the hand with the quarter while other hands are still on the table, the team keeps the quarter and counts as points as many hands as are still on the table.

The team with the quarter must take orders only from the opposing captain. If anyone lifts his hand above the table, or lifts his hand when on the table at the order of an opposing team member, not the captain, the quarter must be turned over to the opposing team without further ado. If the opposing captain says "Hands up" or "Hands down" without saying "Jenkins Up" or Jenkins Down," the quarter is immediately forfeited when a player obeys the faulty

command. This permits gaining the quarter by skullduggery. It takes a while for beginning players to remember to take orders only from the opposing captain. The team which first gets 25 points is the winner.

In Clay Center when I was about 10, I got my first bicycle, second hand, of course. It was the thrill of my life. When we next moved to Kansas City, Kansas, there were long steep hills fully paved, no cars of course. It was bicycle heaven.

Of all sports basketball was our real love. Before we reached High School, Dwight and I were members of a small club called the BFC (Boys Fireside Club, though the meaning of BFC was a secret withheld from outsiders.) But it was really a basketball team. Dwight naturally was the best player, as he was on every team. We even had a church basketball team in Kansas City. I was too small to make the High School team, but in Washburn College Dwight made the varsity as a Freshman. When he was disqualified for low grades at the end of the first semester, I moved up to the varsity. Since no study meant losing out on basketball, Dwight was never disqualified again. He was Varsity Captain in his Junior year and he stepped aside, top player that he was, to let me be Varsity Captain our Senior year. Since he was ambidextrous, he could throw a basket with either hand to the utter confusion of opposing guards.

On one occasion he and an opponent collided with such force that both tumbled to the floor. But Dwight held on to the ball and seeing an opponent charging toward hi, he threw for the basket while still prone. When it sailed through the hoop, how the crowd roared.

When we returned to Topeka, a welcome feature was the tennis court just across the street. Whenever we were not busy, the tennis court was. Strangely at this game, Dwight was no better than the rest of us though he could make a forehand drive with either hand. We were both better than Jack, who was bigger and older, to our unconcealed delight. Jack ended every match with a bath, rubdown and setting up exercises and was not dissuaded by Father's oft-expressed disdain.

Even in Newark when I was around 30, I still played tennis. I did not have spectacular strokes, but I was fast on my feet and could get the ball back indefinitely. But I met my match in Newark in Jim Trimble, a Chinese type individual. He finally won the crucial set 19-17.

Frank was 8 years older than the next boy and was beyond our endless series of athletic matches.

Jack was the speediest runner and best in football. Dwight was best in basketball and baseball and I held my own in ping pong and tennis. Cards were forbidden but we had almost the same games with flinch cards, numbered from one to twelve. Florence was better than anybody at any card game, or checkers or croquinole.

In Topeka in my last year in High School when I was 16 I entered the 5 mile marathon race sponsored by the Daily Capital and came in second. It was the third year in a row a colored boy had won. The following year was my open year between High School and college. Jack had come back home to finish at Washburn. He had been at Baker University four years but had avoided required courses and had not graduated. Father had enough of that, and had him enter Washburn where he took German and math and finally got his degree.

The Daily Capital raised the age limit for the Marathon to 17 this year, so of course I was eligible. Jack was an expert track man, and personally supervised my weeks of training, and throughout the race was on a bicycle telling me just how to pace myself. So I won handily to the great joy of the downtrodden white race. The Daily Capital went all over the state and the overblown publicity and Father's exultation in it turned it almost sour for me. Ever after this surfeit I had no real desire for publicity.

In Kansas nearly every house had an upper deck, a back porch entered through a second floor window. Every summer we slept in the open on these decks. When rain came in the middle of the night Mother could not understand why we could not wake up and get inside before the bedding was soaked. On a dare we tried it all through one winter. But only once, for we were so weighed down with bed clothes that we did not rest well.

The Loose Wiles Biscuit Co. had a big factory in Kansas City and whenever we had visitors near our age, we always took them for a tour of Loose Wiles. The feature was that we were allowed to eat a sample of each type of cookie and each pouring of candy. That night we all had stomach aches but it was worth it.

My first game of golf was at Iowa City, as guest of Prof. Seashore. At Pittsburgh we tried with little success the public Schenley Park course. But in New Jersey I first joined the Madison Club, with its nine hole course, then the nationally known Baltusrol Club. I was never good at it because I guess golf put no premium on speed or fight. In Pittsburgh I played many seasons at the Pittsburgh Field Club with the men of our social group but never with success or real relish.

At the college fraternity we learned a little about whist, but in New Jersey bridge was in vogue and I quickly learned to like it. Conservative New Jersey was slow to adopt contract but when my bride arrived she lost no time in remedying that. She got me in a boat on Lake Chautauqua and while she sat on the paddles made me listen and understand the rules of contract. It has been a real pleasure all our lives.

Finally on the Island of Samoa I learned Schmeiss, the best two hand card game ever devised. The game has terrific swings. One always has a chance to win even though far behind. Whenever we are halted in a waiting room, at an airport, the Schmeiss cards appear and the time passes effortlessly.

PETS

Even more vivid in my earliest recollections than brothers or sister were our three ponies, Beecher, Lady and Pet. It is always amusing how people find ways to afford something they really enjoy and that was Father with horseflesh. No doubt he used one of the ponies in making Pastoral calls. Beecher, the stallion, was taught tricks. He could sit up like a dog and shake hands. He didn't care for small boys however and shocked me with a sharp bite on the shoulder. Lady was high strung and more than once took one of the older boys on an unplanned flight across the country. But Pet was gentle and small and I was often on her back while an older member of the family led her.

When they left the family I do not recall, but in Bedford we had two new ponies, Jim and Jerry. They were almost big enough to be cow ponies. Jim was a stylish animal, black and white while Jerry was bay and white with a black mane and tail. Easier to handle Jerry was my mount. We had a grand time with them, even tried to do some types of circus riding.

It was years later when my own family was living in Pittsburgh that my yen for horses came to the surface. After a few turns at the Riding Stable, I bought Jerry for $60.00 at the "Bangtail Depot," just a big barn where horses were bought and sold. Jerry, a bay, had a smooth gait, but no self control. If left to himself, he went faster and faster. On an icy morning this was hazardous. Since this seemed a selfish recreation I soon bought Star for my spouse. Star was lethargic enough, but his trot was punishingly rough and Kay, try as she would, could develop no liking for this hobby.

So Star was sold for $50.00, just his purchase price to Mr. Henderson, a millionaire, who went to the trouble to go to the Livery Stable to find out how much I paid for him!

By this time my taste in horses was on the up grade and I wanted something better than a livery stable "plug." So on a trip to Woodstock, Virginia, I looked over many horses and finally purchased Royal, a handsome animal, real dark bay with luxurious mane and tail. He didn't have Jerry's smooth gait, but he was well trained and one felt quite superior in riding him. I was determined to get something smooth and gentle for my bride, so after two or three trips to Virginia, we selected a light brown mare whom we called Brown Sugar. She was pretty to look at and a pleasure to ride. Just one thing we did not count on, when she was "in heat," she neatly dumped any rider to the ground and took off after any horse in sight. It all happened so suddenly that one suspected nothing until he found himself on the ground. The first time she acted up with Kay, I couldn't believe it and said sternly, "Let me have that horse!" I was scarcely in the saddle until I found myself sitting in a mud puddle, to my wife's great amusement. So we called her "Tequila (sudden lightning) and sold her to some one who wanted to raise a colt.

Our next horse was "Deut," the finest horse we ever owned. I had tried him once, when he was at a riding stable where the owners were months behind in his board bill. I offered to buy him for the back board bill but when the owner learned I wanted him, the price was doubled. So there was no sale. Some months later I learned that someone in New Kensington owned him. So after much sleuthing we found him and for a reasonable price brought him home. All the children learned to ride on Deut. He was such a gentleman under saddle that everyone who had a ride on him decided to take up riding.

Big horse flies bothered the horses in the summer time. I learned from a government bulletin that if a horse were given a certain pill in November the horse fly grubs in the horse's digestive tract would be killed and no new flies would be born the next summer. The Vet administered the pill by means of a small gun stuck down the horse's throat. Royal didn't mind it too much, but it so shocked Duet that when the Vet arrived in November of the next year, Deut would have none of him. He snorted and cavorted around. When the Vet got him in a corner and tried to shoot the gun. Deut lurched and the gun went off in his mouth, not down his throat. The pill burned the lining of his back mouth so badly that he could neither eat or drink. For a week he was a pathetic sight. We tried cooked oatmeal. He could only bite at water and in about 10 days

he was so weak that the winter chill gave him a cold and he died. We all cried at this great family tragedy. We still have a blue ribbon which he won for us with his beautiful gait at a horse show.

Other horses came and went. Copper King was a stylish chestnut whom no one could handle when his regular rider went off to college. I went out to see him. Looking at horses is like going to an art show for some people. I saddled him, led him out and rode him up and down, he behaved like a lamb. The owners were so astonished at his perfect behavior they gave him to me. We didn't need another horse as we still had Royal and Deut, both of whom resented his presence. Copper had faults: he would rip off any sheet or blanket put on him in the stable, he liked only me in his stall, and when we went riding in a group, he used his fancy show ring steps, so that we were always falling farther to the rear. I couldn't stand this so Copper King went to the first bidder.

I had always wanted to raise a colt and found a beautiful animal about six months old, whom we named Scarlett O'Hara. She had the fastest walk and was very intelligent, but full of the devil. We started to train her by first putting a strap around her belly, then a gunny sack on her back, then a pile of gunny sacks, then a gunny sack filled with grain, walking her around each time. Then we tried a saddle, then finally, since Tom was the smallest person available, he was put in the saddle while we walked her around. She never objected. I soon discovered however that to train her to the proper gaits and riding signals required a daily routine. So we turned her over to Paul Pritts for two months. The training cost as much as the purchase price but it was worth it. She was a handsome animal and a joy to ride. But being a mischief, she would chase the cows in the pasture or a pig if available and she would rip the bark off tree trunks in the pasture, neither of which I could stand. Also she "wolfed" her oats, so we built a bird box with a small hole at the bottom to hold her oats above her feed box. This slow stream of oats annoyed her, and she would pound the wall holding the bird box with her right foot to try to hurry the feed. She was exceedingly smart. Ira, who looked after the barn while I was in Pittsburgh during the week, said she should be in a circus.

Another fine horse was Mary-legs, a nice chestnut with a perfect gait, but she jagged her withers underneath a thorn tree and developed a fistula which because of its location was impossible to cure. When it finally became hopeless she was destroyed.

We also had Dapper Dan, a nice looking Morgan type horse who was all a horse should be except that he occasionally stumbled over his own feet. Sometimes he stumbled both himself and rider to the ground. He was bought by Nita Dressler, a girl of about fourteen who was such a terrific horsewoman she actually taught Dapper to jump fences!

Our last horse was Traveler. He was a member of the famous Black Horse Police Patrol in Pittsburgh. Because the city was in financial straits, the Mayor decided in spite of angry wails of the populace to auction off the entire squad through sealed bids. I didn't need a horse, but one day when I was particularly annoyed by something at the office, I went by the police stable to see the horses. One particularly took my eye and when the stable man said he was one of the best, I impulsively put in a bid for him, and to my great surprise, my bid was high. He turned out to be one of the two registered horses in the troop. In the Somerset pasture he was Chief, bossing everybody including the cows. One of our summer guests said he had not been on the police force for nothing, and called him "Mr. President." The former owner of Traveler who had

moved to New York City was so aroused when she learned the police troop had been auctioned that she traced the new owner of Traveler to Somerset, and was so pleased when she saw Traveler in his new home that she sent us a gift, a coonskin rug, she and her husband had used as a robe in their snow sleigh. He was with us after the others had done, and when Tom's therapy took us away for long periods Traveler was terribly lonesome, so we sold him to a young lawyer who had bought a farm. He reported that Traveler took charge of everybody there also.

When we were growing up there was always a cat or two in the barn because of mice, but dogs served no special purpose. With great effort I managed to keep two, which were gifts, of course. The first was a spaniel female whom I called Fido, and later came a little white Spitz, who yapped and barked at almost everybody. Through his entire stay with us he never failed to bark at Father as he came up the walk, much to the latter's annoyance. Neither of these dogs survived the next move to a new town.

Years later, when my own family was living in Pittsburgh someone gave Tom a little bitch we called Frisky. She was lovable in every way, even mothered the litter of kittens when they were left alone. She was quick as lightning and would jump in the car in a split second, when one was going somewhere. One dark evening she went with me on a business call and when I came out of that house I completely forgot about her until I arrived home. We returned and searched and called but Frisky was never seen again. To this day I feel keen remorse for my carelessness.

Our last dog was Niki. World War II was on, his owner was called into service. I learned that the soldier's mother was looking for a home for Niki, a registered black Cocker Spaniel. Never able to control my impulses where animals are involved, I went to see Niki, and that evening he went home with me to Somerset. He was most affectionate and could sit up indefinitely, begging for food. He even learned the sound of the motor in my car, and came racing to meet me when I got home to Somerset on Friday evenings. But as a dog he was a complete "sissy." When I showed him a mouse under a stone in the pasture, he ran the other way. When the boys went camping overnight, he'd leave them and come running home to spend the night on his favorite rug indoors. He was not a country but a house lap dog so we disposed of him to a couple living in a Pittsburgh apartment.

One day a female beagle was whining at our front door. It was hunting season, and she was obviously lost from her owner. We took her in, phoned the newspaper and the radio but no one claimed her. Soon it became obvious that she was pregnant. One of our friends said in Tom's hearing that beagle pups were worth a good deal of money, so from then on Tom was her guardian angel. He was able to sell each of the pups for $5.00 each except the runt of the litter. The last buyer said he didn't want the pup but would pay $10.00 for the bitch. Resourceful Tom said we couldn't sell the bitch as she wasn't ours, but he could have the pup for $10.00 and we would give him the mother. The deal was made.

Niki was with us one day, when we went to see a country house with a few acres which was for sale. The house did not interest us but the occupant, Solly Pyle, a man about 80 living alone said he would like to have a dog like that. I felt so sorry for his age and loneliness that in Pittsburgh the next week I reported the lonely situation. As a result I had in my car when I returned home that weekend a black curly hair dog, like Niki but a little larger. Niki was so furious over the new arrival that we had to lock the new dog in the basement overnight. Early the next morning we

went gaily with our present for old Solly Pyle. Imagine our chagrin when Solly would have none of him. We couldn't keep him at our house because of Niki's jealousy. So that evening I took him on a leash to Somerset's diamond, where the farm people cam en masse to shop Saturday nights. I hoped in vain someone would ask about him or show an interest in him. In desperation I began asking everyone I met if they knew anyone interested in having a dog. Finally I was told a girl clerk in the ten cent store was talking about a dog. When the dog and I approached her she showed no enthusiasm and said she would have to talk it over with her parents. I learned her address in the country and told her I would bring out the dog the next day, so she and her parents could see what they were discussing. She was not enthusiastic but the next day I appeared with the dog and finally succeeded in getting away without him. It is obvious that generous impulses do not always have the happy results anticipated.

Somehow we acquired another happy little mongrel. When Barbara and I went riding, he loved to go along. But he was oblivious to all traffic and had several hairbreadth escapes from passing cars. We decided the place for him was on a farm. We tried a novel plan. The telephone lines in the country were all party lines. When someone was called, the neighbors knew whose ring it was and would listen in to get the latest news. So we tried phoning one farmhouse on each party line telling whomever answered the phone about this nice dog who would make a wonderful pet on a farm, and inquired if any of the neighbors could use a dog. Sometimes gales of laughter were heard along the party line. Finally a young girl's voice said she was willing to see him. So in short order the mongrel, Kay and I were on our way to the farm. The young girl loved dogs and accepted him, even though she already owned three.

A neighbor boy and I were hiking through the woods one boyhood day when we spied a crow's nest in a tall tree. We climbed to the nest and found three half-grown young crows. We decided to take one for each of us and leave the third for its parents. We were lucky the parents did not return at that moment or we would have been attacked. When we got home my friend was not allowed to keep his so I had two crows to care for. Before we could stop him, a dog injured one and his career was short lived. The other we called Jim Crow. He would open his mouth for bread soaked in milk, and never seemed to be satisfied. We stopped the feeding when we felt sure he had enough. As he grew older, he would hide any surplus food he did not care for at the moment. He was so anxious to fly, he would jump off a box or fence and break his tail feathers. He was never able to fly more than a few feet. The rooster in the chicken yard disliked him intensely, and occasionally got up his courage to attack, but Jim would wait till he could see the whites of his eyes, and then let out the most raucous caw imaginable. The rooster would squawk and flee.

I entered him in the pet section of the County Fair, but by the time the judge got around, he had demolished his entry tag. I was present however and explained his conduct, and since he was the only crow entry, he won first prize, 25 cents.

He knew all our voices, and would hop along after us to church and take a position on a post to wait for us. As Father preached Jim knew his voice, and would caw encouragingly, as smiles flickered across the congregation. One winter morning, Father came in from the milking almost in tears. A thin surface of ice had formed on a big bucket of water in the barn. To get a drink of water Jim had pecked at the ice. It had broken unexpectedly, he fell in and was drowned. There

had been many a disparaging remark about this crow in the family, but I did not realize till then that he had won the hearts of all the family.

Somewhere I heard that a goat was good company for horses so the summer we lived on Wunnyhunny farm in Pittsburgh we acquired a little goat Timothy. As a baby he was cuteness itself but he continued to be playful when his legs got strong and his horns big. Tom the smallest finally learned to lie flat on the ground as anything vertical was a perfect target for that battering ram. It amazed us how he could bat with relish rose bushes, thorns and all. In fact he had a keen eye and if some youngster left open the screen door to the living room he was inside in a jiffy. He would stand on the living room couch, eating the roses off the end table, then walk to the other end of the davenport and devour that vaseful. Why he wanted those cut roses, when outdoors there were plenty of fresh ones, we could not understand, unless he particularly enjoyed standing on the couch.

Every goat is supposed to pull a cart so when he was big enough we fixed a harness and cart. The only trouble was Timothy had no inclination to pull anything. This was remedied by having an adult walk in front of him displaying a carrot. To keep it away from him the adult had to move faster and faster. It was an exhausting ride except for the cheering children in the cart.

We had a series of cats in our barn, but Betty was the most celebrated. No rat came near and any mouse who ventured in met his doom. Some distance away there was a covered feed box where I had kept a saddle under cover before the barn was finished. One day I discovered that mice had converted it into an apartment house. I took Betty to the box, lifted the lid slightly, so she could see a quivering tail. Electrically she was alive. Her performance was a classic. She clutched one mouse, bit him, dropped hi, then another and another until she had dispatched all six. Then after enjoying a couple, she carefully took the rest back to her brood in the barn. For days she would meow, begging me to take a walk to the old feed box, but the mice wanted no more of that tiger's den!

I have never been lucky in drawing door prizes but the lucky day finally arrived. I won the door prize at a City Farmers Club dinner in Pittsburgh – a live skunk. Since it was my first prize, I felt I must take it home. Fortunately it had been de-scented. When presented to me, she had a little harness over her head and shoulders. There was a big dance underway on the same floor of the Roosevelt Hotel. I led her on a stroll around the ball room. The screaming and laughter should have been recorded.

When I got her to Somerset, my wife had gone to bed with a slight cold, so I took the 2 ½ foot vertical box to the bedroom to show off our new pet. Kay took one look, then started looked a second time, exclaiming, "Now I know I'm delirious!" We called her Violet.

It was midwinter and Violet lived contentedly in the barn. We had only a tom cat at the time, but his presence she ignored. Each evening she would appear for her bowl of bread and milk. During her tenure no mice or rodents attempted a residence. Young Jim wisecracked that if we were anticipating unwelcome guests, we could put her on leash and tie her to the outside knob of the front door.

We were slightly concerned that with the coming of spring Violet might continue to live in the barn and raise a family of normally equipped offspring – an unwelcome prospect. But when spring arrived she heard the call of the wild and we saw her no more.

Most of our pets were enjoyed by the family alone, but one achieved a national reputation. On our first trip to Mexico, the three children were at the time, all under age ten, and we were captivated by the burros. We decided it would be fun to take one home for the children.

On our way south we occasionally asked the price of one and decided that on our return trip that twenty pesos should buy one. There were some fine looking ones in the area near Purification River so on our return we asked about a burro. The Mexicans couldn't imagine anyone wanting a burro and tried to offer us a dog or a cat. Finally we saw one about six months old which we thought could stand comfortable in front of the back seat of our car. He was mouse colored with a dark stripe down his back and a stripe across his shoulders. The legend is that since Jesus rode the ass on Palm Sunday, the whole breed wears the cross on its back.

There is nothing cuter than a baby burro, so when the owner asked four pesos for him we gladly forked over the money. He was disappointed because he knew then he could have gotten more. We should have haggled a little. A burro, like a mule, has a stubborn streak, and it took several boys to lift him bodily and put him in the car. After an hour or two, he relaxed and seemed to enjoy the attention we gave him. Soon he contentedly rested his nose on my shoulder as we drove along. We would make a rest stop for all three of us about every two hours and very soon Chico Rodriguez Dynamito, his full name, would hop back into the car, as soon as the door was opened, just as a dog. It took us three or four days to reach the border and by that time we were devoted to him and he to us.

We bought some corn, tied him with a rope back of the motel at night and I used a stiff brush to make his hair glisten. The more attention he received the better he like it.

The Mexicans were hilarious at the sight of a burro riding with dignity in an auto. At the sight, even the oldest wrinkled grandmother's face would become amass of smiles! They had never seen anything so funny in their lives. This lowly beast of burden riding around like a King.

At the Texas border there were difficulties. The entire staff dropped their work to see the most recent American foolishness. We were told to take him back to Mexico, there were plenty available on the Texas side. But by now we loved this one and insisted on knowing the entry requirements. Someone said he would have to be quarantined two weeks. Meanwhile someone had phoned the Laredo newspaper and a photographer arrived to take a picture of Chico looking out of the car, Kay in the front seat, and me standing beside the car. This picture was picked up by the Auto Club Magazine and went all over the United States. We heard from many people we knew and some we did not – one an M.J. Ream from Warrensburg, MO.

Since Kay was born in Texas, we asked the Laredo newspaperman what could be done. From some higher official we were advised that if Chico were put through the cattle dip, we could bring him in. So back we went to Mexico, shoved Chico ff a plank into a big vat. He disappeared from sight but quickly scrambled out, looking like a wet rat. The chemical in the water also hurt

his eyes. We wiped him off as best we could, and by the next morning all was forgiven. He welcomed us with his usual Good Morning bray.

The amusement he created as we drove through the States was mild compared to the hilarity in Mexico. The children were delighted to have a burro. The more visitors we had the better Chico liked it. We fixed him a little shed in the back yard. When the early morning milk man did not stop to say Hello to him, Chico would bray to announce his presence. The neighbors were not amused at that hour.

We got a small saddle with a crupper to keep it from slipping forward toward his narrow shoulders. The children learned to ride. Once at a birthday party at our house, all the guests were given rides except one boy. Chico took a dislike to him, and no amount of persuasion or bribe, could induce Chico to let him on his back. When we were riding the horses, Chico insisted on going along, with or without a rider. Once when we planned a long trip I locked him in the barn. About five minutes after we left suddenly Chico appeared. When we finally got home, I discovered that he had thrown himself against the barn door until he had pulled the staples which held the latch. Normally he was the personification of composure, never using one grain of useless energy.

The dogs of the neighborhood had nervous prostration at the sight of him. He found a barking dog something very curious and proceeded to investigate. This unnerved every dog, big and little, and when Chico found he could not catch them, he resumed the even tenor of his way.

One scrappy little dog used to bark at my horse's heels for a block or two when I took my before-work morning ride. The first day Chico went along, the dog did not see him. Chico often stopped for a particularly luscious bite of grass, always keeping an eye on our whereabouts. As the dog ws barking at my horse's heels Chico caught up with us. The dog was so occupied he did not hear Chico coming. Suddenly the dog looked back and two big ears turned forward were almost touching him. That was the most frightened dog in all history. His yelps as he ran for safety were terrified screams. For months thereafter I would ride past that house, often unaccompanied, but the dog watched us from the safety of his porch. Never once did he bark at us again.

Once three large dogs descended on Chico who had to prove his resourcefulness. He quickly placed his rear to a fence and looked at his assailants. When one got close enough he kicked him exactly on the end of his nose, a dog's most sensitive spot. That disposed of him. Soon number two got the same medicine. With only one left Chico resumed his usual investigative approach on number three who, left alone, fled as fast as he could. Chico was as unruffled as if he had just gotten up from a nap.

To our relief the Pennsylvania winter was no problem for him. He grew a two inch thick winter coat and did not shed it until the arrival of warm June weather.

When Chico grew to maturity he had to be castrated. I was not present and I avoided seeing him for three days, as I did not want to be associated with such a painful experience.

Chico fascinated horses who followed him like sheep. He was bored with them, but enjoyed people. If we didn't hook the screen door he would attempt to come in the house. We were

having an outdoor meal on the terrace one day when Grandmother was visiting us. Chico as usual was enjoying the party and occasionally placed his muzzle on some shoulder to get a caress. When he did this to Grandmother she was startled, jumped and squealed. We chased him away but when no one was looking, he would slip up and nuzzle her in the middle of the back. She screamed louder. Scolding had no effect, so after he slipped up on her the third time, Grandmother couldn't take it. We had to tie him up.

Once the two boys persuaded their parents to go for an overnight out on the big hill near the woods. Chico enjoyed the party more than anyone. When the boys went to the edge of the woods to relieve themselves before going to bed, Chico went along and did the same. He saw no point in every one's getting into bed but finally lay down at the entrance to the tent.

The next morning I was the last one to awake. The others were up and about. At the side of my cot there was Chico with a mouthful of covers, practically ordering me to get out of bed.

No number of people disturbed him. He appeared once in an operetta. On his first entrance, he walked to the footlights and calmly surveyed the large audience before him. This brought down the house.

Those were the days of Roosevelt victories. The Democrats liked to borrow him for their triumphal parades. The shouting and the applause were just his dish. He came home as proud as if he had been elected himself. I asked Monroe, the colored man who ran the barn, "Isn't Chico a lot of trouble?" "Oh yes," he said, "he's quite a mischief, but he's awful good company."

In a few years the children outgrew riding on a donkey. Mr. Stanton who ran the neighborhood riding academy was very fond of him and asked if he couldn't keep him over there. Chico was a privileged character. He was never tied up, could visit the oats bin whenever he felt like it, was even allowed to come into the office and rest on the floor. Mr. Stanton taught him to chew tobacco and drink Coca Cola from a bottle. People in droves came to see him, so he paid handsomely for his keep.

Mr. Stanton died suddenly and the owner of the stable claimed him as his property, selling him first to a Mr. Blum, whose family soon thereafter left Pittsburgh, address unknown, and Chico vanished from our lives but never from our happy memories.

ILLNESSES

"Health, wealth and good fortune, to be appreciated, need to be interrupted." My earliest interruption to health was earache, particularly at night. I presume it was due chiefly to an inadequate diet. There was a lack of vitamin C and D in the wintertime. Warmed oil from an eyedropper was slowly put in the offending ear to relieve the pain. Also a bag of heated salt was taken to bed and placed under the ear. Toothache seems to have passed me by. Children's diseases – measles, mumps, occasional colds – because they struck the children as a group, left no lasting impression.

But a small boy is often having mishaps. I was playing marbles by myself in the unpaved street one day when two ladies came driving by in a buggy. As normally, the ladies were studying the

houses and people, while the horse stepped around me, as I was concentrating on my game. The wheel of the buggy crossed my body diagonally. The horrified ladies took me to the house and brought me candy and presents. Recovery was quick and complete.

In the cellar of the house one day I found a piece of cake which didn't taste very good. Fortunately a few crumbs were still visible when I arrived in the kitchen. My alarmed mother called the doctor for an antidote because she knew the cake was smeared with rat poison.

One vacation was accident summer. Three things happened in consecutive weeks to my bare feet. The oil can for the lawn mower was sitting near the board walk and I stepped on it while on the run. The spout of the can cam all the way through the fleshy part of my foot. The next week I was using the pitchfork in digging for fresh worms. Trying to get it deep in the ground, I slammed a prong through my left great toe. Then finally a heavy glass insulator used on light poles had been broken and was where it shouldn't be, and gashed my bare foot viciously. I imagine my distressed parents were ready to put me behind bars. In those days there was no concern about tetanus.

I had the usual teenage problems with face blemishes. Advertised lotions did no good. Father said not to worry, as when regular shaving became necessary, they would disappear. I imagine this soapy lather and complete cleaning of the face with a wash cloth did the trick.

In my last year in college, a serious sore throat struck me about Christmas time. As I was reluctant to miss social affairs or athletic events, it got worse. Our family doctor, Dr. Harrison, decided that my tonsils should be removed, and he cut off the exposed ends of them as soon as the swelling subsided a bit. I think I urged him on because of a most painful attack of quinsy I had had the year before.

In quinsy, an abscess forms in the throat, so severe that one can neither swallow nor talk. The torture continues until the abscess "breaks." One communicates only with pencil and paper. By this method I asked something of Dwight, who took the pencil to write his reply, forgetting I was still able to hear. Even in my affliction, we were amused.

The night after the tonsil operation, my throat began to bleed. Dr. Harrison was nowhere to be found. He was making a call deep in the country. In spite of Father's efforts no other doctor would come on the case. The family was frantic, as I had lost at least two quarts of blood when Dr. Harrison finally arrived about midnight to find me blanched and near death's door. He placed a metal clamp over the bleeding wound. Which held my mouth wide open as I lay in a stupor for days. Rheumatism struck my joints. I think now they would call it rheumatic fever.

I had seven or eight weeks of convalescence and participated in no more basketball games, the year I was Captain. Father considered taking me to Arizona. But finally a spring day came when I was able to walk one block to the drug store in the sunshine. It was a thrill, almost unmatched in my lifetime. Sore throat struck me a year or two later and two more operations were needed to completely rid my throat of tonsil tissue. Ever since the big illness I have had a heart murmur, but it was not severe enough to keep me from military service or from obtaining life insurance.

Some years later on a business trip to South Carolina, in hot summer weather, I was served a continuous round of fried food -- chicken, fried cakes, hushpuppies, until my digestive system

rebelled in the form of nausea and a big swollen upper lip. When I got back to a Doctor in New Jersey, he labeled it Angio-neurotic Edema, which being interpreted is, a "local swelling the cause of which is not known," all of which sounded to me like a wise crack. But I soon learned that buttermilk or a couple of portions of yoghurt would restore my digestive equilibrium.

Years went by before I was again before a doctor. Most men who headed General Agencies in Pittsburgh suffered from nervous tension and indigestion. Mine was very mild but I decided to go through the Diagnostic Clinic in Pittsburgh. It was three days of excessive boredom as a doctor is in a class by himself in utter disregard of another person's time. Nothing of consequence was discovered by the Clinic.

In spite of all the manual labor I did on Hickory Hill I had no noticeable hernia until we reached Warren. When I was in Dr. Yerg's office for an electrical treatment for a backache, I consulted him about the small hernia. He urged an immediate operation. The surgeon Dr. Smith said it was nothing acute, that it was congenital. I had had it since birth. Of course I was annoyed. While we cannot do without doctors, they are not my favorite people. Except for a rise in blood pressure in recent years my health and that of other members of the family has been gratifyingly good, a great blessing.

I had one accident which might have been serious. My neighbor Sherman Hoover was a horse trader, though he did no riding. He just enjoyed buying and selling. One day I saw a stylish gray trotting through the Hoover pasture. Sherman said, of course, come ride him at any time, but Sherman was not at home when I saddled him and no one told me he would rare up on his hind feet and needed a martingale, a strap around a horse's neck which connects with the belly band after passing between the front legs. This holds down his head and prevents rearing. So off we went. The gray wanted to go to the pasture where there were other horses, but I booted him down the road. Suddenly he rared up, and without a martingale to check him, over he went backwards with me underneath. I woke up in the local hospital and learned that luckily the horse had fallen on my leg, instead of my chest. But I had a severe concussion. In three weeks I was at home convalescing and for months when I changed my posture suddenly I suffered a dizzy spell. My enthusiasm for riding strange horses has since never been the same.

PRANKS

"Boys will be boys" was the excuse given by adults when the petty misdemeanors of youngsters had an amusing side and were not severe enough to merit punishment. In the days before movies and T. V. boys provided much of their own entertainment which was at time pretty ornery.

I was the victim not the perpetrator of the first prank. On a cold winter day when I was in the second grade some boy dared me to lick the frost off a frozen iron fence. I learned to my sorrow that the tongue froze fast to the fence, and when warm water was applied to defreeze it, the skin of the tongue was still on the frozen rail.

I'm sure I caused more trouble than the other children. When the whole family went to attend the big exposition at Omaha, I strayed off and was lost three time. Some friendly policeman took

me in charge and got me back to the family somehow. They were much more distraught than I. Finally they put a tag around my neck which gave my name and address.

Sometime later my Father took me to Topeka with him. We stayed at the home of Uncle Homer, while Father attended a church conference. One day he took me along to meet Bishop Merrill, who was presiding and for whom I was named. I didn't like my name and didn't want to meet the Bishop and when no one was looking I slipped away and started for my uncle's house, a mile away in a strange city. Somehow I found it and my Aunt was amazed that Father had allowed me to come out alone. Meanwhile Father had the police scouring the downtown area for me, in vain of course. When he finally came out to Homer's and found me safe and sound, he was so relieved that I escaped punishment.

We were not allowed to bring marbles to school. One day a boy made a sudden turn and nearly a pocketful of marbles rattled to the floor. When accused he said he didn't bring them, but that I gave them to him. This was not so and I denied it. The teacher was nonplussed. She kept us both after school, and insisted that one of us was lying. The pressure mounted and finally both of us began to cry. Finally a third boy, feeling remorse, appeared and admitted he had brought them to school. Apparently the first youngster had just forgotten from whom he got them. The teacher was so relieved at the solution that on one was paddled. To be falsely accused, at a tender age, is a painful emotional experience.

