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Possum Trot History: A Historical Perspective on Barnum Groves and Possum Trot Tropical Fruit Nursery

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BARNUM GROVES AND POSSUM TROT TROPICAL FRUIT NURSERY

A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

BY

BEVERLY BARNUM

AND

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Title abstract back to Spanish land grant

Roger Cox 160 acre homestead and Cox hammock

Lynton Lyle Barnum purchase/trade of Coral Gables waterway 3 lots for 80 acres

Plantings and association with various early packing houses

Col. John Merton Barnum building retirement house in 1953

Same retiring and taking part in operation in 1960

Robert Lynton Barnum graduates U of F and takes over operations in 1975

PROPERTY HISTORY

Joseph Griffin's father homesteaded the land at the corner of SW 200 St. (Quail Roost Drive) and SW 147 Ave. (Naranja Road). He showed me years ago his copy of the abstract of title which took his property back to the Spanish Land Grant. I am waiting to gain access to his house to search for the document and

add to the history of the land. ¹

My uncle, Lynton Lysle Barnum was a land surveyor for Biscayne Engineering for many years and surveyed much of ARVIDA lands.(Arthur Vining Davis) He was able to find high ground with south eastern portion of the Cox homestead consisting of hammock land(Cox Hammock). The balance of the land was in pineland.

My uncle basically traded his 3 lots in Coral Gables on the northeast side of US 1 and the Coral Gables waterway. These lots remained vacant until around 2009 when large apartment buildings were built. He received 80 acres in our present location. He said that the south 40 acres was valued around \$50 per acre and the north 40 acres for \$25 per acre. Land with road frontage always goes for more money he always said and corner lots also tend to have more value as well.

November 8, 1909 President William H. Taft signed a deed over to George Cox for 160.56 Acres as homesteaded land in the present SE 1/4 of Section 9 Township 56 Range 39. The hammock, which is now Monkey Jungle and a portion of Possum Trot was know as Cox hammock. The land was hammock and pineland. On February 20, 1911 a 10 year deed was drawn up to Drake lumber company for them to harvest all pine trees over 6 inches in diameter.

On March 14, 1913 a Mrs. Lillian S. Putnam was deeded the west 80 acres for the consideration of \$2,400.

In 1925 the land changed hands many times in what seems to be a shell

¹ Title abstract for Joseph Griffin

game during the land boom. The land boom of the 1920's crashed in 1925.

On May 14, 1925 John T. Frederickson of Denver, Colorado, J. H. Clark of Denver, Colorado and Charles Rochat bought the west 80 acres for a consideration of \$21,000.

On June 2, 1925 a E. Luban purchased the property for \$48,000. \$2,000 was deposited and the balance was mortgaged at 8% interest.

On July 22, 1925 S. S. Golden bought the property. Also listed on The same warranty deed were John T. Frederickson and J. H. Clark as well as Daisy M. Fredericksen, his wife, and Ivy Collard Clark, his wife, and Wilma Rochat, his wife. Frederickson and Fredericksen seem to be the same person with misspellings of the name on the deeds.

On July 22, 1925 a Leonard C. Oliver bought land for \$21,000 and the same day with his wife Estella A. Oliver mortgaged to S. S. Golden.

On September 17, 1925 Harriet Dingleman with power of attorney sold the west 80 acres to Jacob. J. Hubbard, Albert D. Hubbard and Edwin L. Hubbard for \$40,000.

September 23, 1925 had Harriet Dingleman and her attorney in fact Edwin L. Hubbard mortgaged to Estell Luban the encumbrment of the west 80 acres.

On December 8, 1925 the assignment of mortgage changed from Estelle Luban to Miami Bank and Trust Company as Trustee.

September 15, 1927 the property went into foreclosure. Lillian S. Putnam by here friend and husband, Henry J. Putnam were the complainants.

December 2, 1927 The final decree with a total of \$24,424.50 due the

complainant and \$2,320.87 for legal fees. Land scheduled for sale on courthouse steps on the next legal sale day.

January 10, 1928 special masters report of sale to Henry J. Putnam for sum of \$10,000. A masters deed dated January 23, 1928 issued to Henry J. Putnam.

March 19, 1932 The National State Capital Bank Special Warranty Deed for \$1.00 and ovc (other valuable consideration) issued.

July 8, 1938 the northwest and south 35 feet of the west 1/2 of 9-56-39 sold to Dade County for right of way.

In 1944 the Dade County taxes for the 80 acres was \$19.68.

On February 28, 1945 L. Irene Putnam, widow of Henry J. Putnam sold National State Capital Bank of Concord for the consideration of \$1.00 and ovc.

National State Capital Bank on March 23, 1945 sold to L. L. Barnum for \$10.00 and ovc the west 1/2 consisting of around 80 acres.

On May 8, 1953 L. L. Barnum got a mortgage from Eunice D. Moore for \$13,000 at 6% interest.

In 1952 the Dade county taxes were \$3.56 and paid.

March 30, 1960 my uncle L. L. Barnum sold to my aunt Madeleine B. (Mrs. John V.) Beisswanger, the southwest 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 of the northwest 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 of 9 56 39 for \$10.00 and Other Good and Valuable Consideration.

May 31, 1960 L. L. Barnum mortgaged to Farmers Production Credit Association of South Florida for \$3,500. This was after hurricane Donna.

October 7, 1960 he mortgaged another \$8,000 from Production Credit Association.

On November 10, 1961 Concord National Bank quit claim deeded the 80 acres to my uncle in a corrective deed.

March 7, 1962 a satisfaction of mortgage from Eunice D. Moore to my uncle.

December 17, 1963 a satisfaction of mortgage from production credit to my uncle.

December 12. 1964 a Warranty deed to John M. Barnum and Eunice A. Barnum.

September 29, 1975 John M. Barnum deeded southwest 1/4 of southwest 1/4 of southeast 1/4 to Robert Lynton Barnum.

January 28. 1965, L. L. Barnum to John M. Barnum and Eunice A. Barnum the west 1/2 of southwest 1/3 of southwest 1/4 of southeast 1/4 9 56 39. My uncle Lynton Lysle Barnum died on March 8, 1970.

March 16, 1971 a quitclaim deed of the southwest 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 less the west 1/2 of the southwest 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 of 9 56 39 was deeded to John M. Barnum from the estate of L. L. Barnum.

On March 24. 1977 the 30 acres of land was deeded to Eunice A. Barnum.

Eunice A. Barnum Revocable Trust. ²

Of course as I sit in line to vote in the 2012 elections I wonder if there will

² Title Abstract for Robert Barnum

still be a farm to deed to the FIU if the present occupiers gets back in the white house. Our nation has never been in such a dire straight even in the midst of World War II. It is from our own greed and avarice we got into such a position. Along with apathy on our part we might have just lost a nation.

HOUSE AND BUILDINGS HISTORY

My uncle built a house in 1946 with a library/bed room, bathroom, kitchen, and a two car garage in the center of the south 40 acres. A shed with 6 Dade county pine posts and slanted tarpaper roof sheltered the tractor and truck behind the house. One of the posts still remains with a woodpile rain shelter attached with a bell on top. Where the shop now stands a small shed called the chemical and storage shed stood for many years.

Orval Irwin was the block layer my uncle employed to lay his blocks. He wondered why my uncle made him put construction steel and pour concrete in every other hole in the cement blocks. A Mr. Hoffman from down the street helped my uncle on the farm and building.³

In 1953 my father contracted with the Vihlen Brothers Construction Co. to build their retirement home. It was built using my uncle's east wall as its west wall. It was built with a large Florida room (breezeway) separating the two houses. It was basically one room wide with angles to funnel the prevailing breezes thru the center of the house. Jalousie windows provided maximum ventilation, as air conditioners were not common at the time. Jalousie windows were invented by Mr. Schwab, a friend of my parents, which are used in all the

³ Title Abstract Robert Barnum,

house's windows. There are two types of floors in the house. Terrazzo, which is made with various colored marble chips in white cement and then ground and polished to a smooth finish. The Florida Room and foyer have flagstone, which is made by adding a colored sand cement mix to wet cement and lines formed to make it look like large stones. The surface has some gravel moved around with a board to make additional grooves throughout the finished colored cement.

When my mother died the property taxes more than quadrupled. I started a five year challenge of the property valuation with the county and finally chiseled the value down to an affordable level for the property tax. Here is a collection of the various writings I presented to the Valuation Master. There might be some repetition as the writings were presented over a five year period.

VALUATION BOARD SPECIAL MASTER

The artificial value placed on homes here in Dade county are based on speculative spending and are now showing too inflated a value by their fast resale at reduced prices and few are actually being moved unless discounted. A farmer by definition bases his values on land and houses as an area that can produce a crop or assist in its production and it is a fixed cost to be added to other inputs to produce a salable product hopefully for a profit. We do not have the ability to use speculative values in determining prices received as we take what the market gives us based on supply and demand economics. The urban

market system is quite different in their approach to valuations. It created extreme economic hardship to try to force agriculture into urban valuation levels since we cannot recoup these extreme high levels of expenditures by increasing the price of our salable products. The 2008 Florida Statutes 193.451 seems to suggest that the appraiser should construe liberally in favor of the taxpayer when dealing with agriculture for this very reason. Market value needs to be considered; not urban speculative value, for your determination of all agricultural valuations (house included as we need a place to live as well) for equitable solution of the doubling of the property tax. I state that as an example avocado prices received today are the same or less than 30 years ago while the store prices are now much higher. Protection of one of our countries most important segments of production (foods) should be considered by your valuations.

I have spent most of my life developing this farm for survival in the event of our ultimate collapse as a country due to our constant overspending and going into debt robbing our future generations moneys since they are not here to fight back. You cannot put a value that is taxable on this but you can take away from us subsistence folks that which we have worked so hard for so many years for by taxing us out of existence. For our government to continue to strip from the people revenues that go beyond our means to generate is like a cancer that lives off the host finally killing it. Does the cancer realize it is killing itself in the process? I think not.

The house has approximately 3700 square feet with 864 square feet of

overhang or porch on the front and backside of house. This assists the cooling as no air conditioners used anymore. It has not been maintained cosmetically as I do not care about its resale value as I do not plan to put it up for sale before I DIE. I do not want it to appreciate in value because I do not plan to sell it. It was last painted before hurricane Andrew struck. The tax records presented show that for my farm to support the additional tax increase is not supportable or sustainable. I obtain virtually all of my income from farm product sales. (no or little outside employment)

The combined cost for the house build in 1946 (cost of approximately \$7,264.93) and 1953 addition cost was \$30,000. It has of course gone up in replacement value. I do not know what it would cost me to rent a house to live in, but this house is a part of the overall farming operation as are most farmhouses worldwide. Originally the Homestead Act required a living structure (house) to be built as the land was developed into production of crops. Food, shelter, storage, entertainment of clients and customers, paperwork, cleaning of self and cloths, packing of fruits under the overhang with their cleaning, dry storage of packing materials, storage of information pertinent to the operation, and other reasonable and customary practices are an integral part or function of the farm house. I feel that for these reasons, the farmhouse should have consideration as a part of the whole and sustainable farm operation falling under the farm greenbelt ideology. The supporting farm structures on the farm have little value for those planning subdivisions and for a property of this size, have little value other than farming to

be considered for future possible owners. Therefore the buildings would most likely be razed, showing they would have little value compared to livable dwellings that would be packed into the land. It would simplify your role as tax assessors in determining values if only a few agriculture levels were to be considered by acreage. Farm, farm with dwelling, farm with retail sales, farm with ancillary operations classifications, would simplify tax determinations. Your present list of over 30 different levels depending on crops grown and by ages is extremely cumbersome, difficult to determine, and costly to provide from a government department point of view. Its management costs to the taxpayers probably exceeds the revenue collected.

I have lived on this farm for my whole life and have spent most of it trying to make this farm one that is sustainable even if we experience a total economic collapse which now seems more likely than ever as we see a continued meltdown of our financial institutions in this country. It would seem to me that our local government would be interested in preserving some of what may be instrumental in our future preservation for future generations. Those in our economic system that try to live within our means and as in agriculture constrained by supply and demand values for products cannot compete with artificial values imposed by a totally different system using artificially high levels based on speculative investing that is proven to be fragile at best and presently melting down. You have copies of my tax return and I have no other income sources to derive moneys for fixed costs as a subsistence farmer here in Dade

county, I can not afford the basic needs for my operation of fuel, chemicals, fertilizer, equipment purchase or repair with my high costing insurance, health insurance, tax, and other associated costs. I cannot afford labor so I will be having to consider going out of business as an only option.

I have 3 letters from reputable local citizens to tell my continuous living at this address for over 50 years. I have never owned another Homesteaded house in Florida or elsewhere. I have overseen the operation living on this property continuously since 1975 when I graduated from the University of Florida.

I am hoping to get the tax returned to previous years level. This is all I am asking. I understand the need for taxes and I would hope the government has not lost sight of the need for private industry and economic sector's need to exist to help pay for the former. If current policies continue there will be a government with no supporting economic base in this country, which is not a healthy position to be in. I will include some grower return prices received for past years to show the validity of my request to value the whole farm taxable package with a more realistic valuation.

My house is over 50 years old with marginal upkeep and now has no air conditioning and some of it is turning into use for farm activities. It has few amenities to add greater value to it. Dirt roads complete with potholes, dirt blowing in the wind into it, no night lights, no sidewalks, no city sewer or water, no alarm system anymore, outdated plumbing and cooking facilities, jungle like

trees all around, and farm related nuisances.

I went in my records to check the prices listed on my packinghouse returns to get these average yearly prices for the avocados.

{table 2.1 near here}

YEAR	PRICE PER BUSHEL	LABOR PRICES
1958	\$5	
1960		\$.50/hr
1964	\$4-6	\$.75/hr
1965	\$4-12	\$.90/hr
1966	\$2.22-12	\$40/week
1967	\$4-12	
1968	\$4-12	
1969	\$2.5-14	
1970	\$3-12	
1971	\$2.75-14	\$1.50/hr
1972	\$5.50-8	\$1.50/hr
1973	\$2.99-11.61	\$1.75/hr
1974	\$7-10	\$2.50/hr
1975	\$5.50-9	\$2.50-2.65/hr
1976	\$8-10	\$2.50/hr
1977	\$9-15 (freeze)	\$2.60-2.75/hr
1978	\$11.85-20.73	\$3/hr
1979	\$6.87-17.71	\$3-3.40/hr
1980	\$4-16.71	\$3.10-3.40/hr
1981	\$4.70-21.60	\$3.50-4.25/hr
1982	\$2.48-12.34	\$3.75/hr
1983	\$5.45-16.22	\$3.50/hr
1984	\$1.40-9.13	\$3.50-4/hr
1985	\$3.14-15.35	\$3.50/hr
1986	\$7.01-19.19	\$3.75/hr
1987	\$2.67-10.84	\$3.35/hr
1988	\$1.90-15.90	\$4/hr
1989	\$3-19.32	
1990	\$3.24-29.84	\$4.50/hr

1991	\$19.80-37.58 Hurricane	\$4.50-5.50
1992	\$11.62-20.12	\$4.50/hr
1993	\$10.331-32.988	\$4.50/hr
1994	\$13.39-30.19	\$6-7
1995	\$12.63-21.04	\$5/hr
1996	\$12.569-20.19	\$7/hr
1997	\$14.48 average	
1998	\$1.08 average	
1999	\$19.39 average	
2000	\$8.05-19.05\$15.73Av.	
2001	\$18.23 average	
2002	\$14.23 average	
2003	\$20.42Av. H. Wilma	
2004	\$13.57 average	
2005	\$22.62 average	
2006	\$13.75-31.533\$24.31 Av.	
2007	\$4.694-14.488\$11.07 Av.	
2008	\$11.80 average	

Source from 1958-1996 was Barnum records

Source from 1997 on was Brooks Tropicals 2/25/09 computer averages

Nadia

BUILDINGS AS EXPLAINED BY YOUR DEPARTMENT

The residence is one house used by me for living and farm related activities (storage, fruit packing, feeding volunteers, some equipment storage). It is old and not maintained as no money is generated from farming for such luxuries. It is mostly one room wide but long and rambling. (2 bedrooms, 3 baths, den, living room, Florida room, foyer, library, record storage and fruit conversion stuff, 2 kitchens, front and back porch used for equipment storage and fruit packing).

You differentiate this as 2 buildings as 1946, 1953 addition, 1965 addition,

1946, and 1961 addition. My uncle built the first house and my father added additional space for his residence after retirement from the army. It had its roof replaced on the old section after the hurricane (Betsy in 1965) removed the old one. The other addition was an extension of the porch after hurricane Donna in 1961. The air conditioner is not functional and no other routine maintenance has been done for a number of years prior to my mother's death that precipitated the tax increase. In order to get the implied return from the sale of the building, considerable improvements would have to be done to receive the estimated sale price you seem to think it was worth in 2007. This would greatly reduce its 2007 estimated value.

Building 3 is a pump house and storage for the nursery stuff (pots, soil, planting supplies, heaters, and other miscellaneous and sundry supplies and equipment). It was constructed using labor from my uncle, father and brother with materials obtained from Arvida nursery when they went out of business so it had little cost when built and very little maintenance since so has little estimated value and can not even be considered for residence as one house per 5 acre is all that is allowed.

Building 4 is a cottage for visiting family or friends. The original structure is a wood portable my uncle John used for his plaster company in Miami many years ago and we moved it to our property. In 1968 we added a wooden addition of living room, kitchen and car port so as to have space for visiting folks. It too is old and not maintained and has no new amenities so it would not be sellable at

near the estimated value even in 2007.

Building 5 is a farm shop and storage built of wood and steel pipe columns with siding added for security (required for pesticide storage and rampant theft in neighborhood). It has not been maintained and has little value except for farm functions. Per the one house per 5 acre limit it has no possible residential value.

I feel that the values determined by your department have little possible realization even if sold in 2007 at the peak of the housing bubble. The one house per five acres law and the fact that the other buildings would be razed if housing was to be considered mean that the 2 farm structures have little real value except for a farm value for farming operations which would seem to have a relationship to the ability to generate income from the farm as a whole which my tax returns provided your department over the last 10 years or so would indicate are slim at best.



Pump house and storage



Shop

Car port on Residence



Pump house and storage



Car port on Residence







West Electric pump house



West electric pump house⁴

8/28/08

VALUATION BOARD SPECIAL MASTER

⁴ My letter to Valuation Board

I am requesting a total property value and a Homestead value increase limitation hearing for folio number 30-6909-000-0220. I have lived on this property for 55 years being 3 months old when I moved here. My uncle started the farm and house in 1946. My father then ran the farm after leaving the army and I took over after attending U of F. Other than short periods of time when my fathers tour of duty dictated my living off the land and my college years I have lived on this farm. A real rarity these days . I have as a result never had a homestead property in Florida until my mother died on the 22 of February of 2007. As a farmer not planning to sell the house, it has value as a place to live and work out of. It is difficult to separate living and working as a farmer. As the prices received for the fruits I grow are at 20 to 30 years ago levels my costs have sky rocketed. I have cut expenses every way I know how and the tax increase is insurmountable. I no longer can afford labor, fertilizer and chemicals and have reduced fuel usage by not watering and driving as little as possible. Your fixing the tax assessment on artificially high values from the building industry and realtors values do not equally represent the values for agriculture usage of the land and its assets (housing).

I request back to back hearings as it is a economic hardship to drive downtown once much less twice. I have come to the end of my rope finding things to cut out in order to cut costs. Enclosed are 2 filled out forms and a check for the 2 hearings. Also copy of last 2 years federal tax return schedule F Showing my total income. I am requesting 2 different means by which a possible

equitable solution can be reached hopefully.⁵

VALUATION BOARD HEARING

In these uncertain economic times basic economic units like farmers that can be self sustainable should be encouraged to survive by the various governmental agencies. Sustainability seems to be the buzzword for these times. Can our local, state, and federal governments sustain themselves without private sector's continued existence?

We in Agriculture must contend with a totally different economic law than the speculative enhancement of economic value used by the property tax regulations. We are a supply and demand determined economic system that makes agricultural producers price takers not price makers. This precludes our ability to charge more to cover increased costs.

Our prices received for the products I grow are at the 1060's and 1970's levels. Yet the prices for fruits in the grocery stores have grown by more than 200 % of these levels (show copied data). Gas has gone from \$0.19 9 /10 to over \$3.40 per gallon, Fertilizer from \$ 160 per ton to over \$800 per ton, and labor shown above from \$.25 per hour to over \$10.00 per hour.

The original intent of the Homestead Act and Law was to provide incentive to live on and work the open lands of our nation. This was to produce for the nation its most basic commodity need, food and fibers. A greenbelt law continued

⁵ Letter to Valuation Board

this concept to keep at least some farmers on the land by making farming affordable. The farmhouse is an integral part of the whole farming system and was thereby a basic inclusion in the foundation of the first Homestead Act. It would seem logical to continue the existence of the farmhouse on the farm because of its position of importance in maintaining the greenbelt with its agricultural exemptions for farmlands. To base the farmhouse values on the speculative real estate values causes extreme and undue hardship on the ability of farms to support such excessive values. The tying of the house value with speculative real estate values on farms endangers the continued existence (sustainability) of Agriculture and the family farms in this country.

The farmhouse is necessarily a central and integral part of the whole of a farm. A reasonable and customary practice of leaving a portion of a farm in its natural and original growth (Here in South Florida pine or hammock land) is also an accepted normal farm practice. Until the farm is sold for development a portion is maintained for posterity. It seems this concept dovetails in the idea of placing agricultural values on all of the portions of a farm based on its ability to generate income as presently claimed for the various agriculture uses. Since it is more aesthetic value than income producing value these rates should be much lower than raw developable land. Not to mention the value in large trees ability to tie up free CO₂ in its wood and leaves thereby enhancing air quality and helping to reduce the global warming presently said to be occurring.

I know the board scheduled in order to determine valuation changes, but I

was hoping a farmer working his farm by himself could avoid longer delays and use of my precious time for this argument (discussion) by the new property appraiser determining the tax levels more in keeping with agricultural tax levels based on my tax returns for the last 8 years or so. These I have shared with the property tax office to show I am not having very profitable years lately. Charles LaPradd suggested direct contact with new property appraiser. He is the new agricultural liaison person for Dade County.⁶

VARIOUS REASONS FOR CHANGE IN AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY ASSEMENTS

Pedro Garcia; Dade County Property Tax Appraiser 4/29/09 -5/1/10 Quote from a 1970's rock song "The men who hold high places, must be the ones to start; to mold a new reality, closer to the heart." This song states the need today for sustainability of institutions as relevant to food production units for our survival.

I am a life long (except for my first 3 months) resident of Dade County and have lived at the same farm for all of it. My taxes were raised appreciably higher for 2007 when my mother died. (\$11,111.24) The previous year they were \$6,815.86. In 1964 they were \$737.44. In 1952 they were \$3.56. I have spent many of my hours searching my records and developing arguments for a reduction in valuation at a valuation board hearing. Since so many are in front of me requesting a hearing (67,069) I wonder if my chance for one is ever going to

⁶ Letter to the Valuation Board

become a reality. I have found during my search at least several items that should give me a reduction but I also wonder if some of my other points of argument would be considered as well. This will delay my payment of property tax for a considerable period of time. I wish you to be aware of the value to the community of agriculture and their continued wellbeing by maintaining a climate for agriculture's continued existence in this country.

I have given the tax assessments office a copy of my farmers tax form for the last 10 years or so to show some discrepancies in your determination of tax values for tropical fruit producers. I also have gone back in my records to show prices received for Avocados in 2007 were the same as years 1964-1969. The cost for labor was \$.50-.75 per hour for the same time frame. I have similar price received for my other rather rare tropical fruits for the last 30 years as well. I have had no 3% cost of living raises and all of my expensed have risen considerably over the last 30 years as well. How can you consider fair and survivable the extremely high increase in property tax for the agricultural community. I realize the death of my mother lost me the 3% cap but I have lived on the same farm all my life without ever having any other homestead or its benefits in the State of Florida. With the coming economic meltdown eminent, it would seem that survival of such a basic need as food for our survival, agricultural production should take a high priority in your department. Would you at least look over my musings and see if some survivable solution could be reached? folio

Points to make:

1) Farm building appraisals. They were built with many dumped resources from Hurricane Andrew or other cheap sale items from other farms surpluses. For example, Arvida Nursery in 1960 went out of business and we bought many timbers and piping for nickel on the dollar prices. Our family labor also made for cheaper than normal prices for the buildings. My uncle, father, mother, brother and sister provided much of the labor to build the house and other structures on the farm. The farm sheds would be torn down if residential use for the land were to occur. How can they be taxed at the same rates?

2) Residences high level of assessment considering their necessity for agriculture use for basic living and maintaining operations .The Homestead Act made the residence a required part for completion of the 160 acre land grant. The buildings are in poor condition due to their age and lack of resources to maintain them. Original structure cost with addition was \$30,000. The cost for rental for living space for the farmer might be a better way to determine the taxable rate for farm residences.

3) NFC hammock land around 4 acres in size. A customary practice in agriculture is to keep some of the land in natural state for future generations. The ability to generate income is constrained from that portion of land as it is not

⁷ Letter to the Valuation Board and Property Appraiser

planted in product producing crops. If covenants are placed on the land the banks will not grant loan collateral at normal land values due to a lower value due to the constraints placed on the land. Historically the farms of this nation keep a portion in natural growth (often the more difficult to clear or more significant in beauty for future generations appreciation). Since this land produces no significant income and is not even being considered for sale it would seem that its taxable value should not be tied to the rather volatile speculative development valuation used by the tax assessors office but a minimum rate and per chance additional tax collected after a land sale occurs? I enclose a letter mostly unanswered by Dade County's DERM of several years ago. I suggested or questioned the cost effectiveness to the land owner of county regulations for land maintenance versus the tax savings.

4) 300 different crops. The farm is more of a Germplasm collection than a viable farm. Also many of the trees are over 50 years old reducing their value.

5) Sustainability and survivability of this type of farm for future generation. Prices received for fruit is same for over 25 years and many fruits are now imported from Mexico making sales sluggish at best. New diseases continue to suppress production and even can and do kill trees often whole species which take long time to have replacements in production as these are trees not row crops I am talking about. Parts, fuel, labor, insurance, fertilizer and chemical prices have all had substantial increase in costs so it is getting impossible to remain viable. As there is not too bright a future in construction of houses on the

land presently and not for the foreseeable future maybe agriculture should be enticed to remain a viable use for the land????

6) While I understand economic hardship are not allowed for consideration, the original Homestead law required a house to be built on the 160 acres before title would be given for the farmland to the holder or homesteader. The green belt reduction of taxable values for agriculture land grew out of this original law to help retain farmlands as maybe the forefathers planned for sustainability of our nation. By separating the farm residence out of this umbrella green belt protection and placing it at the same value as residential housing farm are jeopardizing the farms chance for survival.

7) Where else would Dade County find a caretaker of a historically significant agricultural park for so historically accurate low rate of pay?

8) The cost to the county for its staff to keep track and determine so complicated a tax for agricultural land determination probably costs more than the increased tax collected. By having a basic and general one tax rate by the acre for agricultural land, fewer personnel would be needed in the tax office. . A house or residence additional adjustment tax based on relative rental rate for the farmer-caretaker could be applied.⁸

The buildings on a farm over the one house per 5 acres cannot be valued based on housing values but only as to their ability to generate income for the

⁸ Notes to use in presentation for Valuation Board

farm. The buildings are supplemental to the production as they provide storage, or dry areas to pack and work on fixing things. Only if and when farm sold might they have value but only as farm structures not residential structures as the one per five acre would limit their supposed value as residential.

The value on the natural forest community land is hard to believe as I can not do anything with it even agriculturally to generate income to offset the tax expense that you arbitrarily set at speculative land sale values. I enclose a list of unanswered questions to the environmental department showing the costs to maintain to their standards exceed the tax savings when signing the covenant with the county.

Valuation Board building descriptions building actual size listed (description underneath each)

1. residence ?sq. ft. 3,066ft.sq. These are old farm house with some used for storage, washing and packing of fruit. No frills and somewhat deteriorated due to lack of farm income for upkeep.(subsistence farmer here) No working AC. Should have value based on farm profit not speculative real estate values. Actual cost 1947 \$16,000 and 1953 \$30,000. Built by L.L. Barnum and Orvil Irwin, addition by family and Vihlen Brothers construction.

2. Shop and equipment storage 2,160 sq. ft. 1,152sq.ft. 24X90

Wood (Textured 111) and frame with steel columns and gravel roof. Old and

poorly maintained with no plumbing and basic lights and 110-220 outlets. 1/3 is open (no walls) no interior, Harris and Schroder builders. 1971 cost \$4,000.

3. cottage 900sq.ft. 892sq.ft. 30x90 Old portable plasterers shed moved and addition added. Built in 1967 by Vihlen brothers and our family. Cost \$6,000. Old and poorly maintained with gravel roof. Wood and concrete floors and open carport.

4. House pump house and storage. 600sq.ft. 720sq.ft. 20x30

Built by family for \$1,000 in 1962. Concrete slab and wood wall and frame with telephone columns and gravel roof. Old and poorly maintained. No plumbing and lights and outlets only.

Nursery storage. 12x12

5. Electric pump house 144sq.ft. 504sq.ft. 12x12 built by my uncle plywood and \$.50 each Cyprus 4x8's bought from Arvida nursery going out of business sale. 90 pound Slate roof using free leftover material from Brokens roofing, Alabama after Andrew. Cost ~\$600 no plumbing or electric. Nursery pot storage only

6. 4cyl. perkins shelter 144sq.ft. 319sq.ft. 10x10 Used Andrew refuse and Brokens roofing free leftovers from Andrew. Free steel posts. ~\$500 No floor, plumbing or electric. pump shelter only. Built by family labor.

7. Nsy pump. 100sq.ft. 260sq.ft. 8x10 Used Andrew refuse and free

Brokens roofing leftovers from Andrew. Concrete slab and wood frame no plumbing and basic outlets for electricity. Built with family labor.

8.6cyl.perkins pump shelter 80sq.ft. 196sq.ft. 7x10 Concrete slab and built from free Andrew refuse with free leftovers from Brokens roofing after Andrew. No electric or plumbing ~\$500. Built with family labor.

9.Deutz pump shelter 70sq.ft. 180sq.ft.⁹ Concrete slab and Andrew refuse and Brokens leftovers from Andrew. No electric or plumbing. No walls ~\$500 cost. Builtwith family labor.

Beverly's House Building Memories

In 1953, John M. Barnum, LTCL, USA, (Jack) received orders to report for duty in Korea. Since it was to be an unaccompanied tour of duty, his wife and children needed to find a place to live. They lived with his brother Lynton once previously during WWII, so decided to join him once again in Florida; however, this time they planned to build a retirement home on Lynton's South Florida property. Because the existing starter home was on a rise and was really the best location for a home, they decided to build an addition using a Florida Room for connecting the two.

They had little savings for construction, so Jack arranged to borrow \$13,000 privately from Lynton's employer, John Bennett of Biscayne Engineering. An old college architect friend agreed to draw plans at nominal cost from Ann

⁹ notes for Valuation Board Hearing

and Jack's dream-house sketches.

Having seen a number of major hurricanes during his youth, Jack made sure plans exceeded existing Dade County building codes by significant margins. This prompted many vocal discussions and even arguments with Bert and Ed at Vihlen Brothers, the company hired for actual construction. I saw Ed at the Publix last in 2008.

Jack spent his 30-day leave prior to deployment making arrangements, leaving the rest of the family to actually accomplish the task. Lynton, a civil engineer, oversaw and coordinated all the various pieces for this project.

Construction began with a bulldozer scraping the site, followed by a ditch witch, digging a trench around the entire perimeter of the foundation. Following the trenching the youngest Vihlen brother Erick, spent days in really hard digging and arranging things to Jack's specifications. Wooden forms were built, and reinforcing steel rebar were placed in the trenches. Wooden frames for upright posts with vertically placed rebar were constructed every six feet or so. More steel rebar and metal grating was placed over gravel, forming a foundation base within the perimeter outline.

There was a lot of discussion about pipes. Many electrical and water conduits were laid under the foundation. Since pipes and electrical conduit tubing would be placed where it would subsequently be covered with concrete, only the best grades of copper and other metals were considered. It was a big day when the concrete filled trucks actually began dumping loads on the prepared foundation and support posts.

After the concrete set, it was time for walls to go up. Builders used concrete cinder blocks and holes were also filled with rebar and more concrete was pumped in. A mason came to build the fireplace and slump brick columns along the front loggia.

There was more arguing when the roof went on Everything was to be attached with long screws and bolts with nuts , not nails. Apparently this was simply never done in normal home construction during this period. Later on when Harris and Schroeder Construction did some modifications and encountered these they commented about how above the normal was the construction. As Beverly said Andrew did show how these overboard practices saved the building. This time it was Lynton who prevailed and Hurricane Andrew proved his foresight and wisdom!

Since money was tight, the whole family pitched in wherever their labor would help get the job done without additional hiring. Ann and Beverly painted two coats of shellac on all of the cypress walls, doorjambs and cedar beams. Every day after school was devoted to painting lumber placed on saw horses. When it was dry, it had to be stacked and covered. It was hard to keep up with the carpenters who used it each day! The entire family acted as gofers and brought workers tools, food and water.

Ann and Jack decided to use terrazzo for finished flooring over the concrete slab, Because money was tight, they opted to use a distressed concrete coating with etched dividing grooves in the Florida room and front foyer instead of originally planned tile. This is called flag stone surface.

A fireplace mantle, intended to match the floor, was constructed by the terrazzo company. Because Ann chose two different terrazzo patterns, there was a mix-up and the mantle actually was formed using the bedroom wing design. With no money to redo to match the living room floor, it was used anyway.

When it was time to plaster the cinderblock walls, to save more money, rather than paint they opted to put pigment in the plaster. It was pointed out that stains could be removed simply by sanding...a real asset with two small boys. Nothing inside was actually painted after installation, because wood for all doorways and trim was shellacked prior to installation. For ease in cleaning, a curved asphalt strip connected walls to floor and once again cost was the driver in this decision. After much deliberation they decided to use paint to seal the outside plaster covering the cinder-blocks and settled on gunmetal grey as the color.

Closets were another story. Jack found a company that would build, deliver and set them in place for a cheaper price than having carpenters build them in place. The resulting sliding doors gave Beverly a strong dislike of this type door that would last a lifetime.

The only decent cabinets were in the kitchen and cabinet makers also built a breakfast bar to Jack's specifications. This bar served as a divider between the kitchen and dining room. Ann's lifelong dream of a walk-in linen closet was realized when the Vihlen Brothers put up shelves in an area next to the master bath.

Choosing fixtures and tile for the two bathrooms was Ann's job. Because

military housing only used basic white, the trip to a Miami fixture store was like visiting Santa's workshop. Beverly offered her opinion, but Ann had the final word and chose yellow fixtures and green tile for the hall bath and pink fixtures and blue tile for the master bath.

Jack was a particularly orderly man, who insisted to one and all, that everything had its place and should always be returned to its place and so a "meter room" with a separate outside entrance and space to store yard tools was created. The meter room had what was almost revolutionary at that time, circuit breakers rather than the more common fuses and locations for every circuit were clearly labeled on the box.

Another of Jack's college friends owned a company that made jalousie doors and windows and gave him a deal. Mr. Schwab would come out to visit and my sister remembers going to his house for dinner on several occasions. The Florida room was originally designed to be simply screened with no actual windows. Because of the "Deal" on windows, the decision was made to close-in the room to protect from elements.

Another of my families friends and distant relative was Ed Rundell, who's claim to fame was the invention of the baby diaper pin. He had several other inventions as well.

There was no central heat or cooling in the original house. The architect had designed the home to catch prevailing breezes and made sure every space had cross ventilation. This accounts for the windows between the hall and middle bedroom. Ceiling fans were installed long after original construction and central

air and heat even longer after that. All the doorways and open spaces made it hard to arrange furniture, so in later years one doorway from the living room to the outside and one doorway from the kitchen to the Florida room were closed off. The divider bar between the kitchen and dining area was later moved to the Florida room and became a functioning liquor bar.

The living room fireplace was the sole source for heat on cold days, although someone did think to provide heaters in both bathroom ceiling fixtures to provide a modicum of creature comfort for females in the household.

Since the older portion of the home included a garage, another one was not built. The garage served as a utility room for the old ringer type washing machine and galvanized steel rinse tubs and of course, there was no dryer, only a clothesline in the back yard. A wooden scrub board hung on the wall as a reminder to Ann that at least she had a "modern" machine with electric wringer. This was more that it would seem because Beverly remembers many years when all the laundry was done by hand in the bath tub and sheets had to be held by two people and twisted to wring out water before hanging on the clothesline. The old kitchen was sort of preserved as a storage area.

While the home was being built, the entire family lived in the old portion of the house. When released to move from cramped quarters into the new space, in addition to having two more bathrooms, Beverly's favorite thing about the new home was the divided sink in the kitchen. It made dish washing much easier!

Beverly

FARM HISTORY

My first memories of the property go back to around 1960 when we had returned from Germany where my father had been stationed for 3 years. I was bitten by my uncle's dog perky while driving (riding) in the old chevy pickup truck. He was a little rat terrier type. I was between my uncle and father and the dog reached over and bit me on my right hand. I still have a scar on it. My father upon reaching back home took the dog out and shot him.

I was accused of taking the pruning shears and cutting the wires under the dash in the same chevy while my father, brother and uncle were picking avocados. I would help my uncle start the truck as it had a foot pedal next to the accelerator that was pushed to engage the starter. I got to get on the floor and push it till my uncle told me to stop. I also got to drive the truck on the farm. I had to sit on the front edge of the seat to reach the peddles. I do not remember ever hitting a tree or other stuff. It is a shame that laws prevent youth today from learning and helping at young ages.

Another time while my father and uncle were picking I took a wallet that he left on the truck seat and put all his bills in the trees like fruit hanging from the branches. My father was not too happy about that.

We had two older gentlemen that lived in Homestead that I called uncle

John and uncle Al. They were distantly related to my cousin Dorothy Ann Gregory's mother who lived in Pittsburg, Pa and would come out to help my uncle on the farm. Their last name was Bernatz. In their younger years they had many jobs. One of them was driving and cooking on a chuck wagon for a cattle drive out west. They also worked in the steel mills for a while. They would climb ladders and use hand bow saws to top the tall avocado trees. My father was the executor of their estate as was he for quite a few of his friends. They both lived to ripe old ages in their 90's even though they smoked cigars. George burns was another famous for his cigars and almost reached 100. My uncle smoked cigars and the pipe. Hava-Tampa cigars and Half and Half pipe tobacco were his usual fare. I still have some of his pipes and rack at the house.

My Aunt Spooze would have our family for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner at her house. She lived in what is now Pinecrest and after her husband died moved up off 8th Street behind the Jamaican Motel. She would cook traditional turkey for thanksgiving and always had oyster casserole. Christmas was always her spaghetti and the sauce would be cooked for overnight using a chunk of beef that was fall apart tender in making the sauce. She had a dachshund dog named frisky. It's belly drug on the floor.

Her husband John Beiswanger had a plastering company in Miami. We still have his construction shed as part of the cottage on the farm. It was moved down from Miami in the 60's. My father had thought of turning it into a packinghouse but later we had Vihlen Brothers construction add an addition and it became our cottage where I live for a while after graduation from college. It has

been used for worker quarters as well for years.

I vaguely remember when I was about 6 hitting our boxer Rusty over the back with a pipe. My mother was painting the house and saw me and started chasing me with a paint paddle. When she caught up with me she broke the paddle on the first swat, which did little to calm her down. Another time my uncle told me that his tobacco pipes were hot and not to touch them. Of course that is an invitation to a young child to do just that. When I did my finger got burned. Does anything change over the years?

Another time I was warned to not play with the pretty bird peppers we grew on several little bushes just outside the guest bedroom window. Of course I picked one and rubbed it all over my face. Boy it sure burns for a long time.

Mrs. Venstra my 2nd grade teacher told my parents I should have my eyes checked as I seemed not to see what was on the blackboard. I went to the Huntington building in downtown Miami to see Dr. Caballero. He found I had bad case of shortsightedness. After I got my eyeglasses and was coming home I noticed that trees and grass had individual leaves and blades. I read a lot and now wear trifocals to see close up, intermediate distance and farther away.

When I was in the second grade my mother wondered why my ear was hurting so she took me to the Homestead Airbase Hospital and the corpsman found a sandspur down my ear canal. I was in the 3rd grade when we loaded back up in the bus and went home early due to the soon to arrive Hurricane Donna. This was my first real hurricane. My uncle had to get a mortgage to set up the trees after the storm. The house sustained no damage but in the 5 acre

block of Choquette and Hall avocados had fewer than 12 trees left standing.

Many trees blew over but not so many broke off near the ground. This was due to the long duration of winds and soaking rains, which loosened the soil around the tree roots. Hurricane Andrew however had very strong winds over a short duration (3 Hours) so only 5 trees remained standing in the same block with many broken off at or near the ground.

I had a bad stomachache and diarrhea when I was in the 4th grade so my parents took me once again to the Air base Hospital. I was in the operating room within 20 minutes and the hospital commander, Dr. Turner was opening me up to take out my appendix and 4 inches of bowel with diverticulitis. I had a few days to recover. I had a semi private room and Vaughn Grant who later was a Homestead police officer lay in the bed next to me with a very bad case of poison ivy rash over much of his body. He had been camping and put up the tent in a patch of it.

In 1990 I went to my doctor with a very bad pain in my kidney. He had me in the hospital within a few minutes. I later had a kidney removed with Stagg horn calculi and it was basically atrophied and dead. I recovered and do not seem to miss it as my other one was already twice normal size and doing all the work.

FAMILY PETS

My uncle had another dog, named Mike, which was a short haired Collieish type dog. My sister said it was his favorite. She had a boxer named Rusty and it went across the street to Jackie Malones and killed some of her farm animals. She had my father take it to the vets and had it put down as it had

shown the inclination for future problems with the neighbors. My sister returned from Puerto Rico with their dog Hobo and it lived with us about a week. It went to sleep under the truck in our lean to out back and somebody drove the truck over her killing her. I lost more dogs to fast and slow moving metal than any other means. All my dogs ate whatever came off the table including bones from chickens, turkeys, beef, pork, lamb, and even shrimp, crab and lobster shells. Only one time did I have to remove a part of a pork rib bone from between his teeth at the roof of his mouth.

I remember my brother went to the pound with my parents and came back with Butch. He was a reddish brown somewhat longish haired mixed breed dog. He was a great grove dog and could carry eggs in his mouth from the chicken pen without breaking them. We had a mixed breed part Doberman and part Labrador. His name was Snoopy and we got him from Col. Welpton. He nipped at my fathers butt once when he saw him pushing a trailer that seemed to be aimed at my mother. Another time he seemed to try and bite Mr. Schroeder who was here helping to construct additions on the house. Agricula (Agi) was another mixed breed that found us as a dumped dog. Many of the best dogs came to us that way. A friend that worked with me at Kendall had a Great Dane with papers but his house was too small for the dog. She was named Prima and lived many years till her stomach flipped and she died. Her paw prints are in the cement in the nursery bathroom floor. Stumpy was a dog dumped outside the fence with a bowl of water and food. He was a Rottweiler with a docked tail.

I went over to Mrs. Ames house to look at some puppies she had. The

father was a Catahoula Leopard Hound and Pit bull that belonged to her neighbor, George Cooper and the mother was a Great Dane. I picked the runt of the litter and named him Tekatel after a student I had known at the University of Florida. It meant lion king in Ethiopian. I trained him and we were inseparable. He would ride with me everywhere and did not need a leash, as he would stay right by my side. When I took him to work with me at Brooks the lime pickers would climb to the tops of the lime trees for fear of him after seeing him run at me and leap at my throat like he was going to rip it out.

He fathered my soon to be called possum hounds with a Rhodesian Ridgeback named Matubu. I kept a male and female from them and named one Cannibal and the other Chester. One day while I was pruning avocado trees, I cut a branch with a large Cuban Anole on it. When the branch fell to the ground Chester ran up and tried to bite the anole. The anole bit back and I came down in the hydraulic picking machine bucket and watched for about 20 minutes as a classic Mexican standoff took place. My dog with raised hackles and the anole with flared neck frill stood 6 feet apart staring at each other without otherwise moving. Chester Louison whom I named the dog after, was a friend from Grenada that worked with the Grenada Market Board. I sold some of the puppies as far away as Ecuador, California and even a vice president of Publix near Lakeland. Mr. Perkins got two puppies to use in his deer hunting in the glades. He later told me that they would leap over the saw grass in front of all the other dogs and actually catch and bring down the deer. I guess that was not a good thing. I kept a pup from them and named her Marbles as she had a marbled coat.

One day I got a call from Monkey Jungle. They had my dog so I went over and retrieved her from inside a small animal trap. She had crawled in and gotten trapped. She looked so miserable crunched into that little space.

I actually bought a red Doberman pup from Mark Biondo but it got run over by a friends truck before it had a chance to grow up. Another mixed breed pup that made a great grove dog was Red. He was also from the pound. He was nicknamed the lizard hound as he spent most of his day chasing lizards. Red was the only dog on the farm to ever have trouble with the Bufo marinus toads. He tried to eat one and almost died. The vet gave him a shot to keep him asleep for two days and told me to put him in front of a fan and see if he would recover. He eventually recovered but was never quite the same. He often would run in circles as if he was chasing his tail. Patty was a small German Sheppard type that someone left outside the fence as a very young puppy. She lived many years.

I now have Tiglath Pileaser III named after the king of Babylon from 745BC-727BC. Tiggy for short. I also kept another puppy from the litter named Troy. He looked sort of like a bloodhound. He went missing and I miss him terribly. He had as his father Triste who with Sad Sack lived as totally feral dog for over 11 years on the farm. Someone dumped them out and I first heard them chasing raccoons and baying like only hounds can. I tried to touch and befriend them their whole life but they would have none of it. I only touched one of them briefly when a great lightning and thunderstorm scared one of them up to the porch and he did not move until I touched him.

I bought two bulls and a cow over the years. Churrasco was the first and I

went to the livestock auction at Arcadia to buy him. He was mostly Angus and he came back in the back of the Ford van I had at the time. The cow was purchased at another auction and I named her Matilda. She had horns and loved to eat fruit. I kept her in the fenced acre in the southeast corner of the farm. One night John Chandler (Shadrack) was leaning against a tree on the fence line between Monkey Jungle and my property watching for thieves. He did not hear her as she approached from my side of the fence in the jungle. When she licked his back he almost jumped out of his skin. He told me about the encounter later that day. I later found out she had a hole in the fence, which she entered the rest of the farm at night to munch on fruit within her reach. I wondered where all the low hanging fruit had been going. One night I saw a searchlight through my bed room window so I went down to Hainlin at the fence to see what was up. A police car was there and the officer had Matilda on a rope. She had pushed the fence out at the corner of her enclosure and wandered up and down the street till the police arrived. All the cattle were eventually slaughtered on the farm and frozen to be eaten later.

NEIGHBORS

Kingman road was named for Col. Kingman and Nadine his daughter lived at their house for a long time. Her son Pete still lives in the house across the road. General Rock and Agnes lived further down Kingman road and their son Col. Pat Rock lived next door. Around the corner Gen. Ballard lived on Silver palm road at Avis road. Kingman road got the name Colonel Road due to the many retired military in the vicinity.

We had no fences back then and few neighbors. Col. Herbi Pool lived at the corner of Hainlin Mill Drive and Kingman Road He was also retired from the army. He had spent time in China and had a lot of nice Chinese furniture and rugs. We have one of them in the house he gave us. I still have a 16 Ga. Winchester Pump shotgun he gave us.

