

## M E M O I R S

by M. Jay Ream  
(née Merrill Joyce Ream)

(probably completed in mid-1964)

### C O N T E N T S

|                              |    |                                   |    |
|------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------|----|
| Topeka . . . . .             | 1  | Business . . . . .                | 39 |
| School . . . . .             | 3  | Investments . . . . .             | 45 |
| Sports . . . . .             | 7  | Community Life . . . . .          | 56 |
| Pets . . . . .               | 11 | Publications . . . . .            | 60 |
| Illnesses . . . . .          | 20 | Tragedy . . . . .                 | 72 |
| Pranks . . . . .             | 22 | Travels . . . . .                 | 82 |
| Then There Was War . . . . . | 28 | Friends . . . . .                 | 88 |
| Love Life . . . . .          | 33 | Philosophy and Religion . . . . . | 95 |

M. Jay Ream died at age 79 in 1973, in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

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 each 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 liked 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 cultivated 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 recollections 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 make 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 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 readings 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 Ronging 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 departemtn, 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 teadh, 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 car 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 life long 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, marbles 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 pingpong 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 skull-duggery. 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 him, 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 croquinoles.

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 cooky 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 sisters 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 olderboys 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 Deut 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 grieved 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 gone, 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 came 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 farm house 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 next 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 poked 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 eat 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 him, 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 feedbox, 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 2½ foot vertical box to the bedroom to show off our new pet. Kay took one look, then startled 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 comfortably 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 liked 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 a mass 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. Meantime 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 newspaper man 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 off 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 was 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 any one. 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 alot 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 coats 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 Coco 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 ear ache, 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 came 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 the 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 no where 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 Hoove was a horse trader, though he did no riding. He just enjoyed buying and selling. One day I saw a stish 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 noone 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 times 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 times. 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.

Some time 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 home, 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 meat. 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 flyin' 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 Ned 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. Now 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 Botony 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 lap 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 lizzard, 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 our own beds, we slipped it in the foot of "Gov" Enfield's bed. Soon "Gov's" regular breathing stopped. In another minute he sat stright 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 lizzard in the bed of suspected culprits, the lizzard 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 plannin-, 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 sleeved pajamas, something hanging to his ears and a big lamp shade 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 derrière while I went to 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 heartily 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 bland 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¢ 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.

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 Bang Kok. 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 fuse 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 quitted from Alice in Wonderland: The King: "Sirrah, where's the Queen?" Sirrah: "In the crapper, y 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 alot. 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

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 alot of group singing. Wembridge and Booher 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 Delaward, 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 alot 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. He 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 sorgeant 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 corporal s had been training rookies there for over a year and knew noone 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 parity 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 would 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 own 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 Denning, 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 Denning, 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 Hallelujah. 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 courtmartialed 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 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 executed 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 your 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 Neil. 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. ~~She never married.~~

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. One 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 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

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.

Jane 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 look out 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 there 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 re-

ply 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 Thach 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 up on 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 ~~xxx~~ 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 demurr 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 packages 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 settled 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 candle-light 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 seat 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 Buddie 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 inadoor 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 into 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 fillin' 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 no 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 full story or not he let her go. Meanwhile I had gone to Summit thinking there had been a misunderstanding. When she finally arrived after her exhausting day, there was still another blow. The Clark's cocker pup had found several pairs of her trousseau shoes and had 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 along side the cab when the cop's siren wailed. When I saw her, I stopped the cab. We were starting to embrace when the huffing copygot there. Sensing this situation, we prolonged our affection unduly while the embarrassed cop waited. Finally he said, "Is this your wife?" "It certainly is!" "Gee," 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 build a battery of pigeon nests. Since there 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 Sanfrankornicalifrisco, Oshconkishwissan, 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 took 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 every thing 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 mornen 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 barn door 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 along side 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 Tailholt. And underneath this doggerel:

You can smile and turn your nose up  
 And laugh and have your fun  
 And holler "Tailholts are better holts t' an 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 Lwight 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. Sandy 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 passages 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 maserable 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 grouched 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 do. 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. Yeakum, 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 were 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 this 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 an 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 in 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 give 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 now!

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 bringing 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 funds 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.