The Taft-Bryan Presidential campaign was on. I heard Bryan the orator and was thrilled by him. Then came Taft, who wasn't much of a speaker. He was a "big, fat tub," and when the short outdoor session was over, a lady gave him a large bunch of roses and people cheered wildly – all of which disgusted me. I was a small boy standing under some man's arm as Mr. Taft went by. Suddenly my little fist shot out and whammed him in the fat belly. My older brother Dwight jerked me back by the collar. None of the secret police saw it, and I was unrepentant even after Taft was elected President.

By persistence, I was allowed a bantam chicken or two along with our regular flock which provided eggs and met. Father said they ate as much and were useless. I had one white bantam rooster who grew a pair of long sharp murderous spurs. By flying up and deftly using his spurs, he had our own big rooster completely bluffed. So I took him on a tour of the neighboring flocks. If cock fighting were illegal we didn't know it. Tony was regularly victorious and how he would crow and crow after each bout. Finally we met a Buff Cochin cock. This is a big awkward breed with large feathers on their legs, good for meat but poor layers. In the battle the big cock got one foot against Tony's chest, just as he started to fly at the big boy's head. The heavy foot sent him sprawling. This time the Buff Cochin did the crowing and Tony hung up his spurs and quit the ring!

Halloween was chiefly a mischief night. The big boys would topple privies and exchange cows from one barn to another. We smaller boys did ticktacking. It consisted of slipping a nail under a side shingle of a house. To the nail was attached a long string. Two or three hundred feet away, we would wax our part of the string. As the wax rubbed back and forth the nail at the house made the weirdest sound. The family sooner or later came out to investigate. When that happened, the ticktackers took off and because of their long start, were never caught.

One of our neighbors was an old man who had some cherry trees loaded with fruit. But his place was surrounded by a high fence and he considered small boys natural enemies. One of our playmates Ne Engler, was a little bigger than we and was always planning something risky. He hopped over the big fence, was enjoying the ripe cherries, and just as we were getting ready to join him, the old man came rushing out to catch the thieves. Ned quickly hopped over the fence and we ran down the walk as fast as we could. When the old man got to the fence Ned stood there calmly and said, “There they go, there they go!” It worked. How Ned laughed when he joined us later!

One day our parents had gone somewhere for a couple of days; and with Ned, we decided to steal a chicken and cook it ourselves. Getting the chicken, scalding it and picking its feathers was accomplished as planned, but then we discovered that none of us knew how to clean, dress and cut it up. By this time the thrill was over and the older boys said,” To heck with it.” I couldn’t stand to see the chicken wasted, so I took it to a poor family over the hill. When the woman of the house next saw my mother, she thanked her for the gift and asked if there was any reason why she sent it undressed. So of course our secret was out and we were all called on the carpet. I believe our charity, though it gave us away, mitigated somewhat our punishment.

When I was a young teenager, the wild thing to do was to find a house where a party was under way, slip in the kitchen and steal the ice cream freezer before refreshment time. I tried this just once and as I started to run from the back steps with the freezer in the dark, I ran head on into a clothesline which struck me across the forehead and sent me sprawling. I was so knocked out that as soon as I was able, I set the freezer on the back porch and limped home to bed. I learned the hard way that crime did not pay.

In a High School Botany class one day, we had brought ripe thistle pods into the laboratory, and were drawing pictures of pods and seeds with their big bunch of thistle down. I had removed all the seeds and in front of me was a pile of down almost a foot high. Suddenly the imp in me, with a strong puff, blew the down in the face of the boy across the table. It sent in his nose as he breathed and when he opened his mouth for air, that was filled, also. In fact it took the prof and the rest of us some time to get him back to normal. For this I got and deserved a severe verbal lashing.

Even in College one night we got the mischievous idea that by putting bee-bee shot in the lock of the front door of the Library it would be impossible to open it the next morning and without the Library where everyone went to study when not in class, school would be paralyzed. Carefully arriving late the next morning, we were chagrined to find that nothing was amiss. The front door was open as always.

One night in the middle of May we found and caught a large lizard, an unusual thing in Topeka. We put a string around his belly and tried out all his jumps. Finally as a number of boys had already gone to bed in our third floor dormitory at the fraternity house, we took him upstairs. Then just before we got in or own beds, we slipped it in the foot of “Gov” Enfield’s bed. Soon “Gov’s” regular breathing stopped. In another minute he sat straight up in bed. The next moment he let out the most blood curdling yell, awaking everyone and vaulting them out of bed. Of course the lights came on and after many charges and counter charges, with Gov’s

attempt to put the lizard in the bed of suspected culprits, the lizard finally got thrown out the window and quiet if not peace, was restored.

When I was Principal of the High School at St. John, Kansas, my roommate was the coach, a big football star, George Zeigler. George had a college sweetheart some 50 miles away and nearly every weekend, he went to visit her. I told him I thought he was falling down on his community responsibilities. So one day when the ladies of the Missionary Society came to ask me to appear in a pageant they were planning, I suggested that I thought Mr. Zeigler would do it. Reluctantly he agreed.

I was in the audience that Sunday morning when George came on the stage wearing the weirdest costume imaginable, big sleeves pajamas, something hanging to his ears and a big lampshade straw hat. Everyone giggled and when George spoke, he said, "I'm a Korean man." I simply couldn't contain my exploding mirth and left the church. When I saw George after the service he threatened, "Just wait till I get you home."

One of the graduate students at Iowa City was a married man with the queer name of Cordia Bunch. His wife was nice looking but always complaining about something, usually her health. They had no children. Bunch was a very pleasant friendly chap and took the fancy of the old maid at our rooming house who was a teller in the bank. She was something of a wag and said that Mr. Bunch was just what she always wanted, and how is Mrs. Bunch's health? So when Mrs. Bunch would start to complain, I'd ask for all the details and when she was through, I would explain that this would be great news for that lady teller at the bank. After one or two such sessions Mrs. Bunch's health improved amazingly, at least in our hearing much to everyone's amusement. The lady bank teller got a kick out of it too.

When five or more fellows live together, one usually becomes the "fall guy." At Carnegie Tech this was Tom Stokes. Since we were graduate students in Psychology, we decided that unanimous social pressure could convince a person of almost anything. Pete who had the smallest head in the bunch had discarded an old hat. We decided that we might try to sell it to Tom. When he arrived I tried it on, said Pete wanted to sell it. Soon we had it on Tom's head. To get it on we even had to rip out the band. Everyone thought it was the best looking hat that Tom had ever put on. It was surprising how many complimentary phrases could be thought up by four conspirators. Tom succumbed and paid cash for it then and there. We hadn't the heart to tell him how silly he looked wearing it about campus.

Pete also had an old dress suit he had worn in the college glee club at Iowa. It was so old it was getting green on the edges. So again we decided to sell this to Tom. A suit gave our imaginations even more play than the hat. Just as Tom was about to hand over the money Pete suddenly announced, "I won't sell it. I'm going to keep it! You've sold me too." Since he was one of the conspirators, it was uncontrollably funny. This was more powerful proof of group persuasion than we imagined.

One of the secretaries in our department at Carnegie Tech was a delightful Scotch lady, Helen Watt. She found my name Merrill Ream so full of l's and r's it was unpronounceable by a Scotsman. To help her out, I began using Jay. Other people found it easier too. Eventually most of the members of my family except Mother were using it. Helen Watt's best friends in

Pittsburgh was the J. D. Brown family, who had an apartment in the Oakland district and a lovely country place at Wexford, a few miles north of Pittsburgh. Through Helen some of us were invited to the Brown's country place many times. The Browns, the beautiful house, the food and the grounds were all superlatively good. A weekend there for a student in grimy Pittsburgh was heaven itself. Their only child Dorothy was lovely but retiring.

One day we were touring the farm when we came to a straw stack. I proposed we climb the ladder on one side to the top of the stack and slide down the other side. Without waiting for approval I was up on top of the stack and slid down. Hitting the ground jolted me more than I expected. But I insisted it was great sport so back up the ladder I went. I noticed that everybody, especially Helen, was shaking with laughter. But I did not know why until I sat down on the straw at the top of the stack. The first slide down had completely removed the seat of my trousers! Since I was already poised I made the second descent anyway then borrowed a coat to cover my derriere while I went o the house for repair.

In my first years at the Mutual Benefit, I had a good job and was an eligible bachelor. The daughter of the Superintendent of Schools was Frances Corson, a Vassar graduate with not one ounce of appeal, but I've never seen any woman so determined to get a man. I avoided everything except group parties but when Charlie Sykes, a childless widower arrived at the Home office I decided a little social life would do him no harm since he worried too much about his digestion. I took him to a Corson affair and Frances immediately began her campaign. She planned something every week, even took him to New Haven to the Yale-Princeton Football game.

When Charlie went to the Summit Hospital to have his appendix removed, he nearly shot me for giving her the hospital name and room number. She came to see him every day, bringing fruit or candy. He was surely a captive lover. It was great fun for all his associates. His first wife had died suddenly; she was a beauty and quite extravagant, and he was not going to marry buxom Frances. But not long thereafter she landed someone, a trim dapper Mr. Greenwood, a little younger than she and an accomplished dancer. How she did it, we never understood. The marriage lasted for two children and for less than five years. By that time Frances was completely gray and as mature looking as a woman of fifty.

Charlie Sykes later found a bride in Georgia and on their first wedding anniversary we planned a celebration dinner party, sixteen at the swanky Baltusrol Club. He was still finicky about his digestion and while the rest of us were ordering steaks and roast beef, he ordered lamb chops on toast and asparagus. Imagine our surprise when the waiter arrived with lamb chops on toast and asparagus for everybody! It was such a laugh, we all decided to go along and pamper our stomachs. Poor Charlie was so embarrassed, he probably needed even blander food!

As Christmastime approached, I announced that neckties as gifts were tabu for me. I preferred to select my own neckties! One day a package appeared on my desk and when I opened it, there were two of the cheapest looking 10 cent store neckties imaginable with no card. I immediately dropped the entire package in the waste basket. Just before leaving that afternoon there was a different package on my desk. When I opened it, here were the same two neckties. With a snort, I put them in a different waste basket and left for the day.

Some weeks later when I was getting married in Texas, many presents were arriving from Newark. One of them contained the same two neckties. I laughed and told their history. They were forgotten until on our first wedding anniversary, a package arrived from Texas. My father-in-law who enjoyed a good joke had saved the neckties and sent them as an anniversary present. It was a laugh.

Soon thereafter we had a bridge party at our house and the man's prize was the two neckties. Charlie Sykes was the winner and the girls all insisted he wear one the next day at the office which he did, though no one was more meticulous about clothes than he. That day he was called to the President's office, sent on a mission to New York and all day long he was mortified by that cheap tie, though probably it was noticed only by those of us in the know.

A year or two later an attractive package arrived from Guatemala. My wife opened it with anticipation only to find the same two ties. The Sykes were there on a visit. Through the years those ten cent ties have been all over the world, the Sykes mailing them to us or we to them from some out of the way Place. I mailed them from Europe, from Fiji, and last year from Bangkok. It has caused much fun and I suppose the game will cease only when one of us passes to the great beyond.

The parents of elementary school children are sooner or later urged to attend the PTO meetings. I did not want to go as I could think of nothing helpful the parents could do for the teachers. However since I had given no special thought to the matter I was persuaded to go.

The speaker was a spinsterish teacher about age 60 who read a paper entitled, "The Ideals of Youth." Her mannerisms sparked my risibilities. She had nose glasses on a chain. She took them off to speak, put them on again and again to look at her notes. Whether on or off, the little chain would stick when going in or coming out of the clasp pinned to her shoulder. Soon my sides were silently shaking.

Her ideas were even more mirth provoking. She had dreamed up some angelic child and how he would feel and speak. When I thought I could contain myself no longer, fortunately she was finished. I went up after the meeting and told her honestly and impishly that I had enjoyed her paper tremendously and asked for a copy. My wife felt like killing me. For a while thereafter I would read parts of the speech to social friends, ironically and with great solemnity.

That was my one and only PTO meeting.

THEN THERE WAS WAR

In the spring of 1917, Woodrow Wilson asked Congress to declare war on Germany. Their submarines had been sinking U.S. shipping and the sinking of the liner S.S. Lusitania was the fuss that ignited the bomb. Deep in the Midwest the war fever was much slower to mount than on the Atlantic coast. I had already accepted a scholarship at the University of Iowa for the fall and went ahead with this plan.

Shortly after Christmas, Prof. Seashore announced that the Army was putting out a call for men with psychological training to help test the vast flood of recruits and to select those with

exceptional ability. He thought Pete and I should volunteer. So very shortly we found ourselves with about 100 others at Chicamauga Park, Georgia, really just a few miles from Chattanooga, Tennessee. Nothing was ready. It was weeks before we got uniforms. We moved into tents on a hillside, were drilled and did K.P. when it was our turn. We made our own mattresses with straw. I had heard that a novice always puts too little straw in his mattress, that it was impossible to put in too much. So shortly I had a whole bale of straw in mine. I found it was like sleeping on a big oak log! In the morning I was glad to trade with a chap who had too little. For a week thereafter he would take out each morning another armful of straw until at last it was comfortable. The first day we were required to sweep and put in order our tent and cots. I got a broom which we used, then passed along to tents nearby. An hour later, a sergeant came by and said I had a broom assigned to me, please return it. I explained it was passed along to other tents. He shouted, "You are charged with a broom!" I learned quickly that one never explains or makes excuses in the army, so I went searching for that broom and finally located it. Even the latrines had no toilet paper. I was receiving the Daily Capital from home and scarcely had time to look at it before someone wanted to use a sheet of it. This led to my army nickname. Johnny Farber quoted from Alice in wonderland: The King: "Sirrah, where's the Queen?" Sirrah: "In the crapper, my Lord." King: "Has she plenty of paper?" Reply: "Forty Reams of the finest tissue, my Lord." So everyone began calling me "Forty Reams." Years later it was taken up by people who had no knowledge of its origin or meaning.

My tent mates were John Farber, who became a life long friend, Lancaster, who was engaged to a girl back home who regularly sent him cookies or candy to our great pleasure, and Marvin who was always scheming how we could advance ourselves and get commissions.

Marvin's theory was that we should boost each other at every opportunity. Soon we learned what he meant. A new Lieutenant arrived to take charge of drill. He was lecturing to us when he asked, "Who is your best soldier?" Marvin spoke up first, "Ream." Everyone was shocked as much as I was for I had had no previous military training of any kind, while Farber and many of the other fellows had had a lot. I was brought up front, made to stand on a table, while the Lieutenant gave commands. When it came to "About face" I held my breath, as did the others. I made the about face successfully and from then on I was a marked man. Unfortunately there wasn't much about Marvin we could publicize favorably but we tried and became a closely knit group.

Since the members in the company were all college men, we did a lot of group singing. Wembridge and Booner were excellent leaders. We sang everything from all the new war songs – Pack Up Your Troubles, Keep Your Head Down Allemand, Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Over There, You Got to Get UP – to all the old favorites, even Negro Spirituals.

Our singing became known all over Camp, even civilians from Chattanooga came out to hear us. This led to two things: (1) We were invited into Chattanooga's social life and frequently we were Saturday night guests at the Lookout Mountain Club. Officers were dancing there also and I suggested to one of our hostesses that the officers were probably far from pleased to have enlisted men mingling socially with them. The reply was: "You are our guests. They are our guests. If they don't like the way we do things, they need not come." All this was our first experience with Southern hospitality and we were delighted. (2) Colonel Kirk in charge of the

neighboring recruit battalion knew nothing of psychological tests, but he thought group singing and some planned activities of recreation would do a lot for the morale of new recruits when they first arrived in camp. So shortly about twenty of us were each assigned to a company of new draftees – we became "morale sergeants." We got sergeant chevrons and pay. It was our first promotion.

I could not lead the singing but Johnny Farber's company was just next door so our company joined his. We staged boxing bouts, encouraged and helped the boys to write letters home, explained the need for worm tests. We had draftees from the slums of Philadelphia and the back woods of Mississippi. We took the venereal cases to the infirmary for treatment each morning. Some of the boys brought their favorite patent medicine with them, all of which the army threw in the ash can. When these chaps lived outdoors, got regular food and exercise, it was amazing to see how they blossomed forth physically and mentally. One poor ignorant duck heard that they were to get shots in the morning. He was so frightened he tried to hang himself on the tent pole. Tough top sergeant Campbell, after we had got him safely to the ground, gave him the kind of army bawling out that you can't put on paper. Then we learned that the "shots" had scared him, whereas the army meant inoculations. I still feel that the weeks we spent in these recruit battalions were the most useful of those in the army.

It disturbed me that Sergeant Campbell and his two corporals had been training rookies there for over a year and knew no one in Chattanooga. So I mentioned it to one of the Grand Dames there, who told me to select the group and she would put on a party. I selected six and asked Johnny Farber to go along. What a party it was! A chauffeur came for us and brought us home. A wonderful dinner and fancy sox as gifts. The drill boys were overawed with all the elegance – a simple home meal would have been much better. And Johnny Farber was sputtering when he realized he was getting charity as one of life's unfortunates.

Soon our original group began to be assigned to camps around the country to conduct the mental tests as originally planned. Johnny seemed concerned over the social life I was leaving in Chattanooga, but starting a new assignment seemed to me of far more moment. He wisecracked, "You are always getting a bunch of girls on the string, then losing the string!"

I was one of six going to Camp Humphreys, Virginia. Sergeant Doermann was in charge. But he was just one of us and we all planned with enthusiasm the things we would do on our journey. We had been confined to one muddy hot hill for some months.

Camp Humphreys was just outside Washington D.C. so we did Washington for a couple of days before we reported to Camp Humphreys. Even then two of the boys decided to spend one more night in the big city. When Sergeant Doermann arrived two days late and without his full squad, the bawling out he received in front of us was terrible to behold. He suffered for this all the time he was at Camp Humphreys. And it wasn't his fault at all.

We hadn't been in Humphreys long until the 1918 flu epidemic struck the camp. The army had no facilities for handling an epidemic. The Surgeon General of camp was distraught. The men were dying like flies. Those of our group who were not sick were made Sanitary Corp Sergeants and each attached to a "Sapper Regiment," whatever that was. When I arrived at my regiment the Infirmary was a sorry sight. Sick men all over the rooms in cots. Stale food in mess kits under

the beds. Sanitary buckets unemptied for a day or two. I had two orderlies and just as we were getting under way the Surgeon General arrived. When he saw the mess he yelled, “Who is in charge here?” I saluted and said I was. He said, “This is a hell of a mess, how long have you been in the army?” I told him and received the worst bawling out of my life. The Captain of the Company at his side did not dare to interrupt. The red was coming up the back of my neck when he suddenly turned on his heel and left.

The orderlies had watched like frightened rabbits. And when I growled orders they worked as if their life depended on it. We got the place cleaned up, sent the hopeless cases to the infirmary, arranged for a tub of oatmeal, a tub of milk and a tub of coffee to be brought which we served to the sick, if they could eat anything, then had carried away all that was left. We ended the bringing of regular mess to men who couldn’t look at it.

The next time the Surgeon General came to inspect he said, “Well, this is better.” But my resentment was never assuaged. I found some way to avoid saluting him.

I did not move to the new regiment. Each morning and evening I walked a mile to sleep in my old quarters. This I think kept me in excellent health during the entire epidemic.

Johnny was assigned to the big infirmary where I visited him one day. It was awful. He would say, “There is a guy and there’s another who will be dead on my next round.”

The saddest thing were the parents who had come to Camp because they had learned their son was sick. The records could not keep up with the ravages of the disease. They would wander around inquiring and often not learning whether their boy was dead or alive. I wrote my own mother that if I should get sick by no means try to come to Virginia. There was nothing she could do.

Finally the day came when those leaving the infirmary exceeded the number of new cases. What a wonderful relief to everyone, especially the Company Captain. And in a few days I was relieved of this special assignment and allowed to go back to our regular quarters. Three of our group of six caught the flu but all came through.

We had hardly resumed our testing work when word came through that we were all commissioned as Second Lieutenants and assigned to a different camp. I was to go to Camp Dening, New Mexico.

It was a thrill to go in to Washington by bus to buy our officers’ uniforms. After I was fully bedecked in leather puttees and brass bars on my shoulder I was waiting for the bus to return to Camp when a Captain came by in his car and asked me to ride out with him. A few hours earlier he would as soon have asked a leper to join him. While of course I accepted the ride, inside I didn’t like the idea that clothes make the man and resented the whole Army caste system.

Soon we were saying Goodbye to each other and scattering. I arranged my trip to New Mexico to pass through St. John, Kansas where I had been principal the year before and wrote ahead to one of the teachers, telling which train I would be on. When the train stopped it seemed as if the whole High School was there at the station. I shouted Hello by name to as many as I could. I

fear I was a little vain in my officer's garb. When the train pulled out, the youngsters let out a shout. One of the men on the train suggested that he thought I could carry that precinct!

At Camp Deming, apparently fearing I had brought something infectious I was again put in quarantine for two weeks, though I moved only from one part of the army to another. While in quarantine I heard a lot of shouting one day and was told that the reported armistice was a false alarm, but a day or two later there was a great Hullaballoo. It was the real armistice, but I had no part in it. I was most unhappy, still in quarantine.

By the time I reached my post, all drill, all preparations for war were off. Everyone loafed, played games or read, waiting for his discharge. My chief was Captain Harry Moore, a Dartmouth professor. His wife was there also and I was often in their quarters. In fact some years later he offered me a job in the Psychology Department at Dartmouth, but I was then committed to business. He later became President of Skidmore College, New York, where I visited him.

Instead of my discharge, a telegram came one day: "You are hereby relieved of your present duties (I had none) and will proceed to U.S. Hospital No. 21 at Denver, Colo. And report for duty." Henry Moore had no more idea what the duty would be than had I. And when I reported in at Denver, no one there had any idea either. O, the Army!

At the Denver Hospital, I was finally put in charge of recreation and was contact man for the Red Cross and the Denver Club women who wanted to do something for the poor sick soldiers in the Hospital. I soon learned that most people seemed to be more interested in getting public credit for what they were doing than in helping the sick. After being caught in the middle a couple of times I studied King Solomon's technique!

My roommate was delightful, Dave Barrett whose home was in nearby Boulder, Colo. He decided to stay in the army which I could not understand, and I was restless to get back to my graduate work, which he couldn't understand. In my spare time I took a course in typing with the hospital patients. I was soon fast enough but my errors spotted everything.

One day the Red Cross Major and his wife took me along on a motor trip to Cheyenne. Wyoming to "get supplies." I had no idea that the supplies were liquor, not available and not legal in Colorado. We were loaded to the "gunnels" as we came through the military guard at the state border. My heart was pounding as I could see myself court martialed for breaking army regulations and my parents shocked when they learned I was caught transporting illegal liquor across state lines. But since we were in a Red Cross car the sentries smiled and let us through. Secretly I was vexed with this Red Cross official.

During the early summer of 1918 *[shouldn't this be 1919?]* Mother and young brother Joe came out to see me. I rented a small apartment and bought a second hand Model T roadster. No matter how short a trip we took a tire would give out and we spent most of the time patching tires. Still it was fun to have them in that lovely summer climate and sometime in August my discharge came at last and I headed back to Iowa City.

Many years later, to amuse the children, I put on my officer's uniform and military hat, then execute the right face, left face and about face, then called "Forward march" and "Halt."

Tom, about age five, with big eyes asked, “Daddy, were you a soldier?” When assured I was he next inquired, “Did you win the war?” How my old buddies would have roared at that! But I assured him I was on the winning side!

LOVE LIFE

My love life had a tragic beginning. When I was six or seven I heard a group of older boys talking about the sexes and how babies are made. It was all very thrilling and the first thing I did was pass along the exciting news to the little girl next door who was about my age. She immediately told her mother, who came storming out of the house and blistered me with, “You are a very bad boy. You go right home and tell you mother what you’ve done. If you don’t, I’ll go tell her myself.” I was shocked and hurt. I left crying but I said nothing to my mother. Possibly that early experience has made it possible for me all my life to keep my mouth shut, no matter how juicy the news I could tell.

Little boys growing up are about as conscious of girls as they are of the distant stars. Our much older sister was a person, a family member, and to us, not a girl.

When we were Juniors in High School, Dwight, almost two years older, and I played in a basketball game. But when I was ready to go home, Dwight was nowhere to be found. I learned he was taking home some girl. When I arrived home alone, I announced, “I didn’t think Dwight would do that to me.” My parents were much amused.

When we arrived in Topeka, we were Seniors in High School, and still short though I was, I had to have a girl to join the social life of the crowd we were in. My first was Winnie Nash, the youngest of four sisters. She was blonde and very nice. The family was poor but all were striving for college. I dated Winnie only when there was some group party.

During the year between High School and College, I saw a great deal of Ruth Heil. She was a dynamic person, a little older than I. She led the singing in Young People’s meeting and did a number of things very well. When Ruth was in charge things got done. She went to some normal school, became a fine teacher at Wichita, Kansas.

In coeducational Washburn College, dating was a big feature of college life. Largely I roamed the field, but when it came to a formal fraternity dance, my date was usually a gracious little girl, Florence Hoover, nicknamed Spuddie, from Russell, Kansas. Even if I didn’t take her, I usually arranged for her to go with Bob Whitcomb, a fraternity brother who had a date only when compelled to by fraternity affairs. Bob was the brainy type, and Spuddie said she used to make a list of things to talk about. She also became a fine High School teacher, did not marry, and when we met at our 40th reunion, her hair was white and I was mortified because I did not recognize her until she spoke.

For a High School teacher, a love affair was a liability, not an asset, and as most of the feminine instructors were much older than I, no problems developed. On one occasion, I took a tall young domestic science teacher to the transient roller skating rink. We tried to go on an “adult” night, when there would be few if any High School students on hand.

But neither she nor I knew how to roller skate and almost on the first turn we were in a heap on the floor. I struggled to my feet, but in attempting to help her up, the rollers on her feet would shoot out from under her, so all I accomplished was to roll her over and over on the floor. Unfortunately I snickered. In high dudgeon, she sat on the floor, took off her skates and stalked off and on home. It was too bad, though I was grateful, that the students were not there. They would have loved it.

In Chattanooga, my best girl was Patty Martin, a lovely girl who later married the son of Mr. Ochs, publisher of the New York Times. When our orders came to go to Camp Humphreys, Patty asked, "Will you write?" I said, "Of course, and you'll write back?" She agreed. Then I added, "Then I'll write again and you'll write again, and so on, and how will we stop it gracefully?" This amused her considerably. Johnny Farber told me I was a low down heel.

Arriving at Carnegie Tech, we found a number of girl students in a related division of the graduate school, the Bureau of Retail Training. They even joined us in one or two courses. There were outstanding Betty Ramsdell, Margaret Barker and Ada Terrill. Since I arrived in January and this group left in June, I didn't see much of them, though I had several dates with Betty, a Theta from Michigan and one or two with Margaret. The latter was a smoothie. When you asked her for a date, she would love to go but she had something else planned that night, she was so sorry. Then on second thought, maybe she could get out of it. So the next day she brought the good news that our date was Okay after all. It was very flattering – until we discovered that she used the strategy with every boy who asked her. From then on, Margaret was off my list. Ada Terrill was tall, slender, had beautiful hair, but all the best men dancers kept her constantly occupied. I was on one picnic where she was a member of the group, thought her exceptional, but by June she was gone.

When I arrived in Newark, I was often a guest in the homes of Mr. Papps, Mr. Thurman, Mr. Rhodes, all officers who had young daughters in college. Lindsay Papps was an only child, not pretty but very companionable and I had many a meal at their home and if we were eating at a club, I enjoyed dancing with her. But she was in her first or second year at Wellesley. I enjoyed the Rhodes family with its sharp, sometimes too sharp, repartee. I had never heard anything like it anywhere. Marion the older daughter, already married, was queen bee. Helen, the other daughter, never had a chance to make herself known and I never asked for a date.

Nancy Thurman was a senior at Wellesley and I looked forward keenly to meeting her. She was a tall brunette with a pleasing personality. She invited me to a Wellesley Senior Prom. Her classmates amazed me. They were almost harpies, in being able to twist any remark made to mean something uncomplimentary to themselves. This of course was to cause you to say you didn't mean that at all but something quite the opposite, something quite flattering. I had never seen this technique so highly refined. Quickly I rebelled, suggested that I didn't consider that innocent remark uncomplimentary at all, but something like this would be, and I illustrated with something blunt and plain. This stopped them. Sweet Nancy of course took no part in this man-baiting.

After she graduated, I saw her a number of times but she was so unselfish that if her Mother was unwell (she seemed to have some type of undulant illness) Nancy would decline and stay with her Mother.

One day Tom Thatch and I planned a big double date – dinner and theater in New York. Nancy was to come in on the train and we were to pick her up at the station. Her Mother was somewhat under the weather and in doing everything needful for her, Nancy missed the train. She phoned us to say how sorry she was. When things are planned, I like to do them in spite of minor difficulties. That was my last date with Nancy. When I was in Washington D. C. on a six weeks assignment Nancy got engaged to a widower with a small baby. We all thought the baby captivated her more than the man and she married him in a few months. He proved to be very successful in business.

Tom Thatch was a delightful conversationalist and was constantly being invited out socially. It was amusing to hear him on the phone at the office. He would begin with a most enthusiastic "I'd just love to come," but before hanging up he would have wiggled out of it somehow. I suggested an easy way out would be to say that a friend of his was in New York and that he would be tied up on the proposed date. He found it a useful ruse.

When Tom was talking one day with Mrs. Papps, a New Jersey dowager with a daughter to plan for, Tom mentioned how taken by surprise most people were by my sudden engagement to a girl in Texas. Mrs. Papps said it didn't really surprise her. I had frequently mentioned meeting an out of town friend in New York. Realizing that I had probably used the same guile, Tom almost choked with amusement.

Jan Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" opens with the statement, "It is universally recognized that every young man in the possession of good income is on the lookout for a wife." This was true of me but the New Jersey crop of young ladies were for some unexplainable reason unattractive. They went to the big name girl colleges. They didn't know how to dress and they were not conversant with sports or masculine topics of conversation. I believe that in a big metropolitan area, a young girl gets to meet and associate with very few men near her age. The small towns on the other hand seem to grow attractive girls by the bushel. I told Tom Thatch, a graduate of Princeton that I was going to a Senior Prom at Vassar. His reply was, "How terrible! Couldn't you think of any way to get out of it?"

In New York at the Collingwood Hotel, a house mother chaperoned for the winter a group of girls from Southern cities. They were from well-to-do families who could afford to give them a winter in New York seeing shows and concerts. Each year there was a new crop. Tom Thatch was a regular visitor and took me along. They were pretty, vivacious and for the most part graduates of finishing schools. But by this time I was 29 years old and found them interesting for one evening only.

One girl in Nancy's class at Wellesley struck me as outstanding, Edith Brandt of Boston. I tried to see her when my business took me there but by that time she was engaged to a young doctor. A Carolyn Henderson of Tampa, Florida attended the summer school at Columbia. She was a regular student at Connecticut College for Women, and sparked my interest so that I looked her upon my next business trip to Florida. She obviously felt that Florida was the only place in the world to live and I, who had done anything to avoid Kansas summer heat, felt otherwise, so our paths separated, then and there.

Margaret Barker of Carnegie Tech was in New York and had a bachelor uncle who lived on a country place up the Hudson. I had been there as a weekend party guest and enjoyed it. Her uncle was an expert on trees and I enjoyed his telling of the names and characteristics of the flora.

One day I had a call from Ada Terrill, who was in New York with a friend of hers who, she said, was a gorgeous girl, who loved golf and whom she was sure I would be elated to meet. So I arranged for the two of them to come out to Madison for a game of golf. One of the men of the club joined us to make a foursome. Ada was first on the tee and hit a beautiful drive. He said, "That's my partner!" She didn't hit as good a stroke again. Her friend Lee was an accomplished golfer and even with me we won handily. But "wonderful Lee" didn't strike my fancy at all.

Again I was invited to the place on the Hudson. I was about to demur when Margaret said Ada Terrill is in town and will be there. I accepted and even brought along young brother Joe to fill up the male quota. When Margaret met us at the train she announced that Ada Terrill couldn't come after all. Under my breath, I said to Joe: "We've been hornswoggled. Let's duck." But he saw no reason to give up a weekend house party so we went on. And we did enjoy the lamb chops grilled outdoors and the company.

Not long thereafter I had on deck a business trip to Oklahoma so I decided to take a ship to New Orleans, go by Houston, Texas where Ada Terrill had a job, then on to Oklahoma. The ship was filled with pretty girls from the South, there was much social life, the sea was calm, and I sent back a card to my buddy Lawrence Bates that there were so many peaches on board, I feared I would be surfeited by the time I reached Texas! Since our Company had no agencies in Texas I had only social life to occupy me in Houston. Ada Terrill was so much more lovely than I remembered that I decided to try to get something settle before I left. In her little Ford car we went on a picnic. Nearby a ditch was being dug and it seemed there were far more lanterns along it than necessary. So as dark came on we lit a number and hung them on various branches of the tree above us. She said later that anyone who could get a kick out of doing something silly like that might be fun to live with. So when I left Houston, we were engaged. On my first business stop I lost no time in confirming by letter my feelings in the matter.

This was October 1926 and in another month I would be 33 so I pressed for an early wedding which was set for April 1927. Meanwhile I went to her parents' home in Canyon, Texas for the Christmas holidays, met and was inspected by the family. An only daughter's fiancé is a very serious matter.