Jackie Malone lived across Hainlin from us and had goats, cows, chickens, ducks and other animals. I remember seeing her on crutches one day and stopped to ask what had happened. One of her male goats had butted her hurting her knee. She once came over to borrow a large indigo snake from my uncle to take down the road to Otis Gossman, who had a rattlesnake at his house. The indigo killed and ate the problem and Jackie returned the snake. Strange things make history more interesting.

Over the years Jackie gave us some helpful medicines she made such as Mullin Salve. She would travel to her families place and bring back Mullin leaves to boil and add Crisco to make the salve. It would help cuts to heal without a scab and heal infections and reduce swelling and redness. Folk medicines are often the basis for some of our more effective modern medicines. She also had bottles of Berba, an extract of barberry, some of which are still in my refrigerator to this day. She claimed it was helpful in treatment of cancer.

The Presicans lived west of the grove. Mildred was his mother. Tommy was their son about my brother Johns age. They had a dog pond behind their house that would have some standing water when we had a very heavy rainfall. John and Tommy would go swimming for a few days till the water stagnated. He

flew planes for the navy on and off aircraft carriers. His father worked for Pan American airlines as a mechanic. He would bring us floor sweepings of nuts and bolts some of which we still have in the shop. They were titanium and very hard. When Pan American went out of business I bought 2 office desks for \$10 each and two office chairs for \$5 each. I still have them in my office. I am not too sure if they are Formica or wood tops as the paperwork is quite deep on both of them.

I remember when one of Dade counties commissioners; Clara Osterly bought using tax payers money, a desk for \$10,000 and chair for \$6,00 and when questioned about it retorted she had to sit in it for long hours so deserved comfort.

About ½ mile east on Hainlin, Curtis and Sally Lee lived on a large parcel of land on both sides of the road. Curtis would drive his old Willy's truck down the middle of the road and we all knew to get out of his way. He would drive no faster than 35 miles per hour. I would see him at Kendall packinghouse where he took his fruit as well as us. His daughter married Fred Rhodes of Homestead. I remember the party line on the phone and we would have a hard time getting to use it as Sally spent a lot of time on it. I suspect she also listened in to others calls too.

Roy and Edna Biorkman lived and had a Gulf gas station, store and counter restaurant. I remember hearing a large boom and crash one day and going over to find someone had run the stop sign and crashed into his cement island for the gas pumps and somehow gotten his leg outside of the door and had it cut off. My mother refused to go to his store as he had a rather foul mouth

and tended to be rather irritating. Once some bike riders entered in their spandex clothing rather wet from sweat. He told them not to sit on his counter stools but to eat outside. He later shot himself with a shotgun to end it all.

Monkey Jungle has a large Gumbo limbo tree just off Naranja road as you approach Hainlin. One afternoon Dr. Herb Bryant who worked at TREC as a vegetable scientist fell asleep at the wheel of his truck and crashed into the tree. He died on the scene. It was a terrible loss for the agricultural community.

Mrs. May had a restaurant next door the Monkey Jungle. We would go over for Sunday lunch after church sometimes. She would cook on a small stove and oven in a house sized kitchen; Fried Chicken, smashed potatoes and gravy, green peas with fresh homemade apple pie for dessert. It was simple but good. She had named it Tapawingo Restaurant. This means place of happiness or place of peace and tranquility in the Seminole language.

Harold Cox Property History

The following is taken from the family history written by Mr. Harold Phillip Cox in 1968. I have quoted directly from his notebook.

I was born and brought up in south Dade County when the south end of the state was just emerging from its raw pioneer days. The railroad had reached Miami not many years before and when I came on the scene in 1904 Henry Flagler had started his extension of the railroad on down the coast where it could “go to sea”, hopping over the islands all the way to Key West.

The family claims that I was the second child born in the south end of Dade County in what was then known as the Redlands or “Homestead Country”.

Clifton Gossman, son of another homesteader preceded me by two weeks. I was privileged to see something of the countryside before the hand of man, “the spoiler”, had changed things forever.

The tall, virgin pine forest, if it would be seen today would be inspiring. The huge boles, straight as an arrow, towering seemingly to the sky, the wind in their tops producing a constant sighing. The marl prairies, or glades, as some called them were covered with a rough wiregrass which defied all early efforts to eradicate it. The edge of the prairies and the lower spots where water stood the longest produced a profusion of wild flowers that are never seen today.

Mama and Dad came to the Redlands after following the railroad down the coast where Dad was employed in constructing Flagler’s string of hotels. Papa was an Englishman, coming to this country when he was a young man. Mama was a native Floridian, of Cracker as they are commonly called.

It was in 1903 that the family moved to the Homestead, living in the log cabin or tents. Dad set about building a larger house, also of logs. It consisted of two rooms, separated by a breezeway its full width of the house and as wide in the other direction as either of the two rooms. This was known in the south as a dog run. A second story of thinner rooms was built on one side.

Miami was the end of the railroad and roads were mere wagon tracks through the woods. The woods were beautiful virgin pine forest, covering all but the low marl prairies. That is why the high land is called pineland; nothing but pine trees and palmetto can grow there. There was a store and post office at Cutler. The mail and supplies were brought to Cutler by boat from Miami.

Dad sold the timber on our homestead to Drake Lumber Company whose mills were located at Princeton. The trees were logged off in 1912. The corner ten acres at Naranja and Hainlin Mill Road were given to Charlie when he married the widow Irene Rousseau. (Charlie was half brother to Harold Cox.) Her father was named Cavender and had had a homestead a few miles south and west of us. Charlie built a little four room house for his bride and cleared five acres to plant citrus. Dad cleared five acres adjoining, including half of my present avocado grove. About this time the citrus canker disease struck and brought all citrus planting to a standstill. That was the beginning of the end of citrus growing in Dade County. The only cure for the disease was to burn the tree. To let it live was to condemn all surrounding trees to infection, for it was very contagious and would be spread by birds, or even by the wind. The state had to take charge of the program and opposition to burning was as violent as was that of the cattle-dipping program in the fight against the cattle tick.

Soon after this the nailhead rust attacked the tomato fields which was the other principal crop of the region. For several years thereafter tomato farming was a losing proposition until a rust-resistant tomato was developed. The double barreled attack, citrus canker and nailhead rust, was more than some farmers could survive. Dad fell back on his trade and went to Miami in search of work. In a few weeks he tired of trying to work in town 25-miles away and keep the old home going, so the family packed up and we said goodbye to the homestead, never to return. This was in 1916 and it must be remembered that roads then

were very primitive by today's standards as well as the mode of travel a lot of it was still horse and buggy....

Children 's memories are not always reliable as to facts. I think that some children retain memory of very early events that happened to impress themselves for one reason or another. Sometimes the event is of such a nature that it can't fail to impress.

In the big hammock on the hill, near the Monkey Jungle, there is a big hole. This hole is ten feet or more deep, if my childhood memory doesn't betray me, and it has a small pool of water under the overhanging wall to the east end. At the opposite end there is a slanting hole and ends three feet or more from the bottom. It was quite a feat for us kids to climb in and out of the hole by means of this shelf and the walls for the rest of the circumference are perpendicular or under cut. You can understand our surprise, therefore, when we discovered a six foot gator 'gator beside the pool. He took alarm and disappeared into the pool. We harangued him almost daily after that chiefly by shooting him with a .22 rifle. We used shorts because they were cheaper, and in those days a .22 short was not much more dangerous than a bb gun. He seemed to grow wary that all we ever saw of him was his head. The rest of him was back in his cave under the rock wall.

The .22 rifle was no mere effective than a peashooter so one day I took a six foot crowbar that had a pointed end and sneaked up on him as he dozed. The idea was to spear him with the crow bar.

The 'gator was so spooky by this time that naturally I was surprised when I found myself in striking distance of him. I brought the point down between his eyes with all my might. The 'gator disappeared with a swirl and I had thoughts on the matter—my feet took wings and I flew up out of the hole. Only after the event did it occur to us that the 'gator might counterattack. The next sight I had of him there was a small white mark in the target area. Apparently I had barely broken the epidermis. He disappeared soon after that. It seemed impossible that he could get out of the hole, but he did. While he was there he captured a few of our chickens that ventured too close to the pool. In a few months he was back, or another one of the same size.

There are many similar, though smaller sinkholes in the hammock. The reason they are peculiar to the hammock is that the nature of the rock is different than that of the surrounding area. The ordinary rock is sedimentary limestone with oolite crystal inclusions, while the hammock rock is either oolite, or fish-egg, limestone. This limestone is much more porous and softer (until exposed to the air) than the other, and hence more soluble

Papa got the idea that he could raise goats in the hammock, thinking the thick undergrowth would make good browse. So he fenced it in and bought a herd of goats and turned them in. Several times later on we found skeletons of goats at the bottom of holes where they had fallen and were unable to jump or climb out. The family cow even fell in one day. We rigged a tripod with a block and tackle and hoisted her out. Luckily, the only damage was to her dignity.

The sinkholes were not the only source of danger to the goats. I had occasion one day to go to the east side of the hammock. The easiest going was to follow the fence rather than thread a way through the brush. As I neared the south end of the west fence something to my left suddenly growled at me. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and I froze. The growl continued in a lower tone while I cast my eyes around trying to find a source. Try as I would, I could not determine where it was coming from, whether from up in the trees or on the ground, nor could I estimate how far it was from me. Worst of all I could see nothing but dense vegetation. I tried a couple of steps and the volume increased threateningly. I stopped and it diminished. Another two steps, same result. I estimated by this time that I was at least abreast of the animal, if not a little bit past him, and it was probably safer to go ahead than turn back. Accordingly I went ahead in the same manner, and after a few stops the growling subsided. I stopped and looked back, trying to locate it but could see nothing. Now the hammocks and surrounding woods and prairies were full of raccoons and bobcats, but they never bothered anything but chickens. The growls I heard seemed too deep and heavy to have come from an animal that small.

On the east edge of the hammock and about a hundred yards north of the barn was a young live-oak tree. This tree had a sloping trunk, easy to climb and about six feet from the ground a fair sized limb grew straight out for about twenty five feet. Three or four kids could climb out on that limb, bounce up and down and have a gay old time. One Sunday afternoon after the above incident we were playing on the oak tree, whooping it up and chattering like blackbirds. Suddenly

the Sunday peace was shattered by a piercing, terrifying scream. There was instant hush as we looked at one another with white faces. Then we were about to decide we hadn't heard anything, it came again: another scream. I don't know how we got down from the tree, but we showered down and probably broke the record running that hundred yards to the barn.

Then the creature growled at me no one even thought of a panther. True, we knew there were lots of them back in the Everglades, but it had been several years since one had been seen in the neighborhood. We thought we were too civilized for panthers, but the herd of goats running free had evidently attracted one or two. They had found a home here, or the resilient disappearing till they were all gone....them face to face, so to speak. Mama stood on the front steps and shot one in the yard. Dad killed a big one at the barn. Mama was hanging out clothes one day when she felt something tug at her skirt. She looked down and a snake had struck at her and his fangs are caught in her skirt. The wind was blowing so hard she hadn't heard his rattle.

Dad sold the northeast 40 acres to a man from Oklahoma. It was agreed when he bought the place that Dad could take his time about building another house. In the meantime he would board with us. But before long he and Dad had a falling out. It spurred Papa to prepare another house to move to, so he, with what help I, a nine year old, could add, hastily erected a building in the edge of the hammock. It was meant to be a temporary residence only, later to serve as the barn. But like so many plans of mice and men, it went by the board, and we lived there for three years before moving to Miami. The building later

burnt down, leaving nothing but the concrete floor and foundations.(It was here on that old foundation that Mr. DuMond, with the help of one man built our first house which is now used by the night watchman and for the storage and preparation of food for the monkeys)....On our deed to ten acres where we lived:

The United States of America, by Wm. H. Taft, President to George Cox Grants SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 9, Township 56 South, Range 39 East, of the Tallahassee Meridian, Fla. Containing 160.56 Acres, Etc. November 8, 1909

November 17, 1913 George Cox and M. E. Cox his wife, to Charles H. Cox, conveys S $\frac{1}{2}$ of S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 9, 10 acres, etc.

George Cox and wife to W. Gonzalez, Jr. , Warranty Deed The N $\frac{1}{2}$ of the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of 956-39 East.

Oct. 14, 1932 E. Gonzalez, Jr., o Joseph DuMond, Warranty Deed, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the Se $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 9.

In October of 1932 Mr. Joseph DuMond, his wife, Grace, two sons, Joseph, Jr. and Frank, six and two respectively, and Mary, a three year chimpanzee headed south from Lyme, Connecticut in an old Ford in order to buy a hammock and start a colony of wild monkeys. Mr. DuMond, always a lover of animals, monkeys in particular, and unable to go to the wild jungles to study the social habits of monkeys, proposed to start his own colony for this purpose. On October 14,1932 he bought Cox Hammock for \$250.00 from Mr. E. Gonzalez, Jr. Mr. Gonzalez had asked three thousand, then one thousand. When Mr. DuMond said that all he had was \$250.00 he said OK because I am going to lose it on taxes in a few months anyway. This was in the middle of the depression and

people often couldn't pay their taxes. Mr. DuMond , with the help of one man, built a four room house on the old foundation he found on the edge of the hammock left from the Cox's house that had burned down.

We bought a half dozen Java Monkeys, one at a time, over a period of about six months. It took that long to save the \$12.50 each monkey cost. We turned them loose feeling that the hammock, which was surrounded by open pineland on three sides and an open field on the other, would hold them. We had not expected to run a public attraction—but ...came in to ask about them.

The large sink hole that Mr. Cox speaks of with the 'gator in it is now occupied by two 'gators. When we first bought the hammock there was a 'gator in that hole. Alligators, in those days, would wander in from the everglades into the prairies of glades that filled with water during the rainy season. When the glades dried up in the winter that 'gators went looking for water—and – finding the sinkhole would climb in. They would leave again when the rainy season came in the spring. When the last one left, Jackie Malone had already her house across Hainlin Mill Road opposite the hammock and that 'gator found her fish pool and had a great time in it to Jackie Malone's distress. She complained to us—so before another 'gator could come to spend the winter we blocked the exit with a block of concrete. Today two 'gators we bought occupy the 'gator hole. Since 'gators are protected by law now we have a permit to keep them.

The original hammock was almost completely contained in the ten acres with a tail end at the northwest corner going off into the adjoining property. Today

the hammock has grown to the east to cover the next five acres or more. To the north is Mr. Harold Cox's grove and to the west a mango grove.

To the south is Hainlin Mill Road so it hasn't grown in those directions. It was only after fire control that it grew at all. Originally fires kept the hammock from growing by killing off the new growth on the edges. Since the purchase of the first ten acres, we have acquired five more to the north, which had a smaller hammock on it which Frank DuMond developed into the rain forest with squirrel monkeys, howler monkeys, red uakari monkeys, and marmosets. We have also acquired 10 acres to the east of the hammock which brings our property to the corner of Naranja Road and Hainlin Mill Road...Jungle has now spread. Fires also swept across the pine and palmetto in the north, south and east. Fire seldom pass through hammock but we never wanted to take a chance so we would back fire and also use wet burlap bags to beat out the fires.

The hurricane of September 15, 1945 hit us. That was the hurricane that took the U. S. Navy's Blimp Base out. We got the center of the storm. As we stood at the front door watching, the whole jungle seemed to bow to the ground. Some of it would come up and bow to the ground again. The monkeys probably took shelter deep in the jungle or perhaps in the sinkholes. Some of the trees that snapped off six to eight feet off the ground sprouted new growth and in time the jungle came back. In 1950, King hit with minimal damage. Donna hit us in 1960. It was almost equal to the 1945 storm. Damage was spotty but severe. It took a week of clearing paths with a chain saw before visitors could be let through. The crew worked six weeks on the clean up job. The storm delayed the opening of

the Rain Forest for a year. Power was off for four or five days. Cleo hit in 1964. Palms were blown down in the entrance walkway and considerable damage was done in the Rain Forest.

Apparently the hammock was never cleared for farming. This was probably due to the fact there is little or no soil. It is a high rocky ridge with great sinkholes and great ridges of rock-quite unsuitable for farming.

Monkey Jungle was not originally intended to be a public attraction. The original group of Java monkeys was released in this ten acre hammock by Joseph DuMond in 1932 in order to study the social habits of a free range colony of wild monkeys. The hammocks of South Florida have developed on high ridges of land covered with hard wood trees and surrounded by open pinelands. This made an isolated spot of jungle which kept the monkeys in the ten acre site because it gave them safety and security. The surrounding pineland was rather open land so they didn't venture beyond the jungle.

It was in 1935 that the jungle was opened to the public. At that time there were few public attractions. People drove out to see the groves and farmlands and in passing by the jungle they would see the monkeys in the trees and would come in and ask about them. They then went back to their hotels and told other visitors about the wild monkeys and they came out to see them too. When the Jungle was first opened to the public, there were eight wild Java monkeys (two having been born October 4, 1935) one pair of baboons, one pair of ring tailed

monkeys, and one spot nosed monkey. The admission was 10 cents. Monkey Jungle has grown over the years and is still a family operation.

A personal note from Robert Barnum. Hurricane Andrew on August 24, 1992 Blew in around 3 AM. It lasted about 3 hours. I have never seen so much destruction from a hurricane before. There was not a leaf left on the trees and most were broken off and even blown out of the ground. Some even had disappeared from the property. I could look out from the house and see traffic passing by on Hainlin Drive and hear the traffic on Naranja road as well. There were monkeys wandering around my farm and the dogs even caught one as there were not many trees remaining upright for them to climb up. After the storm Monkey Jungle put up chain link fences with the bottom cemented in the ground. This kept the monkeys in and I no longer see them on my side. The amount of damage caused by Andrew can still be observed 20 plus years later. It was over a month before the power was restored and 6 weeks before the phone lines were reconnected.

Andersons Corner had a two story wood building at the corner of Silver palm road and Newton road. It used to be a rooming house and had some rather rough characters living there. Somebody killed somebody in there one night and even to this day it is rumored to be haunted. I remember Joan Green telling of problems with the silver ware being strewn around at night after they had closed. The present owner related a story of one of the workers repairing the building having almost being hung by something on the stairs. The building still sits there

partially restored after Hurricane Andrew but presently is not used for anything.

FARM BUILDINGS AND NURSERY

While my uncle was alive I remember his building the pump house used to house the house pump and for storage. My father and brother helped with roofing the addition. My brother had a job after school and during the summer helping Ed (Leaky) Walker in his roofing company. His expertise learned came into play for the construction of the pump house. A 55 gallon drum on 3 cement blocks with a fire underneath melted the tar for the roofing. A few years later when we added irrigation to the west half of the property my uncle built another pump house using some of the 4x8 heart of Cyprus beams for the framing. This building still stands and is used for storage as we replaced the electric pumps with a single 6 cylinder Perkins diesel pump. Hurricane Andrew did no damage to this structure as well. All in all the houses built by Vihlen Brothers and my uncle had virtually no serious damage from Andrew. The shop built in two stages by Harris and Schroeder Construction also had no damage. This was not because we did not have severe wind but that proper construction techniques were employed.

Shortly after I graduated from the U of F I started the nursery. I had a fiberglass greenhouse with a steel ridgeline built by a High school friend of mine Allan Dillo and his father. I saw ball lightning travel down the length of the greenhouse on several occasions when the metal strip on top got hit by lightning. Mieke also saw it and decided not to go into the greenhouse during storms.

It had hogs hair panels on one end with water dripping thru it and two fans at the other end, which drew air thru the wet panels and cooled the inside. I

planted 3 types of vanilla and black pepper on the panels. I tried to copy the design and function of the ones I had worked in at the university. The greenhouse was also heated for freezing weather. I also had some larger plants inside including cacao, red sealing wax palms and various cold sensitive palms. They fruited in these conditions. When Hurricane Andrew blew through the greenhouse literally disappeared. I only saw a few pieces of the panels in the hammock. I never rebuilt the greenhouse but put shade cloth of over the footings to grow some plants without heat in the winter.

I have three sections of raised concrete beds with 7 beds in each section. I put in drip irrigation in three sections with solenoid valves to have enough water from a 7 horse power electric pump to water the section of beds and two sections under the avocado trees in the adjacent block. I since replaced the drippers with above ground PVC lines and spinner sprinklers. Many of the trees have out grown their pots and the roots have grown into the ground over the edge of the concrete beds. I have a very large guava tree that seems to be happy as the crown roots are on the concrete bed so crown root nematodes have not yet caused a decline. They have gotten quite big and provide some natural shading for potted plants on the beds. I also harvest the fruits from them for sale.

After hurricanes I often rent backhoes to facilitate cleanup and setting up of trees. I had one after Wilma and saw the large African tulip tree blown over. I dug a large hole under the tree for the rock for use to fill in the holes in the driveway. I dug steps in the side of the hole and placed a concrete lintel over the top of the stairs and set the tree up over the hole, which became the roof for a

bomb shelter.

I have had many workers on the farm over the years. My good friend Adrienne Johnson, her sister Helen and brother Ken as well as her mother Adrienne worked for me when I first started the nursery. They were instrumental in the set up of the nursery. It seemed many of the workers were a family affair. I had Lori Campbell, Craig Campbell, and Richard Campbell all working at around the same time. Their father was Dr. Carl Campbell a noted horticulturist with TREC the University of Florida Experiment Station here in Homestead. Matt Murray also worked at the same time and when they all went to the University of Florida to study Fruit Crops they would refer to my farm as Possum U.

Later the Van Ryan sisters and some of the brothers worked on the farm as well. Mieke, Carla and Inga along with Steven and J. D. worked for many years till Andrew blew thru and changed my operation to a minimalist farm. One of my past workers ran for the Florida commissioner of Agriculture because he was upset about the way the state ran the canker project. He unfortunately lost.

I used to travel several times a year to Central America to get seed and plant material for the nursery. Honduras had a planting near La Ciba of a Canadian company, PROYECTO BANCO DE GERMO-PLASMA. This was planted around 1990 so the trees are fairly young. Near Tela, Honduras the Wilson Popenoe Botanical Garden or Lancetilla had a vast collection of economic trees from around the tropical world. Wilson Popenoe worked for United Fruit and started world class botanical gardens there and in Trinidad and Guiana in the 1920's .

I met John Dickson at Lancetilla who was the director back in 1977. He had written a book on how to live off the land on \$3 a month. He lost his hair and almost lost teeth due the high selenium levels found in the paradise nuts he ate. The trees took the selenium from the soil and accumulated it in the nuts.

I would buy bushels of mangosteen, rambutan, pulisan, santol, langsat, durian for the seeds. I would pick up hitchhikers and let them eat the fruit in the back of my rental pickup truck and later in the hotel in San Pedro Sula (Copan Sula Hotel) use pectin esterase enzyme to clean the seeds of all the remaining pulp. Even hard to clean seeds would be free of pulp.

CATIE at Turrialba, Costa Rica had another world class collection of tropical fruits and trees I collected propagation materials from over the years. I also went to other government plantings including ASBANA near Puerto Limon and a private collection near Golfito on the pacific coast. I had a friend that was in Gainesville while I was a student there. His family had extensive holdings all over Costa Rica and he studied tropical agriculture in many of the same classes I had. I went to visit him and rode in his pickup truck while visiting his various farms collecting seeds, budwood and plants to bring home. Peter Aspinall and his family lived in the outskirts of the capital. One of their farms was near Arenal volcano with many acres of macadamia planted. His brother had another farm near La Lima with carambola and other fruits. I was impressed by the leaflets on his carambola trees as they were three times the size of those on trees in Florida. This can be attributed to better soil, climate and rainfall.

Peter also started a farm on the Pacific coast south of Gulfito near a place

called Punta Banco. It was almost in Panama. The surf there is famous for rides over 2 kilometer long. In order to get to the farm one had to ride in a truck along the shoreline for several kilometers and cross several rivers; one being the Rio Claro, then park and walk for a hour before reaching the farm. It is called Tiskita Jungle Lodge and is worth the difficulty in getting to it. It also had an airstrip. I flew in on time and we had to circle the farm a few minutes while the workers got the cattle off the runway. They were the organic green machines to control the grass. One night when visiting there in one of his ocean side villas sitting on the commode I watched while the whales blew off the coast in the full moonlight. It was a memorable moment not very often observed in this world.

Another time sitting on the 3rd floor balcony of his house on that farm we watched as the Swallow Tailed Kite birds flew by taking clusters of fruit off his tall nance, *Byrsonima crassiflora* tree, then as they soared higher flipped their feet over to their mouth to eat the fruit. There must have been over 15 of these birds feeding off the tree and very rarely did they flap their wings. The farmhouse was on the edge of a several hundred feet high cliff so the updraft kept the birds airborne easily. I also saw the White Fish Eagle there. I heard the bell bird but never saw it. It had a quite loud very good rendition of a bell . For alleged bug infested jungles it was quite pleasant in the house there even with out screens in the windows.

I once hiked several kilometers into the jungle just down the coast from his farm and a tropical rainstorm slid over us. The rain came down in proverbial buckets and I was mesmerized by the literal troughs of water that the tallest trees

of the jungle directed to their buttressed trunks. The water catchment and delivery system was as effective as London's Architect Christopher Wren finest projects.

Peter practiced sustainable agriculture long before it was the buzz word for modern farming. He would only cut and clear strips on jungle to plant his many different tropical economic trees. He would use his Alaskan Mule Chainsaw to make lumber of the most valuable tree trunks many of which were termite proof. The wood would be used for his farm and tourist structures and the balance sold. He used a pair of oxen to move the timber with chains where needed. The brush would be stacked in contoured piles to break down naturally and return to the soil and plant his trees in the spaces between the piles.

He had over 400 or more different trees he combed the world over to bring and plant. He would serve the fruit from them at his wilderness tourist inn.

I had plant import permits from USDA and would often find unusual fruits and other plants which I brought back and planted in the nursery. Our climate and soil did not allow many of them to become established on my farm.

Locally Bill Whitman on Bal Harbor and Adolf Grimmel on Big Pine Key grew successfully some of the more cold tender fruit trees. Bill would literally build a greenhouse over his more sensitive trees and keep them heated in the winter and imported fine topsoil to plant them in. Adolf would dig out the solution holes and made vast underground cisterns to collect all the rainwater that fell anywhere around his farm for irrigating the trees. He also had naturally warmer climate due to his location. I went to both their places to get propagation material

for the nursery many times over the years.

I used to have access to the plantings at TREC Homestead. I still have their planting plats as well as those for USDA Chapman Field and Fairchild Tropical gardens. I would call Dr. Carl Campbell or Dr. Bob Knight to get permission for access to get seeds or bud wood. Many of the trees on the farm came from these collections over the years. I also got plants from Fairchild gardens considered unsuitable for their plantings.

When I worked in the various University of Florida greenhouses and collections I obtained planting material, which grew for many years on the farm. Freezes, storms or general attrition destroyed many of these trees over the years. I had micro citrus, erymo citrus and other plants Dr. Al Krezdorn had imported for trials in Gainesville. Dr. Jim Soule had some plantings of tea, which I tried here but they never grew. I tried some later that Larry Schokman gave me from Sri Lanka . They did not survive either. Kola nut and clove also never seemed suitable for growing on the farm as they all died shortly after planting.

FARM INFRASTRUCTURE AND EQUIPMENT

Our well for the house is a 6- inch cased well 60 feet deep. In our area of south Florida the first 18 to 22 feet is solid coral rock know as Miami Oolite. Then a layer of very fine sand 6 to 10 feet thick separates the next layer of coral rock. It is in this second layer our water come for the house. This sand layer filter protects our drinking water. South Florida is blessed with such an extensive pool (Biscayne Aquifer) of exceptionally clean water. Our counties system of putting in French storm drains everywhere to facilitate faster removal of standing water

circumvents the natural filtration and it's protection of our source of drinking water. The sand layer between the two rock layers is often breeched when rock pits are dug 40-60 feet deep allowing contaminated water to mix with pristine water.

The hammock has many potholes from inches to over 10 feet in diameter and who knows how deep. The deepest is almost 15 feet deep to the bottom, which has filled in over the years with loose rocks and debris. After extreme rainfall like a wet hurricane there is standing water in this hole a few feet deep. Roots from nearby trees and leaf litter cover the holes so as to look like solid ground. Extreme caution must be exercised so as not to fall through and break a leg or sprain an ankle.

Over the years I have saved about 10 coral snakes from being killed and brought them to the farm and released them. Even with the additional snakes I have only seen 6 on different occasions on the farm. They are extremely reclusive and have never caused me or anyone else on the farm any problem. I did have a friend that managed to get bitten after playing with it in his backyard for nearly an hour. The coral snake has grooves in its back teeth through which the poison flows into its victim. They must find loose skin like between the fingers to actually do damage.

The farm has numerous 9 inch uncased wells at the center of each 2 ½ acre square. These were dug for irrigation by large portable irrigation pumps either towed or truck mounted. My uncle had an old 1948 Dodge 2 ½ ton dual wheel truck with a Hercules 6 cylinder diesel engine and 8 by 9 bronze hale fire

pump. It could suck the wells dry at over 1400 gallons per minute with a rippy head that turned to cover 2 ½ acres at a time. Ray Gasgil from Glade and Grove fabricated this and another smaller tractor drawn 6 by 7 pump and Chrysler 354 V-8 Hemi. He was their head mechanic and worked wonders at making machinery fit the purposes needed for local farmers.

My uncle had several 6 inch uncased wells he used before getting the larger irrigation units. He then had 9 inch wells drilled in each 2 ½ acre blocks to replace the smaller wells. They sold the Hercules and Dodge pump to Charles Burr at the berry farm east on SW 216 St. I still have the Chrysler Hemi and pump on the farm. Hurricane Andrew blew the roof off it and water got into the engine so it is in pieces in the shop waiting on extensive rebuilding.

My uncle bought a 1949 Ford 8-N 24 Horse Power grove tractor early in his ownership of the farm. Later on in the 60's he bought another 1951 8-N Ford tractor with a front mounted 6 feet wide 2 bladed mower. We still have both tractors. He also bought a Meyers 300 Gallon high pressure sprayer with hand gun. We bought a 100 gallon Meyers rear mounted PTO sprayer for herbicide and I fabricated a spray boom for it. A 300 gallon steel tank was mounted on 2 large truck tires and axil for watering small trees. I still have it and it works by gravity feed. A steel tank had a 2 inch steel pipe put thru it and filled with scrap lead and cement to make a 10 ton roller to crush rock and smooth driveways. It still is in working condition. A rear grading blade is still on the farm as are 2 bushhog PTO mowers; one 6 foot cut down for brush and one 11 foot offset. I bought a 1985 Ford 4400 Diesel tractor with frontend loader from Jimmy Canada

and Exotic Botanical nursery around 1996. I use it for the bush hog mowers and moving rock and dirt as well as setting up trees and moving heavy brush.

I go to lots of auctions in the state and bought 2 John Deere F935 diesel 3 cylinder mowers, one for parts for \$500 and the other one for \$6,500 that had fairly low hours. I have 2- 5 foot and 1- 6 foot mower deck. I also bought from a nearby distress sale another one for \$400. We drove it home after a few minor repairs. The front mounted mowers work well to go under the tree canopy to cut some of the vines and wrap some around the front tires to pull them out. As I do not use herbicides anymore this helps to control some of the weed problems.

We have 2 Gravely riding tractor mowers with 48 inch decks. They can with minor mechanical work be made to run. We bought one of them new and I got the other from an estate in Miami where it was for sale cheap.

Over the years we have bought a number of hand tools for the farm. They are in the east side of the shop hanging on the wall. I have bought several sections of pallet racks which I put in various areas of the shop and pump house to give additional places for storage of the ever increasing amount of stuff I accumulate. I find that if I throw something away within a few weeks I could have used a part of it to repair something else I am working on. Even a small piece of steel or plastic seems to be just the right size or shape to be used to fix some of my old and antique machinery.

I bought a 500 gall FMC airblast sprayer with a 453 Detroit diesel. I later bought at the Calgory Judge auction another FMC sprayer with stainless steel

tank and sold it to Joe Griffin a neighboring farmer. Later he sold it back to me as the engine blew a rod in mine. I cut and welded the two into a working sprayer, which is still on the farm and could be used with a little work. I go to many auctions as I find them to be cheap entertainment if I do not nod my head or wave at friends and accidentally buy something. I occasionally buy things for others to make enough money to pay for the gas used for the trip. It is discouraging to see so many companies and farmers going out of business in the last 15 years.

My first auction was Frank Sapp's liquidation of his farms and equipment. I stood in the rain with a garbage bag provided by the auction company with head and arm holes cut out. They did require us to stand in the rain and bid. I bought one and a half 55 gallon drums of 40 weight engine oil which I used for 5 years on the farm for my diesel irrigation engines.

The shop is enclosed on both ends with three bays open between for vehicle storage. I have woodworking equipment on the west side and a lot of wood stored around the shop. I have an electric homemade sawmill I bought in De Funiak Springs and pulled home behind my pick up truck. It took two days at 25 miles per hour with a stop at Gainesville overnight. It is slow but can handle logs up to 3 feet diameter and 20 feet in length. I have cut many different trees from the farm including the gru gru palm, which has the hardest wood from a palm in the world.

I find many of the cuts I make to true the logs for cutting boards yield interesting artsy pieces. Long sweeping curved pieces with a polished side and a

natural side stand from a foot to over 6 feet tall have sold fairly well over the years. I also use the oval cut pieces as bases for upside down dead nursery trees for money trees and places to hang jewelry. Some of the trees have wood with grain like a 3d postcard, which shimmers when you look at it from different angles.

The other end of the shop is more of a machine shop and tools for mechanical work. I have many parts and hardware stored around the shop area for repair and maintenance. Welding and a cutting torch are by the door as a farm has many breakdowns and the equipment does not travel well to a repair shop. Much of my equipment and machinery is old and parts often are not available as they are obsolete. I either have to fabricate replacement parts or buy the whole piece of equipment at auctions to get one part.

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305 235 1768

The tour starts from the first steps from the transportation as the plantings

are in no particular order much as the Creator used in his natural mostly mixed plantings. This creates confusion for pests and diseases such as insects, fungi and government regulators. It is a natural jungle in South Florida where over 300 collected economic plants exist in peaceful tranquility. As you enter the property you see that many plants considered as weeds by many exist alongside the eclectic mix of plants that GOD gave us with potential uses for our enjoyment on this terrestrial ball.

Few chemical inputs are used to keep a more natural environment in place and to provide future generations a part of the world more like it was in the past. After all we do not own the land, we just borrow it from our children.

The experience includes a tour of some of the fruiting trees used for stimulating all our senses for the evening with a per person price of \$150.00 per person cash (no credit cards or checks please). Four different wines made from fruits grown on the farm over the last 30 years along with appetizers, soup, salad, several main courses, several side dishes and dessert is included. A menu selection of possible dishes can be given to you for possible selections for the nights experience or new dishes with your favorite foods can be developed for your pleasure with personal preferences considered. A brief tour of the plantings showcasing some of the ingredients for the evening's selections is part of the experience.

The 40 acre farm is next door to the Monkey Jungle since 1945 with a

rustic Florida farm house with seating for up to 35 people and using many vintage plates and serving ware. As few as 4 can book for an event.

Seasonal and local products are used as much as possible. I try to avoid artificial ingredients and use a cook from scratch method mostly with fruits from the farm incorporated in many of ingredients is the general desire of the CantankerousChef. We use mostly fruit woods to make the cooking coals if grilling or smoking the foods for the meals. I have wines I have made for over the last 30 or so years from bignay, lychee, carambola, jaboticaba, loquat, and the like. 4 or 5 different wines accompany the various courses.



The farm can be available for tours, weddings, funerals or other special

occasions as well as photo shoot or filming locations. If personal preferences as to food style or content are desired please contact me before the event scheduled so as to coordinate it into the experience.

Seating is generally limited to 35 but special arrangements can be made with sufficient notice.

I am a farmer first with no formal training in cooking but am experienced in cooking for maximum flavors and interesting combinations of unusual ingredients so it should be a truly unique experience for each of you. I truly feel that you will get to know a little about how foods are related to production on this green ball by close personal interaction with your food. My mother always said to not play with your food but that is no fun at all.

It is our desire to educate our participants in the variety and possible uses of the various tropical fruits now available to the public. We can see the trees and their fruits, leaves and nuts in the surrounding plantings and follow their collection, preparation and presentation at the dinner table.

By sampling the products such as sauces, wines, garnishes, relishes, beverages and desserts our horizons are expanded and a deeper appreciation of our planets products can be achieved. The blending of the science of agriculture and the art of cooking can truly be experienced at the Possum Trot in the capable hands of the Cantankerous Chef.

You will be able to experience wines that are not only very good but totally unique in the world. The flavors will blend together in the food prepared in unique combinations with unusual tropical fruits I grow on the farm. This will be similar to outstanding in the fields or other on the farm dinners but not using outside chefs as I can cook good myself and it will be truly an authentic and original on the farm eating experience.

Classes can be organized for teaching survival, cooking, organic minimalist farming and other related topics. Tours of the farm are also possible. Parking is free unlike the city but the farm has no pavement or sidewalks.

When I was very young I used to hang around the kitchen with my mother and help (mostly get in her way) while she cooked. She was a good cook and tried many different cuisines. My favorite was beef stroganoff. She would serve it over noodles in a large platter and in the center make a depression and place English peas for color contrast. She also made curries with many side condiments. Coconut toasted shreds, raisins, minced boiled eggs, Major Grey's mango chutney. Heinz Indian relish, crushed peanuts, and shredded green onions were the usual ones. She would always tell me not to play with my food. I still play with my food so I can learn new recipes.

I have traveled in many of the countries in this hemisphere. I often go as a consultant and have access to various food industries involved in food service or processing. I see interesting culinary uses of fruits not common in this country

and come home and develop my own recipes using fruits from the farm.

I watch television cooking shows and learn a lot of new innovative recipes and techniques for using the tropical fruits I grow.

I have many hours in the television halls of higher education. Of course the grand Madame, Julia Childs come to memory as one of the earliest I watched. Graham Kerr the Galloping Gourmet had his statuary sentry's watching over his culinary creations. I still use what Jeff Smith taught on an almost weekly inclusion in what I cook. He taught culinary inclusion and fusion in one show.

One of my favorite shows was the Naked Chef, Jamie Oliver. His method in the kitchen and lack of use of a cutting board were already my stock in trade before watching him in action. I, as with him include a little of all the showmen I have watched over the years in my cooking. Cooking is an art much like agriculture. There are so many permutations and combinations of all the inputs it is arrogance in the greatest degree to assume one way is better than others. When I graduated from the University of Florida I had learned that farming was 90% art and 10% science. I later learned what I already knew; 30% was perspiration. I was never too good at math.

I enjoyed Martin Chang, the two fat ladies on the Triumph motorcycle in England, Clarissa Dickson Wright and Jennifer Paterson on BBC television for many years.. They cooked in many farmhouses and other interesting settings. Chief Keith Floyd cooked from whatever country he chose. I went to the Fish and Sole Place while in London and remembered the Floyd episode where he could not pry the batter formula from its owner. When I mentioned the show to him the

owner smiled in remembrance. I asked if he would sell me three different fish in an order without the chips and he said sure. It took me three return trips to get all the types of fish he offers. All the people say how expensive it is to eat and sleep in London. I found the prices reasonable at the places I went to and I experienced the country through my mouth and stomach. The same is true in most places I have visited.

I also had a marvelous meal upstairs at The Queen Charlotte Inn. It was a traditional English meal of roasted beef, English peas and a potato cooked by baking it whole first and then deep fat fried. It was marvelous and I cook them at home sometimes. I cheat and use the microwave to do the first cooking and then peel and deep fry till the outside is crispy. Sure are good. Dessert was English trifle. It did not cost an arm and a leg either.

Justin Wilson cooking in his back yard with the added security of both belt and suspenders added a natural wit to cooking and I would leave out some of the heat from hot sauce of course. I do buy several gallons a year of Frank's hot sauce and add small juga-ga-jugas for added flavor without much heat to many of the recipes I cook.

I have not bought charcoal to cook with for many years as I have so many dead branches, which work to make cooking coals without much more time and a lot cheaper. I used to use grills over the coals to cook with but a few years ago I converted a water tank to a smoker oven and use it for many cooking techniques. As an oven, smoker, roasting, and baking unit it has become second nature for me to use. I smoke eggs, cook pizzas, grill steaks and seafood, smoke

vegetables, bake bread, and roast turkeys etc. I do not know exact temperatures inside but it seems to cook at about 350°F. but that varies when more wood is added to the fire at one end of the converted water tank. I usually do not cut the wood but jam it in a little at a time from the end so eventually the branch is all burned. When I was cooking for an after harvest season brunch on the farm my electric stove broke down. I had to cook my scrambled eggs in a large full sized baking pan so I fired up the smoker and put the pan in and stirred occasionally. The eggs came out delicious and slightly kissed by the smoke. I also used this for an earth dinner another year for baking the potatoes with rosemary. They were real tasty as well. Accidents can bring about change in our cooking methods for the better.

I use many different varieties of wood and each give a slightly different taste to the food cooking. Also some like jackfruit, buttonwood, mangrove and muntingia burn so hot the flame is bluish and melts glass. I try not to use wood containing toxins from trees like mango, Manchineel, cashew and Jamaican dogwood. Woods from trees like avocado burn without much heat or coal development and leave a lot of ash so I do not use them. Trees with a resinous pitch like pines are also objectionable. Wood that has been treated like creosote and pressure treated should be avoided also.

I have developed many different methods to cook the same fruit or vegetable so a whole meal can be developed around a single item. I did a Potato pandemonium meal using only local products last year. The state of

Maine grows three fields out back of the farm in the glade that has marl soil.

They grow out a part of seed lots to index for viruses. I pick up each year buckets of many different varieties of potatoes they plow under without harvesting after determining whether virus has infected the specific lot so the Main farmers can have virus free seed potatoes for their crops.

I had help from Margie Pitarsky from Bee Heaven farm and some of her wwoofers (Willing workers on organic farms) to cook and prepare the meal. The starter course was lavender vichyssoise with multicolored potato chips. I had a multicolored potato salad with avocado slices. Then I served a potato soufflé fresh out of the oven. The main course was beef stew with various colored potatoes. Dessert was potato pancakes with pear sliced over them and a cas sauce.

Oneness sameness meals are something I have done many times. I pick one item and hang the whole meal on it. It might be something I have plenty of or found a bargain for a quantity of some item. I used to buy asparagus by the 10 pound box for \$10 at C-Brand imported from Colombia. I started with cream of asparagus soup followed with asparagus salad with avocado slices. Then wood grilled asparagus wrapped with bacon and grilled butterflied leg of lamb with mint sauce. An asparagus soufflé with a cas sauce and araca ice cream finished the meal.

Another meal was breadfruit start to finish. Breadfruit can be cooked as a green fruit as well as the ripe fruit. When I worked in Grenada I would go to various restaurants and homes and ask how they prepared the various fruits in

the meals. I was told that ripe breadfruit is only good for feeding the goats. I have played with ripe fruit and found it had great potential in many applications. The ripe fruit mixes with flour and leavening and butter to make pie pastry with a neat fruity flavor. It also works in cake recipes. I have made ice cream using it for flavor and thickening action. The green fruit can be thrown into the fire whole and when done mixed with salt, pepper and butter similar to the potato. It can be peeled and cored and chunked into boiling water and when soft drained and mashed to be further deep fat fried. Most anything can be mixed with it for variations. Cheese, onions, seafood, minced meats, and vegetables are some of the variations that work well and I have named them Captain Bligh's Breadfruit Fries.

My sister and brother were visiting one night when I did a breadfruit only and all ways meal. Breadfruit soup started the meal. Followed by breadfruit salad. Oildown which is breadfruit made with long slices of breadfruit, okra, onion, green pepper, carrot, crab legs, celery, and whatever you have on hand in a pot simmered with coconut milk, salt, black pepper, hot sauce and garlic. Goat, pork, beef, chicken or other meats can be used as well. At Mama's Restaurant in Tantine near St Georges Grenada used land crab chunks in hers. Then the Captain Bligh's Breadfruit Fries as a side. I made a carambola pie with breadfruit pastry for desert with breadfruit ice cream on top put the meal over the top.

Carambola is another fruit that lends itself to uses all across the coursed of a meal. It works well with salads and instead of normal pickle relish it substitutes for the pickle in potato salad. It works well as a star in stir fries or in

sweet and sour instead of pickle. It is very good in pies such as my carambola $2\pi r^2$. I have made them in ½ sheet baking pans and cut in squares with my homemade ice creams for political rallies, ice cream socials and other functions. They can be breaded and fried or tempura battered and fried.

I have made wine as well as other beverages from the fruit. My first batch of carambola wine was absolute swill. I left it in cases in a shed I had at the edge of the hammock. After hurricane Andrew blew thru I was checking around with a visiting architect from Oklahoma and saw the cases sitting on the floor of the shed. The walls and roof had blown away leaving the contents still sitting on the floor more or less unmoved. We decided to open a few bottles and when the carambola was sampled it had the flavor of a very fine dry sherry. Time can heal many things and this was a good example of such coming true. I have some varieties I call juice carambolas which when cut in half and squeezed yield juice easily. With naturally sweet fruit juices or other sweeteners can make a very pleasant drink.

The star shape lends itself to many decorative uses in culinary arts. The flavor can be intense sour to insipid sweet depending on the variety. I have over 60 here on the farm.

I have found that the jackfruit has many uses in culinary arts as well. The distinctive flavor and various textures make it a candidate for playing around with the pallet. I have two main types, crunchy and mushy. The mushy can be blended and used for cake batters, drinks and sauces. The crunchy goes

well in curries, sweet and sour, stir fries, and pockets for stuffing either raw or cooked.

GRENADA

When I worked in Grenada importing fruit for Brooks Tropicals I developed around 200 recipes for breadfruit. In Grenada I was known as breadfruit man. The islanders often made up names for people that were based on their area of work. I have two good friends in Grenada one is known as flowers man (John Criswick) and the other as perfume lady (Angela Clements). John has Mt. Rose nursery and a collection of tropical fruits he has collected over the years. Angela had a business that made perfumes, spice baskets, soaps and other tourist items for sale. I would stay with her while I was there and her house always smelled good as she made the perfume in it. As tonight is Halloween, one of the houses she rented was known as McCloud house. It was in St. David and up on a hill. The original owner grew nutmeg and built the house on top of an old cemetery. He had two daughters who lived there after he had died and never married.

My first day in the house I had gone to my room on the second floor and sitting at the desk working on my report for the project I was involved with. I saw a reddish-purple light ball come in one of the windows and float around the room. It could be seen through and was about 18 inches in diameter. It settled hovering over me for a few minutes and then went out another window. Later that night as the water pressure did not make it up the hill during the day and never to the upstairs bathroom, I went downstairs to use the bathroom for a shower. As I sat

on the toilet I heard the bathroom door slam and footsteps on the stairs and then a bedroom door slam shut. I did not think anything about it at the time. The next night I was coming down the stairs and heard the door slam shut in the bathroom. I then heard the footsteps on the stairs I was descending and it went right through me and then the door slammed shut upstairs in the bedroom. I definitely thought something was not normal then. By the way the temperature always seemed to grow very cold when these things happened and I would blow out my breath and it would be smoky like on a cold night. At night I would hear something like marbles banging around in the attic floor. Angela said it was manicu (possums) playing with a nutmeg in the attic. Sometimes at night I would wake up with someone picking my feet up in bed and playing with them. Only thing I did not see anybody doing it. I asked Angela about it and she said dmobo were said to play with feet at night. I stayed there about a week and occasionally downstairs the room would grow cold and I would smell lilac water like little old ladies would use. As I Said Angela made perfume but none of her scents had that smell. All in all it seemed that many of the ghostly apparitions on television actually do happen.

