

THE OLD MAN RECALLS

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 13th 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.

I 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 work 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--Exhibit A.

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 scccepteding 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-poung 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 enighborhood. 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

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 I remember with fondness the teacher whose name was Minnie 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 a present the year before, and as Hia-

watha 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. My 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.

V

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 pretended 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. 3 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 Macmillan'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 grad-

uated 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 preceeded 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 spent 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 Hitler 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 in 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 has 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 any one 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 Rue de Fassy in Paris, about eight months in a somewhat better apartment on the Rue des Marronniers 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 the 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 little 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 Resm 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 liggage 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, I was greeted with cries of "tyrant," "dictator," and "it aint fair." Of course, all the good this did the kids w as 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 MarinCounty 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 an 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.

Even though Anita's health deteriorated until her death in 1955, she did not suffer greatly, and I believe she enjoyed her family

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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 more 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 involved the quiz programs then on TV and which were very popular. The most famous of these was "The \$64 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 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

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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 I 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 next morning's flight back to Mexico when a call came in from Jack in New Jersey. He said, "Old Man, are you sitting down?" When 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.

This spring I 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.

My 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--3,550 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 aprts--two lane, hairpin turns, steep grades, and no guard rails. I was completely exhausted but safe on arrival in San Miguel.

① JOHANN EBERHARDT REAM



② NICHOLAS REAM



③ ABRAHAM REAM



④ PETER REAM



⑤ ABRAHAM P. REAM



⑥ THEODORE JACKSON REAM



⑦ JOSEPH HAROLD REAM