For the April wedding Lawrence Bates, my buddy, who was to be best man, showed up for the five days of festivities. So much was planned that I scarcely got to see my bride alone. The evening of the wedding the little Presbyterian Church was packed, when unexpectedly the fire bell rang. I was in something of a fog but my bride says no one left the church. They stayed for the proceedings even though a home might be burning. It was a candlelight affair. After the ceremony Lawrence and I were packing our things in my room when six tall groomsmen appeared with a big log chain and ordered me to sit down. I appealed to Lawrence to do something but he bowed to the inevitable. The big log chain was put around my ankle, padlocked, and the key thrown out the window into the night. I wore the chain to the reception in her parents' home. It created much merriment. Privately I discussed with my new father-in-

law how we could get it off before train time. He succeeded in rousing the owner of a machine shop who had me stand on the bench with the chain in a vise while the chain was severed. We made the train scot free and at the next station stop, Amarillo, the whole wedding party was there to greet us and hand over a second key. They were surprised to find we didn't need it. As we chatted gaily with the group from the rear platform, we suddenly discovered that this last car was being detached from the train. It was a wild scramble to get back to our compartment in the moving train, but we made it accompanied by the shouts and laughter of our well wishers.

On the honeymoon trip east we visited my Mother and Dwight and Helen in Topeka, where my sister came from her central Kansas home to see us, the brother Jack and Siddie at Clear Lake, Iowa, then army buddies Bruce and Fred in Chicago where Fred sold us a baby grand Gulbransen piano, our first furniture purchase. Then on to the apartment on Second Avenue in Newark. Aside from the piano we had a double in-a-door bed, a borrowed bridge table with four chairs. The ice box and stove were apartment equipment. To my surprise I learned that my bride would not buy furniture until she knew she was getting something permanent so it was weeks before we finally were equipped with couch, wing chair rug, table and dining chairs, practically all of which we are still using thirty-five years later.

Most New Jerseyites took the tube train to New York. But my bride from Texas liked to drive a car. So on one of the frequent shopping trips to New York she found a flat tire when she was ready to start home. No policeman was handy to help and the doorman at the hotel disdained it, but agreed to call a garage. In New York such things cost money and when she drove the car onto the ferry she was compelled to ask the driver of the next car to lend her the fare, which happily he did. Then as she drove off, she discovered she was practically out of gas. So into a filling station where there was more negotiation. The gas was secured but her driver's license was taken as hostage. She had promised to pick me up at the office and drive me home which then was Summit for the Clark family had asked us to occupy their home while they were on vacation. She was so much behind schedule and in trying to hurry, she was stopped by the demanding whistle of a highway cop. But this time she burst into tears and whether the copy got the fully story or not he let her go. Meanwhile I had gone to Summit thinking there had been a misunderstanding. When she finally arrived after he exhausting day, there was still another blow. The Clark's cocker pup had found several pairs of her trousseau shoes and ha chewed them to uselessness. It was a day to make any other a joy by comparison.

Some of our New Jersey acquaintances were amazed at her frequent trips to enjoy New York. We were dining with the Alfred Rileys one evening, a couple about our age. When they learned she went to New York about once a week, they were appalled. Alfred said, "Why we haven't been to New York in ten years!" Then our jaws dropped open. How intelligent people could live year after year under the shadow of that great city and enjoy none of its cultural advantages was beyond us!

In New Jersey we had one other set-to with a cop, this time together. I had been to Buffalo to a meeting and wired that I would arrive in Newark on the 3:30 p.m. train. What I did not know was that there were trains on two railroads arriving from Buffalo at 3:30 p.m. My bride could only meet one. I was a bit disappointed not to be met when I stepped off the train, but took a cab and started for home. When I did not get off the train she met, she hurriedly tried to reach

the other train, only to see me starting up the street in a cab. So she followed in hot pursuit. As the cab passed an intersection the light turned red. Not to lose the cab, she followed through the red light and was alongside the cab when the cop's siren wailed. When I saw her, I stopped the cab. We were starting to embrace when the huffing cop got there. Sensing this situation, we prolonged our affection unduly while the embarrassed cop waited. Finally he said, "Is this your wife?" "It certainly is!" "Well," he said, apologetically, "she ought not to go through a red light!" and went off on his motorcycle. Even policemen can be lenient with young lovers. For us it was a big laugh.

BUSINESS

The Laborer is worthy of his hire. If my father had not been a minister he would have been an outstanding success in business. He loved to plan business ventures for his sons. He was confident each would make money, all would be good experience and, no doubt, the boy who is busy keeps out of trouble. The first venture was selling popcorn balls. The corn was popped on the kitchen stove, rolled in a ball with some kind of molasses. Then Dwight and I would start off with a bagful to sell for a penny apiece. We sold some of course, chiefly through neighbors' kindness, I suspect. It was no money maker and was soon dropped.

In the cherry season we climbed the trees and got the magnificent pay of 10 cents a gallon. Getting a gallon of cherries out of the tops of trees seemed an interminable chore. The owner of course stood on the ground and picked all those on the easy to get lower branches.

But one job I thoroughly enjoyed. When pastures turned green in the spring, our cows and the neighbor's cows had to be driven to pasture after the morning milking. Then driven in again in the evening. I received 50 cents per month per cow. The job had to be done rain or shine. On a rainy morning I would don rubber cape, roll up my trousers, and go barefoot through the mud. Nothing feels better on the feet than mud and water. Having it squirt up between the toes was an enjoyable sensation. This job lasted from Spring until the pastures were dead in the fall.

When our cow was fresh (Father always had a good one) we had more milk than our family could use. Then I would deliver it to the neighbors for five cents a quart. Since this was a surplus product and did not last more than a month or two, I was allowed to keep the currency I collected.

Somewhere Father got the idea that there was money to be made in Belgian hares. They grew rapidly, multiplied quickly, and the meat was as good or better than chicken. So we started with a pair. All worked as planned up to the eating. People would pay money for a chicken but not for a rabbit. The numbers grew in spite of many served on our own table. In desperation Father sent the older boys with a buggy full of rabbits out through the country. They could sell very few but came home triumphant having traded three for a fine big turkey. So this project faded.

In Clay Center I got the idea of raising squabs. We had a large hay mow and it was not hard to built a battery of pigeon nests. Since they were uncaged, very little feed was required. When the squabs were almost ready to fly, I would dress and sell them. I got to know the parent pigeons

well and gave them fancy names. Some were Sanfranfornicalifrisco, Oshconkishwissin, and Chinoisillicago which of course were the scrambled names of cities.

The neighbors all had cisterns to catch the rain water from their roofs. This soft water was used for the Monday washings. They were unhappy with my large flock of pigeons which roosted and left droppings on their roofs, so eventually I was persuaded to quit the squab business.

One of the rewards of earning a little money was that when we came in town after a session at the "swimming hole" we had a dime for an ice cream soda. How marvelous they tasted after that kind of exercise.

Weddings were joyful events. Father always gave the fee to Mother who used it for something special. The rigid rules of practicality that applied at all other times were not in force with wedding fees. The news of a forthcoming wedding was received with enthusiasm.

Since wedding plans are usually a secret, it was woe to the youngster who let the names of nuptial parties escape his lips. After such a slip it to k a long time for him to prove he could be trusted with family secrets.

One time a couple arrived and neither Father or Mother were at home. I determined not to let them get away and be married by some other minister. I got them seated in the parlor and said I felt sure I could find Father in short order. I phoned everywhere, finally learned that he was on the street downtown, visiting as usual. I asked the storekeeper to tell him to hurry home as fast as possible. Meanwhile I assured the restless couple that he was on his way. Father came rushing in, wondering which boy had been hurt. The visitors were amused, but another $5.00 bill did not get away.

Often weddings took place in the country. I often went along with Father on these trips. The food at a country wedding was everything a hungry boy could imagine and more than he could eat, and Father liked the companionship.

As the boys got older they worked summer vacations on farms of parishioners. Being in the early teens they came back at the end of the summer much bigger and stronger. I was determined to get a job on a farm. Though I was younger and smaller than a farmer wanted, a Mr. Holt finally took me on. As I had already learned to milk a cow, I milked six cows morning and evening, learned to drive a horse with a walking cultivator through the corn. When the circus was in town the whole Holt family went, leaving me to do the chores. There was one mule colt who gave me trouble. In the evening when he came in from the pasture, I would have feed in his feed box, but he would not permit me to put the halter on him. The moment I entered the stall beside him he would back out and rush out of the barn. This was maddening because he behaved perfectly when farmer Holt went to halter him. I first tried shutting the lower barndoor but he leaped over this. Then I shut both upper and lower doors. Thus stymied, he let fly with both hind feet, struck me full in the chest. I was on the barn floor completely out of breath. When Mr. Holt learned the story, he hid with a big strap in the next stall. He had me fix the feed as usual and go alongside to halter him. As the mule colt started to back out, Mr. Holt jumped out with a loud yell and whammed the colt with the strap. The little rascal was scared stiff. He never again caused me any trouble.

While I was on the Holt farm, I received a picture post card from my brother Jack who also was working in the country during the summer. It was a rustic scene, farmer, cows, pigs, labeled Town of Tail-holt. And underneath this doggerel:

> You can smile and turn your nose up
> And laugh and have your fun
> And holler "Tailholts are better holts than none."
> But if the city suits you better
> That's where you orter be
> But the little town of Tailholt
> Is good enough for me.

For all my long hours of work I received $10.00 per month, $25.00 for the summer, but the sad part was I had grown hardly at all. My time had not come.

The most consistent and profitable part-time occupation was delivery of newspapers on an established route. I preferred an afternoon paper but Dwight liked the early morning paper. We continued this even into college. Occasionally prizes were offered for the boy who could get the most new subscribers in a given period. When first prize was $25.00 I worked like a Turk and won it. I was favored because the newly building up Elmhurst addition was in my territory. Eventually my route was so large I used our horse and buggy. On one particular block there were six houses on one side of the road and none on the other. Low fences were between the houses. I would have ready six folded papers, then leave the buggy and run the hurdles over the fences, dropping papers on porches as I ran. The horse thought this was a game and I had to sprint my best to catch the buggy at the end of the block.

During the year between High School and College, a salesman of nursery stock, fruit trees and flowers, came through. He showed the beautiful pictures in the catalog and took orders with no money down. Then he shipped all the stock to me properly labeled. I was to deliver, collect and remit after subtracting my commission. The wrapped up twigs were a far cry from the beautiful pictures shown by the salesman and many a customer was reluctant to pay out the money. But I finally got nearly all of them delivered. It paid well. The firm tried to get me to handle this work another year. But by then I was back in school.

Because of my severe illness as a Senior in College Father was concerned about my choice of work after graduating. He had a friend who was Superintendent of Bethany Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas. He secured for me a position as assistant to this friend, thinking that should I ever be threatened with bleeding again I could be taken care of promptly at the Hospital. But when I visited the Hospital, the whole place depressed me, and I wriggled out of that.

So when Supt. Chas. Sendy and a school board member arrived on campus a spring day in my Senior year, I was happy to sign up as a teacher of English and one class in Psychology in Herington High School for $75.00 per month. A new school building was under construction and we moved into it in midterm.

Teaching the classes and generating enthusiasm for beautiful passage was fun and I enjoyed it. An old bachelor, Jim Kerr, and his tall old maid sister had a beautiful home on the hill and I had a

room with them. They had come from Scotland years before and an evening with them was a delight.

One of the math teachers was a Phi Beta Kappa genius from the University of Nebraska but she knew nothing about human relations. The youngsters made life miserable for her. I passed along the hall one day as she was pleading with a mischievous boy to go back to his seat in the classroom. I was astounded and shouted, "Sheldon, what are you doing?" He subsided quickly just as the mule colt had, and went to his seat. The poor teacher got no better and the Superintendent dismissed her after a few weeks.

At the end of the year I was offered a $10.00 raise, but had learned of an opening at St. John High School, which I secured and was Principal at $100 per month. It had one serious complication. The former principal had not been too successful, but was retained as teacher of manual training. Naturally he looked at me with a jaundiced eye. Sensing this I often went to him when something came up with which I was unfamiliar and asked his advice on an occasional problem. We got along fine, particularly since he liked the work in manual training.

Not all the teachers liked me. Since the coach was my roommate he expected me to check the class work of the best players and make sure they were not ineligible because of grades. So about the middle of the week I would make the rounds, finding out which of the good players were in danger, then asking the teacher to specify what must be done now by the athlete to stay eligible. Reluctantly this was given. Then the coach and I would tell the young man what he had to do now, usually with success. Naturally we had a very fine football season.

One crisis developed. A mother phoned in to inquire if it was necessary for her boy to wear old work clothes to school on the following Friday. This was our tip that the whole school was planning to appear that day in all manner of outlandish costumes. We had a faculty meeting and decided to say nothing about it, but have a written lesson in every class. This would keep hilarity within bounds. Before the day was over, many of the older students laughingly admitted that the joke was on them.

After winning the big game of the season, we declared a half holiday. The students roamed the town, celebrating and suddenly decided to parade through the High School building, I decided a number of things might be broken, and on the spur of the moment, I met the mob at the front door and told them firmly, "You can't come in." For a moment they hesitated, then turned and went shouting down the street. I doubt if I would be that foolhardy again.

Fourth year English was an optional course. I elected to teach it. I selected anything I pleased for our study. One of the old lady teachers groused that Les Miserables was no book for teenagers to be reading. Most of the Seniors took the course and it was fun for all of us. The Senior Annual that year was dedicated to me. When the class of 1917 held their fortieth reunion, I was urged to come, and planned to go. Only Tom's difficulty in getting on the Matson Line's Alameda in Los Angeles forced me to fly over St. John and help him make the ship for his project in Samoa.

My next occupation, after leaving Carnegie Tech, was to join the Mutual Benefit at Newark, N.J. Here my boss was Oliver Thurman, Superintendent of Agencies, one of the finest men in all the world. Wisely he decided that some actual field experience in selling life insurance would be a

good investment of time, before beginning my work at the Home Office. He sent me to the Detroit agency which was doing the finest job in the country in training successful agents. I was paid my Home Office salary. The head of the agency was Donald Clark, a dynamic personality. He was always trying something new. I lapped up their training for new agents and was soon in the field. My first small sale was to an assistant in a butcher shop. Then one evening I went over with a man and his wife in their home, a rather elaborate program which they finally accepted. On the way home I was walking on air. A note at my hotel said my former professor at Carnegie Tech, Dr. Yoakum, was in town at a nearby hotel. I went by to see him bubbling with enthusiasm.

As soon as I reached the office the next morning the client of the night before telephoned that he and his wife had decided not to go ahead with my program. Never had I had such a letdown. My vision lay in ashes. But one lives past catastrophes and before long I had a few other sales that did stick. And just when I thought I was beginning to get the hang of it, I was called to the Home Office in Newark. Mr. Thurman discussed with some pride that there some commission offsets to my two months' salary.

Working with Oliver Thurman was always a joy. He fortunately was in no hurry to have the Carnegie tests adopted in the field. I helped him prepare his presentations to the top executive officers and invariably he took me along. He was no man for detail and if he was pressed for some inconsistency in his statement, I could speak up and give the exact facts, which he greatly appreciated. I kept still in such conferences until called upon and kept my mouth shut on what went on after they were over. So I sat in on every conference covering agency matters.

I was the first outsider, so called expert, to be hired by the 70-year-old company and at first was looked on askance throughout the building. But I had three congenial members at my lunch table, and at the end of the first year, was elected an officer, Assistant Superintendent of Agencies. Thereafter I lunched at the Junior Officers table where the repartee was continuous and pretty sharp. But they were fine chaps, mostly many years older than I and in time I liked them.

One of my tasks was to visit agencies which were falling down and try to discover the cause and what could be done about them if anything. This was a touchy job, as the General Agent knew he was in trouble and it was not always easy to get his confidence. But I would be invited occasionally to his home and as I tried to help all I could we got along quite well.

I would be called upon to speak at the local Life Underwriters meeting, which scared me exceedingly. I knew I was the merest novice in field selling and to speak before a large group of able and experienced men was often a harrowing experience. It was a relief to learn that a man from the Home Office carries "long horns" and it was assumed he must be someone of importance or he wouldn't have the job.

While at Newark my old friend Pete Hanson who had become a personal assistant to W. T. Grant, head of the company bearing his name, arranged for me to have an interview with Mr. Grant. As a result I was offered a job in helping to improve the quality of their store managers. The salary was substantially more than I was getting. But I liked my work and the people in the Mutual Benefit and I turned it down. Before doing so I talked with Mr. Rhodes, executive vice

president but real boss of the Company. I told him that I was turning down the Grant offer because I liked my work in the Mutual Benefit but I thought it wise to inquire if I was an acceptable member of the staff, for if the Company would be happy to be relieved of my services I should know it now, in which case I would accept the Grant offer. He reassured me and at the end of that year I received a very substantial raise. I have decided that this is much better technique for getting a raise than reporting and outside offer and threatening to leave unless a worthwhile raise is forthcoming.

The day came when the New York City General Agent announced his plan to retire. This was the biggest and most profitable agency in the Company, the head of it earned around $100,000 a year, far more than Mr. Thurman whose salary was around $15,000 and far more than any officer of the Company. Mr. Thurman decided he wanted this job and planned to take me along. But one day he talked with one of the Agency Supervisors about plans he had in mind for the Agency, which would be on a much higher plane than those of the retiring General Agent. This supervisor reported this conversation to his chief, who was so incensed that he stormed over to see the Company President, protesting Mr. Thurman's appointment and vowing to obstruct him if he came to New York. So Mr. Thurman did not get the appointment. It was a sad day for him, but a lucky break for me as I might have spent the rest of my life in New York, a city whose business methods and way of life I dislike intensely. One more lesson in keeping one's mouth shut.

When Pres. Frelingheysen died, we all supposed Executive Vice President Rhodes would succeed him. It was a great shock when the directors elected one of their own group, a lawyer John Hardin. It was a staggering blow to Mr. Rhodes since Mr. Hardin was unfamiliar with insurance operations. Mr. Rhodes still ran the Company, although Mr. Hardin was a fine investment man. Mr. Thurman decided to get the new President interested in Agency matters and took him on many field trips, gradually getting his support on a number of plans Mr. Rhodes had bottled up. This proved a serious mistake as Mr. Hardin was simply not equipped to manage the Company and attempting to by-pass Mr. Rhodes aroused his enmity. Later Mr. Rhodes took all Agency responsibility away from Mr. Thurman.

It soon became clear that Mr. Thurman's plans for the Agency Development were stalled in dead center. Accordingly I began thinking of other possibilities and when the Pittsburgh Agency became open I applied for it. Mr. Thurman did not want me to go, but being the man he was he would never hinder anyone's progress, so on January 1, 1930 I took over the Agency, no longer with a salary, and started on a business of my own.

Naturally I worked day and night in Pittsburgh and things started off well. My predecessor said it would be worthwhile business-wise to join the Duquesne Club and I followed his advice. But my background for such a task was pretty sketchy. One of my agents nearly wrecked me financially. He owned a nice home, heavily mortgaged and always spent more than he earned. One day he came to me with the heartrending tale that he was about to lose his home. He needed financial help desperately but only for a few months, as he was the principal heir and executor of the estate of a rich bachelor uncle in Massachusetts, who was practically on his death bed. The only reserve capital I had was the funds received from selling the house in New Jersey. Almost I yielded to the request but not quite. The house was not foreclosed and when my agent's uncle

died about a year later, the depression was on and the estate was less than expected. So our agent instead of being rich as he anticipated put what he received in the stock market, unknown to his wife, and lost it all. His wife could have killed him, and harped so continually on his stupidity that he lost all confidence and left the business. This close call made me very chary of lending money to people who cannot spend according to their income, of whom there is a percentage in every group of men.

The depression came on and deepened and when the banks closed all over the country, I began to wonder why I had been foolish enough to leave a comfortable salary. My wife advanced the suggestion, not too seriously, that perhaps we should take what cash we had and sit it out in Florida where living was far less expensive. The idea had its plus side as we were able to hire clerical help for as little as $65.00 per month and we learned to operate with the strictest economy. Many salaried men had been discharged and were willing to try a commission job. I was elected President of the General Agents' Association in Pittsburgh and was considered, not outstanding, but a little better than average Agency Manager. But it was never completely satisfying. I liked people too easily, could see possibilities in men, who after being trained did not have the stamina for sales work. Recruiting, training, then losing men was not profitable or satisfying. The irony of it was that I had written a Doctor's thesis on how to select life insurance salesmen.

As business conditions improved, we still kept our overhead low and eventually the Agency was showing a handsome profit.

After some years of laxity in selecting new agents, I determined to take only men with outstanding qualities. The result was that Hans Beyert, Fred Lafferty and Hedges Capers were in training all at one time. Then the blow fell. Pearl Harbor disaster. And in a few months all three men were gone in military service.

Meanwhile I studied over a five-year period for each of the five Chartered Life Underwriters examinations and received the degree. I was a veteran at taking exams.

I did not like office routine so I managed to spend some part of each day in the field in personal selling. In this case I was talking to successful men only, whereas my office hours were filled with the troubles of unsuccessful agents. Naturally I enjoyed the former more.

So I resolved that when I reached age 55 I would resign the agency voluntarily and do personal selling only. This was an unheard of procedure either in Pittsburgh or throughout Mutual Benefit.

It proved to be a wise move. I had a knack for getting another man's confidence and getting him to act in his own interest. My volume of business increased in my third year. I made the Million Dollar Round Table, consisting of those who completed one million of new business in the calendar year. Two years later I made the National Associates, limited to the twenty-five agents in the company doing the largest volume of business in that year. Also I was elected President of the 1200 member Life Underwriters Associates of Pittsburgh.

To be successful in selling one must spend his efforts with people who have a financial margin above their living requirements and with men whose future prospects are rosy. I developed a

technique for finding such people. I showed my younger brother Joe how to use this procedure. When he graduated from Law School and decided he did not wish to return to Kansas but wanted to practice in New York I asked him how he planned to get a job in a New York law firm. He said that he was on the Yale Review, that he had good standing with two or three professors who had connections in New York and he would ask them for suggestions of law firms where he might apply. I said, "Fine, but after you have called on these six firms and they tell you that they have no opening at this time but will keep you in mind, what will you do then?" He had no answer. So I suggested the following procedure.

"Every acquaintance you have, myself included, knows at least one lawyer in New York. Collect all the names, including the six given you by the professors, and approach each in turn somewhat as follows: 'Mr. Jones, I am Joe Ream. I know Mr. Clark (who had given Mr. Jones's name.) Since I have just graduated from Yale where I was on the Review (add a few facts about yourself) Mr. Clark thought you might be willing to suggest a law firm or two where if you were just out of law school, you would apply for a job.' Since you are not applying to Mr. Jones for a job, just getting the names of firms, where you might apply, he will very likely give you one or two names. Then ask for the name of the man in that firm to contact."

"Then when you approach the name given you by Mr. Jones, repeat as before: 'I am Joe Ream. I know Mr. Jones, again asking for firms where you might apply. In this way you will never run out of places to go or men to ask for. Sooner or later you will be in front of a man who is looking for a new law clerk <u>now</u>!"

Joe said it worked like a charm. Before long he had three offers, none of which firms were on his original list and he still had a number of firms to call on.

One of the exasperating things in selling is competition. Often when the prospect had a number of proposals submitted, he becomes confused, usually ends up buying nothing or buying from his best friend. After a lot of frustration and lost time I decided a competitive case was something to be avoided, even though I felt the Mutual Benefit was tops in quality. So when competition entered the picture, I would say, "I realize that frequently a man has personal friends in the insurance business and he would like to give them some business. I would feel the same way. It is all right with me, Go ahead and give the business to this chap if you feel you have the slightest obligation. I'll take my chances another day. On the other hand, I feel that helping a man chart and work out his financial plans is a professional job and it is not like buying a radio. And when you have confidence that I can help you plan to your own best interest, then I will be happy to work with you, and if not, we'll part good friends. This worked surprisingly well and saved much time.

Eventually I learned that it pays always to speak well of one's competitors. If one can say nothing good, then it is better to say nothing at all. If you speak highly of your competitors the word of course reaches them. They are pleased with themselves and with you. So automatically they begin to say good things about you. Having a group of competitors complimenting your ability is a tremendous business asset.

My experience with Doctors is just the opposite. They feel that no one else in the same specialty is any good. This belittling each other, tends to destroy the public's confidence in any of them.

Even the world famous Menninger Clinic could remember no organization they could recommend except their own. It is shortsighted.

INVESTMENTS

When one is using capital in his own business bring up and educating a family, what to do with his surplus funds is no problem. There is much truth in the adage that a man makes money in his own business but loses it in the other fellow's business. Therefore I bought everything for my business that I thought would improve it and at the same time bought adequate life insurance, $100,000 should I be taken off before the business harvest was reaped. Only in the last few years when I have retired from business and the children were educated have I made investments in securities and then those recommended by the Investment Office of a bank. Speculative investments have never appealed to me, probably because of a remark by one of our investment men in Newark. When I asked why the Company did not invest a fraction of its fund in mortgages in Montana, paying 9 or 10%, he replied that there was a recognized rate for the use of money. Whatever was paid in addition to this rate was a premium for the risk in the investment.

Real estate is another matter. In my bachelor days in Newark my salary enabled me to build up a nest egg of $1000.00. At the urging of my first landlady, Mrs. Loy, I made a down payment on a two-family house on Greenwood Avenue, East Orange. It was her theory that one should put up an initial payment, get the balance of the purchase price through a mortgage, then let the rents pay off the mortgage. The only thing I didn't count on was the exorbitant fee of the lawyer handling the purchase and the premium demanded by the mortgage company. These two items were over $500, a sum I did not possess. It was highly embarrassing when I went to the session to close the deal but was unable to produce the necessary funds. I didn't want to lose my down payment, neither did I wish to let my boss at the office know of my tenderfoot predicament. Then I thought of my life insurance policy and made a loan there for the necessary amount and the deal went through.

The house seemed to be in good condition when I bought it, but the renters soon began calling for repairs. On a business trip to Minneapolis in midwinter, a letter was forwarded to me from one of the tenants, "Come out at once, our pipes is busted!" The rents paid the interest on the mortgage, taxes and insurance, but repairs did not leave much to pay on the principal. I decided that handling real estate was not my dish, so when my bride and I arrived in Newark from Texas, I transferred the property to her name.

She had one unexpected and hair-raising experience. Real estate men were frequently asking if they could list the property, suggesting that if they got an offer, it would be our decision whether to accept it. One morning there appeared an ad in the paper entirely unknown to us that this house was for sale to colored people. Before long Kay was getting one angry phone call after another from irate neighbors. She explained that the house was not for sale to colored people, and finally decided to go to Greenwood Avenue and assure them. She found herself facing a mob who didn't believe a word she said. Finally, her dander up she announced that if this kept up she would sell it to a colored family even if she could find one black enough.

When I learned what happened, I talked to one of the lawyers at the office who prepared a letter addressed to the offending real estate man. He had thought that this ruse would make the neighbors buy the house to protect the value of their own houses. The letter told him he had never been authorized to sell the house to colored people and that if any more such ads appeared, he would be prosecuted. It was sent by registered mail and a copy shown to the overwrought neighbors. This ws my first experience with outright dishonesty in business.

When our first baby was about to arrive, we decided to buy a pretty little house in South Orange which was just nearing completion. It had two bedrooms instead of one. The Greenwood house became the down payment and I was able to negotiate a substantial mortgage. This time I discussed in advance with the attorney the cost of fees, the historical search of title, survey, etc. Kay was astonished at all this rigamarole for in West Texas all one did was buy Lot Seven and pay the money.

Mrs. Moore, real estate dealer who sold us the house, promised to have it completely finished in ten days so when Kay came home from the hospital all would be ready. As soon as she got our payment (fortunately I withheld about $500) all work ceased, she was nowhere to be found. I was irate and went to her house at all hours only to be told by the maid she was not at home. But finally I cornered her and demanded action. She said she was a little short of money that the workmen could do no more work until they were paid. On her solemn promise I advanced $200. Imagine my rage when days went by and no workmen appeared. I know it is good practice never to own a gun, for had I one, I would have put it in her back and kept it there until she did some of the things she promised.

The first few times I believed her when she said, “What, didn’t those men come, they told me yesterday they would be there this morning.” On checking with the men I learned that she never called once. She was one of the biggest liars I’ve ever met. But I was not to be suckered any further. Though my wife and baby had to come home to an unfinished house, I was at her door morning and evening threatening to sue and in spite of her requests for more funds would not give another penny till the last screw was in place. What a pity that any business has to have in it such disreputable people!

The little house in South Orange with its apple green shutters set on a little knoll and the driveway curved up the hill. Unfortunately each time there was a heavy rain the water came gushing down the driveway and the cinders were soon in the street below. I would then replace them bucketful by bucketful. I decided to divert the rain with a little ditch above the house. The solution however was no cure for the next heavy downpour went, not down the driveway, but into my neighbor’s cellar!

Between our house and the neighbor on that other side was a row of tall evergreens which was a lovely background for the little house. A nice primary school building had been finished on the continuing hill above us. We were alarmed to discover one day that the school board owned a six foot right of way between the two houses on which were all the evergreens. The Board planned to take them all out in order to lay a stone walk to the school. I rushed to the School Superintendent, then their legal counsel, and frantically offered a right of way on the other side of the house where there were no trees. Getting prompt action through governmental bodies is very difficult, even in the U.S. But my wife said flatly she would not permit a single tree to be

touched so to our great relief the walk eventually was placed on the other side and our trees were saved.

When we moved to Pittsburgh, I needed badly our equity in the house as capital in the business so I went ahead and my wife stayed in New Jersey with the children to sell the house. She listed it with numerous real estate men. Their practice apparently is to sit in the office until someone comes to inquire for a hose, then show what is available. Of course no action was forthcoming. So we decided to get busy ourselves. I took pictures of the house to Personnel Directors of all the large corporations nearby, suggesting that they show the pictures to men with families who were moving to this area. My wife also took pictures to ministers of the various churches in the neighborhood, thinking they might know of new families moving in, or families with a new baby who wanted more room. In this way we had a number of people coming to see the house. Finally we had two people wanting it at the same time and the one who was able to put up the full cash for our equity became the new owners. Ironically, this man was the brother-in-law of the first real estate man with whom the house was listed. So all our real estate woes in New Jersey ended on a happy note. The depression was coming on and had we not sold the house promptly we might have recovered little of our equity later.

About 1935 the travel business was in great distress. The steamship companies were offering fabulous round the world cruises for as little as $600.00 My wife thought we should take one of these while they were as cheap as living at home and while her parents were alive and able to look after the children. I said fine, if I could earn the money through personal sales and not use agency funds. With this incentive I went to work. We kept our chart in our bedroom showing the growth of the commission account. It grew faster than either of us anticipated. However, as the goal was about to be reached, I realized sadly that I could not leave the agency for four months during those critical times. The business would go all to pieces. My wife was a good sport about it, and reluctantly we decided to put the nest egg in a new house. All our friends thought we were crazy to build a new house in those lean years, but we went ahead anyway and got a five-bedroom, four bath, all brick house for $18,000 of which $16,000 was a Federal mortgage. Carpenters, masons, plumbers, were elated to be actually working again. It turned out that we could not have built at a more favorable time. In later years after we had gone to Somerset the house sold for $50,000. In one of the houses we had rented in Pittsburgh there was a large circular bay window in the dining room. We asked our architect to incorporate this idea in the new house. Imagine our surprise when the architect of the rented house threatened us with a law suit. Our good friend and neighbor Harold McCamey was a lawyer and we turned the matter over to him. The suit proved to be only a threat.

After we had sold the house in Fox Chapel, Pittsburgh, and we were living in Somerset, my wife found an old house on East Union that had possibilities with plenty of bedrooms and a barn! We needed a place for the horses. I checked with the next-door neighbor, Ernest Cook, who was President of the Bank, whether there would likely be any objection to our keeping horses in the barn. He thought not, so we went ahead with the purchase. How wrong he was! I discovered when I returned to Somerset the following weekend that the other neighbors were incensed at the idea of a manure pile in the vicinity and had been almost as nasty over the telephone as the neighbors in Greenwood Avenue. I learned that elderly Bertha Grove had lived the longest in the neighborhood and was most influential. I went to see her and explained that while we would

never allow manure to accumulate at the barn, still we did not want to cause any trouble whatever and that we would be glad not to complete the purchase if the neighbors would help us get back our down payment. The seller had previously refused to void the deal. Bertha was a very nice person and said she would talk it over wit the neighbors and let us know. Very promptly she reported that it was all right, go ahead, horses and all. We came to like Bertha and her bachelor brother very much.

Finally we built our dream house. Kay was helping our son Jim complete his scout project on birds in a woods just above the town of Somerset. They came out on a promontory which had the grandest view imaginable of Somerset County, rolling hills, patches of trees, an occasional white farm house and red barn. Nothing looks as peaceful and idyllic as Somerset County in any season. When the owner Harvey Marteeny learned that Pittsburghers (we were always looked upon as city people in Somerset) wanted the sixteen acres, the price became almost double what such land was worth. So we let the matter rest for 18 months. After which we asked Mr. Harrison the local real estate man to buy it for us which he did and at the proper figure. We were happy to pay him $100.00 for his efforts. Some real estate men are worthwhile. We couldn't get building materials till World War II was over and even then it seemed foolhardy to proceed when everything was so scarce, but we went ahead anyway selling our East Union property with a nice profit. It turned out that going ahead was no mistake as building costs kept mounting year by year thereafter.

Except for about four acres of beautiful woods, the rest was a pasture dotted with large tree stumps. A former owner had sold the timber and in the usual violation of woods conservation had "clearcut" the tract. When a carload of Bobby's University of Michigan friends stopped for a weekend, we had a big stump blaster's party. I had learned how to dig a hole under a stump, fill it with dynamite, attach a fuse and light the far end. Then we all hid behind trees and waited and waited. When you were positive the fuse had gone out, then the blast came, exploding stump and a multitude of small stones high in the air. It was a bit dangerous, but great fun.