Angela had a rational reason for renting the houses she did. She said the rent was much lower as most people did not like to share their houses with spirits. I never stayed in another one she had near Mama's Lodge which had a malevolent spirit that even she could not deal with. She said there was one room in that house she could never enter.

Grenada was a high point in my life of various adventures. I went there a

week after intervention with a friend of mine Matt Murray and Dr. Price who owned a sunglass company in North Carolina. I had heard President Reagan talk about the Caribbean Basin Initiative (CBI). John Criswick met us at the old Pearls Airport on the East side of the island. He drove us back to St. Georges over the island through the Grand Etang, which contained the bottomless lake in the crater of the extinct volcano. There were still many blown up vehicles from the brief liberation of the Medical students by our military. John was very helpful in my quest for starting a farm in Grenada but I never actually got it started. He went around the island showing me the various estates and describing their rainfall and other pertinent information. I finally decided on Douglaston Estate near Gouyve on the north west side of the island. The farm was located below the extinct volcano Mt. Catherine. It was 600 acres and still had its farm buildings including the beaucage and steam engines that worked. Nutmeg, cacao, coconuts, allspice, clove, banana and other fruits and herbs grew there. I brought back to Florida soil samples to be tested at the lab in Gainesville with all the proper US permits. The lab said the results were some of the highest levels of nutrients they had ever worked on. The soils on the farm consisted of volcanic latosols up to 15 feet deep. Sir Willy Branch was the owner and he showed me around the estate on numerous occasions. He had a couple of small dogs that enjoyed eating the seeds from the weeds on the farm off your pants legs. I worked with Brooks Tropicals importing breadfruit and other fruits from there for several years. I worked closely with the Grenada Market Import Board.

I spent many hours driving over much of the island looking at the various

estates many of which were available for purchase. The island had three very impressive and unusual reasons for my interest in starting farms there. It is south of the normal hurricane corridor. Janet in the 1955 and Ivan in the 1990's are the two exceptions. And what an exception was Ivan. There is not much chance of cold weather to damage ultra exotic fruit crops such as those I planned to grow. It was at the time a fruit fly free growing zone as well, which would have been an economic advantage for entry to the US market.

FAMILY HISTORY

My father and uncle moved to Miami with their mother Dorothy M. Barnum (August 23, 1869- July 2, 1942) and father John Barnum in 1920. A brother Merle and sister Madeleine rounded out the family. My grandfather died on his way home riding the Miami Trolley and the driver went back to see why he did not get off and found him dead in his seat. My grandmother had a diner in a railroad car about 4-5 blocks northwest of the Old Miami News (now the Freedom Tower building). It blew down in the 1926 hurricane.

My Father Colonel John Merton Barnum U. S. Army Artillery, Retired from the Army on April 24, 1961 after having served over 20 years. He was born on April 6, 1911 at 112 East 3rd Street Corning, Steuben County, New York. He went to School #3 (elementary) in Corning, New York for grades 1-4 in 1916-1919. He then attended school #1(elementary) in Corning, N.Y. for grade 5 for only one week and then moved to Florida. One of his brothers was shot by a neighbor boy and killed which sort of interrupted life as they knew it. They moved to Miami to

get away from the unpleasantness on September 1-15 1920. He attended Buena Vista (elementary) school in Miami, Fl. for grade 5a-6b-6a in 1920 and 1921. He then attended Central (elementary) Miami, Fl. grades 7b-7a and 8b in 1921-1922. Northside (elementary) for grade 8a and summer school in 1923. Grades 9-10-11-12 were at Miami High School in 1923-1924-1925-1926. We went to the University of Florida for 1928-1929 -1930-1931 and exited in 1932 without graduating. He was however a member of Florida Blue Key which was indicative of his mental prowess. He worked for Biscayne Engineering Co. July 1927 thru August 1928. This was the company his brother L. L. Barnum worked for many years here in Miami. Jack J.J. Bennitt was its owner and I saw on a PBS Viscaya show that he was the chief engineer for the Viscaya buildings starting about 1920. He worked for James Deering for 10 years then quit to start working at Biscayne Engineering. James gave him a new Ford car for his years of good service. Various jobs were held until 1934 at the Commons at the University of Florida, Atkins Boarding house in Gainesville, Jaxes Diner in Gainesville, Grounds Department for the university of Florida and the U>S> Post office for Christmas. He returned to Miami to work for the Great Atlantic A & P Tea Company in July 1932 thru June 1934. Kellogg Sales Company employed him and he worked Miami and Macon Georgia where he met his wife (over 50 years), then Jacksonville, Florida from 1934-1940 When he entered the US Army. His active duty Army career started on November 27, 1940 at Fort Screven, Savannah Beach, Georgia. He started at the rank of 2nd Lieutenant Reserves on June 6, 1932; 1st Lt. Reserve march 17, 1937. Captain rank (Aus) on December

26,1941. Maj. (Aus) July 23 1942. Captain regular army on October 10, 1947
Maj. regular army on July 15, 1948. Lt. Col. (Aus) September 7, 1950. Lt.
Col.regular army on July 7, 1953 and Col.(Aus) may 26, 1959. Some of his
stations were Ft. Hood, Texas; Ft. Sill, Oklahoma; Ft. MacPherson, Georgia;
Korea; Japan; Gissen, Germany; Bad Krueznak, Germany and the Pentagon,
Washington D.C.

This as a copy of a document my father had written just after
World War II. I transcribed it from the original.

According to information collected from KUNIZUKA, former army lieutenant and
secretary to Mr. CHANDRA BOSE, and OKITA YOSHIO, a former army air corps
Sgt-major and pilot of Mr. BOSE'S private plane, and NAKAMURA MAKOTO,
former army air corps captain and the commanding officer of the Matsuyama Air
Base.Taihoku, Mr. CHANDRA BOSE returned from Singapore to Bangkok on 16
August 1945 and with the intention of flying to Tokyo and arrived at Teloku on 18
August 1945 accompanied by his Chief of Staff and some high-ranking Japanese
officers. He was carrying with him four sacks of precious stones given to him as a
gift by the people in India. However he was critically burned when the plane
crashed on the take off on 21 August from the Matsuyana Air Base. (According to
Mr. NAKAMURA' S statement the plane crashed around 1400 16 AUGUST when
it was taking off presumably headed for SOVIET RUSSIA.). When he was taken
to the Taihoku Army Hospital, Mr. BOSE kept crying "Gold, Gold" and when told
that the gold was in the hands of Military Police for safekeeping his mind was set

at rest and he died asking his secretary FARMAN(?) to take care of the martyrs of India. Information regarding the whereabouts of the gold since then, however, could not be obtained from any of the witnesses above. Subsequent, untiring and continuous efforts to learn the fate of Mr. BOSE's gold finally led to the discovery of a person named HAYASHI Tatsuo, a resident of Fukuoka City and a former army lieutenant who had been attached to the staff section of the Taiwan Army. He had accompanied Lt Col. Brown, aid to Mr. Bose, and some Japanese officers on the last flight from Formosa during which flight, both the remains of Mr. Bose and his gold were brought to Japan. According to his statement the precious stones in question were packed in a wooden box and forwarded to Tokyo by trading immediately, after their arrival in Fukuoka and was handed over to the Army Headquarters on 7 September 1945. (YUKAN FUKUNICHI, Fukuoka, 3 Aug. 47. TO).

This is a poem my father had in his papers and I do not know the author but might have been him.

YUNDE IN THE SKY

"An old Kay-mag went sho-ga-ing one dark and stormy day,
He paused upon the Punch Bowl to rest him on his way
When all at once a mighty crowd of slopeheads he did spy,
A-sho-ge-omg, A-cho-ge-ing, a high against the sky
Yo-bah-say-oooo,mah-ree-jooooo,
Slopeheads against the sky.

“Get off that goddaamn ridge he said,
Before you lose your heads,
The 82’s came whistling in, and then they all drop dead
To spring once more again, to life, he cried an awful cry,
For he’s doomed to advise for forty points,. That yunde in the sky.

CHORUS

“The advisor donned his rubber shoes, his eyes were a a slant,
His breath was hot with kim-she, and his cap was at a cant
In the midst of all them slopeheads he was hard to spy.
For he’d spent eighteen months advising- that yunde in the sky

CHORUS

“O, he went off to Tie-goo one bright and sunny day,
With forty points behind him, he was on his way.
He took one look around him, and he was heard to cry,
O Tie-goo’s ten times worse than that yunde in the sky.

CHORUS

“The palace guard in Tie-goo are dressed like fashion plates
He found that a shiny swagger stick’s the thing that really rates,
They work hard all day at nothing much at all,
They haven’t seen a slopehead since a year ago last fall.

CHORUS

“Then back again to the mountains they went the old Kay-mag,
He found his yunde waiting perched upon a mountain crag,

With a mighty shout they welcomed him, and he was glad to find
There were only 8,000 requisitions left for him to sign.

CHORUS

When the moon hangs yellow over the old Punch Bowl
And the wind comes whistling round the ridge enough to chill your soul

You’ll hear his lonesome cry coming from on high,
Look’s like he’ll spend forever, with that yunde in the sky.

CHORUS

Another rather funny copy I found in in my father’s files follows.

Dear Fellow Traveler:

I have the distinguished honor of being a member of a committee to raise
Fifty billion dollars to be used for placing a statue of Truman in the Hall of Fame
in Washington.

We have decided not to tease it by placing it next to George Washington
(who never told a lie), nor Thomas Jefferson (who spurned a third term), nor next
to Lincoln (who is known as “Honest Abe”). The committee was in quite a
quandary, but after careful deliberation, it has been decided to place the statue
next to Columbus- who, after all, did not know where he was going, did not know

where he was when he got there, not where he had been when he returned home, but he did the whole trip on borrowed money.

The inscription to be engraved on the Truman statue will read; "I pledge allegiance to Harry Truman and the indebtedness for which he stands....on man indispensable...with corruption for all."

Five thousand years ago, Moses said; "Pick up thy shovel, mount thy ass and camel and I will lead ye into the promised land." Five thousand years later, Truman says; "Lay down your shovel, sit on your ass, light a Camel, this is the promised land."

If you are one of those who dares have money left over after taxes are paid, we will expect a contribution.

Sincerely yours,

Fellow Traveler.

Another saying I found in the files could be applicable even today.

"He actively seeks not to be popular and is richly rewarded for his efforts."

Another poem my father wrote follows;

'Twas on an evening in October

When I was far from sober,

And totin' home a load with manly pride,

That my feet began to stutter,

As I laid down I the gutter
And a hog came up and laid down by my side.

Then we sang "It's all fair weather,
When good fellows get together",
When a lady passing by was heard to say,
"You can tell a man who boozes, By the company he chooses",
And the hog got up and slowly walked away

Another one

GETTYSBURG ADRESS

(WRITTEN BY THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY)

"Eight and seven-tenths decades ago, the pioneer worker in this continental area implemented a new group based on an ideology of free boundaries and initial conditions of equality. We are now actively engaged in an overall evaluation of conflicting factors... We are met in an area of maximum activity among the conflicting factors... to assign permanent positions to the units which have been annihilated in the process of attaining a steady state. This procedure represents standard practice at the administrative level.

"From a more comprehensive viewpoint, we cannot assign... we cannot

integrate... we cannot implement this area... the courageous units, in being annihilated...have integrated it to the point where the application of simple arithmetical operations to include our efforts could produce only negligible effects....

“It is preferable for this group to be integrated with the incompleting implementation... that we here resolve at a high ethical level that the deceased shall not have been annihilated without furthering the project—that this group... shall implement a new source of unhampered activity—and that political supervision composed of the integrated units, for the integrated units, and by the integrated units shall not perish from... this planet.”
A moral builder for the troops in Korea is also in my father's files.

MORAL BUILDER

Dear _____,

Nothing much doing around here—I sure envy you out there in Korea in the thick of things. Bet you never have a dull moment.

I was out to see your wife last night, and read a lot of your letters. They're a little mushy, but I don't blame you. Trances is such a swell Girl. Wonderful figure, looks and personality, and the guys still whistle at her when she walks down the street.

Your brother-in-law, Smedley, dropped in, too. He was wearing that new brown suit you bought just before you left. Frances gave it to him, as she thought it would be out of style before you came back. Several other couples came in, and we killed two cases of beer. We all wanted to chip in for it, but Frances wouldn't let us; she said you always send her ten or twenty dollars extra for her to spend as she pleases. She also gave me those two nifty five -dollar ties of yours; they're the classiest ties I've ever seen. One of the guys is going to buy your new set of golf clubs, too. He offered \$25 for them, and is going to pick them up tomorrow.

Well, Frances was sure the life of the party. I thought she'd be a little shaken up after the car accident last week with the Chevy, but you'd never know she was in a head-on collision and smashed your car to bits. The other driver is still in the hospital, and is threatening to sue. Too bad Frances forgot to pay the insurance, but the funny thing is, she's not a bit worried.

We all admire her courage and nonchalance, and especially her being willing to mortgage the house to pay the bill. Good thing you gave her power of attorney before you left.

To get back to the party, you should have seen Frances do an imitation of Gypsy

Rose Lee! She's really a card. Still full of pep and energy! She was still going strong when we said good-night to her and Claude. Guess you know Claude is

now rooming at the house. It's nearer his work, and he says he saves a lot on gas and lunch. He says Frances can cook bacon and eggs the best the world, and can really do things to a steak. You don't have to worry about her and her ration points, because Claude knows a butcher down the street—a cousin of the guy he gets all his gasoline from.

Nothing new with me,. Except my wife got a raise==\$85 a week, so we're okay now with the \$50 I get at the office. It's getting late, so I'd better stop. I can see across the lawn into your porch. Frances and Claude are having a nightcap—he's wearing that smoking jacket you always wore so much.

Well, chum—I sure wish I could be over there with you. Give those Korean Commies Hell!!!

Your Pal,
George

His father John Merton Barnum was born on February 22, 1869 at Leroy Penn.(?). His mother Dorothy Mae Arnold Barnum was born on February 22, 1869 in Elmyra, New York. My father somehow fell or jumped of the porch and cut a deep gash in his leg. He had a bad scar for life from that. Their house was

devastated by that storm. My family recounts how my uncle listened to an old phonograph with a recording of "Lord, What A Morning" repeatedly the days after the storm.

My mother, Eunice Ann (Moon) Barnum Graduated from Middle Georgia Hospital School of Nursing in the September class of 1936. She met and married my father and never practiced nursing. She tells of a bull dog named boots that was owned by the head nurse of the school. It had a account at the local drugstore around the corner and could go for an ice cream whenever he felt like it and the cost was put on account. Another student was cleaning in the storeroom and put a box of strychnine (rat poison) down where the dog could get to it and Boots ate some. The chief surgeon tried to save Boots but he died. He was laid in state in the school and given a funeral with all the nurses and staff in the lobby using a child's coffin and interred in the courtyard of the school.

It was John's arrival that Daddy heard about from Uncle Doyle and it was in the Philippines aboard a ship. Daddy was there when you arrived in North Carolina. Uncle Doyle was in the coast guard and his ship was over there.

My Uncle Lynton Lysle Barnum also called Tink and L.L. He was a surveyor and civil engineer. He worked for Biscayne Engineering for many years. He also worked as Head Engineer for Cherry Point Marine Base in North Carolina. He told me that when he surveyed much of the Arvida lands in the everglades the crew used a Model T Ford truck. They would place additional tail pipe and intake pipe to raise it above the water level and take off the fan belt as well as liberally coat the distributor and plug wires with bear grease. This allowed

the motor to run while submerged in water. They would drive the truck underwater all day and then find a raised land area in hammocks for the night and let the motor dry for the night and start again the next day with it under the swamp water. He also said that new cloths had to be worn because old cloths turned to ribbons quickly in the saw grass. George Bolton who is now a Director of Biscayne Engineering told me he used to come by the farm to pick my uncle up to go to Daywal farms to survey it in the 1940's. It was a 30,000 acre parcel south of Homestead.

Biscayne Engineering is involved in the construction of the Florida International University campus, which is developed on a portion of the land known as the Graves Tract. Biscayne is asked to retrace a 30,000 acre survey by Mr. Jackson done in 1843, for Daywal Farms in South Dade. Biscayne is commissioned to perform engineering and surveying services for the development and dredge fill operation at San Sousi Estates.

Mr. Lindgren and George Wright cleared the land with bulldozers. My uncle told me how Mr. Lindgren had a branch go through his cheek while clearing some of the hammock. The D-8 bulldozers used a heavy narrow chisel blade call a scarifying blade to plow up the rock at 2-5 inches deep per pass. The rock chunks then piled up under where the tracks passed to farther break up the rock to provide additional soil for the trees or crops. We had many pine trunks

(lighter stumps) that we split on cold mornings for firewood in our 2 fireplaces. A big piece of stump would barely fit in the fireplace and burn cheerfully and roaringly all night long on cold freeze nights.

We were some of the earliest lime growers to put solid set over tree irrigation using galvanized pipe bought from ARVIDA nursery back in 1965. We also bought a bunch of heart of cypress 4 by 8 timbers, which we still have a portion left. Many years the irrigation provided protection to the trees and fruit, which provided higher returns due to a industry wide lower production. 1977 freeze which froze many trees in South Florida to 4 inch wood or outright killed many yielded my most profitable year ever. Limes were \$70 a bushel (55 pounds) and avocados were \$60 per bushel. This freeze night started at 4PM in the afternoon with temperatures falling below 32°F. It got to 18°F before the morning. As you can imagine many problems occurred during the duration of the freeze. A car went off the road on SW 167 Ave. near South Dade High School and took out the power along this avenue for many miles. The farmers relying on electric pumps could do nothing for protecting their crops. In the Walker Triangle of Kendall Foods, over 700 acres of avocados and limes with electric pumps experienced a major problem. The person starting the pumps went down a bank of starting switches punching them one after another and the transformers blew up taking off the top of the electric power pole. Florida Power and Light (Florida Flicker and Flutter, Florida Plunder and Loot) came out and replaced the pole and watering resumed. Meanwhile, at J. R. Brooks and Son where I worked at the time, Reed Olszack and myself turned on two pumps with Chrysler 318 cubic

inch engines and they raced at full throttle due to frozen linkage we had reported but had not been fixed and threw rods out through the side of the blocks. 80 acres froze due to this in the Hayden Grove north of SW 184 St. In another grove we started a pump only to discover the instillation crew had not connected the 8 inch PVC mainline tee and we had to work in 3 feet of water to attach the line and resume watering. We did this at below freezing temperature. What fun. On freeze nights we would often start pumps early and idle them until the temperature approached freezing (34°F.) and then increase the revolutions per minute to optimum for the irrigation system for the balance of the night. We then passed by each pump more or less hourly to see if any problems had occurred. Fan belts broke; water or oil leaked out, and pumps lost their prime were some of the problems encountered. Also fuel systems would shut down and filters had to be replaced and pumps restarted and re-primed. This all occurred while us South Florida boys not used to cold had to continue functioning. When a wrench slipped and your hand hit something it hurts a whole lot more in the cold.

Often when the wind blew more than 8-10 miles per hour the water hitting the trees froze into ice in such great amounts the trees split and branches broke so that it seemed like a hurricane had blown through the next morning after the ice had melted. Chain link fences sometimes had the holes completely iced over. Possum vines hanging down from the trees got to look like 2-3 inch thick ice-cycles. We would congregate in the early morning hours at the coffee pot in the Brooks field office with Duncan doughnuts and relate the various problems

and temperature variations that had happened in the field. Due to the type of switches used with electric pumps if the power flickered or fluttered a magnetic switch would override the pump shutting it down and required it to be manually restarted. Due to the power demand on Florida Flicker and Flutter Company regularly had periodic interruptions. We would have to have a person standing by the switches in the field to restart the pumps in many of the groves. On average a whole team of us worked as it took 5-25 minutes to start a pump in the field depending on the problems encountered. As the temperature drops below 32°F. diesel engines get increasingly difficult to start and extra amperage is needed to turn the starters fast enough to get ignition. The trucks had 2-8D batteries hooked up in parallel to get sufficient amperage to start the motors using heavy-duty jumper cables. Murphy's law did not slow down with the lower temperatures. Often each person had 6-18 pumps to start in his section. I had my own pumps here on the farm to start so I would start them when the temperature got to 36°F. In the early years I had 2-15 HP electric and 1-25 HP electric centrifugal pumps. I also had 2-30 HP electric turbine pumps. I also used my Ford 8-N tractor with a PTO pump for the yard system. The nursery had a 7 HP centrifugal pump and heaters in the greenhouses. Later on I replaced the electric with diesel centrifugal pumps. This avoided the problems due to power interruptions. Often the pumps had to run for over 12 hours as they could not be turned off till most of the ice load had melted the next morning. If you turned off the pumps too early the ice would become super cold due to its evaporation. Water yields about 80 calories per gram as it freezes. This helps cocoon the tree

in a blanket of ice that keeps it at 32°F. I would turn on my pumps at 36°F. This worked out as many of my trees were more cold sensitive than those of Brooks who turned on at 34°F.

My uncle planted about 17 acres of avocados, 14 acres of Persian limes and 2 acres of mangos. Most of the trees were planted in holes made by driving a steel drill about 2 feet into the ground and placing 1/2 stick of dynamite with a rope mat covering the area to prevent all the dirt and rock from blowing all over the place. He would then stand behind the 8N Ford tractor and touch the wires to the 6 volt battery terminals to ignite the blasting cap he had placed in the 1/2 stick of dynamite. One of the old ways to plant was to use existing potholes and natural soft soil accumulations in depressions in the rock. This gave some interesting alignments of rows for vehicle travel in the groves.

The varieties of avocado planted came from Coral Reef Nursery of Kendall Foods in Goulds, Florida. Lula, Booth 8, Waldin, Choquette, Pollock, Hickson, Hall, Booth 1, Booth 3, Booth 5, Booth 7, Booth 14 and Wagner were the varieties my uncle planted originally. Thru the years I added Simmonds, Munroe, Marcus, Russell, Bernicker, Neal, Biondo, Tower 2, Brooks late, Bucaneer, Menendez 2, Semil 34, Semil 44, Grapñeia and Winter Mexican . Some have died out due to freezes, hurricanes, and a disease called mushroom root rot (*Clytocybe tabescens*). A little over two acres of avocados have died due to this disease so far. I dug a ditch around the area to contain it and so far the caimito and mango trees I replanted there have survived.

We had about 17 acres of Persian limes planted. The Persian or Tahitian

limes were grafted on rough lemon. I later replanted with airlayers and limes grafted on Rangpur lime and *Citrus macrophylla*.

My uncle planted a little over an acre of mangos. The mango varieties were Smith, Lippens, Keitt, Kent, Irwin and Hayden. Later some of the Hayden, Irwin, Smith and Lippen trees were topworked to Tommy Atkins. I also added many other varieties such as Rosey Gold, Cambodiana, Julie, Edwards, Osteen, Springfield, Nom Doc Mai, Philippian, Bombay, Zill, Monologi, Yellow Bellied Possum, Yellow Tail Possum, Coconut Possum, Cushman, Glenn, and Mulgoba. Most of these are still alive.

An old saying was the lime growing was work, mango growing was a religion and avocado growing was a hobby. Limes had thorns and required 3 to 5 sprays a year for disease and pest control. Weeds were always a problem and they needed to be picked multiple times a year. Mangos needed to be sprayed once a week or twice a month during their fruiting and flowering to produce fruit clean enough to sell, free of fungal diseases. Avocados except for Lula and Hall needed few sprays and usually were harvested in 2 to 3 pickings per variety when they were mature for harvest. They shade out many of the weeds and their dropped leaves and mowed up brush made a very rich organic soil over time.

My uncle was a member of Fairchild Tropical Garden for many years and planted many unusual trees and palms from the 1950's on. Many of the trees have died out through the years. Lightning, freezes, hurricanes, pests and diseases have had their toll on the farm over time. We have a Cannonball tree on

the edge of the hammock probably at least 60 years old that has yet to fruit or flower. Hurricane Andrew blew over and broke at the root ball an Old Man palm, Zombia palm, and Pettycoat palm planted over 50 years before. I still have the trunks hanging up in the shop waiting for the right art project.

When I was young, my brother and I used screwdrivers to poke holes in the rocky soil in the yard by the house and put runners of centipede grass into them and this is how our lawn got planted. It took a long time to get the whole yard planted. When I was 6 or 7 years old I walked behind our Mozall self propelled lawn mower and being paid 25cents and hour. Until I was a little older my father, brother or uncle had to pull the rope to start the mower for me. I seemed to be able to conveniently get the mower to break down around the time Mr. Topper came on the television on Saturday mornings. I remember being paid to chop out with pickaxe and axe an old Brazilian pepper tree. It took weeks of chopping and finally it pulled out using our 8N tractor and chain. At the west end of the house several large rubber trees were removed with lots of labor on my brothers and my part as well. They were so big when a delivery truck from Glade and Grove delivered a piece of machinery, we used its cable and wench to pull the tree out. Glade and Grove in Princeton had a catchy saying ; Keep Them Picking, Plowing and Pleased, on the side of their store. One day when my father and uncle were in the store Antone Waldin came in and we started talking to him He showed us his hand where his fingernails were falling out. He said he had been cleaning the herbicide nozzles on the sprayer where they had been applying Paraquat and the Paraquat had killed his nails. I later studied at the

university and found out that Paraquat removes the outer shell electron from both chlorophyll and protein.

I wish the *Hevia braziliensis* rubber tree was still growing at the west end of the house but it had started to grow its roots under the edge of the house and was cracking the wall. This rubber tree was the type used for rubber on plantations. We pulled it out and threw it away. With school, homework, yard work, and 4-H activities there was little time to be bored. I do not think it hurt me or would hurt those children today to work some and it sure helped learn responsibility and the value of money. (Maybe politicians could learn something from this and not spend it like water)

My 4-H activities were defiantly a learning experience that molded much of my love for farming and its related fields. I grew chickens, vegetable gardens, and collected and identified insects and butterflies for my projects. Roy Champagne and Seymore Goldwebber were the adult supervisors and mentors for our small group. We met at Mack Cain's house on Silver Palm Drive across the street from Andersons corner grocer store. Mike Cain, Jimmy Bernicker, the Grubbs brothers, Mike Leclerque and his sister Cherie Leclerque were the members I remember. Mrs. Cain always made us punch using juice from calamondins, sugar and grape cool aid. We visited some of the industries in Miami that related to agriculture for a 3 day field trip. We stayed at the hotel Mardi Gras on Biscayne Boulevard for the nights. The downtown farmers market, Winn Dixie warehouse and bakery, and Florida Flood Control's pumping

station on US 27 half way to South Bay were some of the sites we visited. We watched as they started all 4 pumps that sucked the canal dry back to Lake Okeechobee in a half hour.

The 4-H camp Camp Cloverleaf in Lake Placid gave 3 to 4 day Institutes and I would go to the citrus ones. We heard expert talks from various faculty members from the University of Florida and their researchers on many different facets of the citrus industry. Another big part of our experience was the annual Dade County Youth Fair. It was held at the K-land property right by STRD874 and North Kendall Drive. I entered my chickens and vegetables for judging and received many ribbons over the years. Later on I even became a Judge for the poultry section.

I just came back from Boy Scout troop 69, Princeton Florida 63 annual spaghetti dinner at the scout hut. Over 600 locals attended this year. I joined the boy scouts at that troop after many years in the 4-H. George Cooper was the scoutmaster. He had been an instructor at the Panama School of Survival for the army before coming to be the scoutmaster. Our troop had annual survival camping trips. Thanksgiving was at Big Pine Key bayside and we had to make our rope and twine from century plant leaves. We wove the fiber after we boiled it over night in 55 gallon oil drums on concrete blocks with a wood fire underneath. We beat the leaves till we had clean fiber and then wove or braided various sizes for rope, cord, fishing line and nets. We made fish hooks, cooking utensils and when we arrived at Big Pine Key we used local growing materials to make leantos and found the flat rocks there worked to cook on. We would put the

bacon on the rock with fire underneath and then fry eggs in the pool of fat after the bacon was done. We took some food but caught seafood and got by for our 4 days of survival. The mothers arrived on the last with a Thanksgiving feast appreciated by us starving youngsters. Then to make matters worse we had to wait for the ladies and men to load their plates first. Ahh, the good old days.

The spring survival trip was to Fish Eating Creek on the southeast side of US 27 and the creek. George Cooper was friends with the Lykes Brothers and got us permission to camp on the creek surrounded by many thousands of acres of wild Florida. We took no food on this trip but could have camping gear and cooking stuff. We got quite proficient at catching armadillos by surrounding them with 5-15 young boys and diving on them. John Jacobson won the title of fastest at cleaning them. I remember it was about 4 to 5 minutes to have it fire ready; gutted, skinned and shelled. We would tie them up by a hind leg and proceed to dressing them out. Possums, squirrels and raccoons were also caught as well as snakes, birds, fish and swamp cabbage. We would make a cypress knee tea also. Wild sour orange trees were a treat for us as well. The older boys used old motorcycles and bicycles to get around and George Cooper had a Rakon Trail Breaker which had 2 tractor sized tires and 2 wheel drive. It floated and could literally drive over a car. Even with all the snakes and alligators I do not remember any of us getting bit. Louis Buzzel did step in a pot of boiling water and had to be taken to the emergency room and was scarred for life on his foot. The army made a hammock with mosquito netting and rain roof which was popular. Occasionally someone would partially cut through some of the lines

holding them up and later that night you could head a few choice words as someone fell to the ground. It lost its fun when one of the adults was targeted and hurt his back. Below is a newsletter for one of the Fisheating Creek camping trips.

Troop #69 Easter Camping trip—(1968)

Where: Fisheating Creek

How: Scout Bus

When: Leave scout hut 7AM Saturday, April 6---Return scout hut 5PM April 10

Why: "Fun" Also training in scout craft, outdoor camping and survival. Some food will be taken but no meats.

Camping and cooking by patrols. Each patrol will take their own tentage and cooking equipment, only staple food will be furnished by the troop. All meats and green vegetables will be found or caught by patrols at campsites. There is real good fishing in this area and last year, the boys caught 41 "Armor Brand Dilla's"

Equipment: (Patrol ax and pots) Canteen, mess kit, halozone tablets, personal gear, bag lunch for Saturday, wear uniform, 2 changes of cloths, bathing suit, tent or hammock, blankets, matches, campus Score, fishing gear, for fresh water(no bait, and no large rods and reels) rain coat, Advancement card and scout book. All gear will be carried approximately 4 miles so don't pack too much. Troop will furnish fish bait and food staples.

COST OF TRIP" \$4.00 paid in Advance.

Turn in money at April 4th, meeting.

All Troop members should attend. This is the last camping trip before the Summer

Camping Trip. Also, this is a real fine trip. And to the new boys:TROOP #69

REQUIRES 10 DAYS OF CAMPING PER YEAR TO BE ELIGIBLE TO REREGISTER.

Our Annual Light Bulb Sale will be coming up right after this camping trip.

NOTICE: Dues must be paid up to date to make this trip. Some boys are behind their dues. So you better check with Mr. Green.

HA/jel¹⁰

One summer for the trip we went to Mexico. We stayed at Fort Rucker Alabama and got to ride in a helicopter sleep in the barracks and eat at the soldier's mess for one night. We visited several other army bases, White sands, and Carlsberg Caverns. We visited battlefields and national parks for camping at night. We visited Horse Tail Falls Mexico and Monterrey before returning to camp

¹⁰ 1968 Troop #69 news letter

for several days at Big Bend National Park. We camped at the end of a long road in the desert underneath the Needle Rock. We climbed the mountain and did some rappelling. I did not enjoy it and had to be literally pushed over the cliff. I did not die as you can tell and it was actually fun after the fact. I guess we all have fears to overcome. There was a wind mill for water for the cattle but no wind so we would climb up the tower and hand turn the vanes to get water for cooking, washing and fun. I and some other lay in the shade watching others turn the vanes and when I got up others saw a translucent scorpion crawling where I had just gotten up from. I later saw at a gift shop for the park that that type of scorpion was a deadly one. We also ate some of the many different fruits from the cactus growing all over the desert. We did laundry at a Laundromat with no driers in Presidio Texas. They had cloths lines and the cloths were dry by the time you finished putting up a washer load.

Another of the summer trips we went to Washington DC. I still have a picture of us on the capital steps with Dante Fascell. We stayed at Quantico Marine Base and had run of the place. We ate in the mess and slept in the barracks. We did daily the grueling obstacle course . This was another thing that was not my favorite. We did all the neat things like Smithsonian Museums, FBI Headquarters, Capitol and Raburn Building. By having a retired army officer for a scout master we got to do a lot of things that made life long impressions. One night we pulled off to the side of a dirt road in the Smokey Mountains and set up camp. There was a chuck wagon for cooking and all of us went along the ridge picking blueberries and boysenberries to make a cobbler. It cooked in our large

pot metal Dutch oven to perfection in the campfire. I was sent in to buy a fresh ham at the grocery store and of course bought a smoked ham. I got holy terror from Coop for the mistake but it sure ate good anyway. Another night we bought the fixin's for Beef Stroganoff. The leader bought a 6 pack of beer to cook in the meal and they carefully watched as I poured al of 3 or 4 of them into the pot and then the adults proceeded to drink the others before any of us boys could get into trouble with it. All in all, the education and fun of scouting was invaluable and memorable.

One of my projects for the merit badges needed to achieve the eagle rank involved planting wildlife habitat. I planted a row of Australian pines in front of the shop building. Most are still alive. Coral Reef nursery sold them and they usually were used as wind breaks around avocado groves. They were grafted trees so they would remain solitary and not reproduce. The Brazilian oak grows form seed and the Australian pine grows from root sprouts. By planting the Brazilian oak as rootstock and grafting the Australian pine to it a tree will be produced that will not reproduce.

I learned to swim and finally got a Red Cross lifesaving badge from the Boy Scouts. I was afraid of the water so it took some time to learn to swim. When my mother and brother and I went to Germany we drove in our 1957 Chevy car to New York in order to depart on the ship the USS Darby. We stopped at the White House Motel somewhere off Highway 301 in Virginia for the night. My brother and I went into the pool and as I was around 4 years old I used the wall and went hand over hand clinging to the wall to the deep end of the pool. I for

some reason let go and sank to the bottom. My brother pulled me out and life went on.

MY EDUCATION

I vaguely remember my first attempt at formal education at Redland elementary school on Farm Life School road. I attended kindergarten there and it had a 2 walled pavilion near the pond where now resides a parking lot. I remember the ½ pint milk cartons and other treats for snack time as well as rugs to lie on for nap time. The rest is somewhat a blur. When my father got stationed to Germany in 1958 we followed him there the following year. My mother, brother and I drove the 1957 Chevy to New York to get onboard the triple tail TWA aircraft for the flight. The car was shipped to meet us there later.

I also vaguely remember riding on a steam locomotors train once in Germany to Giessen. The smell of burning coal still lingers in my mind. I repeated kindergarten in Germany due to my birth date in March and military age requirements. I also attended first grade there in Bad Kreuznach on base. I also remember the shots I had to have at the base hospital. It was not my best first memory. I would go to many castles on the Rhine and enjoyed the medieval amour with my brother the most. I learned a few words in German and a song about a horse as well as Christmas Tree, Oh Tannenbalm,.

HOPP HOPP HOPP

German song

Hopp, hopp, hopp!

Pferdchen, lauf Galopp!

Über Stock und über Steine,

Aber brich dir nicht die Beine!

Hopp, hopp, hopp hopp, hopp!
Pferdchen, lauf Galopp!

Tip, tip, tap!
Wirf mich nur nicht ab!
Zähme deine wilden Triebe,
Pferdchen, tu es mir zuliebe:
Tip, tip, tip, tip, tap!
Wirf mich nur nicht ab!

Brr, brr, he!
Steh doch, Pferdchen, steh!
Sollst schon heute weiterspringen,
Muß dir nur erst Futter bringen.
Brr, brr, brr, brr, he!
Steh doch, Pferdchen, steh!

Ha, ha, hat!
Hei, nun sind wir da!
Diener, Diener, liebe Mutter,
Findet auch mein Pferdchen Futter?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Hei, nun sind wir da!

Hop, hop, hop!
Little horse, gallop!
Over stick and stone
But don't break your leg!
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!
Little horse, gallop!

Tip, tip, tap
Don't throw me!
Tame your wild instinct
Little horse, for my sake:
Tip, tip, tip, tip, tap!
Don't throw me!

Brr, brr, he!
Do stand, little horse, stand!
Today, you can go on jumping,
You must only bring some fodder.
Brr, brr, brr, brr, he!
Do stand, little horse, stand!

Ha, ha, ha!
Hey, we're here now!
Servant, servant, dear Mother,
Do my little horse find also fodder?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Hey, we're here now!

O Tannenbaum song

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
wie treu sind deine Blätter!
Du grünst nicht nur
zur Sommerzeit,
Nein auch im Winter, wenn es schneit.
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
wie treu sind deine Blätter!

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!
Wie oft hat nicht zur Weihnachtszeit
Ein Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut!
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!
Dein Kleid will mich
was lehren:
Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit
Gibt Trost und Kraft
zu jeder Zeit.
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum!
Das soll dein Kleid
mich lehren.

We had a maid named Ottie and a parakeet named Budgee .

There was a hill near the house we would ride a sled down in the snow. I had a
run in with a tree at the bottom of the hill. Even at this early age I remember
some of the travels we were fortunate to experience as an Army family. One of

the vacation trips started in Brussels attending the worlds fair. We stayed in a tent with a wood floor and I remember the tinker toy like pavilion that was the prominent building at that fair. They also had miniature hydraulic construction machines like we now see being used for digging by electrical contractors. We then visited Holland and the tulip festival. I never saw so many color filled fields anywhere else I ever traveled. When we got to Paris it just had to be that my brother and I ordered snails to eat in the restaurant. Needless to say my father got to enjoy two servings of them as neither of us liked them and thought they were gross. I remember the Arch de Triumph and the Mona Lisa in the art gallery. I also suffered thru the mumps during this trip but I made the best of it. We went to Italy and saw the leaning tower of Pisa. We saw lots of churches and statues and fountains there.

In Bad Kreuznach we ate at the Klina klapdoor restaurant down near the river. I remember the giant pretzels and the hünerbrülhe (chicken) soup. I almost always ordered Wienerschnitzel at restaurants. I still think breaded veal cutlets are my favorite meal. They had **Sinalco** an orange carbonated drink in very thin glasses. For some reason I would always take a bite out of the edge of the glass so my mother would request a regular glass for the beverage for me. We would go up on the side of a mountain for dinner at the der-Quellenhof restaurant for fancy meals.

We bought a Volkswagen Karmann Ghia from the factory and took it all around Germany and other European countries with my brother and I in the back seat. Good thing we were smaller back then as there was not much room in that

back seat. The trunk was in the front of the car. It came back with us and I remember after Hurricane Donna my brother took me for a ride to see the storm damage and when we got to Perrine on US 1 the road was under water where the road splits. We got out of the car and closed the doors and pushed it across the flooded part and then got back in and drove off. It is said that Volkswagen vehicles definitely float just do not float indefinitely. That was a memorable hurricane even at the young age of 7. My brother tried to fly in the front yard with a tarp but the wind was too strong and the tarp blew away. Good thing or I might have been lost in the wind too.

I returned to Redland elementary school for the 2nd grade with Mrs. Venstra. Mrs. Romine, Mrs. Salenski, Mr. Bell and Mr. Ralph Lemon rounded out my teachers for 3rd thru 6th grade there.

I went to Redland Junior High for 7th thru 9th grades. There we had various teachers for each grade such as Mrs. Dodd for English, Mr. Chippily for shop, Mrs. Wood for math, and coach Ripply for gym.

We had windows with no screens in the rooms and horse flies would fly in. Susan Howard sat in front of me and had very long hair. I would borrow a few strands of her hair (she was not too thrilled to loose it) and catch the horse flies and tie them up with the hair and keep them in the desk until play ground time. They would be like flying horses on a leash until the teacher caught me and I had a free trip to the principal's office. Another pastime to help school move along faster was to hold another persons arm with it drawn up tight and rub the hair on

it in circles until it was knotted up and make them flex it open fast. The hairs would pull out and they would scream. Oh well, another trip to the principals office. I remember the way to spell it right was the guy was a pal of mine for principal not principle, which was the teaching of this lesson. Stay out of trouble.

Howard Crabtree was the principal at the Junior High with Mr. Farthing as the vice principal. He was very tall and once I saw him remove Mike Mullins under one arm and Albert Solo under the other arm after a slight problem in Mrs. Wood's Math class. One of them had a stiletto knife and the blade flew from the handle and stuck in the ceiling. Another ceiling activity for fun was the cafeteria. The paper covering the straws would be dipped in the gravy from the mashed potatoes and then blew up into the ceiling and it would stick there. It was rather artsy effect with all the papers blowing in the wind from the fans like a wheat field in summer breezes. Also, carrot slices and peas would be launched by a spoon resting on the lunch trays edge into the ceiling tiles. I'm sure glad kids today are more cultured and polite and would not think of doing anything like this.

I tell the students on tours of my farm not to play or eat the rosary peas as they are very toxic. However we used to use them as ammo in the lunchroom straws as pea shooters. They were just the right size and hurt a little when hitting the intended targets. We did not worry about their toxicity, which is of a substantial concern. One pea has sufficient poison to kill up to 3 people. Only the seed coat must be broken in order to get into a persons system in order to kill after eating it. The whole seed often would pass thru the stomach without breaking open to release the poison.

I had band with Mr. Fetterman and then Mr. Kenneth Broadhead at Redland. I played the tenor saxophone. I never got very good and stopped before High school.

Robert's Life Employment

I have had many jobs starting working at home on the farm and the yard. When I was in the 11th and 12th grade I worked for Wayne Juda in construction at Redondo Estate on Redland Road and Avocado Drive. We would plant sod and generally clean up the building sites after the houses were finished. I worked with Bobby Williams, a fellow troop 69 Boy Scout. While I attended the University of Florida I had numerous jobs. I pumped gas for the graveyard shift at a gas station near the university and occasionally fixed broken vehicles. I repaired motorcycles in my dorm room for fellow students. I helped milk cows at the dairy farm out at the Hague farm for the early morning shift at 2:30 am. I would get back to the fraternity just in time for a cup of coffee and get to my first 7AM class. I also worked for the meats lab out on Archer Road helping slaughter cattle for their experiments and field feed trials. The lab had a full slaughterhouse. We could do up to 125 or more head of cattle or pigs a day. The poultry unit had a processing plant for poultry, which I worked at occasionally too. Our brothers at the fraternity would work on nearby farms and ranches putting up fence and other odd jobs. The first day we would set corner posts in concrete and the next day stretch 1/4 mile at a time of barbed wire between the set posts to line up our holes for the fence posts which we would dig by hand. Not so hard to dig post holes by hand in the Gainesville area of Florida as the soil is sand not rock. By

the end of the day 6-8 tires boys had stretched and stapled 5 or 6 miles of fence. We would pick blueberries and other crops when needed as well. I worked at the Horticulture unit for Dr. Wayne Sherman and for Dr. Krezdorn in his greenhouse grafting avocados for cold hardiness trials and citrus he brought in from around the world. I can still taste the peaches and nectarines that Wayne Sherman had in his breeding program out at the horticulture unit. I would help take notes and keep track as he sliced and tasted ripe fruit from each tree down the row. Most of them tasted good and were not selected for commercial production varieties. Later I would buy some of the lees commercial but tastier from Paul Miller who had a fruit tree nursery near the campus. It was called Rainbow Star nursery. I also worked in the Fruit Crops Extension office for Dr. Larry Jackson. He had 6 or 8 file cabinets with unbelievable piles of publications and papers from the last 40 years citrus research and trade articles that I had to organize and file. I learned so much just from casually reading bits and pieces as I determined where to file them. (I have here in my office and library a similar potential for learning as I have 10 file cabinets and shelf after shelf of agricultural publications from the last 40 years needing organization.)

My first try at ag economics with Dr. Jon Roosevelt (Cactus Jack) Greenman ended with a failing grade. I took it again with Dr. Finlayson and managed to just barely pass. I just could not believe the teaching of selling nothing for a lot of money and getting rich. They called it the futures market. After I graduated from the University and failed the first time thru Ag economics and getting a D the second time thru realizing the only thing I believed they

taught was that to have a successful business one needed a catchy logo and name. I drove home on US 27 and just outside Miami I stopped at a barbeque restaurant to get lunch. At the end of the table a shingle hung saying that bullets and teeth were removed for 25¢ each at number 2 Possum Trot Lane. I thought my farm might relate to the possum trot as I had possums on the farm and they definitely trotted when the dogs chased them. Also possums are much maligned like the farmers seem to be by modern society and as well my ancestor's initials were P. T. Barnum. So my nursery and farm became Possum Trot Tropical Fruit Nursery. I have many selections of trees I have selected over the years so I use possum as part of their names . Mangos so far are Yellow Bellied Possum.

Coconut Possum, and Yellow Tailed Possum. Possum Purple Passion fruit is fairly wide spread in its planting as it produces commercial quantities of a pretty purple and sweet fruit. Dr, Henry Nakasoni and I worked together for TRO-PRO project in the lower Carribbean years ago and he said for a passion fruit to be commercial 10 out of 12 flowers down the stem had to set a fruit. I observed a vine growing up an avocado tree, which had been planted by a squirrel or rat. It had 10 out of 12 flowers setting fruit so I figured it was a commercial variety. I had 3/4 of a mile of passion fruit from Dr. Bob Knight planted on the fence line to find potential varieties from his breeding program. Evidently the right combination of genes got together for this chance seedling.

When working for GOYA in the Dominican Republic I saw a bunch of green and purple fruit for sale as we drove by to the center of the island looking to buy farm land to grow guavas. When we returned by the same road I asked if

we could stop for me to look at the fruit. I had thought they might be avocados but they were caimitos. I bought them and cleaned their seeds and brought them back and planted them at my nursery. I have had a plant import permit for years so they entered legally. I planted them out in areas of the farm where I no longer could grow limes due to disease pressures. 10 to 12 years later they started producing and many of them were as good or better than their parents. I named them Green Possum, Purple Possum, Early Blush Possum, Scruffy Possum, Squat Possum, Early Majestic Possum, Cherry Possum, Just Possum, Royal Possum, Bloated Possum, Emerald Possum, and others.

I also have many jack fruit seedlings from the fruit program at Fairchild Tropical Garden planted out on the farm. Many of my early seedlings took 10-12 years to come to fruit. The ones from Dr. Richard Campbell's Fairchild Garden collection take 3-4 years to come to fruit. I have many that are of good quality and mild flavor. Some are mushy and some are crunchy. The market seems to prefer crunchy but I am finding more customers who prefer the mushy. I have one that even the rags are mushy in and the flavor is just like Juicy Fruit Gum. I play with my food and I use the blender to make the mushy ones into a liquid, which works as the liquid in making cake batter and beverages.

I started for work for H. E. Kendall foods in Goulds, Florida after I graduated from the University with a bachelor of science in fruit crops. I helped Norman Sutton as an assistant in charge of mechanized assisted harvesting. It was a glorious title for mechanic and supervisor of laborers in the field. Kendall foods had around 6 thousand acres of avocados, limes and mangos in

production. I had a herd of 18 - 3 wheel Israeli Afrons hydraulic lifts for harvesting, and 2 diesel 4 with wheels and a swinging boom, Selma Treemasters. I started with only 4 working and by the time I left I had an average of 15 working most of the time. I worked and trained several friends to do the job and after 9 months I wanted to do something different. I tried to get Mr. Kendall and Peter Kendall to let me go to something different and they said I had to stay where I was because I had done so good at keeping the machines working. I left and went to work for J. R. Brooks and son in Homestead. They also grew around 4 thousand acres of avocados, limes and mangos. I was an assistant to the production manager and got to supervise sometimes over 300 workers in the field. I had many responsibilities and had fun as I never had to see an office. During the slow time of year in the spring we even got to help in the packinghouse and sale office. It was a well rounded experience in a up and coming agri business.