Sh She had one unexpected and hairraising 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 was 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 two biggest liars I've ever met. But I was not to be suckered any further. Thought 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 sat 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 the 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 house, 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 picture 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 with 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 "cleaned" 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 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 to 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 Him 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 panelled 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. Herer 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 a piece. 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. Her 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 dairy 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 Daisey, 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 m schief. 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 the 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. Noone 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 aprinkled 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 judgment 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 ~~ever~~ 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 him, 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 oftentimes unexpended 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 moved to Pittsburgh.

Civic work is not a duty, but a privileged. 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, oftentimes 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 wholeheartedly, 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. The 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 (the 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 organized 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 bill boards in the scenic areas. The word got around among the farmers that some townfolks 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 Warm 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 unrelentingly. Results will come and your reputation will grow beyond your deserts.

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-promoted 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 the 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 Lenninger, who urged me to continue studying and publishing.

Not so 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 handle the successful agent who wants to move from sales work to management. The first was "Some Do 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 0 to 26, then show how to bid as opener, 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 some one 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 Worcester, 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.

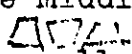
Many a woman prides herself on never leaving her husband's side for a single night. Instead of a joy, she makes herself a bore, or at least an old shoe.

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 behaviour 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 shortlived. 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 all 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 ceased 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 whopping 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 two bites of the dispised 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 Marlinton 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 bed room, "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 inbetween, 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 father 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 bath room." "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, "Did '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 food 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 sledged 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 quintette, and practiced regularly until she was one of the cheer leaders. Her

girl friends 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 Even 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 one 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 played ping pong. They were ready to retire early as they wanted to start 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 both were 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, wasting one's time and compounding the disappointment. For Barbara it was truly a baptism of fire. But she gained poise in meeting strangers and

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 go 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. Nonetheless 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 to our work downtown. Looking out the window Barbara saw a fat, past middle age man dressed in an ill-fitting black suit wearing a Bonaparte hat with a large flowing white plume. She chuckled "Just look at 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 convulsions. 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 muscledwise, 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 end 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, workin 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 their idiot and hopeless deformed children. To see them was a heart rending ordeal. The everyday world never seen these tragedies.

Since Pennsylvania had no state rehabilitation center, Dr. Kefford of Harrisburg 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 an old man with a deviated septum. He also was 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. Oberhard 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 that 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 Maskak, 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 premitting 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 Backus. 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 person-

ality 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 San 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 the 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 parefree 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, Calidonia, Port Villa, New Hebrides, and Papeete, 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 consideration. 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 hiked 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 Mr. 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 Dunard 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 liked 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 YMCA 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 Pheenix 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 an 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 given 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 theraputic 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 would 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 on 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 farmer 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 though 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 of 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 a long 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 mails.

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 lumox, 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. On 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 short hand 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 pensils and books. My wife, who had no interest in learning short hand, 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 home lands 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 now; the French explained why the war in Algeria; the Jordanian in cold anger told of the theft of their home land 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 weeked 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 cocoanut.

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.

LIFE

Another week was spent in Tübingen, 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 agents' 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 not 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 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 Benares. 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. Nieuw 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. Now 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 mine," has been stretched to mean everything to almost nothing. It is applied to one we have merely met and speak 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 all were 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 can not 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 Ashburn 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 Marlan 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 a 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 McCarney were a delightful couple whom it was a joy to be with. But Adelaide's tragic (and needless) death in child birth 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 seven 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 having 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, lovable, 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 ever appearing to try, June was a top drawer conversationalist. She said she would like to be a tourist where there were no other tourists! Born in Maine, but reared in Alabama, her keen eyes 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 down town are so dumb, they can't read high class writing!"

Never quick to make up her mind, the Steams' spur of the moment decision to do unconventional things intrigued her. Fecosity she could pinprick with just a wave of the hand.

The most closely knit social group of our lives was the Delafield-Weighs crowd of Maguies, Allens, Somers, Dunns and St. Johns. Born in the depression when no one had resources to live 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 Steams 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.

Vaughn 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 McMulty, 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 am. having been delayed by a train wreck. The speed boat trip from Harry Sound on a pitch black night past hundreds of little islands was an experience never equalled 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 soft ball, 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 your teeth chatter, but in all other ways 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 Kinneer 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 Kinneers, our next door neighbors, and the Neams 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 Kinneers, 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 McCaultys!

In Somerset we enjoyed two groups at successive times. The bridge club of Austins, Coffroths, Sam Evans, Benn 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.

Kay'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 not 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 Carnegis 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 the 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 "In 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.