We ran into one serious trouble. There was a new architect in town who had worked with Frank Lloyd Wright. We took him to the site and suggested he give us some idea of what might be built there. Weeks and weeks went by and he would give us no suggestions. Suddenly he appeared with complete plans for a house and a name for the place, Windhover. The whole thing was preposterous. His plan had high walls toward the gorgeous view. Our outlook would be a garden area toward our woods. The whole project would cost over $50,000, when we thought we might spend $20,000 or $25,000. We decided that if he saw no possibilities in a matchless view, we could never work with him at all, so we called off the whole thing. We knew we owed him something for his work but we were annoyed by his not discussing his ideas with us before drawing all the plans. We were shocked when he sent us a bill for $3000.00 which we refused to pay and he promptly sued us. Attorney Chas. Uhl, Federal Attorney in Pittsburgh, had been my weekly passenger to Pittsburgh on Monday mornings for many months. When I asked his advice, he offered to defend us. The case went o court and when Mr. Uhl showed these preposterous plans to the jury of farmers (including a barn with no hay mow) they voted in our favor and awarded him nothing. Even Mr. Uhl would take no pay for his services.

Walker Mong then became the architect and worked for weeks and weeks helping us to change our dreams into actual drawings. The result was a beautiful ranch house for which Jim and Tom helped lay the rock foundation and rock wall on either side of the front door. It had two first floor bedrooms with a bath and powder room, living room, and a Dutch chestnut paneled kitchen with a raised fireplace. The working part of the kitchen could either be a part of the room as it was when just the family was at home, or separated by a sliding vertical partition if there was a formal dinner. The room was spacious and the waxed wood floor with the Victrola in the corner made it nice for dancing. Upstairs were two more bedrooms with baths and a large game room. The garage was part of the house. Each room had a picture window on the side opposite from the entrance, facing the mountains. On election night when Truman won an upset victory over Dewey, I carried my bride over the threshold. This was the home the children came to on vacations and even after the two older ones were married. At one time there were 23 acres of ground but a number of lots were sold and four nice homes were built nearby. Here I allowed my love of trees full play, planting a number of honey locusts, dogwood, and hemlock around the house. Also I had a small orchard in which we put five apple trees, two peach, two plum, two pear, and two cherry, all carefully selected varieties.

The barn housed the horses and a cow. Later I tried beef cattle, bought two pregnant Hereford heifers for $300.00 apiece. None of my farming ventures was profitable. After feeding the beef cows for a year or two, they were sold for less than the purchase price.

Our first dairy cow was a fine registered Jersey named, “You’ll Do Sloppy.” She was kept at Prof. Pfrogner’s barn when we lived on East Union Street. We bought the feed. Pfrogner did the work and we divided the milk. Her first calf was Bambi which was given to Pfrogner. He second was an outstanding heifer which we planned to take to Hickory Hill. Since Pfrogner’s barn had no room, we placed her in a big daily herd, where she slipped on the ice on a winter morning breaking part of her backbone. To our sorrow she had to be destroyed.

We then bought a registered Guernsey from a dairy herd. We brought her to Hickory Hill and called her Daisy, a very fine cow. Gladys Shaulis agreed to do the milking and take care of her for half the milk. Her first calf was Blossom whom we’ll never forget because of her mischief. She took a dislike to Carlo, the visiting student from Italy. A group of us might be walking through the pasture. If Carlo was in the group Blossom would come running. He knew what was up and flew for the rail fence. Since she disliked no one else, we could not refrain from laughing.

My pride was a honey locust tree in the grassy plot circled by our driveway in front of our house. Whenever Blossom got through the gate into the driveway, she made for this tree. She would ram this tree with her horns until she broke it leaving only a stub. Again she did this to my replacement. One day I looked out to see her in the driveway, running toward my third honey locust on that spot. I nearly had apoplexy but rushing out I barely got there in time to save the tree. Such a kicking she took getting back into the pasture where she belonged! I learned that her Grandmother had been a torment to other cows, that one irate animal had punctured her side with a horn, causing her demise!

Blossom was a fine milk cow but happy was the day we traded her to Pfrogner’s brother-in-law and got in return a heifer calf, great granddaughter of Sloppy whom we named Bridget. When

we finally left Somerset for Warren, Gladys and Ira Shaulis took over Bridget and her calf for a very nominal sum. No one loved dairy cows as they did!

Since there was always a surplus of milk, we usually kept one pig, buying it when eight weeks old, at weaning time and it was amazing that with milk and table scraps plus a self feeder filled with ground grain, a pig would grow to 200 pounds in three months. Usually we sold them at 200 pounds, but occasionally we had one butchered, processed into hams, bacon, lard, chops and pork pudding for ourselves. Since we did not care for all the pork products that were produced we abandoned this plan. No matter how much of a pet a pig became (and a pig is the smartest animal on the farm), he was always a pig. He was so hoggish when we brought milk and slop from the house, he would upset the pail when we tried to pour it in his trough. We tried to slip up with it when the pig was asleep and pour it in the trough before he saw us, but this was rarely successful. Jim tried one time putting a rope around the hind foot of the pig, tying the rope to a small tree while he poured in the slop. The pig's squeal was blood-curdling, as if he were being killed. As soon as he was released, the terrorized wail stopped instantly as if nothing had happened.

After a big party of youngsters from Shadyside, there was left a large wooden bowl of cole slaw. Kay crept cautiously with it toward the pig pen. Resting down in the lower corner of the pen, with one eye open, the pig saw her, so she started to run hoping to beat him to the trough. But she slipped on the grass, went down and the bowl flew into the air, came down upside down upon her and she, not the pig, was plastered with slaw.

I also started bee hives at Hickory Hill. With this I had the enthusiastic help of Gladys, while Ira, a lover of honey, watched from a distance, only to be attacked by a bee, even that far away. Once when Gladys was working at the factory, I decided that a hive box was falling apart and that we needed to transfer the bee colony to a new box. Kay, even though she had made me affix my signature to a written statement that she would have nothing to do with bees, was prevailed upon to help me transfer the hive from the old box to the new. We both were covered with bee veils, long gloves and long trousers tied at the ankles. While she puffed the smoker with one hand and sprinkled sugar water from a can with the other, I carefully moved the frames to the new hive. We completed the job without tragedy. I bought a machine for extricating honey from the combs, but it was a failure and I sold it at a loss. We usually had enough honey for ourselves and for Gladys and Ira and often gave some away to visitors.

Sooner or later nearly every family faces the problem: shall we buy a house or rent one? Owning a home has many plusses; the satisfaction of arranging it to one's own taste, a feeling of permanence, and making the required payments on principal of the mortgage is a compulsory saving. But one does not live rent free. Here are some of the costs of owning a house of which the renter is sometimes blissfully unaware:

1. Fire Insurance
2. Liability Insurance – Protection against damages for accidents on the property.
3. Interest on the mortgage.
4. Dividends missed because value of house is not invested in income producing property.
5. Upkeep and Repairs.

6. Loss on Forced Sale, if business necessitates a move.

It is my feeling that it financially pays to own your home only when you feel sure you are not likely to be moving from the area on short notice and when you can fit into your budget the costs listed above and payments on the mortgage.

None of our real estate ventures lost money and some even showed a profit, due I am sure to my wife's keen eye and good judgement in seeing the possibilities in a site. If she didn't like a place I picked or a house I rented, she went into action to correct the situation.

Even before the house was built on Hickory Hill we decided on a Christmas tree planting on a small abandoned cornfield. This time Bobby had a weekend party of Pittsburgh friends. The group planted in pairs and it was no great task to complete two acres in a few hours. The trees grew beautifully and in seven years they were sold for more than the land was worth.

This was such a pleasant and painless way to make money that we decided to buy a large abandoned farm and repeat the story on a large scale.

Finally we found 127 acres near Glencoe, with a gorgeous view. Fifty acres were cut over timber but 70 acres were cleared but useless farm land. We decided on a seven year rotation and the first year planted 20,000 seedlings on ten acres. We hired a tractor and a tree planting machine. Kay and I took turns riding the tree planter. It was done in a little over two days.

The season was wet and every tree got off to a fine start. It was a different story the following winter. Deep snows were starving the deer. As soon as the little trees were visible in the snow, the deer nipped them off row by row. Since an evergreen will never grow straight and beautiful if its lead stem is killed our Christmas tree farm was a disaster. Fortunately we had invested time and effort on only ten acres. We are told that given 30 or 40 years the tract will again be beautiful and valuable timber.

When we first moved to Pittsburgh, the only houses available in the city were old gloomy ones in dirty East End, with neighbors practically touching you on either side. This my wife couldn't stand, and when I returned from a business trip to New York, she met me with the car and started home. Since we started in a different direction, I asked where we were going. "Home," she replied, "since you've been gone, we have moved." It was May, she had sent the furniture to storage and had rented a few rooms at a beautiful Inn in the country. The Mitchell sisters served superior food and their old house was surrounded by fruit trees in full bloom. I wondered what would have happened had we missed connections at the train!

A few times in my life I have been cheated as everyone has. But fortunately I have been able to hold my wrath sufficiently in check not to sulk or attempt reprisals; because the time required and the wear and tear on one's emotions, are never worth it. A quick run down shows seven instances when I was the victim of cheaters, but the total loss was not more than $500.00. Time and again I have seen the chiseler and the cheater wind up in the ditch. He gets there on his own every time. The only policy is to avoid hi, when his illicit trait is recognized.

COMMUNITY LIFE

In Washburn College I participated in many extracurricular activities, because first of all, I enjoyed them, and the fraternity felt that these advanced the fraternity's standing. Also I felt that these activities were as valuable training as classwork.

One of the advantages of a small college is that it is easier to attain leadership in campus affairs. I probably would not even have made the varsity basketball squad in a large university.

The only disappointment of my work at Newark was that periodic and ofttimes unexpected travel made it impossible to be regularly active in community affairs. If I were a worker on the Community Chest I might find myself starting on a trip just as the campaign began. So I looked forward to being a real citizen when we move to Pittsburgh.

Civil work is not a duty, but a privilege. Any town would be a pretty drab place if everyone limited himself to his occupation and his family. While having a hand in civic progress gives satisfactions similar to creative work, ofttimes there are supplementary effects most beneficial to one's business or profession, provided that business advantage is not the real reason for civic activity. A phony is soon spotted.

In Pittsburgh I first joined the Hungry Club, a weekly luncheon club where speakers talked on problems of the day and were subjected to questions from the floor.

We also joined the Fox Chapel District Association, a neighborhood improvement organization. I was assigned to the membership committee where I received so many new members that before long I was elected President.

Downtown the Civic Club welcomed people who were willing to work. I first chaired the School Committee, studied budgets and taxation. But soon the problem of Pittsburgh's smoke intrigued me as the city's most pressing problem. Before launching into this whole-heartedly, I talked with my neighbor, Joseph Becker, an internationally famous combustion engineer who was the scientific father of the industry using all the by-products of coal. These were formerly wasted in the making of coke. He told me that, of course, smoke could be eliminated from Pittsburgh and that it would greatly benefit the city but it would cost a lot of money. That was all I wanted to know. I never argued with combustion engineers, I simply quoted Joseph Becker.

About this time, the salaried Executive Secretary of the Civic Club who bossed the organization was about to make me President, but I found that my efforts to cooperate with the Chamber of Commerce and the Conference on Community Development on smoke control were frowned on. The Secretary wanted it to be an exclusively Civic Club project. This jealousy of other civic or charitable organizations never ceases to amaze and annoy me. I found the Secretary more interested in the Civic Club than in smoke control So I passed up any office in the Civic Club and before long our committee decided that we wanted freedom to cooperate with everybody willing to work on the problem, so the United Smoke Council was formed. I was President for almost ten years.

We learned from Sumner Ely, a retired engineer from Carnegie Tech how to demonstrate that black smoke was a waste of valuable fuel. We rolled a sheet of heavy paper into a cone which was pinned to hold its shape. Then the large end was lighted with a match. No smoke resulted because there was plenty of air around the flame. Then the cone was held small end up, so that the heated air rose to the small hole at the top. This choked the blaze somewhat and white smoke came out the small end of the cone. Then a match was applied to this white smoke and it burst into flame. This was visible proof that smoke was unburned fuel. We demonstrated this

fact before scores of organizations year in and year out and argued that smoke control would not hurt business in Pittsburgh but would help it. In fact Mr. Ely estimated that 6000 car loads of coal were annually being wasted in Pittsburgh and this during World War II, when every resource was precious.

Getting an ordinance passed in Pittsburgh requiring the proper burning of coal was not too difficult, but since it was just one municipality among the 120 in Allegheny County, cleaning up Pittsburgh would not be very effective as long as neighbors on all sides made plenty of smoke with impunity. To get similar ordinances passed by the other 119 seemed impractical, so we decided to try for a county-wide ordinance. However, the County Commissioners had no authority to pass such legislation. It required an act of the State Legislature to give them that power. This was our biggest battle. The Pennsylvania Railroad fought it fiercely. But the newspapers (Pittsburgh Press was the leader) had entered the battle for control, and with editorials and cartoons, the whole town was getting aroused. I made several trips to Harrisburg on my own to see key legislators and legislation was finally passed permitting the County to legislate. One of the radio stations organize a marathon program to hammer the Pennsylvania Railroad, but just before the big broadcast the railroad capitulated and spoke its approval on the air. At the end of the year the Pittsburgh Press listed me with several others as one of Pittsburgh's civic heroes.

At one time Fred Schuchman who succeeded me as President of the Smoke Council and I attended a protest meeting on the South Side. One of the local politicians had alarmed the poor people there, saying that the cost of smokeless fuel was a financial hardship on poor people. We asked to present our side of the story but were refused. The feeling was so high, there was danger of physical violence. We had made a mistake in going to the meeting in Fred's Cadillac car.

Some coal men were so annoyed with me that they cancelled their life insurance in our office, but when I reported this to the members of our group, they were so incensed that the loss was made up many fold. Mr. Richard Mellon, Pittsburgh's richest citizen, helped us behind the scenes with great effect, both with the Railroad and with the legislature. The Smoke Council in recent years is merely a watch dog to see that the municipal authorities do not become lax on enforcement. We meet once a year to review old times and to learn of the latest improvements in smoke control.

Other civic efforts were far less successful. After resigning the Agency in 1948, I spent more time in Somerset, though I was never able to live there full time. My personal business continued in Pittsburgh. But I did join and become active in the Rotary Club. After being a Board Member for two years I was the logical man to be elected vice President which automatically meant the Presidency the following year. But I had unintentionally offended the President in taking charge of the entertainment of foreign visitors. To my surprise a new man, who had just come on the Board was elected. Inwardly I fumed, thinking I was considered still a city slicker. Fortunately no expression of irritation escaped me. In a day my wrath was all gone and I did my best to help the new man. He, who had been somewhat embarrassed at being chosen, was most appreciative and he made sure that I was elected the following year. Of course I enjoyed my years as President.

Also I was made an elder in the church and finally a director of the Somerset Trust Company. The Superintendent of Schools wanted me to be a School Director, but I could not serve because our residence was outside the Borough.

Somerset County is beautiful country and has great recreational possibilities. A few far-seeing citizens thought we should have zoning to protect the scenic and recreational areas from hit or miss industrial development. On one of the main entrances to the Borough, an auto grave yard was an eyesore. I was glad to help, but I told them I thought it was a mistake to name me Chairman, since I was an outsider in most eyes. But they insisted on it. Unwisely, I agreed. We proceeded to lay out the areas for industrial expansion, for residence, and for recreation, following closely similar plans in certain eastern counties of Pennsylvania. One provision disallowed billboards in the scenic areas. The word got around among the farmers that some townsfolks were going to tell them what they could and could not do with their property. Actually there was no regulation of customary farming; only in certain areas, a site for a billboard would not be sold. Resentment began to rise and to multiply. I received abusive phone calls. One member of our commission was employed by the Farm Bureau. Pressure was brought on the Bureau to fire him from his job. The local newspaper, bossed by octogenarian Henry Reilly could have told the true story and saved the day but gave no help. Efforts to tell the story on the air were unavailing and the zoning program was a total failure. It is a pity for a planned development would benefit the whole community for years to come. Farmers are an individualistic group and will tolerate no limitation on their unrestricted use of their land. I resolved never to enter another civic project unless it was assured in advance of newspaper support.

Tom's problems have almost monopolized our efforts in recent years and while in Warren, we have become members of all the choice social and civic organizations, I have not yet found my special civic project. In this field the basic principle is this: Do not spread yourself too thin. If you are a solicitor on every financial drive, you'll have time for nothing else. Rather decide on one project which is worthwhile and needs doing. Make sure it is practicable and find out if the editor of the paper agrees. Then specialize on that project, become identified with it, and work on it unremittingly. Results will come and your reputation will grow beyond your deserts *[sic]*.

Similarly if you wish to be President of some organization, to do so is simplicity itself. Just become the most ardent and active worker in the group. Keep your eye only on the goal of the organization. Inevitably you will be asked to be its head.

It is also worthwhile to write to elected governmental officials about problems of the day on which you have a positive opinion. An official can spot a true letter from a lobbyist-prompted barrage. Your sincere thoughts are welcomed and are often influential. It is a privilege to help the right side triumph.

PUBLICATIONS

For some reason which I am unable to explain, the person who writes something which is published, whether it be a short story in a magazine, a book, a newspaper column or a series of articles in a scientific or business journal is accorded a prestige out of all proportion to the talent required. To say that so-and-so is a successful writer brings a reverence almost like voodoo.

So when I planned to be a professor, I began to put in form for publication anything novel that was a product of our work, no matter how trivial. The scientific or trade magazines I found would accept anything even if inane.

The first production was the 150-page Master's thesis on tapping a telegraph key. At the University of Iowa, next in my research at Carnegie Tech, we had a group of people rate each order from most to least in various traits such as physical energy. So shortly I sent off to the Journal of Applied Psychology, a brief article entitled "A Statistical Method for Order of Merit Ratings." To my surprise it was immediately published.

Each member of the Life Insurance School was given a list of five fellow students and asked to list them in order of his preference, particularly in the order he would like them as constant working associates. This showed that quick decisive people prefer associates of the same type, but lethargic individuals like equally well the quick and the slow. When this appeared in print, it brought forth a letter from my old college classmate, the famous Dr. Karl Menninger, who urged me to continue studying and publishing.

Not as scientific but more interesting was the next publication "A Tip on Managing People." Its theme was the human craving for recognition, in at least one field.

The Major effort at Carnegie Tech was the doctor's dissertation which a publisher in Baltimore agreed to bring out in a book, hard back, entitled "Ability to Sell." While he sold some, I'm sure he lost money. He saved me the expense of publishing it, but it was a brainchild I would like to disown. When Pete Hanson had his doctor's thesis published, he said, "I'm just giving it a decent burial."

After I joined the Mutual Benefit, I carried over my yen for publication. I had several articles on Prospecting published, how an agent can spend his time with people who have buying power and not waste it on those unable to act even if they wanted to. One was labeled "Take the Cream." I gained a modest national reputation as an authority on prospecting. Another was for Agency Managers on How to Close, meaning how to teach a novice agent to get a decision at the end of the interview. We had learned that indecision (I'll think it over) wasted more time and was more costly than an immediate "Nothing Doing." And another for managers with the theme, "If the student has not learned, the teacher has not taught."

Then there were two companion articles, one showing how not and the second showing how to hand the successful agent who wants to move from sales work to management. The first was "Some D IT This Way" and the second "And Some This."

One of my fellow General Agents in Pittsburgh said he had a lot of fine material which should be put in a book and he wanted me to do the writing. He proposed we publish it as joint authors. But I knew it would be time consuming and he had an explosive temperament, so I didn't go along.

Aside from business I decided the Goren Point Count System of Bridge could be put in a simple table, points ranging from 1 to 26, then show how to bid as opening, holding any point count in the table, also showing how to respond with any point count in the table. Dozens of books have been written on bridge but they have never been simplified for easy study. This was prepared primarily for Tom when he became interested in bridge after his accident. And it was taught to three different groups of young people in Somerset. Even now requests come for instruction in this simplified procedure. Since I have no interest in becoming prominent in bridge circles, I have given up teaching it and never published it. I have noticed in myself and in others who teach bridge, a tendency to develop the "teacher complex," which is an inclination to tell others almost constantly how the cards should have been bid or played.

Most recently I have written for the Warren Times Mirror, a weekly column on Travel under the pen name of Tammy Morton. This admittedly is a business column and since my own name is not used there is not the usual renown accorded an author. In conclusion I know of nothing to command attention and build a reputation equal to the publishing of a few articles in one's chosen field. No other expenditure of energy can bring comparable results.

TWO FAMILIES

Mother outlived Father thirty years. Her even tempered spirit, her confidence in her children, and the physical labor involved in bringing up a large family, with no modern conveniences, seemed to give physical health. I never recall her being sick. Father somehow managed to own more life insurance than most men in those days. This with the Topeka home free and clear, plus a pittance of a pension from the church enabled her to be independent. For a while Dwight and his wife lived with her. After they moved to their own home, she usually had someone in the house, a nurse for a time, then a young man office worker. Only the last year and a half did her physical condition compel her to move to the Home for the Aged, which Father had helped to organize and finance. In writing her story she told of being with a group of church women in the parsonage in Western Kansas when a cyclone struck. It moved the entire home some distance; but no one was injured. She wrote a short story of her life ending with "In the evening time there shall be light."

My brother Frank was 13 years old when I was born and my sister was past seven. So I was in the teens before there was much community of interest with them. As Joe was ten years younger, my real companions were brothers Jack and Dwight. They were both brothers to be proud of.

Jack with a fine physique, was a poet and philosopher. He could recite the best English poetry by the hour. When he was High School Principal at Anthony, Kansas, he persuaded me to join him in working in the wheat fields there. It was terribly hard work, getting up at 4:30 a.m. and working till sundown. But he made sure that the farmer he worked for was famous for the best cooking in the county. They even brought us in the field mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks. After the harvest we went to the peach orchards of Western Colorado to pick fruit and between seasons managed a trip to the Great Salt Lake, Utah. Our labors of course financed our trips. Another summer we went together to the World's Fair at San Francisco.

Jack had dramatic ability and loved to stage a performance. At the railroad station there was a great crowd of students waiting to board the train at the start of the Christmas Holidays. Just as the incoming train pulled to a stop, Jack's booming voice commanded, "Stand back, stand back everyone!" As the crowd quietly obeyed, Jack walked confidently to the steps and boarded the train. He was inside before they realized the hoax. He was lucky that everyone laughed or he would have been pitched off the train.

Eventually Jack married a tall beautiful girl. She had a good sense of humor, excellent taste and was frugal almost to a fault. When he joined the Mutual Benefit in Iowa he made a fine sales record, and was offered the General Agency at Worchester, Mass. The frustrations of the work were even more painful to him than to me and he shot himself at age 49. I rushed to his home in Massachusetts at the first word but arrived too late to see him alive. His outstanding athletic prowess is still talked about at Baker University, fifty years later. He was stimulating company at

all times. How much true enjoyment his absence has caused us to miss the past twenty-five years!

This calamity has led me to believe that husbands and wives no matter how congenial should occasionally but not oftener than once a year be separated for a short while. It is so easy to take for granted some of the most important things in life, such as the air we breathe. I have found that when my wife has been somewhere else for two or three weeks, I miss her very much and realize anew how wonderful she is. Absence does make the heart grow fonder. It adds a new sparkle to matrimony.

Many a woman prides herself on never leaving her husband's side for a single night. Instead of a joy, she makes herself a bore, or at least an old shoe.

It seems that when a young lady is exceptionally beautiful and when a young man is too handsome and physically attractive, it proves to be a handicap, not an asset. Each is pursued and often cornered by wolves of the opposite sex.

Dwight also was an outstanding athlete. Born lefthanded he was forced as a child to use his right hand, an educational theory now in ill repute, and became truly ambidextrous. He could throw a basketball or wield a tennis racket with either hand, to the frustration of an opponent. He so loved athletics that he first became a coach and then a referee for many years, continuing this strenuous exercise to age 50. He refereed one game at the Rose bowl. This was too much even for his strong physique and he died of a heart ailment at age 62.

While Jack was a complete individualist, ignoring all the customary social mores, Dwight was fully conventional and happy in being so. He had a great sense of humor and took delight in a quiet ridicule of Jack's Idiosyncrasies. He thought it preposterous that Jack should take with him a fifty-pound weight for exercise when Jack and I went to Colorado to pick peaches. When Jack groaned about the Kansas summer heat, Dwight would put on coat, vest, collar and tie and make no comment whatever. The rest of us were highly amused.

Following a tradition set by Father for his family, we have a family round robin letter circulating among us. It continues to this day. Frank's wife, Euphemia is a great reader and often quoted choice items from her reading in her contribution to the big letter. When she was planning to visit in Topeka, Dwight said, "Euphemia is coming, I must read a book."

Dwight's humor was the quiet kind. Once his wife Helen, one of her friends and he drove from Topeka to Minnesota in a one seated car. As driver Dwight sat on the left. Dwight said that for two women and one man, the steering wheel should be in the middle, in which case their torsos could fit comfortably, thus:  While two adjacent pyramids do not pack smoothly in a small space.

The three of us Ream boys with another chap were once entered in a relay race. The other boy ran first and held his own. I ran second and managed to gain a small lead. Dwight ran third, and of course opened up a substantial lead. Jack, our speediest, ran last. We thought the race no contest. Imagine our shock when the fourth opponent closed the wide gap and went ahead. Just in the last two or three seconds, Jack quit his posing and calmly sprinted in ahead of the astonished adversary at the finish line. How the crowd roared with laughter. Jack thought the crowd was there to see a show and he gave them one.

Frank was a brilliant student. Most people considered him the finest public speaker they had ever heard. His voice was rich and resonant. He won a scholarship which gave him a year's study

at the university of Edinburgh, Scotland. In his letters and speech, he could make the English language respond and do his bidding as if it were a performing animal. When he spoke before the Life Underwriters in Pittsburgh in my absence, he followed the National Secretary, an outstanding speaker, but Frank was superlative and brought down the house with a great ovation. On my return, more than one of my competitors told me it was the finest life insurance speech they had ever heard.

Florence of course was undisputed queen of all games played indoors.

I was almost ten years old when Joe was born. It must have been an innocent age because I had no advance intimation of his arrival. I was so thrilled I went to tell the news to the neighbors, who were not as surprised as I expected them to be.

Joe grew up almost as an only child. While he was openly proud when Dwight and I arrived home wearing officers' military uniforms and he was able to walk downtown between us, nevertheless having so many older brothers and a sister making suggestions as to his proper behavior rubbed his independent spirit the wrong way and he became and still is negatively suggestible. He has made a great success of his career.

In my own family Barbara Jo arrived just about a year after the Texas wedding. She quickly demonstrated a mind of her own. When only a few months old she discovered that a coat and hat on her mother meant departure and wailed her determination to prevent it. We tried a ruse which worked. Kay would put on her hat and coat, circle the house a couple of times, then come in. For a few times the wailing lasted till she returned. Then since the hat and coat signaled no real absence the wailing ceased. Since the wailing did not begin at departure, her mind was soon busy with something else and we had no more trouble.

At first she resented the arrival of Jim a year and a half later, but this was very short lived. Even before she was two years old she resisted her afternoon nap. At the Hastings Street house in Pittsburgh I put her to bed for a nap and locked the door. Being unable to move us with screaming, she took from the linen closet in her room every towel and sheet in it and pitched them out of the window, and when we opened the door an hour and a half later she was asleep on the floor as close to the door as she could get. But even as a baby she loved company and would beam at visitors who of course thought her adorable.

One day I came home in the midst of a big electrical storm and found my wife and baby in bed huddled under a sheet to escape the pounding thunder. I insisted we must not make the baby afraid and walked with her in my arms on the front porch and did al I could to show that I thought the thunder and lightning a wonderful show.

As a boy Jim was no problem at all, due in part I think to our hard-earned confidence in handling a baby and our knowledge of its normal reactions. His passion was food and lots of it. And he had the biggest smile for everyone, from maid to august company official. While Barbara has remarkable physical dexterity and performed in her jumping basket like a circus star, Jim could not match her. About five or six he developed a disturbing stutter. Fortunately we learned from some source that correcting him was not the answer. It was suddenly almost cured and gradually disappeared when he discovered he could hit a golf ball with much better dexterity than his sister.

When Tom arrived in 1933, we were veterans in child care and he joined the family circle like a piece in a jigsaw puzzle. In anticipation of his arrival, we moved to the Thorp house on Windsor

Road because we needed another bedroom. But this brick veneer house had no attic nor insulation in the roof and the bedrooms in summer were stifling. We decided to leave the car outdoors and move our beds to the garage which was under the house but had a side hill exposure. This was far more comfortable but our friend and neighbor June McDonnell said, "You can never predict what those Reams will do next!"

In 1933 unemployment was terrible and there was no unemployment insurance. Thousands of competent and willing people could find nothing to do. We put an ad in the Pittsburgh paper for a nurse maid. We were floored when we saw there was a mistake in the ad. Instead of our three children, it read thirty children. We expected no replies and phoned in to have it corrected. To our amazement the first ad brought in over one hundred replies. Some of them made your heart ache.

For just $5.00 per week Olive Miller joined us as nurse for the children. She was poised, quiet and competent. Though she never raised her voice or ever punished them in our presence, the children even Tom at six months of age obeyed her completely. Barbara and Jim said however that when we were not around she had a hairbrush handy if anyone got out of line. She was with us several years, we will always be in her debt.

One problem plagued us frequently. The Pittsburgh smoke and fog, locally called smog, caused respiratory trouble, particularly with the children. We burned many a croup kettle to enable them to sleep at night. When the coughing eased up enough for the youngsters to fall asleep, the exhausted parent fell asleep too and the croup kettle would burn dry, which meant a spoiled pan and an acrid smell.

The worst blow was whooping cough. At that time there were no preventive shots and no cure. When a child would eat a meal the cough would begin and he would vomit all he had eaten. It was almost more than a parent could bear to see the children get thinner and thinner through lack of nourishment and no sign of a let up in the whooping cough. Finally in desperation, they were sent to their grandparents in West Texas and in the bright sunshine there they recovered fully in about one week's time.

Before the children were in school, we found it helpful health-wise to spend about a month on Sanibel Island, Florida, usually the nasty month of March. We were able to rent a big, plain house for $50.00 for the month. The food cost no more than at home. Olive and Molly the cook went along. So the only real expense of the winter vacation was the driving down and back. One winter, Barbara went to a children's party on the second day after our arrival. On the following day she broke out with a full-blown case of measles. She of course had exposed all the other children on the island. A number of families, on hearing the news, left promptly for home to be better prepared for the imminent infection. Fortunately Olive was with us and her willingness to stay indoors with Barbara and protect her eyes from the strong Florida sunlight deserved a heroine's medal. Exactly two weeks later both boys joined the measles club.

In Pittsburgh Barbara, whom we came to call Bobby, and her two best friends Betty Hutchinson and Lee Stephenson studied tap dancing. When they did a trio number, in perfect unison, at the entrance to the big living room, we were justifiably proud. Our three children took part in a musical number in which Kay played on the piano, first a slow swinging movement called "The Elephant in the Zoo." In this the youngsters slowly walked around the room in time with the music, bent slightly and their arms, with hands clasped, swinging slowly from side to side, in imitation of the swinging elephant's trunk. Then suddenly the music became sprightly for the

passage called “High Stepping Horses.” The youngsters with heads up and knees as high as possible would prance around the living room in fast time with the music. Flying birds was another variation. All children seem to enjoy rhythmic games.

We were all in the car one day when it was suggested that we pick up to take home a loaf of sandwich bread. One of the children spoke the phrase so slurringly and with such poor tone that I suddenly required each of them to repeat the phrase with exaggerated articulation and in full voice. Ever since the phrase “a loaf of white sandwich bread” with full value to every consonant has become a part of the family mores.

It is normal for every child to want to express his own individuality. Sometimes this shows up with the statement, “I don’t like prunes” or “I can’t stand sweet potatoes.” To be finicky about food throughout life is terribly inconvenient and a handicap, particularly when away from home. Our remedy was quite simple. We insisted that the youngster take just bites of the despised victual. He need eat no more of it. We are happy to report that our three learned to enjoy food of all kinds. Of course there are such things as food allergies but these can be verified with scientific testing.

After Olive had gone and we were living in the newly built house Kay went to Marlington, West Virginia, a town in bad straits economically. She came back with a colored couple, Monroe and Addie Carter. They were to bring much happiness to the family. Addie was an excellent cook and helped with the ironing. Monroe served the table, did the barn chores, drove the children to school and to the movies, and met my commuting train, played games with the boys and if we were going out, bathed the children and put them to bed. (I still remember with pleasure small Tom’s treble voice, coming from his bedroom, “Soldiers of fortune are we, etc.”)

Monroe was always in good humor. None of life’s irritations seemed to touch him. At the start the two of them were paid $40.00 per month. After a year or two Addie got acquainted with other colored people in Pittsburgh and grew socially ambitious. Monroe did not care for this at all. He just seemed to enjoy being part of our family. So eventually Addie left Monroe and us. I learned through the investigating FBI that she was a maid at the Greenbrier Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia where Japanese war prisoners were interned. A few years later we looked her up there and found she had married a fine man, the head bell cap at the Greenbrier.

Monroe stayed on with us, but after a time it did not seem practical to have a chauffeur and barn man, but no cook, so regretfully we let him go to my brother Joe’s home at Princeton. There were five children there. The kitchen there was already well manned. Monroe spent many helpful years in Joe’s family.

I was planning to attend a meeting in New Jersey, one late spring, but was concerned about driving there as I had developed a nasty cold. Urgent remedies did no good. So I finally decided to drive to Ebensburg, spend a day resting, then drive on. Ebensburg has over 2000 feet of elevation. After two nights in high, cool, clear Ebensburg with a day of rest in between, I awoke the second morning to find my cold completely gone. This began more than one journey to Ebensburg, often with a child in respiratory trouble.