I found that my nursery had so much that needed doing I left Brooks about 1986 to be self-employed. Many of the trees I grew in the nursery with the help of the three VanRyan sisters got exported around the world. I even sold a few exotic fruit trees to Kew Gardens in England. I also started to do some consulting in various South and Central American countries for both farms and governments. I also consulted in many of the Caribbean islands. One of the more interesting consulting jobs was working for USAID TRO PRO project. I visited 8 Caribbean islands in as many weeks. It consisted of a team of about 8 people and I worked with Dr. Henry Nakasoni from University of Hawaii who was my leader of the fruit

section. We determined what was growing, how much, what were the potential best to grow and how to market them. We drove all over the islands and saw much of the islands that most tourists never get to see. We started in Barbados then to Grenada, Trinidad and Tobago, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica, and Montserrat to determine potential crops and markets for each island. This poem helps to exemplify my philosophy.

WHY DO THEY DO WHAT THEY DO?

By Larry Fisher, 11/18/80

Economists, agronomists, and planners of late
Have discovered a new way to pontificate
Beyond mere Jargon, like “success enhancement”,
“Integrated development”, and “rural advancement”
Working in all their infinite wisdom
They’re trying to define a “Farming System”
To answer the question for all of you
“Why do farmers do what they do?”

At universities and experiment stations 'round the globe
In offices, labs, and on the farms they probe
Through consultancy surveys in developing nations
Upstream and downstream experimentations
With yield rates, inputs and multiple regressions,

Attempting to explain that profoundest of questions
With diverse hypotheses they each eschew
On why farmers do what they do.

Variability and generalization,
Indigenous knowledge and maximization,
The issues discussed, the factors controlled,
Computers click, theories unfold,
Papers get published, conferences convened
Projects are funded; it becomes obscene
When predictably they conclude in the Final Review
That a more generous grant might give them a clue
As to why farmers do what they do.

Somewhere farmers plow and plant
Milk their cows, work and chant,
After the interviews, trials, and calculations,
The experts retire to their research stations
And the farmers continue to grow their corn
While old women die and children are born,
The men swap stories and drink their brew,
And they scratch their heads and wonder anew,
“Why do scientists do what they do?”

WANG/poem2/LKL

When I worked for USAID Larry Laird was the director for the Caribbean section of the world at the Barbados Office. He and I became friends and he would share with me some of the choice tidbits from the office gristmill. This one was classic. I would tell him that reports must make 5 pounds to be acceptable for the head office and he never told me I was wrong. (Content not important?) I was called in as an outside consultant and it was my first experience in working for the government. I think it was called TRO PRO PROJECT. I was privy to a report on the same islands and same subject another government agency from Costa Rica had just done with 6 months of research and accumulation of information time. Ours had just 6 weeks to do the same thing. (?? Why not use the other report and pay them for it???)

While I was away from the farm Mieke called repeatedly to say someone from GOYA wanted me to call him. After I returned to my farm I called Carlos Portella, one of GOYA's vice presidents and he told me they needed me to travel to the Dominican Republic to check out why 70,000 air layers on guava had yielded only 1 live plant. I flew down and was put up in the Gulf and Western Hotel in Santo Domingo in the bridal suite. I slept in the same bed used in the filming of Godfather movie that had the horse head in it. Once I arrived at the farm where the air layers had been placed on the trees I saw four problems right off. I had brought materials with me for making air layers so I gathered the workers around me to show them what to do to make successful air layers. I noticed the farm owner and GOYA managers looked like they were angry with

me. Later that night at dinner in the hotel with Frank Unanue, Carlos Portella and Augusto Ledesma they told me how Latin managers seldom tell workers how to do things because of fear of losing their jobs. They then said I had done good and what they had wanted me to do and brought me down for. I worked with them helping select and develop a model farm about 40 kilometers north east of the capitol. I would travel on Eastern airline about every other month for 2 days for about 7 years. I would stop at Publix and buy a sandwich for the flight and almost started uprisings on the plane as food service had just been replaced with a small bag of peanuts.

I learned more Spanish (Spanglish) while working with their farm managers that helped in other work related travel. I still do not speak Spanish correctly but can get my point across by talking around what I want to say most of the time. Once I made a fairly big gaff by telling the CEO for their Productora Quisquiana office she looked like her Ziggy doll hanging from the car mirror rather than my intended that the doll had needed her hairdresser.

I worked for various USAID projects in the Caribbean. HIAMP was another project I worked with.

I spent many years working in Grenada trying to start a commercial planting of ultra exotic fruits to import through Brooks Tropicals. These were fruit trees that die at about 45°F. Mangosteen, durian, langsat, rambutan pulisan and santol were the fruits I had hoped to grow. My friend John Criswick who owned and operated Mt. Rose Nursery for many years outside of St Georges helped me gain much knowledge about the island and all its plantations. I finally selected Sir

Willy Branches Duglaston Estate. It was a 600 acre nutmeg, banana, clove, cacao, allspice, and other fruits estate going back several hundred years.

Working steam engines and steam distillation still were some of the high points of the farm. Its soils were many feet deep and when I brought some samples back for the soils lab at the University of Florida to run the professor said that the soil was some of the richest he had ever run tests on. The volcanic latisoils were below Mt. St. Catherines an inactive volcano. Rainfall was about 600 inches a year so no irrigation would have been needed.

The Farms Many Trials and Errors

I have tried to grow so many different plants and trees through the years, many of them unsuited for our climate and soil. Only the hardier and more acclimated ones have survived till now. Cacao, black pepper, rambutan, langsung, and santol are a few of the ones I miss most. Cold seems to be the major limiting factor in their survival here in south Florida. The santol fruited and survived until the 6 freeze nights in 2009 and 2010 finally killed it. The wood by the way has such a spicy smoke for cooking that it should be capitalized on. I still have a cacao relative alive in the Waldin block. It is *Theobroma bicolor* with a pretty red flower. I have in the past grown sweet pepino, hot peppers, tree tomato, betel palm, *Thalassipicoccus macdanieli* (said to be 1500 times sweeter than sugar), various tree ferns, various rattan palms, ivory nut palm, carnauba wax palm, mangosteen, button mangosteen, pulisan, purple heart, ebony, Venezuelan mahogany, *Licuala grandis*, sealing wax palm, *Duabanga grandiflora*, diesel oil tree, giant granidilla, *Anthonoclaysta grandiflora* (South African tree for malaria

drug), 40 different varieties of coffee, 60 different varieties of citrus, 8 varieties of taro, 8 different varieties of cherimoya, fern tree, guarana, *Rollenia deliciosa*, 12 varieties of persimmons, 6 varieties of pomegranates, various gingers (flame, torch, edible), and so many other trees. They have all died from freeze, mowers, drought, accidental pulling out, driving over it, hurricanes, diseases, insects, chemical burns, theft, and neglect.

I bought 5 or 6 different species of rattan palm and planted them out. Only one survives to this day. I several times bought salaka, ivory nut, carnauba, sealing wax, and other palm trees and planted them out. All eventually died, mostly due to cold freeze nights even with irrigation protection.

Hurricane Andrew blew in in the early morning hours of August 23, 1992. The radio news had reported winds in excess of 150 miles per hour in the Bahamas before it was due to hit us. The reports kept saying it would veer north but it came straight at us. I had just gotten a pot bellied pig and named him Arnold Ziffel after the Green Acres star. He got to stay on the workbench in the garage during the storm. The dogs got to stay outside as they were farm dogs. They fared fine, and for the first time got to kill a monkey as there were few trees left standing. All the leaves were stripped off all the trees still standing. I had heard of this when David got stuck on the mountain in Dominica years ago. Some of my friends there told me no leaves were left on any trees; even palms. The air even seemed dead for weeks after the storm until the trees grew new leaves. I could hear the traffic on the roads outside the farm and even see some of the taller trucks pass by for the first time in all my years on the farm. Since so

many trees were uprooted and all chance for production of fruit was several years in the future I sort of started my minimalist farming. No or few workers and few chemical or no chemical inputs. The prices we receive for fruits are about the same for the last 30 years. None of our production costs have remained the same.

Some crops are growing well but one fruit I grow has yet to find a reliable market. Cas or Costa Rican Guava is a fruit lending itself to beverages and desserts but no one seems to want to buy it. I have around two acres growing. The trunks are attractive like a normal guava and the flushes are red in the spring.

The caimitos or star apple grows well on the farm. I plant mostly seed from existing good selections to get even better ones. Most years the cold does not prevent crop formation. Some leaves are dropped but at least the whole tree does not turn brown like so many other varieties seem to do here in South Florida.

Jackfruit is also doing well and many new selections are growing out on the farm. Market prices have fallen partly due to the imports of fruits from Mexico.

Contrary Philosophy

My sister bought me an Apple MacBook computer several years ago and I

started an ongoing writing of my thoughts about upcoming problems in the US for agriculture.

TROUBLESOME TIMES AHEAD FOR US AGRICULTURE

The present governmental climate for production agriculture is bleak at best. When was a nation should be concerned with our most basic needs but spend our efforts and resources on counterproductive outlays; a problem exists. There are fundamental differences between agriculture and the rest of the business community. Farmers are price takers not price makers so there is not a mechanism to recover extracosts as delivered by legislated dictates requiring businesses spend more money to come into compliance. It stinks when ordinances are passed without concern for using resources more wisely. The start up costs for a farm to replace ones now being forced out of business is prohibitive. It seems shortsighted to not take a more proactive approach when the government deals legislatively with agricultural concerns. The recent problems with food additives with melamine contamination in pet and baby foods as well as in poultry products should wake up politicians as to the dangers of foreign food imports to our national security. The loss of production capabilities in this country is staggering. I do not think the implication of restarting production once lost has been considered in the rush to globalize markets. Prices of almost all foodstuffs have risen dramatically and substantially in recent years. I cannot speak for all farmers but the rise has not reached me as the producer. My prices received are the same as 20 years ago. The government seems to find new

creative ways to extract ever increasing quantities of money from my farm. New licenses, impact fees, user fees, required permits with fees, property taxes, pet licenses, multiple drivers licenses to cover large trucks and motorcycles, sales tax, required purchases of safety equipment, and the list can go on. We in agriculture need to have money to pay for the required inputs to keep our crops productive, equipment running and safe and to keep ourselves alive and healthy. It is ever more difficult to find money for necessary essentials when so much is being added to our burden by the various governmental entities. It seems the wise King Solomon had it right when he said there is nothing new under the sun that man hasn't already done before to himself. Pharos in Egypt told the slaves to keep producing the same number of bricks but by the way do it without the straw. We do the same when we take away production tools by governmental decree. It seems the costs of all our inputs and supplies; many related to fuel price increases, grow higher each passing year. However the price paid for our products at the farm level seem stagnant for the last 20 years or so. If we as a country plan to exist for much longer; very hard to stomach solutions will have to be implemented. The longer we wait to address these problems the more exponentially distressing the solutions. Our government has basically given away any future our children were granted by the Constitution. The grass root hard working public is continually given a placating platitude in place of real answers to this problem as though it will go away. People have a right to have available good wholesome food at reasonable prices to sustain life. If all the producers have been allowed to exit production without application of reasonable

governmental encouragements, shame on our leaders. Ag exemptions of many government regulations is a reasonable means by which encouragement to stay in production can be achieved. The cost to society is negligible compared to the actual loss of producers if we don't. The recent uproar over ever increasing property taxes presents an opportunity to redo the Green Belt Tax Laws. It would seem that treating agricultural production businesses as a single entity instead of separating out 37 different ag tax classifications deserves consideration. The diversity of agriculture precludes its dissection to every possible combination for differential taxation at each possible type of production. A simple one tax for agricultural lands by acre would give local governments taxes without having to have employed many high paid government workers to keep track and determine validity of each of these 37 different tax rates. The already created Cooperative Extension personnel could provide determinations of a producer's validity with an appeals process to provide for discrepancies. The government has changed over the years from a supportive symbiotic relationship to an ever increasing adversarial relationship. The extreme greed and tunnel vision of our public representatives that turn a blind eye to our pressing problems is reprehensible at best. The survival of our nation is at stake. Businesses of which agriculture is part need an environment of protection and nurturing in these troubling times. Why does the government look at businesses as the enemy and set up agencies and departments which harass and interfere; which in turn bankrupts and causes loss of business entities. When will our government wake up and see the implications of its short sighted actions as concerns our long term survival in an

ever increasingly hostile world. We cannot survive if we do not make anything of economic value or have something of value to offer others in the world. The government cannot employ the entire population. Private enterprise needs to be prized as an economic engine driving the country instead of an entity to be endlessly taxed. Spinning of the facts has become an everyday common occurrence. The facts are not in evidence when we see what bad things agriculture is said to have done to our environment.

C. HOPKINS CaFe Mg B Mn CuZn MoCl (C. Hopkins café managed by my cousin mocle) gives a basic list of required nutrients in basically descending order for a plant's healthy existence. Carbon, hydrogen and oxygen are the three most important elements in a plant's nutrition needs. These are usually provided by the environment and usually at no cost to the producer unless the government finds a way to tax them. Nitrogen, phosphate, and potassium are the big three nutrients most recognized as plant food. They usually do not occur in sufficient quantity to provide all the plants requirements unless bought and applied by the producer. The spin the establishment gives is that they are pollutants and bad for the environment. In reality they are in short supply in nature and plants grow better with them when they are available. These are referred to as macronutrients. Sulfur is needed in greater amounts than micronutrients and lesser amounts than macronutrients. Calcium, iron, manganese, copper, zinc, and magnesium are micronutrients. Chlorine and molybdenum are the two other elements needed in very small amounts for plant nutrition. Since these

production inputs all cost money most farmers do not put excessive amounts of the elements on their farms. Granted some runoff or leaching occurs but I feel an important element of pollution is often overlooked. In their zeal to eliminate weeds and vegetative growth in right of ways and drainage canals the government utilizes many herbicides and soil sterilants often right in the water. These then flush by the water flow right into the bays and oceans with the chemicals, which are questionably degraded, but to what extent?

The earth is one giant ecosystem designed to function on its own for a long time. It has many checks and balances built in to stabilize and moderate conditions for life to continue. When man causes major unbalances even nature cannot relieve the stressful conditions without outside help. We need to be total aware of our actions and their reactions on and to the biosphere. To say the land is worn out and move on to new forested or jungled land to farm, abandoning large tracts is not acceptable. By major, macronutrient, and micronutrient applications most lands can be productive for generations. We have the technology and expertise and ability to continue production on existing lands without having to slash and burn ever increasing areas of pristine old growth lands. The cost is minimal for these inputs versus the loss to biological air enhancement to strip CO₂ and add O₂.

The world is telling us that dangerous times are soon to be with us. How can we blindly keep following our leaders into the bottomless economic abyss. Wall Street is tumbling and lo and behold houses are not selling with wild

anticipation of inflating values for resale as in a game of hot potato. Even losers are rewarded by lawyers and the legal system if much money is lost in stock investing. They sue and collect huge judgments or claim bankruptcy and avoid paying for their own losses. Growing of trees and plants create useable products from much of nothing; air and water. The added byproduct is O₂. Talk about a renewable resource. Loss of so many basic units of production should ring alarms throughout Congress and local municipalities. It seems that many small farms and even larger farms are going out of business in every state of this once great nation and no one seems the least bit concerned. The prevailing comment is offshore production will provide at much cheaper cost so why worry?? Once the ability to produce is lost I am afraid it will no longer be regained because of the afore mentioned extreme high costs to retool and restart.

The government is increasingly arrogant and oppressive in its dealings with the business community. They are antagonistic instead of encouraging and nurturing in most encounters and policies in dealing with businesses. The government does not seem to realize that businesses are the economic foundation of our society and have the right to exist in a healthy and profitable manor. It would make more sense to encourage personal and professional striving for excellence instead of penalizing by extorting payments of double layered taxes, fees, assessments, licenses, mitigation, etc. If the governments could learn to live within their means instead of growing uncontrolled like a metastasizing cancer feeding off resources that are needed for replenishment of

businesses all of the countries population would be better off.

Thomas Jefferson our 3rd president had some relevant ideas we should consider today. He defined freedom as not being restrained by public institutions while pursuing happiness. We have in agriculture one of the greatest innovations in the last 100 years; the agricultural exemption. This has allowed farmers to continue doing what we do best which is producing with a very few inputs something from nothing (air and water excluded). When one looks at what the various governments accomplish by legislating for political or private back pocket expansion the vast array of legislated rules and regulations without regard to whether or not they actually produce the intended goals, we see very little gain for the population as a whole. We need to start paying attention to the bottom economic line as it relates to our long term survival on this terrestrial ball instead of political or personal gain. This world is starting to show severe symptoms of meltdown and not just global warming. Entire production systems have been systematically destroyed and sent to other countries by our short sighted government officials and politicians. When will we wake up and stop this senseless export of all that makes our country stand out as a world power and work to keep it and strengthen it. There must be recognition of certain economic laws that have regulated all of mankind's countries throughout all time. Economies based on creation of wealth on nothing but concepts and paper are not right. It is way past time to pay the piper and try to work our way out of the economic morass we as a country have found ourselves entangled in.

The more we delay the inevitable the worse the road to recovery will be. It has become almost impossible to worm our way out of this situation. We will all have to live like paupers to even begin to restore the grandeur of our nation, which it once had.

When will we learn to be fiscally responsible as a nation? We have built our entire economic system on a quivering quagmire of quicksand by getting inextricably into debt. How long can we continue smoke and mirrors economic policy before it is finally exposed? Real is as real does. Farming as an economic base cannot keep lowering prices received while all costs of inputs keep rising. My buyers keep saying I need to buy your produce at lower prices because my costs are much higher now. What do you think our costs as a producer are doing? Oil, chemicals, packaging, labor, insurance, governmental extorted costs, parts, equipment, and the list goes on have all had significant cost inflation for the farms to deal with. Publix this last year sold avocados at the same or higher prices as the year before while we in the industry had returns for our fruit at the lowest price in over 30 years. We cannot keep going on this way. Wake up America if you want to keep on eating.

How can we fix or at least begin to fix the innumerable problems? I guess we start by quickly identifying then surgically excising expenditure by expenditure those that do not return positive cash flow to the government. It means very difficult decisions as to the worth of each item and a vast number of unemployed people will result. Meanwhile we will need to encourage private sector to employ

many more by reducing their encumbrances of over regulation and circumventing the regular tax, fees, assessments, licenses, fines, etc. The idea that public support of so many private entities and groups of professionals must be reigned in. Basic support by the government in certain areas of society is needed; granted, but lets keep them in moderation and control. Police, Fire, Teachers, a few legal sorts, some administrators, parks and basic medical are a good basic list of government involvement possibly. I am sure more could and probably should be argues for, but a line must be drawn and held to. I dare say that if given close scrutiny many of our lawyers, doctors, and professionals get a substantial part of their income from some sort of government payments. Paying excessive consulting costs for obvious answers is not feasible for our indebted condition. Trying to eliminate all risk in the public existence is not the role our forefathers envisioned. Street lights, guardrails, concrete barriers, elevated rails, and other public expenditures that use nonrenewable resources can not be paid out of the various schemes dreamed up by politicians with no real monies to cover them. We must stop spending our future generations money now. It seems that everybody who trades in agricultural commodities (real products not futures or stock market) wants to pay the producers less money and raise their selling prices to keep up with the increasing costs of production. When all the producers of food are forced to go out of business due to bankruptcy or not getting a livable salary the rest of society will also have a problem. Our government will at some time have to address this issue and stop saying we will buy offshore produced food and other industrial products to keep service and supply portion of our

society in business.

I attend auctions to buy required equipment and parts (often a whole machine costs much less than one part) for my farm's needs. While it is good to be able to buy for a fraction of their real cost for these things it is alarming to see the rapidly increasing frequency of auctions. The politicians seem to ignore working on a possible solution possibly due to several reasons. One; they hope by ignoring the problem it will go away. Or maybe they figure they will let their reelected replacements address and correct the problem. Or (surely not) they are not aware of the problem. Quite possibly they feel that their ever increasing amount of legislation will somehow fix the problem. It is even possible they feel they are doing a good job and deserve raises while all around them people are living an ever decreasing level of life's pursuit of happiness and in despair. It is a historic event close at hand. We can witness first hand the total and utter collapse of a whole society and nation in the blink of an eye of biblical proportions. I do not know what can be done to undo generations of our leaders' avarice and greedy actions without fiscally sound principles being considered. I do not think I am any better for I am as guilty as anyone else for it is said inactions are as bad as bad actions. I am not worthy to be a leader but I question the worthiness of others that are leaders as well. When life and existence here on this terrestrial ball are based on style rather than substance, looks rather than tangible, wants rather than needs, esoteric rather than practicality, legality (letter of the law) rather than intent, personal gain rather than the collective good then change is needed in

order to get back on track for the long term survival of future generations. It is very presumptuous of us not to consider this. OUT OF CONTROL. It happens too often. If the horse decides to take control of the wagon, the driver has little control of the final destination or safety of its passengers. It is the driver's responsibility to see that the horse stays under control. The driver is responsible and accountable for the safety and delivering of the passengers. US like the horse do not have a clue as to what our final outcome of this country is, but it is rather bleak indeed. The continued decline of our economic system coupled with our leaders inability to understand that their excessive spending that got us here in the first place; will be our undoing. How can they be so dense???

5/7/09 are we out of the woods yet. Our new president has boxed us into an ever deeper pit of debt for no tangible benefits to the nation as a whole. It seems that the government figures that by making new more burdensome and onerous laws things will be better. We as a nation had some of the safest foodstuffs in the world and now we have a bunch of new laws, which only add to the paperwork (new office workers) (less resources to actually take care of the plants) to the production and processing of the food we eat. If the harvesters want to piss or spit into the bins of our produce the hairnets will not stop them.

We seem to elevate education and use of oil based energy in ever increasing amounts to produce the same products. We have managed to make muscle power a thing to be avoided at all cost. Instead of forcing the non productive population (welfare recipients) into the hands on production of our

nations food needs we find the foreign (ill eagle migrants) are being forced out and no replacements for them are in the governments planned legislated activity. When will we wake up to the fact that muscle power is a very renewable and sustainable resource that needs to be exploited like never before. We seem to think using youth in the workforce is bad but we let them fester in front of electronic gismos or in drug induced lethargy and no problem. I read of many farmers going out of farming due to lack of harvesting personnel (workers) due to the disruption of migrant stream of past willing hands.

Farms still seem to be going out of business and so are the nurseries that were expected to keep agricultural land in use. Bargains abound with the increased auctions but some prices are higher due to the exporting of the articles sold at auction. If the government expects to be the only business remaining open they might open their eyes and see where their revenue is derived from. Our country is beyond an economic solution that is painless. Extreme austerity measures will probably not even be enough to pull us out of the bottomless economic debt we have racked up. It is inconceivable to keep delaying the repayment for future generations to be held accountable for.

Farms and their workers will be the best source for a grass roots recovery in our nation. Basic manufacturing also need to be cherished and coddled as well. Institutions and paper working masses are a drain on our society who's time has long since passed as a sustainable entity.

July 17, 2011 will be a date for history as the US government has seen fit to outlaw sales of gold once more. This very well may be the last nail in our coffin.

Family farms offer experiences in living history and a classroom for sustainable living in these turbulent times. The small family farm needs to be unfettered from its economic burdens by allowing value add that has been granted to the middleman but not to us the primary producer. I still receive prices for the fruit of 30 years ago but none of my expenses have remained the same. No 3% cost of living increases for farmers that others in the economic sector and government seem to feel an entitlement for.

You allow; not only allow but encourage creation of economic wealth from nothing (thin air) as in the stock market, banking, and futures market but squeeze out life from the bedrock producers like farmers that provide real and important products grown from water and thin air. In your zeal to grow and propagate a bloated bureaucracy you kill your economic support bases. While government increases its take from taxation by extortion its bottom line decreases from the despair of its citizens.

The continued actions from our legislation in enacting new legislation for food safety and other controls of our production capabilities once again reduce our abilities as a country to produce with economical returns to the farmer. When will the government realize it is a cancer on the economic health of our nation

and get out of the way to unleash the potential of our once great nation. I guess it will die like most people that get cancer . The sad part is that all of us who are willing to reduce our level of life style for the good of the nation are stifled while those in control continue to believe that their action will make it better (as though they know how to do anything productive for a real economic base growth).

Possum Trot is practicing subsistence sustainable minimalist farming by using manure versus chemical fertilizer; mechanical and manual weed control versus chemical weed killers and the selection of self sustaining seedlings and varieties versus high maintenance grafted trees. As possible we try to reduce oil or gas usage by using manual labor and basic hand tools. We need public local support by their buying or using our products and services. We will try to educate the public in learning to live a closer living relationship with our planet and its bounty provided us by GOD. We here at Possum Trot try to engender (Initiate) a more natural system for production of foodstuffs that also employs minimalist inputs where possible. Manure for nutrients and no sprays are the rule of the day. The fruit may not look blemish free but the surface spots are only skin deep in most cases. The flesh is still good to eat and any of the deeper bad spots can be removed with a paring knife.

The number of pest and disease entries into our country into the very center of production areas cannot be accidental. Terrorism and intentional destruction of our food industry by those who would like to see our country cease to exist are the likely candidates. The Asian Laurel Wilt with the Asian Ambrosia

Beetle complex which entered several years ago in South Carolina in some pallets from an Asian shipment are just the tip of an avalanche of crop destroying pestilence to reach our shores.

The dual invasive pest for Laurel's of ambrosia beetle and laurel wilt will probably destroy the avocado industry in less than 5 years. This probably will be exploited by state, local and federal governments in some fashion adding insult to injury to already down and out farmers. How much more of an ever growing inept government intrusion in our lives will we have to take.¹¹

ROBERTS ANNUAL SAYINGS AND RANTINGS:

2007-HOW CAN THE GOVERNMENT DEMAND ABSOLUTES WHEN LIFE IS BUT AN APPROXIMATION

2008-THE GOVERNMENT IS A CANCER THAT IS KILLING ALL OF ITS BUSINESSES

2009- OUR NEW PRESIDENT IS USING A GATTLING GUN TO PUT THE LAST FEW NAILS IN OUR COFFIN AND BY THE WAY IS BLOWING OUT THE BOTTOM TO MAKE US SINK THAT MUCH FASTER(GATTLING GUN WAS IN USE DURING LINCOLNS PRESIDENCY).

2010- MOST POLITICIANS SHOULD BE SHOT (HUNG) FOR TREASON

2011- OURS IS A GOVERNMENT OF EXTORTION, BY EXTORTION, FOR

¹¹ Continued writings on the computer my sister bought me around 2001.

EXTORTION AND WITH EXTORTION

2012- THE FALL OF OUR NATION IS MY OWN FAULT AS I DID NOTHING TO STOP IT

2012 De occupier of the White House has singlehandedly ruined a more perfect union given to us by our forefathers.

2013 The nation has a new hope but when we find out how far amuck the last occupier went our minds will be blown. (Sorry, wrong occupier remained in the office)

AuH2O(Barry Goldwater) said woe be unto the nation whose debt meets or exceeds its gross national product.¹²

The government's sense of empowerment and entitlement has grown way out of proportion to its food supply (Taxed industry and private endeavors.) You have let the good intentions of the constitution be trampled underfoot of an oblique and obese group of legalizeits. Basic economic laws must be reinstalled in our society (government).

While the government tries to increase its income from increased taxation (taxation by extortion) in reality its take decreases due to the despair of its citizens.

In capitalist America the economic repression of the masses is

¹² From memory

institutionalized to a point which not even Lenin could have foreseen. (LeClaire)

DECISIONS

Life is a system of quandaries

Simplicity vs. complexity

Functionality vs. esoteric

Pain vs. pleasing

Truth vs. deception

Education vs. chaos

Lack of planning and maintenance lead to frustration and failure.

If you don't have an education you at least have to know something.

Naturenomics

Saving nature while earning a living; preserving sustainable organic systems

The not so gradual decline of our nation can be turned around. It will take courage, sweat equity, perseverance, reeducation and much suffering on our part as members of the cooperate society. Hard decisions and seemingly heartless actions will be needed. Each of us will need to learn to get by with much less and the implementation of muscle power to supplement and replace unrenewable energy sources will needed. If you are too good to work you are too costly to continue receiving support from the country. If you can't live with the decisions then do not let the door hit you in the butt as you leave. No work no food might well become the mantra for a new society. Just do it and not waiting for someone

else to do it must be the daily objective. Leave no stone unturned in the search for social programs to cut or eliminate is a beginning. The scope of government in society and business must be curtailed. Business must be eyed as a precious resource and commodity to be coddled, encouraged, and allowed to grow and employ the recently unemployed government supported idle and workers. Basic medical provided but no heroic measures might remain. Government has no business being everybody's everything. Beyond protection, basic education, communication, foreign interaction, and various infrastructure to facilitate economic growth and sustenance the government needs to divest itself from all else.

Love

Real love never comes easy. It requires commitment. It requires work on both sides of the relationship in order to blossom into a lasting relationship. Love bears all, love is patient and kind. Love does not envy or boast. Love is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way, not irritable or resentful. Love does not rejoice at wrong doing but rejoices in the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hope all things and endures all things. Love never ends.

Since King George in 1776, we have not had so much extortive legislation aimed at the people who are supposedly the government (We the people are the government).

Determine any concept as better than reality (truth) and hang consumptive laws upon it.

The punitive nature of so much of our legislation boggles the mind.

A rhetorical question? If I a property owner removes soil and grasses alongside of said roadway, would he be liable for a fine? But site developers can with impunity reduce lands elevation to within a few inches of the flood zone with no public outcry or consequences.

The drainage Gestapo has yet to install one of its French Drains in front of Bill Ingram's nursery on SW 157 Ave. This system circumvents the natural filtration that the topsoil affords to drainage water with its high cat ion exchange capacity (CEC) allowing pollutants to go directly into our drinking water aquifer.

Doing it the right way for all the wrong reasons is wrong.

We as a people are not very productive (producing things) anymore.

The government seems to be actively directing extortionally adversarial treatment toward private industry at alarmingly increasing rate lately.

Auctions let us bid and buy lots of great stuff cheap. It also shows the dismal condition of our nation as many of the auctions are based on foreclosures and bankruptcies. Our country is like a terminal patient on total life support systems. Pull the plug and it will be our last breath. Our printed money done with out backing of any kind will cost more for its shipment to foreign countries than it will buy there once delivered.

If the government put near the resources and energy into planting trees from bankrupt nurseries that it puts into eradication of invasive species; we as a nation would be far ahead of the game of global warming!

It is no wonder so many bad ideas are promulgated from the leadership that are educated in public schools that teach as fact that which is absolute falsehood based on avarice and greed.

QUOTES

Your mind is the only judge of truth- if others dissent from your verdict, reality is the final court of appeal. Ann Rand 1953

We are not human beings having a spiritual experience, we are Spiritual beings having a human experience. London Porras

1939-201? Beverly Ann Barnum

A summary of my life and memories of close relatives

San Antonio, Texas

Introduction

Some days as I grow older, I begin to feel very alone as aging relatives die off one by one. What is left are memories of people who breathed, lived, loved and died, leaving just a hint of a ripple in the sands of time. These words are written with hope that future generations will learn of relatives who were interesting people and not merely dry statistics listed as dead branches on a

family tree.

Disclaimer

All these words are my memories, accurate or inaccurate. Any mistakes from what someone else remembers are totally the result of my own faulty memory.

Maternal grandfather

Gordon DeKalb Moon.... 1877-1959

My memories of my grandfather are of a tall and somewhat stout man who spent his time making homebrew, wine, hard cider, fishing, hunting, gardening or just sitting in his rocking chair under a huge oak tree in the front yard. When outside, Grandfather usually alternated between sitting in a homemade chair or lying on a homemade cot, made from wood and wire mesh left over from building some other project. Everyone who drove or walked down the road would stop and greet him and they would spend hours talking under the old oak tree. In fact, under this old oak tree was what might be considered a modern day conversation pit, homemade wooden benches, chairs and the cot. You could see the whole world go by and then discuss it from this pleasant vantage point. The only clothes I remember seeing him wearing were a khaki long-sleeved work shirt and blue bibbed denim overalls.

I remember catching my nose in his cider press when I was “helping” him make cider. This misfortune became a family anecdote reminding me not to stick

my nose in places where it did not belong. They had a scuppernong arbor and its fruit was used to make wine. I enjoyed reading from a chair under this leafy arbor. I also “helped” when grandfather created smelly homebrew in a washtub and corked it in “used” beer bottles. The homemade “brew” was left to “age” under the back porch.

No bottle was ever thrown away: these were valuable for homemade concoctions. The tool shed held a cornucopia of old and interesting bottles and other assorted relics.

Grandfather was a carpenter by trade and in his prime built their white frame home on 300 acres given to my grandmother by her father. The story was that Great Grandfather Thompson divided his acreage equally among his eleven children. My grandmother was the oldest girl. The farm was 30 miles from Atlanta and accessed down a series of unpaved roads carved from Georgia clay. Dirt roads have a certain charm all their own. Vibrations in the car resulted from “washboard-like” surfaces, with clouds of dust if you were following someone too closely. I remember picking maypops, which grew alongside roadways. These are apricot-sized oblong things that you could stick toothpicks into and create all sorts of playthings, mostly animals. I mostly made what I would call, pigs, cows and horses. In fact, on a farm, almost anything can and was made into a toy.

Gourds were also plentiful and could be used for dippers and toys. My grandfather had quite a collection of gourds, used for many purposes. They hung on the wall outside the back porch. He always drank freshly drawn well water from one of these gourds. Water from the well was freezing cold, all year long.

Even after a pump was installed, my grandfather always drew his drinking water directly from the well, claiming that pipes changed the taste.

The nearest town was Loganville, but the farm was also near Conyers, Monroe, Walnut Grove and a general store located beside a covered bridge in a place called Rosebud. I also remember we had to ford a creek with no bridge to get to Rosebud. The gas station in front of the Rosebud General Store was pumped by hand and had a glass top where you could see the gas being pumped through. (Sort of like Ike Godsey's store in the TV series The Waltons)

Some of the farm was wooded. My grandfather dug a pond on a creek and stocked this pond with fish, which he caught from a wooden pier or from a small dinghy, which he also built himself. The remaining acres were usually planted with cotton and corn. I learned that not all corn is to be eaten. Apparently all of this corn was "field" corn, not fit for humans but grown for animal feed. After he was too old to plant himself, he rented the land, so real crops always surrounded the home whenever we visited. I remember picking cotton and spending a lot of time trying to separate the raw cotton from the seeds inside. From firsthand experience, I can attest that invention of the cotton gin is the reason you wear cotton and neither wool nor linen clothing. Because Georgia farmers did not want weeds or grass to get into their fields, instead of a lawn, the house had pure white sand all around. Grandfather would occasionally rake the sand to remove leaves and other debris. They never had a dog, but I remember once they had a pair of "watch" geese. When a passing car killed one, apparently the other died soon thereafter from grief.

There was a kitchen garden next to the house with “people” corn, beans, cabbage, turnips, peas, peppers, onions, potatoes, strawberries, tomatoes etc. I also remember peach trees, walnut trees, and pecan trees. Mother always picked a few peach branches to use in “whipping” us for bad behavior. My grandmother used to love cooking with pecans and spent hours shelling them. I remember grandfather would bury potatoes and other root vegetables and then dig them up just in time to cook for dinner. I thought this was the way they grew, only learning later that this was a storage pile and they had been moved. Meat was often a squirrel, possum, rabbit or other creatures he shot, using an authentic Civil War rifle. My first lesson in how to shoot was with this rifle, down at the fishpond, where my father gave me a lesson which included trying to shoot frogs down at pond. Most of the time we, as visitors, ate fish, chicken or ham from the smokehouse. I was never forced to partake of the local game. Every visit would include a trip into some nearby town to buy groceries that I actually would eat. Supermarkets were slow to come to rural Georgia and I remember having clerks take stuff from shelves for us. The first real grocery store was an A&P but this was a poor store by today’s standards. About the only changes from the original country store were aisles and you could put stuff in your small rolling cart instead of asking.

Garbage was placed in a burning pit, downwind from the house. Most of the garbage went to slop the pigs...pigs even ate used soapy dishwater. I used to wonder about that. For the most part, my grandparents really lived off the land.

Their mode of transportation when I first remember them was a wagon,

pulled by a mule. In later years, they never drove anywhere. I was always disappointed that I could never ride the mule, but I did get to drive the wagon once or twice. A traveling store came to visit them. I was fascinated with stalks of bananas hanging in this truck/ store. You could buy a hand, which was chopped off the stalk. Grandfather had a sweet tooth and would always buy coconut, usually of a brown variety not found today. This sweet tooth did not affect his dental health as he had all of his teeth, with the exception of one gold crown. When he died, his teeth were worn down from eating, not from brushing, as he did not believe in doing this...ever.

They also kept pigs in a sty next to the barn. I never watched a slaughter, but was served the results from the smokehouse I am sure. Out-buildings, which my grandfather also built, included a barn, a toolshed, a smokehouse, a washhouse, a chicken coop, and a two-hole outhouse. There was also a small “springhouse” hut on the creek, which was used to keep things cold. Water came from two wells, one near the barn and the other behind the main house. We were always told water from the barn’s well was not fit for humans to drink. There was no pump...the water had to be pulled up in a bucket, using a crank and rope winding around a wooden log used as a drum. Electricity was put in sometime after my birth, but it was only used for an ancient refrigerator, with the cooling coil on top and for light bulbs, which dangled from ceilings in every room. In 1947, when we returned from Japan, my parents closed in the back porch and installed a toilet, shower, wash tubs and running water. To his dying day, however, grandfather always used the outhouse and instead of toilet paper, used

corncobs, conveniently kept in a bucket inside the outhouse. Periodically, he would scoop up the “output” from the outhouse and carry it to a hole, where he would bury it with some white powder (lime?) in the hole as well. He would put fresh dirt from the new hole under the outhouse.

My mother grew up in Loganville, Georgia when my grandfather was still working. Sometime in the 1920/30’s while building the Baptist church at Center Hill, my grandfather drove a nail into his knee and thereafter declared himself unable to work. So when I knew him, he was just a putterer. One summer, I attended vacation Bible School at the church he built. I believe both my grandparents are buried there today. My grandmother always said she wanted to be buried in a vault. I did not know what one was until years later and Mother paid for her wishes to be fulfilled.

My grandparent’s income came from renting out farm acreage, an old age pension from the state of Georgia and handouts from my parents and my Uncle Doyle. Uncle Doyle bought upholstered living room furniture, which I remember as being very blue and very scratchy. My grandfather preferred his inside handmade wooden rocking chair to the stuffed furniture. While indoors, he spent endless hours playing solitaire on a board which he placed across his knees. Every Christmas, we would give him new playing cards and he would subsequently wear them out to the point where you could barely see the suits and numbers. There was a radio in the window where he sat, that he would turn on occasionally to listen to the news...at top volume. It was one of the rounded top ones with tubes, also seen in “The Walton’s” TV show.

Their beds were huge double four-posters, high off the ground with feather mattresses during my younger years. The feathers were eventually replaced with real mattresses. I always missed the comfort of a feather bed, especially when it rained and you could hear splat/splat noise on the house's tin roof. There were no closets, just one wardrobe to hang things in and trunks for everything else. There was a bookcase with a few books which I devoured every vacation...I remember reading really old copies of "Girl of the Limberloss" "Else's Girlhood" and the original McGuffey reader. Books were handed down for generations in those days. There was an old family bible, but I never read that! There was a screened front porch, on which hung a green double wooden bench swing. I spent hours reading in that swing. I began my stamp collection from very old stamps I found on letters in one trunk.

My grandfather was not very adventuresome and loved living on his farm. When I was 15, we moved to Atlanta. My parents picked up my grandparents and brought them to us for a visit. My grandfather demanded to go home after just two days. He was lost in the city. He was also deaf as a post all the years I knew him and rarely understood what you were saying, even when shouting.

We visited my grandparents at least once a year when we lived anywhere near and every Sunday when we lived in Atlanta. I learned to drive as my father bribed me with driving to and from our home to theirs to entice me to accompany them on these visits. We spent one Christmas there and my parents brought in all the presents in a big toilet paper box. We cut the tree and made decorations from popcorn and construction paper. Mother said when she was a child; all she

got for Christmas one year was an orange.

My grandmother's only brother that I remember was my Great Uncle June Moon. He lived on a successful neighboring farm. This was the only place Mother would trust getting eggs, milk and butter from. I vaguely remember an Uncle Wren, but don't know which side he was on. We had dinner at their house in Walnut Grove once and ate terrible meatloaf. My mother's cooking spoiled me for anyone else's.

Grandfather died while I was living in Puerto Rico and my parents were in Germany.

The farm was sold...too bad in light of its proximity to Atlanta today.

Maternal grandmother

Della Thompson Moon...1870-1959

The story has it that my grandmother was the oldest of 11 children. Her family came from Walnut Grove and included planters and judges. The old Thompson house in Walnut Grove was a true colonial mansion with white columns like "Tara" and slave quarters. The kitchen was "modern and up-to-date"...it had a hand pump from the well in the kitchen, so you did not have to crank water up from the depths. My grandmother helped raise all her siblings and married late in life. Upon his death, my great-grandfather divided his land equally among all his children. My maternal great grandmother allegedly died at the ripe old age of 94 on the way to get water from an outside well.

Della had two children, my mother Eunice Ann and my Uncle Doyle. Uncle Doyle joined the Coast Guard after graduating from high school. Uncle Doyle

married twice I believe, once while young, Ruby and then again near his retirement. With his second wife, Doris, he had a son Gilbert. They lived in Florida after his retirement until their deaths. We never saw much of Uncle Doyle. He had red hair. He is also the one who paid my mother's way through nursing school in Macon (to get her off the farm and have a better life as well).

My grandmother was a short dumpy woman, always dressed in a calico housedress and black lace-up oxfords. Grandmother was a truly domesticated housewife. She canned fruit and vegetables. Her spiced peaches remain the best I have ever tasted. While I never watched the preparation of wild game, I did watch her kill and cook chickens. She would chase one down, cut off its head with an axe, put it in successive pans of hot water to loosen the feathers, pluck it, and then cut it up outside on a shelf (a board placed across two tree stumps). Fried chicken this way is the best you will ever eat. It was fried on a wood-burning stove using lard, in a cast iron skillet. I always got the pulley bone, a cut you don't get unless you cut up a chicken yourself. It is the front part of the two breasts. I always dried and pulled the bone to make a wish. The one who got the short side of the bone had their wish come true. Chicken tastes differently after it has gone through the process of rigor mortis. We always ate them really fresh, within an hour after they were killed.

In addition to eating the chickens, we also got to feed them corn and gather eggs from the henhouse. The chickens ran around the yard all day and then went into the chicken coop for the night and the door was shut. I remember gathering an egg one day and told to put it back. That egg was the one to fool the

chicken into laying others. The rooster was the alarm clock, but slightly unreliable as he crowed at everything and at all hours.

Every time we left for our own home, my grandmother would prepare us a picnic lunch to take with us. I particularly remember fried chicken and deviled eggs. To this day, a picnic to me means these two items.

The house had two stoves; the one in the kitchen burned wood for cooking. The pot-bellied stove in the living room burned coal or wood. I don't remember who cut the wood. The stove both baked and cooked and always had a pot of water on it warming.

We took baths in a round zinc washtub, mixing hot water from the stove with cold water from the well. I got to use the water first because I was the oldest child. When my brother John got in, there was a layer of gray scum across the surface...poor John. The well water was so soft, that it was really hard to wash off the soap and thus the skim of gray. I remember it being especially hard to wash soap out of my hair. When my parents returned from Japan, they modernized the house with running water and an indoor bathroom. When the shower was put in there was also a water heater, great improvement! The kitchen also got a sink with running water. Before that all cooking and wash water came from the well.

In one corner of the kitchen was a "safe," a cupboard with vented tin doors that cooked food was kept in. Cutlery was kept in a Mason jar on the kitchen table. I think my grandfather built and then caned the kitchen chairs we used. The main meal of the day was lunch.

I remember we used to visit a neighbor to buy milk and butter. Mother would always boil the milk, since it was not pasteurized. One year there was some intestinal disorder going around the area and she would only buy dairy from one relative and then boiled it extra long. I had nightmares for years thereafter because of the stories I overheard of people with diarrhea so bad they shit blood. The butter came in a round mold and was kept in the “safe.” Prior to that, dairy products were kept alongside a small creek that had what they called a “springhouse.” Eventually my mother replaced the “cooling unit on top” refrigerator with a small Westinghouse that lasted from the mid 40’s until they died in 1959.

There was a piece of furniture with two bins; one filled with cornmeal and the other with flour. Staples were purchased in hundred pound sacks. The sacks were usually made from printed gingham and the material was subsequently used to make dresses for me or in making quilts.. The top of the bins was where she rolled out dough for pies and biscuits. Biscuits were rolled and cut with a drinking glass. Cornbread was made in pans or in a corn-stick maker, made from cast iron. My grandmother also made the best peach cobbler I have ever eaten. I think the secret is that lard was used in making the crust. The culinary arts lost something when we gave up on lard.

There was a lot of cast iron around. The large black wash-pot that was placed on a fire outside and then clothes were boiled, rinsed in a galvanized tub and hung on a line for drying. My grandmother had a black woman who came in periodically to help her with laundry. There was an old-fashioned wringer and a

genuine corrugated wash board to use. What might these be worth today as antiques? Sheets are heavy when wet! The clothes iron was also heavy cast iron and heated on the stove and held with a potholder when in use. There was a farm bell on a tall pole in the yard, used to summon someone in case of emergency, or to call one in to eat. The tool shed was a cornucopia of rusted delights, the purposes for which I had no idea at the time, but I used to like to rummage through broken furniture, tools and farm implements.

My grandmother was an extraordinarily good quilt maker. I was given two at my marriage and could remember many of my childhood clothes, since my mother made most of my clothes and then gave the scraps to my grandmother to use in a quilt. Unfortunately, I realized too late what treasures these quilts were and used them to “death by washing machine” with Cathy and Cyndi in Puerto Rico.

Grandmother also crocheted. Antimacassars, tablecloths, bed spreads etc. She sat in her prickly upholstered blue chair by the window and worked on projects till she died. When she tried to teach me to crochet, all I could manage were endless chain stitches. She had more luck in teaching me to knit. That I could actually do!

Grandmother was totally deaf. In the 50's my parents put in a telephone for emergencies, but she could never hear well enough to use it. We were on a party line and learned to ignore all but two short rings. Of course, two short rings never came, since we were the ones who always did the calling. Why all the recent concern about privacy and phone taps when the old phones were all party

lines and everyone could hear everyone else?

Grandmother did enjoy using the indoor plumbing after it was installed. Before the indoor toilet, we used chamber pots at night when we could not go outside to the outhouse. Grandmother had the joy of emptying these every day of her life, since my grandfather never would use the toilet.

My grandmother had an old trunk that once she let me watch her go through. There were lots of old letters with one-cent postage stamps. I got to take the stamps since I was in a stamp-collecting mode at the time. She also had a \$10 gold piece that she promised to me when she died. She had kept it when the government called in all gold. Unfortunately when she died, we were all abroad and so someone else unknown got my “inheritance.”