When the Pennsylvania turnpike was completed we learned that Somerset which was one of the interchanges was just as high as Ebensburg. Since the driving was so much easier, one cold wet day, Kay and I, with an inflamed nose and throat, set out for Seven Springs, a resort club near Somerset. One night in this fog-bound, poorly heated Inn found me no better, so we pushed on

to the town of Somerset, where I tried what I heard was a traveling man's best rest, a room in the hospital. In those days hospitals were not crowded, but it was unheard of for anyone to go into a hospital without a Doctor's orders. I offered to call a Doctor friend in Pittsburgh and have him request my admittance. But the nurse in charge asked if I had any medicine prescribed by a Doctor. I looked through my suitcase, found a small box of pills labeled "Take one every two hours." This did the trick and soon I was in a double room with a farmer whose hand and arm had been badly mangled by a cornsheller. Meanwhile my spouse, before returning to Pittsburgh, went by the florist, sent me a large box filled with tissue paper, one faded carnation, and a card "So sorry to hear of your illness."

The three days I spent in the hospital were not dull. My farmer and his friend who had been badly injured in a mine accident wanted to know, "What's your trouble, Brother?" When I answered "Just a bad cold," their looks of disgust should have been photographed. The minister came to see me. The nurse arrived every two hours with one of those pills, which I tried in vain to avoid.

One evening I was just getting back into bed when a new night nurse came in and demanded, "What are you doing out of bed?" I was feeling much better and replied, "I have just been to the bathroom." "Who," she wanted to know, "gave you toilet privileges?" I was a bit of a smart aleck when I answered, "It wasn't a privilege. It was a necessity." This was oil on the fire and she stormed out with "I'll see the Doctor about this!" I was asked later at a dinner party, "What did they do to you, did they cut off your privileges?" But I heard no more about it, and in three days I was completely well when my sweet wife came back to take me home.

From then on we decided to make Somerset our health sanitarium. During the ensuing Christmas holidays, we arrived to spend the week between Christmas and New Year's at Aunt Carrie Hostetler's farm near the Seven Springs Club. We had the two riding horses trucked to her barn along with sleds for the boys. Aunt Carrie's good was good and abundant in the best Pennsylvania Dutch tradition. The five of us had our several beds in one big upstairs room. Barbara and I rode horseback. The boys and Kay sledded and did rifle practice. At night in our big bedroom we read aloud the amusing book, "Mrs. Cougat." Our wonderful week was interrupted just once when I took Barbara back to the city for her first formal dance. I think she was 13. But she was pretty as a picture in that long dress and the country air had brought just the right touch of color to her cheeks.

This good time led us to decide to make Somerset a weekend retreat. So we boarded our horses in Sherman Hoover's barn near Somerset, Barbara and I riding more than 15 miles across country on a bright New Year's Day but we were nearly frozen before the long ride was over.

After we returned to Pittsburgh Kay pointed out that the children would not want to go to Somerset for weekends if they knew no children there, and she proposed that we rent a house in Somerset for one school term. Then the children would have friends and would look forward to weekends there. So we rented the Sargent house next to the Post Office and sent up a truck load of furniture January 31. The first month was bitter cold, below zero much of the time. The children came in from their walk to school with radiant faces, rosy cheeks and big appetites. There was no sight of a sniffle. In two months they enjoyed Somerset so much they said they could never move back to Pittsburgh.

So I would leave Monday morning, spend the week in the City and return Friday evening. The 65 miles each way were a long drive in winter weather, but the weekend in the high clear air was so stimulating, I was glad to commute weekly.

Bobby with her flair for activities was soon in the High School band, succeeded in becoming a member of the vocal quintet, and practiced regularly until she was one of the cheerleaders. Her girlfriends from Pittsburgh would come to visit her occasionally and were also enchanted with the gay life of a small town.

Jim became active in scouting and with his talent for thoroughness finally became an Eagle Scout. He suffered a bout with pneumonia but a trip to the Hospital plus the new drugs took the bite out of it.

Tom adjusted quickly to his age group, played ball, went fishing, and became a cub scout. We decided that a small town was infinitely better for growing children than a big city like Pittsburgh.

One Christmas Eve the entire family decided to sing carols on the doorsteps of special friends. This was so much fun and so much appreciated that we made it an annual custom, taking with us any holiday guests we had. Tom's student friends, the Hindu and the Turk had never celebrated Christmas but seemed to enjoy it greatly. We always called at the Courtney home where there were five children with ages corresponding to our own. They always insisted that we come inside to carol, and Grandma Burleigh would beam in ecstasy during the singing and always send us away with a loaf of her freshly baked stollen.

Another family custom has lasted through the years. Having grown up in a family where the Bible was often read and quoted, it disturbed me that our children were both ignorant of the many Biblical references in books and speeches and unfamiliar with the beautiful English of the King James Version. So we decided to learn on at a time the finest verses in the Bible and give them at the dinner table instead of asking a blessing. One of the first was that lovely, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not. Neither do they spin. Yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I am happy to say that all three children now know many of the finest passages of the Bible. To these were later added many of Shakespeare's most powerful lines, and other literary gems thought good enough to memorize. It is possible that this small custom had some effect in making all three children the effective and colorful writers they have become. A love of good English is more precious than rubies.

People are different. Some like to plan their affairs meticulously, and carry out the plan exactly. Others like adventure. My wife belongs definitely to the latter class. If on a proposed trip to a foreign country, she knew in advance where she would be each night and what the program would be each day, she would just as soon not go at all.

Therefore it was not surprising that one summer day she and the three children were suddenly on their way to Texas. Since I was busy in Pittsburgh all week, it was only on weekends that I missed them.

On the first Friday evening after their departure, I was sauntering down the street after dining in Somerset. On the front porch sat a young couple, obviously expecting me. I was so intent on trying to decide who they were that I did not look at the license on their car in front of the house.

The young lady said that the next door neighbor had given them a key, but on learning that I would be along soon, they decided to wait on the porch. Of course I invited them in. It was obvious that they planned to spend the night. She called him "Bill" and he called her "Betty," but I could get no clue whatever as to whom they might be. I inquired how they had come – "on the turnpike;" when did you leave – "this morning." Finally I took the risk and asked "How's your mother?" "Just fine, she sent her best."

Finally I gave up. We chatted and playing ping pong. They were ready to retire early as they wanted to star early for New York.

There wasn't much in the house for breakfast – no fresh bread, but I gave them scrambled eggs and coffee, and in attempting to toast the few crackers on hand I almost burned them. But a man's clumsy efforts to get breakfast were amusing anyway. Soon they were on their way. And I had not the faintest notion who they were, even after I received a brief thank you a week later signed Bill and Betty Winter.

When I reported by mail on my unexpected guests, my wife had a quick explanation. When in Ann Arbor to visit Barbara in May, she had looked up Mrs. Yoakum whose husband had been one of our best-liked professors at Carnegie Tech. They were both born and bred Texans. Their only daughter had recently been married in Ann Arbor and when Kay learned that they would soon be transferred to New York, she invited them to break their trip and spend a night en route with us in Somerset. She insisted she had told me of the possibility but for me it was a truly unique experience.

When Barbara was graduating from college, she and three of her good friends decided they would like to live in a big city for a change, and all would try for jobs in Chicago and take an apartment together. To us it seemed a little impulsive, but we were never ones to avoid a novel experience, so about September 1st Barbara joined her friends in Chicago.

Before long we learned by long distance that she was being considered for a job on the advertising staff of the magazine, "Modern Bride." Then we learned she had been accepted and her job was selling paragraph advertising in the magazine.

Selling advertising anywhere is a really tough assignment and to smaller business establishments in a new and little-known periodical was tougher. Having lived through long series of morale crunching disappointments in sales work, I realized what she was in for. (I may add that the occasional success brings a thrill an office worker never knows in a whole life time.)

All I could do was send from time to time a suggestion or two on what to say to that wearisome prospect who says "I'll think it over." He's the one who makes one come back and back, waiting one's time and compounding the disappointment. For Barbara I was truly a baptism of fire. But she gained poise in meeting strangers in trying to live on their earnings the girls really learned the value of a dollar.

So when they decided to save their pennies and all to Europe a year later, we assented with enthusiasm. When the time came, however, one girl was getting married. Another was engaged, and a third backed out. Nevertheless we encouraged Barbara to go on alone, believing she had earned it with her pluck in her trying and arduous job.

It was a truly rewarding trip of nearly four months, but that is her story. When she returned she got a job in the Public Relations department of the Red Cross in Pittsburgh. She and Donna

Brown, a Michigan classmate, who had a physical education job at Chatham College, persuaded me to leave my downtown second floor quarters where I stayed from Monday to Friday, and join them in renting an apartment in the Oakland District. They had a double room, I a single and there was a kitchenette and living room. Having gotten my own breakfast downtown, I was first up and got the breakfast for two, not for three.

Donna was one of the night workers, who feel completely miserable in the morning. She said that every morning, she would just as soon die as get out of bed and face another day. Barbara and I were gay and giggly over the breakfast table, all of which caused poor Donna to groan the more. After we left for work, she would pull herself into some clothes, perhaps get a cup of coffee, stumble to her car and barely get to her first class on time. At eventime however, she was high on the upswing and full of spirit. As I had lunch and dinner downtown, and often worked evenings at the office I visited the girls chiefly at breakfast and was gone to Somerset on the weekends.

Donna consulted her feelings about everything. One of her expressions has stayed with us. One evening she said, “I feel for bacon,” meaning that was something she wanted to eat and right now!

One morning Barbara and I were on the crowded trolley car, going t our work downtown. Looking out the window Barbara saw a fat, past middle age man dressed in an il-fitting black suit wearing a Bonaparte hat with a large flowing white plume. She chuckled “Just look a that.” I knew of course that he was a member of the Fraternal Order of Knight Templars, which in my youth put on a striking show, in parades, often on horseback as the Knights of Chivalry. But that era had gone and now these bulky, overaged men looked ludicrous in their ill-fitting Knight’s costumes. They obviously were gathering for the funeral of a member of the Order. Shortly Barbara shouted, “Look, there’s another!” “And another!” Her infectious and continuous laugh soon had the whole car chuckling too, and chuckle we did all the way to downtown. Sic transit the Gloria of knighthood.

After Donna left Pittsburgh, Marti Jones joined us. She was a gay soul, but had so many possessions and trinkets for which there was no room in an apartment, that our living room always looked as though we had just moved in. When Barbara decided to go to Boston for a Master’s degree in public relations, our gay life in a Pittsburgh apartment came to an end.

It is obvious that nothing stays the same from a second viewpoint. No one can really see himself objectively. So of course everyone is the hero of his own story. It would be high entertaining if the happenings I have described could be reported by the other participants: the boy who dropped the marbles, Tom Stokes, Margaret Barker, Mrs. Papps. The members of my family could add depth and reality to this lengthy self-portrait by listing the defects and peculiarities of which we all have our share.

TRAGEDY

The children were home for Thanksgiving 1951. We were having a late afternoon dinner. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lape and their daughter Lois, Maple Queen of Somerset County and Tom’s best girl. Relaxing at the dinner table in our beloved Dutch Kitchen, life seemed full of goodness. We had everything to be thankful for.

As young people do, Tom and Lois excused themselves to go to visit friends.

Within fifteen minutes the phone rang. Answered by Jim, he said, “Tom has been in an accident and is at the hospital.” The peace of the afternoon went out like a light. We hurried to the hospital. There was Tom in a horrible state of confusion. Dr. Musser was working on him, trying to give him injections to quiet him. As soon as he could stop a moment, he turned to us, “I’ve seen plenty of these accident cases. None of them have pulled through. You can hope but don’t hope much.” Kay and I took the blow standing up.

What had happened. A “cowboy driver” with wife and tiny baby had taken the front part of a trailer truck without permission. He was speeding along the highway when an old man unwisely drove on the highway from a public restaurant where many cars were parked. The oncoming truck struck the passenger car in the rear, then bounded across the highway striking Tom’s car. When I saw it later it looked as if an elephant had stepped on and crushed it. An ambulance was quickly called. At first it was thought the young folks in the front seat could not be extricated without a blow torch, but Mr. Harger in charge of the ambulance finally pulled them free and rushed them to the hospital.

We waited through most of the night as the doctors and nurses worked. When the convulsions subsided, Tom developed a raging fever, so severe they encased him in a blanket of ice. He was in this makeshift refrigerator for three days. Mary Sanner, the first nurse, reported she needed help to do all the things the doctor ordered, and not leave Tom alone a single moment. Then began a round the clock parade of nurses, two for each eight-hour shift. This lasted for over a month. With the temperature gone, Tom lapsed into a coma. Days came and went. The doctor inserted a tube through his nose into his stomach. Through this he was fed a liquid diet of raw eggs, milk, yeast, vitamins, etc.

Lois, the girl friend, was badly cut and bleeding, but there was no serious injury. She was able to go back to college at the start of the second semester.

Because the two young people were so well known, the local newspaper reported their condition day by day. If an edition omitted a report, people would call the paper to inquire. After Tom lay in his coma for a month we urged Dr. Musser to see what brain surgery could do. So Tom and a nurse were taken by ambulance to Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, where nationally-known Dr. Floyd Bragdon drilled holes in his skull to determine if a blood clot was inhibiting mental activity. After two attempts Dr. Bragdon announced there was nothing he could do.

So Tom came back by ambulance to Somerset, and eventually to his home on Hickory Hill where the round of nurses continued. After several weeks, blunt Dr. Musser told us that while there were rumors, there were no authentic cases where consciousness was regained after such prolonged coma. This was our darkest moment. To think of our fine blameless son, honor student, fine athlete, socially poised, as a living corpse indefinitely was pure tragedy. On the way home my wife tearfully said, “Anyway I didn’t cry in front of Dr. Musser.”

Eventually Tom’s eyes opened but only with a blank stare. One day Kay thought she saw his eyes following her around the room. After some days of this, she said to him, “If you want the window blind up, blink your eyes once. If you want it down, blink your eyes twice.” He blinked them once. She thought she saw a trace of a smile on his face. Just a straw, but how gladly we clutched it. As days went by it became more obvious that he was conscious and understood things said to him.

One weekend, when I returned from Pittsburgh, the nurse said “We have something to show you.” She took me to Tom’s room and for a few moments, he could not perform, then suddenly came the words, “Hi Pop.” I was so overcome I broke down and cried.

True the tone was horrible, but it was real. As weeks went by he was propped up in bed and spoonfed his meals. But his arms were still clamped against his chest and his feet constantly distended downward. Marty Sanner the nurse massaged his arms daily and gradually the right one slowly relaxed. It now became apparent that while lying in bed some months Tom had grown noticeably in height, and now measured 6 feet 2 inches.

Though at 19 he was beyond the age limit we managed to get him admitted to the Watson home for Crippled Children at Leesdale. This was a hospital for children stricken with polio, under the direction of Dr. Jessie Wright, famed orthopediatrician. Tom was still so completely uncoordinated musclewise, that his bed had to have side bars to keep him from falling to the floor. Dr. Wright put braces on his feet and his left arm in traction, forcing it from his chest inch by inch. This was terribly painful and when we visited him each weekend it was emotionally painful for us as well as for him. Because of his age he had a private room which meant hours and hours of loneliness. With a nurse on either side his arms around their necks, he would be walked up and down the hall. It did not seem as if those legs would ever perform properly. Finally Dr. Wright announced that he could go home when he was able to hold both arms perpendicular, at either side of his head along his ears. He finally did it and home he came, this time in a borrowed Nash, with a bed, bringing with him the weighted shoes. Dr. Wright had prescribed them to keep his feet from flying about. Each shoe weighed 12 pounds.

We set up parallel bars in one bedroom and he would try to go from one and to the other, holding the bars. But the feet refused to behave. It was terribly discouraging.

As winter came on we decided to take him to Florida, hoping that swimming or at least being in the pool might help his motor control. We took an apartment at Gainesville, Florida near the University, hired Walter Welch a swimming teacher to carry him to the pool several times a week, working with him, and carry him out. Tom enjoyed the diversion but there was no apparent progress which was a grim reminder that he was formerly a fine swimmer.

At the University there was also a speech clinic where the therapists worked hard to improve Tom’s cleft palate like voice tone. They would record what Tom said, then play it back to him. It was so bad Tom could not stand to hear it. Two or three weeks later a therapist heard a normal base tone and came excitedly to report. This happened only occasionally but it was a ray of light. The therapists worked with renewed fervor, and Tom made considerable progress.

The weather was getting hot and Tom insisted he could not stand Florida heat in April. Ever since those days spent in packed ice, Tom has seemed to have lost all sensation of chilliness.

When we returned home, we went to see Dr. Phelps of Baltimore, famed doctor for paralyzed children. He tested Tom in several ways and gave one other ray of hope. He said Tom’s sense of balance was all right and appearances to the contrary, he recommended a rehabilitation clinic. For hours we waited our turn in Dr. Phelps’s office, while a stream of parents came and went, with heir idiot and hopeless deformed children. To see them was a heart-rending ordeal. The everyday world never sees these tragedies.

Since Pennsylvania had no state rehabilitation center, Mr. Kefford of Harrisberg arranged for Tom to enter the Woodrow Wilson Center at Fishersville, Virginia. He went in a wheel chair and

worked hard along with other young people there, many of them paraplegics who were compelled to wear smelly bladder bags.

There was plenty of social life though none of them had Tom's college background. One distressing case was Joe Michaels of Johnstown, who while working as a life guard one summer was accidentally shot by his best friend. The bullet pierced his spinal column, making him paraplegic. Joe studied to be able to do clerical work or accounting from a wheel chair but he could never walk. Tom finally accomplished this at Fishersville and begged to come home saying that Virginia's August heat had him "standing in a pool of his own sweat."

He next spent some weeks at the University of Pennsylvania Rehab Center where his walking steadily improved. But he was unhappy because of the snoring in the room next to his of al old man with a deviated septum. He was also on the outs with a colored nurse, named Miss Joiner. She refused to let him leave the building to get a good night snack which was needed because the evening meal was served at 4 p.m. The reason given was to enable the kitchen help to get home early. This caused a stormy scene. Before long we heard from Dr. Eberhard that they could help Tom no further. Emotional control is a common problem in brain injury cases. We were told that brain cells, once destroyed, do not grow again. Improvement can only come through training new cells to take over the function.

One of the most famous rehabilitation centers in the United States is that headed by Dr. Howard Rusk in New York. So as soon as we could, Tom went there for evaluation and training. He was given a most complete physical examination which uncovered the fact that the impact of the accident had thrown his viscera up through his diaphragm, causing a serious hernia of the diaphragm. As long as Tom's digestive system caused no trouble, Dr. Musser was reluctant to have performed such a major operation, at least until full physical vigor was regained. But Tom insisted on immediate action. He came through it satisfactorily but he was considerably weakened. His coordination, speech, and walking were poorer for several weeks which was discouraging.

Soon after this his brother Jim was getting married in Northampton, Mass. Tom, of course, wanted to go and wanted to stand up with him. Dr. Musser thought that such a long trip was taking an undue risk. If he had a fit of coughing he might tear the stitching in his diaphragm.

Realizing how depressed Tom would be if not permitted to go, we decided to take a chance. I drove with Tom and took three days of easy driving to go from Somerset to Northampton. Weakened as he was Tom stood up with his brother, aided by a cane. While I sat in the front seat a few feet from him ready to jump to his assistance should he falter. As usual all went well and another milestone was past.

We had just returned from the wedding when at 5:30 in the morning our house was struck by lightning and set on fire. We rushed to the phone only to discover that the stroke had put the phone out of commission. While I struggled with the hose and fire extinguisher with no appreciable effect, Kay drove to Somerset to arouse the volunteer fire department.

Soon there was commotion everywhere, while Tom in his first floor bedroom unable to get about without help, serenely admonished everyone to keep calm.

Since the roof was asbestos and the insulation rock wool, there was only moderate damage, but had we not arrived home the previous evening the loss would have been complete, including a large pile of unopened wedding presents for Jim and his bride.

While Jim's love affairs were few and decisive, Bobby's were varied and inconclusive. There were Stinson, Nelson, Watson, and Howland, Debrodt was the ultimate choice. When the wedding date was set for Saturday, typically Ream she decided to do the unconventional, by postponing it to Sunday so Bob and she could attend a High School class reunion. Our staid Pittsburgh friends "never heard" of a Sunday wedding. But it was a gala affair. While I escorted the bride, Tom walked down the aisle with his Mother under the sympathetic and approving eye of Somerset people.

Tom's hearing was exceptionally acute, but it mystified us why he could not read the printed page, and why our oculist could not fit him with glasses. He went to a specialist in Pittsburgh who advised us that coordination between the eyes was badly impaired. So we took an apartment in Pittsburgh, and Tom spent two or three hours in daily eye exercises at the University of Pittsburgh eye clinic. Later this was repeated at the offices of Dr. H. Ward Ewalt. Altogether it took months and months of such eye exercises, but at the end, Dr. Ewalt had isoconic lenses made for him and he could read. Slowly, of course, but he has now read several books.

The accident happened with such devastating suddenness that Tom had no recollection of injury. Therefore there was no fear of being in a car. In fact, he kept urging his plea to learn to drive again. The whole idea made me nervous and I would have no part of teaching him to drive. But we purchased a Jeep and arranged for Joe Maslak, the High School driving instructor to teach him. When they started out with Tom at the wheel, all we could do was hope for the best. Joe was most patient and friendly and worked with him for almost two months before permitting him to go for his driver's examination. The police tested him for nearly two hours. But Tom came home glowing with elation. He had passed! It was a great psychological boost, and has continued to be so during the past seven years during which he has had no accident of any consequence.

Tom next entered a Speech Clinic at the University of Alabama directed by a remarkable woman. Dr. Ollie Beckus. In addition to technical competence, she was an inspirational leader. Her favorite theme was the little Book, "Make Your Feet Like Hinds' Feet." The Hind is able to go rapidly and safely up and over precipitous rocks because the rear feet come down precisely in the spots just vacated by the front feet. Nothing seems to daunt this animal. The moral is that when the mental and physical parts of our personality are in perfect harmony, there is no limit to what we may achieve.

Tom was anxious to get back to college and prepare for his life's work. It was decided to try Grove City College at Grove City, Pa. and to start modestly. The school had a fine swimming pool and instructor. We took an apartment so he could get his needed daily rest. Tom enrolled in a course in public speaking and one in English. After two or three months, we found that Tom's reading and writing were at too slow a pace for him to participate satisfactorily in a regular college class. This also proved to be the case at the University of Iowa which was attempted a year later.

His latest educational effort has been private instruction in Spanish at Sam Miguel, Mexico, followed by a group course at the Academia there. The classes are quite small and include mature people, learning a new language. And Tom has made the grade, even though when dictation is given or class writing required his slow pace is a real handicap.

Since Tom had much time on his hands, I undertook to teach him contract bridge, in line with the point count system previously described. Three young married couples joined him in the class, so the course provided some very pleasant social life which is as water on a dry desert to a young man marooned by physical damage.

Tom's first attempt at a job was ticket taking at the local movie house, owned by our friend Charlie Blatt. Tom was not ready for this. To relieve the boredom when no one was coming in, he took along his radio and he could not resist he popcorn and candy for sale in the lobby. Somehow it is not becoming in a staff member to be eating on duty.

When Orion Hill was visiting in Somerset we learned of his life in American Samoa and the life of its primitive people, and their interest in learning to speak English. It took some time to get permission from the Island Governor to spend some time there. Next Tom went to Pittsburgh to get acquainted with the Mary Nolan system of teaching English to foreigners. It uses objects, colors, shapes and sizes in a visual demonstration. So equipped Tom left by ship for Samoa. The ship carried six young Mormon Missionaries and a pet chimpanzee. The Samoans are a happy carefree and most hospitable people, but the School Superintendent would not use Tom since he had no degree. He finally managed to arrange a volunteer teaching program for the children in the Hospital who were getting no schooling whatever. He also had a class for adults at the radio station three evenings a week. After three months, he ran out of material and decided to visit Fiji, New Zealand and Australia before returning home on the French freighter, S. S. Caledonia. This stopped for about one week each at the ports Noumea, Caledonia, Port Villa, New Hebrides, and Papeate, Tahiti, before reaching Panama where he disembarked and flew home.

Since he was still unable to concentrate hour after hour in a salaried job, we finally decided to investigate business possibilities in the state of Arizona, reported to be the fastest growing state in the Union. At Phoenix we investigated a car wash business, a water company serving one of the suburbs and a possible management of a new addition in which small homes were being built for old people. The last was for strict fundamentalist church people who permitted no card playing. Tom quickly checked off this. And when he found that even on March 1st, Phoenix had what we considered mid-summer hot weather, Arizona was scratched.

As we looked at various businesses we developed a rating scale for checking the desirability of a business under construction. The items I remember were: Is it safe; Is it able to become outmoded; How much capital is required; What return on the investment may be expected; Is there an important element of risk; Is hired help an important factor; Will union labor be involved; Will it entail extensive bookkeeping; Is it a cash or credit business: does it have a reasonable degree of permanence.

On the way home we stopped to visit Grandmother Terrill at Canyon, Texas. At the edge of the college campus was a Spudnut Shop where the most delicious doughnuts were being baked and served immediately with coffee to students and townspeople. We were amazed to learn that 40 to 50 dozen were sold daily. After eating three or four, Tom thought this might be a business for him. So we contacted the headquarters of the company and began looking for a site. It seemed that a bus station would be ideal since people would be coming and going all day.

We were about to buy the bus station at Dunkirk, New York but at the last minute the owner hike the price $1000. We eventually found a much nicer station and for less money at Greensberg, Penna.

Seven bus lines used the terminal. Some paid a monthly rent. For others we sold tickets on a commission basis. Thirty to forty bus drivers were in and out all day and we came to know them well. All were nice chaps and some delightful humorists. There were several sales counters for packaged candy, cigarettes, magazines and newspapers.

It took some time to get the Spud Nut equipment set up, two colored girls hired and trained in the baking, but on August 1, 1958 the first Spudnuts were ready, though we feared August a very poor time to start. As they were baked they smelled delicious and tasted just as good. The bus drivers took to them with zest often taking a bag full home. They talked about them on the buses, the smell of fresh baking was wafted down the street. The branch bank across the street sent over daily for a supply. The business grew like a mushroom. The girls devised new shapes. Icings were sugar, Chocolate, cinnamon, coconut. Eventually we were selling over 400 dozen per day and we needed a total staff of seven people! Trays were taken to school cafeterias and to a glass-covered sales counter at the ten cent store.

The business was taking the energies of all three of us. The station opened at 6 a.m. and closed at 9:30 p.m. If the help were always dependable, it might have continued, but occasionally the early morning baker would phone that he was ill and couldn't come. So Kay would have to rise at dawn and go to work. We found we had a bull by the tail. We were getting tired and Tom could not do it alone. So in late December the business was sold at a handsome profit, and in January, the three of us decided to recuperate with a trip to Europe, which for me lasted nearly three months and for Kay and Tom nearly four months.

Tom's next business venture was Fuller Brush selling. The Somerset territory was not open but he was given the surrounding countryside. Because of his celebrated accident, most people recognized him and his sales were most gratifying, though his mother had to do the bookkeeping and his Father was usually his chauffeur. The Fuller Brush people persuaded him to change to the Davidsville territory, an industrial community, a suburb of Johnstown. But shortly after he started the steel mills of Johnstown were closed by an industry-wide strike. This meant that most of the residents in the area had money only for necessities. Since Tom was also a stranger in the community, the discouragements were more than he could bear.

Meanwhile an old friend from Pittsburgh, Gilbert Love, visited us and suggested that since we had all traveled so extensively, a travel agency might be an interesting and pleasant business. He even offered to arrange and interview with Bill Butterbach, TWA manager in Pittsburgh. Following this, we tried to make an alliance with Dr. Drew of Uniontown who controlled Somerset County. He turned us down, so we discussed other locations with Pan American and Cunard Lines. Nearby an Indiana, Penn'a agency was for sale, and we made an offer which seemingly was accepted but the seller was so vague and since we could get nothing in writing we decided to look elsewhere. Mr. Barrett of Cunard suggested that Warren Penn'a had no agency and had real possibilities, so we went to Warren, talked with three leading businessmen about the situation. We like all we saw at Warren, and began business January 1, 1960. It proved to be not only a business success but enabled us to know quickly nearly all the leading citizens of the area.

Tom and I called on all the business firms there explaining the service of a travel agency and the business grew steadily. Tom said, "This is fine but what will we do when we have called on all of them?" I tried to explain that every business needs continuous promotion.

But Tom has more than once brought up the question, “What will we do when we have been all through the list?” until it has become a family joke.

But again we discovered that while this business had reasonable hours, it was very exacting in its nature, and there was often great pressure in arranging hotel reservations, ship or plane reservations on short notice and by mid-1961 we knew that Tom could not manage that business alone.

By this time he was tired of playing second fiddle to his parents and decided to strike out on his own. He had been corresponding with a girl friend in San Francisco who urged him to try for work there. With heavy hearts, we put him on the plane for California. He lived at the UMCA, occasionally saw his friend, and for many many weeks pounded the streets of San Francisco. He followed up every suggestion we sent him, but he had no special skill, no contacts, and was not fit for routine clerical work. We felt it was doomed from the beginning but he had to learn the hard way.

On the way home he flew to his brother Jim’s in Denver who arranged for him to be tested by a psychiatrist there. This doctor recommended a sanitarium for a while till Tom could repair his shattered nerves and under counsel decide on a career in line with his capacity. A Warren man was going to Phoenix and we arranged for him to take Tom’s car to Denver, And Tom drove it to Penn’a, stopping to see his relatives in Peru, Nebraska.

Mercer Sanitarium was next, since it seemed to be about what the Denver physician suggested.

Occasionally Tom came home for weekends, on one of which we visited Chautauqua and met an old Washburn friend, the now famous Dr. Karl Menninger. He seemed quite taken with Tom as a person and said “Send him to us. We can use him,” and suggested he might be a guide at the Foundation for their many visitors. He promised to check the situation as soon as he returned to Topeka and let us know.

He soon wrote that the guide position was already filled, but Tom should come on anyway. When Tom and I arrived in Topeka, he proposed that Tom study to become an aide in a neurological institution. This proved to be a hospital for the hopelessly deformed and mentally deficient children. After two or three days, Tom found the place terribly depressing. Then Dr. Karl proposed that though there was a long waiting list, they would admit Tom as a patient in the Clinic (at $1600 per month) and help in any area that was needed, prepare him for useful activity and place him in it. Tom entered with enthusiasm, had regular sessions with a psychiatrist, worked on ceramics and in gymnastics. There were many young people there so there was social life within the clinic. The food was good but he was given only 30 minutes for lunch. Since his lack of coordination causes him to burn up more energy than normal, he was soon wolfing his food, clearly out of line with his training at home.

After we had spent $5000, a conference with the Menningers revealed that they had no specific plan for him, nor could they give any assurance that another year there would achieve a positive result. They suggested that Tom continue and use the principal of his trust fund.

This we declined to accept so I arranged for him to enter the State Hospital at Warren where our good friend Dr. Robert Israel was in charge. The difference here was that Dr. Israel believes that useful work has more therapeutic value than hobbies, such as painting, jewelry or ceramics. Also it cost $150 per month instead of $1600. Accordingly Tom worked first in the bakery, then in the green house at the State Hospital.

Meanwhile we contacted again Mr. Floyd Kefford, head of vocational rehabilitation in Pennsylvania, who had arranged for Tom to go to Fishersville, Virginia. He felt sure he could place Tom vocationally and soon sent for him, having secured for him a job as mail clerk and messenger in the Banking Department of the State at Harrisburg. Before this could be sealed we registered Republicans had to secure the approval of the local Democratic County Chairman, since Pennsylvania was then under Democratic control.

Tom began work in July and felt exhilaration in being usefully employed and being paid for it. He lived at the YMCA. As winter came on he slipped and fell a few times on the ice while carrying his bag of mail. This wasn't too serious, but friction with a young lady in the mail department was. Reluctantly he left this job and Mr. Kefford arranged for him to attend a school of accounting in Harrisburg, but again the old nemesis of group work, maintaining a pace with the other members of the class who could write and compete faster than he, brought this to a stop.

A pretty discouraged Tom came home. Mr. Kefford proposed that he enter the new Rehabilitation Center at Johnstown and learn accounting at his own individual rate of learning. But the idea of again joining a group of disabled people and being in an institution was unpalatable, so as an alternate, he preferred to go to Mexico, to study Spanish and try to be so proficient in it that he could be an interpreter for a business house or possibly do something for the Department of State in Latin America. He has made real progress in Spanish in San Miguel, as he has a natural aptitude for languages and he is a popular member of the American colony in San Miguel. He also has made many Mexican friends. Fortunately he likes all people regardless of race or religion.

In December 1963 we learned of a new clinic for the brain injured in Philadelphia. When Tom was in Warren during December we journeyed to Philadelphia for an interview with the brain surgeon in the staff, Dr. Eugene Spitz, who said he felt sure the program of the clinic would be of real value to Tom and that his future vocational possibilities were promising. Try as we would we could not get an appointment until May 28, 1964. The clinic has been reported in Time Magazine and is called the Institutes for Achieving Human Potential.

Thirteen years of constant striving on the part of Tom and his parents and the expenditures of vast amounts of money has accomplished much but left us far short of the goal. As to the money the six nurses a day during the first months cost $1800. This and the Menninger Clinic were the most expensive services, far exceeding the family physician, brain surgeon and nationally known specialists. Since one can deduct from his taxable income, medical expenses in excess of 5 percent of his income, Uncle Sam's tax policy was a big help in keeping us solvent.

Aside from Tom's progress there have been other compensations for this expenditure of effort and money. The unwillingness of all three of us to accept defeat or feel sorry for ourselves has earned the respect of all our friends. I have been stimulated to do my best in business as we greatly needed the money. Barbara and Jim have been self-reliant as they did not want to add to our burdens and their counsel and advice have been invaluable. Simplifying the study of bridge for Tom's benefit has vastly improved our own game and added to its enjoyment. Had this blow never fallen our lives would never have been enriched with life in a Bus Terminal, nor the pleasures of a Travel Agency. We would never have visited Samoa or taken a Round-the-World trip, nor would we have found the delightful town of Warren with its friendly, intelligent and accomplished people.