My first experience with homesickness came when my parents left John and me on the farm while they were to look for a home at a new duty station. It was at Christmas time and we had taken all the gifts in a huge box to be placed under the tree. My father took us all out in the woods to cut the tree. We found a cedar that would do, brought it in and made popcorn strings and cut out construction paper ornaments for decoration. When my parents left for a few days, I felt like they had taken my insides with them, for I had never been left without either of them before. I must have been about nine. The last thing my mother had cooked was a pot of soup and that is all I would eat while they were gone. I guess I was parent sick, not homesick, but it is the same awful feeling.

Country visiting had some first-hand advantages. We got to go to the mill and watch corn being ground into meal. We got to see food growing. We learned

that life can and was lived before electricity, motor vehicles, and television. I learned of Southern race relations up close and personal. There was a two-room shanty down the road, also on the property. Once this hovel was occupied by a black family. I spent one pleasant afternoon playing with the girl, only to get a stern lecture from my mother about how it was not “fitting” for me to have done so. Thank goodness we have grown past this as a nation.

I loved to read the old books in their meager bookcase: McGuffys Reader, Elsie, Dinsmore and Girl of the Limberloss are ones I especially remember. My grandmother had a younger sister, Marjorie Thompson Hansen. Aunt Argie married a ner-do well and had two ner-do well sons....Joseph Prometheus and James. Consequently Argie was sort of adopted by the rest of the family. She visited us occasionally and came to Oklahoma to care for my mother when John was born, since my father was off fighting the Second World War. Grandmother Moon also had two brothers we ate with occasionally, Wren and Grady Thompson. They lived in Walnut Grove. Uncle June Moon, a brother of my grandfather, lived in a near-by farm. I do not remember any of the rest of the siblings.

I remember mother telling a story that when she was in high school, my grandparents had a Model T Ford. Grandmother did not drive, but one time when she was ready to leave some event and my grandfather was not, my grandmother and mother got in the car to drive home. All was well until time to stop. She did not know how and drove the car into a ditch...that was the end of the car!

My grandmother died in her sleep a few short weeks after my grandfather...sort of like the geese!

Fraternal grandfather

John Merton Barnum ?-1922

My father's family was originally from Corning and Horseheads, New York. My grandfather died when my father was 11 years old, so I have no memories of him. There are some stories I recollect hearing. Their children were:

1. Vaughn, who died as an infant (we now suspect it was from Cystic Fibrosis, since my brother John's son Zachary has it.)

2. Merle, who went to Colgate University, married Florence Hansen and had two children Dorothy Ann and Howard (Buddy and then in later years, Bud). Merle worked for the Heinz Company all his life and lived in Pittsburgh. PA. I remember visiting them in 1947 when we returned from Japan. Merle had bought a grey Buick for my parents to collect, practically an impossibility after the war when new cars were in short supply. Mother hated it at first sight and we traded it in on a 1950 Packard shortly thereafter. Their two-story white clapboard was on a steep hill and had hollyhocks growing in back. We went with them to Lake Chitaqua? It was my first experience with swimming in green water (algae). Merle was a picky eater and married a wife who could not cook. My mother tells the story of how Florence bought three small yellow squash then peeled them and cooked them to serve about nine people. Florence's mother lived with them to do the housework and cooking I suppose until her death. They had help, so he must have done pretty well financially. Florence died when I was a young child and my

mother tried to be extra nice to their children. The children visited us in Maryland when I was three or so. DeeDee, Buddy and I went to Florida when I was about 11 and spent part of the summer with my Uncle Lynton, sans respective parents. I remember it as fun. DeeDee went to Gaucher College and was a talented musician. She worked as a secretary until her marriage to Marcus Gregory, a VP with US Steel. They had one son, Jim, who now lives in Indianapolis and has children of his own. Jim and his father both went to Harvard. DeeDee and Marc are both retired now and live in a planned golf community near Savannah, Georgia. (Update...they moved to a retirement home in Macon). They travel and are active in the community. DeeDee is a bell ringer. Marc took a job as a consultant to the Russian steel industry and they spent an interesting year in Russia. They travel extensively.

Howard (Bud) married Dianne and had two/three? children...Tommy, Jennifer and someone else. I think Bud worked for Heinz as did his father.

3. Lillian was the family mystery. We always were told she died as a young adult from kidney failure. However, when Mother and Daddy went to the Fingerlakes region on a vacation one year, they visited the family burial plot in Corning, NY. On Dorothy's headstone was her name and "Infant." There is a diamond ring, which we received from Aunt Spooze's estate that is believed to have been Lillian's. Cyndi has the ring now.

4. Rhea Madeline was more often called "Spooze." She married John Beisswanger while living in New York, but moved to Florida with the rest of the family in the 20's. John worked as a plastering contractor and Spooze kept the

books. They had one daughter, Betty who was mentally slow, and married John Barnett who was in the Air Force and had one son, Johnny (who disappeared from the family chronicles in the 60's). I visited Aunt Spooze when I was 12. I flew in my first plane from Atlanta to Miami and then back to Fayetteville, NC. It was a wonderful summer vacation. Aunt Spooze was an excellent cook. She made the best spaghetti I have ever tasted...her secret is to start with a rump roast and cook it for two days until it falls apart. Spooze also painted china and I loved to eat on her Fiesta Ware. I used to listen to the radio with my Uncle John and I was introduced for the first time to such wonderful radio dramas as the Lone Ranger, The Green Hornet, and Perry Mason. I also used to listen to the daytime soaps with Aunt Spooze. Once she took me to play bridge with her pals, but we played Canasta that day, since I did not know how to play bridge then. Spooze went bonkers at the end and died in the 60's. Betty died a few years later, after being taken in my parents and nursed by my mother during her final illness. For years, Betty and Spooze used to drive to the grove and visit on Sunday afternoons. Eating dinner at her house in South Miami was another highlight of my life. Betty and Spooze apparently sold Avon at one point for when she died; we received tons of Avon costume jewelry. Andrea got most of it and it burned in her Denton house fire. More on the Beisswangers when you get to 1945-6.

5. Lynton Lisle remained a bachelor all his life. He dropped out of Syracuse University just before his final year in order to support his mother and my father, the only child remaining at home after my grandfather died. Rumor has it that he had an ill-fated romance, but I never knew the details. He moved to

Florida and worked for the Biscayne Engineering Company as a civil engineer doing surveying most of his life. He was famous for practical jokes. As a child, he was rumored to have jumped off a high bridge on a dare. He had his appendix removed and took it to school on a piece of string to dangle down the necks of girls. He once brought a live alligator back strapped to the bumper of his car from one of his trips to survey the Everglades. Since there was meat rationing during World War II, he thought we could all have it for dinner. I think he killed and ate it alone. He used to keep a bottle of aloe vera water in the fridge and drank it for medicinal purposes. That and “Zonite” were supposed to be all the medicine one ever needed. However, he died from a stroke and high blood pressure. These may have been caused by his addiction to smelly cigars and a pipe. He had an extensive pipe collection and one of my favorite things he did was make me animals from his pipe cleaners. My parent brought him back a Meerschaum (ivory) pipe from Japan and he treasured it for the rest of his life.

He took a time out during the Second World War when he moved with my grandmother to Cherry Point, North Carolina and helped to build the military facility there. He was my favorite uncle since he lived with us periodically when my father was away. Letters from him were really special, as he would use line drawings to illustrate some point. He also helped me through high school geometry as he made more sense of it than did my teacher. He was a pack rat and saved at least two of everything. He also collected music (classical LP's) and books. During my exile in Florida during my freshman and sophomore years of high school, I read every book in his library, starting at one end of the shelves

and making my way through. Uncle Lynton discovered this and after I had already read them, burned his copies of Eleanor Glyn and Guy De Maupassant. Once he and Uncle Merle babysat Robert and never changed his diaper. When mother returned he was standing in his playpen with his diapers around his legs and yelling, "Roof leaked!" Robert remained his favorite nephew all his life.

6. Donald died as a young teen in a tragic accident. Donald had a paper route and as he was delivering papers one afternoon, he was shot in the temple with a BB gun and died. The BB gun was in the hands of a neighboring boy who was shooting at birds. This really shook up my grandmother and when a few weeks later she saw the same boy out in the same yard shooting at the same birds, she had a mental breakdown. My grandfather gave up his job at the Corning Glass works...he worked for Steuben glass, that expensive stuff. I have one he made with a B etched on it. It is one the buffet, filled with gladiolas. He packed up and moved his wife and son John to Miami to seek their new fortune and a new start away from painful memories in the land rush/boom of the 20's.

7. John Merton Barnum...my father. More on him throughout.

My grandfather died from a heart attack while riding home on a trolley in Miami. I don't know what job he had. I do know that my grandmother did a little of everything afterward, including running a restaurant. My Uncle Lynton also contributed financially. Because they really knew about hurricanes because of the severe one in 1926, they also learned how to build a hurricane-proof home when the time came to build a home in South Florida in 1953.

Fraternal grandmother

Dorothy Arnold Barnum ?-1943

I have no memories of this grandmother. I am told when I was little; I used to try to pull the tail of her Eskimo Spitz dog, called Flash. Apparently Flash did not like me much either. She gave me the child's rocking chair that I had all my life and then passed on to Cathy. Grandmother Barnum died in North Carolina. She lived with my Uncle Lynton and one day, while out running errands she was driving and had a heart attack. She slowed the car and pulled over. Two Marines who were hitchhiking thought she was stopping for them and discovered her slumped over the wheel.

Father

John Merton Barnum 1911-1992

My father was the youngest and born in 1911 in Corning, New York. He moved to Miami when he was 11. He attended Edison High School and the University of Florida, where he majored in English and was a member of the Army Calvary Reserve. He was also a member of the Blue Key, an honor society. I remember he told me that while in school, he flunked German. Consequently, when I arrived at the same university, being me, I just had to take German to prove I could outdo him. Either the classes were easier, or I did because I got four C's in each of four semesters. He worked as a salesman for the Kellogg Company until he was called to active duty in the Army during World War II. There is a case of glass cereal creamers used by Kellogg as a premium still stored somewhere at the grove. One of his first military assignments was theater office at the Savannah, GA post. He served under McArthur's command in the

Pacific.

My father was the most honorable man I ever knew. One of my early life lessons was about honesty. We were living at Fort Bragg and he went to the local grocery for a few items for Mother. He took me along. The cashier gave him too much change (he discovered this when we were back at home). He put me back in the car and we went back to the store and he returned the excess money. He also taught John not to be afraid of thunder and lightning by bundling us up and taking us for long walks in the rain. To this day I love to walk in the rain. When Andrea asked me for the strengths and weaknesses of my parents for some document she was filling out, I could remember a lot of strengths, but no weaknesses for my father. How many people can you know for a lifetime and say that about?

He was a loving father, a devoted husband, an interesting conversationalist, and a caring person. He taught by example. When I was but a wee tot, he used to give my room white glove inspections, just like he did army barracks. I used to proudly wait for his verdict on my cleaned room. While stationed in Korea, he had Mother send him flower seeds so he could plant them in the military compound to help cheer the troops. On a drive from Florida to Texas to visit me, Mother and Daddy encountered a poor woman with children who had a shredded tire and no spare. Daddy bought them a tire and sent them on their way. They tried to pay him with some wall plaques of painted mushrooms, which Daddy subsequently gave to me. When my brother Robert's friend Bill was about to lose his fish farm because of legal problems, my father

remembering all Bill's hard work to create something from nothing, loaned him \$50,000 for an attorney to save Bill's lifework. No bank would have touched him, but Daddy believed in the integrity of some people. He never expected payment for his generosity, although Bill is still paying back a monthly sum.

After he retired, he put Uncle Lynton's almost bankrupt grove back together and it became a showplace, as well as profitable. He was an organizer. All the tools had their place, labeled on a masonite board with hooks. He became a handyman who made lamps from junk...mother's old mix master, Aunt Spooze's old kerosene lantern, Korean brass and cypress knees.

He loved to read "real" books. One year when I was nine, for his birthday I saved my allowance and bought him "The Lincoln Papers," a set of books I never did read myself. When I had the measles, he read me the works of Shakespeare and when I recovered, as a reward, he took me to Frankfurt, Kentucky to see the movie "Hamlet." I still detest every thing written by Shakespeare to this day. That same year, I was sick and could not go to a birthday party for a friend, but Daddy still bought the present, a music box, and took it to the party for me. I remember because I wanted that music box for myself!

Daddy was an adventurous eater. He loved to putter in the kitchen after he retired and was famous for his steak sauces, usually based on butter and herbs. He also made really good smoked fish. The barbecue was his exclusive domain. Once he took me shopping on Peter's street in Atlanta. This area was known for its used stores. He found a three-legged cast iron skillet and used it to build small fires for barbecuing and constructed a grill out of old oven racks to go on top. I

think it was his favorite grill for years to come. After retiring, he and Uncle Lynton used to love to go deep sea fishing and they distributed Uncle Lynton's ashes out on one trip because that's what Uncle Lynton said he wanted. Mother always said when Daddy cooked; he used every dish in the kitchen. With the exception of picked pig's feet, if he ate it, I would try it. I learned to like capers, sardines and olives because of him.

After retiring, he served as a member of the vestry at St. John's Episcopal Church and was instrumental in handling finances for the building of the new church next to the "Chapel."

Daddy was always there when you needed him and came to Washington to help when Orelan decided to divorce me. He said then and only then that he never much liked Orelan, but kept that fact to himself until he figured I needed to hear it.

He loved to entertain and Mother humored him by having people over frequently, although she herself was not much of a people person. Daddy frequently bragged about Mother's abilities and seemed genuinely proud of her.

I am certain that he picked his time to die. He had heart problems and once had a bypass when the technique was relatively untried. He actually died during a visit when Dee Dee and Marc Gregory, Cathy, Justin, Jordan and I were visiting. Just before our arrival, he was taken to the hospital. The morning after I arrived, we went up to visit him. Mother would never leave his side when he was hospitalized, but we convinced her to go home and rest. I said I would hold down the situation. We talked and he asked about my job and bridge. The doctor's

came in and asked me to wait outside while they hooked him up for dialysis, since his kidneys were failing. A code blue was called almost immediately and he died. I know in my heart that he wanted to go when mother was not there and had all of her family around to comfort her afterwards. She lived for him and never was the same after he died...mourning him for 10 or more years.

Mother

Eunice Ann Moon Barnum

Loganville, Georgia 1914-2007

Mother tells a few stories about growing up. She had long sausage curls and because she hated them so much, I always had short hair. They lived in town until after she left home and they moved to the farm. She remembers being bitten by a puff adder in the garden and being chased by her brother Doyle's pet goat.

Mother escaped the farm in Georgia because her brother Doyle provided the funds for her to attend nursing school in Macon Georgia. Mother made lifelong friends with her fellow nurses and attended periodic reunions with them for more than sixty years thereafter. She also says that while working as a nurse, was the only time in her life when she had money to spend on herself. She bought herself a fur coat that was around for a number of years after I was born. She also bought a cedar chest that was the only furniture remaining after a fire, which burned all their stored things, including most of their wedding presents. Their belongings were stored after Daddy first entered the army and they were moving around a lot.

Mother grew up in Loganville, Georgia and was the Salutatorian of her graduating class from Loganville High School. We used to kid her that it was a graduating class of just eleven students however!

Mother applied her nursing skills as a mother and I was well taken care of, through earaches and injuries. Earaches were treated with an oatmeal box with a light bulb in one end. She administered aspirin in a spoon, melted in juice. We got cod liver oil in an eye-dropper. When John was hit in the head with a rake by a friend, she boiled out the wound with hydrogen peroxide. When I was mowing the yard and the mower flung a rock into my leg, she heard me yell and was on the scene immediately and coped with the blood and my hysteria. When I used to get nosebleeds, she assured me that I was not dying and put cold compresses on them until they stopped. I never saw a doctor until it was time for my college physical. My comfort food remains milk toast with poached eggs and egg milks, flavored with vanilla. If we were too sick to go to school, we had to stay in bed, but we received excellent care.

Mother was also a wonderful cook and spoiled me for food cooked by anyone else. Some of her family recipes have endured to the next generations: chicken with herbs and wine, dump cake, strawberry shortcake, peach cobbler, tuna casserole, spaghetti, chili, ham and scalloped potatoes, fresh green beans with bacon, squash with onion and sometimes dill, roast pork with oven baked potatoes, etc. I refused to eat cafeteria food in schools because the room usually smelled so bad, so she made me the most delicious sack lunches that I could eat outside! Recently, I looked for and could not find date nut bread any more. She

used to spread cream cheese between two slices. My favorite sandwich meat was Vienna sausage, followed by tuna or egg salad or fried spam. Her potato salad remains unequaled by me. Mother also taught me to read at age three and instilled a love of reading in me that I treasure to this day.

When I was seven, she drove from Miami, Florida to Bremerton, Washington, boarded a ship and sailed to Yokohama, Japan. Although she was seasick all the way, we survived...a tribute to her stamina and determination. With her as a role model, I always felt that I alone could do almost anything I set my mind to. I remember a few things from the trip such as Jukeboxes in restaurants playing, "To Each His Own" and "Old Buttermilk Sky." I remember my first connected motel in Oregon. It was red brick and to me, quite elegant. Most motels of the era were separate cabins.

She cared diligently for her children and husband and always made sure we had a comfortable home. Daddy always said home was where his hat was, but for me, home was where Mother was. I was always happy to bring home friends because I knew my house was the nicest/cleanest that anyone of them had. We moved frequently, but our house was a home again the day after the upheaval, since boxes were quickly unpacked and pictures were hung immediately.

She entertained graciously and my parents frequently had people over for dinner and conversation. She lived for my father and was lost as a person after he died.

As a mother, she did all the right things to raise responsible and

well-grounded children. She personally taught us to read and in the case of John, who had severe problems, hired a tutor to help him over the hump. She made sure I had tap and ballet dancing lessons, golf and tennis lessons, horseback riding lessons, and cooking and sewing lessons. She drove us to places we could not get to on our bikes. She made sure I was a Girl Scout, went to summer camp and did not miss out on anything a childhood should have. She attended all school performances and recitals with good grace and even made the 18th Century ball gowns for the minuet used in a May Day pageant while I was in fifth grade. She made most of my clothes and I always felt well dressed, even though by today's standards, I really had very few.

She always spent Daddy's salary wisely and was the last to buy things for herself until all of us had what she felt we needed. After my father retired and the children were gone, Daddy used to beg her to buy things for herself, but she seldom did. She always put us first, even when she was not feeling well herself and I remember when I used to frequently wake her from a nap, she was never short or ill-tempered. In fact I think I only saw her lose her temper once in an entire lifetime. That was when she was going deaf and could not hear us and misunderstood what was actually being said. I never remember hearing her or my father speak an unkind word to themselves or to anyone else either.

All her life, my mother lived to serve others. Even as she lay dying, she apologized that she could not get up to entertain and cook for her visitors. Her way of expressing love was to cook and serve a fine meal. She truly loved my father and most of the life went out of her when he died.

Beverly Anne Barnum 1939-

Macon Georgia 1939-40

When I was born, we lived in a two-story house on College Street. I remember a story that Daddy helped boil my diapers. He also brought home crabs for dinner once and Mother tore up her hands in trying to prepare them. They had some good friends, which we visited throughout my childhood years. Carl and ??? Rose and Kyle Sloan. Mother met daddy when she went on a blind date with one of her nursing friends who was dating Kyle Sloan. Kyle had an out of town friend; my father, and they set mother and daddy up as a double date. The rest is history. They were married on a Christmas Eve, 1938.

We lived in a small red brick house somewhere in Macon at one point when I was two and I used to play with a neighbor, Eddie Bitoff. He gave me a gold locket for my birthday with his picture in it. It remains there to this day.

Jacksonville, Florida...1941

We lived on the beach. The house had a concrete runway driveway and mother reached for me once to keep me from doing something and went off the runway and crashed into the garage, denting the almost new car...a blue Chevrolet with running boards. I remember a long hallway and a floppy-eared rabbit, which I pulled down this hallway. My father was the base theater officer (Fort Screven) and took us to all of the base movies.

Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri...1942

Here I locked my mother in the basement (we had a coal-burning furnace that had to be fed in the winter) and she had to crawl outside through a basement

window in the robe and slippers and get help, while I screamed my lungs out. There was snow on the ground to make matters worse. I remember the house was new, but because of the war, the kitchen had no stove, so she cooked on a hot plate and also used a two-piece Westinghouse baker/oven. I remember loving to eat raw bacon, until told it would cause Trichinosis, after which I gave up this delicacy. I also loved butter and at restaurants would grab the pats from everyone and gobble them down. Once I piled chairs to get to the top of the refrigerator to grab butter Mother thought she had put beyond my reach and as I fell, the butter was gripped tightly in my fist.

Somewhere along these years, my father was operated on and his gall bladder was removed (a big deal in those days). Mother would leave me in the car while she visited him in the hospital and she said he would cry when she left him and I would cry when she left me. She would cry because she could not be with us both at the same time. I remember playing with the squirrels under the trees at the hospital. When he got out, we drove to Georgia to my grandmother's for his recuperation. In motels along the way, I had my first experiences with bad water...iron I guess and then sulfur. Both smell equally bad. I also had my first Fritos on this trip.

I'm not quite sure where we were living, but somewhere about this time I was told not to run in the hallway. Of course I did and tripped and fell. The floor furnace grate was hot and I burned myself on the arm. For years I had a waffle scar to mark the event. I also remember being sick for every Christmas..

Fort Meade, Maryland...1943-4

We lived in a two-story brick home on the parade ground. Although my father was a Major, in later years these homes were to become general officer's quarters. I started nursery school here. I remember being sick once and apparently had an allergic reaction to some Sulfa based drug my mother gave me, because to this day, I swear that one night aliens took off the roof of the house and sat along the edges of my room's ceiling looking at me. I also remember eating pineapple and tuna fish at lunch one day and since it was during the war, my parents discussed that it would be perhaps that last tuna and pineapple we would have because of Japanese destruction to shipping. I also remember screaming during air raids (sirens) and blackouts. We had a cabinet (Phillips?) radio and my parents would turn it on so the dial would give me enough light to quiet my screaming. I also remember a lot of earaches here. Mother could always make the pain stop by giving me an oatmeal can with a light bulb in one end. The heat from the light bulb was an effective painkiller. Daddy would come home from his office across the parade ground often for lunch. Mother said she could always recognize him from far away because of the way he walked. My room was furnished with surplus navy ship's bunk beds and I was quite proud of it. My father would have a white-glove inspection of it regularly, just like I was in the Army too. The rest of the house was furnished with Government Issue stuff I guess, because I remember the living room chairs and sofa were maroon and scratchy (horsehair?) Mother bought some maroon throw rugs to match the furniture and these rugs remained around our houses for decades to come. DeeDee and Bud came to visit us one summer. I guess it was

just after their Mother died. Thereafter my mother was a sort of substitute mother to them too.

Fort Sill, Lawton Oklahoma... 1944...1945

We lived here several different times. Daddy always hung a swing on a rope in the yard of each house and all three houses were in the same neighborhood. When there was no tree, he planted posts in order to hang the swing. We also planted "Victory" gardens. The gardens were dubiously successful for I remember the corncobs got soot. Mother was a hero when she killed a giant tarantula in the yard one day. I got the chicken pox in the summer and remember being itchy, hot and miserable. I also remember, after Daddy left for the war, that on VE day the neighborhood had a street party. I ate the best homemade pineapple ice I ever remember. But when the fireworks started, I screamed so loudly that Mother had to leave the party and take me home. When we went to Duncan Oklahoma to take my father to the train on which he departed for the war, I also screamed and Mother had to cut her good-byes short to take me away. I have always detested loud noises. It is only in later years I realize how hard it must have been for my pregnant mother with a husband departing for a danger zone and a screaming child.

We used to go for Sunday afternoon drives and on one of these drives, I though it would be fun to throw my favorite ball (it had a raised face on one side) out of the car window. After Daddy stopped a couple of times to retrieve it he said that was enough. Of course I had to throw it out one more time and Daddy

refused to stop for it.. Goodbye ball! Lesson learned...do not make idle threats!

I started my first, first grade here. I already knew how to read, compliments of my mother and was bored when classmates had to come to the front of the room and read aloud from a giant book on an easel. Of course, it was Dick and Jane and I thought it beneath my dignity to read such tripe. I do remember coloring an American flag and I got the stripes wrong and ended up with a pink one in the middle for a bad coloring grade. I also was sick and absent one day when the principal made an announcement not to play in the schools hedges. Upon my return, of course I played in the hedge and got spanked with a ruler by the principal as a result. My partner in crime told her mother and when that mother asked my mother about it, she did not know that I had been spanked. Then and now, I do not believe a few spankings ruin a person for life. It was not even memorable enough to remark about at home. I was simply embarrassed to have been caught in a misdemeanor. Mother used to cut peach tree switches when we were visiting in Georgia and I remember lashings on the legs when I was out of order. It hurt, but only briefly.

Wartime shortages made for interesting memories. We had to mix red and yellow coloring into white oleo to make "butter." I also remember a friend of mother's making homemade mayonnaise from oil, eggs and vinegar. We washed and saved all of the tin cans for recycling. Meat sugar and gasoline were rationed, but I never remember feeling deprived. We took it all in stride.

I remember my mother's friend Rachel (lone) Pacifici from nursing school came to visit and we used to take the bus to interesting places, including my first visit to

a beauty parlor. I guess it was Rachael who had her hair done, since I do not remember my mother ever having anything more than a hair cut her whole life.

Aunt Argie came when my bother John was born and helped Mother then as well along the drive from Oklahoma to Florida; we dropped Aunt Argie off in Georgia along the way. My father only heard he had a son when he ran into my Uncle Doyle aboard a ship in the Pacific. I can only imagine how hard it must have been to be a wife and mother during the Second World War with your husband in the Pacific serving under General McArthur and little to no communication available.

Miami, Coral Gables, Homestead, Florida

We lived first with Aunt Spooze in her 26th street home which had been built by her husband John while Mother sought more permanent shelter during wartime shortages and then Uncle Lynton lived with us (he had been living with Aunt Spooze) during the war years. Mrs. Cook was my next first grade teacher and I remember she smelled awful. I also hated the smell of the lunchroom cafeteria and to this day cannot bear to eat in a cafeteria. Since there were a lot of mouths to feed at Aunt Spooze's and little meat because of rationing, we all grew to love fried tomatoes and cream gravy over toast. We alternated between red and green tomatoes for variety. Betty was still living at home with her parents, so it was a full house!

Our temporary next house in Coral Gables was white stucco and had blue trim. John spent a lot of time in a playpen in the living room. Uncle Lynton gave him a set of unbreakable blocks that he immediately pounded with a hammer

from his pegboard and broke them all. I remember snatching an ash tray from him and cutting his hand. The refrigerator caught fire and caused a lot of excitement one night, since the fire department was called. I rode my tricycle on the sidewalks out front and remember I had a friend with who I swore to commit suicide before I would ever be a teenager after some teens bothered us one day. I remembered this when I turned 13, but decided since this friend was no longer a part of my life, that maybe the vow could go. I also began a lasting relationship with Saturday morning radio, especially "Buster Brown" and "Let's Pretend." I would lie in front of the radio and play with something, usually a coloring book, while listening.

We had to move for some reason (I think the owner sold the house) and all Mother could find was a house in Homestead on Kings Highway. This house was white stucco with red shutters and red painted concrete door steps. Next door was a snobbish girl named Tallulah Webb who barely tolerated me. Years later when I returned to the Homestead area and went to the same high school as she did, I don't think she ever even spoke to me in a two-year period. Tallulah later married Bob Brown, a pharmacist who inherited his business from his father and they bought five acres across the street from the grove but still became no friendlier with our beneath their notice family. Her family owned Webb Furniture in Homestead and had what for then was considered, "money". We did not!

Mrs. Jackson was my third first grade teacher. She went to the same church (St. John's Episcopal in Homestead) and remained friends with my parents for the rest of her life. My father was later to become the executor for her

estate. We saw a movie about mosquitoes and malaria in school and for months afterward I was terrified to go out of doors. Uncle Lynton moved here with us and continued to work for Biscayne Engineering as a surveyor. I saw my first “modern” supermarket in Homestead, the A&P. For the first time you did not stand in front of a counter and ask the clerk for items on your shopping list. We had a basket and walked down about three aisles.

John learned to walk and had long blond curls that Mother refused to cut until Daddy saw John in person. People used to stop and say what a beautiful girl he was. It is a good thing he was too young to care!

Osaka, Japan 1946-8

Mother drove our car, a blue Chevrolet with running boards all the way from Homestead to Bremerton, WA to catch the boat to Japan. We stayed in some really interesting tourist courts, cabins and rooming houses along the way. I remember the only nice one was in Oregon and sometimes was a cabin made from stone with our own carport! I subsisted on butter pats in the awful restaurants and snack food in the car.

We had a terrible 19-day voyage on the USS Arcadia, a former ferry boat that had been pressed into service to bring troops and dependents across the Pacific. It was really not up to the job! My mother was extremely seasick. I remember being sick myself the first few days, but later mother’s cabin mate kept track of me as Mother was too sick to do so herself. She says all she remembers is using disposable diapers to throw-up into as she tried to feed my brother John. He got sick as well and after we landed and got to Osaka, was put in the hospital.

Only Daddy's intervention to procure that rare new drug called penicillin cured him of severe pneumonia.

I remember existing on canned orange juice almost exclusively since I could not bear to eat the ship's food. I also remember stopping in Honolulu and watching small children dive for coins which passengers threw overboard. We were given leis to throw overboard when we left and rumor had it, that they would lead us to come back some day. I actually did in 1965. We also stopped in The Philippines, but did not get to shore. My father was supposed to meet us in Yokohama at the dock, but for some reason left word with authorities that he could not make it, so poor sick Mother had to herd us onto a train to Osaka where he did manage to meet us. Mother says the ground was still shaking under her for days afterward.

On arrival, while we were staying in a downtown Osaka hotel, there was a severe earthquake. We were evacuated from our beds and herded into the hotel lobby. Mother thought she was still on the ship. You could see the chandeliers swinging and hear the water in the canals sloshing. This was quite a reception! There were several other quakes during our stay, but people seemed to take them in stride and so they did not seem particularly scary!

Because the quake did some damage to our home to be, we had to stay extra days in the hotel while repairs were made. The hotel had a library and I remember making my way through a collection of fairy tales...Anderson's, Grimm's, the Purple Fairy Tale book, the Crimson Fairy Tale book etc. I also read the Wizard of OZ series of books as well as some illustrated bible stories.

We finally moved to Haniashiki spelling??? 30 miles down the train track from Osaka. We lived in a westernized Japanese mansion, which the US government commandeered from the defeated Japanese. (The spoils of war I guess, although I thought nothing about it at the time. The home had previously westernized library and music rooms, with inlaid with decorative ebony parquet floors. I started piano lessons from an old gentleman who was paid with sheet music ordered from New York to replace his that was destroyed during the war. Mostly I remember being forced to play scales and Beethoven and Hyden.

Mother set up my school in the library and ordered The Calvert System from the University of Maryland Extension Classes and became my official teacher. We had lessons in the mornings Monday through Friday and I finished an entire year in three months. I loved to snatch the reading books from the library shelves and read ahead.

Part of the house remained Japanese...the servant's quarters and a room my parents used as a bar, complete with elaborate Japanese bath with deep tub. We had a real ice-box and ice as well as drinking water in five-gallon gasoline cans was delivered periodically. I loved to shave ice, using a metal ice shaver, from the ice block for use in frozen drinks. We were not supposed drink tap water and all vegetables had to be soaked in a chlorine solution prior to preparation.

There was a concrete pond in the formal garden with a stone bridge across it. John and I used to swim in the pond, but only after the water had purification tablets dropped into it. I had a pink fuzzy two piece bathing suit. The

grounds were lovely with stone lanterns and azalea bushes galore. Mother always said she felt she was living in a palace.

One winter I slept on an outside porch beside my parent's room and I remember waking with ice on my eyelids. We had three servants provided by the army. Fusa and Sugi were a Nisei couple who had been deported from Canada back to Japan during the war and so spoke English. Fusa cooked and Sugi was the gardener/handyman. The maid was first Lillian, who spoke English and then Aiko, the daughter of a wealthy Japanese man who wanted her to learn English. Aiko and I became good friends and her father is the one who gave us the Japanese doll collection.

I remember that my hot chocolate always tasted like garlic and so I rarely drank it. While in Japan, I suffered from really severe nose-bleeds. These were so bad they used to scare me, as blood literally poured from my nose for a long period of time. In later years, I read that arsenic tastes like garlic and causes nose bleeds. I am convinced now in later years, that one of the servants was trying to "off" me. I never suffered another nosebleed after leaving Japan.

Daddy had some text books used to teach illiterate soldiers to read and I used to sneak these under the covers and read at night until I exhausted all the flashlight batteries. I also read all the text books long before we got to the actual lesson. During our second year there, the military finally opened a school in Osaka, thirty miles away. My parents decided to send me, but made me repeat third grade in order to stay with my peers. I got on the train by myself, rode to Osaka, walked through the train station and then got on a bus to take to the

school. All this alone at age eight, in a recent war zone, in a foreign country, and no one thought it strange. It was the norm in a kindlier and gentler time. I remember being rushed through the Osaka train terminal one morning when we stumbled across a dead man. The American cars on the trains were segregated and had wide white stripes painted on them.

At Christmas, my parents invited all the local children to a party and served traditional American goodies. The Japanese were not used to such rich food and when my father was taking them home, one threw up in the car. I often played with the children of the family next door and learned to speak Japanese pretty well. I learned to hand sew doll clothes from their mother who made wonderful creations from scraps of cloth and trimming.

My other best friend was Don "Skipper" Benjamin who lived just down the hill from us. When our parents went on trips together, we spent the nights at his house with his parent's servants. I remember needing to go to the bathroom at his house but all I could find in the bathroom was a urinal (I had never seen one before and had no idea what it was, but it did not seem to solve my needs) and so I had to escape and go outside.

I also grew to love Gephardt's chili and rice as a favorite meal. I loved to read at the table when my father was not there and chili was always my requested meal. I read and reread a book borrowed from a friend and when I returned it, it had chili all over the pages...very embarrassing. For Christmas my parents ordered many of the children's classics from the Sears catalog and so I read Little Women, Little Men, Jo's Boys, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Hans

Brinker and the Silver Skates, Robinson Crusoe, Kidnapped and Treasure Island.

I remember my father's 36th birthday cake and a party they had for him. Once I got into some airplane cement and it escaped from the tube and got all over everything, my clothes and the furniture. I got off fairly lightly from scolding however. I did not fare so well when it came to taking pills. I was supposed to take iron pills and yeast tablets to "build up my blood," since I had so many nosebleeds. I could chew the yeast, although it tasted terrible, but I was forbidden to chew up the iron. I would not swallow pills, no matter what, and one evening Daddy got so mad at me that he paddled me. I never took the pill and that remained the sole instance of my father spanking me.

We also took a lot of day trips to castles and shrines and saw a lot of Japan. Mother bought herself and me pearls from the original old Mr. Mikamoto. She bought the vase on the marble table from a museum that was opened to the public for purchasing stuff. I had a lot of wooden puzzle boxes and other interesting stuff that vanished over the years. Aiko's parents gave us the Japanese doll set for me one Christmas. Our landlord kept trying to give Daddy stuff, but he was too ethical to take it.

We sold the dependable Chevy for more than it cost new when we were leaving. I remember mother trying to navigate it down narrow streets clogged with pedestrians and bicycles. We used to grocery shop in the Osaka commissary and she would have to get there and back in the car. Otherwise we usually took the train. The servants used to love the commissary rice and Mother would buy it in 100 pound sacks. I used to help pick the brown/black grains and

bugs out of it before cooking. I used to eat many meals in the kitchen and grew to love Sugi's Japanese offerings more than his American food served in the family dining room. I loved rice wrapped in seaweed and his pretzels, nothing like German ones. His had a sweet and sour coating. I became proficient with chopsticks and had my own small ones, which were lacquer, inlaid with Mother of Pearl.

We came back from Japan on the USS Alexandria, a much larger ship and Mother was hardly seasick at all. This was a far different crossing than the one in a tiny boat in the middle of winter. I was apprehensive however since while in Japan, I remembered hearing one of my father friends telling of ships that broke in half in the rough seas.

We landed in Seattle and took the train across country to Pittsburgh, PA where my Uncle Merle had acquired a hard to get brand new Buick for us. It was a lemon and soon replaced with a 1950 Packard. Mother hated the Buick as she said she could only see the road between the bottom of the window and the windshield wipers. The train journey was interesting as we had a compartment with beds and a bath all to ourselves. I remember standing on the platform in Montana when it was 100 degrees.

Fort Knox, Kentucky 1949-50

We lived here in a two bedroom apartment converted from a former army rambling wooden frame hospital so John and I shared a room. This was quite a comedown from the palace in Japan. Mother and Daddy went to Louisville one

day and bought mahogany furniture that would be with us for a long time hereafter. It was manufactured in the Duncan Phiffe style and I always hated it. The only way it was comfortable was to sit in it sideways with feet over the arms. I was continually being told that was not the proper way to sit on furniture.

One day while my parents were out in the car they saw puppies by the road side and Daddy bought us "Beauty" a black cocker spaniel. She chewed the rungs on the Duncan Phiffe coffee table, as well as the rockers on my small rocking chair and mother never forgave her for that. Eventually we gave her to Aunt Spooze, who proceeded to pamper her and only feed her table food, thus she grew fat as a sausage. All Aunt Spooze's dogs were fat and smelled. She once had a wiener dog that looked as though he would outgrow his casing.

Daddy taught me about fractions, which I did not initially get, using an apple pie mother had baked for dinner. The pie suddenly made fractions crystal clear. Daddy also taught us how to make a kite using newspaper and a split "free" from the hardware store yardstick. He spent a lot of time playing with us. I remember I was invited to a birthday party and since Daddy was going into Louisville, he was commissioned to buy the present for me to give. He came back with a music box and I really wanted it, not to give it away. It broke my heart to have to give it up. It was especially bad since I got sick and could not go to the party and my parents sent the gift without me!

John and I got the measles while living here and Daddy would read me Shakespeare every night after dinner. In those days, we had to stay in a dark room without reading since measles were thought to damage the eyes. Daddy

thought he was rewarding me by reading, since I could not read to myself.

Instead he taught me to hate Shakespeare. When I recovered, he took me to Louisville to see "Macbeth", the movie, in a theater. I hated that too, but Daddy always enjoyed Shakespeare, being an English major in college.

I asked for and got a bike for Christmas. It was a blue Murray (one speed) and I rode it hundreds of miles over the years. When I first got it, I was riding down a hill near the house and it got away from me and I fell off and skinned my knees rather badly. Years later on a visit to Fort Knox, I saw and remembered that hill.

My parents also bought a Wurlitzer spinet piano and started me on music lessons again. Unfortunately they never really convinced me that I had any talent for the piano. I was forced to take lessons until I was a senior in high school however. I discovered the Bobsey Twins books and bought a lot of them with my allowance. Cyndi has a few of my childhood books that remain.

Montgomery, Alabama 1950-51

When my father was stationed at Maxwell Field to go to War College, my parents rented a unit in an old white stucco mansion that had been owned by the "Pickle King," before being remodeled into apartments. We lived on the second floor and had a shower with multiple nozzles that was really cool. I went to the first half of fifth grade here and learned to two-step since the school was big on dancing. I remember a grass snake got into the courtyard of the house one day and scared John and me until Mother killed it. I also remember getting a lesson in keeping one's promises. Our class was making a log cabin town and I

volunteered to bring in some cardboard boxes to use in splitting open to replicate logs. I did not come through and got a really bad grade. Subsequently, I try to always keep any promises I make, so this was a good life lesson. Be careful what you promise and then keep those you do make.

This was the summer of the big Polio epidemic scare and so we did not get to go swimming or to theaters. One exception was when Mother took John and me to see the Disney film, "Dumbo." Once again I took refuge in reading and learned to love public libraries.

Once when we ate in an Italian restaurant Daddy forgot his Panama straw hat, but when we went back to reclaim it, it was gone. Daddy always said home was where his hat was and so I was upset that he lost it. He always wore a hat, either military or civilian and even carried a swagger stick to work. My best friend Cornelia lived in another unit of the apartment and later grew up to marry Governor Wallace. Down-stairs neighbors, the Crosby's had had no children, but did own a cool car with a rumble seat that I got to ride in occasionally. She also gave me a sort of chocolate wafers that came in a tube. These were really good and I have never found them again. The Crosby's had a grand piano in their living room, which Mother arranged for me to practice on once in awhile to keep up with music since my piano was in storage. I remember being sorry we had to leave as I was happy here.

Fort Bragg, Fayetteville, North Carolina-1951-1953

I loved it here and in retrospect believe this was a perfect place for one's formative years. I went to half of fifth grade through eighth grade at the post

school and I never had gone to the same school long enough to get to know my way around before.

We lived in another rambling wooded frame converted hospital, called Butner Court, but this time we had three bedrooms so I got my own room. We went to a furniture store in Fayetteville and bought twin beds and a very comfortable rocking chair with swan arms that Robert still has. My room was across from the bath and I used to love to lie in bed listening to my father shower and shave in the morning knowing that I had some additional time before I had to get up. The tub was an old fashioned one with claw feet. We got our first washing machine while we lived here and I guess Mother was elated. I have many memories of her doing the family wash in the bath tub over the years. I used to help hang them on outside clotheslines and had to watch for rain.

The hospital wings remained connected with long open covered corridors that used to be fun to play along. I remember pipes covered with asbestos that we used to love to peel off in great chunks...no law suits then! We also used to run behind the trucks spraying for mosquitoes with no ill effects either! I used to love the smell of newly mown grass when the compound was mowed.

I had a collection of bottles in a shoe box that I used to add scents and colors to water and call my perfume factory. I also learned mumblety-peg and marbles living here and once had to return all the marbles I won from a boy because he went home and told his parents that I had won them all from him, but he was not playing "keepsies." We played outside all year long and I used to get punished by

being told I could not read and had to go outside to play. I used to make long chains of braided clover in the summer and remember rolling in the newly mown grass since it smelled so good. I also learned to shoot “bullets” from the top of another weed.

One summer, while my father was on temporary duty at Fort Monroe in Virginia, (he was writing some military manual) we went for two weeks and stayed at the Chamberlain Hotel (sandwiches were served with colored cellophane tooth picks which fascinated me). I loved it: the beach and the pool and dinners at the officer’s club both there and at Langley Field. I saw my first TV at the Langley Officer’s Club. I also started my paper doll collection that summer. I did not play with them, but I loved to cut out their clothes and made more from magazines and my mother’s left-over shelf liner paper.

The next summer I decided I would become a professional baseball player and got up early every morning to throw a tennis ball at a bulls-eye chalked on the side of the house. The following summer I remember I slept in till 10 o’clock and baseball was a passion of the past. Mother planted a garden with lovely gladiolas in front of the house. She had a friend in the house behind us named Joyce who was a war bride from England. I loved to hear her accent. I remember Mother, being a nurse, used to give her shots of “silbesterstrol?” to maintain a pregnancy. Joyce had a daughter. Later after hearing the fate of girl children whose mother’s had been administered this drug, I always wondered what became of this girl. John and I got mumps while living here and I remember Mother going to the library for me and bringing me books that I otherwise never

would have read. We gave the mumps to Daddy and he was sicker than we were!

Daddy had some friends several streets over who had a boxer dog. The boxer had puppies, but got milk fever and could not feed them. Daddy volunteered me to help and I fell in love with Rusty, a wriggly, fat and wrinkled pup. Nothing would do but I had to give my parents all of my saved allowance, plus the money they also put in to buy this AKC registered dog. I might add that my allowance was 25 cents a week for years until it was raised to 50 cents. It was not until high school that I got one dollar a week. My parents had to spend even more to cut Rusty's ears and tail so he would be AKC Boxer worthy...with an official AKC name of Sir Alexander Rust. (First litters had to begin with the letter A). Rusty used to get on the sofa when my parents were out and jump down when he heard them coming. He left a warm spot and was so always found out. He used to sleep on my feet in the winter to help keep them warm. I loved that dog and even dressed him in doll's clothing from time to time. When we moved to Florida in 1953, he chased Jackie Malone's peacocks (she lived across Hainlin Drive) and would not stay on the property. Daddy built him a pen, but he kept getting out and one day after he killed a peacock, I asked Mother to have him put to sleep. If I could not have him, then no one else could either.

Several school memories stand out. In 6th grade, I had Mrs. Dash for math. She divided her class into rows according to ability and I was in the first chair, first row. She taught me more math that year than any other teacher in any other year. Today separating students by ability would not be tolerated but I

benefited greatly, as when I mastered one skill, I did not have to wait for the class to go on to another. In 5th grade Mr. Lancaster and Mrs. Ferguson shared my day. I learned to diagram sentences with Mrs. Ferguson, a skill that stood me in good stead all my life. Mr. Lancaster had us write a lot of essays and once, I was invited to read mine at the PTA meeting. In 8th grade, Miss Barefoot captivated us all with her Southern charm while all the time insisting it was not the Civil War, but rather the “War Between the States.” She used to have spelling and geography bees, which I loved. I could flawlessly put all the countries of the world on a blank map, something that with all the name changes, I could not do today. She used to ask me to read aloud to the class and once we read Betty Short’s (a classmate) father’s book about his time as a POW in the Philippines. I did resent however, the fact that as a good student, I was asked to read more books, solve more arithmetic problems and write more papers than my less smart counterparts. I considered it punishment for being bright. My teachers said it was to live up to my ability...highly unfair and questionable logic!

I took music lessons after school in a barracks building adjoining the school yard. My Girl Scout troop met in this same all purpose building. Once the scout troop went camping over the weekend in an army bivouac area and I learned about biscuits on a stick and smoores. We had to dig a trench around our tents, a good thing because it actually rained. It was helpful learning about camping from army experts. My best friend from across the compound decided we should go to Camp Shirley Rodgers Girl Scout Camp one summer. We

enrolled for the dates she requested and I was accepted and she was not. My parents decided I should go anyway. She decided not to go when she was accepted for the next session. After my horrible initial bout with homesickness, I remember it as fun. I fell off the pier and into the water as I was trying to row, but it was otherwise uneventful, except for a case of poison ivy. I remember writing home to be picked up while I was homesick, but by the end I was really having a good time, raffia crafts and all. My greatest fear was dying of thirst since I drank neither white milk nor water, but there was enough orange juice and chocolate milk to keep me afloat. I also remember Kool-Aid was available. It was somewhere during these years that I developed a lifelong habit of drinking mostly coca cola and gingerale.

I took horseback riding lessons, but was scared to death when we got to the part where we had to jump over a low barrier. Mother bought me brown jodhpurs so I looked like an equestrian.

When the weather was hot, I used to sleep outside in the grass. I guess we had electric fans, but I don't remember one. Once when it was extremely hot (over 100 degrees) Daddy got sent home from work. We never minded the heat in school as all the windows opened and we had fans.

Here I developed my first two crushes: Scott Edson (more on him later) and Rick Schlapkohl. Rick later turned up at the University of Florida, but I had grown out of my crush by that time. Rick went on to become a dentist.

My father believed everyone should know a lot of things and changing one's own tires and making the perfect martini were a part of this list. Mother

used to complain when Daddy played golf, so for our joint birthdays in September, Daddy gave us a set of golf clubs to split. I got the odd numbers and Mother the even numbered ones. He also gave us golf lessons with a pro. We used to play as a family on Sundays afternoons and John tagged along as caddy. Later I used to ride my bike to the golf course with my clubs slung over my shoulder, play 18 holes and ride home again. Kids were tougher in those days and did not expect to be driven places. My father also had a three-minute telephone rule since he was frequently duty officer at home and needed to be available. He told me, if I had more than three minutes worth of conversation, that I should get on my bike and ride over to see the person.