But most of all Kay and I have found deep resources in each other that we did not know existed, and which might never have seen the light of day had we not been tested to the limit. As a pioneer woman said, “I would not want a life free from adversity. Our troubles are what make us strong.”

TRAVELS

When I was at home, I was in a better place (Shakespeare). My earliest journey was full of drama. While living in Harlan, the whole family decided to visit Mother’s parents at Garden Grove, Iowa. The family of seven started out in a covered wagon drawn by two white horses. Some church member lent us the equipment. In the wagon was bedding for all and a few simple cooking utensils. The only thing I remember about the visit was the paddling I got from Grandfather for chasing his chickens to see how high I could make them fly.

On the way home it was midsummer Iowa heat and one of the horses went down with heat prostration, one hundred miles from home. What a place to be marooned with five children! A kind hearted famer lent Father a fresh horse and we got home safely. Frank in a single cart drove the borrowed horse back and brought home the recovered animal, driving in the cool of the evening and the early morning. Travelling with small children is nearly always a headache.

Father decided to attend a family reunion back in Ohio. Of course the whole family couldn’t go so far, so Mother agreed to stay at home. Frank was elected as Father’s companion. Only five years old, I put in a strong plea to go along, insisting that even thought I was five, I was small for my age and could go free. The family laughed at my repeated claim, “I’m losing pounds every day.”

By the time the three of us reached Chicago, Father was sorry he had yielded to my plea, for I was horribly sick on the train, not once, but again and again. After a ride on Chicago’s elevated I was given two spoonfuls of Perina. This made me even sicker. But somehow we reached Ohio and I loved all the people, the good food, and cousins about my age. On Aunt Ella’s big farm, there was a wonderful hay mow. We would climb the rafters and jump down on the hay, each time climbing higher and jumping farther, until someone stopped us in time to save us broken bones.

Some years later Mr. Weston was achieving fame by walking across the country from one coast to the other. A neighbor boy, Hobart Holt, Dwight and I decided to hike to Clay Center, our former home about 100 miles distant. Full of enthusiasm the first day we made 40 miles but were tired and dirty. Since we wanted to be real hoboes we tried sleeping in an empty freight car. It was hard and dusty with flour, but we could have slept on bricks. Suddenly the car jumped about six inches. We discovered that it was joining a moving freight train so we tumbled out before leaving for parts unknown. Next we tried the seats of the ballpark’s grandstand. But without coats or cover, we could not stand the cold. We finished the night at the railroad station.

When we stopped at a farm house to ask for breakfast the farmer’s wife asked “Are you boys running away from home?” When we told her why the long hike, she gave us a good breakfast, free.

The next night we decided to squander our meager resources on a hotel. Hobart, who was a tall blond, and I rented a room with a double bed. After dark he went out as planned and brought back Dwight. Though there were three of us, the bed felt wonderful. Then there was a knock on the door. Hobart answered, “Who’s there?” The proprietor said, “I’m bringing you some water.” We didn’t want any water. But the knocking became louder so Hobart opened the door while Dwight quickly rolled under the bed. Our tormenter entered and demanded “Where’s that third chap?” Since he was nowhere in sight, he lit a match to look under the bed. Dwight quickly blew out the match. But the hotel man was not to be fooled. So we had to pay for two rooms. It was better anyway, for we insisted on getting the other bed, and had a real night’s sleep. How we needed it! We reached Clay Center in the afternoon of the third day, and had a grand time visiting in the homes of our former buddies and playing as in days gone by. Since our stay there cost nothing, we were able to afford coach train tickets for the journey home.

No trip gave quite the thrill of being taken for the first time as a member of the varsity team to a neighboring city to play against another college. It’s always a pleasure to travel when all the expenses are paid by someone else. My first basketball trip was to Emporia to play Emporia College. Others followed but only the first stands out in relief fifty years later.

After our financial success with the college annual, “Sticky” Logan and I joined a group going to a YMCA conference at Estes Park, Colo. It was my first visit to the Rocky Mountains. It was love at first sight. My enthusiasm for fine air and sunshine in high altitudes has never abated. Others can have the seashore, it’s mountains for me. One feature of the conference was the attempt to enlist us in YMCA work as a vocation. Since I had no idea at all of what vocation I would enter, one of the counsellors argued that since I had no other preference at the time, it was my obvious duty to become a Y man. This I did not accept.

During our summer of peach picking in Western Colorado, Jack and I managed a trip to Salt Lake. I remembered reading in grade school that the Lake was shrinking in size every year and I feared it would be gone by the time I got there. I need not have worried. It was 90 miles wide.

Jack, the only one in the family who could not swim, was sure the salt water would not hold him up. He need not have worried either, for everyone could float without the slightest effort. We joined others in making along chain, putting our feet under the arms of the next floater. Then we snake danced through the water, going backwards to keep the stinging salt brine out of our eyes. Picture-taking was prohibited but Jack insisted on a picture showing him floating on the water. So I took a few surreptitiously, all to no avail as the film was lost in the mail.

There were a number of fat women lolling in the water, and I remember Jack’s chanting, “Reduce, reduce. I see it is no use.”

At the end of the summer, there was no Pullman available on the trip home and since we now had money from our summer’s work, Jack refused to take this lying down, rather sitting up. He stretched me out on a seat, put a coat over me, and then in his best dramatic style, made a plea to the Pullman conductor for a berth for his sick brother! It got us an upper berth. Jack, the big lummox, insisted on sleeping on the inside, while I clung precariously on the edge above the aisle. My sarcasm, “Fine way to treat a sick brother” had no effect.

The following summer, after I had some travel money from teaching in summer school, we set out for the World’s Fair in San Francisco and the neighboring fair in San Diego. It was our first visit to fabulous California. I was struck with the gorgeous colored flowers (but with no perfume,) the surprising chill of Frisco’s evening fog-laden air, the winding descent of a whole

orange inside the neck of an ostrich, like a small boy crawling under a tent flat on the ground. A first World's Fair, the buildings and the exhibits, are the stuff that dreams are made of.

A relief touch was a snapshot of Jack sitting on the back of a live alligator, poised to leap, should the beast suddenly feel hungry.

While at the Mutual Benefit Home Office I visited every state in the Union. It was a treat to be shown the local sights by local people. The one I liked best was Mt. Hood near Portland, a white cone finer than Fujiyama. Seeing it from a golf course, bright green from the misty rain of the West Coast, brilliant red and yellow from October's oaks and maples, was a gorgeous sight. I almost decided to make Oregon my home. By comparison, California is a desert.

Through the years we have made three trips to Mexico. One the first about 1938 we left the children with the Texas grandparents and brought home the baby burro. On this trip my wife persuaded me to wear my white pajama shirt, wide straw hat and grow a small mustache. She pretended I was her guide, and when she asked the price of something that appealed to her she would look at me and I would shake my head. This was easy as I did not favor the purchase of these foreign knick knacks anyway. It was surprising though how the prices came down as I continued to vote no silently.

When we took the three children in the summer of 1947, I realized that they would become restless waiting from six till eight p.m. for the evening meal. So I asked my secretary to give me the shorthand symbol for each letter of the alphabet and 100 of the most common words. We took along five empty notebooks. While we waited for meals I would give out first the letters and later the words, while the four students wrote in their note books, then exchanged books for correction. It wasn't long before we had a crowd of onlookers curious to see what we could be doing with those pencils and books. My wife, who had no interest in learning shorthand, soon insisted on being the teacher, giving out the lesson. Since all this was my idea, she thought, I should be in on the learning. Nothing much was accomplished except that I became convinced that shorthand should become a required course in high school. It would be invaluable in college note taking and in business. In Mexico, it did keep us busy till the soup arrived.

Some of our most interesting travel was done at home. On several occasions, we invited groups of foreign graduate students at the University of Pittsburgh to our home in Somerset for the weekend. October was a favorite time as Pennsylvania's glory is its autumn color.

As soon as these men felt at home, they gladly talked of their homelands and customs. The Egyptian told why they hate the British and how a wife is selected; the Italian said the United States of Europe must come <u>now</u>; the French explained why the war in Algeria; the Jordanian in cold anger told of the theft of their homeland by the Israelis. Getting to know them and learn their point of view was a real treat to us. We felt we got more from the weekend than did they. But we have had many warm letters from these men. Annually comes a Christmas card from Japan.

The visit to Samoa during Tom's stay there opened a new world, one where money is not the measure of nearly all things. These happy Samoan people live in extended families of 40 to 50 people. A girl's baby joins the big family circle with no stigma, whether its father is known or not. There is plenty of food for the picking. Clothing is sketchy and can be made by the women from tapa. When a new house or canoe (pow pow) is needed, the men of the group join together and build one. The family group has one big meal a day cooked by two teenage boys, rotating this task. During the day anyone hungry can help himself to a banana or coconut.

The weaving, carving, and making of beads is done primarily for gifts to visitors. Hospitality, even to white people, is the supreme virtue, and determines one's prestige in the community. For 1000 years infant mortality has kept the population below the food supply.

The coming of Americans with their modern medicine and their automobiles is slowly beginning to change this idyllic land. Sometimes one wonders if it is for the better.

On the same journey, I visited Hawaii, which is becoming a second Miami with tourism the leading industry; also primitive Fiji which has been inundated with people from India. These hard-working Indians now control practically all the business.

In Europe two years later the three of us went separate ways. Tom to study French at the University of Grenoble. Kay to tour and shop I first spent a week in Sisteron in southeastern France where no one spoke English, and where I was entertained at the home of Dr. Jean Pichon, a Rotarian. To one brought up in Kansas, it was a revelation to live with people who loved life, and never knew the meaning of Puritanism.

Another week was spent in Tubingen, Germany, a college town. The antics of the students were much more like America. In a court trial when a young man's car had collided with a bus, the defendant was the young man, not the Bus Company as would be the case at home! There was far more ritual, judicial robes and formality than in a U.S. Court.

Then a week at Sherbourn, England, where I saw a home talent dramatic performance, enjoyed the lovely flowers and bright green lawns. I was invited to the home of a glove manufacturer, another Rotarian. So much manufacturing is still handwork and tradition bound, one wondered how Britain ever was the leading world power.

In 1961 I took a travel agent's tour to Japan and Hong Kong and was captivated by the Japanese people. Their industry, their artistry, and their friendliness top all countries. I still think it is the nicest place in all the world to visit. Being invited to the home of Kono, one of our Japanese guests on Hickory Hill, made me realize how much it means to a foreigner to sit in a family circle in a strange land. The Japanese are so smart and work so much harder and longer than we do that I returned, full of concern that our present lead in industrial productivity is in danger. Perhaps not in my time will we be eclipsed, but unless America wakes up, the tortoise will outrun the hare.

In 1963 Kay and I completed the grand circle starting with delightful Lisbon, busy, spruced up, and prosperous under a beneficent dictator, then Classical Greece with its well-planned and thrilling show of Pericles speaking to the Athenians from the Parthenon. The modern Greeks enjoy the annual wine festival with gay abandon but they are no Bacchanalian in the ancient manner.

Next was Lebanon, Syria and Jordan in that hot sandy poverty-stricken Middle East. It is tragic that shortsighted use of forests and soil has made a wilderness of what was called the Promised Land, But the business people we met were jovial and friendly. The highways and restorations seemed to have been done with American aid.

Egypt was a little better, in spots worse. The dividing line was sharp as a razor between the Nile watered earth, and the hot barren sand beyond. The glories of the ancients and the treasures of King Tut's tomb displayed fantastic luxuries done with consummate skill.

In India the burgeoning new industrialism was in striking contrast with ancient tradition to be seen on all sides: sacred cows, Yogi men, snake charmers, the bathing in the sacred Ganges, the ancient bazaars, Hindu burning of corpses on the river Ghats, the shouting beggars and mobs of pilgrims in the sacred city of Bernares. But ancient India has begun to move. With its vast population, the intelligence and hard work of its people, its rich soil and natural resources it is a country with a future.

The most exotic country was primitive Nepal, home of Mt. Everest and fabled Shangri La, where bulls as well as cows are sacred. We were at the gates of one village where no vehicle with a wheel has ever entered. It is a country where all agriculture, and all craft is done by human hand. There are no beasts of burden and no machinery. It is a country with a living goddess, a little girl, considered divine, who graciously appeared at the third-floor balcony for our benefit. The people are more Oriental than Indian. The terraced farming up the mountain sides is a beautiful tapestry, fed with plenty of rainfall. If it were possible this fantasy land, like an oriental print of days gone by, should be preserved as a museum piece.

Thailand has the most gorgeous and jewel bedecked Buddhist temples in the world. The emerald Buddha and the buildings of the Royal Palace, the Royal Barge rowed by 120 colorful oarsmen, the shops and shrines along the canals of Bangkok where transportation is only by boat, all make a tourist paradise, especially when supplemented by modern comfortable hotels. The fabrics they make are beautiful. The small delicate featured people with their restrained slow motion, classical dancing was for me the best feature of all.

Early in ’64 we started for Mexico by way of a Cruise from New York on the S.S. New Amsterdam. Our taxi driver dropped us at the wrong pier and we were relaxing in the cabin whose number had been assigned to us when someone discovered we were on the wrong ship. We were about to start for the South Pacific on a world cruise. With the whistle blowing we managed to get off in time and find our own vessel which had received our baggage some hours earlier. Catastrophes which almost but not quite occur, are a source of enjoyment.

The cruise gave me my first visit to St. Thomas, Trinidad and Curacao. But the formal dressing, the sun bathing, the four orchestras and expensive indulgence of a luxury cruise are not for me. How the prosperous Jews of New York love their newly acquired tan, their shorts and slacks, their jewels and dinner clothes, and their constant attempt to ask for some viand the head waiter is under great duress to produce. Never again for me.

We found Panama in spite of the recent trouble and Central America, much like Mexico, but generally with less interesting craft work, and in all more expensive.

Our travels have made us realize how much alike are the peoples of the world, in their love of children, and their desire for an increasingly good life. The Christian religion with its emphasis on the worth of each single individual and its teaching, no matter how imperfectly followed, that we are our brother’s keeper, has been an essential catalyst in our productivity and inventiveness. By contrast, India has been chained by caste, superstition, and the hope of attaining Nirvana.

FRIENDS

As far as I know I have never had any enemies. But time has not dissolved my dislike for the wild Indian who drove the purloined truck and caused the tragic wreck. The accident of course was just an accident, but two years later this chap, separated from his family, was in jail for what felony I know not.

Learning that Tom had received a substantial settlement from the insurance company, this lout telephoned me to ask if I would lend him $300 to permit him to get out of jail. I was so furious I was speechless. The only thought I had was that I would gladly give $300 to keep him there.

This chap is probably not mean, just senseless. On the whole, people are lovely. Aside from good health and economic comfort, the greatest satisfactions in life are to be found in family life, a feeling of accomplishment, and friendships. Pleasures in great literature, the fine arts and sports, are icing for the cake.

"He is a friend of mind," has been stretched to mean everything to almost nothing. It is applied to one we have merely met and spoke to, also to one we meet socially once or twice a year either in his home or ours, and it can and should mean that person or couple whom you see regularly or write to periodically, with whom you are perfectly at ease, whose company you enjoy, and whose absence is regretted.

My first remembered friends were Jess Newton and Si (Josiah) Williams of Clay Center when we were all about age 12. We played together and once in a while spent a night at one of the three homes. Si's father was a lawyer who took delight in talking with and kidding us.

In Topeka, we had a club of late teenagers called, no less, the Kappa Gamma Club. The K and the G stood for Knighthood and Good fellowship, Kindred Gang, and some other things I cannot remember. The Officers had trick names, too, such as Usher of the Black Rod. One night we camped out in a sand bar in the river, cooking our meals. We even decided to put on an amateur play, with a high school teacher as coach. I learned for the first time that I had no dramatic talent. In college I made the dramatic club, but only because a minor member of the cast developed appendicitis on the night before the scheduled performance. I was called out of class and asked to learn the small part in one day and perform that evening. Of course the misfortune was announced publicly and everyone was charitable. In gratitude the club made me a member but thereafter I was business manager, not a performer.

In high school, my best friend was Guy Scrivner, also a minister's son. He eventually became a fine advertising man in New York but our get togethers were rare. One day he came for golf in New Jersey. On his trip home, I drove him to the train, then he took the ferry to New York, then a taxi to the station, another train to White Plains, then a car to his home, six legs in a journey of two hours. New York is a torture, not a home. Wonderful Guy passed away in his early thirties from bleeding ulcers.

My college buddy was Glenn (Sticky) Logan, member of a different fraternity. We ran as a team for managers of the College Annual. After this successful financial venture, he wanted me to run with him for manager of the School Paper, the Washburn Review. I declined, but he picked another teammate and was successful. But the caption under his picture when we graduated was "Get money, get money, boy." He also wanted me to go on to law school with him, but I thought law was chiefly digging into past precedents and would be too musty. He made a good lawyer and later became Postmaster of the City of Topeka until his retirement.

One of my best life long friends was Pete Hanson. We were together at Iowa, in the army, and at Carnegie Tech. Though I did not join him in the Grant Company, we kept in touch until his recent death. He was modest to a fault but wonderful company. He said in college, “Women are of two kinds: those who irritate you and those who paralyze you.” When we went to hear the opera La Boheme at the Metropolitan, we were disappointed in not hearing familiar songs from the Bohemian girl. Pete said, “Of course the Metropolitan would not sing the Bohemian girl. It’s too pretty!”

In the army five of us at Camp Humphreys decided we would keep in touch with a round robin letter which lasted for twenty-five years. Bruce Corzin and Harlan Hines were out west. Closer were Fred Griesel in Cincinnati and John Farber in New York. Fred until his recent death was business manager of the Cincinnati Times; and Johnny is still a name lawyer in New York. He always knew how much money to the penny was in his pocket. Waste he could not stand. A member of his firm was Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose politics caused Johnny untold pain. In our army days, Johnny predicted I would become a psychology professor in a small college and have a family of six children. He could not understand my inability to remember what things cost, nor how much money I had on hand. He became one of my most profitable business clients.

Besides Pete, Andy Kenagy, another member of the “Suite Five” at Carnegie became a life long friend, Andy wrote well, and through his letter writing made almost a profession of keeping in touch with his host of friends. From him we got this story. His son Bob at about nine years of age, received from his maiden aunt, a personally made pincushion as a Christmas present. Before anyone checked up on him, he had mailed this thank you note: “Dear Aunt May, Thanks very much for sending me the pincushion for Christmas. I have always wanted a pin cushion, but not very much. Your nephew, Bob.”

Lawrence Bates became my buddy in New Jersey. He had been an outstanding agent at Sioux Falls, S. Dakota. His young wife passed away, leaving him with shattered dreams and a baby girl Barbara. He reasoned that a change of environment might help him regain his perspective. So leaving the baby with his mother, he came to Newark. Just my age we became roommates. He was delightful company and a welcome addition to Newark social life. At the wedding in Texas he was best man.

Together he and I made the trip to the Pacific coast agencies. I went along with him when he called on two sisters whom he had met previously when they visited in the east. I liked them both exceedingly. One of them, Mary, later became his wife.

Soon the Seattle agency opened, and Lawrence asked for this post. Almost immediately the Portland Oregon General Agent resigned. My buddy urged me to apply for that so we could be neighbors. But the idea of being so far from the center of things, businesswise, dissuaded me. But through the years we have welcomed every opportunity to get together. And Mary has grown in loveliness.

In Pittsburgh Harold and Adelaide McCamey were a delightful couple whom it was a joy to be with. But Adelaide’s tragic (and needless) death in childbirth changed “Mac’s” whole outlook on life. He is a most successful lawyer, but a most unhappy man.

Some weeks after this tragedy Mac was in Washington on business. He was persuaded to visit a spiritualist medium who was in great vogue at the time. She told him a number of startling things and said she was getting a message from A. M. (His wife’s initials obviously.)

The next day I had several hours in Washington between trains. Mac was so perturbed by what the medium had told him, that he suggested that I have a session with her and see if she had any revealing information for me.

I was kept waiting for some time in her somber, heavily furnished parlor. When I was finally ushered in, she studied me carefully, looked long at the palm of my hand. Then she said I was to have some trouble with my digestion. I tried to be passive, indicating no agreement or disagreement.

Her next try was that I was in Washington to consider a job. She advised not to take it. Again I was impassive.

Her final stab was that I was considering marriage with a girl lighter in complexion than I. She said, "By no means marry her. The two of you will be as birds pecking each other." She illustrated by plucking the skin on the back of her hand. I had difficulty smothering a smile. It was obvious that life's upsetting problems stem from either health, business or love.

A return appointment was declined and I paid her promptly. When I reported the interview to Mac, we both roared as I was then on my way to Florida to join my wife and three children.

He sent along a big box of candy for Kay, meanwhile telegraphing her, "If you need legal help to make the guy marry you, just call on me.!"

Through McCamey we came to know John and Sue Jackson whom we have enjoyed through the years, a harmonious couple, whose personalities were as black and white. John, superefficient, sometimes ruthless businessman, generous in big things, but demanding in trifles, was a ferocious competitor at bridge. Sue was sweet, loveable, thoughtful, often finding ways to use their superfluous means to relieve the misfortune of a colored man or an outcast. With them we shared a love of horses and country life and with them our most exciting bridge games.

Ed and June McDonnell were two of the choicest people one could know. Ed was quiet and June sparkling but both could see something delightfully amusing in nearly every situation. When Ed received a pair of duck shears for Christmas, he had no idea what they were. His comment was: "Just what I've always wanted. What are they?"

Without every appearing to try, June was a top drawer conversationalist. She said she would like to be a tourist where they were no other tourists! Born in Maine, but reared in Alabama, her keen eye saw the incongruities of such opposite social groups. Once she sent a colored maid to market with a shopping list. June's handwriting looked elegant but was not easy to read. When the maid returned with only a partial list of purchases, she reported "Those men downtown are so dumb, they can't read high class writing!"

Never quick to make up her mind, the Reams' spur of the moment decision to do unconventional things intrigued her. Poposity *[sic]* she could pinprick with just a wave of the hand.

The most closely knit social group of our lives was the Delafield Heights crowd of Hagues, Ellens, Somers, Dunns and St. Johns. Born in the depression when no one had resources to give a party, we met weekly, each couple bringing some item of refreshment. We played bridge, golfed, had our own brand of Olympic games. We became inactive members when we moved to Somerset, but the ties have never been broken. Almost to a man they retired to Cape Cod, Mass. When any of the Dunns or Reams appear, you are once more a full member of the clan.

When our move from New Jersey to Pittsburgh was announced, one of the men in the office John Wood who had been brought up in Pittsburgh and was a Princeton graduate, gave me the names of four of his Pittsburgh friends whom he suggested I look up. And he added that if we ever received an invitation to visit the Iron City Fishing Club, by all means accept it. This was a club of Pittsburgh people, in 1931 fifty years old, who had a permanent camp on Georgian Bay, Canada.

Vaugn Horner was the only one of the four names who was a member of the Iron City Club. So when I got to know Vaughn, I asked all the questions I could think of about the Iron City Club. He talked about it with enthusiasm, but never once suggested an invitation.

One day I ran into Ray McNulty, one of the Pittsburgh boys who used to visit the Brown country place when we were students at Carnegie Tech. I was delighted to learn that he also was a member of Iron City. My series of questions about the place bore fruit this time. Before he realized it, I think, he said "You must come and visit it." I said I would be delighted to, and as soon as my wife returned from Texas, I would get in touch with him. While I had previously met his wife Marie, she had never seen Kay. Marie is the most conventional and cautious person I have ever met. And I'm sure she must have spent many sleepless nights worrying over whom Ray had so rashly invited as their guests. She was relieved a little when Mrs. Brown assured her Kay was a lovely person. Had Kay known how I wangled an invitation, she might have refused to go.

Marie was in Camp and saw Kay for the first time when we arrived about 2 a.m. having been delayed by a train wreck. The speed boat trip from Parry Sound on a pitch-black night past hundreds of little islands was an experience never equaled before or since.

The Club was one big family of agreeable people and we loved the place. Each family had its separate abode, then mostly tents, but all ate together and by age groups in the big dining hall. All played together in the Lodge. Many of the men and some of the women fished nearly every day except Sunday, displaying their catch with angler's name attached, on a broad bar outside the dining room.

A daily formality at dinnertime was reviewing the day's take and complimenting the sportsmen. There was tennis, shuffleboard, occasional softball, and a regular Saturday night dance. The Club had been founded by a group of Church Methodists, so on Sunday morning, there was Scripture reading and a short prayer, and each Sunday evening a Vesper Service. Members of the Club took turns in leading the services. The tent was frigid in the early morning and getting out of bed made you teeth chatter, but in all other was the vacation was delightful.

Before our two weeks were up we were invited back the next year which we gladly accepted. The third year we could not go because Tom was on the way. The new baby marooned us for two or three years. The fog of the depression had not lifted, but one day Jim Kinnear came by to say a membership was available for purchase. The tent and equipment were meager and not much to buy and he suggested we apply for it. Financially it did not seem wise, but memories of good times with delightful people persuaded us. Ironically the membership we bought was Vaughn Horner's.

In the summers that followed the children loved the patter of the rain on the tent, and all the games and swimming with other children their age. When World War II made it not feasible to get college boys as waiters, Barbara with the daughters of other members served as waiters for two years. When Jim was the right age the war was over but the Commissary Chairman vetoed

members' children for dining room work, insisting outsiders were easier to supervise. Tom and his buddies at Shadyside were chosen as waiters one year but at that time Tom's one and only love was golf.

At first we purchased a canoe, then an outboard and motor, and finally built a cabin. The Kinnears, our next door neighbors, and the Reams were the last to give up tents. Now the cabins have electric light and heat.

Many have been the happy times spent at Iron City. Special friends besides the Kinnears, were the Walter Scotts, Bob and Betty Applegate, the Steffeys, the Demarees and the Todds. And of course we never forget our debt to the McNultys!

In Somerset we enjoyed two groups at successive times. The bridge club of Austins, Coffroths, Sam Evans, Dean Myers and ourselves was a happy crowd. But the Evans moved away, the Coffroths and Myers went on the rocks matrimonially, Each of the four was well worthwhile in his own right. It is my opinion that the break ups have improved the lot of none of them.

Then came the Stitelers, Courtneys and George Evans, more mature and mellowed with life. It was a happy time whenever we got together. Only our move to Warren took us from this enjoyable circle.

Key's interest in handicrafts brought us the friendships of the wonderful Scharfe family.

In Newark, Oliver Thurman, my boss was one of the finest men I have ever known. He was tall, fine looking without being called handsome, loved life and people, always had a quiet chuckle at the conceited or the pompous. He could correct a mannerism or suggest more suitable glasses with such grace that there was no embarrassment to either party. Jokes on the other fellow were not for him. He knew that a joke to be really enjoyed must be told on oneself. He was always thinking of the other fellow's advancement. A more unselfish man has, I think, never lived. Not only I but dozens of people are refreshed inside whenever they think of him. If he were alive I would go to the ends of the earth to see him.

In my bachelor days in Newark I met Mildred Stone. Perhaps the best thing I did for the Mutual Benefit was to introduce her to Oliver Thurman who persuaded her to give up teaching, and join the Agency Department. She has a brilliant mind, a sense of humor, but the essence of her personality is her real interest in other people, their woes as well as their joys. The effect in a big Company of one such person of good will is immeasurable; and in later years it has extended as well to other life insurance companies.

Along with Oliver Thurman, the other most outstanding character I have known was Hess Wagner, for over 50 years minister of the Lutheran Church in Somerset, and its leading citizen. His wife was mad at the whole town; his only son an alcoholic, but of his own troubles no one ever heard him speak. He was no carping critic of peccadilloes. It was his theory that no murder, robbery, or rape cause the real grief in the world. Rather it is the nasty remark, the insidious gossip, the social snub, the selfish grab. Christianity for him was not a series of "Don't do that's" but a joyful way of life. As the perennial Secretary of the Rotary Club, he kept it doing something useful. He made the Hospital the pride of the Community. Whenever a tense situation approached the explosion point, he always intervened with a wisecrack that had everybody laughing. It is depressing to imagine Somerset without his leavening influence during all those years.

In Warren there are many delightful people. We look forward to each visit with the Bob Israels; he is a master bridge player and an accomplished artist; Helen loves literature, art, local history, and promotes many congenial social gatherings. Whether or not it is her turn never rates a thought.

The Conaways seem almost like members of the family. Like us they met as students at Carnegie Tech. We can drop in, unexpectedly, they can drop in, and it is just as if the in-dropper belonged there. Rarely do two couples have that feeling of complete compatibility. It is one of Life's choice blessings.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Growing up in a religious Protestant family meant that sooner or later one was "converted." This happened to me about age eleven. It was a truly emotional experience and I still remember the warm glow of joy that something new and mysterious had happened to me. It did not last long and instead of being a new person, as I was told, I found myself getting into mischief just as before.

There was no real mental conflict however until I got in college. There the wonders of science and the glories of ancient pagan culture came in conflict with the accepted belief in our family that everything in the Bible was true, and every word in it was inspired even to the last semicolon. Most of my fellow students went through the same inner conflict. Many many years this conflict remained, but as my friend Pete said, "Problems are not solved. They are simply forgotten."

Eventually I came to realize that this is an ordered universe, and beautifully ordered, too, and to me that is what God is. Not just the majestic precision of the movements of the planets and the stars, but the laws of human behavior that are truly out of this world. Love thy neighbor as thyself. Unto him that smiteth on the one cheek, offer also the other. He that loseth his life shall find it, while he that seeks selfish advantage only ends a failure.

It is amazing that such insights into God's human laws should have come out of Semitic Jewish and Arab Asia Minor. Old Judaism said "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Many an Arab is still cheating in business and the resulting poverty and grief is heartbreaking. Until the Arabs (and some Jews) learn to tell the truth and trust his neighbor to do the same, his economic progress and personal happiness are checkmated.

How Jesus of Nazareth with that background, could have bloomed and proclaimed God's law of human behavior is the greatest miracle of all time.

No one, not even myself, expected me to reach age 50, least of all age 70, and so as I approach life's twilight, I am grateful that life has been a grand and happy adventure. I have been blessed in every way: good health, matchless wife, wonderful children, no sleep wrecking financial worries, on the other hand, never so much money as to attract chiselers. Having been brought up frugally a dislike of waste is ingrained.

So when the time comes for me to start my last long sleep, I want no grieving and no ostentation. Why should there be? "Sleep, the death of each day's life" is most welcome after the stresses of the day. In fact not to sleep nightly is the real annoyance. So not to sleep finally,

when life's chores are done would be the real tragedy. When the energies of life subside there should be rest for a life grown tired. It is part of the Almighty's plan.

I have found in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

APPENDIX C

THE OLD MAN RECALLS

An autobiography by Joseph Harold Ream

FOREWORD

When I was in California in March Chris helped me buy an electric typewriter as my fifteen year old manual portable had finally given out, and I was in the mood for a new toy. I returned to San Miguel on April first, and on April !3th Nancy wrote me that, now that I had an electric typewriter, I should write me memoirs -- After all, Uncle Jay had written his. I did not reject her suggestion out of hand and today decided to give a try to being an author.

1 have been amazed recently by the amount of family feeling exhibited by some of my offspring, so I decided that if I did attempt to write something it would be designed solely for members of the family who are interested in this sort of thing. Consequently, this work will be in a limited edition (not more than
seven copies) and is not to be distributed outside the family. Also, it will be kept to reasonable length so that it can be read in one brief sitting.

Someone has said that all history is lies--the writer always tries to show himself or his friends in the best possible light, and this requires a bending of the truth. If this is so in the case of history generally, how much more must it be so in the case of personal memoirs! Nevertheless, I will try to tell it as it was, or as I perceived it to be, omitting only those parts which reflect unfavorably on persons I know to be living and omitting also certain romantic details.

I am sure there will be numerous typographical errors. I am only human. I hope that you, dear reader, will be forgiving. As Alexander Pope said, "To err is human, to forgive divine."

We'll see how it works out.

THE OLD MAN
San Miguel, July 5, 1980

I

The first Ream to come to America was Johann Eberhardt Riehm who came to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in 1717. He fathered quite a large brood with six or seven sons. The name was Anglicized to Ream, and the little settlement was called Reamstown. Some of us have visited Reamstown and seen the cemetery and spot where Johann Eberhardt is buried. Our side of the family stems from his son Nicholas. Dave has traced our descent from Johann Eberhardt.

One of the Reams was a private in the American Revolutionary Army. He stayed with it only a few months, and I don't know whether he was discharged or deserted because he could not take the rigors of Valley Forge. In any event, his services were sufficient for our branch of the family to qualify as members of the D. A. R. My sister Florence did so, and I believe my brother Frank became a member

of the Sons of the American Revolution. This sort of family glorification, however, was not for me.

My father, Theodore Jackson Ream, was 50 years old when I was born. My mother was 45. I was a mistake--a menopause baby. I came ten years after my next older living brother, and I remember my mother saying that she did not know how she could manage with a new baby at her age and with five older brothers and sisters. She also told me that after my birth she never had another menstrual period.

Both my father and my mother were born in Ohio and came from poor farm families. They both attended one semester at a little Ohio college, where they met. They were the only ones from either family who ever saw the inside of a college. They insisted that each of their children go to college and get a degree. We all did, and four of us got post-graduate degrees.

My oldest brother, Frank, was 22 1/2 years older than I. When the two of us visited the Riehms in Leimen, Germany in 1967 and told them the difference in our ages they said, "From the same mother?" My father was a Methodist preacher--definitely of the old school. He strongly believed that if you gave yourself to Jesus you were saved and would go to heaven when you died. Otherwise you would go to hell and burn throughout countless ages. I remember that when he preached a sermon in his church he always ended with an invitation to anyone who wished to accept Jesus as his savior to come to the altar, confess his sins, and be saved. I do not recall anyone accepting his invitation.

My mother was just as religious as my father, but less demonstrative. She had a firm conviction that she would go to heaven and there see the loved ones who had gone before. She also was a stabilizing influence in the family. Father was more mercurial, with pronounced ups and downs.

My brother Frank was gone from home before I became aware of his existence. As he was the first born and had gone into the ministry, I always felt that my parents looked upon him as the brightest jewel among their children.

Florence, my only sister, was about sixteen years older than I and was not around the house much that I can recall. She was either away at college or teaching school most of the time and got married when I was about seven. I recall, with chagrin, that on the day of her wedding, which was held at home, there was so much bustle around the house that I felt completely neglected, and so went into a pout and refused to attend the ceremony. Florence remembered this and reminded me of it when well into her eighties.

I rather think that Florence was the smartest of all, although she did not go to graduate school. She was writing a column for a local newspaper when she was well past seventy, and she was a whiz at scrabble. She had a fine sense for human relationships. If she had lived when it was common for women to have careers outside the home, she would have had a successful one.

My three brothers whom I got to know quite well and to whom I looked up with modified hero worship were Clarence who later insisted that he be called Jack, Dwight, and Merrill who later changed his name
to Jay.

Clarence was the largest of the boys and I think the most handsome. He also was a fine physical specimen. He could run the 100 yards in 10 seconds which was considered very fast in those days. He

could walk on his hands and wave to you with one hand while supporting himself with the other. He could climb with hands only a 20-foot rope attached to the high branch of a tree. He exercised with a 50-pound weight in order to develop his muscles further. He took his body very seriously.

Dwight was the best athlete. He had fine coordination, ran a fair 440-yards, played third base on the college baseball team, and was the star forward on the college basketball team. I saw him once make a basket while lying flat on the floor, having been tripped by an opposing player. Father refused his consent to Dwight's playing football because of the danger of serious injury, but relented during Dwight's senior year in college. Dwight became the star halfback on the college team that year.

After college Dwight took up golf and became the club champion at the Topeka Country Club. One day at the club they held a ping pong tournament, and a teenager was beating everyone in sight. Dwight had not played ping pong in years, but said to the teenager, "I can beat you playing left-handed" and he did. The teenager did not know that Dwight was ambidextrous.

Jay was 1 1/2 years younger than Dwight but in the same class in high school and college. He was almost exactly ten years older than I. He was not an outstanding athlete, but did play guard on the college basketball team and won a couple of medals in a local "marathon" sponsored by a newspaper in Topeka. He had more than his share of brains and spent three years in post-graduate work, ending up with a doctor of philosophy degree in psychology.

II

I was born in Bedford, Iowa on October 5, 1903. My first recollection is of Clay Center, Kansas, 40 miles west of Topeka, where we had moved after my first three years in Iowa. Two incidents only remain in my memory of Clay Center. One is of going swimming in a large pond crossed by a railroad trestle. When a train came along we all would duck under the water as none of us had swim suits. The other is of being pulled on a sled by my brothers skating along a creek which had frozen over. The surface of the ice was broken here and there by the roots of trees growing along the banks. One root was larger than the rest, and as the sled went over it broke through the ice. My brothers pulled me out very quickly and hurried home with me where I was dried out before a fire. I suffered no ill effects. I have been told that while crawling along the floor I hit Dwight in the mouth with a hammer while he was taking his ease prone upon the floor. Dwight had trouble with a front tooth ever after.

After two years in Clay Center we moved to Kansas City, Kansas. Perhaps my strongest recollection of our stay there is of the over-powering stench of the river front packing houses which we had to pass when we went to Kansas City, Mo. Our house wasn't much. Back of us was a ravine, and across the ravine was a carpet cleaning plant. It made a fair amount of noise and a lot of dust in the neighborhood. Also I went to kindergarten there. I was five. I had to walk several blocks which I did by myself. Traffic was not so dangerous in those days.

III

In the spring of 1909 we moved to Topeka. Father had been appointed the District Superintendent of the Methodist churches in the Topeka district. This was the most prestigious and well paying position he ever held. His salary was, I believe, $1,800 a year. He had about forty churches under his charge, six

or seven of which were in Topeka and the rest within a 15 or 20 mile radius of Topeka. He was supposed to call upon each church four times a year, perhaps preach the Sunday sermon, and consult on local church affairs.

Sometimes he took me with him. I always enjoyed this. The good ladies of each little church would make a fuss over me, and the food they provided for the visitors was the best in their capacity. In the first years these trips were made by horse and buggy, but later Father bought a Model T Ford. The gas tank was under the front seat, and gasoline was fed to the carburetor by gravity. If the tank was less than a quarter full and a hill was approaching, we had to back in order to get up the hill, as otherwise no gasoline would flow to the carburetor. Needless to say, all the roads in the country were dirt and most of them were ungraded. When it rained the Model T Ford was useless, and the horse and buggy came into use again.

I started grade school in Topeka. The Lowman Hill school was I right across the street from our house. My name at that time was Harold. I never liked that name. When I went into the fifth grade I found a new teacher who had not been at this school before. She asked her pupils to write their names and give them to her so she could quickly get to know each one. I wrote, "Joseph Ream." A few days later when the principal visited the class she asked, "Who is this Joseph Ream?" Even so, I made the name stick, and remember with fondness the teacher whose name was Vinnie Jones and not so fondly the principal whose name was Lola Graham.

My days at Lowman Hill school were happy ones for me. The only sour note of any consequence was the discovery that I could not carry a tune. This occurred in the second grade. Each kid who was singing on tune was told to move to the other side of the room. This went on until I was the only one left. I never did get to move.

I made up for my lack of musical talent by having a fairly penetrating voice and no fear of using it. When we gave the oath of allegiance to the flag my voice could be heard above all the rest, and once I was admonished to keep it down a bit. This trait followed"---me all my life, and I remember my good friend Larry Lowman, when we were together in group, would often say "sh-sh" to me. As a kid and more particularly in later life, this tendency of mine must have irked friends and non-friends alike.

At Lowman Hill school I had for a time the nickname of "professor" and was the quarterback on our little fifth grade football team. In each case my voice and my willingness to use it were the cause. As quarterback I made sure that someone else carried the ball, and, while I had to play safety on defense, I would down the ball rather than risk bruising physical contact. I eventually got over this fear of getting roughed up.

IV

In April of my sixth year in grade school Father's appointment as District Superintendent expired, and we moved to Hiawatha, Kansas, and he became the minister of the Methodist church there. We were in Hiawatha two years, and these were happy years too. I had got a Daisy air rifle as present the year before, and as Hiawatha had only 3.000 population. we were always at the edge of the country. A friend. John Archer, spent many happy hours bird hunting, but our game was 99% sparrows. A small town, being so
close to nature, enabled the kids to learn at an early age the sexual facts of life. I recall my astonished

interest when I was told how babies were made and had pointed out to me an older boy who "had to marry the girl." My life in Topeka had been unbelievably innocent.

In Topeka and even in Hiawatha we had family prayers every evening before we went upstairs to bed. We would kneel in the living room while Father prayed. We never had playing cards in the house -- “the spots on the cards were in themselves evil"--and I was not allowed to read until Monday the comics which came with the Sunday newspaper, although I often transgressed this rule. Dancing was absolutely prohibited, as, of course, were tobacco and liquor.

Wy father died when I was fourteen, But Mother lived until after I had spent many years in New York and had been smoking 1 1/2 packs of cigarettes a day for a very long time. Even so, I never smoked in her presence and never admitted to her that I ever took a drink of liquor. Wise mother--she never asked.

After a few months in Hiawatha I got the job of pumping the pipe organ in our church. This required an hour each on Sunday mornings and Sunday evenings and two hours one weekday night for choir practice. For this I got three dollars a month, and I felt amply compensated.

It was during this time that my parents had me take piano lessons. These lasted about a year. I had no talent and little interest and began to hate the lessons and the hours required for practice. Any flaws discovered later in my moral fiber can be traced to my inflation of the reported minutes spent in practice.

One winter the protestant churches in town got together for a month of revival meetings. These were held in the town armory. I had heard of these revival meetings. but there had not been one in Topeka while we were there. The team which was hired for the purpose consisted of the preacher, two male gospel singers
(one of whom doubled on the trumpet), a female singer. and the pianist. These meetings were the high point of the winter season.

In spite of Father's weekly exhortations I had never gone to the altar and given myself to Jesus. I felt I should take advantage of the great opportunity afforded by the revival meetings to be "saved." As the month wore on I became more and more unhappy with my delay. So on one of the last nights I went to the altar, was prayed over, and said I accepted Jesus as my savior. The feeling of elation which I had been led to expect did not occur, and Father never questioned me on my "conversion" or the state of my soul.

One of the illustrations the revival preacher used was very good at the time, but would not be so readily accepted today with our greater knowledge of nutrition and diet. He said, "Imagine a cold spring house where the farmer keeps his cold milk. In due time the heavy cream rises to the top of the stone jars. The farmer takes fresh strawberries from his garden, sprinkles them well with sugar, and then tops it all off with three inches of heavy rich cream. Um-m good. This is the Christian life. One who does not accept Jesus is like the man who turns down the strawberries and cream and says, 'I prefer a dish of prunes'."

It was during this time also that I got my first inkling that Father was a little old fashioned for the taste of his congregation. Having re-read Mother's account of her life as a minister's wife, I now realize that his health must have been failing rather seriously. After the two years in Hiawatha he took the job of

field secretary for the Methodist Home for the Aged in Topeka. This meant he was a money raiser for the Home. He held this post for only nine months. He died in January, 1918. He was sixty-four years old.

Father was always very proud of his children, particularly his grown sons. I suspect that, living before women's lib, he was not so proud of his daughter, and I was too young to be evaluated.

In the fall of 1917 I entered Topeka High School. The next fall, because of Father's death, I took a paper route. This meant about two hours delivering papers six afternoons a week and then collecting from the subscribers once a month. I was supposed to make about 25 cents a month from each subscriber, and as I had about 200 subscribers, I made about $45 a month--a princely sum. But it was hard work. I got quite good in riding my bicycle without holding the handlebars and in throwing from the street to the porches of my subscribers. I had this route for two years but gave it up in my senior year in high school as I wanted more time in the afternoons for extra-curricular activities. Instead I took a route just beyond the edge of town which the newspaper subsidized in order to increase its over-all circulation. This was a morning paper. I had to get up at five o'clock, pick up my papers downtown, and then ride ten miles, come rain or snow. For this I got $30 a month, but I had my afternoons free.

I was not exactly unknown in high school. Making good grades was never a problem with me, and except for courses in biology and zoology I liked what I studied. I even took four years of Latin, but to this day can remember only the first half-line of the Aeneid. In my junior year I decided that journalism was for me. I can't recall just how it happened, but I was either elected or appointed the editor of the weekly school paper. Thus, during my senior year, although I had to attend the class in journalism, I did not have to prepare any work, and I got an automatic A. In return, I had to get to the printers and arrange the lay-out of the paper each week .Actually it would have been better if I had not been the editor--I got practically no experience in writing or reporting, and my work at the printers was substantially mechanical. However, the mere fact that I had been the editor got me the job of correspondent for the Topeka Daily Capital when I went to the University of Kansas at Lawrence the next fall.

During my junior year in high school I began to do a little dating. Peggy Schwartz sang in the Lowman church choir, and her mother and father were active in the church. The dating consisted in walking Peggy home after evening services on Sundays and sitting in her porch swing and doing a bit of smooching. She felt this was okay so long as she did not respond in any way, and this arrangement was satisfactory to me too. After the summer in Estes Park I did not see much of Peggy, and we more or less went our separate ways. Along about this time I told people that I was a woman hater. This had the expected effect. The girls looked upon me with considerably more interest than formerly. I even got a small part in a school play where I played the part of the butler. The teacher-director had me give the maid a peck on the cheek at one point. The fact that the woman hater would kiss the maid was well advertised in advance of the performance.

In the summer following my junior year, through my friendship with Henry Benning whose father was the secretary of the Topeka YMCA, I got a job as busboy in the cafeteria of the YMCA summer camp in Estes Park, Colorado. After the first of the three months there the older man who did the pots and pans in the kitchen quit his job, and I replaced him. Not only was my social status in the kitchen improved--from busboy to Pots and Pans--but my compensation was increased from $30 to $40 a month.

This was a very satisfactory summer. One long weekend we were let off from work, and Henry and I and some others climbed Long's Peak. I was very proud of this until many years later an acquaintance of mine in the radio business asked by what route I went up. I replied, "by the boulder field." He said that this was the banana peel route. He had gone up by the 2000-foot sheer face on the other side.

During my senior year in high school Henry got me and a couple of others together for prayer prior to the first class in the morning. We called this project the "Upper Room." (Acts I, 13-14) This lasted two or three months.

Also, during the last part of my senior year I got a bad case of puppy love. Her name was Eleanor Allen. She was big in music --organ, piano, and flute. We would sit in her porch swing and squeak it back and forth to the keen annoyance of her father. Eleanor was a very straight arrow, and there was no smooching, but I did kiss her goodnight once, and she either was or pretend ed to be shocked. Several years later after she had married and I was on one of my visits to Topeka she invited me to dinner with her husband whom I had known in high school. This experience did not inspire me to rush out and get married myself.

One summer in Topeka—I think it was after my junior year in high school--Jay came home from his graduate studies in psychology. He had some of his material with him and decided to give me an "intelligence test." I think I did fairly well on this test, but the only question I remember is one I missed--"How many legs has a Papuan?" I said four, never having heard of the country of Papua.

VI

Dwight and Merrill having gone four years to Washburn College in Topeka and having been big men on campus, I felt I would have to go elsewhere or always be known merely as their little brother. Although going away involved more expense, Mother went along with the idea that I go to the University of Kansas at Lawrence, 30 miles from Topeka. She provided me with a small amount each month, about $30, and I supplemented this with my work as campus correspondent for the Topeka Daily Capital which averaged about $25 a month. I was going to be different and refused to join a fraternity the first year although Dwight and Merrill had been Kappa Sigmas at Washburn. Life was relatively simple and cheap that first year. I found the courses which I was taking quite easy and I made the dean's honor roll my freshman year. I remember that all students in the freshmen class were given an "intelligence test" similar to the one Jay had given me the summer before. The individual questions were different--for example, "Zulu" instead of "Papuan"--but I was familiar with the procedure.

My second year at K. U. I fell from grace. I joined the Kappa Sigs after all and began to play around a bit. I never was too good at the job of correspondent, and at the end of the second year the newspaper fired me and got a girl who did a much better job.

The Kappa Sigs at K.U. were not much on studies. In fact, they looked down on one who made good grades as a member of the "cellar gang." They were, however, very big in athletics, and I felt the pressure to do something in sports myself. I decided that cross country provided the best chance of earning a varsity letter. So at the beginning of my junior year I went out for the five mile grind of cross country. About fifty of us started, but as the weeks wore on several dropped out. For myself, I

developed "shin splints" which was a very painful irritation of the nerve along the shin bone. For several weeks I would not show up for the practice runs on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, but would show for the Thursday trials. The result was that I was not tired out as were many of those who had been grinding away during the first part of the week, and I gradually worked my way up the ladder.

The week the cross country team went to Norman, Oklahoma along with the football team for the contest with the University of Oklahoma I was able to get the No. 6 spot and make the trip. This was fine with me as only the first five men on a team to finish the course counted in the result.

It was raining in Norman, and the cross country course was along dirt roads back of the stadium. We started from the stadium at the end of the first quarter of the football game and were to finish in the stadium as part of the half-time festivities. I was going along happily well back in the mud when I came upon our No. J man who was limping badly. He said to me, "I think I have broken a bone in my ankle, and I can't finish. Joe, get in there and run. It all depends on you."

This changed the whole complexion of the race for me. I had to take this thing seriously. I put on what speed I had and was able to enter the stadium a few yards ahead of the Oklahoma No.5 man. However, he had more in reserve than I did and in spite of the encouraging shouts of "Come on, Joe" from the few K. U. rooters, the Oklahoma man was able to pass me five yards from the finish line. We lost the race. If I had been able to beat him we would have won. I often said in later life that this was one of the tragedies of my youth.

I got my revenge two weeks later when the cross country meet of the eight colleges in the Missouri Valley Conference was held in Lawrence. The course here went twice up the hill on which the university stood
and which was called Mt. Oread. The runners from the other schools were used to flat courses, and the hill really took its toll the second time around. The K. U. athletic authorities had ruled that if one finished in the first half of those competing in the Missouri Valley meet he got a varsity letter. Being used to the
course I was able to finish 18th out of the forty men from the eight five-man teams. I got the blue K and more important the big red sweater which went with it. I think I have that sweater somewhere to this day.

This was the end of my athletic career. I had the good sense to quit while I was ahead.

During my junior year I took a course in psychology. My psychology professor showed some interest in me and asked what sort of grades I had been making in my other courses. When I told him "so-so" he showed some astonishment and said that I had made the highest mark in my class on the freshmen intelligence test. I never told him of the unfair advantage I had.

Having become convinced that journalism was not for me, I thought courses in economics would be just right. This should enable me to make money when I was graduated. Many of the other boys must have had the same idea, as the classes were extremely large. The professors were poor, and I found the courses dull and a waste of time.

I had lost interest in my academic studies and now look back on my three years in liberal arts as an intellectual wasteland.

VII

The law school at K. U. was in a building called Green Hall situated at the entrance to the campus with steps and pillars in front reminiscent of a Greek temple. The law students would stand on those steps each morning before classes and evaluate the pretty co-eds as they passed. Having won the red sweater with the blue K I felt I would have a preferred status on those steps in the eyes of the co-eds. I discovered that I could substitute a first year in law for my fourth year in liberal arts and still get my B. A. degree at the end of that year if I stated my intention to continue with my law studies. My fingers were crossed so far as continuing in the law was concerned, but this was the kind of proposition I could not resist, so I enrolled in the law school in the fall of 1924.

The work was harder than I expected and much harder than anything in liberal arts, but I thought I was doing adequately well. The course in Contracts was for two semesters, but the dean who gave the course decided to have a trial test at the end of the first semester, although our grades would depend on the final test given at the end of the second semester. Imagine my astonishment and chagrin when I flunked this trial test. This was the first time I had ever flunked in anything. I never got a mark less than B unless perhaps in Art Appreciation. The result was that I foreswore other activities and devoted myself solely to the law books. This devotion to the books slowly engendered an interest in what I was doing, and I began to think that perhaps I should continue with the law. I finally got a B in Contracts and a couple of A's in other courses.

The dean was from the Yale Law School, and I impressed him enough so that he recommended that I go to Yale for my second and third years in law. I got the job of working in the library to pay my tuition at Yale, and Jay lent me the money to take care of my other basic needs. Needless to say, I wanted to get through as soon as possible and start making money, which I had seen very little of during my life so far. I went to summer school in New Haven that first summer and for half of the summer session in 1926, so that I was able to get through in February, 1927.

My work in the law library required eight hours each week putting books back on the shelves in their proper places and helping other students find books which they wanted. I conceived the idea—which turned out to be brilliant--of working four hours each on Friday and Saturday evenings. Not only were few students in the library on weekend evenings so I could spend my time in almost uninterrupted study, but it saved me from the expense of weekend socializing.

I enjoyed my stay in New Haven, but I can't say it was fun. I had my nose to the grindstone too much of the time. The second summer, however, I lost my virginity. Babe was no more than twenty, had had a baby out of wedlock, and was living with her parents at the edge of town. She was very cooperative and made little or no demands on me. I was very relaxed that summer and made my best marks in my courses.

After the first summer term in 1926 I went to Kansas and canvassed various law firms in Topeka and Kansas City. They showed no interest whatsoever in me. I was discouraged, but there was nothing to do but finish at Yale. That Christmas vacation I called on law firms in New York City armed with letters from some of my professors. One in particular was helpful. It was from Charlie Clark who later became dean of the law school and then a federal judge for the second circuit in New York. He wrote that my standing was sixth in my class which understated it a bit in view of the fact that I was a transfer

student.

I finally called on the Cravath firm. The others had bad-mouthed it as simply a law factory, a reputation which I found out later was not wholly undeserved. Cravath's had not taken anyone from Yale for many years, concentrating on Harvard and Columbia. The tax partner there had gone to Yale, and he took me in hand as we visited the other partners. I got an offer from them of $2,500 a year which was more than the standard $1,800 or the $2,100 which some firms were offering. I had no trouble in deciding on Cravath's.

VIII

My nearly eight years at Cravath's had its ups and downs, mostly downs during the first three years. For two months I did nothing but read proof. A middle aged gal from Brooklyn would read, and I would check for mistakes and conformity. For commas she would say comma, for a semicolon she would say semi, and for a period she would say PERNT. I spent two months making a digest of three thousand pages of testimony in a railroad reorganization case. This was from such a faint carbon that I had to back up each page with a blank white sheet in order to read it.

If a law clerk worked at night he was entitled to dinner money. As a result, I seized every opportunity--and there were plenty of these--for night work. I started my life in New York at the Brooklyn YMCA in a $4.50 a week room which could not have been more than five feet by eight feet. I was saving money and paying off my debt to Jay.

IX

After some months I discovered that Henry Benning was In New York interning at Presbyterian Hospital. We would get together now and then on weekends, and once when I was complaining about the lack of female companionship, he took me to see the Biggs sisters whom he had known at Washburn College and who were then living in New York. The older one, Portia, was about my age, had studied journalism at Northwestern, and was then working at Macmiilan's reviewing books for publication. The younger one, Anita, was three years younger than I. She had been graduated from the Fort Worth high school at fifteen and was the top honor student in her class. She was graduated from Washburn College at eighteen and was, of course, a member of the honorary society there. After college Anita taught two years in a small high school near Zanesville, Ohio where her parents were living at the time. Several of her students were older than she. When I met her she was playing the pipe organ in a little church in the Bronx and was studying with some of the better known organists in New York. Later she got a job playing the pipe organ in a movie house from which she took the subway home at nine o' clock in the evening. On many of the nights that I did not work in the office I found myself calling on her after she had returned home. As she did not have to get up early in the mornings, she would not make me leave until the last subway, about 12: 45 A. M. I was losing sleep, and my work at the office began to show it.

After a year at the Brooklyn YMCA Henry and I and Martin Burton whom Henry had known in Topeka rented the back half of a floor in a brownstone on 15th street west of 7th avenue. Martin was studying piano at Julliard and spent most of the time when Henry and I were not there in practicing on the piano in one of the rooms. It was pretty crummy living, but we enjoyed it. My breakfasts were grabbed at the entrance to the 14th street subway station and consisted of· a bowl of oatmeal and a cup of

coffee for 15 cents. Now and then Henry would cook dinner for us on a hot plate in one of the rooms.

Henry had a great zest for life. Sometimes we would check out the cheaper restaurants on the lower east side. We thought we were pretty hot stuff. We each bought a cane, and I bought a derby hat. One weekend I visited Jay in New Jersey and took my cane along. Jay's boss, Oliver Thurman, said to me, "Joe, I knew a great revival preacher in eastern Tennessee named Sam Jones. He said that whenever he saw a man with a cane he knew the man was either lame in the leg or lame in the head." I never used the cane after that.

After one year on 15th street I went into a somewhat better apartment with two other boys with whom I was never close.

Along about this time Anita and I decided to get married, but no date was set as I was still in debt to Jay, and Portia who was engaged to Walter Hahn was not yet married. Portia did marry Walter in May, 1929 and shortly thereafter I was finally able to liquidate my debt to Jay. Anita and I were married on July 27. 1929. Three months later came the stock market crash which ushered in the great depression.

At the time of our marriage Anita had a job in a small art theatre on 42nd street which specialized in showing foreign films, mostly Russian. Sound had recently come to American movies, but many of the foreign films were still silent. Anita had a library of records and two turntables at this theatre, and with these she provided musical background for the foreign films. This was much cheaper and probably better than an orchestra. Her compensation for this was substantially more than I was making at Cravath's.

X

My work at Cravath's was becoming boring to me. I felt that life would become more rewarding if I had a job teaching in some small law school. I had about decided to make inquiries as to the possibilities for the fall of 1931 when I was picked to go to the Paris office of Cravath's. Prior to the crash Cravath's had been counsel for a number of American banking houses which had brought out loans to European corporations and government entities. Although new business was practically non-existent, it was felt that there would be plenty to do in looking after commitments already in force.

The opportunity to go to Paris on an American salary, plus some expense money, was too good to pass up. Anita and I sailed for France on October 1, 1930, with all thought of teaching law put aside. We had two birthday parties on the ship--one for Anita on October 3 and one for me on October 5.

Life in Paris was very pleasant. The office consisted of one partner and one law clerk, i. e. me. The work was not demanding. I did a bit of travelling on business, generally with Anita--a couple of times to London, and to Zurich, Milan, Berlin, and Amsterdam. We took French lessons and had a small group of French friends. We took up horseback riding. Anita was much better than I at both French and riding. The partner during my first year in Paris was Jack McCloy who became high commissioner for Germany for a time following World War II and after that was chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank very briefly. Portia and Walt came to see us on their vacation in the summer of 1931. We had bought a small French car--very chic but prone to constant mechanical failures.

In the fall of 1931 Anita became pregnant and had to give up her riding. The French doctor was very nervous, too, about her riding around in our little car. At about this time also Cravath's began to

realize that keeping a Paris office was an unjustifiable luxury, so in the spring of 1932 I came back to New York, and no one was sent to replace me. Anita had preceded me by two months. She spent ten days or so in New York with Portia and Walt before going to Tonawanda to be with her parents and to have her baby. Portia was well along in her own pregnancy while Anita was in New York. Walt took them out to dinner a couple of times. Walking down the street with two young women so obviously pregnant elicited a great many glances directed at Walt which said in effect, "What sort of man is this?"

I s pent two and a half more years at Cravath's and enjoyed it much more. My work was strictly corporate. I never appeared in court. The last year I worked on the reorganization of Paramount Pictures Corporation which had gone into bankruptcy. My boss on this was Robert Swaine. His was the brightest and most incisive legal mind I have ever known. He must have been frustrated with me. Near the end when we brought out the plan of reorganization I was detailed to cover the final printing of the plan. I had been working night and day for weeks, and I made one bad goof in the final plan. When Swaine berated me I said that my only excuse was the fact that I had not had more than three hours of sleep in each of the past four nights. He replied, "That may be a reason, but it is no excuse."

XI

I began to think that I would not in the foreseeable future become a partner at Cravath's and so became receptive to outside offers. One of these came from a small company in the broadcasting business. They were looking for a house attorney and had tried one six months before, but it had not worked out. The work seemed along the lines of my experience, so I took the job with the Columbia Broadcasting System with the title of General Attorney. I hired an assistant immediately. I was in this job for nearly eight years, and during that time the legal department never exceeded four lawyers. The work was interesting and psychologically rewarding. Most of it was contract work. We developed a few forms which made the run-of-the mill contracts much easier to handle. As time went on I became more and more involved in negotiations with radio stations and in acquisitions. This required some travelling, but I was never away from home for more than two weeks at a time.

At one point the First Vice-President asked me to join his staff, but I declined as I was happy in my work. A year later, in 1942, when he had been replaced by Paul Kesten as Executive Vice-President, I agreed to join the Kesten team along with Frank Stanton and Frank White.

These were happy days for me. Bill Paley, the president and principal stockholder, wanted to have a part in the war, and after Kesten took over in the No.2 spot Paley went to Europe and became a member of Eisenhower's staff. Kesten was running the company, and his three assistants felt they had a part in it. Kesten was a brilliant writer and a sales promotion genius. Frank White' s background was finance, and Frank Stanton had come up through research which was used extensively in sales promotion. The four of us shared a camaraderie unique in corporate affairs.

Kesten's health was never good. His arthritis was so bad at times as to be incapacitating. When Paley returned from the war Kesten told him that he would have to retire and recommended Frank Stanton as his replacement.

Frank Stanton was the hardest worker I have ever known. He could work eighteen hours a day for days on end and never show signs of fatigue. His interests were wide-ranging, and he had an amazing grasp

of detail. When he took over from Kesten, Paley became the Chairman of the Board, and Stanton's title was President. He held this title and the No.2 spot in the company for nearly 25 years.

The first thing Stanton did after becoming president was to ask me to become his No.2. I demurred. I told him he should not make such a decision so quickly, that Frank White was valuable to the company and would have his nose out of joint, but that if after a few months he could not find someone better suited, I would go along with him. Soon thereafter Frank White left the New York office to become the president of the CBS record subsidiary in Bridgeport. Then when Stanton renewed his invitation I accepted and became the Executive Vice-President, a member of the board of directors, and No. 3 on the corporate chart.

A position on a corporate chart can be very misleading. What appears on the outside is often not the same inside. Bill Paley was No.1, and Stanton was a distant No. 2, although he did work closely with Paley. Neither Stanton nor anyone else carried any weight if he did not go along with Paley's ideas. This one-man rule became more and more apparent as time went on. Kesten was restive under it, and so was Stanton. I believe it became quite bad during Stanton's final years as president. I never felt any pressure on this account as there was always one buffer between Paley and me. In fact, I always had a real liking for Paley.

XII

At the end of World War II the United States and Russia were close friends. After all, they had combined to crush HitIer and the Nazi war machine, and communism had a strong appeal for many liberals in this country. In 1949 a convention was held at the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York attended by communists from here and abroad. I think that as a result of the publicity given to this convention it became the perception of many that communism was on the rise throughout the world, was subverting many governments, and was a threat to our country and our way of life. At about the same time two ex-FBI agents published a booklet, "Red Channels," in which they listed the names of more than 100 persons in the radio and entertainment industries who they said were either communists or "fellow travelers" and hence should be barred from employment in radio.

CBS had been the most liberal politically of the three networks and probably as a result had attracted many popular artists and was No.1 ln the ratings. Many of the artists listed in Red Channels were on CBS. Advertisers, and more particularly advertising agencies, became nervous, and cancellations were made or threatened.

The Attorney General of the United States had previously published a list of organizations considered to be communist or questionable. I discovered that the Civil Service Commission form of application for government employment contained three questions as to whether the applicant belonged to any organization which advocated the overthrow of the government. It seemed to me that an employee in broadcasting could, if disloyal, do more harm to the national interest than, say, an employee in the agriculture department of the government. Further, and more important in my mind, CBS' business interests required that something be done to take off some of the heat and reassure our advertisers and agencies.

For this purpose I combined into a printed questionnaire a paraphrase of the questions asked by the Civil Service Commission and referred to the Attorney General's list of questionable organizations. I

circulated this to the CBS organization with a memo requesting each employee to answer as to whether he belonged to any of the organizations listed and if so to give any explanation desired. I had checked this procedure with Frank Stanton and also with Ed Murrow who was then in New York and was our No. 1 newscaster, but the idea and responsibility were mine alone.

The questionnaire created quite a stir in the trade and was dubbed "the CBS loyalty oath." We got quite a number of verbal brickbats from civil rights activists, but we did get the result I sought. Advertisers and agencies were reassured, and the authors of Red Channels let up on us to a great extent. The paper work involved in seeing to it that each employee signed a questionnaire finally became so burdensome that the whole thing was dropped some years later.

Nothing I ever did in business was so distasteful to me as this. However, I do not regret what I did. My position in the company made it my duty to do what I considered best for the good of the company. This required me to fire, on two separate occasions, good friends of mine. The questionnaire fell into the same category of something I felt had to be done for the good of the company.

XIII

I have said that I could not live more than five years in anyone place. Without checking to the exact day in each case, I think that this is literally true, with possibly one exception.

When I came to New York I lived one year at the Brooklyn YMCA, one year in the house on 15th street. one year with two boys on 19th street, one year in a little apartment by myself right under the old 9th avenue El (long since torn down), one year with Anita on Grove Street in the Village, a few months in the Hotel Lincoln in Paris, eight months in an apartment on the Ruse de Passy in Paris, about eight months in a somewhat better apartment on the Rue de Marroniers in Paris. When we returned to the states we lived in a very drafty cabin on an estate on Emerson Hill, Staten Island.

We were there when Steve was born in the midst of one of the coldest spells New York had ever seen. In those days having a baby meant that mother and child spent two weeks in the hospital. So each night after work I would call on Anita who looked like a million dollars sitting up in her bed in a room heated to 80°. It was tough then to have to go to my drafty cabin where I would put on as much clothes and bed coverings as I could find in order to get through the night. Jack was being taken care of by our Polish maid and at 18 months was not old enough to realize that things were rough.

After Staten Island we lived two years in a house in Forest Hills, Queens. I was working at CBS by this time, and the office was only ten minutes away by subway. This was very convenient, but I could not stay put. I felt the urge to get into the country. We bought a little house with three acres just north of Ossining, N. Y. Dave and Nancy were born while we were there, and Anita's hospital room overlooked the exercise yard at Sing Sing penitentiary.

Three years confined to three acres was quite enough for me so we moved to a farm in Millstone, N. J. with 122 acres and a pre-revolutionary house. We were there during the war, and Chris was born while we were on the Millstone farm. He was the only one not born in New York state, and Steve was the only one born in New York City, as Staten Island is one of the five boroughs of greater New York City.

On the farm we had a large vegetable garden and cows, pigs, and chickens. We were able to supply most of our nutritional needs from our own land. We fared better than most during the war as rationing had Iittle effect on us. We even made our own soap. I always thought that the fact that three of the boys exceeded six feet two inches in height, while no prior Ream I had ever heard of was as much as six feet, was due to the good food they had during those years. The genes of Grandpa Biggs who was five feet, two inches, were transmitted to an amazing degree to Dave, but Dave got to five feet, ten inches, due again, I think, to the good food the Millstone farm provided.

During one year the older kids went to a one-room school in the village of Millstone, but after that I drove them to New Brunswick on my way to catch the train to New York. In New Brunswick they attended a private academy.

At Millstone I raised oats, wheat, hay, buckwheat, soybeans, and corn. I had two tractors and other farm machinery, and I enjoyed the field work on weekends. Our colored man, Monroe Carter, took very good care of things when I was not there.