The year I was twelve also marked the beginning of a lifelong battle between me and my parents about religion. I was sent to confirmation classes for two years running and for two years, I vowed I would never be confirmed. I had a lot of perfect attendance pins from Sunday school and even played the piano for hymn-singing at Sunday School when the regular player was not there, but I did all that by force from my parents not from desire by me. My father insisted I would be confirmed. I said he would have to carry me down the aisle and I would kick and scream all the way. He yielded. I hated church passionately and it was at that point in time intrinsic to my being rather than based on specific knowledge. I would later learn about all the evil done in the world in the name of religion. My friend Stu Tolley would later tell me I must have suffered in the Spanish Inquisition or something equally bad during a previous life to hate Christianity with such a passion at such a young age. I doubt that, but I do have a

very strong inner conviction of what is good and what is evil. I consider myself a very moral person, with a strict sense of what is right and wrong, but that is a very different thing from being religious. To this day, I deplore what people have done and still continue to do to other people in the name of religion.

Once when the power failed, Mother could not cook dinner. We got in the car and drove to Fayetteville where I had my first hamburger and chocolate milk shake at my first drive-in restaurant. Shopping in Fayetteville was a great treat. There was a small department store with an x-ray machine in the shoe department that let you look at your toes to see if the shoes fit. I always got brown Buster Brown oxfords and black Mary Jane's for Sunday. Until after I married, two pairs of shoes plus sneakers sometimes was my complete inventory. This store also had a book department and I saved my allowance to buy Nancy Drew, The Dana Girls and the Hardy Boy mysteries.

While we lived in Butner Court, the wooden front porch steps were replaced with concrete ones and I buried some mementos before the concrete was poured for a time capsule. I think this is also the first place I consciously realized the efforts mother would put into Sunday dinner after church. I have fond memories of roasted chicken, pot roast and other really good smells. I also discovered Pepperidge Farm bread and used to gobble down several pieces toasted with melted butter. We used to listen to classical music on "The Texaco Hour" on Sunday afternoons. Mother and Daddy would also play Canasta with me, and that I really enjoyed. For my birthday cake, I usually requested orange chiffon cake with whipped cream, cherries, pineapple and bananas as frosting.

Mother would cook us each a favorite dinner on our birthday, taking requests. I usually asked for chicken with herbs, onions and sherry over rice. John always used to ask for her key lime pie. He also favored her banana fritters.

After Wherry Housing was built, we moved to Grimes Street into a brand new three bedroom house. The style of home was based on rank and since Daddy was a Lt. Col., we got the biggest and best available. It had a carport and two bathrooms. My brother Robert was born while we lived here and when he was eminent, Mother and Daddy called a meeting in the living room and told us they had a surprise. I asked if it meant that I could have a party and they laughed and said yes also, but that was not the surprise. It was Robert.. He was a cheerful, happy baby who laughed out loud when you rubbed your nose in his tummy and said, "Merry Christmas."

The first time I ever remember hearing my father sing was to Robert. He would hold him and sing:

Me name Sing Sing come from China

In a biga ligty ship come longee way

Me likee bow wow, goodee goodee chow chow

Chinaman likee a goodee cup of tea

Thereafter we used to beg Daddy to sing this song and he usually obliged. I guess Daddy really enjoyed Robert as a baby since John was 18 months old when he saw him for the first time.

My dog Rusty also liked his new digs because of the yard. When my parents went to a furniture store to buy a new bedroom set for themselves, I

fell in love with the limed oak set that now belongs to Kaitlin. Nothing would do but that I have it, so their new furniture purchase became my new furniture purchase, but I still to this day think it was great furniture.

Our school, being military was integrated and it used to gall the parents I suppose that all the girls used to fight to dance with James Hackett, a black who was the best dancer when we had parties. I had a wild crush on Rickie Schlapkohl (who later went to the U of F and went on to become a dentist.) I also fell for Scott Edson, who wrote to me for years after we parted and even came to visit once in Atlanta. More on him later when he came to San Antonio.

While we lived here, we took short trips to visit all the nearby plantations, particularly in the spring when the azaleas were in bloom. We also took a trip to Wilmington and stayed a few days at the beach, On Sunday afternoons, I remember rides to the country where we would stop and walk interesting paths and pick wild berries, which Mother would make into pies.

All the kids used to go to the base theater on Saturday mornings for the 25-cent cartoons and movie. I used to go and sit with George LeClaire and we would make out the entire time.

Miami, Florida...Uncle Lynton's Grove-1954-1956

My father was sent to Korea and we could not accompany him. My parents decided to go first to Florida and build their retirement home on Uncle Lynton's grove. They decided to add on to his existing house and Daddy asked a friend of his from school, who was an architect, to draw up the plans. When Daddy left following arranging original construction, Mother and I painted all the

cypress and cedar woodwork before it went on the roof and the home was built to my father's standards...hurricane proof. He remembered the devastation of the 1926 hurricane and insisted that higher than code standards be used in building his own home. He was right, as Hurricane Andrew proved years later, when the roof with extensive overhangs sustained no damage because it was fastened down with six-inch screws instead of nails. The home was built from cinder block, with metal rebar in the holes and covered with grey stucco. The roof was gravel and asphalt.

The Vihlen brothers built it and Ed Vihlen's wife was my geometry teacher my sophomore year. The Vihlens used to pick me up some Friday nights and take me to football or basketball games at South Dade High School. I hated sports but it was a chance to get out of the house and see people. I was a member of the first class to go to South Dade after it was built and we voted on school colors, school names, etc. Years later the nickname "Rebels" came back to haunt the school as it was considered disrespectful of the Civil War and consequently changed. However I remained something of a rebel my entire life. Daddy used to kid me and say I walked "up the down" staircase. My parents borrowed \$13,000 from Mr. Bennett, Uncle Lynton's employer at Biscayne Engineering, for construction costs.

Building the house was fun, but after that was over, a harsh reality set in. I was moved from an environment when I had scads of friends and placed in one where all I had was school and church and you all know how much I hate church. We went twice on Sunday, once to the regular service and again in the evening

for some youth meetings (EYC,) while Mother attended Evening Prayer. Mother was active in the Women's Guild and used to help with fund-raising spaghetti dinners. I read my way through my uncle's library starting at one end and systematically reading almost every book. I also mowed a lot of grass with the tractor mower. Mowing grass is really rewarding. It is mindless and you can think profound thoughts and at the end, you look back to a beautiful and neat orchard. In the beginning, I once cut down one of Uncle Lynton's valuable flowering trees when I forgot how to use the brake. He never let me forget the fate of his prized *Tabebuia palida* and it remained a family story the rest of my life. I also picked a lot of avocados. I escaped picking the mangos and limes because I am allergic to them (get a skin rash). I also learned that bananas and peaches stain clothes, but lost some of my favorites prior to this revelation.

Needless to say, with nothing else to do, I made all A's in school. It got to the point that I decided that I would never get less than an A and so never did. The lone exception was a B in Physical education the first grading period of the first semester, but the semester average was an A. Uncle Lynton was invaluable in helping with Algebra and Geometry homework.

I also resumed golf and became a member of the school's golf team. Beth Krone was the only other golfing girl and we became friends. We remain until this day I suppose the only female members of the all male "Lettermen's Club." We even went to the state tournament in Gainesville, (Beth's mother drove us to Gainesville) stayed at the Bambi Motel and played the Gainesville Country Club golf course. I think that is when I decided to go there to school, although at the

time, it was an all-boys school.

Memories of this school include hating home economics and physical education. We had to wear blue shapeless one-piece gym suits and I was made to play field hockey, which I hated. I also hated the communal shower, so the second year when I had golf the last period and went to play at the Homestead Country Club Golf Course, I was greatly relieved.

My best friend was Barbara Conway, who later married my boyfriend Joe Tolman, following a visit to Atlanta she made after my HS graduation. Stuff of soaps...I later ran into Joe in the San Antonio airport in the 80's and he told me she divorced him shortly after their marriage when she ran away with another man.

The mosquitoes were terrible until the year we had the frog plague. Little green frogs were absolutely everywhere...an infestation. They used to get shut in the jalousie windows and made mother mad because they squashed and made a mess. She hated washing all those windows. One winter she kept accusing me of harboring dirty clothes in my room. I denied the charge and in the spring when I opened my drapes wider in order to open the window, I found the carcass of the 12 foot snake that had gotten shut in the window when it was closed. We never drove around that side of the house and so it was never seen. In later years, a mother snake got into the attic through the ventilation hole and laid eggs. When they hatched, baby snakes dropped down through the opening in the walk-in linen closet and caused much consternation until the source was discovered and my father installed a screen across the ventilation opening so it would never

happen again.

Beth was allowed to drive and we went to the beach on Marco Island once. It was a wilderness, miles of white sand and no buildings in sight. When I saw it again in 2001, I cried. We also went on religious field trips to churches in the area and I saw Everglades City for the first time.

Fort McPherson Atlanta, Georgia-1955-1956

Daddy came back from Korea and we were next stationed in Fort McPherson, where he was G-2 for the Army command. I liked this, as his secretary Mrs. Sunday used to type my school papers for me at his request. I never did learn to type because I felt this ability defined you as a woman and I always wanted to be more than a mere secretary, although be what I never quite decided. Fate chose my future career, not me. At first we lived in red brick Capehart housing on Carter Circle next to the Fort, but later moved to a two-story red brick duplex on the dogleg of the seventh hole of the golf course. I played the course, starting and ending in my back yard when I could get away with it. I also never had to buy balls as many were lost in our back yard, usually in Robert's sand box.

Atlanta was the perfect place to be a high school senior. Georgia required only 16 credits to graduate and at the end of my sophomore year in Florida schools, I had 12 credits. It seemed crazy to go to school for two more years, for four credits, so I crammed world history, algebra II, chemistry, physics and junior and senior English all into the same year. The counselor said it could not be done. I got red and blotchy and argued with him that it could and I was going to

do it and not to waste my time and I needed it all to get into college. We agreed that I would drop subjects if it proved too much. I took them all and never made anything but A's, so nothing more was said. I was a member of both the Beta Club and the National Honor Society so I guess that set a new trend for Georgia schools. I ranked one in the class at graduation, but did not attend my actual graduation as even then I deplored rites and ceremonies. With the exception of Mr. Walsh, my chemistry teacher, all of the instructors were sub-par. I remember the English teacher once told us she went to bed with a tooth ache all the years of her childhood!

I took the army bus to Sylvan Hill High School each day and we army brats pretty much stuck together, ignoring the townies. I remember folding bandages for the Red Cross at the Officer's Club on Saturdays. I also had my first dates, several times with the son of a mortician and went to the senior prom with Albert Dade. I was told I had to go with the first boy who asked me although I would have preferred Bobby Sanders, my first crush and whom I did date a few times. I got my first pair of high heeled shoes (black suede) and could barely walk in them. I also began a hatred of hosiery until panty hose were invented because garters fell off my spindly legs.

Next I fell for Joe Tolman, a freshman at Georgia Tech who actually drove his parent's car...a Buick with holes in the hood...a cool car for that time. I also dated John Tyler who lived next door to us in Carter Circle. John later died of Hodgkin's disease while in college. My parents were friends of his; that's why I knew. I remember admiring the fact that John's parents used to hold hands

whenever I saw them out, proving to me that love could be enduring. I loved to take the bus downtown on Saturdays and shop in Rich's and Davidson's department stores. I went with Joe to the famous Fox Theater for movies and saw the starry ceiling. We also ate the famed Varsity Bar and Grill. I went to a Georgia Military Academy formal dance with the son of a friend of Mothers, Phillip Dark. She made me a formal, yellow taffeta with net ruffles and a genuine hoop skirt for the occasion. I felt most Grande. Summers were spent at the swimming pool, a short walk from my house...all in all, remembered as an idyllic senior year.

On one of our periodic visits to Florida to visit my uncle and aunt, the faithful 54 Packard's transmission gave out in Jasper, Florida for a final time. My parent had just had it rebuilt a short time before at great expense. This was the final straw for my father and so we went to Jasper's two auto dealers, Ford and Chevrolet. From scant choice, they selected a '57 Chevrolet Bel Aire which was later became a collector's delight and we repacked our bags and continued on our way in the new car. My parents sold that car much later without ever knowing until too late that they had owned a valuable "hot" commodity. While going through the process of buying the new car we had to spend the night in a Jasper motel that I was convinced had bed bugs. I lay awake on top of the covers all night in mortal fear for the product of an overactive imagination. I was a really picky and spoiled child for I did not like to sleep or eat in most places. The trauma of this childhood experience convinced me to never again own a car with an automatic transmission and until I bought my Toyota Prius with no

transmission at all since it was an electric hybrid, I never did.

University of Florida Gainesville, Florida-1956-1958

I was strangely proud of being the youngest person in the freshman class. I took pot luck for a freshman year room-mate and drew Maryette Dempsey, who became a friend and I was maid of honor at her wedding the following summer. We had a room in the lower basement, number 69 of this five-story, four wing red brick dorm. The girl in the next room was named Eileen Bailey. I think they should have put us together as Barnum and Bailey and we had fun with our names. This was just the second year girls were admitted to the U of F and the ratio of boys to girls was, as I remember, 17 to 1. I guess I went a bit wild as it was my first taste of freedom. Curfew at the dorm, Broward Hall, was 10 pm weeknights and 1 am Fridays and Saturday. I made it a point to never come in until I absolutely had to. I quickly learned that I could eat for free as a date with a fraternity boy and made sure I did so every Friday and Saturday night. Maryette introduced me to Orelan Carden and we dated frequently. The food at the Delta Tau Delta house was reasonably good. Orelan was a really good dancer and we used to enjoy the jitterbug together.

During orientation, I was in a group with a fellow from Cincinnati, Biff Applegate. He took me out a lot and pledged Sigma Chi, my introduction to dating a fraternity man.

My grades were still good, except for C's in German. I learned the second semester to never schedule any class before 10 am, since I could not get up to attend the 7:40's. When the instructor said we did not have to come to class if we

did well on the first Progress Test, I did and never went back. I remember nodding off more than once in Biology and found it really difficult to keep my eyes open. My English professor remembered Daddy from my last name and told me he had Daddy as a student many years before. That kept me on my best writing behavior in that class! The University used to make us take basic core classes, but there was still time in my schedule for some interesting electives. The only class I dropped was an education one. I learned that if you took two education classes, you could be certified to teach in Florida schools. Thinking this might make a good back up plan for an as yet unformulated main plan, I enrolled in the first one. It was like cut and color and paste kindergarten and I could not bring myself to stoop so low in a college course, so I dropped it and substituted astronomy. From an early age, I was an intellectual snob and for the rest of my life have had little or tolerance for dumbness. From that day forward, I considered most school teachers dumb. They would have to be to put up with such drivel in their college years. Over the years I added life insurance salespeople, most categories of lawyers, financial planners (they are planning their own financial commissions) and commission salespeople to a list of professions that I considered dishonorable and reprehensible to their fellow man, even if not necessarily being staffed by dumb people.

The University used a fixed price per semester and so I always took the maximum allowed number of classes in order to get the most from my parents' money. I knew sending me to school was hard on their budget and I only allowed them to pay for tuition and dorm fees. I also realized that one could graduate in

three years if one took 21 hours each semester. I took a job as a receptionist at the dorm for 60 cent an hour and made it a point of pride that I bought all my food and misc. stuff.. The dorms had one outside line telephone on each floor, but each room had a wall phone connected only to the main switchboard to advise tenants they had visitors in the lobby. We also had central mailbox units in the main lobby. However, by today's standards, communication was primitive and when I got left at the dorm by my parents as a freshman and they went back to Atlanta, I was pretty much cut off from home.

I budgeted \$1 a day for food and usually managed to eat on that, including 5 cents for cokes in the dorm coke machine. I used to scour the campus for cokes on weekends when machines were not refilled. During winter, we used the window sill as a refrigerator in order to save money on food and I used my electric pop corn popper to cook lots of things.

I hated sports and would sell my free ticket to football games to others who wanted them for guests. I also volunteered to work during games and that made me popular with co-workers. The University had what they called Lyceum events and I saw name entertainers and went to marvelous concerts. I remember hearing Handel's Messiah and the Requiem live and fell in love with classical music thereafter.

The dorm issued three towels and clean sheets every Saturday, but we had to wash our own clothes in machines located on the second floors of each dorm wing. At 25 cents a load plus 10 cents for drying, I quickly learned to keep my clothes mostly clean. Broward Hall was a brand new dorm with four wings of

four floors each and a central bath on each floor. One tub, but multiple showers soon got me accustomed to showering, as I have exclusively ever since.

I succumbed to the Hong Kong Flu and had to be admitted to the infirmary where I could have died from thirst had not Maryette brought me cokes.

Because I had a job and the dorm remained open during holidays and because it was too far to go to Atlanta, one Thanksgiving I stayed and worked. I was living in a room at the end of the heating line. I guess since my room was the only one occupied on the floor at that time, mice would run down the pipeline and end up in my room. I got traps from maintenance and caught several each day and had to empty the traps and re-bait them, a terrifying experience.

One time a bunch of us drove to Ocala and had drinks in a local restaurant. I ordered my first Tom Collins because I thought that sounded sophisticated. I actually hated the taste since I had no idea it was made from gin. We used to go to a lake owned by the school for swimming. I used to swim out to a raft in the middle of the lake.

After Maryette married, I needed a new roommate the next year and Beth Krone who was also attending the U of F and I decided to share. This time I lived in another wing on the second floor. Beth was a good roommate and we remained friends for a lifetime. During spring break, we went to Fort Lauderdale...Beth drove...and she was sick with the German measles whose spots emerged in the sun. Who knows how many she gave it to? Beth was the original party girl and not even measles could slow her down. When she took a

job in Hackensack, New Jersey teaching physical education I would visit her when I was in the area and she came to see me several times in Washington D.C. We also met in Florida when her mother was alive.

Orelan graduated at the end of my freshman year and joined the Navy. He visited me in Atlanta and I visited his family in Clearwater beach the summer before he left. Orelan's parents rented a cottage every summer. I remember lots of mosquitoes that would cover your skin black if exposed. We also played a lot of miniature golf. I learned his mother was wacko but pretty much ignored her. She told dirty jokes and I personally dislike them and always have.

While Orelan was in Atlanta we decided to go to Lake Altoona for a family picnic. Robert was no where to be found...until at last we spied him under the dining room table (covered with a cloth) sound asleep. Mother was almost hysterical because once before he wandered with a friend to the back post gate and was subsequently returned by the military police.

Orelan and I corresponded frequently but I continued dating (Hugh Merry who was in my philosophy class and who I took the exams twice for, once answering two questions for me and then another two for him since the instructor let us choose to answer any two)... my sophomore year and Orelan finally proposed and mailed me a ring. I asked for an emerald cut fake Zircon diamond both to save money and because I liked them better, but he listened to the jeweler instead, who told him all girls really wanted diamonds despite what they actually said. I always hated that ring! I should have learned then, that someone who would believe a jeweler over me would not be lasting husband material.

However because I loved the military life and hated spending my parent's money, I went ahead with the wedding.

Another highlight was a social dance class I took. We were required to have two full years of physical education, but the first semester of my sophomore year when I was enrolled in modern dance I did something painful to my back and the school infirmary took me out of that class and I got a free massage that period for the rest of the term. The next term, they advised I take something low stress and so I decided on social dancing. There was a dark and swarthy boy from New York City (The Bronx...even then it had a special mystique) whose name I have long forgotten but who was a whiz of a dancer and he would pick me as his partner and we tore up the tiles. I particularly liked the South American dances: the mamba, the rumba and the tango. I also dated a pre-med student.

Daddy was transferred from Atlanta to Germany during my sophomore year in college and Mother returned to Miami for a short time to get me married and then she and the boys joined Daddy in Germany. Part of my getting married was because I was uncertain of schooling in Germany and did not want to be left alone in the states.

I opted for a very low budget wedding before the fireplace in my home. Murray Voth, the Episcopal minister was supposed to marry us, but he was on vacation so Mother asked the Air Force Chaplain to perform the ceremony. We called it the cementing of the services, an army brat, marrying a naval officer, performed by an air force chaplain. Mother ordered party trays from the officer's club for the reception and most of the guests were Uncle Lynton's friends.

Orelan's parents, brothers and sister came, as did Mike Elwell, a fraternity brother of his. The music was Wagner on the stereo...very low key. The gifts were practical things like dishes, stainless steel flatware, sheets and towels. The military shipped these and all my other possessions to Puerto Rico in a large box. About the only thing I remember of the ceremony was that I borrowed Maryette's veil (she was the matron of honor) and that a fly kept buzzing around Orelan's nose. Orelan also liked a camera my father had given to me so I laughingly said he married me for my camera. I felt no regret at leaving school for I still had no idea what I would study to do. I was merely sampling all of the many courses offered and had no compelling interests. My dress was a short white embroidered organdy that could later double as a cocktail dress for military functions (although I never wore it again and it finally turned yellow and I tossed it). As a girl, I never thought much about weddings and after mine, I never much thought about it again.

San Juan Puerto Rico-1958-1961

After the wedding, we took a plane (old four engine prop constellation-four hours long) from Miami to San Juan and my first impression was that San Juan smelled differently, wood-smoke, coffee and poverty. Charles Branning, a gay, bachelor friend of Orelan's picked us up at the airport and drove us straight to our house in Stop 71/2. We subsequently had him to dinner many times and he was my first official dinner guest. He was the only guest when I cooked my first Thanksgiving turkey and it actually turned out pretty well. Charles later got out of the service and taught French at Clemson University and I once visited him when

I was visiting the Harte Hanks newspaper in Anderson South Carolina. His home was filled with French antiques and he fit right in.

The fenced and gated compound at Stop 71/2 had been a bomb shelter area and was on San Juan Island, an oasis right in the middle of town, across a busy street from the Normandy Hotel with a locked back gate access (we had the key) to a restricted military beach area. During the Castro uprising in Cuba, we actually had a guard at the front entrance, but otherwise it was left open. There were four two-story poured concrete double family units and two one family two-story units. We became a tight-knit community. Bob and Joanne Garrity moved into the first unit we occupied after we moved out. They were from Boston and when he got out of the Navy, he returned and went to work for Little Brown Publishing. Bob and Rosie Akers were a strange couple. Rosie lost a late term baby shortly after our arrival. She was Hispanic. Bob was a good natured, but clumsy oaf, who broke something every time he was in our home. He later went into insurance for Massachusetts Mutual and lived in Arlington, Virginia. We saw them occasionally thereafter when we lived in Annapolis and Rockville Maryland. A Catholic Chaplain lived above them, but we never saw him. Bob and Maria Donat lived above us. She was from Chile and they had a baby girl, also named Maria, strange I thought! They later moved to Yellow Springs, Ohio, and subsequently divorced. I went to see Maria once when I was in Dayton visiting Gail Rost. Bob and Acey Dake were the dream couple. Bob was a playboy type who served absinthe and was a blond Greek Adonis and Acey was a tall, down to earth type who, as was to become evident, married Bill because she had to.

They had a baby about six months later. To young me, that was the height of scandalous. In the 90's I was reading a book by Carla Neggers, dedicated to Acey Dake, the mayor of Saratoga Spring New York (where they were originally from). I wrote her c/o the mayor's office on the off chance it was the Acey Dake I knew. It was and I learned that she and Bill had two children, divorced and she was successfully pursuing a career in politics. Charlie and Jean Pendleton were academic types and what I considered to be cool. Charlie however had a terrible temper and used to throw his cards across the room, so I used to deliberately let him make bridge contracts so he would not get angry. They were the only ones who did not have children while we lived there. Jean and I used to go to the beach across the street together. The Bradley's lived in the smaller of the two houses and were an older couple with two small children. He later retired and coached the ski team at the Air Force academy in Colorado Springs, where we visited when we left Monterey on the way to Washington. I never met or knew the senior officer(s) in the big house at the end.

Most of us had babies at about the same time so it made baby-sitting swaps pretty easy. Often the mothers, dogs and babies would sit in the wading pool area. When Cyndi was five days old, Orelan brought me a boxer puppy whose mother had died. For a long time, it was feed the baby and feed the dog. The dog clawed my hand raw as he drank from a baby bottle. The baby was easier! We named the dog Hobo and later when we left Puerto Rico, we took him to Florida and gave him to my parents. Subsequently, he was run over by the car

as he lay under it in the carport.

Anyway, back to arrival in San Juan. Someone had stocked basics in the refrigerator and cupboard. The house was constructed from poured concrete with aluminum jalousie windows and green tile floors and completely furnished with rattan. People living in hurricane prone areas should take note as poured concrete was practically indestructible and could be cleaned with a garden hose. The windows were metal jalousies that could be closed during a storm and the floors were green tile. A tidal wave would only destroy furnishings, not the house! There were two bedrooms and a back porch as well as a screened porch with roll-down awnings. The front looked out to the fence and the ocean. Salt from the ocean and soot from ships blowing their stacks while in port accumulated on window sill's necessitating the garden hose cleanings. I called it salt and pepper. There was a small concrete wading pool by the fence. The back yard neighbored on a local cantina where they sang Volare for what seemed like all night every night. There was also a huge Flamboyant/Royal Poinciana tree with gorgeous flowers that dripped onto the clothes-line when in season. It was planted next to the communal garage. We also had a maid's bath on the back porch and I hung mops and brooms out there. Lizards used to come into the house on the broom. We had a giant iguana living in the front yard and he used to sun himself on the porch stoop.

I had requested the walls be painted green. The bath was painted pink with white tile. Orelan was the Public Works Officer in charge of all base facilities and so I got what I wanted. It was my fault that I was too young to have much

decorating taste. I went to a fabric store in San Juan and picked out the geometric patterned material for the rattan furniture coverings provided by the Navy. After a short time we moved to another somewhat larger unit when Orelan's predecessor moved out. The kitchen was unusual, the sink and stove in one room, which also had a heated pantry closet, and the refrigerator and table and chairs in another. There were no built in cabinets, so Orelan brought home two dining room buffets from the main warehouse to store stuff in. The sink was one of those old porcelain ones that hung on the wall and barely had room for a dish drain. I used to leave the dishes to soak overnight and wash them the next morning. I enjoyed arranging furniture and picking flowers and shrubs for decoration. One of my favorite decorations Orelan made from stalks of four or five inch in diameter bamboo poles. He cut three sections out and I put a glass of water with philodendron in each one and hung them on the wall. I think he made me three of them and so the walls had something on them. I also went through a "Paint by Numbers" phase and our walls were also decorated with unframed semi-original oils. A friend also took me to a plastic plant factory and I wished I had money. I did buy an orchid on a branch that we had for years. I also bought some pottery glasses in which to serve "grey ghosts" a popular rum drink at that time. I learned to drink rum. Once the Peddlers had us over for martinis and when I returned home to fix dinner, I remember lying on the kitchen floor with Orelan standing over me. I never was much of a drinker.

When we had Indian curry, we ate on pillows on the floor. I entertained a lot for dinner and bridge. Once I learned to play, it became a lifelong passion.

Fred and Mary Moore worked with Orelan and they took it upon themselves to instruct me. The loaned me auto-bridge and I quickly outpaced my teachers.

On my first trip to the commissary, I spent \$20 to stock the larder and was appalled at the cost as Orelan made a total of \$220 monthly. The house and utilities were free but we paid \$3 a month for the telephone. I used to dream of trips to the commissary and trying to find the cheapest stuff. I made my clothes and even some shirts and shorts for Orelan and I ironed all of his uniforms. I made all of my maternity clothes and most of the other ones as well. After we divorced I never picked up another iron...ever! Monday was housecleaning day and Tuesday was ironing day. It used to take almost all day to iron uniforms, especially the dress whites. I even used to iron his handkerchiefs and he used several every day since he had lifelong allergies. He brought home an abandoned washing machine that someone had left in their quarters and rehabilitated it for me so I did not have to wash by hand, but I did have to hang everything out. It used to rain almost every day and I would run in and out with clothes. We saved our pennies and not too long after Cathy was born, we bought a dryer for \$150. It is interesting to note that appliances cost about the same today, although everything else has gone up. Diapers, plus the rain were too much for me. Until I became pregnant with Cathy and deathly ill, I worked at the Base Exchange. I earned enough there to purchase a vacuum cleaner. I used to take my lunch to work and packed one for Orelan as well. Orelan took up woodworking at the base hobby shop and built us a stereo cabinet and when they redid the gym floor, he took the old wood and made in into a coffin shaped

coffee table that was beautiful. He also made a step end table from the gym floor wood. He had an old monaural record player and at the hobby shop, built from scratch, including bending the metal chassis, a duplicate amplifier so we could have a stereo. That man could build or fix anything. He used to do all the car repairs himself and I have fond memories of the carburetor soaking in my kitchen sink wherever we lived. After he built the stereo, we started a classical music record collection as you could usually find recordings on sale really cheap at local music/record shops. I remember when a diamond needle would break; it was a tragedy because we had to save for a long time to get the \$30 together to replace it.

In order to be promoted, officers had to take correspondence courses. Orelan used to give them to me and I would read them and take the exams. I still remember, "Strength of Materials," as I gave that one back to him, but I always got him good grades on the psychology and history ones. Officer's wives were graded on fitness reports too. I doomed Orelan forever when the admiral's wife asked me to take my turn arranging flowers on the chapel alter one Sunday. I told her that only those who went to church should have to arrange the flowers and I did not attend church. However I did work my shift at "Treasures and Trash," the Navy Wives Club Thrift Shop.

Food was exciting. We ate once in awhile in a German restaurant, but not too often, as we had no money. There was a bakery in Old San Juan that still baked in the stone and wood burning over of the 1400's and the pan de aqua was delicious if eaten hot with real butter. I discover pastilles...a meat pastry...

and there was a Pastille Marvel stand on many corners. Orelan's workers would invite us over for goat and blood pudding. I soon learned to decline these invitations, but Orelan had to go. One time on a visit to Miami to see my parents when they returned from Germany, I bought Dunkin Donuts and shipped 12 home in my luggage. My luggage got lost and was found in Seattle. By the time the donuts got to Puerto Rico they were like bricks. Another trip, I bought Mother and Daddy a gift of Crème de Menthe and packed it in the diaper bag. It broke and I dripped green spatters all over Miami International on the way to the car.

We had a green used 1953 Chevrolet Bel Aire. While Orelan was in OCS, his mother sold his beloved (rebuilt by him while in high school) green Cadillac that he had driven for year (without his permission and he was heartbroken.) He decided it was not safe for me to drive in Puerto Rico and so I never did, relying on him or friends for all my transportation. When I went downtown, I took the bus that ran in front of our house. Once while walking home from the bus stop around the corner, a man with a pick axe chased me yelling something I could not understand. I ended up running through the gate to our quarter's area. The main Navy base was within a long walking distance of the house as well. Women's Lib was not yet born. At this time Orelan also handled all the finances, although I did have access to sign checks. Since there never was much money, not many checks were written. However, we always lived within our income and never bought anything until we could pay for it in entirety.

We used to explore the island regularly and climbed to the top of El Yunke, the rain forest mountain and went to all the old forts. Once when we

visited the old fort at the tip of San Juan Island, I had the strangest feeling at a sentry box hanging out over the water. Years later I learned that this box was reportedly haunted, but at that time even unknowing, for me, it was a shattering experience I never went back to repeat. We planned several trips to the phosphorescent bay, which always got cancelled because of hurricane warnings. My favorite evening activity was a drive to the old city to watch the street walkers on display. I also used to play a lot of golf...Wednesdays with the ladies and again on weekends with Orelan. One day I played 36 holes. The golf course at Fort Buchanan was next to a coffee factory and when I was pregnant, the smell used to nauseate me. I played up until Cyndi was born and had a hard time bending over to get my ball out of the cup. We also bowled in a league and I bowled the day after I came home from the hospital with Cyndi. We used the Moore's girls as sitters.

Orelan's brother, Arthur, came alone our first summer to visit and I remember he absolutely loved banana cream pie. He came again with his mother just before Cathy was born and he was fine, but Orelan's mother drove me batty. She added potatoes to tuna salad and her beef stew was nauseating. She was the worst cook I ever experienced personally! I liked Arthur however and we sent him what was to me a precious \$25 for Christmas.

After Cathy was born, one day a week I had a maid, Angelina, for \$2 a day. She cleaned and kept Cathy while I golfed. She was the only person who could get Cathy to eat. I think Cathy survived primarily on pineapple juice which I remember was 14 cents a can. She disliked milk. Her first table food was a

McDonald's French fry when we were visiting Tampa. Otherwise her first people food was mashed up whatever we were eating, as baby food was too expensive and she did not like it anyway. When she was born, people gave us several Nanette dresses and I used to bath and dress her in time for her father's homecoming. I also made both Cyndi and her clothes as well. Orelan gave me a used Singer featherweight sewing machine and it still works today. We used Christmas money from my parents to purchase a movie camera and Orelan took pictures when he thought about it. My favorite scene was what we called "The Bone Dance," where Cathy's diaper was drooping and she was cavorting around with a huge steak bone. We had woven grass rugs and since they hurt her knees to crawl upon, she sort of spider walked and learned to actually walk at nine months. Cyndi waited until she was ten months old to walk!

Cathy was a sickly type and we got to know the base doctor, Dr Southworth very well. She was usually on some antibiotic or another. Cathy was a rigid baby and did not like to be held much or cuddled. Cyndi by contrast was what I called a Gerber baby, plump and cuddly and almost never sick and rarely cried.

My parents also gave us Rosenthal china and crystal from their time in Germany as a belated wedding gift so I could entertain in style. For a honeymoon, Orelan and I took a free MSTS ship to Panama where we spent some hard saved currency on real everyday china and real crystal. I was previously embarrassed to serve company on the Mel-mac dinnerware we got as a wedding present from Uncle Lynton. We stopped in Guantanamo Bay and then

docked in Cologne, Panama and stayed in a really old pink hotel where the shower was an afterthought and was mounted on the wall and ran straight to the floor beside the toilet. We took a train to Panama City and saw all the locks and how they worked. In Panama City we were visiting some old ruins and saw guerrillas running across the fields. Our taxi driver said not to worry that they did not shoot tourists! I also saw a church paved in gold in a really poor country and a meat market with sides of animals hanging outdoor with flies running rampant. The experience turned me against Latin America and South America forever to this day. We returned with barely enough money to take the taxi from the terminal home...we scraped all the loose change up to have enough.

We also flew to St. Thomas in the admiral's plane. You could buy rum for 50 cents a gallon there. We also bought some crystal and a set of carving knives. We drove a black Volkswagen and Orelan could not find reverse, so we had to park where we could go forward to get out. St. Thomas was interesting as it had no natural water and the hills were paved with concrete in order to collect rainfall.

The girls were born in the army hospital located in the old fort at the tip of San Juan Island. It had been built in the 1400's and looked it. I remember chasing a cockroach off the delivery table before I crawled on to it and the drains in the communal bath were always filled with roaches as well. The thick walls were coated with a fungus looking growth...even on the inside. It could not have been too sanitary! The nurses were battle axes and we did daily calisthenics. My feeling were hurt one day when I was taking a shower and the nurse yelled at me to get back into bed as they were bringing the babies out for feeding. Babies

were kept separately from mothers and fathers were allowed in twice a day for 30 minutes only. Orelan rarely came as he was at work during the brief visiting hours. Austerity paid off, as I went home from the hospital in a slim dress from college days Orelan had brought for me to wear home. We were only allowed to gain 15 pounds, since it was a hot climate and there was no AC. I later was really glad, as my weight remained at 105 for years.

The only time I remember being hot was when I was pregnant and sometimes at night I would wake up sweaty. We had a lovely ocean breeze coming in the windows most of the time and we could go to sleep hearing the roar of the surf. The car was not air-conditioned either and no one thought anything about it. We were a tougher generation. We drove to and climbed El Yunkue and took a lot of scenic day trip to island villages.

Annapolis, Maryland-1961-1962

Orelan was assigned to teach electrical engineering to Navy cadets at the Naval Academy. I thought that was quite an honor, but as it turned out backwards as he went from that job to one in Monterey, California where he earned a Master's degree. He probably would have been a more effective instructor afterward.

We stayed for a few weeks in Florida upon return to the mainland visiting both sets of parents. We dropped off Hobo, the dog that could not go to Annapolis quarters, and bought a new car in Miami where I got my driver's license. The car was a yellow Chevrolet Corvair...yes the unsafe at any speed car, but it was cheap, cute, newly on the market and we did not know of its

shortcomings! I loved that car! We financed it through the Navy Federal Credit Union...our first charged so to speak item.

We drove to Maryland and moved into a middle unit of two-story red brick row housing unit adjacent to the academy. For the first time, we had to actually pay rent and utilities. After just a few months, we got an eviction notice since Orelan had forgotten to pay the rent. Therefore, at that time I took over the finances, since I maintained he was too busy and I would remember to pay the rent. I was in charge of finances the rest of our marriage. We had three bedrooms and were one of two middle units in a six-unit building. The kitchen had been covered with red brick contact paper by a previous resident and I really liked it, except for the small apartment sized gas stove. There was an open bar between it and the dining room. The stairs had a wrought iron railing that Cyndi got her head stuck in one time and I thought we would never get her out without a blowtorch.

After being spoiled for 30 days with grandparents, Cyndi, the placid, calm baby who rarely cried, screamed for 24 hours upon arrival in Annapolis. Nothing would quiet her so we thought she was sick and took her to the doctor. He examined her and said it had to be an acute case of grandma-itis. I could not bear to hear her cry and one night I actually went out and slept in the car to get away from it. She cried for about a week before settling in to her new home. I was a nervous wreck.

Moving into a home with no furniture was a challenge. The girls shared a room and the third bedroom was Orelan's study. He found a huge old surplus

desk and chair in some navy warehouse and claimed them for his own. We built him a bookcase of cinderblocks and boards. Our first shopping stop was Sears where we bought a foam double mattress and springs for us and a twin foam mattress and springs for Cathy. Cyndi was still in her crib. We later bought her a bed to match Cathy's, but these both remained on the floor forever with no frames. Ours stayed on the floor until we could afford a bed frame. Fortunately for us, there was a furniture store in Annapolis that let you buy on credit, with no interest charges if you paid within a year. We bought a maple Ethan Allen chest for the girls and a Broyhill walnut bedroom suite for us. We ordered a sofa and chair from a Baltimore store that was cheap. I was into my Danish Modern stage and so they were sleek and brown and took a really long time in coming as I remember. We needed to sit, so bought two basket chairs. After we visited Rosie and Bob Akers in Arlington, I fell in love with their orange shag rug and nothing would do but I get one too. We ordered a 12x15 one from a Baltimore rug store. They misquoted the price and we held them to it since we had paid in good faith when we ordered and we actually got a real steal! I scrimped and saved and when we had \$300, we got a walnut Danish Modern dining room set with a cash discount from another Baltimore store. We had no place to put the Rosenthal and I feared for its safety with two small children. When we were through, I really loved my home.

The Naval Academy was beautiful and I loved seeing the melted snow along walkways because someone had thought to run steam pipes underneath. Annapolis itself was quaint and there was one store that had occasional 50

percent off sales where I bought the girls some store-bought clothes.

I joined a bowling league, but had no baby sitter, so when the children were sick and could not go to the base day-care, I had to take them bowling with me. Commissary shopping was also challenging, since the military always had a no children policy and I had no sitter like I had been accustomed to in San Juan. Cathy went through a biting stage and when I told the mother of one of her victims just to bite her back, I was persona non grata among other mothers.

Our next door neighbors were from Germany, Karl and Vautraut Peterson. They had three older children, Fritz, Trauti and Heidi. They loved blond chubby Cyndi and begged to play with her as their doll. I loved to visit as well and her coffee and cakes were divine. Once, Cyndi ran away. She packed her doll's suitcase with underwear and went over and knocked on their door, saying she had come to live with them. Their son used to fascinate me as he hit a soccer ball with his head in the front yard. I had never seen anyone play soccer previously. My other friend Ellie Durham, lived across the courtyard. She was from Kennebunkport, Maine. She had a "surprise" baby, while I knew her, in addition to a ten year old son and a five-year-old daughter, Niki. We used to baby sit for each other.

Orelan became safety officer for the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron and fell in love with the sport. Occasionally he would take me and other friends out on a 36-foot yawl. I remember trying out keel hauling when I was on a starvation diet and thought maybe that was a mistake as I could have drowned since I was so weak from lack of food. If I put on a few pounds, my habit was to not eat for a

week or so until I was thin again. We went to St Michaels Island one weekend on an overnight and I have never been so wet and cold as I was sleeping on that boat with a bunch of midshipmen. Orelan also took them on the Bermuda Race one summer. He was the navigator and I was pleased for him that he actually found Bermuda using just a sextant and a bucket of water for navigation tools.. We frequently got becalmed under the Chesapeake Bridge and had to be towed back to port as the boats had no engines. The “Gypsy” was my favorite because it did have an engine. I used to try to cook in the Galley, but once, while frying shrimp, I got seasick. I passed the same sailing test as was administered to Midshipmen, but I never took to the sport like Orelan did.

There was a pond in front of our housing complex and the girls used to love to feed the ducks. One year for Easter, we bought them colored chicks. After they outgrew a borrowed birdcage, we took the chicks to the country and gave them to a farmer. I also remember getting up one morning and finding the house empty. Cathy had put a coat on Cyndi and taken her to the playground a few blocks away without bothering to wake me to tell me so. The girls also used to get up from their naps and go to the kitchen to play. One time they emptied all of the canisters into a pile on the floor and then poured in Wesson Oil to make their own sand box. That first winter, Mother sent me a coat and the girls each received snowsuits as an early Christmas present.

During the Cuban missile crisis, I was visiting my parents and Orelan's parents in Florida. I remember riding with the girls in a Greyhound bus from Tampa to Miami and we were the only passengers. While we were in

Homestead, we took Daddy to Key West for an eye doctor visit and saw the beaches filled with concertina wire. If there was going to be a war, I wanted to be home with my parents, even if it was just 60 miles from Cuba! We had gone to Florida because Orelan was on some sort of a military red alert and wanted us out of his hair.

We still entertained a lot and I never knew who or how many Orelan would bring home for lunch or dinner. I gained a reputation for being a good cook. Once when I thought I was going to die with the flu, he brought home friends for lunch and I had to lie down on the sofa after serving them because I was so sick. I hope none of them got the flu from me. We also had the neighbors over for dinner and bridge, but Orelan's bridge never got any better. Once when I was out playing bridge with the girls one evening, I left Orelan babysitting. I returned to find Cathy gone! She woke up feverish and Orelan took her to the emergency room and she was admitted to the hospital. She screamed there for days and they tested her for everything, including Cystic Fibrosis, but found nothing visibly wrong. I maintain she missed her home and family and that's why she screamed 24-hours a day and would have been fine had I come home and given her an aspirin and alcohol sponge bath as I had done so many times before. She probably would not have gone to a doctor at all...but this is just supposition on my part.

Mostly I shopped at the Navy Commissary, but occasionally went to the Annapolis Acme supermarket. I was amazed at the conveyor belt that took groceries out of the store and into the parking lot for pickup.

On Orelan's frequent vacations, we went to Niagara Falls and upstate New York, plus a short drive through New York City on a vacation one summer. We saw Lake Placid and visited the Dakes in Saratoga Springs.

Monterey, California-1963-1964

Just before Christmas in 1962, Orelan got orders to go to Post Graduate School in Monterey, California. We had Christmas, gifts, tree and dinner a week early because I said the girls would never know the difference. It took us four days in a packed to the gills Corvair to drive across country. We took off in a blizzard and after we got on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, it was closed, but we were already on it. I remember Orelan skidded and once we were facing the wrong way. We stopped after that in a motel at one exit and had the best Swiss steak for dinner that I have ever eaten. We spent Christmas Eve in Santa Fe, New Mexico and the motel clerk felt sorry for us and gave Orelan a huge discount.

We moved into stucco Navy housing on Callahan Street. We had a middle unit, one story, with three bedrooms and an outside storage laundry room. Orelan put up a fence across the back yard. We gave the girls a swing set and put it out front. Once again, the third bedroom was Orelan's study. The unit had gas wall heaters in each room and I never turned off the heat the whole 18 months we were there.

While Orelan was in class, I also decided to go on a self improvement binge and checked out and read most of the books on a list of so called "Great Books." Orelan had four classmates and the guys were closely knit. They decided to play golf together once a week at the Fort Ord Golf Course for mental

heath reasons. I remember playing occasionally and losing my ball in the ice plant, whose flowers all look like golf balls.

Myrna and Lee Dozier, Carla and Gordon Tinker, Bill and Gayle Conner and Orelan and I were an eight-some. Gordon and Carla were newly weds, and lived off base in Pacific Grove, but the others also had two children each and lived in Navy housing near us. We used to pile into Myrna's station wagon weekends while the guys were studying and go for rides in the countryside. We saw the Begonia Festival, the Artichoke Festival, the Lettuce Festival etc. Myrna also taught the Good News Club as she was a born again Christian and got my girls to sing, "Jesus Loves Me," incessantly. I wondered how a born again Christian could take a discarded washing machine, repair it and then sell it as Lee did. Hypocrisy in action!

This was also the time I decided to cook only fresh foods, no prepared items. I baked bread and shopped for vegetables at the outdoor market in Monterey, I remember they were cheap and I actually grew to love borscht. Cakes baked with real butter and honey, instead of white sugar, are delicious. I was amazed that butter came in a different shape on the west coast and the lasagna noodles were really skinny. Coke bottle deposits were a nickel versus the 2-cents I was accustomed to. Everything in California was expensive, especially the gasoline at 45-cent a gallon versus the 36-cents we paid in Maryland. We had to shop at the commissary at Fort Ord and I remember the lines were long and I hated the experience. You had to wait to get in and then wait again to get out. There was an outdoor nursery adjacent that you could pay

to put the kids in and they hated to go there almost as much as I did. Happiness in my divorce was never again having to go to a military commissary.

When some of the neighbor children contracted measles, I decided to have my children endure this childhood affliction efficiently. I took them over to play with “measly” ones so they would catch it at the same time. My planning paid off and we had only two weeks of sickness all at once instead of dragging it out with first one and then the other.

The Browns lived next door. Maggie Brown was an artist and when I invited her child to Cyndi’s third birthday party, she gave Cyndi a picture composed of fabric formed into a doll. Cyndi still has that picture. She also sold me our first real art, an abstractionist painting in brown and orange that matched our decor for just \$10. I loved that picture and kept it until so much of the paint peeled off, and the blue painting underneath showed through, that it became unattractive. The Brown’s had a Mercedes they had bought while they were stationed in Germany. It was a diesel and Ken Brown was always working on it and I will never forget his remark that the only people who should own a Mercedes are those with a lot of money who can pay repair bills or those who are really good mechanics and can fix it themselves. He later became a Vietnamese prisoner of war and I do not know his ultimate fate.

We used to listen to the sea lions barking at night and the fog rolled in almost every day so we did not see sunshine until after noon. I remember watching fire works on the fourth of July, sitting on the beach wrapped in a naval academy blanket. Orelan studied diligently and fell in love with using the school’s

computer. It was a gigantic main frame that he showed to me one evening, since I was not ever supposed to be on school grounds. I remember he typed in "Get Beverly" and the machine responded, "Beverly not available. Years later when I studied programming, the meaning of that event became clearer! Orelan slaved over his thesis and I will never forget the title, "Chromatic and Spherical Aberrations of the Cathode Ray Tube," This was the beginning of the time when I used to aver that if it did not have wires attached, Orelan was not interested and could not carry on a conversation. He used to bemoan the fact that Gordon was a genius and when the professors graded on a curve, Gordon got the A without even obviously studying, Bill would always get a B and he and Lee would alternate between the other B and a C. In other classes, with more people, all four of them would get A's.

Mostly to keep me occupied I guess, we searched high and low for a discount store (not available in California at that time) and having failed drove to San Jose to a large appliance store that had pretty good sales and bought a cheap black and white GE television. This was the first TV set we ever owned and it was mostly used for the kids to watch cartoons. It was in our bedroom to keep the noise away from Orelan when he was studying and I remember watching all the drama when President Kennedy was assassinated. The world came to a close for several days that week and all school and social events were canceled, so there was nothing else to do but watch TV.

Since we missed the previous Christmas, I went all out this year and we gave Cathy a dollhouse and furniture and Cyndi got a farm with barn and

animals. I entered Cathy in a pre-school here and was very happy when she learned to read at age four. We also bought a five octave electric piano/keyboard. In spite of hating lessons, I missed my piano.

The summer vacation was great! We bought a tent and went camping for 30 days. Camping was cheap and something that you could do with uncivilized small children, one of whom was still in diapers. This was the time we decided to try to housebreak her. We went up to Oregon and over to all the National and state parks. Every third night or so, we would stop in a cheap motel and eat in a restaurant so we could visit a Laundromat. To this day, I maintain my hair hurts after three days without washing it. We bathed in ice-cold streams otherwise. The girls used to protest the cold water vigorously. I got to be a really good camp cook. My credo was and still is, when camping, make it easy on everyone and only carry and wash one sharp knife. Otherwise we used tinfoil and the campsite grills, plus we took a small portable one. I loved the paper plates and cups, so no dishwashing. We carried charcoal in case there was no wood available. Highlights were campgrounds with no attendant to collect money and were thus free.

I remember at Yellowstone, Cyndi picked up a big stick and carried it around, saying when she met a bear; she was going to hit it with her stick. We were parked at an overlook and a bear came up and jumped up to lean against the side of the car. Cyndi started screaming and lay in the floor of the back seat, still screaming at the top of her lungs as we laughed at her abandoning her "hit the bear with a big stick idea." We stayed at a log cabin in the park, with

headboards painted in whitewash on the logs. She was still afraid that a bear was going to get her all night. When we camped, on some locations, Orelan used a shovel to level the snow before we could pitch our tent, even though it was June.. On the back way out of Yosemite, Cathy screamed all the way down the one-lane road (uphill cars had the right of way) because there was no guard rail so the plows could shove snow off and she could see the sharp drop offs. She invented a word, "Daddy, please no more 'crumpety' roads," She used this word frequently on all mountain roads. I experienced my first experience with cattle guards across unpaved roads this trip as well. Somewhere about this time, Cathy invented another really good word, "vacuum croons" for mushrooms and she refused to eat them until she was grown when she would order them in a restaurant when I was picking up the bill and they were expensive! On the subject of words, years later she told me she was "mantleling" her bed. When I asked what "mantleing" meant, she said that when you take something apart, you dismantle it, so since she was putting it together, she was "mantleling" it.

While I was pregnant with Andrea I got the flu and a really sore throat. I thought I was going to die because I dared not take any medicine except for Sucrets and aspirin. I think I also got pleurisy because my lungs really hurt. This probably was the beginning of my "you will either get well or die" philosophy and to this day, I avoid doctors. Obviously, in spite of my discomfort, I survived.

When Orelan graduated, I stayed in Motel Six...it was \$6 in those days...with the girls and then we drove across country camping along the way. It rained the night we stayed at Mt. Rushmore and when we got up the next

morning, the lake was inches away from our tent. We sang the song, "Don't let the rain come down, don't let the rain come down, Dad's tent has a hole in it and we might drown." We had been under the golf umbrella inside the tent. We went to Florida to spend some time with both sets of parents and then drove to D.C. Washington, D.C. 1964-1965

We found a two-story red brick house on Ventnor Avenue in the Green Acres subdivision just over the Maryland line off River Road. Orelan was stationed at the Naval Security Station on Nebraska Avenue, so it was a convenient commute for him. The house was owned by naval enlisted man, but we found it from an ad in the newspaper. The rent was \$125 per month and while steep, we felt we could afford it since it was close to the monthly housing allowance amount granted by the Navy when quarters were not available. These homes sold for \$4,000 originally and as I later learned from Mother, I had lived in one as a child while they were waiting to move into quarters at Fort Meade. I have a vague memory of falling down the stairs and being forbidden to go into a locked room at the top where things the real owners had put away were stored. I think I was able to place the actual house over a few streets. I was about three when I briefly lived there before.

This was a lucky choice since the neighborhood was great. Lots of nice people with young children and I joined a baby sitting club that you got hours for sitting and could use these hours when you needed a sitter. I used to keep multiple kids, getting multiple hours, so it was efficient for me to double up. Each month a rotating member was in charge of keeping the hour account books and

everyone reported time to that month's keeper.

The house had hardwood floors (a nice change of pace from the asphalt tile ones in Annapolis and Monterey) and was in good shape except for the kitchen. Orelan got permission from the owner to replace the tile floor and stove and deduct expenses from the rent. He also bought me my first dishwasher, a portable one that could be connected to the sink faucet and also the top could be used for additional counter space, since this kitchen lacked much of that. I remember being pleased that the sink had a window over it that let in air and sunshine. There was a fenced back yard and our first experience with grass that had to be mowed by us. This meant buying a lawn mower, so we got our first power mower at Sears. It was not self propelled and took a lot of effort to push. I could not start it and had to flag down a neighbor to do so usually as the grass always seemed to be needed mowing when Orelan was out of town.

There was an elementary school at the end of the street and Cathy started first grade and the next year Cyndi started kindergarten there. They griped about walking, but it really was quite close, less than two city blocks and across a creek with a bridge and there was almost no traffic. They had lots of friends to walk with. This was in days before children expected carpool rides or busing...walking was the norm.

Orelan worked so close to home that he frequently came home for lunch. I found a lot of good neighborhood bridge players and never lacked for a long or short game of Rubber Bridge. Often we would play at one house with all the children who were not in school surrounding us.

Andrea was born here and we fixed the smallest room up as a nursery and resurrected the crib. I bought a rocking chair for \$25 at JC Penney's to sit in while feeding her in her room. She has that chair today and has recovered it using a sports theme. Cathy and Cyndi shared a room and at last we bought a king-sized bed for the master. There was only one upstairs bath, but we did not know any better, never having had more than one, so thought nothing of it. The house also had a small screened porch off the living room which was nice to use during the summer. I put the basket chairs out there. The basement had been finished into a utility room on one side and a recreation room on the other. We bought some cheap furniture at JC Penney and put the children and the TV down here for an indoor play room.

Shortly after we moved in, Orelan had to take a trip somewhere and was going to be gone for several weeks. I remember it was summertime. The fuses had a bad habit of blowing and I did not know the first thing about replacing the big ones as I had only seen Orelan replace the smaller round screw-in ones, so we had plenty of spares this size. However this time, one big long red one blew and all the upstairs lights were kaput. We were far too poor to call an electrician but the only essential plugs upstairs were the electric fans in the bedrooms. I was thankful it was upstairs and not essential downstairs that blew. We packed up our bedding and fans and moved downstairs to the floor of the living room and toughed it out until Orelan returned. I quickly learned how to replace large red ones as soon as possible. Orelan spoiled me because he could fix absolutely anything and so I rarely needed to know much about being my own handyman. I

did gripe about the washer and dryer being in the basement while clothes were discarded on the second floor. The stairs always had stuff that needed to go up or down on someone's next trip. The stairs to the basement were dark and steep, but we took the door off its hinges and put a metal cabinet at the top to act as our pantry. That opened and lightened the space a bit.

Orelan continued to travel frequently and Andrea, who adored her father, once crawled into his suitcase while he was packing, thinking perhaps he would take her with him. When Andrea was a little over a year old, I took her to the doctor claiming she was probably mentally retarded because she was not walking and both the other girls walked very early (maybe because of grass rugs hurting their knees when crawling.) The doctor examined her reflexes, listened to her talking, (I think she was born talking and has never stopped to this day) and the doctor laughed at me. He surmised that her two older sisters and I carried her everywhere she needed to go and she had absolutely no incentive nor reason to walk.

We bought a red wagon and they also pulled her up and down neighborhood streets when they were not busy trying to tear her arms and legs off because they both wanted to play with her at the same time. She was their doll!

Andrea was a messy eater and so I used to put her high chair out on the back porch when she ate so that all her mess would hit the stoop and not the floor. Once when she was out back (not in her high chair,) she picked up a slug and started to eat it. I had a terrible time prying it away from her tight little fist.

Next, it was Cyndi's turn to spend endless, unhappy days in the hospital. I had taken her to the doctor several times when she complained she hurt. Then Orelan took her. All three times, physicians said there was nothing wrong. The day she screamed non stop, we both took her and demanded they do something...we were not taking "nothing wrong" as an answer. We got a sympathetic doctor this time who found an abscess hiding behind a normal looking tonsil and he admitted her stat. Subsequently he went out of town someplace, so we could not get her discharged because hospital policy would only let the admitting physician discharge patients. She spent an unhappy week away from home.

We got snowed in one year and I pulled the three girls to the neighborhood 7-11 for milk. This was shortly after Orelan bought a used black MGA Roadster because we really needed two cars. He bought it used for a bargain price. The previous owner used it for racing and had attached colorful metal emblems across the hood representing races the car had entered. The day of the blizzard, Orelan shoveled the car out of the snow-bank, since we only had on-street parking. He went in to change into his uniform and a snowplow came by and reburied it. He was furious, as only he could be. When we were transferred to Hawaii, we took the front windshield off and paid to have the car shipped from Baltimore at our own expense. The freight charge was based on volume and taking the windshield off reduced volume dimensions considerably.

We also acquired a sled, a saucer for the snow and our first snow tires. I used to joke and say all Orelan ever gave me for Christmas or my birthday was

tires because with two cars, we seemed to always need new snow or regular ones. I should not have complained because he changed the oil himself in both cars to save money.

With three children, we outgrew my beloved Corvair and Orelan's two-seater MGA did not help the space situation. We agreed we needed a station wagon and so once while Orelan was out of town I bought a baby blue Oldsmobile F-85, small station wagon. Once again we charged the car purchase to the Navy Federal Credit Union. Shortly thereafter I drove from D.C. to Miami to visit my parents. This was my first solo nonstop driving marathon. Driving with three children was such a chore that I could not bear to prolong it over two days, nor did I want to spend money on a motel. We discovered the windshield wipers did not work when they got wet. The dealer never could find the problem, but Orelan did and put a plastic bag with rubber bands over a wire that shorted when wet. However this first trip was when I learned the wipers did not work. I had to stop and pull over to the shoulder during rainstorms, since you could not see without wipers and this prolonged the trip somewhat. The girls were only allowed to go to the bathroom when we stopped for gas and Andrea had her diaper changed. It was 1024 miles and took 20 hours door to door. I learned that it is easy to stay awake if you leave at 4 A.M., because you get there the following midnight and don't have to try and stay awake during midnight to early morning hours. On a subsequent trip when Orelan was along, he did not want to leave at 4 A.M., and said he would do the night time driving. All his life, he had an unfortunate problem of nodding off at the wheel and I so ended up with the

dreaded midnight to 6A.M. stint after all, for self preservation. Orelan was a terrible driver as he never stayed in his lane on winding roads and I usually did the driving when we were together. He also was always replacing clutches in our cars. I think he must have ridden it because my first car with clutch and without Orelan lasted 130,000 miles with the same clutch.

I discovered duplicate bridge and occasionally played at the Van Ness Bridge Center on Connecticut Avenue with June Dion. Bob and June Dion had two children Michael was Cathy's age and their girl a little younger. The girl later was killed as a teenager in an airplane crash with her boyfriend pilot. Bob and June remained friends for years and eventually bought a house near ours in Rockville. We bought duplicate boards and used to have three-table monthly dinner and bridge parties with the neighbors. I figured out the movement, since I was too frugal to buy printed guide cards. Duplicate soon spoiled me for Rubber Bridge, but I did not have the money to play often.

Orelan brought home a white rabbit for the girls and they named him Henry. Orelan built Henry a cage and the girls were supposed to forage for weeds to feed him, but I supplemented his diet with prepared rabbit food and lettuce leaves. When we were transferred, we gave him to Alice May's family. The Mays lived across the street and had five boys. Alice later developed MD and it was sad to watch her decline. She is the one who later got me my job with the Census Bureau when we moved back to D.C. in 1969.

The girls picked up impetigo from classmates and I had to boil everything and physohex their spots and scrub them out with a toothbrush. When they did

not get better, after awhile, I decided to abandon the germs and took the girls to Miami for rehabilitation. It worked because the sores cleared up right away.

Orelan continued to fly off to hot spots around the world. Being a communications expert, he got to fly in the constellations that provided overhead support for the armed forces. He did not talk about his work, not that I would have understood anyway, but he did lead an exciting life. I enjoyed my time there as well and wondered how Daddy could have been so opposed to duty in the Washington area as I loved it so. The Dions even took us to parties at the British Embassy and then I really felt important.

Honolulu, Hawaii-1966-1969

Initially I was elated to think we were going to live in Hawaii. I grew tired of it quickly and was only too glad to leave three years later. Orelan was attached to CINC-PAC-FLEET headquarters in Honolulu. We shipped the MGA and drove to Long Beach in the station wagon, where we left it to be shipped and took a cab LAX and flew to Honolulu. For the flight, I was wearing a blue dress that I had made for myself. The dress had a zipper all down the back. Somewhere along the way, the zipper broke and I was embarrassed. Some co-worker was supposed to pick us up at the Honolulu airport and take us to a downtown condo, the Admiral Cooke. We had a week paid for by the military to use while looking for a place to live. We arrived, but our ride did not. Orelan kept telephoning someone while I kept saying let's just take a cab; my dress is embarrassing me to be seen in public. Orelan did not want to spend money on a cab, so we waited until a fellow officer arrived on the scene to transport us.

I actually liked the temporary living space. It was on Waikiki Beach and if we had not been so poor, we could have eaten out in fantastic places. However I did the cooking inside instead. The kitchen was equipped with pots and dishes. The MGA was already there, since we sent it ahead and Orelan picked it up so we could begin house-hunting. However, the windshield box had gotten separated from the car and we had to wait a few days for it to be located. Meantime we drove with no windshield and no top...quite a thrill! The girls griped as well, since they were crammed into a non-existent back seat and Andrea sat in my lap...no seat belts either of course!

Navy housing required a waiting list and we were a year away from qualifying for one. Rents were somewhat cheaper on the other side of the island so we went house-hunting in Kailua. We found one owned by a man who had bought it for his son who got divorced. Mr. Hightower rented it to us for \$225 a month, a fortune by my standards. It had a double car port and one and one-half bathrooms and three bedrooms and a large yard of Zoysia grass. Orelan enjoyed the half bath adjacent to the master bedroom since he did not have to compete with the girls for shaving time.

The owner left a picnic table and his lawn mower saying the grass had to be kept neatly mowed. Orelan never was there to mow it and I could not push the mower across the dense grass. It was too much for me and so we incurred the owner's wrath because the yard usually looked terrible. The girls went to school at the end of the street, Ulumauwai in the Pohakatu subdivision just across the Pali pass at the foot of the mountains where Kamahameha threw off the

opposing army. We had antheriums and birds of paradise as well as plumeria/frangipani blooms year round. Making leis was never a problem.

The home was a single story, single tongue and groove board construction and if you drove a nail in the wall inside to hang a picture, it came out the other side and you could hang another picture outdoors. The humidity was awful and shoes would mildew overnight and the sofa developed a fine dusting of mold. Potato chips would absorb water in 30 minutes until they would bend without breaking and salt and sugar had to be kept in the refrigerator or they turned to liquid in their containers. I had long hair and when I washed it at night before going to bed, it was still wet the next morning. When people in the US complain of humidity, I laugh and think to myself, "They do not know what humidity is." Once it rained for three weeks straight and even the Chamber of Commerce was telling people not to come to Hawaii during that time.

We were the only "haoles" (whites) on a street of almost exclusively Japanese households. The other children used to chase Cathy and Cyndi home from school calling them names. I know first hand what discrimination feels like for those abused. The school had a policy of removing shoes before entering classrooms and so when we got back to the states, the girls were horrified to learn they could no longer go to school barefooted. I used to see some of the kids in bathing suits at school as well. I had fun sewing muumuus for Cathy and Cyndi so they would fit in better.

One highlight of our time here was when Orelan was promoted to Lt. Commander and we had a wetting down party with 60 people over for dinner.

Orelan grilled chicken halves on an outdoor grill he made from oven racks and cinderblocks to get one large enough for the occasion. We entertained in smaller groups almost every weekend as the yard was beautiful.

Orelan's brother David was killed in an automobile wreck in Corpus Christi while we were living here and Orelan went back to the mainland for the funeral. His brother had married a girl named Beverly as well and I felt really sorry for her. David, also a University of Florida graduate, had gone to OCS and joined the Navy following in his brother's footsteps. At the time, he was an aide to an admiral. As such, he rated a special place in Arlington National Cemetery. I think he was put in one of the places in the admiral's section, as the admiral was also killed. Years later, I saw the spot of the fatality, a Y in the road between Corpus Christi State University and the Naval Station, just off Shoreline Drive. That location was infamous for the number of auto fatalities over the years.

We survived our time in Kailua but were really happy when at the end of the first year, we got a call to move into Navy quarters on the Naval Base at Pearl Harbor. Orelan was in Viet Nam at the time and so I did all the moving myself. We packed up one morning and unloaded that same afternoon...with the help of professional movers provided by the Navy, of course. By the next day, all the pictures were hung and the new place was now home. Mr. Hightower, however was not happy with the way I left the lawn and to add insult, as he inspected the house I thought had thoroughly cleaned, a dust ball rolled across the asphalt tile in one bedroom. The house had two refrigerators and I loved being able to clean the one in the carport with a garden hose. Of course all refrigerators, until we

moved to Rockville and bought one of our own, had to be defrosted manually several times a year and I hated this chore.

The new digs were a two-story cinderblock and pink plaster duplex with apple green painted trim on Cakon Street near the Naval Commissary and just down a short street from the children's elementary school. We had three bedrooms, but a single bath with only a green tiled shower, no tub. One day, Andrea piled all her stuffed animals in the shower and turned on the water to give them a bath. Few could be salvaged and I was heartbroken because I had just given her a huge lion that was never after the same. I rarely gave the girls dolls, but since I loved stuffed animals, they always had quite a collection. I did not like to pick up toys, so they had few things with pieces that they could scatter. Stuffed animals were neater. Cathy did have a "Chatty Cathy" her grandmother Carden sent for Christmas one year and they had Barbie dolls and clothes, including a doll clothes suitcase.

The house had no glass windows, just screens and awnings that could be rolled up and down. We also had a screened porch off the living room and a smaller one to be used as a laundry room off the kitchen. I never had experienced many cockroaches before, but here they were a large part of our lives. They lived in hotels between stacks of plates and even came out of the toaster, also toasted with the bread. When something aromatic was cooking, flies would beat themselves to death against the screen and die in inch high piles under windows. Once evening as I watch a gecko walking across the bedroom ceiling, I asked Orelan how far he would get before dropping onto the bed. About

that time, he did. Because of the sheer number of bugs and reptiles I was forced to endure in Hawaii, to this day I can not get excited about a stray creature wandering through my house. Cathy, Cyndi and Andrea do not remember them and still overreact to mice and bugs.

I replaced the ugly overhead light fixtures with olive green Japanese lanterns and all in all, the house was quite comfortable. We had colorful flowering trees, including one with purple flowers that dripped and were sticky year-round and Monkey-pod trees that dropped their annual offerings continually. Once again we had ample plumeria for lei making.

I played golf with the ladies and bowled in several leagues as well. Bowling prizes were Monkey-pod dishes and artifacts and between Orelan and myself, we amassed quite a collection. I was the league secretary a few times and got to the point I could add long columns of bowling score in my head quickly as we were in charge of computing averages and did not have computers or even adding machines in those days. I played on every golf course on Oahu, but mostly at the military ones. I also was the editor/only writer I might add, of the Navy Wives Club newsletter for a term. I got into trouble when I wrote one of the wives had a miscarriage. I thought that was news, but others found it an invasion of privacy.

I remember a shipping strike when potatoes were non-existent and milk was equally hard to come by. The girls developed a hankering for orange and grape drink which came in milk cartons and continued to prefer it when milk once again became available. I entertained frequently and we were a favorite

stop-over for friends going and coming to Viet Nam. Orelan was in charge of building the communications station in Cam Ron Bay and was gone a lot to there and to Danang.

Father Murray Voth, the minister at St. John's in Homestead (who was supposed to marry us) joined the Navy as a chaplain and was wounded in Viet Nam. He joked that there were no atheists in foxholes and his was always the most popular one! Daddy called me and asked that I look in on him at Tripler Hospital and so I did. Orelan was away at the time. When Murray recuperated enough, I had him over to dinner. Because he was bored and could get away from the hospital, I loaned him Orelan's MGA. The night he returned it, I had taken the girls that day to have warts removed. They were infested all over. Both girls screamed bloody murder the rest of the day and night and I was highly embarrassed that we had a minister for dinner and they were behaving so badly. He could not have been nicer and if I did not distrust the clergy on principle, I might have actually liked him.

Orelan used to invite construction executives from Collins Radio Company, home-based in Dallas, to dinner when they passed through town on their way to Viet Nam. One time they said enough was enough and they knew Orelan was not supposed to allow contractors to take him out to dinner, but they were going to take me out as payback for all the meals I had served them. We went to a Honolulu restaurant and it was the first time I ever had prime rib that I did not cook myself. It was delicious.. They also gave me a pearl encrusted evening bag that I used for years thereafter. We rarely ate out, so this was a real

treat. Occasionally, Orelan would invite me for lunch at the Navy Officer's Mess. This was quite a formal affair, with heavy silver and Philippine waiters in full garb.

We acquired a black half Siamese cat, we named Tiki. She had four kittens soon thereafter and used to carry them from their box and put them in the dryer. I had to watch for them when doing laundry. I was amazed that she cleaned up everything when they were born and their furry faces were always spotless. We had little trouble giving the kittens away, because few people could bring their pets with them to Hawaii due to the one-year quarantine rule. Shortly afterward, we had her spayed as one litter was educational, but more would have been redundant. Our housemates on the other side of the duplex were Charles and Joy Denman. They had a boy, Chip and a girl, Shelby, who were younger than Cathy and Cyndi, but older than Andrea. They also had a cat. One day her cat and my cat brought a bird into my living room while I was away (we had a cat opening in the screen.) I have never seen so many feathers; they were everywhere. I invited Joy to come and behold what our animals had wrought. She laughed and then helped me to clean up the mess. We left Tiki briefly with neighbors until we settled in Washington and then she got shipped back to us and lived for several more years.

The children were mostly healthy here, but Andrea shoved a button up her nose while she was in pre-school and had to have it removed. She was the bane of the teacher's existence as she always refused to participate in nap time. I finally had to withdraw her, but while it lasted it was nice to have a place she could go while I played golf. Andrea broke out with a few spots, on her face and

chest. Remembering my impetigo experience earlier, I took her to the doctor who indeed diagnosed the spots as such and we began the physohex/toothbrush routine once again. She recovered fairly quickly, but at the same time all the neighborhood children broke out in Chickenpox. I guess that's what she had in actuality, and I scrubbed what should not have been touched. Luckily, she has no scars!

The girls learned to swim and loved to go both to the pool and to the beach. We bought them water wings and paddle boards. The weather was never hot nor was it ever cold. We had no air-conditioning and did not need any either. The breezes were nice, but it did rain a lot.

We used to take Sunday drives around the island, seeing the Polynesian Cultural Center, the Blow Hole, the Dole Pineapple Factory and other famous spots. At first it was nice; then it got boring. You can only look at so many sugar and pineapple plantations. On a clear day you could see a hazy spot in the ocean that was Maliki, the former leper colony. The girls took ukulele and hula lessons and we bought them some gourds that you shake in rhythm as well as bamboo sticks.

We did take a trip over to the Big Island and stayed at the military camp there. We flew over and rented a car. We saw black sand beaches, Mauna Loa, Kilauea in full eruption (they call it the drive-in volcano), tin roofs on houses because of the ash and brought home a souvenir tiki god. We named the tiki "Sam" and he is out by the bar-be cue pit today, because he molts too much to remain in the house any longer. He was carved from a fern I believe. We had to

take a bus to the actual volcano and I remember it was cold up on the mountain. The person behind me was smoking and so I rolled down the window to get away from the smoke. He asked me to put up the window. I asked him to put out his cigarette. It became a Mexican standoff as neither of us accommodated the other. I for one was very glad when “no smoking” became the order of the day! We had box lunches packed by the hotel and I remember being bent out of shape as there were only 7-Ups and no cokes.

Each year, there was a Navy Ball and it was a command performance. I bought dressy muumuus for the occasions and absolutely loved muumuus and wished I could afford more. Orelan also acquired a few Hawaiian shirts. Once time I had to put flowers on a float for the Navy wives for some occasion. I left Orelan home baby sitting and when I get home, long after midnight, Andrea was asleep on the back door mat outside. Apparently she got up to look for me and got locked out. Orelan slept through it all and I used to kid him that I needed to only have paid baby sitters. These did not work out too well either as one lowered the awnings in the living room (I never did) and broke some Noritake fish, which Orelan had brought back from one of his trips. He always came home with treasures from Viet Nam: fish trap tables, brass candlesticks, a wooden carved horse, a carved wooden screen, silk roses and Noritake fish and ducks. After we found the screen cut one night. We bought a cow bell and hung it in the door jamb each night. If the door were to be opened, the bell would fall and make a clamor and wake us up. Screens kept flies out, but did little for other security and we had no glass windows to shut. The cow bell served a day time purpose

as well. Instead of yelling for the children to come home from playing in the neighborhood, I could ring the bell and they were trained to come running.

Orelan and his friend Allen Stuart rebuilt the engine of the Oldsmobile when the pistons were shot. We shipped the car to Long Beach for pick up when we left and Orelan sold the MGA for more than he paid for it. The six hour flight the LAX was long, but I was glad to be leaving Island life behind. On one of his trips to Washington, Orelan had picked out land and arranged for a new home to be built for us in Rockville, to be ready when we returned. The house was a two-story Colonial and the lot was on a small neighborhood lake in a cul de sac...sounded ideal!

Washington, D.C. 1969-1973

After a vacation in Florida once again visiting parents we had not seen for three years, we arrived in Washington and found not only was our house not ready, that phase of the construction was not even slated to begin for several more months. The builder refunded our deposit and we set out to find something else, as Plan B. There was no way we could afford to live in a motel at D.C. rates for any length of time and since we wanted to buy, we found a short term rental in Tacoma Park, Maryland. It had two bedrooms and was unfurnished, but I had arranged for some of my parent's things from Miami to be shipped for our new home. My parents gave us my old bedroom suite, the piano and bench, the rocking chair with carved swans on the arms and some other misc. items I have probably forgotten about. We bought a gold and rust colored velvet sofa I fell in love with at first sight on sale for really a cheap price (\$300) and a light green

shag rug that we were going to put in a bedroom for Cyndi, together with my old furniture eventually. The girls slept on air mattresses and we bought some fans since the house was not air-conditioned and it gets hot in Washington in the summer. We set ourselves a goal of being in a house by the time school started. The temporary living arrangement was not elegant, but we could afford it and made do. The hardest part was having to wash clothes by hand every day and hanging them on a clothesline. We could not afford to use the Laundromat down the street for anything more than sheets and the occasional towel. The girls complained about scratchy sun-dried towels.

Eventually we decided to buy a two-story, wooden siding model home on a corner lot in a Rockville subdivision (Manor Woods) across the highway from Orelan's original selection. The house was tan when we bought it, but after the paint weathered quickly, I wanted to paint it avocado green. Orelan was afraid of heights I discovered, so I was the one who climbed the tall ladder to paint the eaves. I also did all of the lower levels. We painted the shutters black and I loved the finished product. It was on Butternut Drive and I really loved that house. It had a separate family room with fireplace and four bedrooms upstairs. The living room was a sunken and there was an eat-in kitchen and a two car garage. There were two and one-half baths and the upstairs baths had windows, an essential according to our architect friend, Allen Stuart. It had hardwood floor throughout except for the kitchen, which had that dreaded asphalt tile, which I replaced as soon as I could afford to. I loved the slate floor in the entry and hall and the wallpaper selected for the model home. At first it was a convenient commute for

Orelan was once again at the Security Station on Nebraska Avenue. He was transferred to several other jobs while we lived here and for some, he had long beltway commutes to Virginia or to the downtown Naval Station. I felt sorry that he had to drive so much and had to leave so early in the morning. However, he never complained and I think he liked living here as well.

The girls were enrolled in schools all within walking distance of the house. Andrea started kindergarten. After they left elementary school, the junior high and senior high were on adjacent campuses...all very compact and convenient.

Thanks to my friend Alice Mays from Green Acres days, I was hired as a Census Enumerator to work on the 1970 Census and this later turned into a job that lasted as long as I lived there. I got to work on many different projects as a GS-3 and these took me into all parts of the area. I made some good friends in Jeri Potasky and Jan Carter and the three of us frequently met for lunch in famous restaurants. This was my first experience with the good things in life like 4-star restaurants with cheaper lunch prices. I spent the money in fixing up the house and for the first time actually buying clothes for myself and the girls in a store...even though I was dubbed, "Bargain basement Mom," since I only shopped for and bought items on sale. I also bought a riding tractor lawn mower to replace that one that was impossibly hard to push. Even the girls could mow the yard now.

Once again we had really nice neighbors and Gail Rost became a lifelong friend until she died in 2003, just before I retired. We had planned to play bridge all over the country after I retired, so I was devastated. She and Fred moved to

Ohio after he had a breakdown because of Huntington's. When Gail found out he had Huntington's, she went back to college because she knew she was going to have to be the family bread winner. When Orelan asked for a divorce, I went to Ohio to consult with Gail and after I took the job in Texas, whenever I was near her on business (Harte Hanks owned the newspaper in Hamilton, just down the road and I went to Cincinnati frequently for Scripps) I would drop in for a weekend visit. She visited us in Florida and San Antonio as well.

Because Gail went back to school, I decided I could too and used my census money to pay tuition at the University of Maryland. I still had no idea what I wanted to do, but I studied criminology, vaguely thinking I might like to work for the FBI or the CIA. When I started back to school, I did not realize that soon it would be a matter of life or death for me as well. I guess I believed I was like the Helen Reddy song, "I am Woman, I Can Do Anything" song, because in addition to being a full-time 18-hours a semester student, (I figured that three semesters would get me enough hours to graduate if I took a mere 18 hours compared with the 21 I had taken at the University of Florida previously,) I worked, cared for the family, cooked, cleaned and even entertained on a regular basis. It helped that I rarely needed to study and still got A's. Going to college was one of the final nails in the coffin of my marriage. I remember one evening when we had some of Orelan's co-workers over, I talked about the Chinese and how their society worked for them, being a nation with so many people and such cramped living facilities. I believe, then and now, social mores and values are a function of time and geography and the Chinese lifestyle illustrated this philosophy graphically.

After dinner, Orelan chewed me out for subversive talk that would damage his career. We grew farther apart as I wanted to discuss the new ideas I was being exposed to and he was retreating into "just wires."

George and Char Klump were also good friends. All of the children played together and we went on frequent camping trips en masse. George was the cook. Once when we went to The Skyline Parkway, it rained the whole time. We sent the children out of the campers and tents to play in the rain while we adults played bridge on a rotating basis. When the roof of the tent over the bridge players started dripping, we called it quits and packed up and went home. We camped through Montreal and Quebec. Orelan liked to think he was "The Leader. We laughed for years about the time he was lost in Montreal and all three vehicles moved in circles throughout the city because he was too stubborn to ask for directions. We also used to change our children in the cars and I will always remember Tori Rost, in the middle of nowhere, insisting on a toilet, instead of a convenient tree and ended up in a pigsty of one.

We bought a used red Volkswagen for a song and used to take outings in it. I remember once in the interior of Virginia, we encountered a hailstorm and I thought the car would disintegrate. We also traded the faithful Oldsmobile wagon for a green Volvo station wagon because Orelan fell in love with Volvo's. That one was a lemon and once when he drove to the Baltimore factory rep about repairs, the gear shift even came off in his hand. I decided I hated it so much I wanted a car and we got a Fiat Spider, orange sports car which I loved dearly and only relinquished years later in Texas when my mechanic said it had 130,000

miles on it and deserved a proper funeral.

The girls took up gymnastics under the tutelage of Margie and Greg Weiss, mother and father to skater Michael Weiss in later years. Andrea was really talented in this area.

We went to Pittsburg once for a mini-family reunion and still have the picture Bud took of us all. Dorothy Ann's house was lovely. After meeting them as adults, I was sorry we had not been closer as they were people you would want as friends as well as relatives.

Until the end, these were happy years. The girls the loved the Manor Woods Swimming Team. I had good friends. We entertained a lot. I loved my house. Dean and Allen Stuart lived with us for two months on temporary duty and brought their son Duff. Arthur and Polly, Orelan's brother and his new wife lived with us one summer, saving for a down payment on their condo in Washington. We had exchange students from Norway and Afghanistan (boys and we asked for girls from France!)

Gainesville, Florida January 1974-June 1975

Scared to death, we moved here following my divorce. I had asked Orelan for permission to stay in Rockville until I graduated from the University of Maryland in December because I needed the degree to support the girls and myself. He agreed. My brother John found a possible assistantship at the University of Florida in the School of Journalism. The army had sent John there to get a Master's degree. I went for an interview and got the job, contingent on being accepted to graduate school. For this I needed to take the GRE. While I

was at the University, because the next GRE was not being scheduled until February (and I was to start in January), they gave me the Miller test for provisional acceptance. I scored 98 percentile on this test, so I got the go ahead to apply and take the job. I went back to Rockville to pack up the girls and move to Gainesville. We drove in the Fiat Spider as I did not want that awful green Volvo station wagon that Orelan bought. Since the trunk was so small, we packed clothes in Hefty garbage bags. Upon arrival at John's house where we stayed while looking for our own place, the girls refused to unload until after dark because they did not want the neighbors to see them with garbage bags, not luggage. My parents paid to move a minimum amount of the furniture. I asked for the refrigerator as it was a Westinghouse side by side that I paid for with my census money. Orelan refused saying it needed to stay with the house to sell it. He also refused to rent out the house and placed it on the market to sell. Bad decision as it is worth over a million today.

I found a concrete house owned by a dentist located on a busy intersection in Gainesville. Because of the traffic the price was right for my budget, \$200 a month. The dentist agreed to buy paint if we painted it so the girls and I gave it a fresh coat of white. Since the three bedroom, two bath unit had terrazzo floors, it was not too bad for the price. It was close to the University, important since we had the first gas crisis with scarcity and increasing prices then. I remember riding bicycles to the grocery store down the street.

I enrolled and the girls went separate ways.. Cathy and Cyndi did not want to go to the same high school, so we put Cathy in Buholtz, enrolled under John's

address and Cyndi went to the official school, Gainesville High after she got out of middle school. Andrea went to a school just across the street. I found working, going to class, studying and caring for a family was a bit much, so we instituted a job jar. All tasks were written on a piece of paper and on Saturday everyone drew several from the jar and then had to perform that which they drew. During the week, the girls and I took turns cooking. Cathy was pretty good but I remember one night Cyndi made chili, but did not remember what kind of powder it called for and used curry powder! That summer, the girls had Franny Desando and Harlilyn ? to visit and one of someone's associates stole all of Harolyn's money. I felt terrible. Franny tried to commit suicide by jumping off the roof (of a one story house) and we found a snake in the yard. We survived. I sent Andrea off the summer camp at Crystal Lake and Cathy and Cyndi went to stay with Franny in DC for a reciprocal visit.

I enrolled Andrea in gymnastics since she was so good. I even dated her coach, Joe Regna and when we moved to Texas, he begged me to leave Andrea with him as she was the first student he said he ever had with Olympic potential. Andrea dropped lessons in Texas because she did not like her new coach. I sold blood to help pay for lessons since in those days O- Negative blood got a premium price at Shands Medical Center. We learned to enjoy soybean hamburger, but we never starved. The only new clothes the girls got were gifts from Mother at Christmas.

A fellow graduate student was Usha Vaisalu, an Indian girl whose father had worked for the UN and she had lived all over the world. She was getting a

second Master's degree to go with the one in Political Science. She was my best friend. Since I was the only graduate student with a house, all of them used to gather at mine for parties. Russell Bloom liked to bake and would make dessert. Usha could feed an army from one chicken with Indian goodies. We used to charge everyone one dollar and Russell and Usha would cook a banquet. It was usually BYOB, but one time I made a punchbowl of Black Russians..

Unbeknownst to me, Cathy got into it and we found her in the driveway, passed out. Panic time.

While standing in line at the computer center one day I ended up helping someone with their program. He invited me to the student union for a drink afterward and we talked. The fellow student was Bob Salmon and he truly changed my life by restoring my confidence in myself. We became good friends and he even drove me to San Antonio for my new job and shaved off his beard in the La Quinta motel just before he flew home, saying he left both his beard and heart in San Antonio. He came to visit several times until he died in 1977 from Prostate Cancer. I will always treasure Bob as one of the special humans I encountered in this lifetime. He was a military pilot (took Gail and me up for a ride over Gainesville during her visit), double PHD, eternal student and philosopher. He made ends meet by tutoring athletes to keep them eligible while pursuing yet another PHD, this time in education. When he found he was dying, he actually taught a class at the University on "Death and Dying."

Bob also introduced me to his good friend Marilyn who was a white witch. She was not only an interesting person, she predicted my future accurately.

In the fall of '74, Eric Rydland, the former swim coach at Manor Woods Swim Club called and said he was coming through Gainesville on his way to Medical School at the University of Miami. Erick used to sleep on our living room sofa in Rockville so many nights that I left the sheets and blanket under the sofa. The girls adored him.. Shortly before Erick's car reached Gainesville, it broke down and he had it towed to Gainesville. It would take several days for it to be repaired and so he stayed with us. We went to the beach (Gulf side) one day and when the girls cut their feet pretty bad on barnacles', it was handy to have a med student handy to care for them.

Usha hosted a graduation party and I don't remember driving home although I guess I must have. Russell went to South America and left me to finalize his thesis and other affairs, for which he sent me two woven purses as thanks. Usha went back to India, eventually marries a fellow professor and had a boy.

My friend Gail Rost came to visit and we all went to Disney World. We stayed, all seven of us in one room in Super 8. The adults got first use of towels. I remember getting deathly ill on the teacups, but the rest had a good time. When we got back to Gainesville, we had another scare. Gail had crabs. I had no idea where she got them and was mightily embarrassed as we all sterilized all the towels and sheets. After Gail returned home, she found she had gotten them from Fred, her husband. What a relief to me!

San Antonio, Texas 1975-1989

As I was graduating, I interviewed for four jobs: One was in Valdosta,

Georgia, working for the city and when I went into the gloomy basement of the courthouse for an interview, I knew that I could only work there as an alternative to starvation. The second was at Morehead State University in Minnesota, as an instructor. When I learned that you had to bring the batteries from the car indoors at night in the winter, that too lost its appeal. The third was for the city of Tampa and I could have had it if Harte Hanks did not make an offer. They pressured to choose and choose quickly as they wanted to fill that job ASAP. Mostly I chose Harte Hanks because the city of Tampa told me that 300 people had applied for the job. Only five were women and I was the most qualified woman. Even then I refused to allow my sex to determine my position in life. Later on I absolutely refused to participate in any organization that had the word women or female in their title.

While at the University of Florida, John Mauro, the research director for the Norfolk Pilot and Landmark Communications came once each semester to the campus as a visiting professor. I met him on his first visit. The next year, when he had to cancel, I was asked to take over his cancelled class. I remembered this and sent John a letter saying that if I could fill in for him once, could he hire me? He sent back a nice letter saying that he had just hired an assistant, but he knew a company that was looking for a research manager. He forwarded my resume to Dick Clester at Harte Hanks. Dick flew me to Hamilton Ohio, where I was taken to dinner and interviewed by Chuck Everill, a Harvard MBA and the Publisher of the Hamilton Journal. I stayed with Gail Rost on this visit and she drove me to meet Chuck half way between Hamilton and Cincinnati.

I must have passed muster with Chuck, because I was next flown to Dallas (I had just seen "The Towering Inferno" movie and was petrified when I had to go up to the top of a tall building for this appointment) to meet with the corporate shrink and then on to San Antonio to meet with Bob Marbut and Larry Franklin, also Harvard men and CEO and Chief Financial officers for Harte Hanks Newspapers. Harte Hanks put me in the Hilton Hotel on the River-walk for this visit and I fell in love with San Antonio as I went for a ride in the boat next to the hotel. Berta Marbut took me to dinner at the Petroleum Club, where I was given a rose and after dinner the first truffles I had ever eaten. This was a life style I had never experienced, much less aspired to. I got the job and what an amazing thing, at exactly the same pay that my friend Marilyn in Gainesville had predicted using the Ouija Board!

Bob Salmon drove me to San Antonio and the children visited their father while I went house hunting. Harte Hanks provided me with a realtor and we spend a non productive day looking at things she wanted me to buy when I had already told her I was only interested in renting. I think you should know a town and job before committing to purchasing a home. I "fired" her and the next day found a three bedroom dream apartment, Cherbourg Square. It had two baths, a back yard, covered garage and great ambience. It was in Alamo Heights, the best school district in San Antonio I was told. My parents bought me a really great dining room suite since Orelan got ours in the divorce. I also bought bedroom furniture for the girls. It was nice having money of my own and more than I ever thought I would see.

I bought the girls a new dark green Toyota station wagon so they would have transportation and obtained a hardship driver's license for Cathy. She did not want to take the driver's test in the stick shift Fiat, so I rented her a car for the occasion.. She flunked the first time around and so I made her use the stick for the second test and she passed. She had no sense of direction however and used to get lost on the way to the mall. She had her first accident when she pulled out of a gas station without looking and hit a car. It was reminiscent of the time in Gainesville when I was with her as she learned and she pulled out of the driveway and almost hit a dump truck. I thought she had learned to look first, but I guess I was wrong.

Cyndi learned to drive when I contracted Hepatitis from somewhere and had to stay home from work. We drove around the 410 Loop and I saw the other side of town for the first time. While I was sick, what fun! I was told to stay out of the food preparation business by the doctor and so, 1) Cathy set the toaster oven on fire with cheese toast, scorching the ceiling and cabinets, 2) Cyndi exploded a can of ravioli she had in a pan of water allowed to boil dry and it too hit the ceiling. Once when I returned from a trip, I could not get in the front door because the clothes were piled on the floor so high. The washer/dryer was in a closet in the entry hall and they had been doing laundry.

A friend, Debbie Gower, from graduate school moved back to her home in San Antonio and I used to get her to stay with the girls when I was away. Debbie drove them to D.C. one summer to visit her friends and left my girls with Orelan. She tells one story of the trip; my girls another, but it was mutually unrewarding

for all concerned. When she left them at Orelan's apartment, she said all that was in the refrigerator was a dried up orange and some beer. However all survived.

My first office was on the ground floor and had a sliding glass door onto a patio. I thought I had died and gone to heaven but was fearful that I would not be up to the job...after all I was a simple person. I found that I was really good at it though. I did everything that I was asked to quite well. Glenda Brown, Dick Clester's and my shared secretary said that every monthly report Dick turned in was mine to him, but reworded to claim he had done all those things. She finally quit because Dick was not a nice man to work for. However I was so grateful for my new life that I put up with all kinds of crap from him. When he was subsequently transferred to the cable division and then banished in disgrace, I could not help but rejoice.

I was charged with visiting markets and preparing the acquisition reports following Dick's departure. I remember being dropped down in the middle of the night in a strange city, renting a car and finding my way about numerous times, all without the aid of GPS, yet to be invented.

We entered a partnership with CompuServe to test the concept of home computers. I had to give away 25 computers in Boston and then visit the families monthly to see how they used them. They mostly used the communications (early e-mail) and games. We did have a wedding where a gal in Boston married another free client in Ohio. They met in chat and it made a great story. My personal conclusion was that as long as there were long distance charges for connection and menu tress rather than key word search it would never go over

highly with the general public. These things were fixed and look where the Internet is today! Once in Boston, I landed at Logan International in the middle of a snowstorm at night. As I left the tunnel leading away from the airport, it was a wall of white. I was supposed to drive to Framingham, 30 or so miles away. I spotted a Holiday Inn sign near one exit and pulled off to it. As I went into the lobby, I said I had no reservation, but I was not driving a mile further that night and would stay in their lobby. They found me a room. It was on that trip I realized all the street sign in Boston tell you the street you are crossing but not the street you are on. You also have to stop and brush the snow off the high street sign to even read that much. I hated Boston!

At first, to analyze data from my surveys, I used the facilities of the Trinity University computer. After a few years, I convinced the powers to be to purchase SPSS for the corporate IBM 360 mainframe and I felt I had died and gone to heaven. I hired a temporary worker, Susie Welsh, whom I had known from Trinity, to keypunch cards and installed a printer in my office. Eventually we got a terminal for data input and I really had it made I thought. It was only after I moved to Corpus Christi that I bought SPSS for a personal computer, mine. I bought it under my brother John's name since he was a teaching assistant at UT at the time and I got a really good price. It happened because in a computer upgrade at the Caller-Times, they inadvertently disconnected me and could not apparently get me hooked back up and I was dead in the water. Once again, at my own expense, I solved my own problems. I had a lifelong distain for those who look to others for solutions instead of looking into alternatives themselves. I became the

company mapping expert when I purchased software at great expense to the company and then decided that I would not spend another \$10,000 for the training and worked through the manual myself on weekends, learning some pretty complex stuff. When I found MAPINFO had a better program, I once again used John's discount and bought myself the software.

I have marveled through the years about something. I fell in love with SPSS in grad school where we were exposed to BMS, SAS and SPSS. I kept getting pressured to buy SAS by corporate, even though I knew both programs from grad school and SPSS was superior. I bought MacWrite for my own computer and the world used Microsoft's Word, a lesser product at the time. I bought Aldus's Persuasion for slide making, the world went with Power Point. I bought Filemaker Pro, the world went with Fox Pro and Microsoft's Access. Every time, I thought my choice was the better program...sort of like Beta was a better tape, but the world went with cassettes. I bought a MAC at the beginning and the world went with DOS and PC's. I bought a program that made my MAC compatible with all PC software, but PC's could not reciprocate. I still and always will believe MAC had the superior product. When Windows was invented I said it was a pale imitation of the MAC operating system.

I was asked to write several books, which I did: A "Do it yourself" research primer and a complete bibliography of information resources. Those were fun undertakings! I also must have written thousands of research reports during these years as well. One research project I invented that everyone loved was the community leader study. I would personally interview 50 community influentials in

one of our newspaper towns, identifying problems and opportunities and perceptions of the media in providing solutions. I registered a fake company to do this, "Media Research," and had fake business cards printed. This was sort of like being in the CIA!