While we were living in Millstone Portia died of cancer. This was in 1943. The cancer had been in her for some years, but she never mentioned the word "cancer," and no one mentioned it in her presence. We thought she knew what her sickness was, but we· were not sure.

Portia had one child, Alice, who was about ten when Portia died. Her father did not marry again for some years, and Alice's life at home was with housekeepers and finally a stepmother. Because of this she would often come to our house wherever we might be living at the time, so we became her stand-in family. She is the closest of the cousins and always attends our various family reunions.

With this history of Portia's, Anita became very knowledgeable on the subject of cancer. She went regularly to see Dr. Adair in New York. She had great confidence in him. On one visit a lump was discovered in her breast, and a biopsy confirmed that it was cancer. As Dr. Adair was on the point of a trip to Europe, Anita decided to await his return for her operation. She had a radical mastectomy in January, 1946 and was free of any recurrence for nearly five years.

We discussed the situation completely openly, as contrasted with the case with Portia. At Millstone Anita had been responsible for the running of the farm five days a week, as well as having charge full time of the house, five kids, and two servants. After her operation continuance on the farm became a little too much. Also we felt that the educational opportunities for the kids could stand substantial improvement. So in 1946 we left the farm and moved to Princeton.

XIX

In Princeton we had a large house with each child his own bedroom. There were three servants' rooms, and we had two live-in servants most of the time. We lived there until my first retirement in 1952.

In 1947 I bought an eight passenger De Soto car with a luggage rack on top. With this the seven of us tool three summer vacations while we lived in Princeton. The kids' "uniforms" consisted of blue T shirts and blue jeans. On the first night out of the first trip we had dinner in a German restaurant in Washington, Pa. At dinner Nancy removed her sneakers and socks, but forgot her socks until we were

at the cashiers desk on the way out. When she announced in a loud voice that she would have to go back to the table to get her socks, Jack became so embarrassed that he took off and would not be seen with the rest of us until we all got back at the motel several blocks away. This trip took us to Kansas and Nebraska to see kin. Then to Canada via Sault Ste. Marie, across Canada to Quebec, and then home.

Two summers later Anita and the kids drove to a dude ranch in Wyoming. I flew out and joined them two weeks later. We drove back together to Princeton. It was on this trip that the kids learned the hard facts of dictatorship. As we drove along some would want to go here or there or do this or that. I would express
dissent, so they would say, "Let's take a vote." The vote was always five to one with one abstention--Anita. When I announced that the one vote was the majority and the five votes the minority, was greeted with cries of "tyrant," "dictator," and "it aint fair." Of course, all the good this did the kids was to exercise
their lungs.

In 1951 Anita, Jack, Nancy and Chris drove to San Francisco. Steve and Dave stayed with me to harvest the wheat on 100 acres I had rented -- just to keep my hand in as a farmer. 'The three of us flew to San Francisco, and Jack came back to New Jersey to take a job in the construction of a steel plant. Anita and I parked the kids, with Steve in charge, for ten days in a camp at Lake Tahoe while she and I looked at land on the Marin County coast and in the Sacramento valley. Then we spent a week with the kids at the Lake Tahoe camp and then back to Princeton by ·car.

Shortly after we got back Jack got a bit of metal in his eye while working at the steel plant. It proved to be highly infectious so that Jack lost his eye, and it was touch and go for a week as to whether we would lose Jack. For several years Jack tried various cosmetic approaches to hide the fact that he had one eye only, but finally gave up and used glasses with one dark lens.

During these years I felt I scarcely knew my own children. As the commuting time between Princeton and my New York office was 3 1/2 hours each way, it meant that I left the house shortly after seven in the morning and got home, if I was lucky, after eight in the evening. Often, of course, I did not get home until nearly eleven, and two or three nights a week I would sleep in my little apartment in New York. In addition to seeing so little of my family, this regimen finally began to wear me down. Thus, when Anita's cancer recurred I decided that some things were more important than making money and began to make plans to retire, preferably to some rural area.

In January of 1952 Anita and I took a three weeks trip through the southeast. On our trip we looked at the James River country of Virginia, the hill country around Roanoke, part of South Carolina, and northern Florida. We finally settled on Florida and contracted to buy 620 acres five miles north of Tallahassee.

In August I retired from CBS. I was 48 years old. We lived in a rented house in Tallahassee while our house was being built on the 620 acres. To occupy some of our time Anita and I enrolled in Spanish I at FSU. We attended classes three nights a week and at the end of the semester took the written exam which was the same for all students taking the course, about 130 in all. We were told later that I made the second highest mark among all taking the course. Anita made the highest.

When I went to Tallahassee I had enough money to buy the ranch and $75,000 severance pay. I think I

must have been completely foolhardy to take off with a sick wife and five kids still in school with no idea of what would happen when the $75,000 was gone. Foolhardy or not, it was a step I have never regretted.

XV

Even though Anita's health deteriorated until her death in 1955, she did not suffer greatly, and I believe she enjoyed her family more during this period than at any other time.

We did not give up in our attempts to cure or arrest the cancer. We went to the medical center of the University of Chicago where Anita had her adrenal glands and her ovaries removed surgically. A year later she went to the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Berkeley and had her pituitary gland destroyed in a procedure which was experimental and extremely delicate. I think these efforts prolonged her life, but certainly they made it possible for her to live without severe pain 'which was common to many cancer patients at the time.

Jack and Steve were away at school nine months of the year, but did spend the summers with us until they married. Dave was with us during the first year at the ranch, after which he too went off to school. Nancy and Chris stayed in Tallahassee. In the summer of 1954 Anita and Nancy made a tour of a number of girls' schools and chose Emma Willard in Troy, N. Y. for Nancy's junior and senior years in high school.

One Thursday evening in April, 1955 Anita and I went to dinner at the home of friends. When we got out of the car Anita said she was quite dizzy, but we went into the house after a few minutes and had a pleasant enough time at the dinner. The next morning Anita did not get up, but had breakfast in bed. Later she said that perhaps she should go to the hospital where they could look after her better than I could. In the early evening the doctor suggested that I get in touch with the children who were away at school and ask them to come home. It was a Friday evening, and the kids, of course, were not in their rooms but out having a good time. With Nancy's help we finally reached the three of them. Jack and Steve got home Saturday evening and saw Anita. Dave saw her Sunday morning. She was able to greet each one. She died peacefully just before eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, April 17, 1955. She was forty-eight years old.

Because the kids were young, or relatively so, when Anita died, I would like to leave with them some of my impressions and evaluations.

Anita was five feet, five inches tall. When I married her she weighed 130 pounds and never weighed as much as this thereafter except when she was pregnant. She was very fair and had blue eyes, her hair was blond, but it developed a distinct reddish case in the sun of Florida. I told her that I thought I had married a blond, but here she turned out to be a redhead.

She was a good musician, but not a great one, and her expanding family interests made music less and less important to her.

Everyone liked Anita. She would avoid a confrontation if at all possible. I remember only one time when it was not possible. She asked some house guests to leave after they had out-stayed their welcome. I was reminded at the time of the saying that a house guest is like a fish--each begins to

stink after three days. The
various servants we had all adored Anita--she offered them friendship and respect. While she would relate to me, when I came home from work, the happenings of the day, she never engaged in gossip. I think the wives, as well as the husbands, of our acquaintances approved of her and liked her.

She was, of course, unusually intelligent. She also had a grasp of the practicalities. She could cope. She never paraded her intelligence and never made me feel inferior. She would go along with my various screwy schemes rather than voice objection. She decided, I guess, that having married me it was up to her to make it work. She made me feel--whether it was true or not--that she loved me more than any of the kids. I don't believe the kids ever heard us in a serious disagreement or either of us speak harshly to the other.

Love in marriage, if it is good, improves over the years. In the last months of her life Anita often said to me, "I don't imagine why I married you. I love you so much more now than I did when we married. "

XVI

With Nancy off to school in the fall after Anita' s death, Chris and I were left alone at the ranch. I never saw so many movies during any comparable period of my life. It was nearly the only amusement which Chris and I could share. It was five miles in to town two or three times a week to see what was on at the local flickery--generally a western--and we were accompanied most of the time by Zeke Conrad who was a year or two younger than Chris and lived on an adjacent ranch.

Aside from the movies I devoted most of my time to the running of the ranch. I divided the ranch into right pastures with water piped to each. I built movable feed troughs in which I fed a mixture of cottonseed meal and salt to tide the animals over during the winter season. I built a corral which, I told the neighbors, was the best in the county. With this corral the animals could be separated, sprayed for flies, and de-horned, and the bull calves castrated. It was all a lot of fun, and the life appealed to the pioneering spirit in me.

Perhaps the one thing I enjoyed most was the operation of the bulldozer. It was a Caterpillar D-4. To run a bulldozer requires motor reactions quite different than those used in running a car or a wheel tractor, and Steve and I were the only ones to operate the bulldozer. To dig up live oak trees with their festoons of Spanish moss--this to enlarge the pastures--was a real thrill. But Nancy never approved of the bulldozer. She said that for the cost of the bulldozer we could have had a swimming pool--an asset much more to her liking.

In spite of my enthusiasm for ranching and my care to do everything according to the book, the ranch never made any money. It was only when I sold it years later that the accumulated losses were recouped and a substantial profit realized.

My life at the ranch was not all work or movies. One summer I played a bit of tennis and later bought a 14-foot boat with an outboard motor with which we did some water skiing on a nearby lake. By this time I had an upper plate of false teeth, and once while skiing they popped out of my mouth. It was a minor miracle that I was able to retrieve them before they were lost in the mud of the lake bottom.

XVII

During one summer my neighbor, Victor Cawthon, and I took a course in philosophy at FSU. His wife, who was French, had gone to Europe to visit her relatives there, and Victor and I were more or less at loose ends. The one thing I remember from the course was the precept that a man should do that which he can do best. Applying this to myself, it was obvious that it was not ranching. I had been much too much the dilettante. So in the fall of 1956 when I got a call from Frank Stanton telling me that the Department of Defense was looking for manpower from the business community I took a plane to Washington and saw the Deputy Secretary. I had already arranged for Chris to go to Exeter for his four years of prep school. In Washington I was offered the job of deputy to the director of the National Security Agency. I was interested, but I insisted that, because of my family situation, I would not be able to work summers when the kids would be out of school and home at the ranch. Strangely enough, this condition was accepted, so I took the job. In order to impress me, I guess, I was taken to the White House for five minutes with Eisenhower. During the war the interception and the decoding of enemy radio messages had been very helpful on a few occasions, and Eisenhower was interested in the work of NSA, but felt that money should be saved, He said, "When I came to this job people were talking about a billion dollars here and five billion there. Never having had more than one hundred dollars in my pocket at one time, I could not visualize a billion dollars. They told me that a stack of $100 bills one on top of another would be higher than the Washington monument before it amounted to a billion dollars."

The National Security Agency was supposed to be very hush-hush. Its business was to code radio communications sent by various departments of the government and to decode those intercepted from foreign governments. A coded message is a cryptogram, and one who codes and decodes is a cryptographer, or as we said in the agency a "crippie." The ability to decode sophisticated coded messages required a training and aptitude completely foreign to my experience. Those who did this were trained in scientific disciplines, and at the top of the heap were the mathematicians. Needless to say, I never understood how this was done, and my function at the agency was purely administrative.

I had great admiration for the crippies but not for the general run of the military personnel who were in the great majority at NSA. Aside from the director, who had the rank of lieutenant general, and one or two others, the military were no match for the civilians. The older officers were simply serving time until retirement, and the enlisted men were, for the most part, merely flunkies.

XVIII

The summer of the year at NSA was spent at the ranch with the three kids who were not married at that time. While there I got another call from Stanton. The CBS vice-president in the Washington office had died suddenly, and I was offered the job. I accepted.

I arranged with Bill Boynton, another neighbor, to take over the ranch at a modest rental with an option to buy at what I considered a grossly inflated price. He also bought the machinery and livestock on the place, so that I was able to leave for Washington with no Tallahassee responsibilities hanging over me.

While at NSA I had an apartment nearby, but with the new job I bought a house in Georgetown within walking distance of the CBS office. This had plenty of bedrooms and became the home for Dave,

Nancy, and Chris when on vacation. One summer Dave and Nancy took my little Volkswagen--I had two little foreign cars at the time--and went on a trip to Mexico. Chris decided not to go along but stayed with me in Washington, played a little golf, and painted the. back of the Georgetown house.

The following spring I entered on the first of my disastrous adventures on the sea of matrimony. Her name was Virginia Miller. Her first husband had been a brilliant young lawyer in Washington, but had died at an early age, and her second marriage ended in divorce. She knew her way around town and a few people of consequence, including the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and the head of the Washington bureau of the New York Times. Her academic career never got beyond the eighth grade, but she went to finishing school and spent several months in Europe to top it off. She wanted none of the kids around that summer, and Chris was sent off to a camp in North Carolina where he learned to sail, but otherwise hated it. He always referred to this time as "the long hot summer."

Toward the end of the summer Virginia and I took a trip by car to Florida, visiting friends in Tallahassee and Jacksonville. Being in close contact with each other for three weeks was more than enough for either of us, and when she said at the end of the trip that she wanted a divorce I readily agreed. The marriage lasted just under five months.

XIX

I spent a little more than two years as the CBS vice-president in Washington. My function was that of a lobbyist. When I had left CBS in 1952 television was mostly experimental and a pain to us who were familiar with radio. There were only 7,000 sets in the country at that time, and commercial television was no nore than a gleam in the eye. During my five year absence from CBS television exploded, millions of sets had been sold, stations had sprung up all over the country, networks had been formed, and television broadcasters were making money. In Washington I found that television rather than radio was the chief concern not only of the FCC but of senators and congressmen on the hill as well. Naturally I got to know in a more or less fleeting way several of the men on the hill as well as others in government. Because of my former position with CBS in New York and my frequent visits to Washington during that time, I felt I was somewhat more knowledgeable and effective than many of the other broadcasters' representatives in Washington. Even so, being a lobbyist involves more strike-outs than hits. By the nature of things, a man in government has to distrust a lobbyist. A lobbyist is selling the viewpoint of his principal, and this may conflict with the larger public interest.

It was in the summer of 1959 that the quiz scandals broke. These invo1ved the quiz programs then on TV and which were very popular. The most famous of these was "The $64,000 Question." In that program contestants were asked questions on the air, and if they could answer correctly they received money and the opportunity to continue on the program for further questions. The viewing audience believed that the questions were unknown to the contestants in advance, when in fact the questions and answers were known and the contestants were coached as to how to act before the television camera. One contestant, Charles Van Doren, was on the "$64,000 Question" for several weeks and became a national celebrity. In testimony before a congressional committee he denied prior knowledge or coaching. This was later proved false. Many persons involved in these programs had their careers ruined, but the corporate executives denied any knowledge of the shenanigans.

The whole television industry was under attack. It was felt by CBS in New York that a closer scrutiny should be maintained over program production, and I was asked to come to New York and head an

expanded Program Practices department. We took as our goal the precept that everything in television should be as it appeared to be. This should be true not only in entertainment programs but in the commercials as well. The only exception was to be in dramatic programs where fantasy is of the essence. We were also to monitor "good taste" on the air.

These concepts were easy to state but difficult to apply. Program Practices was in constant conflict with the producers of programs who naturally wanted to use all possible techniques to produce the most entertaining programs. We were also in conflict with the CBS salesmen who always advocated the viewpoint of the advertisers. The work was demanding and essentially unsatisfying. We had been set up in response to the governmental and public outcry against the quiz scandals, and as these faded from public consciousness so also faded the clout of Program Practices. Nevertheless, I took a certain perverse enjoyment in the work.

XX

During this time Jack and Steve had married, had jobs, and had started families. I lived in a house off lower Third Avenue in New York. It was rather run down, was 14 feet wide, but it did have four bedrooms. We called it the Flop House because there was always a place to flop for visiting kids or their friends.

Two years in the big city without a break impelled me to make a move toward the country again. I bought 13 acres of rocky ground fifty miles north of New York City where I started to build a cabin for weekends. The three younger kids were with me at least part of the time during their vacations from school. I got some help on the cabin from Dave and Chris (Chris did the electrical work), and Jack came over one weekend to help install the sheetrock in the ceiling. The cabin was partially finished when Chris was graduated from Yale, had joined the Navy. and was off to Vietnam. Dave had joined the Asia Foundation in San Francisco, and Nancy had a job and was living in San Francisco too.

With Chris off to the war and the others out from under and on their own, retirement looked attractive to me. I left CBS at the end of 1966. I was sixty-three years old.

The first year of retirement was spent in completing the cabin. It was my first attempt at anything so big or complicated, so I had to refer constantly to manuals on construction, plumbing, and wiring. I did most of the work myself except for the help I had had from the boys. This place was called the Rock Pile. It was pleasant at the Rock Pile except for the cold of winter. The second winter I spent three months in San Miguel, Mexico. Jay and Sunny had gone there to live.

The next fall I spent two months on a trip around the world. This had been suggested by Dave who had married and was living in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) as a representative of the Asia Foundation. Dave and Judy took their vacation while I was there, and the three of us toured India and Nepal. The high spot was the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

After a few years I decided that a warmer climate was indicated, and, with Nancy’s prodding I bought 168 acres in the hills 90 miles north of San Francisco. Here I started to build another cabin. In order to parade my limited knowledge of Spanish I called this place "La Querencia del Viejo" (the favorite spot of the Old Man), but this was quickly shortened to "QV". Jack and Steve were living in New Jersey, and by the time the cabin was more or less finished Dave was living in Evanston, Nancy in San Francisco,

and Chris in Palo Alto. I had hoped that the QV would be a spot where the kids would come on frequent weekends, but the distance and the lack of recreational facilities made this impractical. Consequently, I have put the QV up for sale, but as of this writing, no takers.

XXI

I had been going to San Miguel each year and staying from one to three months each time. San Miguel is a little town of about 25,000 souls of whom about 1,000 are permanent residents who have come from the United States or Canada. Life is simple and cheap, and the gringo community provides adequate social life. The weather is the best year round that I have ever known. I had little to do there but enjoy myself. Lying awake one night and thinking of the past and the future. I decided that I was a jerk to continue smoking cigarettes and that I should reduce to writing a statement of my personal philosophy. That night I did write my philosophy and the next morning gave away the cigarettes on hand and have not smoked since. Here is what I wrote the night of January 19, 1971:

> "I reject, as a primary purpose of life, the notion of possession, whether of money, chattels, houses, position, a woman's body, or the power of dictation.
>
> "I respect human dignity and will neither give nor accept subservience.
>
> "I value periods of aloneness, as well as association with man, including physical association with woman, and because I cannot know the good for others, I will refrain from judgment and advice."

From this it may be inferred, and correctly so, that I am not impressed by anyone because he has money, lives in a big house, or has a position of power. In my early years and throughout life I got to know, albeit casually, many such, and I found them no more worthy of respect or adulation than the servant in the house or the file clerk in the office. I have been happy to observe that my children and grandchildren seem to be free of any subservience to those with money or power or any snobbishness toward those without.

XXII

While in San Miguel in March, 1973 I married again after a very brief courtship. Polly was five years younger than I, but had two great grandchildren, a fact which I found quite enchanting. While she did not have a college degree, I thought she was smarter and more capable than most. She had definite ideas of her own. Her chief concern was her two children--grown, of course, at this time. I think Polly married me as an additional prop for her children.

We tried to make it go for nearly five years. We rented a house, and when this proved unsatisfactory we bought a small house with a tiny patio. After a couple of years of this I felt Polly would be happier in a larger house with a large garden, so I bought the one on Sollano street which I have just sold. Houses didn't do the trick. Finally Polly left me and went to Hawaii to be near her children. She started divorce proceedings which I believe resulted in a final decree, but I have never received written proof of this. I have not asked for proof, as uncertainty as to my marital status is some hindrance to my getting married again.

XXIII

In August, 1977, thanks to Nancy whipping us all into shape, we had a family reunion on Cape Cod. The whole family (except for the three oldest grandchildren) showed. It was a very satisfactory week.

One evening in October, 1978 while I was still living in the Sollano house, I went over to Sunny's for an evening of bridge. I was sitting at the bridge table when in walked the five kids wearing T shirts with "OM 75" emblazoned across the front. It was a complete surprise--the evening was the 5th of October, and I was seventy-five years old. The kids stayed around all week, and this was probably the happiest week of my later life. It recaptured for me the days when all the kids were home at the Florida ranch and before any of them was married.

Less than a year later we had another family get-together. I was at Chris' home in Palo Alto the evening before my ne t morning's flight back to Mexico when a call came in from Jack in New Jersey. He said, "Old Man, are you sitting down? II 1rJhen I replied that I was, he said that Steve was dead, killed in an automobile accident. Steve had been working late in his New York office and was driving to his home in Lawrenceville from the railroad station at Princeton Junction. His car hit a culvert two blocks from his home, overturned into a ditch then filled with water from the recent rains, and Steve apparently died almost instantly. He was forty-five years old and at the height of his physical power and personal good fortune. He had just been promoted to a position of more responsibility and in work which he liked with the International Telephone and Telegraph Company. His son, Stuart, was back in college after a three years' hiatus, and his daughter, Patty, had just been admitted to the freshmen class at Princeton.

All the kids and I, and some of the grandchildren, went back to New Jersey for the funeral. As I told many at the time, Steve was the most lovable of all the children--a great big friendly bear. He will be sorely missed, and not least so at our family reunions. He contributed much to the success of Cape Cod.

XXIV

This spring 1 sold my house in San Miguel which had become too much for me to take care of, and I am now living in an apartment. This building has thirty apartments, of which half are occupied by Mexicans. Mine is on the top floor with rough walls and exposed rafters. I am calling it THE ATTIC. I am doing all my own house work--cooking , laundry and cleaning. This is nothing new to me as I have done the same in most places I have lived since leaving the ranch in Florida.

My life in San Miguel is very pleasant. Only now and then do I feel a pang of guilt because of the hedonistic life I am leading. The only pollution here is the dust which we have nine months of the year and the noise pollution. These Mexicans love to gun their cars and motorcycles with no mufflers.

I have been going to church nearly every Sunday. Part of this is a throw-back to my youth. Advanced age seems to rekindle youthful habits in most people. I'm not sure going to church is good for my soul, but it does prevent me from lying about the apartment on Sunday mornings.

M y other activity is bridge. I had not played until I first came to visit Jay twelve years ago, and then

played only a few times during each yearly visit. Three years ago I decided I should take it a little more seriously and tried to read a couple of books on the subject. I have been going to the weekly sessions of duplicate bridge and having a good time. However, I started bridge too late in life to be a good player, and if my partner and I finish among the first half at duplicate I am quite pleased.

I am not a do-gooder. Over the years my observation of the human comedy has led me to suspect that many who do "good" are motivated primarily by a desire to inflate their own egos. As I said in my philosophy, I cannot know the good for others, and my own ego is already adequately inflated.

The fact that I am still alive at my age has been a matter of some wonderment to me. 'My mother has told me that I was more like my father than any of her other children, and he died at sixty-four. Further, my cross country exploits did a small amount of' damage to my heart, and my life in New York was certainly not conducive to the proper care of my body. I always thought I would be dead at sixty-five. Hence each new day has been an unexpected bonus.

Actually, my health has been good. Ten years ago I had my remaining teeth removed so that a toothache is a thing of the past. My blood pressure is a little high, but medication seems to take care of that. My eyesight has never been good--I have worn glasses since I was fifteen--but there has been no significant worsening the past ten years or so. My only other complaint is a limp which resulted from severing a tendon in my leg with a chain saw six years ago. I have not been able to accept with patience this limp as walking used to be one of my fortes, and walking is no fun anymore.

I am looking forward to the family reunion in August at a Colorado dude ranch and to a trip I plan to take in October to visit old friends in Tallahassee. The only other trip which is on the back burner is one to Australia in 1981. For forty years a trip to Australia, including trips to the Outback and to the Great Barrier Reef, has been on my mind as something to do before I finally shake hands with the Grim Reaper. I hope my physique is up to the Australian adventure.

ADDENDUM - October 30, 1980

The family reunion in Colorado was a huge success. In all there were twenty-eight souls in attendance, including two boy friends and one girl friend of family members. We practically took over the Arapahoe Valley Ranch. Each family group had its own cabin, with the Old Man one to himself, but we got together for dinners and other socializing. We all took a raft trip for several miles of white water on the Colorado River. Hiking along mountain trails, horseback riding, volley ball games, a sing fest around a camp fire at night, and a fight among the younger ones with marshmallows as missiles were some of the high lights.

We thought the Cape Cod reunion was primarily for the second generation, but the Colorado bash was definitely for the third generation--the cousins really got to know one another.

The trip to Tallahassee was good too. I saw several old friends and went to a football game where FSU beat Pittsburgh. I gave a little dinner party at a restaurant near the capital plaza.

When we lived there Tallahassee was a charming little southern town of 25,000. Now it is a metropolis of over 100,000, but still with considerable charm. They all said they were glad to see me and that I should come back there to live. It was nice to hear this, whether they meant it or not.

I have no plans to leave San Miguel, but if I do--and better medical service in the states will be a chief reason--I will keep in mind Tallahassee as one of the possibilities.

I drove there and back in my VW bug--J,550 miles round trip. I won't do that again. The last night on the way back I had to drive two hours in the dark along the worst mountain road in these parts--two lane, hairpin turns, steep grades, and no guard rails. I was completely exhausted but safe on arrival in San Miguel.

[1] Burial Records at Mt. Hope Cemetery.
[2] From Dave's papers obtained from his daughter Caitlin 2020. Dave actually wrote two undated versions to begin the story of T.J. and Cassie. I have tried to amalgamate both versions.
[3] "Dr. T.J. Ream, the New Presiding Elder," Topeka Capital, 28 March 1909.
[4] Letter from Dave Ream to Betty Wallace, 25 May 1993.
[5] Florence Stanley family letter, dated December 1, 1971.
[6] The Methodist church gave Cassie a written Ministerial Record, as the years of service was the basis for her pension. Two letters exist showing that she disagreed with the record regarding the Ohio years. I am using her version of the record.
[7] Sweet, William Henry, *A History of Methodism in Northwest Kansas*, 1920.
[8] Letter from Etta C. Lydick of Byesville.
[9] Letter from Frank Ream to his brother Joe Ream, dated Oct 18, 1959.
[10] Hand written notes from Dave Ream's research papers.
[11] Harlan, Iowa Church Record, 1896 – 1906.
[12] Adams County Free Press (Corning, IA), 1 Oct 1904, pg 4.
[13] A History of Bedford Methodism, 1843 – 1943.
[14] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[15] Dave Ream's written notes.
[16] "Dr. T.J. Ream, the New Presiding Elder," Topeka Capital, 28 March 1909.
[17] "Ream Back to Pastorate," Dodge City (KS) Globe, 18 March 1915, pg 5.
[18] The Rev. T. J. Ream Reports," Topeka Daily Capital, 19 March 1915, pg 8.
[19] This is confirmed by Shawnee Co. Kansas Deed Book 350, pg 611 for 6 Apr 1909. On 9 June 1909, the Reams took a mortgage for $1300.00 apparently to build the house. The mortgage was released in 1912.
[20] Letter from Dave Ream to Skip and Mary (Ream) Dickinson, 10 Aug 1983. He refers to the agreement in possession of Carol Kleppinger, 2020.
[21] Salem (OH) News, 30 July 1914, pg 5.
[22] Adams County Free Press (Corning, Iowa), 27 Apr 1901, pg 7.
[23] Florence Ream Stanley saved many, if not all, of her family letters. Many are not completely dated, but there is a letter describing Betty learning to crawl. Betty was born 4 Aug 1920. Also, in a 1951 letter, Florence mentioned that the family letter had been circulating for 50 years.
[24] Burial Records at Mt. Hope Cemetery.
[25] Methodist Episcopal Church Kansas Conference 1918, pg 202.
[26] Harlan, Iowa Church Record, 1896 – 1906.
[27] Illustriana Kansas, pg 955.
[28] Article in Peru Pointer, written by Beulah Tyler.
[29] Letter from Frank Ream to Cassie Ream on her 80th birthday.
[30] Letter from Betty Wallace to Dave Ream, 12 July 1994.
[31] Methodist Episcopal Church Kansas Conference, 1913, pg 92.
[32] 1.) Cleveland (OH) Plain Dealer, 8 Jan 1918, pg 7. 2.) Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[33] Manhattan (KS) Mercury, 2 Nov 1912, pg 3.
[34] Adams County Free Press (Corning, IA), 12 Aug 1911, pg 4.
[35] "Kansan is Pastor of N.J. Church," Topeka (KS) Daily Capital, 11 May 1913, pg 9.
[36] "Prof. Ream Leaves," The Baker Orange (Baldwin, KS), 31 May 1913, pg 2.

[37] "A New Pastor to KCK," Kansas City Kansan, 25 Sep 1920, pg 1.
[38] "KKK Invades Churches at Kansas City; Former Topekan Refuses Money," Topeka (KS) Daily Capital, 25 Apr 1922, pg 1.
[39] "Rev. David Miller Takes New Pulpit," Brooklyn (NY) Daily Eagle, 14 Nov 1918, pg 21.
[40] Sioux City (IA) Journal, 23 Jan 1919, pg 3.
[41] Iowa City (IA) Press Citizen, 24 May 1920, pg 3.
[42] "Oswego's Fine New High School is Dedicated," Chetopa (KS) Advance, 6 Oct 1921, pg 1.
[43] Newspaper clipping found in Frank's papers, handwritten date, source unknown.
[44] Sermon Points Men to Real Obligations," Kansas City Kansas, 13 Mar 1922, pg 7.
[45] "Kansas City Man Speaks on Hotel," Lawrence (KS) Daily Journal-World, 12 Dec 1922, pg 1.
[46] "Ignorant, Indifferent Voter Called Victim," Kansas City Kansan, 6 Nov 1922, pg 3.
[47] Newspaper clipping found in Frank's papers, date unknown.
[48] Newspaper clipping found in Frank's papers, date unknown.
[49] "Ream into Social Work," Waterville (KS) Telegraph, 19 Jan 1923, pg 1.
[50] News-Journal, Mansfield, Ohio, 17 Jan 1934, pg 2. Although this article also appeared in other newspapers.
[51] Cromwell v. Ream, 1935 OK 792. As seen on website, 2020 : https://law.justia.com/cases/oklahoma/supreme-court/1935/29846.html
[52] "Opening a Window on the Fleeting Past," Debra Galant, New York Times, 14 Jan 2001, Section 14.
[53] "Another Year: Random Thoughts in Verse" by G. Franklin Ream; Self-published by Stanley Kresge, 1974.
[54] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[55] Letter from Frank Ream to Florence and Don, 1961.
[56] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[57] Letter from Joe Ream to Dave Ream, November 7, 1984.
[58] "C.H. Ream Funeral Will be Tuesday," Worcester Evening Gazette, 29 Nov 1937, pg 14.
[59] Worcester Telegram, 29 Nov 1937, pg 16.
[60] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[61] "Schizophrenia and Influenza at the Centenary of the 1918-1919 Spanish Influenza Pandemic: Mechanisms of Psychosis Risk," Kepinska, Adrianna P., et al; Frontiers in Psychiatry; published on-line February 26, 2020.
[62] Letter from Joe Ream to Dave Ream, 17 Nov 1984.
[63] "Teachers Have Been Employed," St. John Weekly News, 7 June 1917, pg 1.
[64] 1) "Dwight Ream Second Lieutenant," Fort Scott Daily Tribune, 2 Sep 1918, pg 5. 2) "Popular Alumnus in Chapel," The Washburn Review, 19 Feb 1919, pg. 2.
[65] Handwritten notes from Dave Ream's research.
[66] Emporia (KS) Gazette, 31 Jan 1928, pg 5.
[67] Manhattan (KS) Mercury, 4 Nov 1933, pg 4.
[68] Emporia (KS) Gazette, 16 Jan 1934, pg 3.
[69] Topeka Capital clipping, date unknown.
[70] Manhattan (KS) Mercury, 13 Jan 1939, pg 3.
[71] Newspaper clipping from Dave Ream, date and newspaper unknown.
[72] "Dwight Ream Was Top Referee by Being Firm but Fair," Topeka Daily Capitol, 12 Sep 1954.
[73] "His a Rich Legacy," Topeka Journal, 22 Nov 1954.
[74] Merrill Jay Ream military papers.
[75] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[76] "Columnist Praises Work of M. Jay Ream," Daily-American (Somerset, PA) 1 Aug 1946, pg 5.
[77] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.

[78] "Insurance Firm Appoints Agent," Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, 19 Dec 1948, pg 19.
[79] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[80] Email from Nancy Ream Rose to Carol Kleppinger, 26 March 2020.
[81] Letter from Joe Ream to his family, Sept 25, 1945, posted by Nancy Rose on johnream.com website.
[82] Letter from Joe Ream to Cassie Ream, 1931 from Paris. Posted by Nancy Rose on johnream.com website.
[83] Madison (NJ) Eagle, 9 June 1933, pg 5.
[84] Madison (NJ) Eagle, 20 Oct 1933, pg 7. Madison (NJ) Eagle, 28 Sep 1934, pg 5.
[85] Remembrances of Betty Stanley Wallace.
[86] "Opening a Window on the Fleeting Past," Debry Galant, New York Times, 4 Jan 2001, Section 14.
[87] Scrapbook clipping from newspaper, date unknown.
[88] Washburn University Bulletin, IV:7; September 1947.
[89] Columbus (WS) Journal-Republican, 6 Oct 1960.
[90] *Reader's Digest*, June 1965, pg 179.
[91] *Reader's Digest*, December 1993, pg 157.
[92] Florence Stanley family letter, dated July 29, 1956.
[93] Florence Stanley family letter, dated March 14, 1964.
[94] Florence Stanley family letter, dated May 18. 1964.
[95] Website https://yale1961.org/davidson-ream/ as seen 2020.