Once I had a moral dilemma in which I had to ask myself, "What would my father have done?" Pat Lemay Burr, daughter of General Curtis Lemay of military renown was hired as the Corporate Director of Marketing and became my boss. She was personable and we got along. Then she began hiring interns and giving them parts of my job. When she asked me to review a report one of them had done, it was a disaster and I marked it extensively with factual and grammatical errors. It mysteriously got lost and was never seen again. We took turns buying birthday cakes monthly for employees having birthdays. The rest of us paid for these with our own money. Pat used the corporate expense sheet. She traveled to other company Board meetings and to visit her daughter at Hotchkiss on the company expense account. I know because we shared Pat Honsburger as a secretary and these things bothered Pat Honsburger and she told me about them. Then I was asked to use an expensive computer resource to look up marketing data for Pat Burr's personal use to purchase Garden Ridge, the huge megastore in I-35. Meanwhile over these months I could see no evidence that she was doing anything for Harte Hanks, the company she was supposed to be working for. This disturbed my work ethic so much that I went to the HR manager and told him of my concerns. It turned out, he said that Larry Franklin, the CFO, was similarly concerned and shortly thereafter Pat left the company. The "interns"

also left. It turned out her husband was a professor at Trinity and she hired these people at her husband's request. At one point, we had three and then we never had another so it was pure graft and corruption. I was worried for awhile that I would be branded a "whistleblower," but nothing ever happened to me.

When I was promoted from Corporate Manager, Research to Corporate Director and given a huge pay raise, I thought that there was no further plateau to be reached at perhaps I should commit suicide because I had reached the top and the rest of my life would be downhill. I was wrong as life continued to be great! I traveled the country, went to meetings at fabulous resorts and became a respected member of the research community. I was even elected to the Board of the Newspaper Research Council.

Bob Marbut and Larry Franklin had several pet projects I was asked to research. I did strategic planning for the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, separating recommendations into "God's" work and Man's work. I did work for the American Cancer Society, the San Antonio Symphony, and The Heart Association. It was broadening.

When the rent on my dream apartment was raised, I decided to use the same amount and buy a home. I found one I also loved on Thrushview in the Promenade. It had two bedrooms and two walk-in closets and connecting bath upstairs and another den/bedroom with large closet and large bath downstairs. It was an end unit with lots of large windows. At first we thought it was haunted because of strange noises and we learned the previous owner, an elderly gentleman had died shortly after moving to California. I decided he did not realize

where he was when he died. Later I realized the noises were made by a large tree rubbing against the side of the master bedroom wall.

The girls and I moved in a U-Haul and the first thing they connected was the hi-fi. This caused the next-door neighbor to complain and introduced me to the pleasures of condo living. This woman complained about the hair dryer interfering with her husband's TV watching and other things. I grew to dislike her intensely. In later years, I discovered how wrong I had been about her. One day while walking in the neighborhood, I ran into her and we walked together. We also talked and subsequently became sort of friends. That was another life lesson.

I played bridge on Monday nights with three friends. When one friend moved away to a new job, we were left high and dry. Frank Hense, a retired Air Force Colonel, suggested we try duplicate and we all went to the Alamo Bridge Club. That was the start of something else wonderful. Frank was a good friend for years and accompanied me to both Cathy and Cyndi's weddings. When Andrea totaled the Toyota, he inspected it in the impound lot, pronounced the frame bent and found us a cheap Chevy Camero that had barely been driven and I bought it for \$1,000. It turned out to be a collector's item and Andrea loved it.

Every five years when the lease was up, the corporate office moved into a bigger and nicer space. My last office was on the corner of the 7th floor and I had cherry furniture and real art, as well as plants. It was truly posh with a waterfall in the lobby reception area. Once Andrea came to see me with pink hair, which at

first I thought were feathers. I soon learned to ask relatives not to come to my office. Once when Roberts drove his friend Adrienne to California and stopped off the visit, I quickly met him and rushed us both out of the building.

Corpus Christi, Texas 1989-2001

Harte-Hanks went through a hard financial period following its leveraged buy-out and subsequent 3 billion dollar debt. Many newspaper properties were simply sold off. Most of the corporate staff was down-sized and I was sent to Corpus Christi as Marketing Director for that newspaper and still maintained the title and position of director of research for remaining newspapers.

I was just happy to still have a job, so I and my stuff, together with the research library from the Corporate Office moved south. I rented my condo to my friend Beverly Santos for a loss, equal to what she had been paying for an apartment, but I was glad to have it occupied. Later I allowed her to simply assume the mortgage...good for her but no financial gain for me. In retrospect, after Cathy divorced. I could have saved a ton of rent money I paid for Cathy had I simply held on to this house.

I rented a cute two-story grey stucco home and bought a lawn-mower. I fell in love with the house because it had a pink marble bathtub and an open fireplace between the living room and the master bedroom. It also had white tile floors in the kitchen and I really grew to love this feature. I bought pipe furniture with blue cushions for the eating area and it was exactly to my taste. The two other bedrooms were upstairs with a second bath.

The lawn mower was too hard to push, so I ended up paying a yard man.

The home was subsequently foreclosed as the owners defaulted and while I would have bought it, red tape required that I move out before that could happen. If I was to move, I moved to a different house and bought it...mostly because it had a hot tub. The tub froze one winter and so much for that. When the foundation cracked, I also gave this one away, allowing someone to simply assume the mortgage while I paid half of the foundation repair as well. I am not very good at acquiring profitable homes.

Andrea moved in with me in order to get her life back on track and finish college. We decided to enter her as a freshman based on high school SAT scores and give her a fresh start. She was to go to Del Mar and then transfer to Corpus Christi State University (later to become a branch of A&M).

Andrea and the U-Haul were supposed to show up at my house after driving from Denton. They did not and I had all my furniture and my two paid volunteers from the Caller-Times in the front yard of the house waiting on them. I kept getting asked if I was having a giant garage sale. I rented a second U-Haul when I could wait no longer and moved. Andrea finally showed up the next day, with her friend Todd.

Todd left and Andrea started throwing up. After she threw up for three days I took her to a walk-in clinic. They refused to see her, and so I took her home, not really knowing why she was not being treated. The next day, I took her to an Emergency Room and they admitted her and sent her to a State Facility to dry out. This was the first time I learned she was a heroin addict. She spent two weeks in the state facility and came out clean and promised to do better. She did

for a while, making the Dean's list at Del Mar and moving on to the University. She got a job with a radio station. Then one day I came home to a pile of stolen bathing suits, an incredibly non-believable story and then evidence in the form of capsules with brown powder that she was back on drugs. I had wondered why her Texaco bills were always so high. I guess she used that for drug money. I had her arrested and drug away to jail once again. This time I paid through the nose for a psychiatrist and got her into a methadone program. She moved out and into an apartment provided by the radio station as a trade in lieu of more salary.

She finally graduated and I received a couple of pieces of pottery as payment for about 200 dollars I spend on materials for a class in pottery making she took as an elective. Cathy came down for the graduation. My father had promised to come should she ever make through school, but was too far gone to actually make the trip. He died the next summer while Cathy, Justin, Jordan and I were there. Dee Dee and Mark Gregory were there as well.

Mostly in Corpus I worked, worked and worked. I did manage to play a little duplicate bridge and was elected to the Board of the Bridge Unit. I served ten years and four of these as President of the Unit, putting on many tournaments during this process. Because the board was so tight, I bought fruit and candy for the tournaments at my own expense when they ran out since I hated junk candy and wanted to provide the "good"" stuff. I also bought fruit fairly inexpensively at the Farmer's Market because I thought people needed a choice of healthy stuff as well. When I ran an International tournament, I learned that even bridge has politics and was appalled at what officials expected and got:

Free rooms, expensive gifts and comped games. Ugh! Maybe the little people would not be so unhappy with power if those in power did not abuse it so extravagantly. I computerized the bridge directory and printed it annually at no cost to the unit as well. I also learned that since I could not run things as I thought they should be run, that I was not cut out for management since "politics" kept getting in the way of common sense.

I was told I was in charge of house ads as a part of my job. When I went to the photo-comp department and asked Juan Ramirez for help in building these ads, for I had not a clue, he gave me some border tape, a compass, a protractor, an Exacto knife and showed me how to use the type setting machine and fill in a request form for veloxes to be produced from photos. I thought ugh, there has got to be a better way. I found the newsroom art department had one of the first tiny screen Macs and they used it effectively for newsroom graphics. I taught myself to use it in the early mornings, before they came to work, e.g. 3 AM to 8AM. One of my first projects was a presentation we made to Delta Air Lines, in which I put a single Corpus statistic on a single page and created a factoid booklet. The city officials, Chamber of Commerce director and Delta were impressed. That gave birth to my creating a complete package of marketing materials for the paper on single pages. Ad reps could pick and choose which facts they wanted and pull appropriate pages from a drawer of photocopies. This was revolutionary in the industry at the time and made me coin my adage, "Work smart, not hard." Since I was tired of using the news room's Mac so early in the morning, I bought what at the time was the newest and greatest Mac of my own,

together with a laser printer. I used to get joked at because I had my own equipment not the newspapers. I updated my Mac whenever any new model came along and coined a second adage, "You can never have too much computer memory."

After Daddy died, I thought I might help Robert actually run a profitable business and so I purchased FileMaker Pro, a data base program with open architecture that would do anything from inventory to taxes. I taught myself how to use it with newspaper projects. I decided the manual ad entry system was cumbersome and repetitious so I replicated the form with auto entries from a master file. I built all sorts of things from data profiles for key accounts to budget reports. I sort of accidentally fell into computers for uses other than analyzing my research projects.

While I never used all this new knowledge to help Robert, I quickly developed a reputation at work as a "genius." Fred Foster, from Anderson was visiting one day, he gave me one of the greatest compliments of my life when he said, "You should have a sign put over the door to your office, "Miracles performed here daily." The Caller-Times was probably the first newspaper in America to initiate database marketing and we used this knowledge to parley a \$6,000 annual single sheet flyer business into one that eventually was making over \$8 million annually when I left. I was invited to make speeches at industry association meetings and amassed a pretty good reputation, all because I was too lazy to build house ads by hand! Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

After awhile, I got tired of my cracking foundation and virtually gave the

house away, I moved to the 13th floor of a condo on the waterfront. It had fabric on the walls and marble floors, quite elegant. After Cathy divorced, I started paying her rent in return for a bedroom to visit San Antonio. She came to Corpus and helped me move into a smaller and cheaper apartment with a sunken living room and fireplace on a golf course. It was pretty nice too. When I decided to stop paying her rent and build a home on my Timberwood Park lot, I moved again into an efficiency, all bill paid studio within walking distance of the Caller-Times. It was one that Andrea had refused to move into years before, but I liked it as it was close to work and really cheap. I went to San Antonio almost every weekend to see my new house, which I adored.

The house has a story. Shortly after I moved to San Antonio and fell in love with Hill Country, I decided the best thing I could do with some excess money that I wanted to save was to buy land. One time when Cathy was home from college for a visit, we visited Timberwood Park. I asked them to show me land on hills. At that time, some of the new sections were not yet open and so I bought the best hill available. It was at the end of what was then a dead-end street with only one other house in the vicinity. I paid \$216.12 a month for years and when the time came to build, I had enough land as equity to get a good rate loan and not have to pay taxes or insurance on the loan, saving a little by my collecting interest on my money and not the bank. One weekend, my friend Kim Carpenter and I decided to look at possible homes to buy for Cathy as I was tired of paying her rent. We looked at homes out where she works, near Sea World and they were ugly and the landscape desolated. On the way back to town, we

stopped off and looked at a Sitterle subdivision, Emerald Forest. One of the model homes was the nicest home design I ever saw and when I finally asked if they built on other people's land, Dan Sitterle told me, "Yes." I met with the architect and made some minor changes to the plan and gritted my teeth, sold Harte Hanks stock and arranged for a construction loan. Cathy and I picked out a design for the boys rooms and I had visions of them building forts and wandering through the woods as I had done as a child. That part did not work out very well but Cathy and I love the house.

Beginning with the leveraged buy-out, Harte Hanks made what I consider to be a series of mistakes, culminating in the sale of all remaining newspapers, including The Corpus Christi Caller-Times. After getting over the initial panic of thinking I would be losing my job, I realized this was a golden opportunity for me to shine. I prepared 90 percent of the due diligence materials for potential buyers to peruse, using my fact sheets and graphics as illustration of cold hard facts.. When we were eventually bought by E. W. Scripps, they realized I was the one who had prepared all of the marketing data for all of the Harte Hanks newspaper properties. They appointed me Director of Research for newspapers and left me in Corpus as they had a decentralized corporate structure. I traveled all over the country, doing research for Naples, Bremerton, Knoxville, Evansville, Boulder and other exotic spots. I traveled so much and since I used my own computer equipment, I convinced the powers that be that I could work from my home in San Antonio as it had a better airport than Corpus. This worked well. I got to live in my dream house and worked at a dream job. Then during the course of

strategic planning, it was decided that Naples and Florida, including the Stuart property had a chance to go into direct marketing like Corpus had. They moved me to Naples to oversee the growth of data base marketing on site.

Naples, Florida 2002-2003

When E.W. Scripps sent me to Naples to develop their database marketing, and gave me a whopping pay raise and fancy title, I went home to visit Mother many weekends. I tried to fix up the grounds and caused Robert to melt down because I meddled in what he considered his domain, even though the yard was mothers and she was upset by its appearance.

I also worked, worked and worked.

Andrea drove the U-Haul from San Antonio to Naples with throw away furniture and household accessories and Robert and his friend came to help unload . In return I took them to dinner at a fancy restaurant. Andrea thoughtfully bought me some nice housewarming presents at Wal-Mart, including a palm tree that I gradually killed. I took some of the stuff home to Robert and left the rest when I departed. That's a good way to cull useless stuff from your main dwelling. Andrea also came to visit once when she was working a nearby event and we took a tram tour of the city and ate in a ritzy restaurant where I sampled my first spaghetti squash. I bought her a fuzzy cat in the tram station and a family of stuffed ducks. I also bought her an expensive concrete and tin cat that she just had to have from an art store.

Cyndi, Rick and the girls came to Disney World for a vacation and we all went to Miami for Thanksgiving and had a nice mini-reunion.

While I rented a brand new apartment overlooking a lake with lots of walking paths, I never could walk on them because there were too many mosquitoes. Naples was the best town in Florida, but I never really liked it there. The people were nice and seemed to admire me. Since I was hired to build Naples data base marketing program and lead strategic planning efforts, in addition to all of the corporate research for newspaper, it was simply too much. The Human Resources decided I did such a good job of analyzing Climate survey data and building Power Point slide shows of summaries, they had me do the same for every last Scripps property. Each one took 40 hours I did not have and that truly was the straw that drove me to retirement after endless weeks of 16-hour days. Since work was killing me, I decided to retire early. I even replicated Urban and Associates \$40,000 market analyses for nothing. When the person who was to be my replacement was being interviewed, he frankly commented that he could not do that much stuff. He was deemed to be "high maintenance" and I kept part of the job from my home in San Antonio for another year.

I will never forget where I was on 9/11 because we were in a meeting about a new printing press and watched events unfold on the big screen in the conference room. The visiting press company executives could not go back home because all flights were cancelled. Naples was also one of the cities involved in the subsequent anthrax scare and we screened mail with latex gloves for a while.

The paper gave me a digital camera as a departure present. As I drove

away in my Toyota Rav 4 for the last time, I really felt free. My resolve is to never again do anything that I do not want to. It is the epitome of selfishness. When I got back to San Antonio, Cathy had decorated for Christmas and the house welcomed me in a sea of blue. I felt comforted.

San Antonio, Texas 2003-

Retired! Love my house. Play a lot of bridge. Spend hours on my computer reading the news and writing to congress and others who incur my wrath. Traveled to England, Scotland, Wales, Alaska, and all over Europe. I went with Robert to Rumania to tour Dracula's castle over Halloween and then took a train to Prague. There are separate notes regarding trips.

Orelan's ex-wife Krystel is suing Cathy and me for financial ruin. That's a lot of stress as I had to hire a much hated lawyer to handle the case. There are a lot of documents that make interesting reading here should anyone be interested. They are in the same file folder as this document.

Andrea went through a California meltdown and there is a lot of interesting stuff to read about that as well. The country is going downhill fast, but I got a lot of my money out of the stock market before it plunged. I would have taken out the rest but Cathy was convinced it would grow as her inheritance. We'll see how that works out!

I flew Cyndi, Andrea and Cathy with me to Miami for Mother's 92nd birthday as a farewell gesture, since I don't do funerals; only give flowers to the living when they can appreciate them. I think she appreciated it. I cooked her a tradition southern dinner at her request. My friend Beth Krone also came for the

party.

Mother died and I used the money I got from her estate to send Cyndi and her family to Europe in the summer of 2008. It will give the girls something to write about in English essay classes.

I worry about Robert and how he is sending the Florida property into slumness.

Footnote on Andrea

Never have I ever know someone with so many calamities to come their way. In preschool, she put a button up her nose and had to have it medically removed. In fifth grade, she got sent home from school for making the entire class itch hysterically. She was allergic to Tone soap we later discovered.

During a panty raid on the girl's locker room at swim practice in high school, she slipped off the toilet seat and hooked her nose on the hook behind the stall door and had to have plastic surgery to repair it. During college, at least when I thought she was in college, she took the dorm and tuition money and went skiing. Later in the same town, Denton, her apartment burned to the ground, with a lot of just purchased by me new clothes, including a winter coat. Her cat also perished and she was left with just her car and the clothes on her back.

While attending UTSA, she inadvertently locked her keys in her car. After she called the campus police to get her in, they checked her record (to make sure the car was hers) and found some outstanding speeding warrants and so she was arrested. I told her she got herself into jail and she could get herself out!

When she was arrested in Corpus Christi, three separate people called me to pay her fine and have her released: the judge, the probation officer and a social worker. I said I did not do the crime and I am not paying the fine. Keep her locked up. They later released her anyway. All the system seems to want is money. Justice is ill served.

When she was in a Diamond Shamrock, filling her gas tank and buying a coke, her keys were ripped from her hand at gunpoint and her car was stolen. When I went with her to the impound lot after it was found abandoned, she was once again arrested and hauled off to jail!

When doctor's repeatedly could not find what was wrong with her heart (rapid beat) once she drove herself to the emergency room and was told to sit and wait. She said take my pulse first. A code blue was called immediately.

Andrea decided to go to St. Louis to attend her cousin Zachary's wedding to Amanda. She was the last guest to leave the next day and John and Jackie went with her to brunch. John was driving Andrea's rental car. An incapacitated 80+ year-old lady ran a light and broadsided the car. Andrea was not wearing a seat belt and was thrown against the side of the car and seriously brain injured. Jackie was fine and John had some bruises along his entire left side, but was otherwise okay. The EMS crew decided to drive her to the Level 1 Trauma center hospital, where one of only a hand-full of neurosurgeons in the country with appropriate skills (they taught it at this hospital) operated on her head. She mostly recovered, at least all of her faculties, except some short-term memory losses and a really bad disposition. Her clavicle was also shattered and she

spent a year or so in pain and with a donor clavicle.

After numerous subsequent financial bailouts, she has finally decided I am bad for her mental health and has put me in the "SPAM" folder of her life. I like it; it's peaceful and definitely cheaper for me.

Life's experiences are the fabric of our beliefs and habits.

Atrocities committed in the name of a particular religion convinced me that religion is basically evil, not good. Whatever could a small baby ever do to warrant the eternal persecution of the Jewish people throughout history? I believe it is more a case of a basic human instinct to tear successful people down to a lower common denominator. Jews have a good set of values and work ethic. This tends to make them successful. Wars in the name of religion are the most senseless wars of all. One should strive for morality and forsake religion. Morality is a function of time and geography, but I suspect there are a few universally based generalities, pretty well summarized by The Golden Rule.

You can never be too educated and your best and most reliable personal possession is your brain and enough education to become a good problem solver.

Watching my father, mother and my ex-husband die by inches solidified my belief that we treat animals better than we do humans and euthanasia should be available on demand.

Watching a friend die before my very eyes while choking from Fosamax, convinced me that side effects from prescription drugs are worse than any condition they might be used to treat. I have avoided any but penicillin, which I

am not allergic to.

Watching bureaucracy at work in strange and wondrous ways convinced me that I would absolutely tend only to my business while in the workplace and never socialize with co-workers. I walked away from any office politics throughout my successful career.

Seeing personal lives turned upside down after a disaster such as fire or storm convinced me that adequate insurance is always a must. Things are interchangeable and can be replaced with enough money. Almost any of life's missteps can be overcome with money, so always have a rainy day fund.

People are mostly interchangeable as well. I moved so much and left so many friends behind over the years that while I need some acquaintances in order not to be a hermit, the specific of who they are is unimportant. My highest compliment to any other person is that, "Being with you is as good as being alone."

I feel sorry for those who are stuck in the same place, the same house and the same life. Change and variety are far more interesting. Why are people usually reluctant to make a major change in their lives? This remains a mystery to me. All my changes have worked out really well.

When I was divorced, my friend Dean Stuart told me that men are like buses: one may pass you by, but another soon comes along. She was absolutely right.

The only person in your life who will probably never let you down is yourself, so listen to the inside and believe you are your only true friend. Act in

your own long term best interests and disregard what may or may not be well intended advice from others.

Limit your complaints to things you have some ability to control and adjust. Vote, volunteer and do things to improve life's lot your self, rather than putting yourself at the mercy of others.

When I was a child, my father told me, "Never a borrower nor lender be." Good advice for when I have lent, I have been sorry. It is better to simply give outright...if and when the gift is appropriate. I have found that I will give, but usually only when not having been asked. To ask me for something is to almost guarantee that I will decline the request. If I had millions, I would give them away to people I found deserving and never to those who asked. This has been my daydream if I won the lottery.

Advice to another generation

Financial Sanity

If you want to be more like me when it comes to your finances, here are some suggestions you might consider:

1. Prepare for the worst while expecting only the best. Have a rainy day fund.
2. Set some realistic goals for spending, savings for retirement, saving for specific purchases and pay-off of debt. Construct a budget and live within it.
3. Never join any commercial membership organization. They are in the business to make money and their money comes from you. This means ANY health club, record/music club, video club, magazine subscription, etc. You

should pay as you go for you will never pay as much for what you actually use as the membership/subscription will cost. I just cancelled Southern Living since I only wanted recipes and I found I can get these and more from the Internet.

4. Save for what you want and then buy it; do not use credit for any purchase other than living quarters. That includes cars. Start saving now for your next car.

5. Obtain a cash back credit card and pay off balances each month. That saves you money versus paying cash and at the same time allows the convenience of using plastic.

6. Never carry more cash on your person than you care to lose.

7. Only carry necessary ids and one credit card in your wallet. Hide the rest of the stuff. It's inconvenient to replace items when stolen or lost.

8. Keep a spreadsheet accounting for every penny you spend. You not only know where your money is going, I was able to track that the cost of "my same grocery basket variety" has more than doubled during the past four years. You see where you are versus budget on an ongoing basis, so you can adjust optional spending to get back on track. You can also see if your gift expenditures are "FAIR" for each person involved.

9. Only buy clothing or gifts when they are on sale...my rule is usually 50 percent off or more for clothing, either for gifts or myself.

10. Shop around for big ticket items like cars and appliances. Remember what a good deal we got on a car from Internet comparison shopping. Be firm when negotiating and walk away from deals you don't think are

good for you.

11. Remember everything does not have to be now! As you are able to enjoy leisure time after the work is done, so you are able to enjoy a big screen TV more if you know its purchase did not come at the sacrifice of something else that might have been more meaningful.

12. Think about and make a list of things that give you pleasure and try to focus your financial resources in this positive direction rather than on more ambivalent things. On the other side of that list, write down things you spend money on but are not sure you were happy about doing so. For me pleasure means reading books, watching movies on TV, having a pause and record feature on my HD-TV that allows me to stop it for phone calls now, spending time at my computer playing games and surfing the Internet, playing bridge, gift shopping for relatives, cooking interesting things for myself, frequently having friends over to dinner, decorating my comfortable house, seeing plants and flowers on my deck, feeding birds in the yard, paying for repairs as they are inevitably needed, paying a maid to do what I no longer want to do to clean house, keeping my car safe and reliable and going on an occasional trip away from home. What it does not mean for me is buying expensive clothes, shoes or jewelry, eating out other than when I am away from home, buying things not on sale (including buying gas...I seek and use the lowest priced station), buying things for Justin or Jordan, giving by rote to unknown charities (I know where my charitable dollars are going), having a showy car, (Mercedes/BMW/Cadillac), having my hair or nails done as Cathy does, (I dyed my own hair with the

cheapest Clairol until I decided to go grey and I get it cut four time a year), ordering alcohol in restaurants, eating fast(expensive compared to eating at home) food, having derma-abrasion or massage as Krystel did to feel good about herself, paying for tickets to anything (I can see it on TV and I hate sports). Well, you get the idea!

13. While I never think twice about buying food items I want or might need for a recipe, I do eat all the leftovers...either freezing them for later or eating them over the next several days. I do not waste food and often my evening meal becomes using something I bought that is past its prime and needs to be used. I also use up Cathy's blackening bananas as I cannot stand to see food spoil.

14. Invest your saving in "safe" places. I may not have made as much in the stock market as I might have, but I saw the handwriting on the wall years ago and got out. My savings interest rates may not keep up with inflation, but neither is the principle going backwards.

While you may not get rich using this advice, neither will you feel bad about having nothing to show for years of hard work.

Coping

Lest you think you are the first who had to pretty much go it alone, let me share some thoughts.

My first experience in having to solve my own problems came when I was a freshman in college. I did not have a telephone, Internet, e-mail or any other immediate form of communication. My family was in first Atlanta and then my father was in Korea and my mother in Homestead. I was in Gainesville, Florida. I

got the Hong Kong flu. I pulled my back out in a modern dance gym class and could barely walk. While there was a University health clinic, it really did nothing for either of these conditions. I was sixteen and then seventeen and totally among strangers. I coped.

My next fearful experience came when your father was called away to somewhere secret during the Cuban Missile crisis. Cathy was two; Cyndi was one. At your father's request, I flew to Tampa and when your father's mother absolutely drove me crazy, I went to the bus station and took a Greyhound to Homestead with two small children. We and the driver were the only people heading south. You have no idea what it was like. Schools were storing water and having drills with students under desks. All buildings had air raid shelter markings. There was a run on food and the supermarkets were empty. I decided to die at home with my mother and father. When we took my father to Key West one day for an eye exam for his Glaucoma, the beaches were filled with concertina wire rolls. Troops were everywhere. Traffic was at a standstill. The entire country was terrified. We survived!

Then your father decided he wanted to divorce me. He did not want you children as he said you belonged with your mother. I had never worked full-time. You were in elementary school. Cathy was a freshman in high school. He was paranoid about "his" money. I had none. He had a job. I was a part time GS-3 employee of the Census Bureau, earning extra money to buy clothes for you children and some stuff for the house, including the riding lawn mower. We had no savings as we spent every dime coming in. I could not pay for an attorney

since I had no money and so it was a one-sided divorce. With John's help I found a free education and a part time job at the University of Florida. We moved. I was conditionally accepted to start grad school in January, but could not take the next scheduled GRE Exam until February. What if I flunked the exam and we had moved all for naught? I was terrified that the future of four depended on me doing well on a single exam. I knew I had my parents as a rock for back-up, but I was prideful, stubborn and sure I could make it on my own. I did; we all survived for a better future. I returned the money my parents provided for the move shortly thereafter, although they said they did not want it.

The company I worked for down-sized during the recession of 1987. Many properties were sold. The corporate staff was let go to a large extent. I was lucky. Through hard work and focus on doing my job, I was valued by the powers that be. I was retained and sent to Corpus Christi, but for a job I know absolutely nothing about: Marketing Director at the Caller-Times. I found a place to live and moved alone. I lived alone except for the brief time you were there going to college. I got sick. I got well. I went to work. I coped.

I did so well, that when my company was bought by Scripps; I became the company database expert and once again traveled alone all over the country, ending up in Naples, Florida tasked with bringing that successful newspaper into the 21 century. I was alone still and in another new environment. I guess I probably still would be there except for the fact that I was working myself to death trying to do everything that they threw at me and I got burned out and so retired. By this time I had amassed enough money to keep myself in relative comfort the

rest of my days.

I have landed in strange airports in the middle of the night, even during major snowstorms. I did not have a GPS, only a map, which was sometimes a pretty bad airport map. My cars have broken down. I have been sick. I have been scared. I have faced huge crowds as a public speaker, even in the Waldorf in New York City. I have stayed in flea bag black citizen motels in Arkansas and posh resorts in Scottsdale Arizona. For most of the years of my life, I have been mostly alone and coping. I think I have gotten pretty good at it. I even went alone on a 45-day trip throughout Europe this past summer and all my friends thought I was crazy to do so.

Let me share my personal methods for coping:

1. Don't depend on others. You are the absolutely the only person walking the face of this earth who will never let you down.

2. Expect the worst and prepare for it. It almost never happens and you are left feeling that this is a terrific life and planet because things go so well. I pulled my stock and 401K because of this belief and boy, am I glad today!

3. Have a rainy day fund: money helps solve almost everything. It's usually better to pay a stranger for help than depend on friends and family who can and usually do let you down.

4. When faced with overwhelming tasks, start at the side with one and methodically pick your way through them one by one until they are all done.

5. Make a daily task list and do not go to sleep until all that is on that list is either accomplished or if it is too much for one day, that day's allotted portion is

accomplished. Make lots of lists so you don't forget important things. Remember to set realistic goals for yourself as even superwoman has known limits. Have a life plan that your daily plan fits into.

6. Keep at least seven days worth of food and beverage in stock at all times for when you feel too rotten to go get more.

7. Keep your promises. Say no immediately if you know you are merely saying yes to placate and intend to get out of it with an excuse later on. Do not make excuses. What is...is and excuses do not cut the mustard. When someone offers me an excuse, I feel they are a diminished capacity person. I do not excuse them; I condemn them. You'll note I do not make excuses!

8. Fix that which you can and learn to tune out that which you can't. Know the difference!

9. Try to work smart, not hard. Pay bills the minute they come in the door. Touch a piece of paper only once. Take action, file it or throw it away. An orderly mind and an orderly home and work space create an efficiency all their own.

10. Don't put things off if you know they will have to be done eventually. It's better to do it immediately and then enjoy your leisure.

11. When you feel you have been wronged, take a lot of mental and even physical notes and when the dust settles write a letter to the appropriate party. Remember this almost never helps with anything other than acting as a catharsis for you so you don't have to internalize your dissatisfaction. I write pretty good "mad" letters and I always feel much better afterward.

12. When something does not work the first time, learn from the

experience and don't expect a different result the second or third time. I learned to lock up my money when a \$2 bill was stolen from my drawer when I was 10 years old and movers took it while they packed. Never carry more cash than you are prepared to do without. With you, crying solves nothing, yet you continue to do so. Find another coping mechanism. One of my latest strategies is "killing people I absolutely hate with kindness." I know my kind deeds and words are revenge and they don't know I am laughing it them and belittling them behind their backs. This is a win/win strategy! When faced with inept clerks, my syrup and sarcasm would drown them if they but knew.

My observations for a peaceful, stress-free and happy life

📖 To me, the most important quality in a person is honor. If you lose this quality, you can never be trusted with anything else. In the words of one famous person, "To thine own self be true." Trust once lost, is almost impossible to regain.

📖 Always do the things you like doing least first so you can enjoy the rest of the day with no hanging clouds. A variation is, "Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

📖 Don't complain; complaints gain nothing and irritate those around you. Take some positive corrective action instead. If you can't fix the situation, then learn to ignore it.

📖 Placing blame or looking for someone to blame is equally bad and non-productive. Just fix the problem and get on down the street. If you cannot fix the problem, then ignore it.

📖 Admit you are wrong, when you are wrong and say you are sorry. This might have saved Nixon and Martha Stewart.

📖 Don't make or permit others to make and get away with excuses. There are no excuses. Just do it, or say you will not do it or admit you tried and failed to do it, etc. Excuses are like blame...not appropriate for solving problems.. Just solve problems and they are gone and you are ready for a new problem.. You do not do others a favor when you let them get away with excuses. Suggest others confess the truth, either they do not want to do or cannot do or do not know how to do whatever! Then you can both get on with life. Niki's slogan "Just do it" is a motto for life.

📖 Don't take on problems for which you are unable or not equipped or educated to fix. These are losing propositions and best avoided and put out of mind. For example, you cannot fix Orelan, so put him out of your mind as he put his children out of his mind many years ago. If you are asked to help solve a problem, state up front that your help comes with strings...you will help under your terms and conditions, not under those of the person who has the problem.

📖 Always live within your means. Fifty years later, the things you lived without are meaningless. If you can't afford it, don't buy it. Saving for a goal is a self-rewarding thing.

📖 Always put work first, for without money, family life and problems cannot be solved. People can cope without you, given good advice and concern from afar. You don't always need to be there in person. Hugs are overrated.

Fixing things is better.

☞ If a person is sick enough to be in a hospital, then they don't need visitors. Listening to conversation is hard. Listening to inane chatter is unbearable when you are ill. Send flowers and stay away.. Take the subject out to dinner when they are well again and can appreciate it more. Send the hospital written communication.... not in person or by telephone. Give flowers to the living and ignore the dead. Funerals are barbaric.

☞ Always keep promises and be careful what you promise. Never say you will do anything that you really mean to get out of later. Your word is your honor. Go with the first invitation and not cancel for something you think might be better.

☞ Don't make idle threats, so that when you do threaten a consequence, the threat has teeth.

☞ Revenge is not sweet, nor a dish best eaten cold. Revenge is saddening and makes you feel awful.

☞ Don't yell. It makes you look ineffectual and silly to bystanders.

☞ It's OK to eat a little dirt, drink out of glasses several times and reuse towels. The bed does not have to be changed every week. ☞ Clutter, on the other hand, is an irritant to the senses and makes for stressful sensations. Keep things picked up.

☞ If you don't use it, pitch it. People keep too much stuff. Stuff creates clutter. Clutter disturbs your serenity, plus makes it hard to find things you really do want. Throw away all unneeded paper immediately. Put mail in trash when

you pick it up.

📖 Carry a book with you at all times. You will have to wait on others...that is life. Books make the waiting pleasurable.

📖 Life is fatal. Don't become obsessed with living to the extent you take medicine and visit doctors frequently. Unless there is a fever of 48 hours at 104 or higher, lots of blood or uncontrollable pain, wait it out with aspirin and vitamins. The health care system has gone amok and concern for one's health has replaced religion in our lives. Your grandparents and great-grandparents lived long lives with minimal health care. You can do the same.

📖 If it hurts, it can't be good for you. I place eating jalapenos, teeth whiteners/cleaning, smoking, taking blood pressure, mammograms and ear vacuuming in this category. If it hurts, listen to what your body is saying.

📖 Be polite. Politeness is a lubricant to life with other humans. I have found it is wonderfully satisfying to kill the ones you dislike with kindness. I go out of my way to do nice things for those I detest.

📖 Hang up on tele-marketers and throw out junk mail unopened.

📖 Always expect and plan for the worst and then you are never disappointed, only pleasantly surprised when the worst does not occur.

📖 Plan ahead; plans can be changed, but it is better to live with a rudder.

📖 Likewise, make lists. It gives great satisfaction to cross completed items off lists and insures all is done that you have set yourself to do.

📖 Neither a borrower nor a lender be. Give, but not loan. Do without, but do not borrow. Give generously, but never to those who ask, only to those who

have not asked.

📖 Admit your weaknesses quickly and laugh about them rather than going into denial. Denial creates anger in others who observe your ineptitude.

📖 Never give anything to anyone else that you would not want yourself...the exception being things for children of future generations, because things they like, you will have never heard of or have no use for.

📖 When traveling, take all of your personal creature comforts with you so that you still feel “at home.” Why miss something when you can have it with you? Also remember when traveling via anything other than car, never pack more than you can carry by yourself for long distances.

📖 Lawyers are the tools for the dishonorable. Honorable people will do the right things. Realize that if you use a lawyer, you are paying for the other party’s dishonor. It’s only money. Try to work things out without enriching a third party.

📖 For the most part, it is usually best to eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy and throw conventional schedules out of the window. Live your life for yourself, not the convenience of others.

📖 Try to be honest with yourself. Realize your limitations, foibles, and weaknesses. Admit faults to others rather than denying them and making a fool of your self through denials.

📖 Find a hobby and get to be good at it. It makes the hours pass delightfully.

📖 Turn off the lights when not in use, don’t let the water run and shut the

refrigerator. Pennies add up, while personal energy is renewable and cheaper.

☞ Make your own set of life priorities and stick with them. Don't let other people's priorities override yours...you will feel put upon and resentful.

☞ Learn to say no, it's easier than saying yes and then hating that you agreed to what you did not like.

☞ Live each day of your life as though it will be your last. Don't leave situations unresolved or discussions hanging.

☞ Learn to tell people topics that are taboo and stick with it by reminding others that is a forbidden subject. You will learn what topics are lose/lose pointless discussions. Avoid them.

☞ Traits to cultivate include a positive attitude and selfishness. These lead to total happiness.

☞ Don't be hypocritical. If you think bridge ought not to be an Olympic sport, then don't agree to play in the Senior Games. If you believe smoking is bad for one's health, then don't buy someone cigarettes at the commissary. If you think Christianity is a harmful belief, then don't put flowers on the chapel altar when the Admirals wife asks to take your turn. Don't go to church if you think its beliefs are a waste of time.

Workplace Tips

☞ Work smart, not hard.

☞ Don't sleep where you eat.

☞ When it all seems overwhelming, start at the edges with something small. Work towards the center of the pile. The other side of the pile is all down

hill. Don't stop till it is all done. The feeling of completion is marvelous.

- ☞ Make a list of "must to dos" for each day. Don't go home till all of the listed items are completed.

- ☞ Go to work at 3 a.m. occasionally to catch up. You can accomplish three times as much in a short period of time when there is no one else around.

- ☞ For sure at work, never say you will do something and then not do it...immediately if not sooner. Under-promise and over-deliver. One of my favorite compliments was a publisher who told me I should have a sign over my door saying, "Miracles accomplished here daily."

- ☞ If you go to your boss to report a problem, also go with at least three plausible solutions.

- ☞ Never ask anyone to do something that you could not or would not do yourself. If it is too technical, give them a consultant along with the chore.

- ☞ Know your limitations and don't go beyond them.

- ☞ Don't expect "training" for anything. It is faster and cheaper to train yourself. Read instruction manuals from cover to cover. They are better than any formal training. Or get the computerized self-instruction programs. You can learn at your own speed. Use your personal weekend time to teach yourself new things.

- ☞ Avoid office politics and gossip like the plague. Be friendly but not sociable with co-workers. Eat lunch at your desk. It's cheaper and keeps you out of trouble.

Orelan Tribute

Andrea told me Orelan wanted to see me. I've never been to a funeral, so I have never heard a eulogy first hand, therefore I may not grasp the concept fully. Since I am one to send flowers to the living, I also believe in giving a eulogy to the living and so this is what I said to Orelan yesterday.

In 1973, you were watching television and a commercial for Schlitz beer came on. The ad said you only go around once, so do so with gusto. This became your mantra.

Thirty-two years later, it seems to this outsider that you achieved your goals grandly.

1. Professional

You had a distinguished naval career, winning numerous citations and overwhelming Cathy and me when we saw blueprints of a nuclear submarine you helped design. You were both pupil and student, getting a masters' degree in Monterrey and teaching engineering at the US Naval Academy.. Even your masters' thesis title was intimidating, "The Spherical and Chromatic Aberration of a Cathode Ray Tube." You must really understand this stuff because you built a color television from small pieces and changed a monaural hi-fi to a stereo by replicating the original amplifier with a look-alike using pieces from the public works lab. You even bent a duplicate chassis from tin.

As a civilian engineer, you pioneered lightning arresting development and worked on specialized projects too complicated for us non-engineers to comprehend. You had an array of professional engineer seals from almost every

state, a major achievement in and of itself.

You set standards and built monuments that will last far beyond your time on earth.

2. Travel

Most of us manage to get to Europe and Asia, but you not only saw the walls of the Acropolis, the banks of the Seine, the Tower of London and the markets of Bangkok, you went far beyond by touring jungles in Viet Nam and providing communication for insurgencies throughout the Caribbean. You even had a wardrobe tailored by craftsmen in Hong Kong. We eat lobster in Maine; you ate it on the sandy beaches of Diego Garcia. I treasure the piece of driftwood you transported 8,000 miles. I doubt there are very many tropical islands you have not walked, including picking up fishermen's lost glass balls on Elutheria beaches, eating flying fish sandwiches in a Barbados café and participating in the world famous Trinidad Carnival. We visit the Sydney Opera House; you visited the outer reaches of hell in western Australia's underground cities. You also camped in every National Park in the continental US...and could put up and tear down a campsite in record time.

3. Sports and recreation

The girls used to treasure Christmas with their father when you took them to exotic ski resorts. You must have skied all the best in both the US and Europe. I know we golfed on every course in Hawaii and Puerto Rico. How many amateurs have played both Pebble Beach and The El Dorado? And sailing... How many get to participate as navigator on the famed Bermuda race (and

actually reach the right piece of land)? As safety officer to the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron, you enjoyed many peaceful and not so peaceful hours pitting just man against sail, boat and sea.

You built furniture, including a coffin shaped coffee table from a discarded gymnasium floor and a balance beam for your budding gymnast daughters.. You fixed cars and appliances. You could do just about anything and do it well.

4. Friends and family

I just came from Dr. Beckel's office. They asked about you and said what a nice man you were. The staff at both The Haven and The Laurels always commented on what a nice man you are. Everyone you touched will remember you as one who walked through life softly and made things better. All the neighbors used to take advantage of the fact that you could fix absolutely everything. Lifelong friends like Gordon Tinker and Ron York remember you vividly and have sent best wishes. Even your ex-wife Suzanne remembers you fondly.

Arthur and Eleanor keep in touch with your children by phone and e-mail. Art has sent us links to every Internet site of interest concerning Parkinson's and its cause and treatment. They both express great concern and offer sage advice. You have three very special daughters whom I treasure and would not have had without you.

As I see it, you did not miss anything important and did some pretty amazing things along the way. I also want you to know that, in the end result, you did the right thing with me.

You have fought the good fight and won most of the battles. It's OK to let go now. All of your affairs are in order and while you never would tell us your wishes, we have arranged for you to be near David in Arlington. I think that is what you would have wanted.

Enjoy each day as it comes.

Beverly

I started this after the election and finished it this morning. I am adding it as a last chapter to my biography and so you might want to add it to your book at the end.

Beverly

The Last Chapter of My Life

Depression has set in as I realize America has finally become a nation with takers outnumbering makers. The Biblical prophecy's last days are beginning. The last lamp of freedom was extinguished with the reelection of Barack Obama in 2012. WWIII will soon occur when the Muslim brotherhood attempts to subdue what's left of the free world. I feel for brave men in our military, because they are becoming sacrificial pawns, with rubber bullets, in this final

struggle between good and evil. Evil just won a great victory tonight.

I never adopted any organized religion, because I read extensively, finding throughout history, great harm has been done from one branch of man toward another, all in the name of some contrived religion. It has always seemed to me that there is only one universal set of moral principles that should guide humankind. A moral compass and rudder are necessary for the fabric of civilization to be held together. Be it Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Judaism, Christianity or any other "ism," eventually, basic moral principles seem to be lost to "exceptions." What I do believe is some powerful force created us, tries to guide us and occasionally, like a good parent, finds it necessary to punish us...but only after ample warnings that our behavior is not to be tolerated. If you, as I, subscribe to some theory of intelligent design for planet earth, then you have to realize that things have a purpose and when that purpose is violated, no lasting good can come. Earth is populated by two sexes for procreation and nurturing each species' young.

Man ought not to meddle in this natural order through governmental intervention and/or legislation. Great minds concluded charitable behavior toward the less fortunate is good, but redistribution of wealth by governmental force and fiat is bad and leads to destruction of everyone's wealth in the long term. In my mind, what is good for the collective, starts with what is good for the individual and basic freedom to behave in constructive or destructive behavior should lie within each individual. The purpose of education should be to teach our young to value things that work and are effective long term and to reject the rest.

Historically, God has warned mankind several times previously, before wiping him from the face of the earth. There is an eerily similar feeling today, as nations of the world move into depravity with same sex marriages, abortion (a graphic parallel to Israelites sacrificing their sons and daughters,) Satanic rituals such as those found in Madonna's stage craft, lewd lyrics heard in music by our youth, collapse of the traditional family, senseless drivel taught in our schools and the relentless drive to drive God and even

Christianity (and with that, all adherence to basic morality) out of public discourse. There is little difference between the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the story of the Golden Calf, Noah's flood and the Israelites being driven into Egyptian slavery and what is happening today. Students of history observe similarities between the fall of other great empires such as those in Greece and Rome.

America's destruction was ensured when we ignored warnings found in the Bible's Isaiah. Once again our supposed leaders ignored explicit warnings to be found in the destruction of the World Trade Center, only to rebuild, using the same symbolic cedar and stone. Even recent Hurricane Sandy poured wind and water into the same spot. How can we ignore fire, wind and water descending on the very location where this once great nation was consecrated to God and moral principles? The founders realized this republic would not stand unless future generations adhered to moral behavior. This reminds me of the saying, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

Thus today is the dawning of the day my nation died. I am actually sick to my stomach when I realize takers have outnumbered makers. Telling fairy tales to young children had a two-fold purpose: entertainment and teaching morality. Remember the tale of the goose who laid the golden egg? How can people be so short-sighted as to not realize that collapse of all we have known is the inevitable consequence of current fiscal and moral actions? I suspect Obama wishes total collapse, so the 12th Amman can return, but I would like to think that, for once, evil does have to cause chaos before good finally prevails.

Evil and depravity have overtaken my once beloved nation as it progresses to a collapse of moral values and common sense. If I owned a business, I would close it. If I were a doctor, I would cease taking patients. If I owned stock, I would sell it. If there were anyplace left on earth with values set forth by our founding fathers, I would move there...but there is not. America was the last best hope for good in the world and last night, it voted to abdicate that responsibility. I am lost. My nation is lost. The only solace I find is

that all of this was pre-written and ordained. Mankind is simply incapable collectively to act rationally long-term. There are always some who yell scream and howl as they get dragged down with the rest of the herd.

It seems the news, on each and every day, propels us with increasing speed, toward the precipice of our own willful destruction. Fiscal cliff, not a problem, we will just borrow and spend more "stimulus," meanwhile taking more from makers and wasting on takers. Susan Rice, Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama, all lying about what happened in Benghazi; nothing to see here just ignore it. The double standard between how the press treats transgression from Republicans and anyone else (Democrats, Progressives, Socialists, or Marxists) is laughable. The fourth estate has gone over to the dark side, burying inconvenient truths and spouting Marxist propaganda at every opportunity. Jay Carney's press briefings are a sideshow of irrelevant drivel and utter disregard for important issues of the day. Down is up and up is down. Christians are not deemed proper foster parents. Children

are expelled from school for mentioning God. Women are demanding all "Men Working" sign at construction sites be replaced with "Crew Working." Pizza Restaurants will be required to post millions of signs with calorie count of multiple ingredient combinations if they continue to take customers' "made to order" suggestions. Or...they can just sell three pizzas in a take it or leave it world. Baker's Union workers say they would rather go on unemployment or disability rather than yield to prudent business practices. On a more personal note, my plumber, AC repairman and tree service all complain they cannot find any helpers who are actually willing to work for a day's wages; meanwhile unemployment is sky high.

I recently read that if an individual man sins, God will forgive him when he repents. However, when an entire nation sins, God will punish them all. The only recourse for a righteous individual is to leave the nation that is sinning. Is there a nation left on this planet in which those who recognize the difference between good and evil can assemble? Or am I to conclude that to leave this

earthly plane altogether is a viable alternative?

Enjoy each day as it comes.